

Love You In My Heart

Chapter 256 The Old Knew How To Deal With

Michelle's attempt to greet the other woman in a friendly way was thwarted by Westley's cold words.

The man was so furious, he'd almost forgotten why Michelle was here in the first place. He had promised her mother that he would take good care of her, but what happened?

How dare he threaten her to send her back to Paris!

He was being obnoxious!

"Why would you have her explain? I want to hear it from you, Westley." Gabrielle made a passing glance at Michelle, but she wasn't willing to talk to her.

After all, they were rivals. Rivals for Westley's affection. ①

That was always the case, fake or not. Women hate each other when they know they like the same person.

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Besides, Michelle was the first woman that Westley had brought in such a grand fashion. Gabrielle didn't want to have anything to do with her.

"You tell her, Michelle." Westley sighed roughly, looking at Michelle who was sitting behind him.

"Gabrielle, I haven't introduced myself formally yet. I'm Michelle, the daughter of Westley's aunt." Michelle revealed. "My father is from France, so I'm mixed. I don't look like Westley at all. Almost four years ago, I made my debut as a model in Paris, but I haven't been particularly popular. Then, I followed my mother's suggestion and came here to ask Westley for help. He is the CEO of Morris Group, but he's also like a brother to me. Because of his status, a lot of opportunities opened up for me here in China. I rose to stardom really quickly because he was backing me up. He's my sponsor in that sense, right? But nobody knows that I'm his cousin." 7

Gabrielle stared at her, digesting her words. It was a lot to take in. 3

This beautiful girl wasn't Westley's mistress, but his cousin!

No wonder the Morris family didn't bat an eyelid when they showed up together.

Her explanation made sense.

But Gabrielle was still angry. Westley could have explained it to her from the start, but why did he wait until now?

Westley was torturing with her deliberately. If he didn't toy with her feelings, she wouldn't have left the party and come here alone. She wouldn't have met two perverts, and her feet wouldn't have been injured. It was all Westley's fault.

"Gabrielle, are you listening?" Michelle called out, noticing Gabrielle's silence and her grim expression. She was worried she had offended her. ①

She turned to Westley in a panic. If she upset Gabrielle, would he send her back to Paris?

"Yes, Miss Bailey. I heard you." Gabrielle tried to act nonchalant because she didn't really know what to say. She was still processing everything.

She realized that these two were cousins and Westley wasn't having any

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extramarital affair.

"Gabrielle, we're family. Just call me Michelle." She could see Michelle was feeling tensed.

"Okay, Michelle, I will. But I'm not your cousin-in-law," Gabrielle said.

Upon hearing this, it was obvious that Gabrielle had yet to forgive her. Michelle turned to look at Westley.

"You heard her." Westley just nodded.

"Gabrielle, nobody else knows that Westley's my cousin. This is all a set-up for me to boost my career. It's thanks to Westley that I'm protected and always provided for. A lot of people raise their eyebrows on things like this, especially the anti-fans, so saying that I have a sponsor is a way for me to protect myself from scrutiny." Michelle explained, but she was so nervous that she couldn't stop fidgeting. "You understand, right? Westley's been very helpful and I try my best to follow what he needs me to do because he's my sponsor. Like tonight, I didn't know why he asked me to go with him. We've never showed up in public together before. Frankly, I was so anxious about what other people would say, but

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he actually came there to pick you up."

"Is that so?" Gabrielle eyed Westley.

"What did you really want tonight, Westley?" She looked at him confusedly, her tone unhappy.

Michelle could sense that a lover's quarrel was brewing.

"Alvin, pull over at the Melody Road later. I've asked my agent to pick me up there," Michelle said.

"Alright, Miss Bailey." Alvin also understood how she wanted to get away from trouble.

"I only did it for you. If I yanked you away from Lance in public, the guests would have a field day," Westley explained.

He brought in Michelle to be a distraction. She was a popular and controversial celebrity. Wherever she was, she would naturally draw the crowd's attention.

In that case, people would be too busy to care if Westley danced with Gabrielle or took her away from the party.

If it weren't for the urgent situation tonight, he wouldn't have brought Michelle there.

He could even imagine what the headlines would be tomorrow.

"Mystery sponsor of breakout celebrity revealed to be Morris Group's CEO."

This was really shocking news. He was annoyed just thinking about it.

"Stop making excuses. How did you know I was dancing with Lance?" Gabrielle asked angrily.

