

Chapter 323 Don't Be Too Impulsive

Gabrielle didn't take a taxi after leaving the Jones mansion. She instead just walked slowly along the path outside the mansion.

As a child, she really had a good relationship with Bryce. They were like real brothers and sisters who got along with each other. After all, Bryce had chosen her from among all the girls in the orphanage.

They were always playing on the roadside outside the Jones mansion. There was a small community park about one or two kilometers down the road.

There were amusement facilities for children and Bryce liked to take her there. He would drive away those children who were bullying her, and then let her have a good time.

Bryce was really good to her back then, like a doting brother who was very

concerned and considerate to his sister. But as time passed, he changed completely. When did it happen? Gabrielle couldn't quite remember and understand. One day, Bryce just started keeping his distance from her, getting farther and farther away from her, until he completely ignored her.

Maybe it started from the moment when she had a crush on him and stopped treating him as her brother.

When Gabrielle arrived at the community park, she was feeling so tired. She then sat down on one of the flowerbeds. It was afternoon, so many parents came to play with their children.

There were children of different ages, innocent young girls and boys who were very happy and just enjoying the moment. Gabrielle just watched them play, thinking about her childhood with Bryce.

At that time, they were as carefree and happy as these children.

"Do you have children at home?" an old lady suddenly sat beside Gabrielle and asked her while smiling.

Gabrielle turned around and looked at the lady. She was in her late forties or early fifties. She was with her grandchild who was playing with the other children, so she came to talk with Gabrielle.

"Hello, ma'am. We don't have children at home, but we live close to here. My brother and I used to play here when we were children," Gabrielle answered, also giving the old lady a warm smile.

"I was right then. I think you're still a student. You don't look like a mother at all," the lady responded.

"Ma'am, are you taking a child to play here?" Gabrielle looked at the lady and asked respectfully.

She was not really feeling well when she decided to come here. She got too tired yesterday, and today, she hadn't eaten anything yet. She was hungry and tired. But upon seeing the jovial and untroubled children, she immediately felt relaxed and happy.

It was really true that a child's smile could take away all the pain and sadness a person was feeling.

"My granddaughter is playing there, she is four years old. I was picking her up from the kindergarten and she wanted to play here for a few minutes as usual," the lady said while pointing at the little girl in a pink coat.

What a lovely little girl! She could definitely make people feel better by just seeing her lovely face.

"I also loved playing here when I was still a child. I was very happy every time I was here," Gabrielle shared. She couldn't help recalling the past.

The park was along their way to school, and since Bryce knew that she liked to play here, he would always ask the driver to stop in the park. The two of them would then play for more than ten minutes before going home.

On the weekends, Bryce would also take her to the park to play, with the housekeeper accompanying them.

She had too many memories here. If she didn't see the park, she wouldn't remember it all, though. The memories just came rushing in as she saw the park again a few minutes ago.

Even if Wendy didn't beg her, she would still ask Westley to help in finding Bryce because Bryce had treated her well before.

Suddenly, Gabrielle remembered Lance, so she decided to call him first.

She took out her phone, walked towards a more secluded place, and called Lance.

Lance answered the call immediately. It was really in his nature. He answered calls as fast as he could, unless he was really busy.

"Gabrielle."

"Lance, have your people found Bryce already?" Gabrielle didn't beat around the bush anymore. She asked him directly.

"Gabrielle, I'm really sorry but we haven't found Bryce yet. It's more likely that something bad has truly happened to them." Lance was also worried. He hated Bryce, but he still didn't want him to be in trouble.

After all, they were cousins by blood, so he was really determined to find Bryce.

"Something bad has happened to them?" Gabrielle asked, her voice sounding so worried.

As she remembered Wendy's words, it was more possible that she hadn't reached out to Bryce for more than half a month already.

"Lance, can we inform the police?" Gabrielle thought that if they could find Bryce on their own without asking Westley for help, then they should do it.

If she told Westley, Westley could definitely find Bryce.

However, as Westley had said, if he ever found Bryce, he would smash him into pieces first before he returned his body to the Jones family. Wendy would really collapse to death if that happened.

Although Gabrielle hated the Jones family and Wendy was added to the list just now, she still didn't want to see her foster mother die in too much agony because of Bryce's death.

"Inform the police?" Lance was stunned by what Gabriele just said. He kept silent for a while. ②

"Gabrielle, there are more than two other groups of people looking for Bryce, and we couldn't even know their identities. If one of them was responsible for Bryce's sudden disappearance, then it only means that they are very powerful. The police in Thailand will not meddle in this. They wouldn't dare to," Lance explained the situation to her calmly.

Gabrielle finally understood the situation. International issues involved more interests and power that ordinary people wouldn't dare to interfere.

"Lance, what should we do now? What if I go to Thailand? I want to find him myself." Gabrielle was obviously worried and anxious that she even came up with this idea. ②

"Gabrielle, what are you talking about? Don't be silly! What will you do in Thailand? There is nothing that you can help with. Do you understand? Don't go there!" Lance suddenly became afraid that Gabrielle might really go to Thailand on her own.

After all, Gabrielle was a woman of her words; and upon hearing what she just said, Lance really had a reason to be

afraid.

"Lance, I'm really feeling too anxious now," Gabrielle admitted.

She wasn't worrying too much about Bryce's life. She just wanted him to go back to the Jones family safely.

Gabrielle couldn't wait for that day when there would be no guilt and worry in her heart and she would be completely relieved. She just wanted to move on with her life.

"Gabrielle, listen to me. Don't be impulsive. Don't go to Thailand alone. It's not safe for you to go there, and you can't really help in finding Bryce by doing that. I've already sent more people to look for him. You will only make trouble if you go there. Do you understand?" Lance said warningly.

Gabrielle remained silent for a while. "Lance, I know that. I won't go there alone."

Although she really wanted to go there by herself, she would listen to Lance. She didn't know anything about it anyway. If she went there, she would only cause more trouble instead of helping.

Chapter 323 Don't Be Too Impulsive

"Where are you now, Gabrielle?" Lance could hear the children's cheerful voices.

