

Love You In My Heart

Chapter 281 Too Expensive To Afford

Mia's expertly reckless driving terrified Gabrielle.

"Can you slow down? We are not in a hurry. I might throw up if you don't stop driving like a madman," Gabrielle said to Mia.

"Alright, alright. I'm going to slow down. I don't think I've ever told you but one of my lifelong dreams is to be racecar driver." Having said that, Mia still decided to decelerate her driving.

Gabrielle looked at her with curious eyes. "Micheal doesn't let you drive, does he?"

"Exactly! Micheal is so old-school. He frowns upon my racing just because I'm a woman. It's so sexist. He got me a regular vehicle instead of a sports car. He even wanted to get me a Beetle and hire a chauffeur so I wouldn't have to drive around!" Mia rolled her eyes to the heavens in disbelief.

'She could roll her eyes at Micheal all she

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wants but Micheal seems nowhere near old-fashioned. He may have a look of arrogance and authority all the time but it looks like he is very easygoing.'

"I think Micheal is right on this one. Car racing really is a wild sport. God forbid something should happen to you while you're in a race, he would be the one that would worry the most." Gabrielle knew exactly how Micheal felt.

"You're taking my brother's side despite of him being old-fashioned? You really are two peas in a pod. Sadly, you're married. And to Westley, of all people! Nobody would dare to steal you away from him. If anyone as much as thinks about you, he will immediately die a painful death." Even Mia seemed to have a bad impression of Westley.

There wasn't much difference between these drab men so the arguments between the two of them would garner a crowd. Unfortunately, they were not the type to fight over things.

"Westley is not as bad as people make him out to be, is he?" Gabrielle had no idea that Mia thought of Westley that way.

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"Damn, you are so protective of him. He really is your husband. Westley is more horrific than I expected." Mia sneered.

Gabrielle was at a loss for words.

It wasn't always rainbows and butterflies with Westley but he wasn't a bad man.

What matters was that he treated her well now.

"Anyway, Gabrielle, what have you been up to lately?" Talking about those two men was a drag. Mia wanted to take the conversation someplace else so she diverted away from the topic.

"Go back to university and work as an intern at the studio. I'm training as a jewelry designer." Gabrielle briefly filled her in about her current situation.

"I know you will be an amazing jewelry designer. Yours will be the only designs I'm going to wear. Where can I find your studio? I'll drop by when I have the time.

" Mia knew what Gabrielle was talking about. Jewelry design was an intricate and discerning industry but it was also extremely challenging.

"You're putting me on a very high

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pedestal. I'm not that great. I still don't know when I can independently release designs." Gabrielle only worked as an intern for a couple of months. It was a great privilege for her to be promoted from being a junior intern to an intern designer in such a short period of time. Despite all that, she still didn't know when she could go independent like Jason and Vivian.

"Come on, Gabrielle. I know it's only a matter of time until you become a successful independent designer. You can always come to me for help if Westley can't do it for you. I'll let my brother know about it. I'm pretty sure he would be more than willing to be of service to you." If any problems became apparent, Mia would surely be there to help her. After all, Gabrielle was her best friend.

"I have it under control. If I ever get into a sticky situation, I will let you and Micheal know." Gabrielle politely declined Mia's courteous offer.

Despite of them being good friends, she was determined to fight her own battles.

"Okay, I understand. I'm here if you need

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me." Mia understood that Gabrielle wanted to do things herself so she did not dare probe.

After all, she knew her well. Gabrielle would never burden anyone with her problems as long as she could handle it.

"Where are we going to get Micheal's present?" Gabrielle glanced at the road sign. It was the opposite side of her house. She had to take a detour when she came back later. Going home in half an hour seemed impossible.

"It's fairly near. We can go to the Aud Square. Everything Micheal wants is there. We wouldn't have to drive around anymore." Mia never liked being inconvenienced. She would always try to hit two birds with one stone.

