

Chapter 390 Rejection

"Melissa, you have an eye for spotting potential talent with great personalities."

"She really is a good girl."

"I believe in Melissa's judgment, so I'm sure the young lady she chose is certainly a good one."

Gabrielle looked at them with meek eyes and found that they were serious about the compliments they were giving her, so her initial uneasiness had dissipated.

Soon, a confident smile appeared on her face. Since someone as prominent as Melissa chose her to be a protégé, there was no more reason to doubt herself.

Not a lot of people could have the opportunity she had been given. ①

"Hello, everyone. My name is Gabrielle. It's nice to meet you all! I hope you'll all help me out in the future," she declared, still wearing a confident smile.

"Are you passionate about jewelry designing?" asked one of the guests.

"I certainly think so. I've always dreamt of being a jewelry designer, so I majored it in college. Furthermore, I'm working as an intern for a jewelry designer," Gabrielle answered with a straight face.

Indeed, she had been born to be a jewelry designer.

All of them were engaged in jewelry designing, so they were all impressed of how serious she was about the craft.

"You're right, Melissa! I see another rising star in the industry of jewelry designing in the future."

"Stop flattering her. She can't take any more compliments. I merely wanted you all to meet her, not shower her with compliments. It's only natural for the person I've chosen to be good. You don't need to keep praising her. Now, let's get to the point, shall we?" It was obvious that Melissa was just trying to protect Gabrielle.

Gabrielle, in turn, could feel that, and it really touched her.

"Come, Gabrielle, sit down. Today, we'll be having a simple discussion. I figured

this discussion would provide you with much needed knowledge, so I invited you over. There's no need to be nervous. Just think of this as an average conversation with elders," said Melissa.

Gabrielle was relieved to hear that. She felt that as long as Melissa was here, she had no need to worry.

"I understand, Ms. Glyn."

She then sat in silence, displaying the humility of a newcomer and listening intently. She made sure to remember everything they were saying.

When one of them asked her a question, she would carefully analyze it first before answering the question with her own understanding. Her answers were clear and logical, and her opinions made sense.

Her answers were all based on empirical evidence, so the seniors acknowledged her answers.

By the end of the discussion, everyone had come to see her in a new light. They were even more impressed of how Melissa had such a good eye for recognizing talent.

It was truly a marvel.

Aside from the seniors who had met Gabrielle for the first time, Jackson shared their astonishment.

It turned out that Gabrielle was hiding an incredible talent. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that Melissa had a keen eye for people.

Once the seniors had left, Melissa asked Gabrielle and Jackson to remain.

"Ms. Glyn, did I say anything wrong during the discussion?" Gabrielle wasn't that confident with her contributions to the discussion.

After all, expressing her opinions in front of all those experts was quite dwarfing in confidence.

"What do you think, Gabrielle?" Melissa asked with a straight face.

Upon hearing her question, Gabrielle regained her confidence. "Ms. Glyn, all of what I said earlier were my honest opinions, so I don't think there was anything wrong with them."

The way she confidently answered the

question put a smile on Melissa's face.

"You did a good job today, Gabrielle. Be proud of it." Melissa gave her a thumbs up.

Embarrassed, Gabrielle shook her head while staring at Melissa. "Ms. Glyn, I was merely expressing my thoughts. I'm actually worried that the seniors disagree with my opinions. I still have a lot to learn, but I'll work even harder from now on."

Her passion and attitude pleased Melissa. "Every time I meet this child, she really impresses me. I have the utmost confidence in her!"

"Gabrielle, as jewelry designers, we not only need to be able to understand how to craft jewelries, we also need to have a creative mind. And you, my dear, are very creative. If you have any ideas you'd like to share in the future, you can tell us. We can talk about it more once we have the opportunity to do so." Melissa's words encouraged Gabrielle.

"Yes, Ms. Glyn. I'll heed your advice." Gabrielle felt as though she had met a person who could bring out the best in her.

Moreover, Melissa was extraordinary. She was a prominent figure in the field of jewelry designing.

"Oh, by the way, Gabrielle, do you have time to have dinner with me tonight?" Melissa asked, staring at Gabrielle.

She had been wanting to spend more time with Gabrielle for a few reasons. One was the fact that Gabrielle had a knack for jewelry designing, and the other was the young vibe in her.

Those were only some of the reasons she had been wanting to get close to Gabrielle.