10:23

100.0%

39%



Chapter 324 Shut Up

Gabrielle hesitated to respond when Lance asked her about her whereabouts. She just wanted to be alone without anyone bothering her.

She assumed that Lance was asking her because he wanted to see her.

"Lance, I am at the Jones family mansion to see my mom and the others." Gabrielle wasn't really fond of lying, but she needed to be alone for a while to calm herself down.

She simply wanted some peace of mind.

"Well, since you are with them, it's okay. Are you going to join the Jones family for dinner tonight? Or do you have some time to spare? I am actually hoping to have dinner with you." Lance was asking Gabrielle out for dinner because he wanted to see her. ①

"No, thanks, Lance. I'm going to have dinner with Westley tonight," Gabrielle answered in a low voice.

The truth is, she didn't want to have dinner with Westley either. She just wanted to spend time with herself. She was dealing with too much already that she badly wanted solitude.

Upon hearing Gabrielle's response, Lance immediately knew that she was rejecting him. He had nothing else to say then. ③

When Gabrielle got married to Westley, her demeanor had changed completely. It was not in her nature to be self-centered, but after the marriage she always prioritized Westley above everything. ③

Gabrielle just wanted to be a good wife. He had no right to meddle with that.

"Well, you can go home and have dinner with Westley. But promise me that you won't go to Thailand alone, Gabrielle," Lance reminded her again.

"Lance, I know. If there is nothing else, I will hang up now. Don't worry, I won't go to Thailand impulsively," Gabrielle answered. She then hung up the phone.

She sat down again on the flowerbed. Her mind was in a total mess. She wanted to clear things up before she

came home. But everything became messier as time passed by. She felt all the information was intertwined and tangled in her brain, like a messy thread ball.

It was getting late and the children had already been taken home by their parents. There was only Gabrielle sitting alone in the amusement park now. The light from the street lamps shone on her, reflecting her shadow on the ground.

When Westley arrived at the amusement park, it was completely dark except for the light that was coming from the street lamp. Gabrielle's head was bowed on her bent legs. She was curling up like an abandoned little creature. She looked really lonely and helpless. Westley wasn't sure whether she was asleep or not.

After leaving No. 1 Champs Elysees Hotel at noon, she went directly to the Jones family mansion instead of returning to Half Moon Bay. Westley was actually a little angry when he learned about it.

It was definitely not a good idea that the Jones family asked Gabrielle to come over at such a time. The Jones family

should have known the news that something had happened to Bryce in Thailand.

After all, the Jones family, the Collins family and Lance had already sent out men to look for Bryce and Nellie. But they still hadn't found any information about them. So everyone was really worried.

It was obvious that Gabrielle's visit to the Jones family mansion hadn't been a good one.

She must have suffered a lot while she was with the Jones family and didn't know what to do, so she just hid in this place alone.

Westley was really angry and wanted to scold her. Why was she always carrying all the burdens by herself? ④

But as he stared at Gabrielle now, looking completely helpless and miserable, his heart softened in an instant. How could he even say a word to scold her? ①

Westley took off his windbreaker and gently covered her back with it. It made Gabrielle realize that she wasn't alone anymore in the park. So she looked up

and was stunned to see Westley.

"Westley, why are you here?" Gabrielle asked, completely surprised.

Her location was a little far from the Jones family mansion and not actually on the roadside. If he didn't come to look for her on purpose, he wouldn't be able to find the place easily.

"Why didn't you come home and just sit here alone? Are you going to spend the night here?" Westley didn't answer her but instead asked in a condescending tone.

Gabrielle was stunned.

"I... I don't want to stay here all night. I just stayed here to calm myself down and think about things," Gabrielle answered while looking at Westley with a pained expression.

"If you really don't want to stay here overnight, then why didn't you come home when it's already dark? If I hadn't looked for you, would you even not go back?" Westley looked very cold, but Gabrielle could still sense his concern.

She didn't actually know how long she

had been here. It was already dark; no wonder Westley was so angry when he came to look for her.

"No, I just fell asleep by accident. I'm sorry that you even had to look for me," Gabrielle said, looking at him apologetically.

She hadn't really slept at all. She just didn't want Westley to be angrier so she gave an excuse.

Since this man came to look for her, it only meant that he was really worried about her.

"Let's go back now, Westley. I'll make dinner for you," Gabrielle said, trying to please him. When Gabrielle was about to get up, she couldn't feel her numb legs because of sitting in the same posture for too long. She fell forward. Fortunately, Westley was quick to hold her and pull her into his arms. Otherwise, she would have fallen face down to the ground. That would be too embarrassing.

"Thank you!" Gabrielle exclaimed and looked at Westley gratefully. If he hadn't caught her, she would have fallen to the ground. So she was sincerely thanking him. ①

"Be careful, silly girl. It's a shame that you can even fall by merely standing up," Westley couldn't help teasing her.

"I'm not that stupid. I just sat for too long and my feet are a little numb," Gabrielle explained in a hushed voice. Although it was true, she was still a little embarrassed.

"Can you walk?" Westley was still teasing her, but he was really worried.

"Yes, I can... Ah... "

However, Westley didn't really give her a chance to walk. In an instant, he had picked her up and walked towards the car in the parking lot.

"Westley, I can walk. Put me down! It's so embarrassing!" Gabrielle felt that many people were looking at them. It was already dark, but there would always be people in this community park.

"I don't want to waste too much time. If you feel embarrassed, just bury your head on my chest." Westley continued walking while carrying her in his arms, paying no attention to other people's gaze.

Since he was a child, Westley had always been the center of everyone's attention. So it was common for him to be on the receiving end of people's stares.

Gabrielle couldn't do anything else but obediently bury her head on his chest and put her hands around his neck. She was hoping to get in the car as soon as possible. It would be more embarrassing if an acquaintance saw her like that.

But Westley wasn't walking fast. He was keeping a slow pace. She felt that it was taking him a minute to move a single step.

"Westley, can you walk faster?" Gabrielle asked him to speed up.

"Gabrielle, when did I ever allow you to order me around?" Westley said in a cold voice.

She couldn't see him, but Gabrielle already knew how cold and dark Westley's face was at the moment. She'd better shut up before he could even think of dropping her ruthlessly to the ground.