It suddenly dawned on Gabrielle that she hadn't gotten Westley a decent present yet. She felt lacking as a wife because she had no idea what his favorite brands were.

It all makes sense. She was, ultimately, a fraudulent wife. She wasn't responsible of knowing about what her fake husband liked to wear. Thinking about that gave her much-needed relief.

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"By the way, Gabrielle, you can buy something for Westley when we're there," Mia proposed.

'What do I get Westley?'

She didn't have the slightest idea of what he liked. How could something she picked randomly be fancied by the man?

'Never mind. I shouldn't go through all that trouble.'

The thought of her presents being shunned by Westley worried her.

"Is everything okay, Gabrielle?"

"Nothing. I'll look around. All of Westley's things are custom made for him so I'm not sure I'd find anything." Gabrielle made up an excuse.

"I see. It's not so surprising. Westley is a man of high status. Naturally, he would be very particular with his things. You don't have to limit yourself to buying clothes. Get him something else. Men also need accessories after all," Mia politely recommended.

The fact that Gabrielle and Westley were married was a tough pill for her to

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swallow. Despite of that, she hoped and prayed for them to have a joyous and prosperous lifelong partnership.

"Alright, I will have a look later," hesitantly, Gabrielle agreed.

She had to stop and think what accessories she could possibly get for Westley. The choices were overwhelming but she had never seen him wear accessories apart from his belt.

Having unbuttoned his belt several times, she was familiar with the brand.

The belt was far too expensive for Gabrielle to afford. It was worth hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Instantaneously, she brushed the idea off.

By the time they had parked at Aud Square, she still hadn't decided on what to buy for Westley.

"Gabrielle, let's go upstairs and have a look. You can choose whatever your heart desires when we get there." Mia got into the elevator together with Gabrielle.



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Gabrielle didn't think too much of it. Westley was so extravagant that accessories would look excessive on him.

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Gabrielle and Mia stepped inside the elevator to exit the underground parking lot and reach the top floors of the mall. They were alone in the elevator, and that loneliness roasted evil thoughts in Mia's head.

She started calmly, keeping her devil for a bit longer, "Gabrielle, what do you think you'd give to Westley as a gift?" Mia tugged at Gabrielle's hand, holding her closer.

Mia's words stirred Gabrielle, but still, she wasn't aware of what she'd give to Westley. Firstly, Westley always used customized items which weren't available for ordinary people. And secondly, he had everything. He didn't need Gabrielle to buy him anything.

On top of that, Gabrielle couldn't afford Westley's taste. It was too expensive for her.

"Well, I don't think I need to buy Westley

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anything." Gabrielle shrugged, being firm about her decision.

For a moment, Mia kept looking at Gabrielle's face. But then, she burst into laughter, the devil inside her finally breaking all the bars. "Well, admit that you don't know what to give him. Why will he not need a gift, Gabrielle? Gifts bring people closer. Besides, everyone loves gifts, and believe me, Westley is no exception." Mia was putting her fingers on the right spots, unveiling Gabrielle's mind. "I always thought that you are a master gift-giver, but now I guess I found out a novice under that skin."

Gabrielle felt embarrassed as heat rushed to her cheeks on listening to Mia's words.

'Why can't she be less straightforward?' Gabrielle avoided Mia's gaze. Of course, she wasn't a neophyte. Gabrielle had been giving Bryce gifts since they were kids.

The gifts she brought for Bryce were exceptional, even if they were not expensive. Bryce wasn't such a well-off man living a highly luxurious life as Westley, so what she gave him didn't matter with its cost. Sadly, Bryce never

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even spared a glance at whatever she got him.

"Well, uhh... I am speechless. Maybe, you're right." Gabrielle looked at her friend helplessly, finally dropping her shields.

"All right, let me teach you." Mia rose her chin and pondered. "The best gift that a wife can give to her husband is herself. So, you can give yourself to Westley. Plus, you can also..."