"I just knew. Out of all the other girls he could have asked, he chose you for the first dance. Gabrielle, did you really want to dance with him?" Westley questioned.

Gabrielle was stunned. Somehow it was all coming together. "Did grandma tell you that?"

It suddenly dawned on her. Miley asked her to dance with Lance because she wanted to tease Westley!

As expected, the old knew how to deal with things better.

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"Who cares how I found out? The point is you shouldn't have danced with Lance. How could you dance with a man who isn't your husband?" Westley scoffed. 5

"What are you so angry about? Lance is my cousin. Why can't I dance with him?" Gabrielle fired back.

"Yeah right. He doesn't see you that way, Gabrielle. Don't you get it, you stupid girl?" Westley started scolding her again. 3

"What's that supposed to mean?" Somehow his words made her feel uncomfortable.

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Westley became visibly upset when he started talking about Lance. It seemed like he didn't want to discuss anything about him anymore.

Soon, the car came into a halt in front of the place Michelle mentioned. Westley got out first to make way for Michelle, and Michelle followed him out.

"Gabrielle, please don't be angry with my cousin. He did this all for you! He even went as far as 'sacrificing' me. I can only imagine the dreadful things my fans are saying about me on the Internet right at this very moment!" Michelle couldn't help but feel terrible.

Having "anti-fans" wasn't a foreign concept to her. She had always had detractors. However, now everyone knew who her sponsor was, she was sure that they would only grow in number. After all, nothing would be more awful to them than knowing that their idol was being kept as a mistress.

"What are you so worried about? Alvin will deal with this matter. Cancel your schedules and rest at home for the time being," Westley said coldly.

Michelle took a deep breath. "You're probably right. I don't think I've had a proper rest for some time now. Can I go to Gabrielle's and unwind for a bit?" She truly believed that Westley could take care of everything for her.

Westley was about to deny Michelle's request when he remembered that he was the one who had to save her face. "Ask Gabrielle," he muttered lifelessly.

Michelle turned to Gabrielle, her eyes expectant. "Gabrielle, what do you say? Let's hang out for a bit!"

It didn't even take a full second before Gabrielle responded. "Of course," she said, sounding the slightest bit enthralled. She really didn't mind spending some time with the girl because to her, she was a good girl. Also, she was Westley's cousin, so there was no way she'd refuse her.

"Come when you want to. I'm at Half Moon Bay and I'll be free for the next

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couple of days. Feel free to come, but after that, I'll have to be off to work back at the studio again, which means I won't be able to accompany you at that point."

"I'm totally fine with that!" Michelle shrieked with excitement. "Where is your studio by the way?"

"Michelle, do you want to get off the car or not?" Westley was quickly starting to go from upset to angry as he waited for the conversation to be over.

"Come tomorrow. I'll see you," Gabrielle gently told Michelle.

"Okay. I'm so sorry I've caused you so much trouble today. I've got to go now, bye." Michelle then quickly got off the car and rushed to the car driven by her agent.

Westley slammed the door behind him as he returned to the back seat.

"Michelle can be overzealous at times, you know? You could have just refused her if you wanted to." "It's okay," Gabrielle answered stiffly.

"She's a good kid. I'm fine spending time with her." Gabrielle felt her body tensing

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up. When she spoke with Westley, she felt like she would get a little too serious and not talk as gentle as she would to Michelle.

Neither of the two said anything in their drive up to Half Moon Bay. Remy was already there when they arrived, and he didn't look surprised to see Westley carrying Gabrielle in his arms as they entered the property.

"Gabby, what happened? Did you hurt your feet?" It was the only reason he could think of that would warrant Westley to carry her like he was doing at that moment.

"Yes. The soles of her feet are hurt," Westley responded as he gently put Gabrielle down on the sofa.

"Remy, I'm really sorry to trouble you again." Gabrielle looked guilty.

"What are you saying?" Remy looked taken aback by Gabrielle's apology. "Sophie, please get me a basin of warm water and a clean towel." He then knelt down and began examining Gabrielle's soles.

"You went to Kylo's birthday party today,

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right? How did you hurt your feet like this?" Remy asked in confusion.

"I... I..."

"Remy, the water is here. Let me wash Miss Jones's feet." Sophie was already back from fetching warm water and towels. She, too, looked concerned about the state of Gabrielle's feet, with all the sand and patches of dried blood covering it. ¹

She was about to kneel down in front of Gabrielle when she noticed that Westley was rolling up the sleeves of his form-fitting dress shirt.

