

Love You In My Heart

## Chapter 251 Be Careful Of Being Seduced By A

Gabrielle walked off the dance floor and found a quiet place to sit down by herself. She didn't return back to sit with her grandmother because she wanted to avoid others and regain her composure alone.

The banquet was just about to begin. Everyone was busy eating and chatting, and soon she was forgotten because everyone was distracted by everything else.

But Gabrielle found Westley standing with Kyo. This man emanated a special aura about him. No matter where he was, he was easily recognizable just from a glance even among the busiest crowds.

Gabrielle was wondering why Westley came here tonight - and why did he bring Michelle?

Gabrielle had a headache. Before she could recover from it, Wendy came over to her.

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"Gabrielle, what is Westley's game? He brought a superstar to your grandfather's birthday party, and then danced with you. Now he is going to congratulate your grandfather on his birthday. What does he mean by all this?" Wendy asked as she sat down.

She was very interested in Westley's affairs because after all he greatly influenced and controlled the Jones family.

If anyone displeased or rubbed him the wrong way, the Jones family would be destroyed.



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"I don't know. You know what kind of man Westley is. How can I know?"

Gabrielle replied irritably.

"That's why I'm asking you. What did he say to you when you were dancing?" Wendy wanted to be prepared for anything Westley was thinking or planning on doing.

"Nothing. He just warned us against overthinking it," Gabrielle said, simply wanting to remind Wendy herself.

Westley may not have explicitly said it, but she knew that was what he thought and wanted in his heart.

Wendy understood what Gabrielle was saying.

"So, did he bring a female star here to show off? Or is he really involved with her? I heard that there is a very powerful person who is backing her financially. Is it possible that Westley is at the back end of this? If it is really him, you will have no chance against her, right? I thought he was a gentleman. It seems that he makes the same mistakes as any other ordinary man," Wendy commented on Westley.

"Mom, it's his life and we must value his privacy. No one has the right to ask." Gabrielle couldn't bear to hear what



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Wendy was saying about Michelle and Westley.

"You are such a fool. I had asked you so long ago to seize the opportunity when you can. You should be the one who is dating Westley, not her; and then, what happened? He ended up getting seduced by tramps. You're useless!" Wendy couldn't help but sigh in exasperation. She wanted to see if Michelle was still there, but she couldn't spot her. 4

Wendy also regrettably admitted that the mixed-race woman was actually beautiful, without exaggeration. Not only did every man desire her but women were also inclined to being attracted to her. Wendy had to admit this bare fact.

But no matter how beautiful she was, she couldn't just come and steal other women's husbands. It was not appropriate.

"Mom, don't say that. Don't use words like 'tramp' and stuff," Gabrielle said, recoiling from Wendy's crass use of language.

Whenever she saw a beautiful woman, she would just call her a tramp. Just because she showed up with Westley



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didn't indicate that there was anything going on between the two of them.

"She is a tramp. Women from the entertainment industry are good at seducing men, and just pretend to be pitiful and lovely. You are so honest and good-hearted. How can you attract Westley and keep him with you?" Wendy anxiously asked her.

Gabrielle didn't think this was a big deal because she had never thought of making Westley stay.

This man couldn't stay with any one woman - not even Michelle.

"Mom, don't get involved in the matters between me and Westley. Nobody can control him."

Gabrielle knew better than Wendy and had to stop her from daydreaming or hoping.

"I'm saying all this for your own good. I'm worried about you. Today, he may bring just one female star to a private party, but tomorrow he'll show up with a million female supermodels in public. And here you are, acting as though nothing happened. How can you be so



"silly?" Wendy looked at Gabrielle angrily.

"Mom, why don't you go and find Bryce now?" Gabrielle almost blurted, "It turns out that you haven't gone to find Bryce at all." 2

She felt really heartbroken and didn't want to continue talking about this topic now.

"Don't be so anxious. I'll go to your grandfather first. Come with me." Wendy avoided talking about Bryce altogether.

She didn't want to find Bryce in order to protect him. She thought that as long as Gabrielle and Westley were married, Bryce and the Jones family would be safe. When she felt it was okay, she would let Bryce come back.