"What is that supposed to mean?" Gabrielle asked, holding Mia's train of ideas. Gabrielle wasn't so much innocent, not to understand Mia's evil thoughts. But still, she asked, only to be sure. Certainly, Gabrielle regretted in embarrassment right after the question slipped her tongue.

The smile slowly crept along Mia's lips, her boldness hindering any speck of embarrassment. She was just like Sloane.

It had already been two months, and there were no signs of Sloane waking up from the deep coma she was in, making the uneasiness agitate Gabrielle more and more. 'What if it will be too hard for Sloane to wake up?' Gabrielle wanted to

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stay with Sloane, but her treatment here wasn't giving her satisfactory outcomes. 'It will be better if she goes abroad for further treatment.'

"As a couple, of course, you are the most jaw-dropping gift for your husband." And bringing a full-stop in front of Gabrielle's stressed thoughts, Mia began the embarrassing note, an intrepid smile creeping along her lips. She started praising Gabrielle in a deep and slow voice, "Gabrielle, you have the body of a heavenly angel. You are fair. You have long legs and a slender sleek waist. You have nice big boobs. You have a perfect body, and I am sure Westley must drool every time he looks at you. You..."

The elevator bell dinged, and the door slid open. Before Mia could make Gabrielle regret having asked her to open her mouth, Gabrielle pushed her aside, managing to shuffle out of the elevator.

They were on the fourth floor of the mall, which was selling men's wear.

Gabrielle was already a few steps away from her, so Mia strode forward. She was well aware that Gabrielle was flushed by her words. The red on top of Gabrielle's

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ears showed all of her innocence.

'If my brother had met Gabrielle earlier, she would be Mrs. Robinson instead of being Mrs. Morris.'

Mia pouted, her thoughts getting eerier. 'Only if I would have jumped the bridge earlier... It could have been possible.'

"Hey, slow down. Why are you running like someone's behind you?" Mia huffed, catching up with Gabrielle's flustered pace. "I haven't told you which brand Micheal likes. Do you have something in mind that you want to buy for Westley?" 'Of course, you are behind me,' Gabrielle thought. 'Mia just can't stop making fun of me.'

"Oh, why? No. I guess I was already clear that I am not buying him a gift." An angry frown was visible on Gabrielle's face when she turned around to look at Mia's face.

"Alright, take it easy. Don't give yourself to Westley. Other things can also substitute the 'best gift' for a husband, like neckties, tie clips, leather bags, and belts." While completing her sentence, a sheepish smile again appeared on Mia's lips. "Gabrielle tell me something" Mia

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stared at Gabrielle with her bright black eyes.

'She is obviously up to something.' Gabrielle glanced at her defensively before taking the risk of letting her open her evil mouth again. "Yes?"

Gabrielle knew better than not trusting Mia to say something innocent. Still, she didn't mind listening to her question.

"Do you know the meaning of giving a belt to a man?" Mia was smiling, but her curved lips and wide eyes didn't hide the smirk of the weird mind that she possessed.

Gabrielle didn't get a wrong intuition about what was going on inside Mia's brain. Plus, she honestly didn't want to know what it meant. 'I can't expect her to say something nice about men's belts, right?'

"I don't know, and I am happily living even without knowing that." Gabrielle's tone was conclusive. But to Mia's surprise, she didn't expect such decisive refusal from Gabrielle.

Nevertheless, Mia held onto Gabrielle's hand and put on a puppy dog face. "No,

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you want to know! Gabby, tell me you want to know it!"

"No, I don't. And my nicknames are not going to have an effect today." Gabrielle was aware that whatever meaning Mia gave to gifting belts to men, Gabrielle must have never imagined it.

The more Gabrielle refused with her rosy cheeks, the more Mia had to hold the urge to spill titillating thoughts out.