"Sophie, please go get another basin of warm water. I'll wash her feet." And with that, he squatted down.

Thick, tense silence blanketed the room as Gabrielle, Remy, and Sophie began to realize what was happening.

Westley just offered to wash Gabrielle's feet.

It was something very unlike of Westley.

The three of them had known him for a long time, and they had never seen him

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act this way towards anyone else. To them, he was that child who still had to be taken care of.

"Mr. Morris, you don't have to. I'll do it," Sophie firmly said after a few moments. 'How could I let Mr. Morris do such a thing?

I will never.'

"Sophie, I said go get another basin of water." Westley's menacing tone would make anyone quiver in fear.

Sophie was left with no choice. She scurried back to the kitchen to get another basin of warm water.

After getting over the initial shock, Remy sat down and decided to silently observe whatever was going to happen next. It felt like he was watching a good, exciting show. 2

He really wanted to take a photo, a video, or something to share with all their friends so that they could personally see Mr. Morris lovingly washing his wife's feet. 6

"Westley, please stop. I don't need you or anyone else to wash my feet. I can do it

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myself. My hands are not hurt." Gabrielle's face was already red from embarrassment. She didn't want to be treated like this!

Her protests fell on deaf ear, unfortunately. Westley gently grabbed and pulled her feet into the basin and began washing them. "How's the water? Too hot? Too cold?"

Gabrielle felt her heart beating violently against her chest. The first and the last time someone washed her feet for her was when she was still in the orphanage years ago!

As Westley continued to wash and caress her inflamed feet, she felt the hatred she had for him slowly ebbing away.

"I'm asking you, is the temperature okay?" Westley asked again when Gabrielle failed to answer. "And are any of your cuts hurting?"

The water's temperature was okay, but the wounds would sting every time it came contact with water.

She would wince, but she made sure that no sound would escape her lips as she didn't want to make a big deal out of the

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situation.

Besides, Westley was already washing her feet. She knew she couldn't ask for anything more.

Westley was quick to pick up on what Gabrielle's silence meant at that moment. "You know, if it's painful, you can just cry out. Don't feel ashamed."

"It's not painful." Gabrielle intended her statement be firm and confident, but what came out of her mouth was shaky and quiet.

Westley, instead of forcing Gabrielle to let go, decided to just continue with his task. Since he knew that soaking wounds in water for an extended period of time would be bad, he moved quickly. After a while, he was already drying Gabrielle's feet with a soft towel.

"It's done. Remy, hurry up and deal with her wounds," Westley ordered as he washed his hands in the other basin of water.

Remy immediately got on his feet.

"Thank you... Westley," Gabrielle whispered.

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Westley took the fresh towel from Sophie's hands and wiped his hands with it. He then sat down beside Gabrielle. "You can show your sincere gratitude by not being stubborn. Just... trust me. When I tell you to do something, do it."

Gabrielle felt a little sorry for what happened tonight. After all, her impulsiveness and hard-headedness were the root cause of the commotion. If Westley hadn't arrived in time, she would have been done right then and there.

"I understand. I'm sorry. But how are you going to handle tonight's matters? Even Michelle got involved." Gabrielle was still worried.

Michelle was extremely popular. If the news spread, it would definitely impact her future, and not in a positive way.

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If Gabrielle was willing to talk him in such a calm manner, then Westley knew she was not so angry with him anymore. Not worried now, he leaned back in his seat and stretched to glance at her. 3

"Seeing that I've brought Michelle to still some trouble, why don't I just use her for two more days? When the dust settles and people stop talking about it, I'll ask the company to make a joint statement with her agency, announcing the true nature of our relationship to the public," said Westley, at ease.

Gabrielle knew what Westley was thinking, but she was still slightly confused. "Why didn't you say anything to the people when Michelle was in trouble? Don't you think she's likely to be more attacked right now?"

"Will I truly allow anyone to attack the person I want to protect?" Westley responded with a lazy, bored look towards Gabrielle. 1

Gabrielle understood what he meant. He was Westley, CEO of Morris Group and largely impacted the economy of Antawood. There was not a soul in the region who would dare to provoke him.

"I know you can protect Michelle well, but is it okay that you also sabotage a very influential and positive celebrity and her career?" Gabrielle felt that Westley had pushed it too far by his negative, intentional purposes.