However, Gabrielle had proven to be useless. She hadn't succeeded in attracting Westley yet, and what was worse, he even ended up bringing another woman with him that day. What would become of Gabrielle?

He didn't care about her dignity at all. If Gabrielle didn't succeed in keeping him close and ended up offending him somehow, the whole Jones family would



be destroyed. 2

The more she thought about it, the more frightened she became.

"I'm not coming with you. I'm not feeling well. I'll go later." Gabrielle thought about going to Westley's car.

She saw Westley standing by her grandpa, and he looked like he was proposing a toast to him. She didn't know what he said, but grandpa looked very happy after the speech.

Kylo had always been fond of talented and outstanding men like Westley.

Hence, it wasn't unusual for grandpa to be amused by Westley, even if he didn't say anything at all.

That was one of the benefits of being well-liked. They could be easily recognized and perceived positively without saying too much.

"Okay, if you don't want to come, I'll go and have a look." Wendy didn't say anything more. She thought that Gabrielle didn't want to go there because Westley was standing there, so she let her be.



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As soon as Wendy arrived, Westley casually left the banquet hall without even looking at her. He was cool as a cucumber, and walked out with one hand in his pocket.

Gabrielle was hesitating whether she should go there now or later. When she saw Westley leaving without looking back, she understood why he had deliberately emphasized the time. He wanted them to leave at a different time and didn't want others to see them leave together.

For the remainder of the ten minutes, Gabrielle sat restlessly by herself. 4



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Lance finally found Gabrielle sitting all alone. The sad expression on her face made him feel sorry for her.

It was all Westley's fault, no doubt. He took another woman to a family affair and left Gabrielle by herself.

He really was insufferable, but Kylo still kept praising him. After Westley left, his grandfather had only good words to say, going as far as comparing him with Lance. Kylo believed he was talented and managed the Morris Group beyond expectations. ①

Lance was annoyed, to say the least. He had always hated Westley, but today, he was furious.

Westley stealing his limelight was unbearable.

"Gabrielle, I've brought you your favorite orange juice. Why are you sitting here alone? Grandpa wants you to go back." Lance sat down beside her.



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"I just need a bit of air. Thanks for the drink." Gabrielle smiled ruefully, staring at her grandfather's direction.

There were a lot of people around the old man. Surely, it wouldn't matter if she went or not. Besides, she planned on leaving to find Westley outside.

"You're welcome." Lance stared at her face for some time. Gabrielle was starting to feel conscious.

"What, is there something on my face?" With wonder, she patted her cheeks gently.

Lance giggled, then he sighed. "No, you just look pretty, Gabrielle, but... you don't look too cheerful. Westley just went too far today." The more Lance thought about it, the angrier he became. "He came here to provoke and embarrass you on purpose. That jerk, how could he abandon you like this? If Michelle didn't distract me, I would've taught him a lesson. He doesn't deserve to be your husband at all!"

Could a man from a rich family do whatever he wanted?

Gabrielle shook her head, looking



worried.

"Lance, Westley isn't bad as you think. Besides, we're both adults. I don't need him to be responsible for me. I can think for myself." Gabrielle defended Westley.

"Do you know the relationship between that Michelle and him? You're too naïve when it comes to Westley." Lance looked at her with concern.

In Lance's eyes, Gabrielle was an obedient child. She had always put up with bullies and it made him feel protective.

All he wanted was to take good care of her for the rest of his life, sparing her all the pain and suffering, and give her all the best things in the world.

"I don't want to know." Gabrielle looked down.

It was not like Westley to just bring someone with him. Something was definitely up.

Everyone could see that they were close, perhaps closer than Gabrielle thought. After all, Michelle was recognized by the Morris family. That very fact made



Gabrielle feel uncomfortable.

So why would she ask a question that she knew the answer to?

Only Westley can explain himself. Gabrielle was thinking of asking him later.

"Michelle admitted that Westley has been sponsoring her for the last two years. Don't you think there's something fishy going on, Gabrielle? Open your eyes, he's a jerk. Don't fall in love with him. Promise me! It will only break your heart, understand?" Lance held on to her shoulders.

Unrequited love is the worst feeling ever.