"Gabby. Dear Gabby, come on. Please ask me. Tell me you want to know." Mia pouted, blinking her eyes several times. "Or, I will become sad." Mia started acting like a cute spoiled child. ¹

Watching her do all the drama of cuteness, Gabrielle lightly chuckled. "Okay, tell me then. What does it mean?"

"Yay! That's what I wanted. Okay, so giving a belt to a man means that you lock his lower body, restricting him to be yours only. Gabrielle, isn't it great?" Mia giggled, excitement evident on her face. ¹

For a moment, Gabrielle couldn't speak as her cheeks flushed with crimson. But when she remembered that those were Mia's sentences, she punched on Mia's

shoulder.

'Mia is being too predictable, but this was something too much. On top of that, she doesn't feel even the tiniest of embarrassment.'

"Hey, don't beat me. I am being nice and what I said is true. You know, it means that belts aren't something to be given to normal male friends. They are only given to husbands. So, Gabrielle, tell me, do you want to gift Westley a belt? I am pretty sure you haven't gifted him one." 'Mia just can't stop the evil in her.' Gabrielle stopped the urge to shake her head in disappointment.

"No, I don't. Westley's belts are too expensive for me to afford," Gabrielle poor-mouthed.

Mia had made things clearer than water. Gabrielle might would like to give Westley a belt had she not known the meaning behind it. It was too insane to just think about. How could she possibly do it?

"Hush yourself. You are married to Westley, the richest man in Antawood. His wife can't be unable to afford just a belt. Admit it Gabrielle. You just don't

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want to give him a gift, right? Wives normally give belts to their husbands. It makes you the only person able to unbuckle it. Waah, how romantic it sounds!" Mia closed her eyes dramatically as if she was fantasizing about it.

Gabrielle had enough fun listening to Mia's weird concepts and thoughts. 'God! I want to run away!

Why can only the wife unbuckle her husband's belt? Doesn't he have his own hands? Can he not unfasten it himself?

It's not romantic. It was purely stupid.'

Gabrielle couldn't figure out Mia's brain, but unbuckling her husband's belt didn't sound romantic to her at all.

"Mia." Gabrielle wore a warning tone. "If you will keep talking nonsense, then I'm going back." Gabrielle gave Mia a sullen and grave look.

"Okay, okay! I am silent now. My lips are sealed. Let's choose something for Micheal." Mia shut up, restricting her thoughts. She knew that she couldn't continue, or she would make Gabrielle seriously angry. ①

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After a while, at half-past five, Gabrielle's phone rang. She fetched it out, but looking at the caller ID, Gabrielle froze. It was from Westley.

'Can't he be a bit late? He called at exactly half-past five, no earlier, no later.'

Westley's punctual behavior was a bit irritating for her. Nevertheless, Gabrielle had to pick up the call. The consequences of not answering it were quite clear in her brain.

Excusing Mia, Gabrielle walked to a quiet corner and slid the green ringing icon on her phone's screen. ②