"This will teach her a lesson; that as a public figure, she must bear all kinds of experiences - both good and bad. If she's going to enjoy the honor, she will have to endure bouts of bad reputations as well. This is a learning curve for her," Westley said indifferently, showing no care or sympathy whatsoever for Michelle. 3

Wasn't he supposed to dote on his cousin the most?

But it didn't seem like the case.

"I don't think it's a good idea..."

Michelle was not a bad girl. She was like Mia in character, so Gabrielle understood

her. She didn't feel as though she hated her anymore. Besides, she was Westley's cousin, and that made her want to protect her.

"Gabrielle, do you know what else a star needs apart from good resources?" Westley sat up straight and squinted at her, as though challenging her.

"What?" Gabrielle didn't know much about the entertainment industry and the people in it, because she had never been involved in or had a crush on anyone from it. She was always busy with too many things in her own life, and had no time to venture on things she didn't know.

Moreover, loving Bryce drained Gabrielle's energy in itself, and so along with no time she also didn't have the strength to chase after stars or keep up with celebrities. Unlike Sloane, she didn't have the time to fan-girl after any Prince Charmings or other young and handsome stars.

"It's popularity," Westley continued. "Popularity and hype from the fans. Whether it's positive news or negative news, it's all popularity. All of it puts

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your name on the mag or the tabloids. The news in the entertainment industry is always made up of rumors, and no one knows whether they are indeed true or false, but that kind of content always gets published, regardless. With my plan, at least there will be some form of clarification, and fans will really appreciate that. When they are fed false and negative information, a true and honest announcement following that will always make them love their idols even more." Westley didn't bother going into too much detail for Gabrielle, but he was afraid that she would overthink the situation when she was alone.

Gabrielle understood. He wanted to push his cousin into the limelight and let the news and media ruin her like vultures, before waiting and then fighting back to gain popularity and win the hearts of the people.

He had a great knack for marketing.

"I know what you mean, but is it okay to force Michelle to take the full responsibility?" Gabrielle was still a little worried. After all, Michelle was just an innocent and naive girl who came from abroad to seek refuge with her cousin,

but got betrayed by him in his set-ups. ①

"But this girl is not as weak as you think. Just wait and see if she'll be happy as ever, when she comes to see us tomorrow," said Westley firmly.

"Hmm ... I don't know ..." Gabrielle didn't have faith in this, but she also wanted to see Michelle as soon as possible. If she was in a dark place, she would like to comfort and console her.

The next day, Michelle asked her agent to take her and some presents to Half Moon Bay early in the morning. She arrived in the living room of Half Moon Bay alongside several large gift-wrapped boxes.

Gabrielle and Westley had just had their breakfast and Westley was getting ready to leave for work.

"Hi, I'm here! Did I disturb you for breakfast? Did I come too early?" Michelle walked in on Gabrielle still seated at the breakfast table and Westley going to his room to change into his work clothes.

"Yes, it's a little early. You came here without informing us!" Westley joked. ④

"No, no, we're done. Hi, Michelle, please have a seat in the living room. I'll be right there." Gabrielle smiled at her.

Gabrielle slowly stood up from the chair and was about to walk over. Her feet weren't very sore after last night, but she couldn't walk too fast, and so she had to be cautious and walk slowly.

However, when her feet touched the ground, she felt an immense pain in her feet and her face contorted in pain. Westley saw this and immediately turned around, going to pick her up so she wouldn't have to walk.

"No thanks, Westley!"

Gabrielle felt herself being lifted in the air in a quick movement. She felt embarrassed that this was happening in front of Michelle.

Her fair face and ears turned red.

When Westley looked at her, he saw her blushing in embarrassment and couldn't help laughing.

"Don't be so stubborn! Do you want your feet to be damaged forever, so I'll have to carry you around for the rest of your

lifetime? Don't be silly!" Westley pretended to reprimand her. ⁸

Gabrielle took his point into account and didn't say anything in return.

She didn't anticipate being held by this man for the rest of her life.

Seeing Westley holding Gabrielle in his arms, Michelle genuinely felt elated for them.

He was not the cold and indifferent Westley at all. It was evident he was a loving, doting husband towards Gabrielle.

She also felt a pang of envy, seeing Gabrielle having a loving husband. She wished she had one, too.

"You two love each other so much!" Michelle said sincerely. ⁹

"Don't be fooled, it's not that much. What brings you here so early?" Gabrielle changed the topic quickly to save her from further embarrassment.