Chapter 325 Would You Help Us

Alvin had been waiting there for quite some time. When he saw Westley walking with Gabrielle in his arms, he hurried to open the door.

"Mr. Morris, Mrs. Morris, please get in the car!" Alvin said in a respectful voice.

Westley bent over and deposited her in the back seat. Then he took a seat next to her.

"Mrs. Morris, are you okay?" Alvin quickly returned to the driver's seat and looked at the couple behind him with seriousness and concern.

Although they both wore stoic expressions, he could sense an undercurrent of embarrassment in the car.

This worried Alvin a little. After work, Westley had been very upset when he found out that Gabrielle hadn't gone back to Half Moon Bay after leaving No. 1 Champs Elysees. Instead, she had gone

to the Jones family house.

Alvin had tracked down Gabrielle's whereabouts and reported it to Westley, who had been behaving frigidly throughout the ride to this park.

Now he had carried her out in this manner, making Alvin a little concerned.

"I'm fine," Gabrielle explained hurriedly.

Westley sat a few inches beside her with a wooden expression on his face. His lips were pursed and he didn't want to talk to her.

Gabrielle could feel the gloominess in the air between them, and she wondered if she could cheer him up.

"Westley, I know you're mad at me. I'll cook dinner for you when we get back. Don't be angry with me, okay?" she said in a coy voice and held his hand. ②

Westley's face softened and he smiled.

"Why would I be angry with you? Does your leg feel better?" Westley shot her a glance filled with pride.

He was a man and didn't want to betray his true feelings by arguing with her. He

had just been upset that she had gone to the Jones family house without informing him.

"My leg is alright. It's not numb at all, so don't be upset anymore. I'll cook dinner for you tonight." Gabrielle's mood lifted when she saw that he was relieved.

However, her stomach growled uncomfortably at that exact moment.

"Are you hungry?" Westley asked her in a low voice. He remembered that she had gone to the Jones family house without having any lunch.

It was natural for her to be starving by now.

"Oh, I didn't have lunch. I'm sorry." Gabrielle's face turned bright red with mortification.

"Let's eat out today. Alvin, choose a nearby restaurant," Westley said, directing Alvin to go to a restaurant.

After all, it would be impossible for Gabrielle to cook dinner now.

It was unreasonable to ask a hungry woman who hadn't had lunch to cook for

him.

"Okay, Mr. Morris." Alvin sifted through his memory for well-known restaurants in the area as he prepared to drive there.

"No, thanks. We can go back directly," Gabrielle still hesitated.

"Gabrielle, why do you like to always oppose me? Last night, you had promised me that you would always be an obedient wife. Is this how an obedient wife behaves?" Westley said in a calm voice.

Hearing this, Gabrielle paused for a while before speaking. "We can go out for dinner tonight and I will cook for you tomorrow."

Westley was happy to hear this, a faint smile on his face. "Gabrielle, you need to be more serious about your health. I don't like torturing people so much."

Westley had never been the kind of man who derived his happiness from other people's pain, so he wasn't happy with Gabrielle cooking dinner for him now, considering that her stomach was growling with hunger.

Ten minutes later, Alvin stopped the car outside a restaurant.

Westley led Gabrielle into the private room. The rush hour had passed and there weren't many guests.

Westley ordered the food while Gabrielle sat there sipping her water quietly. She knew his nature well. It was not wise for her to offend him when he was unhappy.

"Gabrielle, can you tell me what happened with the Jones family?" Westley looked at Gabrielle serenely. ¹

He hadn't asked her till now because he wanted to give her time to settle down.

"What?" Gabrielle stared at him, nonplussed. She hadn't expected him to ask her such a question so suddenly. She didn't know how to answer him.

So she could only stare at him in silence.

"Gabrielle, don't play dumb. Don't you understand what I'm asking you?" Seeing the confused expression on her face, Westley thought she was just pretending.

'She just doesn't want to tell me what has happened. This woman makes me so

angry, ' he thought in frustration.

"If you truly don't want to talk about it, forget that I asked anything. If you feel misunderstood and upset in the future, I won't be the one to care about you anymore," Westley said in an even voice.

It was not that he wanted to stop caring about her, but this woman was just so difficult to get along with. He wanted to help her, but she seemed to refuse to accept his help at every turn.

"Westley, you misunderstand me. It's not that I don't want to tell you, but that I think you don't want to hear what I have to say," Gabrielle said hesitantly.

Westley was never happy to hear about Bryce.

"How can you judge that I don't want to listen to you before you even tell me anything?" Westley had guessed that Gabrielle being called by the Jones family must have something to do with Bryce.

"It's about Bryce," Gabrielle said after a long pause.

'So I was right, ' Westley thought. A frigid look entered his eyes.

"What did they say? Have they found him?" Westley asked, pretending to know nothing.

Both Bryce and Nellie were locked up by him, so he knew that the Jones family hadn't found them.

"They haven't found him yet. They lost contact in Thailand. It has been more than fifteen days. My mother began to panic. She had been in touch with Bryce, but suddenly she couldn't get hold of him, so she requested me to ask for your help," Gabrielle said bluntly, not hiding anything.

Westley already knew that Wendy had been in touch with Bryce in private. He had hoped that the Jones family and Wendy would take the opportunity to hand over Bryce to him.

But Wendy didn't do that. Instead, she thought she would pay her debt off by marrying Gabrielle to him.

Wendy was a good schemer, but she shouldn't have manipulated him. How could Westley let her get away with tricking him?

'Wendy is courting death. I will show her what will happen if she annoys me,' he thought angrily.

'And now, she has even asked Gabrielle to seek my help in finding Bryce. She is really daydreaming.'

"Westley, will you help us find Bryce?" Gabrielle asked worriedly when she saw the indifferent look on his face. 6

Chapter 326 Let's Talk About Bryce And Me

Of course, Westley heard Gabrielle clearly. He heard her every single word.

But he was not in a hurry to answer. He stared at her for a while before saying, "Gabrielle, do you remember what I have told you? If I am going to look for Bryce myself, what I will bring back might be a corpse. Are you sure you really want me to look for him?" There was no hint of humor in Westley's words. He was definitely not joking around.