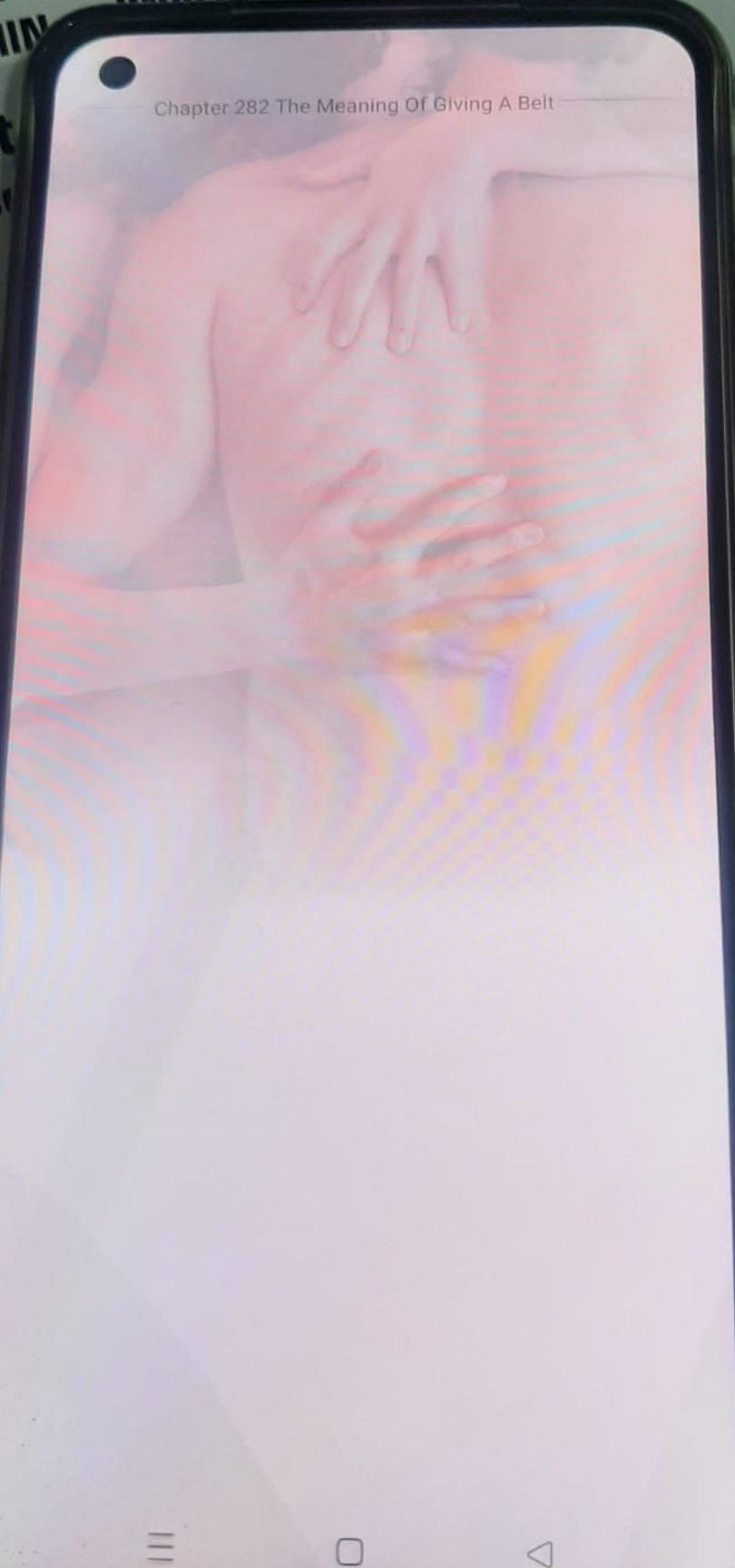
"Hello..."

"Quit screwing. Where are you, Gabrielle? When will the clock strike at half-past five for you, huh? What did you say when you went out? I am waiting for you, Gabrielle." Westley's words and his tone were harsh for Gabrielle. ⑤

He asked, where was she? Well, Gabrielle was at the Aud Square which was about an hour's drive away from their house.

'Oh cran!'

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Love You In My Heart

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Gabrielle didn't know how to feel right now. Why did Westley always have to make her feel she was some sort of playgirl who was trying to abandon her injured husband?

It made her feel bad.

And a flood of guilt swelled up in her heart.

"I'm..." she stammered. "I'm really sorry. I'm busy at the moment. Something very important and unexpected came up, but I'll return to make you dinner. I promised you this before." She hoped Westley would understand and forgive her.

But she knew how selfish and fussy he could be, which made it very difficult for him to forgive people.

"I know you're only lying, Gabrielle," he retorted. "If you were going to return later, why didn't you inform me? Didn't you know I was waiting for you at home?" And at once he regretted adding

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that last line. 4

Telling Gabrielle that he was waiting for her made it sound as if he was so desperate to have her back.