"I was so excited about seeing you as soon as possible, so I quickly came over. You two have been keeping a low profile about your marriage, and I didn't even

give you any gifts. So I brought them with me - by the way, I picked them all by myself and got them wrapped. So let's open them later!" Michelle excitedly gestured to the half-dozen gifts behind her.

She had prepared so many!

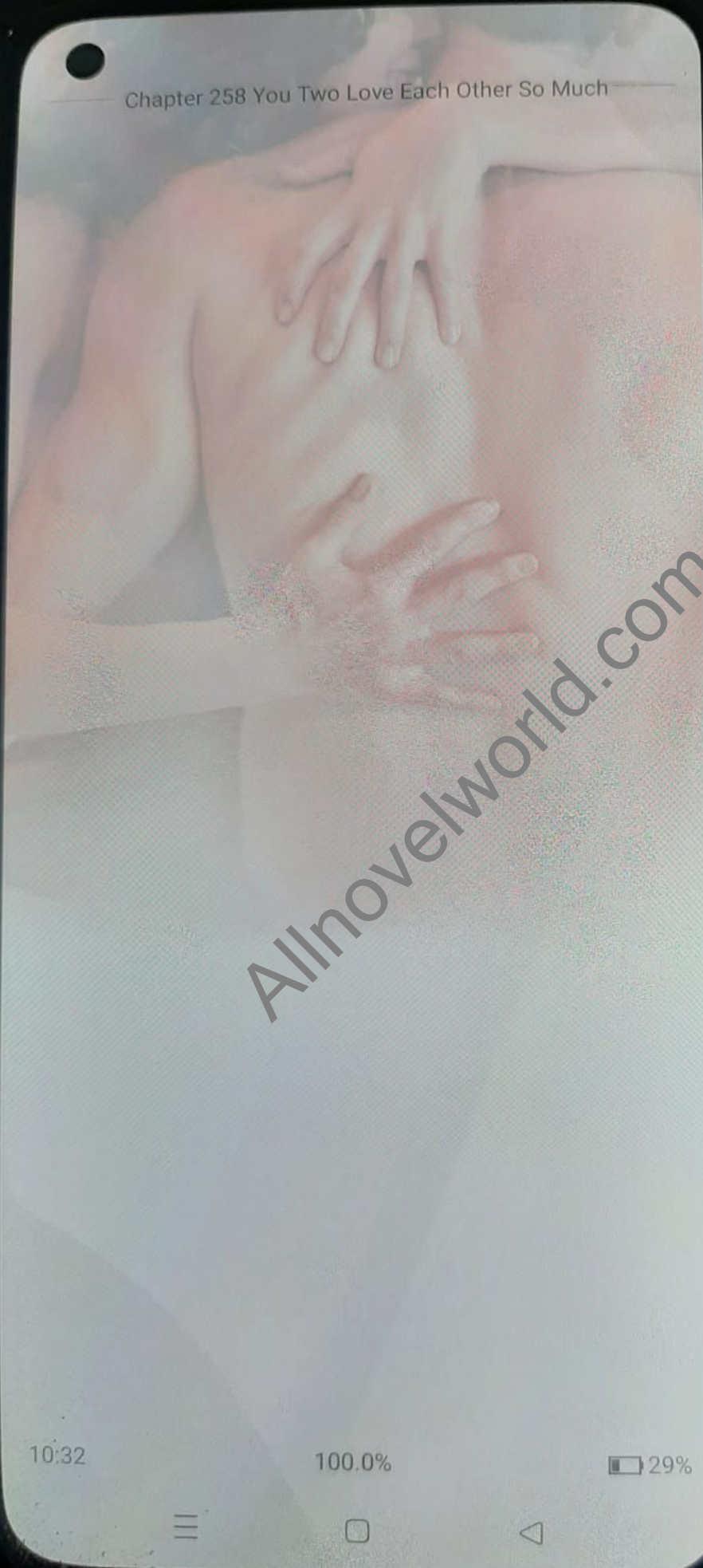
Gabrielle realized that what Westley said was true. As a star, Michelle was not affected by what had happened on the Internet at all. She had prepared so many gifts so happily, without bothering about anything else. It seemed that Gabrielle had been overly anxious about nothing.

"Okay, great, I'll open them later. Thank you for giving us so many presents." Gabrielle sincerely expressed her gratitude.

Westley gently placed her on the sofa and said to her in a serious tone, "Ask Michelle to keep you company. I'm going to work. Don't walk around if it's not necessary. Okay?"