Besides, Gabrielle believed that Westley could really do whatever he said.

There were thousands of ways to kill a person without getting caught, especially if it was abroad.

What was more terrifying was the fact that a man like Westley, who could control everything, possessed power and influence far beyond Antawood.

His power and wealth enabled him to do anything just to achieve his goal in any

place.

So it was not impossible that he could find Bryce and turn him into a corpse, even in Thailand.

"Westley, will you really do that?" Gabrielle asked. What he said just broke her heart and her palms were sweating. She didn't even want to look at Westley.

When he saw her frightened face, Westley smiled.

"Gabrielle, when did I say something that I didn't mean? Or do you think I'm talking nonsense and don't take it seriously at all?" Westley said calmly, but she could tell that he was a little angry.

"I always take your words seriously. How can I not? I just don't want to believe that you can be so cruel. As long as you help in finding him, it will be great. You don't have to bother to make sure that he is alive or dead," Gabrielle answered.

"Gabrielle, do you really care about Bryce so much?" Westley was upset now.

He always thought that Gabrielle was a smart woman who could distinguish right from wrong.

It was very clear that Bryce had no interest in her at all. Bryce could even elope with another man's fiancée. He was an irresponsible man.

Therefore, even if he died abroad, Gabrielle should not feel sorrowful because of him.

Westley was irritated by her obvious concern and fear for Bryce.

"I don't care much about him. Why would I still care about him? It's only because my mother begged me to help in finding him," Gabrielle explained. She had no interest in Bryce at all.

But she wanted to find him back so that she could completely end everything with the Jones family.

She was forced to leave the Jones family because of Bryce's fleeing, and she would only be able to end everything with that family by bringing Bryce back to them.

"Let's eat first."

Westley ended the topic abruptly when the waiter had finally brought the dishes. Obviously, he didn't want to talk about Bryce anymore.

Gabrielle was an intelligent woman. She certainly understood why he said it.

After dinner, the two of them went back to Half Moon Bay. Blackboo had already woken up and was just walking around in the living room.

"Blackboo, I'm back! Do you know that I'm already back that's why you're here to welcome us?" Gabrielle then squatted down and picked up Blackboo.

"I'm going to the study room," Westley just said. He then went straight into the study.

Gabrielle couldn't completely relax until he was already out of her sight.

Westley hadn't agreed to help her look for Bryce. On their way home from the restaurant, she didn't dare to mention it again. She was afraid that it would end up worse if she pushed him too hard.

Now, he was already busy in the study room, so she wouldn't dare to go to him either. After playing with Blackboo for a while, she went upstairs to take a shower. She then lay on the bed and started reading.

She was reading until twelve o'clock. She then fell asleep before Westley could even come into the room.

Westley wasn't avoiding her, he was just really busy. When he finished his work and he finally went into the room, he saw that Gabrielle was already sleeping on the quilt, a book about jewelry design was still in her hand.

Was this woman using her common sense? She always liked to sit on the quilt and read books, but she would just fall asleep after a while.

Westley came closer and picked her up. He then tucked her in the quilt, but Gabrielle suddenly opened her eyes. She was clearly in a daze.

"Honey, you're finally here." Right after saying that, Gabrielle stared at him confusedly.

Westley chuckled and looked at her interestingly. He felt that she didn't really wake up and was actually dreaming.

"Gabrielle, do you know what you are talking about?" Regardless if she was just

He had discovered it just now, and he could consider it a new toy.

"Westley, let's talk about Bryce and me," Gabrielle said. She was looking at him in the eye.

As soon as she came back into the room, she was already thinking of it. Since she and Westley were a couple, she felt that she had to be frank with him, regardless if this would result in a divorce or not.

"What? What do you want me to know about you and Bryce?" Westley asked curiously.

"I'm an adopted daughter of the Jones family. You know, there was a big problem after Mrs. Jones gave birth to Bryce. She couldn't give birth to another child anymore. So they planned to adopt a child. When Bryce was about four or five years old, his parents took him to the orphanage to pick up a child as his sibling. Bryce had chosen me the very first time that he saw me. He wanted me to be his sister,"

Gabrielle said while speaking slowly. She was recalling the past. ①

Westley didn't interrupt her. It was the first time that she had talked about her past with him so openly. He was actually surprised.