He neither was desperate to have her back nor did he want her to have such a weak impression of him.

Yet, it annoyed him how Gabrielle made promises so casually only to end up breaking them.

But how dare she do that with him? Did she think lying to him was funny?

"I know, Westley. But I will be back very soon, I promise. If you are so hungry before I return, just get yourself something to eat," Gabrielle coaxed.

She knew he had every right to be mad with her. She should have informed him, having known she was going to return home later than agreed.

She should have remembered that Westley was one who easily got provoked at the slightest thing. 2

"Cook for me when you come back!" Westley barked, hanging up the phone.

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Gabrielle stared at her phone, shocked and wordless. She couldn't believe the imperious Westley was acting like a mere child now.

Couldn't he keep being the big boss?

Look how he changed his personality as though his brain was injured, not his hand.

"Are you alright, Gabrielle?" Mia asked, striding over to Gabrielle and placing her palm over Gabrielle's shoulder. The other woman's demeanor after the phone call worried her.

"It's nothing," Gabrielle muttered, shaking her head.

"How about you? Have you found anything?" She digressed to other things at once.

"I found two ties, and I wanted you to help me select the color you prefer. There are also some really good belts. Maybe you'll want to—"

"No!" Gabrielle glared at her in warning that she would get angry if she didn't stop joking this way.

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"Okay, Gabrielle. I promise I won't talk about the belt again. Let's just go on to select a tie for Micheal first." Mia's voice was rather sober now. She knew she ought to stop kidding at this point.

Gabrielle followed Mia to the counter where the ties she had said she found lay. One of them was wine red and golden, while the other had dark blue slanting patterns on it.

"Which one is more lovely, Gabrielle? I prefer the wine red one, though. I think it's sexy and elegant and will draw women to Micheal. Every woman likes a fashionable man," she said.

She really was worried that her brother paid no attention to ladies.

He was thirty years so old, yet he wasn't a bit concerned about getting married, being so immersed in his career.

But Mia had her own plans for him. She was his only sister and would go to any lengths to get him the best.

"I don't think Micheal would like this color." Gabrielle shook her head strongly.

Micheal was very serious and manly. He

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was not one who would like flashy colors. At least, Gabrielle had met and spoken with him before.

"I know he won't like this, but I do like it and want to get it for him. You seem to know my brother so well, Gabrielle. That's very sweet of you! Tell me, Gabrielle. Do you have any sisters?"

Mia asked, drawing closer to Gabrielle and holding her hand. ①

She wished it were possible for her brother to marry Gabrielle.

"No, I only have one brother," Gabrielle replied after a slight hesitation.

Of course, she could never tell if she had biological sisters. The only sibling she knew was the one brother she had in the Jones family.

"What a pity!" Mia said rather dramatically. "If you had a sister, I would have loved her to get married to Micheal. But since you have no sisters, you should have a friend as good as you are. After all, birds of a feather flock together. I believe a friend of yours is also a very good woman - like me." She winked, flattering herself.

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"Yes, but..." Gabrielle stuttered, remembering Sloane. Sloane was a very good person and would have made a perfect choice if she hadn't been lying in hospital because of the bastard Benny.

Micheal was better off than Benny after all.

"Well, we'll talk about that later. But let me ask you. Are you really serious about getting Micheal a girlfriend? And does he know about it?" Gabrielle asked, surprised.

She knew it wasn't any of her business, yet she couldn't help but ask.

"Of course, Micheal doesn't know. He will surely skin me alive if he finds out!" Mia replied, laughing and sticking out her tongue. Her brother didn't like others to meddle in his business.

And this didn't exclude Mia.

Yet, he seemed to see it as his right to interfere in Mia's life. He thought it was only proper for a brother to control his younger sister, but a younger sister couldn't interfere in her brother's affairs.