"Yes, yes, but I'm not so badly injured... Although, yes, I won't walk around unless it's essential." Gabrielle had to agree immediately when she received a threatening, cold stare from Westley. 5

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After Westley finished changing to new clothes, he saw the two women unwrapping the gifts.

He gave the warning to Gabrielle for the last time. 7

"I have to be at the company now, Gabrielle. I don't want you to go about doing anything. You can ask Sophie to help you do it, or even Michelle. She's not a star here; she's your cousin," Westley said in a thick and domineering voice. 6

But Gabrielle didn't agree with what he had just said. "But Michelle is our guest," Gabrielle protested. "In fact, she brought us gifts. We can't possibly have her do anything around here. Can't you see?"

"Hope you heard me, Michelle." Westley turned to Michelle, ignoring Gabrielle. 1

Michelle wouldn't even dare to defy his order.

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This was his home, and what he said counted here. Michelle could as well be sent back to Paris if she dared to disobey him.

"There is no problem, Westley. You can rest assured that I will take care of Gabrielle for you." Michelle bowed meekly, smiling.

"You heard that, Gabrielle? Michelle is not a guest here, so make sure you tell her if you need something," Westley said, striding towards the door.

When he got into the car, he drove off the Half Moon Bay.

"Forget what he said, Michelle. Westley is always domineering and overweening. Nothing is wrong with me, and I can help myself. The wounds on my feet don't hurt that much, only that I can't do much physical work. But that doesn't mean I am disabled," Gabrielle said calmly to Michelle as soon as Westley left.

"It's so obvious Westley cares so much about you, Gabrielle. And I am willing to help you as he requested. Moreover, I like you very much deep within myself,"

Michelle said in a happy voice. 6

That was something about girls who were raised abroad. They were never shy to say what they felt about people.

Gabrielle sat back, unwilling to protest anymore. If Michelle insisted on helping her, then there was nothing she could do to stop her.

It was all fine inasmuch as she tried her best not to disturb Michelle.

"Tell me something, Gabrielle. How did you and Westley meet? When did you wed? He kept everything a secret, and I only got to know about his marriage at the party." Michelle leaned forward in curiosity. She wanted more information about Gabrielle and Westley's marriage.

She was especially curious about this because she had always felt Westley would get married late.

Moreover, Westley seemed to love Gabrielle so much. Why else would he have used her as an excuse to take Gabrielle out of the banquet?

How romantic and caring!

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"We... We got married some months ago. Two or three months ago."

'Time flies, ' she thought.

"I see. But since you're not much of a public person, when then are you going to announce your marriage? Yours is a very beautiful union. Shouldn't you make it public soon?" Michelle asked, her voice heavy with curiosity.

She believed love and marriage were one and the same thing. And such a good marriage as theirs deserved the blessings of the public.

She wondered why they didn't make it public. It wasn't interesting.

Moreover, their relationship wasn't anything shady. So why the hiding?

"I am still a student. Making my marriage public at this time is not advisable; that was why Westley decided to keep it secret." Gabrielle had no choice but to explain things to her that way.

There was no way she could tell her the truth about their marriage, no way she could tell her that she was only a scapegoat here, an unwilling party in this

contractual marriage.

Westley had not wanted to marry her. He had wanted to marry Nellie instead. But Nellie and Gabrielle's elder brother, Bryce had both eloped. So here she was, married to Westley as payment for her brother's sin.

When Nellie returned in the future, this marriage between her and Westley would be dissolved.

But she didn't have to feed Michelle with all of this information.

"I now see," Michelle said, nodding thoughtfully. "I really was so surprised why such a public person as Westley would hide his marriage. So, Gabrielle, which school do you study in? And what's your major?" Michelle asked, very interested in Gabrielle's life.

Finally, she was making a friend in Antawood for the first time in two or three years. Moreover, this wasn't merely just a friend; this was her cousin-in-law. Their relationship therefore had more depth.

Michelle had no friends in the entertainment circle. She understood the

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rules and knew better than to try to make friends there. The folks there only cared about their interests and egos, and not friends and relationships.

"Alorith University jewelry design. I currently work as an intern in a jewelry studio," Gabrielle replied honestly, not able to withstand Michelle's innocence and loveliness.

"Wow, that's beautiful! You'll design my jewelry; I'm sure it will be the prettiest thing the world has ever seen. Wow! I'll just add you to my friend list on WeChat immediately!" Michelle said, taking out her phone with excitement.

Having no other option, Gabrielle added her to her friend list. "For now, I'm still a design assistant and can't give out what I design to others. But in future, I can help you out with designing your jewelry."