Gabrielle didn't answer. Love wasn't something that could be controlled, and she had already fallen in love without realizing it.

It was too late to pretend that nothing had happened. It was too late for her to erase her feelings.

"Lance, I know. Don't worry. I won't fall in love with him. I know my boundaries in this marriage." Gabrielle put down the glass of juice and stood up.



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About ten minutes had passed, but she was in no rush to see Westley.

"Gabrielle, where are you going?" Lance was a little worried when he saw that Gabrielle was about to leave.

"I'm fine, just going to the bathroom." Gabrielle didn't want Lance to be so worried, so she told him she was going to the toilet.

"I'll go with you." Lance immediately stood up.

Gabrielle looked at Lance helplessly. "Lance, I'm not a child. I can find the bathroom on my own."

Lance smiled at her, almost chuckling. "You'll always be a child in my eyes."

Gabrielle didn't say anything, but someone approached Lance for a chat.

"Sorry Gabrielle, I'll catch you later," Lance said.

"Go ahead." Gabrielle nodded, noncommittally. She didn't want Lance to pursue her anymore.

"Okay, I'll go ahead. Catch you later."



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Lance waved, taking a step back.

After Lance left, Gabrielle was relieved. Then she turned around and walked towards the back gate.

There was a small park behind the Twillight Hotel, so it was much quieter than the bustling scene at the entrance.

She walked through the park and tried looking for a taxi.

As she strolled, her phone rang. It was from Westley.

Gabrielle glanced at it once. Instead of answering the call, she quickly walked straight ahead.

When the phone rang for the second time, Gabrielle had already reached the street. A taxi passed by and she hailed it.

"Where are you going, miss?"

"The Lover Embankment, please."

The Lover Embankment was a famous dating spot in Antawood. It used to be a deserted space, but because of the unique scenery, couples started meeting and spending their time together there. Eventually they changed the name to



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what is was now.

It was a romantic place, but Gabrielle only wanted to get some fresh air.

"A date with your boyfriend I'm guessing?" The driver was a cheerful and curious man. He thought Gabrielle wore an anxious expression because of a secret evening tryst.

"I guess." Gabrielle shrugged nonchalantly. She wasn't in the mood to explain.

Outside the car window the neon lights were shining, but she couldn't appreciate the night's charm. She was still thinking about what Lance had told her.

'Michelle admitted that Westley was her sponsor.'

'A sponsor, huh?'

She knew what it meant to be a sponsor. It meant Westley had spent a lot of money on Michelle, and she would have repaid him in more ways than one. 4

Gabrielle felt her heart crack just thinking about it.



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## Chapter 253 Encountering Some Bad Guys

Gabrielle's phone buzzed few minutes after she got to Lover Embankment.

She thought Westley was calling again. He had called once while she was still in the car. But she hadn't picked it up then because she hadn't wanted to.

She felt like answering his phone now that she was far away from his reach. She took the phone out of her bag. But when she saw the caller ID, she realized it wasn't Westley after all. It was Austin.

The disappointment shone in her face at once.

Yet she didn't want to let Austin notice the disappointment. So she answered the phone with an acted calmness. "Hello, Aus."

"Where are you, Gabrielle? I don't see you here at Kylo's birthday party. Aren't you around?" Austin asked.

Kylo had made sure to invite all the

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important people in Antawood, including the Foster family, to his party. However, he didn't care if they honored his invitation or not.

Of course, the members of Foster family had turned up at the party. But Austin was late because he had to take care of some urgent business.

When he arrived, he had searched for Gabrielle. He was surprised that she was neither in the banquet hall nor the open-air party. That was why he had called her.

"I am not in the hotel, Aus. I am at Lover Embankment—"

Gabrielle suddenly discovered that her phone had turned off. It was out of power. 'Damn it!

What a coincidence.'

She wondered if Austin had heard what she had said last. But she dismissed the thought with the wave of a hand. It didn't matter now.

Gabrielle threw the phone back into her bag and strolled along the river bank. She was only wearing her sleeveless dress



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with its hemline snipped off. The night wind was cold. And when it stung her, she shivered terribly.

Had she come all the way here to be whipped by the cold wind? She regretted having to be this hard on herself. Although she was now sober, she was very cold.