"So why do you bother yourself about

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getting him a girlfriend?" Gabrielle was confused.

"I want him to let me be so that I can do whatever I wish. And this can only be possible if he has a girlfriend," Mia said, raising her chin.

Gabrielle smiled, now understanding why this girl wanted her brother to get a partner. It was not really because she cared about him, but because she wanted to be free from his control.

But something else amused Gabrielle. If Mia still made so much troubles though her brother controlled her, wouldn't she be worse off when he didn't?

"Well, I can't help you get a girlfriend for your brother," Gabrielle said finally. "So how about you get the two ties?" She didn't want to get caught up in anyone's affairs, and especially not Mia's.

"Sure, I will buy them both. I will also go pick up a watch later downstairs. By the way, Gabrielle, the ties here have quality styles and textures, and Micheal loves ties of this brand. Don't you think you should get one for Mr. Lu?" 3

Mia suggested seriously.

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Gabrielle took a look at the ties now. Mia had not been wrong when she said they had great styles and textures.

She thought, 'Will Westley be pacified if I buy him one expensive and commercial-style tie? It will really look good on him.'

"Let me have a look," Gabrielle said, deciding to buy one.

But first, she sent a message to Alvin to find out from him the brand and style of ties Westley wore.

She had to buy something Westley preferred if she wanted him to accept her gift.

"What about this wine red one? It's really beautiful, and I'm not sure your Mr. Lu has something like it," Mia said, pulling it out for her to see. ③

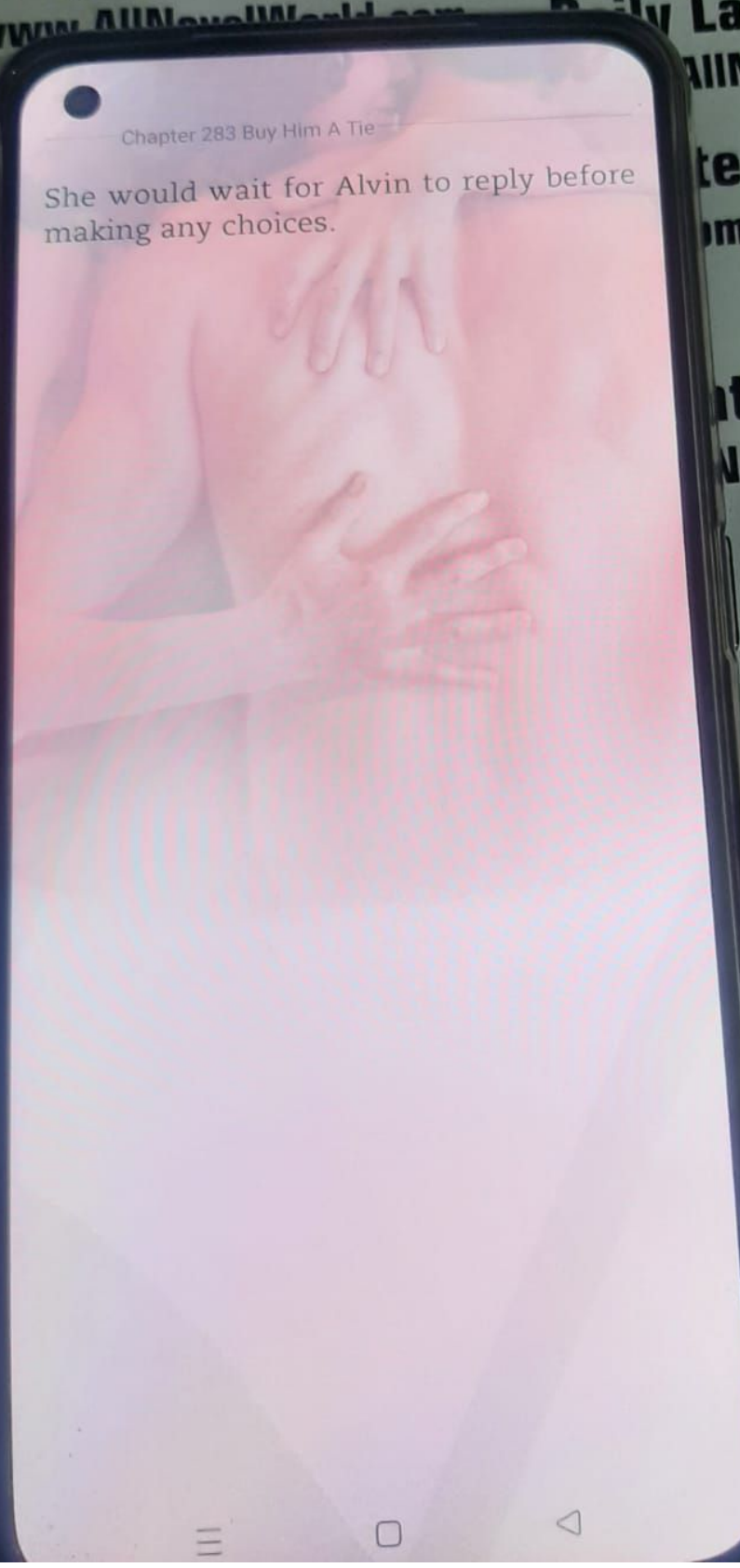
Not looking at it, Gabrielle rejected it with a wave of the arm. "No, thanks. Westley doesn't like wearing this color."