"Ms. Glyn, I hate to disappoint you, but I have an appointment tonight. I won't be able to join you." Gabrielle remembered that she needed to go home and have dinner with Westley, so she had no choice but to refuse Melissa's invitation.

She had to be honest with Melissa. She had stood Westley up so many times already, so she couldn't afford to do it again.

"I see. No need to apologize, my dear. Since you already have plans, it's okay."

At her age, Melissa had experienced a lot of things, and she had become wise and knowledgeable.

Gabrielle was a young lady, and she was at the prime age for dating.

At first, Melissa thought that Jackson should seize the opportunity to be with someone as impressive as Gabrielle.

She figured they would make an excellent couple, considering how incredible they both were.

But Gabrielle probably had a boyfriend already.

'I guess it's fine. After all, fate happens for no apparent reason.

As long as Gabrielle finds a good man and lives a happy life, I'll be happy.'

"To make it up to you, I'll treat you to dinner next time, Ms. Glyn!" Gabrielle felt really bad. She had refused to have dinner with her role model.

"There will be plenty of chances for us to get together in the future. It's okay. Your date is more important. You should go home," said Melissa. Then, she turned to

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Jackson and said, "Jackson, make sure that she gets back safely."

Naturally, he didn't want to do it. In his eyes, Gabrielle was an ingrate. 'Many people would kill for a chance to have dinner with Ms. Glyn, and those who had tried to invite her had failed. Ms. Glyn has personally invited Gabrielle, and she had the gall to refuse it?

It's like she's humiliating Ms. Glyn!

Why would I be willing to drive her back?

"Ms. Glyn, she doesn't need me to drive her home," Jackson stated in a cold voice.

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There was only one thought in Gabrielle's mind right now. It seemed that Jackson was hating her more and more, and was now beginning to develop resentment towards her.

"Ms. Glyn, I don't need him to send me there. I'm perfectly capable of going there myself." Naturally, she didn't want to trouble him any further.

She could see the hostility in his eyes, so she dared not bother him again.

If things were to go on like this, Jackson might find her the most annoying person in the world.

"Look, Gabrielle, you're a lady, and Jackson, you're a man and you're her senior. It's your duty to escort her there," Melissa said gently.

Her reasoning was sound, so Jackson was unable to refute it.

"I really don't need him to send me back,

Ms. Glyn. You don't have to do this..."

"Ms. Glyn, rest assured that I'll take her to her destination safely." Jackson interrupted her before she could finish her sentence.

Having heard that, Melissa smiled at him. "Good. I'll leave Gabrielle in your capable hands. Make sure to send her back safely."

"Understood, Madame. I'll do my best." Having said that, Jackson turned to Gabrielle, and said, "Let's go."

Afterwards, he strode out of the room, giving her the cold shoulder.

Gabrielle was left speechless of his behavior. He was the complete opposite of Melissa.

"Gabrielle, don't worry about him. He's all bark and no bite. Once you get to know him better, you'll understand that he's a good man. He's not that bad. Don't take his attitude too seriously." Melissa tried to appease Gabrielle's worries.

Upon hearing that, Gabrielle smiled. "I understand, Ms. Glyn. I've known him for over six months. Everyone in the

company knows about his temper. I won't take it to heart."

"I'm relieved to hear that. Anyway, you should go. Take care, okay?" said Melissa.

"Goodbye, Ms. Glyn."

Soon, Gabrielle arrived at the gate of the hotel. Upon seeing her, Jackson pulled over to her side, casting her a frigid glance.

"Get in the car. Now!"

Without hesitation, Gabrielle got in and sat in the backseat.

The second she got in, she felt a chill run down her spine. Normally, whenever Jackson wasn't angry, she was still frightened to be around him. But now that he was visibly displeased, she was so scared that she wanted to run away.

"Sorry for keeping you waiting, Jackson," Gabrielle remarked.

She wanted to apologize in order to appease his angry. Otherwise, if he were to lose his temper, he might drive the car into a ditch or something.

"I've been waiting for you for a long time, but you still didn't come downstairs. I think you did it on purpose," he snorted.

Gabrielle realized that whatever she said now would only be wrong in his eyes.

Thus, she just clammed up and sat there with her gaze cast down. She then took out her phone to send a message to Westley, asking him where he was.