'Forget it. Maybe I should just head back now.'

It's really none of my business. Westley can keep ten women for all I care!

I believe all will be fine when Bryce and Nellie return. I hope they return sooner.

There's really no need to bother myself with these thoughts since they'll return soon.'

Just then, two thin black men accosted her as she was about to leave the path.

"Hey, miss. Why are you alone at the Lover Embankment? Did you break up with your boyfriend? I'm really sorry about that. I understand how it feels. And it's very late now. You can come with me, though. I can accompany you for the night. We can go for a drink, play



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some games, or even have a nice talk in private - We can spend the night together. I will satisfy all your needs," one of the men said, licking his lips lustfully.

"Yes, so don't feel bad because your boyfriend abandoned you. We both are here to keep you company," the second added.

At once, Gabrielle sensed that these men were scoundrels. It was so evident from their words and slinky gestures

They were the kind of men who hid about in dark and lonely corners, preying on lone girls to harass.

But Gabrielle was certain they had met the wrong girl today because she was not the type to be easily intimidated.

Eyeing them closely, Gabrielle could swear they were no match for her. From her guess, their heights were around 170cm. Moreover, they were thin and had no muscles. She would deal with them without much effort.

Yet she knew that fighting with these men with her dress and high heels was going to be quite difficult.



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"You'd better get out of my way – both of you! Else, you won't like what I'll do to you two if I lose my temper!" Gabrielle threatened. She wasn't a hypocrite and meant every single word she said.

The two hooligans stared at her, filled with obscene excitement. They didn't believe she meant what she had said but thought she was only speaking out of fear.

Her beauty was not only enticing; her hot temper was even more arousing.

"I love such tough women as her. Playing with them is always an adventure!"

"The tougher a woman is, the more satisfied we will be when we subdue her," one of the men said. "I love her not only for her beauty, but also for her crustiness. So, beauty, cease this unnecessary struggle and submit yourself to us. We are only here to give you that satisfaction and company you most need now that your boyfriend has abandoned you."

The man made to grab Gabrielle. But she suddenly smashed his face with her bag, and he cried out in terrible pain.



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"Damn it, you bitch! I'll kill you since you don't want to be treated gently!"

The man's eyes burned with fierceness as he staggered back, cursing. He hadn't expected the little woman to act so wildly.

Well done.

Now he was mad. It was a shame for a man to be hit by a woman.

Gabrielle broke into a run after she had hit the man, flinging her shoes away. She knew she couldn't fight off these rascals with the tight dress she was wearing.

And more terrible was that the dress didn't allow her to run as fast as she should have, and the men soon caught up with her, blocking her in front and behind.

Gabrielle knew that no one could save her from these men. It was very dark now, so there was no one else around. Worst still, her phone was out of power, so she couldn't call anyone for help, not even the police.

Was she destined to be killed by these men tonight?



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"Run, bitch! Why aren't you running anymore? Let's see how far you can go. We never wanted to be hard on you tonight. But you're proving to be a bloody bitch, so we will have to fuck you hard. You will live to regret messing with us tonight!" the man swore, lunging at her.

Gabrielle trembled slightly with desperation and exhaustion. The soles of her feet hurt her now, and she was sure she had bruised them while she ran barefooted. She couldn't tell how large the wounds were or how bad they bled. All she knew was that her feet hurt her terribly.

Now she felt sorry for not having gone to see Westley then. Instead, she had left so stubbornly. Now here she was, being harassed by these two scoundrels.

Things would surely never remain the same after tonight.

If these men were to rape her tonight, she would be so rather dread of seeing Westley again. She was sure that she would be better off dead if she had to see him after this.

"Cooperate with us, bitch! It is good for



all of us... Ah... "

Suddenly, someone kicked the man away before he could finish what he was saying. He landed on the grass with a terrible cry.

Gabrielle was stunned by the sudden turn of events. She gazed at the man who had come to her rescue. He stood there before her, fearless and imposing. At once, she ran towards him, falling into his chest and holding his waist.

The man stood still as the woman clung to him, her tears scalding his hand and heart as they soaked his shirt.