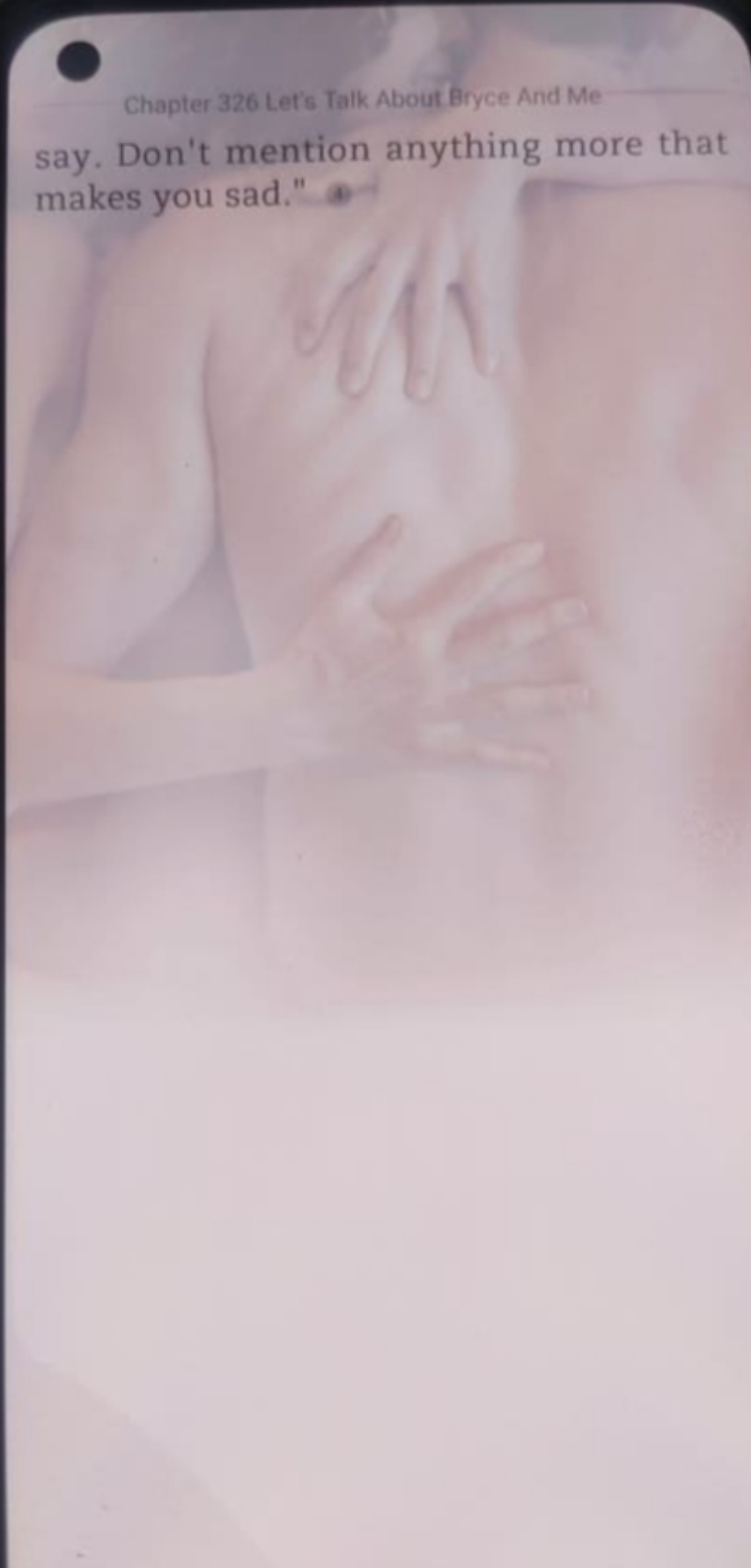
Nevertheless, Westley was happy. It was a good start that Gabrielle was trusting him slowly.

"That's why I left the orphanage and grew up with the Jones family as their adopted daughter. At first, Bryce treated me as his sister and I treated him as my brother. We had a good relationship as brother and sister. But while we were growing up, Mrs. Jones was always emphasizing that I am just an adopted daughter. I also knew that I am not related by blood to them, so my feelings for him eventually changed. But it's just a childish feeling and way of thinking. I think I just liked him. It's not love. There's nothing deeper in what I felt for him. I still don't know how Bryce found out that I liked him, but when he did, he started hating me. He even said that he despised me and that I was disgusting..." Gabrielle suddenly felt sad when she recalled that part of her past.

Westley then held her in his arms and comforted her. "I know what you want to

Chapter 326 Let's Talk About Bryce And Me

say. Don't mention anything more that makes you sad."



10:25

100.0%

39%



Chapter 327 He Is Your Brother-In-Law

Westley had already instructed Alvin to investigate the relationship between Gabrielle and the Jones family, and found nothing unusual.

After giving birth to Bryce, Wendy had fallen sick and had to have her uterus removed, so she couldn't have any more kids. When Bryce was four or five years old, he had insisted on having a brother or sister. The Jones couple decided to take him to the orphanage to adopt a child.

They didn't care if it was a boy or girl. As long as the child was chosen by Bryce, they were ready to adopt it. ③

What happened later was exactly as Gabrielle described. The first child Bryce chose was her, a two-year-old girl. He probably liked her at first sight because she was cute and obedient.

"Gabrielle, do you still remember about the orphanage and anything about your

life before you were placed there?" Westley pushed her out of his arms and gently placed his hands on her shoulders, giving her a serious look.

Westley already knew that a person would have no recollection from when they were a two-year-old child.

She would especially have no memory of the time before she came to the orphanage.

"Do I have any memory of my time in the orphanage and my life before I went there?" Gabrielle stared at him in astonishment.

"I don't remember anything. I was too young. When I was a little older, I tried to find out about my parents. However, the old director who had brought me to the orphanage had passed away, and had left no information about my identity behind," Gabrielle said in a helpless voice.

When she was about ten years old, she had been interested in finding out about her biological family. She had gone back to the orphanage to gather information, but the old director had passed away by then, and no one else knew anything

about where she had come from.

Every year, the orphanage adopted many abandoned children. Their parents were usually unknown, and it was nearly impossible to find out their true identity.

Gabrielle's case was the same. It was quite obvious that she had been deliberately abandoned by her parents, leaving no trace of her original identity.

Therefore, it would be very difficult to find her real parents, unless they themselves came back to find their lost child.

"Westley, why are you asking this? Why are you so interested in my family background?" Gabrielle was very curious about the reason for his question.

"I was just asking generally. Have you ever thought about finding your real parents?" Westley asked gravely as he struggled to suppress his rising uneasiness. ②

Gabrielle was agitated by his questions, but calmed down after a few minutes. She looked at Westley with a smile and asked, "If you had a child, for what reason would you abandon it?"

"There is nothing in this world that will induce me to desert my child. I will raise it well," Westley replied firmly.

There was zero possibility of the Morris family abandoning their child. A child born in his family would be naturally raised well by them, and there would be no accidents to prevent it from happening.

"So, you can look at it in this way. Since they abandoned me, it means that in their hearts I was not worthy enough of being loved. And since they don't love me, why should I bother finding them? Even if we do manage to locate each other, we won't try to contact one another. It will only make us feel more embarrassed. That way, we can all live our own lives without knowing each other. Suddenly, I feel like I have been abandoned by the whole world." There was only a hint of bitterness in her words, like she had come to terms with her fate. ①

Initially, Gabrielle had really wanted to find her biological parents, but her only source was dead. Besides, if they could toss her into the orphanage, it was quite clear that they didn't want her.

She was an abandoned child. Why would she humiliate herself by trying to track them down? She had decided not to look for them.

"Don't be upset. You still have me. Even if the whole world abandons you, I will always stay by your side." Westley knew how depressed she was feeling. He gently held her in his arms because sadness engulfed him when he heard her words. The desolation came from deep within her, and it seemed like every word she said was a stab to his heart. ③

Westley had only received love and care from everyone around him since childhood. He had never been abandoned, so he had never experienced such feelings. However, her sorrow still resonated with him.