The studio Gabrielle worked in was Jason's, and until the contract ended, all her designs belonged to the studio.

She could give them out if and only if the studio consented.

"That's no problem. I look forward to getting your work when you are a

master. I really look forward to it!" Michelle said excitedly. She was a born optimist.

"Well, I hope you don't have to wait for so long." Gabrielle grinned.

She was sure that she would always be happy, having such an optimistic person as Michelle around her.

"You're a wonderful person, Gabrielle, and I really like you. I must say I'm very lucky to have you as my cousin's wife. Thank God he didn't end up with that Nellie. She's a very annoying person. I really wouldn't have wanted to even call her my cousin-in-law," Michelle said earnestly. She was not the kind who thought so much about things before saying them out.

And almost immediately, she bowed her head in embarrassment, realizing she had done a wrong thing by talking about Westley's ex-fiancée before his wife. "I'm very sorry, Gabrielle. I really didn't mean to make you feel bad. I only wanted you to know how much I like you."

"It's fine, Michelle. I know about Nellie, your cousin's ex-fiancée. I know he was to get married to her. It's fine," Gabrielle

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said, smiling. She didn't want Michelle to feel so guilty.

She was aware of Nellie and all the circumstances surrounding this marriage. After all, if Bryce had not run off with Nellie, she wouldn't have been married to Westley.

"You know about her, Gabrielle? I really never knew you did," Michelle said, feeling less guilty now.

She was so glad that mentioning Nellie hadn't gotten Gabrielle angry. Otherwise, she wouldn't have known how to handle it.

"Yes, I do," Gabrielle answered calmly.

"Do you mind if I say something about her? It's nothing positive, I promise." Michelle seemed rather serious.

And this amused Gabrielle so much. "Of course, go on. I don't mind. You have the freedom of speech after all."

And in that instant, Gabrielle felt a sudden curiosity to hear what Michelle wanted to say about Nellie.

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Gabrielle had always avoided speaking or hearing about Nellie.

Her sudden interest in wanting to hear about Nellie baffled her now. Or was it the feeling of wanting to know more about one's enemy in order to defeat her?

"I really have nothing good to say about Nellie," Michelle said finally. "Well, she always acts as though she's better than everyone else and as though the whole world revolves around her and her ideas. Such detestable character!" She couldn't help but complain about Nellie.

And for about thirty minutes, all Michelle could say about the other woman was negative as she had promised Gabrielle earlier.

This surprised Gabrielle who didn't expect that Michelle would detest Nellie this much.

"I'm just so grateful my cousin didn't end up with that woman. There's nothing

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good about her. She's only pretty, and nothing else. And her prettiness only makes her flirtatious. I know she was going out with several other men even while she was still engaged to Westley. I had seen her in many hotels with those men. Only God knows what she did with them there," Michelle said, her voice thick with indignation.

Gabrielle shifted uncomfortably on her seat when she heard this. 'If Nellie is such a selfish and flirtatious woman, does that mean Bryce is only one of her backups?'

You adore a woman and treat her as a goddess while she only sees you as a backup. What an irony!" Gabrielle thought.

She knew that Bryce had loved Nellie for a very long time so that he had finally eloped with her. Yet he was not the only one in her life. She felt so sorry for him.

"Are you alright, Gabrielle? You don't look happy. Are you upset about what I said? Was it what I said about Nellie? Okay, let's not talk about her again. Westley did the wisest thing by breaking off his engagement to her. The man who

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ends up marrying her will be a really unfortunate man. He certainly won't be able to rest assured that the child she will give birth to is honestly his because she is such a flirtatious woman," Michelle said, not realizing that what she said about Nellie had gotten Gabrielle seriously bothered about Bryce.

He loved Nellie so much and had always wanted to make her his wife. All he had asked was for her to say yes to his proposal. 3

She could see that Gabrielle still looked unhappy. "I'm sorry to have upset you with this talk about Nellie. I promise not to talk about her ever again," Michelle said, raising her hand and swearing.

"It's fine, Michelle. Such unimportant people as her can't get me bothered. Not at all." Gabrielle flashed a rather faint smile, shaking her head.

Although she forced the smile, Gabrielle really meant her words. Nellie was the least of her worries.

But she was really only bothered about Bryce. She feared that Nellie would break his heart with her flirtatiousness.