At first, Westley was very mad with Gabrielle. But his heart softened when he saw her crying. Despite his anger, her tears moved him to sympathy.

"Thank God you're here, Westley. I thought I was never going to see you again." Still laying her head on his chest, Gabrielle wept on. She tried to speak again, but she choked on her words and kept on sobbing. ④



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The two men still wanted to make trouble, but the bodyguards brought by Alvin had taken hold of them and tied them up.

"Mr. Morris, they are still alive." Alvin coldly glanced at the two hooligans who were very close to their death.

"Throw them away to the police station, and make sure they get a long sentence." Westley cast a disdainful glance towards them and lowered his head to look at the weeping and uneasy woman in his arms.

Alvin asked the bodyguards to take the two people they had captured away. He had never sympathized with criminals or ruffians like them. Moreover, they had provoked Westley's wife rather than anyone else. He thought he was letting them off easy.

Gabrielle was still holding Westley's waist tightly and didn't want to let go of him. She pressed her face against his chest and continued to sob.



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Now, in this moment, Westley understood why people said women were made of water.

She used every last bit of water in her body in her tears, without which she would have dried up.

He didn't know how much water Gabrielle was capable of holding, with the amount she was crying.

"Gabrielle, haven't you cried enough?" Westley asked her softly, patting her on her back.

After crying for some more time, Gabrielle's tears finally subsided. She looked up at Westley's face and sniffed, feeling uncomfortable.

Westley looked down and saw her face. It was usually fair and perfect, but was now smeared with tears and smudged make-up. She looked cute, and at the same time, not very pretty.

"Gabrielle, you look very ugly right now," Westley calmly commented.

As soon as he said that, Gabrielle stopped sobbing and stared at Westley with her big red eyes.



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"You ... you called me ugly?" Gabrielle couldn't believe what she was hearing.

She then realized that she must have cried and ruined her make-up. She immediately wiped her face with the back of her hand but Westley quickly took a hold of it.

"What's wrong with your hand?" Westley suddenly noticed that the back of her hand was a little red, and his face hardened, giving off a cold stare.

"I was running so fast, and ended up bumping into a tree,"

Gabrielle said, vaguely. She wasn't thinking too much about it. She had been so focused on running away in that short period of time, that when she hit the tree and the pole of a street lamp, she probably didn't realize the pain she felt as a result of that.

She felt too embarrassed to say it now.

"Gabrielle, I've never met a stupider woman. You're an adult, but you cause such big trouble all by yourself. Why did you run away from the party? If I hadn't arrived on time, you would have died



tonight ..." Westley recalled specifying the exact time to meet him in the car. But what did she end up doing? She not only didn't look for him, but she got herself lost in a remote place all by herself, without answering her phone. She didn't think straight. ③

If he hadn't asked Alvin to look for her and drive him there, would this woman have been killed tonight?

The thought that she was almost raped by another man made Westley very angry and majorly upset.

"I ... I know I was wrong. I didn't mean to do that. I didn't expect..."

"Why didn't you go to the car to find me? Why didn't you answer my phone?" Westley demanded to know what was running through her mind. ③

This woman was too stupid to remember anything he told her. Fortunately, he happened to find her and come to her rescue in time. What would have happened if he had not? The consequences would be unimaginable.

Westley decided to teach her a lesson to show her the result of her foolishness.



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Then, this kind of thing would surely not happen again.

"I... my phone was out of battery," Gabrielle said in a low voice and took out her phone from her bag to show him.

"Why did you come here from the hotel if your phone was out of power? What hell is this place? There's not a crow in sight, it's so quiet and remote. Was it so difficult for you to find me in the car?" Westley was getting very furious.

Gabrielle was quite scared. She swallowed hard and spoke her next words cautiously. "How dare you ask me such a question when you've been sponsoring that other woman for two years? Even if it's not wrong for you to have other mistresses, why would you bring her out there in public? And that, too, at my grandfather's birthday party... You just wanted to embarrass me and upset me. Why should I come behind you?"

Gabrielle grew more upset with every word she uttered. When she couldn't hold it any longer, she felt her lips quivering, on the verge of tears.



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"Gabrielle, you don't know anything. Who on earth even told you that?" Westley saw how scared she was of crying, so he reached out and rubbed her head affectionately.