So he could understand her feelings very well.

"Really?" Gabrielle asked earnestly as expectation and wariness shone in her eyes.

After all, she was used to being abandoned.

Even if she was cast aside and no longer valued in the future, she would not feel anything was amiss.

"Gabrielle, who am I to you?" Westley asked seriously.

"My husband," she replied immediately. Gabrielle did not shy away from talking about their relationship anymore. After all, they were a legal couple. What was wrong in mentioning it?

"Since I'm your husband, you have to trust me unconditionally, okay?" Westley said sincerely.

Gabrielle had lacked a sense of security since she was a child. She liked Bryce a lot and relied on him. She had been able to leave the orphanage because Bryce had liked her and taken her back to the Jones family house. For that, she would always be grateful to him. He had been willing to get to know her and had treated her well since childhood, so in her heart, she had a special place for him.

It was difficult for Westley to have a stronger connection with Gabrielle than Bryce. The one thing he could do was give her a higher sense of security and

make her rely more on him.

"Okay, I know," Gabrielle said gratefully.

After all, Westley was the only one she could rely on now. The Jones family had completely lost her trust and confidence.

"Good. No matter what happens in the future, you should tell me everything," Westley said in a soothing tone as he stroked her hair.

Gabrielle, who had been nervous and uncomfortable, felt hugely relieved. She tried to drum up her courage and shot him an uneasy look. "So I can tell you everything, right?"

"You want to beg me to find Bryce?" Westley asked, looking directly into her eyes.

Gabrielle was anxious and asked apprehensively, "Is that okay?"

"Of course not. You can ask me to do anything else, but I won't help you find Bryce," Westley said gravely.

"Why?" Gabrielle blurted out the question because she was so disappointed.

"Do you think it's appropriate to ask me to find my rival in love?" Westley asked, using a reasonable excuse.

Gabrielle was at a loss for words when she heard this. She knew what he said was true and couldn't refute it.

"You don't have to think of Bryce as your rival in love. He is my brother, so he is your brother-in-law. You can consider it as looking for your brother-in-law." Gabrielle had no choice but to explain that Bryce was his brother-in-law. ②

'What brother-in-law?' he thought sourly.

He couldn't help laughing at her explanation.

Chapter 328 Make Our Relationship Public

Gabrielle even said that Bryce was his brother-in-law. If Westley refused again, the woman would surely be pissed off. She might even give him the cold shoulder. ①

"I promise to help you look for him, but I won't guarantee you good news," Westley warned. He didn't want to get her hopes up especially if the Bryce he brought back would be crippled or was in a bad situation. If that was the case, what would Gabrielle think of him? That was why Westley thought it was best to give her a heads up. ①

After all, Bryce was previously caught when he escaped. He even stabbed Westley. How could Westley forget and let it go that easily? Of course, he had settled the score with Bryce, and beaten him bloody just to release his pent-up anger.

It was inevitable for Bryce to get hurt. That was just how it had been.

But he wouldn't kill Bryce. Westley could guarantee that much. After all, Westley wasn't so callous that he would disregard Bryce's life. Also, Westley wasn't mad or evil enough to kill someone so casually.

The sole reason why he said he would turn Bryce into a corpse was to frighten Gabrielle and the others. Westley didn't want the Jones family to think provoking him wouldn't have consequences. He needed to teach them a lesson.

As a result, the Jones family acquiesced. They didn't even look for Bryce anymore. Instead, they went by a different route — they wanted to pay for it by marrying Gabrielle to him. It was quite the plot twist.

"Okay. You will really ask someone to look for him, won't you? If you don't want to, you can tell me. I won't force you to do something you don't want." Even as she said this, Gabrielle furrowed her forehead. She was still worried especially since she knew what was on Westley's mind. She could tell he didn't take Bryce seriously, and in fact, he treated Bryce as an enemy. Even so, she couldn't blame Westley. Bryce took away his fiancée mere days before they were

supposed to get married. That was understandably unforgiveable.

"I already told you I would look for him, I wouldn't renege on my promise. I would send people to look for him. If you don't believe me, you need to stop asking me to do it." Westley glanced at her. He crossed his arms over his chest and wondered since when people started doubting him. He was never the type to go back on his word.

And what was more infuriating was the fact that it wasn't just anyone who was doubting him — it was his own wife. He wanted to be good to this woman and show her how honorable he was, but she always doubted and second-guessed his intentions.

It was not right, and it was grating on his nerves.

"I believe you. I just don't want you to be in a dilemma," Gabrielle quickly explained.

Westley released the breath he didn't know he was holding, and he felt a little better after hearing that. "So then, you should just avoid mentioning Bryce's name in front of me. I get angry just

hearing it. Understand?"

Gabrielle nodded feverishly. Of course she understood. She also knew it wasn't the right time to argue with him, so she should listen and simply agree.

"I trust you. I won't doubt you anymore." She breathed a sigh of relief.

As long as Westley agreed to look for Bryce, Westley would definitely find him. She should stop questioning Westley at every turn.

"Now that I already agreed to your request, what reward should I expect?" asked Westley. He raised his brow, a smile playing on his lips.

Gabrielle was not stupid, and she immediately understood what he meant. Seeing his smirk, she rushed to kiss him.

It had been a pretty wild and rough night. And she felt the consequences the following morning when she woke up with her waist and back aching. ①

Gabrielle rolled over the bed and groaned. She knew it was her fault, so she had to bear it. She tried to stretch her back and only managed to hurt

herself more.

She dressed simply before she headed downstairs for breakfast. The culprit, Westley, was sitting in the dining room. He was drinking coffee while Blackboo slept at his feet.

Gabrielle smiled at the scene that greeted her. 'Blackboo is really my favorite dog. He's always so clingy to Westley.'

"Oh, you're up. How do you feel?" Westley looked up at her with concern. His cup was arrested halfway to his lips.

"I'm okay." Gabrielle felt herself flush at the question. She sat opposite him before looking at him wordlessly.