Seeing that Gabrielle wasn't answering him, Jackson stared at her from the rearview mirror and saw that she was fiddling with her phone with her head down.

Instead of calming down, he became even angrier.

'This woman really pisses me off!' he cursed inwardly.

"Where are you going?" Jackson said through gritted teeth.

"To the commercial street," Gabrielle stated casually.

She had no intention of asking him to send her back. This man appeared just

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about ready to strangle her. She'd rather not piss him off anymore.

Jackson started the engine and drove to the destination. Meanwhile, Gabrielle remained silent and continued playing with her phone.

Westley still hadn't replied to her message, so she casually browsed through the apps on her phone to avoid creating an awkward atmosphere between her and Jackson.

"Gabrielle, you know, you're very ungrateful!" Jackson snarled after a while.

All this time, she had just been browsing through her phone to distract herself, and didn't say anything to him.

But even so, Jackson got mad at her.

'Why did he say that I'm ungrateful?' she wondered.

"Jackson, what do you mean?" Gabrielle put down her phone, visibly confused as she looked at the back of his head.

'Isn't he taking it too far? All I did was to ask him to drive me to the commercial

street. Why is he scolding me? ③

If he didn't want to drive me there, he could've just said so,' she thought to herself.

"Jackson, I'm aware that you don't like me, and perhaps you even hate me, but if you really don't want to do this for me, you can just pull over somewhere and drop me off. I can just hail a cab myself." Although Gabrielle looked meek, she wasn't going to eat humble pie whenever she was being deliberately humiliated.

She also had pride, and she valued her dignity. There was no way she would let anyone humiliate her.

"At the very least, you're aware of things. It's good that you know how much I dislike you, but that's not what I wanted to say. I've already promised Melissa to escort you to your destination, and I intend to do just that." The sound of Jackson's voice was extremely frigid.

'He always talks like that. How annoying!
' Gabrielle really wanted to strangle him to death.

"So, what do you want to say?" She finally lost her patience.

"Do you know how many people want to invite Melissa to dinner, Gabrielle? Very few people have ever had that chance, and it's even rarer that she offered to have dinner with you." Jackson decided not to divulge any information other than that.

But Gabrielle was smart enough to understand that he wasn't angry at her for having to send her to her destination. He was actually mad at her for refusing to have dinner with Melissa.

"Jackson, I..."

"Get out of the car!" Jackson pulled over at once.

Gabrielle was stunned. He just said that he had promised Melissa to drop her off at her destination. She wondered why he would suddenly pull over and ask her to get out.

"What do you mean, Jackson?" she asked.

To be perfectly honest, she could never understand whatever he was thinking. This man just did whatever he wanted to do.

"Weren't you the one who asked me to pull over? Now that I did as you said, get out!" he snorted.

Gabrielle finally knew what shoot herself in the foot meant.

Shortly afterwards, she opened the door and got out of the car.

After all, she was a woman of integrity. Now that she had said those words, her only choice was to go through with it.

"Thank you, Jackson..."

Before she could even finish her sentence, the car had already driven away, and the smoke from the exhaust sprayed onto her face.

'Fuck!

Jackson, you vengeful bastard!' she cursed inwardly.

'All I did was to refuse Melissa's invitation to dinner. Why is he so angry? He's not the one who was refused!'

Just then, her phone rang. Gabrielle opened the screen.

It was a message from Westley.

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"Where are you?" the message said.

Gabrielle sent him her location directly, so that he could know exactly where she was.

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Chapter 392 Play Along With Her Game

Westley glanced at the location and found that Gabrielle wasn't at Champs Hotel. He had driven her there earlier.

'Why is she near the central street right now?'

Thus, Westley decided to call her.

"Westley? What's up?" Gabrielle answered.

"Why are you there?" he asked.

Gabrielle leaned against a lamppost at the pavement in order to relax herself.

"Nothing, really. I just wanted to shop around the area. Are you about to get off work?" Gabrielle responded.

Naturally, she wasn't going to tell Westley that Jackson kicked her out of the car. It would be too embarrassing to admit something like that.

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She was worried that he would make trouble for Jackson if he were to find out that Jackson kicked her out of the car.

Mentioning it would be totally unnecessary.

"Stay there. I'm going to your location."
Having said that, he disconnected from the call.

Gabrielle stared at her phone and smiled. 'Westley is really worried about me, huh?'

Not long after, she found a bench nearby and sat down, waiting for him to pick her up.