But he really wanted to know who told her this.

Lance had said that Michelle had personally admitted the truth, so how could it be false?

"Everyone's saying it. If you are not her sponsor, why did you bring her there?" Gabrielle asked, now more confident.

She had been worried that it would be difficult for her to speak out and she didn't dare to confront him, but now she had grabbed the opportunity to clear the air.

"I brought Michelle just as a cover-up. It's not what you think..."

"Liar! Don't you dare lie to me and say you're not her sponsor or sugar daddy!" Gabrielle shouted.

"Yes, I am!" Westley admitted without hesitation.



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Gabrielle's breath quickened when she heard him admit this. Her eyes lowered in sadness.

It was one thing to suspect the answer, but it was a whole other thing to hear Westley admit it.

She felt like she had been stabbed in the chest when he confessed.

"Well, I guessed right, then. You're her sponsor, you always have been. I know what goes on in the world of adults, all these love games and lusty options. I don't care that everyone does this. I don't even care that you're surrounded by so many lovers, but don't you dare bring them into my space... Hmmm ..."

Gabrielle whispered, tears streaming down her face again. She hadn't expected to feel so deeply impacted by Westley's actions, but before she could finish her sentence, Westley pinched her chin between his fingers and kissed her on the mouth.

It was not a gentle kiss.

When he saw that Gabrielle kept talking, and that she was so deeply sad and aggrieved, he simply kissed her rather



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than talking to her, which he thought was the most effective answer.

However, Gabrielle didn't feel any comfort of happiness being kissed by him. She just wanted to push him away from her.

She bit him rudely, which made Westley pull away immediately. He looked at her unhappily. "Gabrielle, are you a dog? Why are you biting me?"

"Yes, I'm a dog. I'll bite you. Westley, you bastard! Who gave you permission to kiss me?" Gabrielle shouted at him angrily, tears still running down her face.

"You feel wronged?" Westley asked earnestly, as he stared into her eyes.

Gabrielle sniffed and stubbornly walked away from him, but as soon as she stepped on the heel of her foot sole, she cried out in pain.

"Gabrielle, what's wrong with you?" Westley quickly carried her in his arms when he realized she was in pain.

"Bastard, do not touch me! Don't touch me! If you want to touch someone, go find your mistress!" Gabrielle was



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beating him as he carried her away.

"Are you jealous?"

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## Chapter 255 Go Back To Paris

When Gabrielle was accused of being "jealous", she squinted her eyes at Westley, as her face flushed in embarrassment and then anger.

"Who's jealous? Like I said before, it doesn't matter how many women you are with, I won't be jealous because it's your own business!" Gabrielle insisted. She had made it very clear at the party that she wouldn't be jealous no matter what kind of woman Westley brought. ①

"You're so stubborn!" Seeing her obstinate face, Westley felt an irresistible urge to pinch her face, but he couldn't because he was holding her with both his hands. ②

This woman never admitted to feeling jealous or sad, no matter how obviously etched it was on her face!

'Women are so cunning and duplicitous!' Westley thought.

'But ... she does look a little cute,



regardless.'

"I'm being honest. We aren't a real couple, so you have the freedom to be with anyone you like. I don't care - not now, not in the future." Gabrielle continued to speak against her will.

These words should have irritated and infuriated Westley, but he couldn't feel angry when he saw Gabrielle's face.

Maybe this woman didn't realize that she really was acting jealously. The more she insisted she wasn't angry and didn't care about the whole affair, the more jealous she looked.

"Who is this jealous woman saying she doesn't care if I'm with any other women? Do you know her?" said Westley lazily.

Gabrielle was speechless. The more she spoke, the cooler Westley seemed to be getting. She was better off not saying anything at all.

So, Gabrielle decided to keep her mouth shut and didn't speak to him after that.

Westley was not in a hurry to make conversation with her. He just quietly held her in his arms and walked along



the path.

Before they exited the path, they saw a young man standing next to an expensive car, and a beautiful woman sitting inside of it.

Gabrielle recognized the two at once. It was Austin and Michelle.

This was Westley's vehicle, which meant that he brought Michelle here.