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The thought of him getting hurt saddened Gabrielle's heart. Bryce was her brother after all. They had lived together for more than ten years. And she loved him for many years in the past. She could not bear it if anyone broke his heart.

"You are a good person, Gabrielle." Michelle changed the topic and continued, "What else could have attracted Westley to you? I've never seen him care about any woman as he cares about you. In fact, he was willing to sacrifice me for it and ruin the pure impression of myself I had taken about two years to leave on the public." Michelle could only complain about this. Yet she didn't blame Westley at all for her failure. After all, it was Westley who had helped her achieve all these in the first place. So she firmly believed he could also help her regain her image as a goddess.

She was so sure about it that she could feel free to have a nice time now.

"I am so sorry that you were entangled in our affairs, Michelle," Gabrielle apologized.

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She was not a star chaser, but she knew a star had to do so much in secret to keep her image.

Anything less could ruin her in the twinkle of an eye.

That was the cruel price they paid to maintain their image there in the entertainment circle.

One could rise to fame at once and plummet to obscurity just as quickly. That was how things went in the entertainment circle.

This was the reason Gabrielle regretted that Westley had destroyed Michelle's image as a goddess. She really felt sorry for the other lady.

"Don't bother about me, Gabrielle. I believe that Westley can help me recover my fame. Didn't he make me famous in the first place? So don't feel regret, Gabrielle. I'm really fine," Michelle said with a sincere smile, rubbing Gabrielle's shoulder. ④

Gabrielle glanced up at her and smiled, letting out a relaxed sigh.

"And yeah, Gabrielle, do you love cakes?"

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Michelle asked suddenly, standing up. "I bought two delicious cakes this morning. They are specially for you. One is made from chocolate mousse while the other is made from cheese. I'll just take them out for you." Michelle brought out two white cake boxes, setting them before Gabrielle.

They were fancy boxes.

"Sophie, please bring us plates and forks to eat the cake," Michelle called out to Sophie.

Michelle had already taken the cakes out of their boxes and placed them on the table when Sophie brought the plates and forks. The cakes looked delicate and beautiful, and Michelle felt they would be delicious by just looking at them.

"Here are the plates, Miss Bailey. Oh my goodness! These cakes are so beautiful," Sophie said in her soft, happy voice.

"Yeah, they look very beautiful and delicious. Come eat with us, Sophie," Michelle said in her usual innocence. She was not one who thought so much of social statuses. She believed that all people were equal and deserved good things.

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"No, Miss Bailey," Sophie said, lowering her head in embarrassment. "Just enjoy yourself. I really appreciate your kindness, but I am fine. I'll just go back to work if there's nothing else I can do for you here." And with that, she hurried off. Sophie found it not proper to eat with the ladies. Having lived and worked for the Morris family for a very long time now, she had come to believe that a servant should only take instructions and not feel entitled to any form of luxury.

When Michelle tried to call back Sophie, Gabrielle stopped her. "Don't bother about Sophie," Gabrielle told her with a smile. "I'll leave two pieces of cake for her. I think she feels more comfortable eating in the kitchen." ²

She perfectly understood how Sophie felt. Calling her back and trying to persuade her to eat with them would make her more uncomfortable.

"I see," Michelle said understandingly. She believed Gabrielle knew what was right.

"So why don't you cut the cakes, Michelle? I can't wait to have a taste of them both." Gabrielle smacked her lips,

changing the topic.

Being the carefree person she was, Michelle regained composure and cut the first cake with a knife.

"Here, Gabrielle. Have some cheesecake first," Michelle said, handing a plate of cheesecake to Gabrielle.

"Thank you, Michelle." Gabrielle picked the piece of cake with her fork and put it into her mouth. She held it in her mouth for a second, savoring its sweetness until it melted on her tongue.

"Is it delicious, Gabrielle?" Michelle asked curiously, cutting a piece for herself and sitting down beside Gabrielle.

"It's so delicious, Michelle. And it is soft, too. You're good at finding delicious food, Michelle. I'm sure you will always return to this cake shop to buy more cakes," Gabrielle said, glancing at her with a warm smile.

Good food was an effective recipe for healing a bad mood, and all the gloominess in the heart could be cleared off by just one sweet bite.

"I'm so glad you like it. I once bought

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cakes from this particular cake shop, and I loved the cakes. I've yet to see any other cake shop in Antawood that sells more delicious cakes. I'll make sure to buy some more for you next time." There was a very bright smile on Michelle's face.

No other thing brought her great joy than sharing delicious food with her friends.

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