"It's my fault?" Westley put down his cup and interlocked his fingers. He rested his chin over his hands and saw the flash of resentment in her eyes.

Gabrielle wondered why he bothered to ask when he already knew the answer.

Westley went crazy last night, perhaps a little too crazy. It wasn't the first time too. The night before last, he did the same thing to her in the hotel. So now, she felt bone-tired after what she had

been through in the past two days.

Her body ached so much, and some parts felt tender to the touch.

Gabrielle huffed. It was unnecessary for him to ask how she was feeling this morning — it was written all over her face.

"No, I'm just a little tired," Gabrielle said calmly. She grabbed a piece of bread and took a bite. She didn't even know if she could go to work today because her body screamed in protest each time she moved.

"Don't go out today. I'll massage your waist later." Westley knew that she would be tired, so he didn't want her to leave. Besides, there were circles under her eyes. It would be better if she rested the whole day.

"It's okay. It's not that serious. I just want to ask if you can be a little gentle next time," Gabrielle complained in a low voice. She was stabbing the bacon on her plate, but she met his eyes when she said this.

Westley couldn't help but smile. He gave her a small nod. "I'll be careful next time.

Gabrielle groaned inside. Next time? She didn't want to do it again. Maybe she should just lock herself in her room.

But of course, she didn't say anything. She just wanted to finish her meal in peace.

"If you want to go to the studio, I'll drive you there after breakfast," Westley offered. He wanted her to rest, but he thought maybe she'd get bored.

Gabrielle stopped chewing. She remembered Vivian seeing Westley drive her there the other day, so Gabrielle didn't want that to happen again.

"No, thanks. I can drive there by myself. Your company and my studio are not in the same direction. It will take up your time." She didn't want to refuse Westley's kindness directly because she didn't want to upset him. She hoped he would let it go.

"Gabrielle, why don't you want me to drive you to work?" Westley leaned back in his chair and gave her an assessing look. Gabrielle almost choked on her coffee at his sudden change of mood.

"Westley, it's not that I don't want you to send me to work. It's just that my colleague saw you the other day when you drove me to the studio. It doesn't look good," said Gabrielle hesitantly. She wiped her mouth with a napkin and prayed he would drop it.

Vivian had always wanted to have the dirt on her. She thought a woman like Gabrielle couldn't possibly afford such a good car, so Gabrielle must have seduced a rich man to get one.

Gabrielle didn't want Vivian to see Westley a second time, or she would not hear the end of it. She was certain Vivian's face would light up with malice if she saw Westley dropping Gabrielle off.

Gabrielle didn't want to attract too much attention, especially Vivian's. That woman was unspeakably vicious.

"Saw me?" Westley was a little surprised.

He recalled that day. He dropped Gabrielle behind the bus station, but she was now saying that someone still saw them.

"They didn't see you. They just saw your

car, so you can't send me again. If you drop me off a second time, it's not going to look good for me," Gabrielle said as she shook her head. She made her decision, and she would stand by it.

Westley merely gave her a glance. "Am I so ugly that you don't want others to see me?"

Her eyes widened, and her jaw dropped. 'What was he talking about?'

Gabrielle resisted the urge to roll her eyes. Obviously, it wasn't that. It was because others believed he was way too influential and affluent to have anything to do with her.

"It's not that you're too ugly. Come on, you know what I'm talking about. You said so yourself that our relationship can't be made public, so of course I don't want others to see you. It's that simple." Gabrielle eyed him seriously.

At the beginning of their relationship, Westley asked her for privacy and how they could never go public. If he didn't tell her that in the first place, she wouldn't be this careful and paranoid about people seeing them together.

And yes, there was Vivian. That woman was bad news, and Gabrielle took great care so she wouldn't see Westley again. Vivian would only stir up trouble.

"Hmm. What do you think about making our relationship public now?" Westley held out his cup of coffee to her before taking a sip. He continued to stare at her above the rim.

Gabrielle was startled. 'Make our relationship public?' That was a huge leap for both of them.

She looked at Westley in disbelief. Was he ready for that kind of commitment? Was she? "Are you serious about making our relationship public?" ②

Chapter 329 Your Daddy Westley

Gabrielle couldn't put into words what she felt at the moment. She was shocked at Westley's suggestion. After all, their marriage was fake at the beginning. It was Westley who emphasized the importance of hiding the truth from the public. Gabrielle understood, and she was ready to accept that they would never disclose their relationship.

Besides, she was ready for Nellie to come back and take her place as Westley's wife. Gabrielle was fine with staying on the sidelines.

That was why she was stunned when Westley suggested making their relationship public. There would be consequences — she was sure of it.

"Is it so hard to believe what I just said? Or do you think I'm the type who jokes at something this big?" Westley's gaze hardened. It was clear he wasn't taking this lightly.

Gabrielle didn't know what to say, so she continued looking at him without saying a word. But as the silence stretched on, she shifted in her seat uncomfortably. "I didn't mean that. You misunderstood me."

"If that's not what you meant, then what?" Westley persisted, unwilling to stop until he got his answer.

"Westley, you're the one who emphasized at the beginning that our relationship couldn't be made public. You also told me you wanted to wait for Nellie to come back so she could replace me. Now, you're suddenly telling me you're willing to go public. I can't help but be surprised at this sudden turn of events. Why are you doing this?" Gabrielle's face was full of confusion. She was already overthinking, but she couldn't help it. It wasn't like Westley to backtrack without a solid reason. 2

Westley wasn't the kind of person who did things on a whim. There was always purpose and motivation behind everything he said and did. Naturally, she wanted to know why he changed his mind all of a sudden. He must have his reason. She didn't believe it was just on

an impulse. ●

"Then, can you guess why I did it?" Westley said as he finished his lukewarm coffee. He waited for her to speak her mind.

He wanted to know what kind of person he was in Gabrielle's eyes. He was eager to find out what she thought of him — if she only saw him as a capitalist who did things because he profited from it.

Gabrielle fidgeted with the hem of her dress and looked at him awkwardly. How could she even guess? There was no way for her to know what he was thinking.

The Westley she knew wasn't transparent. She could spend an entire day guessing, and she might not even get close to the truth.