Gabrielle's heart ached all over again. Westley had really gone too far. She didn't want to talk about the fact that Westley brought Michelle to Grandpa's birthday party anymore, but why did he bring her here, as well? Did he plan on leaving with her tonight?

"Westley, put me down. I don't want you to hold me," Gabrielle sternly ordered him. She didn't want to be touched by him anymore.

She felt immediately disgusted when she thought of the intimate contact between him and Michelle.

"Stop fussing, Gabrielle. Your foot is badly injured - do you want to dislocate or damage it any further?" Westley had a



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good guess as to why Gabrielle was behaving strangely, but now was not the right time to put her down on the ground. <sup>1</sup>

He couldn't just give in to her, not when she was so injured.

"My injury is not your business. You just see to you and Michelle. You can take her wherever you're going. It seems that she is really important to you," said Gabrielle bitterly.

Westley was amused by her words and behavior. He pulled her closer, and spoke up in a serious tone.

"Gabrielle, no matter what Michelle means to me, you are my legal wife now. There is nothing to be worried about." Westley attempted to dissuade her in a joking, but firm way.

Gabrielle grew confused, leaving her with nothing to say in response.

'Shit!

What's wrong with Westley? Does he really want to see his wife and lover fight for him?



Would that feed his ego?'

Gabrielle refused.

"Westley, do you want to see me and Michelle fight for you? You think too much of yourself. I'm not doing anything of the sort, no thank you!" Gabrielle gave him a stern look and rationally explained herself.

Westley remained quiet after that, but still continued to hold her in his arms as he walked towards the car.

"Are you okay, Gabrielle?" Austin asked concernedly, as soon as he saw Westley carrying Gabrielle. He rushed onto the path to greet her.

"Gabrielle, what's going on? Your phone was turned off after you said you were at Lover Embankment. I was wondering what happened and so I came here because I was really worried." It was clear Austin was worried about Gabrielle when he saw her in this state.

He didn't even notice or care about Westley's long face. He only paid attention to whom he was carrying.

Austin had answered Gabrielle's call, but



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the line got cut. When he called back, he found that Gabrielle's phone was switched off. He got worried, wondering what that was about, and rushed to this spot immediately.

When he arrived there, he saw Westley's vehicle. He was stopped by his bodyguards and was not allowed to go inside to look for Gabrielle.

'Damn it! Westley was quicker than me. And now he comes out like a hero, with Gabrielle in his arms. How annoying!'

"I'm sorry, Aus. My phone was out of power. I'm sorry you were worried," Gabrielle apologized profusely. She obviously sensed that her carrier, Westley, was giving off the cold air.

Westley and Austin were cousins, and it was rare for cousins to treat each other like rivals or be rude to one another. They were family, after all.

Gabrielle had never cared about their relationship in the past, but now she felt a responsibility because she didn't want them to be on bad terms because of her.

"What a relief to see that you're fine! What happened to your foot?" Noticing



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her limp foot with scratches on its sole, Austin looked at Westley in a reprimanding way, as if blaming him for her injury.

"Aus, it has nothing to do with Westley. I got into a small accident and got bruised," Gabrielle explained in a hurry.

"Really?" Austin looked at Gabrielle and then at Westley in disbelief.

"Alvin, call Remy and ask him to wait for us at Half Moon Bay." Ignoring Austin, Westley walked past him and headed for his car. He was still holding Gabrielle.

"Westley, please take care of Gabrielle and make sure she doesn't get hurt over and over again because of you ..." Austin whined, raising his voice at Westley.

"Austin, Gabrielle is my wife. It's none of your business to care about her or to warn me. And I had nothing to do with it - she literally told you she fell because of an accident." Westley didn't pay any more regard to Austin's thoughts and tantrums, and carried Gabrielle into the car, placing her on the seat.

Michelle was still seated in the car. When Gabrielle saw her, she had an



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intense desire to leave the vehicle.

"I think I'd better not ride in this car. I'll go with Aus." Gabrielle glanced at Michelle and attempted to leave.

"Michelle, I'll give you one minute to explain who you are. If you can't do that, then go back to Paris," Westley ordered while forcing Gabrielle back into the car and getting in himself.

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