About half an hour later, he finally showed up. His towering height cast a shadow above her.

"I'm here, my love," said Westley.

"Hi there, stranger, are you asking me out?"

Gabrielle asked with a straight face.

Upon hearing her say that, Westley was stunned for a moment before he realized what she meant.

She was role playing with him.

Aside from her fanciful dreams of becoming a jewelry designer, she also had an interest in acting.

"Hey there, Miss Beautiful, wanna have dinner with me?" Westley played along with her game.

Suddenly, Gabrielle burst into laughter. She never thought that someone as stern and standoffish as him would play along with her crazy theatrics.

She initially assumed that he would refuse to play these games.

"Why do you want to ask me out?" Gabrielle was quite enjoying this game.

If Westley hadn't played along with her show, she wouldn't have been so into it. Now that he was going along with it, her interest was ignited even stronger.

"I can do anything you want. Just say the word." The way he was looking at her was filled with affection.

Westley stood before Gabrielle while she was sitting on a bench. It was as if they were merely talking about business on

the roadside.

If someone were to look at them and see their backs, that person would immediately assume how handsome Westley was, and how beautiful Gabrielle appeared. This couple was so attractive that passersby couldn't resist the urge to look at them.

"People are looking at us," Gabrielle said to him.

"Isn't this what you wanted?" Westley teased with a smirk.

"I don't like it. You're very handsome, Westley, and I'm the only one allowed to look at you. Come on! I'll treat you to dinner tonight." Gabrielle reached out for his hand.

She then raised her head and saw the smile on Westley's face.

From this point of view, he was even more handsome than usual.

It wouldn't be surprising that people would complain how unfair God was for favoring the lucky few.

Westley was a man blessed by God. He

was handsome, smart, wealthy, and capable; some would even say "perfect".

"Please pull me up." Gabrielle placed her hand into his palm.

Westley held her hand, pulling her into his arms.

When he pulled her up, her nose almost bumped into his chest. Once she had gathered her composure, she gently lay on his chest.

"How rude! You almost hurt me." Gabrielle clenched her fist, landing it heavily on his chest.

Even though she exerted a lot of strength into that punch, Westley was barely fazed.

"Where does it hurt? Show me." He was worried that he might've actually hurt her, so he moved her away from him to get a better look.

Then, he saw that Gabrielle was chuckling, and even her eyes were smiling.

In that instant, Westley realized that she was fooling him, but he was relieved to

see that she was fine.

"You really care about me, huh? I'm so touched." Gabrielle crooked her finger on his chin. There were a few people on this block, and there was a row of tall greeneries. If people weren't looking carefully, none of them would notice what they were doing.

Of course, anyone who saw them from a distance could tell that they were hugging. What else would they be doing?

They were just passionately kissing each other, as they basked in each other's embrace.

They weren't bold enough to do something wild on the street.

"Are you really okay?" Westley asked, sounding very worried.

In all honesty, this was the first time he had seen Gabrielle like this, and her influence on him was too great.

The sound of her voice was tantalizing, and the look in her eyes was incredibly tempting. Whether it was just acting or it was real, he never imagined that Gabrielle had a side like this.

Westley was astonished.

It seemed that his wife was full of surprises.

"I'm really fine. Why are you so worried about me? Look at me. How could I not be fine? Besides, I don't want to make you worry about me." Gabrielle appeared to be indulging herself in this role play.

'I'm just going to let her enjoy it,' Westley thought to himself as he picked her up and put her into the car.

"Where are you taking me?" asked Gabrielle as she sat on the passenger seat.

After sitting down on the driver's seat, Westley glanced at her. "Didn't you say that we're going on a date? I'll take you someplace where you'll enjoy this role play even more."

Upon seeing the disheartened look on his face, Gabrielle couldn't help but laugh.

'He's so amusing to watch,' she thought.

She had seen some videos of couples who were roleplaying.

In order to keep their relationship fresh and reignite the spark between couples, they would usually play all kinds of roles every day. This method increased the fun in their lives together, and improved a couple's relationship.

Gabrielle thought it would be interesting. She wanted to see if someone as aloof and standoffish as Westley could play along with her antics.

She believed that a man like him would never participate in a role play.

But to her surprise, he played along and even acted better than she did.

"Great! I'm looking forward to where you're taking me!" Gabrielle clapped her hands in amusement.