"I don't know. I just think it will be better for us to keep our relationship secret," Gabrielle said.

She didn't want to play his guessing game, but she didn't want to stay silent either.

If they didn't reveal their relationship, she could still keep a low profile after

they divorced. But once the public found out about them, she wouldn't be able to live in peace.

"Gabrielle, do you really think so?" Westley narrowed his eyes. There was a crease on his forehead, and he ran his fingers through his hair in frustration.

"Well, yes. That's what I think." Gabrielle nodded gingerly and observed him closely.

"Okay, fine. Then, let's not make it public. I'll just ask someone else to drive you to work." Westley breathed deeply and decided to stop arguing with her. This was going nowhere.

Besides, what Gabrielle said was true. It was him who repeatedly highlighted that their relationship was confidential and should never be made public.

Gabrielle followed the rules. She kept a low profile and didn't speak about the two of them. Westley used to like that about her, but now, he started to regret it. He wanted everyone to know about them.

He was the one who was conflicted, the one who had a problem with their

current arrangement. And yes, it was normal for Gabrielle to question him. He wasn't being fair and consistent. ①

"Well, thank you." Gabrielle gave him a small smile and went back to eating.

Westley didn't say anything more. He pushed his chair back and stood up. Blackboo woke up and barked at Westley, calling his master. The adorable dog jumped up and wagged his tail. He was going to follow Westley around with his short furry legs.

He was just like Westley's little tail and shadow. Wherever he went, Blackboo followed.

"Blackboo, lie down. I'm going to work," Westley turned to the dog and shouted.

Blackboo, who was about to follow him, stopped barking and wagging his tail. He was so scared that he immediately lay down on the floor. Blackboo whimpered and looked at Westley sadly.

"Blackboo, come to me. Your Daddy Westley is headed to the office. Have breakfast with me, your sister, instead." Gabrielle looked at him with concern. She called him over because the dog's

distress was obvious to anyone watching.

After hearing Gabrielle's voice, Blackboo's ears perked up, and he ran towards her.

He stopped by her feet and lay down. His body relaxed, and he leaned into her leg. He looked up at her and barked happily.

The puppy was clingy for a reason. He found a sense of security whenever he was close to people.

"Blackboo, lie on your stomach. I'll finish my breakfast quickly. I have to go to work after eating and playing with you. I need to make money to buy food and toys for you." Gabrielle reached out and patted the base of Blackboo's neck.

The little dog seemed to understand what she meant. He continued to lie at her feet peacefully, letting her eat.

Not long after, Westley came down wearing his usual three-piece suit. He looked every inch a successful businessman. He exuded power, but more than that, he was drop dead gorgeous.

Some uniforms made people more

attractive. That was why nurse and flight stewardess costumes were so popular — because they looked sexy.

For a man like Westley, he only needed to wear a black suit and a crisp white shirt. That would be enough to tempt anyone watching him. He didn't need to wear anything extra to stand out.

Still, Gabrielle tried to imagine him wearing a doctor's clothes — complete with a white coat and stethoscope. He would undoubtedly look ten times more appealing and irresistible.

"Westley, are you going to work?" Gabrielle asked casually. She was already finishing up.

"Since you don't want me to give you a ride, I'll go to the company by myself. Someone will drive you to work later. Don't drive yourself." Westley didn't trust in Gabrielle's driving skills, so to be safe, he asked someone else to fetch her.

"Isn't it too troublesome? I can drive by myself. It's not that hard." Gabrielle didn't like imposing on others. As much as possible, she didn't want to trouble people with simple things.

"If you're obedient, you won't have any trouble. If you aren't, you know what's going to happen." Westley was putting on his cufflinks as he spoke to her. His tone was sharp, and he was a bit angry that she refused something this small. It was just a ride, why was she making a big deal out of it?

"I see. Drive carefully, and have a good trip." Gabrielle stood up and was about to make a ninety degree bow to him when his voice stopped her cold.

"Gabrielle, remember who I am to you." Westley cast a glance at her and left without another word.

'Remember who he is to me?'

Gabrielle was confused at first, but when she saw Blackboo standing at her feet, she understood what Westley meant.

He didn't like that she referred to him as Blackboo's daddy but called herself the dog's sister.

'Ah. So that made him unhappy.'

Gabrielle was running late. She quickly shoved the last piece of bread into her

"If you're obedient, you won't have any trouble. If you aren't, you know what's going to happen." Westley was putting on his cufflinks as he spoke to her. His tone was sharp, and he was a bit angry that she refused something this small. It was just a ride, why was she making a big deal out of it?

"I see. Drive carefully, and have a good trip." Gabrielle stood up and was about to make a ninety degree bow to him when his voice stopped her cold.

"Gabrielle, remember who I am to you." Westley cast a glance at her and left without another word.

'Remember who he is to me?'

Gabrielle was confused at first, but when she saw Blackboo standing at her feet, she understood what Westley meant.

He didn't like that she referred to him as Blackboo's daddy but called herself the dog's sister.

'Ah. So that made him unhappy.'

Gabrielle was running late. She quickly shoved the last piece of bread into her mouth and drank some water. She was

about to walk out when the car arrived. The driver was Alvin.

"Mrs. Morris, are you ready? Mr. Morris asked me to drive you to your studio," Alvin greeted her with a smile.

"Yup, I just finished. I'm ready. Let's go." Gabrielle hurried to carry her bag.

"Mrs. Morris, please get in the car." Alvin opened the door for her. ②

Gabrielle sat in and felt a little uneasy. She didn't like this setup. It made her extremely uncomfortable to be treated like this. "Alvin, isn't it too troublesome for you to drive me to work like this?" ②

He came from the company, and after dropping her off, he had to go back to the office. It wasn't a short drive.

That was simply too exhausting.

"It doesn't matter. Mr. Morris has driven to the company by himself. Usually, it's the same for me when I come to pick up him. It's not troublesome at all. Don't worry about it, Mrs. Morris." Alvin looked at her via the rearview mirror and gave her a reassuring smile.

Gabrielle sighed. Since Alvin said it so, she wasn't going to comment further. Anyway, it was Westley who arranged everything, and Alvin only took orders from him. ①