Westley mostly wore black or white clothes. His ties were also of such pure colors. ②

He was like Micheal in that regard.

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She would wait for Alvin to reply before making any choices.



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Alvin was in the middle of relaying a report to Westley on the phone when he was blatantly interrupted by a message from Gabrielle. He was anxious but tried to keep his cool while he was talking to Westley.

"Mr. Morris, Miss Jones sent me a message," Alvin said in a timely manner.

Westley held his tongue from the other end of the line. Gabrielle would rather text his assistant instead of directly sending him a message. Surely, this woman would not make him a priority and would put flirting with other men first. ③

He had a hunch that she may be cheating on him. ④

"What does the message say? Read it out loud." A strong sense of displeasure was evident in Westley's statement. Every word coming out of his mouth felt like daggers piercing through Alvin's heart.

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'Mr. Morris's cold demeanor could be felt through the phone. He must have had a misunderstanding with Gabrielle again. ②

When did Mr. Morris's tyranny evolve to sensitivity?'

Hastily, Alvin clicked on the message. He regretted telling Westley about it the moment he saw what was on the text. ②

Gabrielle asked about Westley's necktie preferences. Evidently, she wanted to surprise him with a gift.

Unfortunately, Alvin spoiled the surprise.

He had to spill the beans.

"Alvin, does the text consist of thousands of words? Why is it taking you forever to finish reading it?" Westley's voice sounded so daunting that it startled Alvin.

"Miss Jones asked about your favorite tie brand, sir. I think she wants to surprise you with a present."

Alvin had to say it.

He was Westley's assistant after all. He had to be supportive of him no matter what

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Westley was over the moon after he heard what Alvin said. ②

'I guess Gabrielle isn't that heartless after all. She wants to buy me something,' he thought to himself. ③

"Alright then. Text her back." With that, Westley hung up.

Alvin sent Gabrielle a summarized file of what specific brands and styles of neckties Westley particularly liked.

She had been waiting for over ten minutes for Alvin's reply. She was about to give up the idea of getting Westley a tie when she received the document from Alvin.

'This is about Mr. Morris's tie preferences!'

Shocked at the title, Gabrielle accepted the file and impatiently waited for it to load.

The document was pleasingly extensive. It contained Westley's favorites down to the letter. It had everything from what he liked to eat, wear and use; even what kind of tissues he preferred. ③

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Alvin, truly, was an amazing right hand man.

As a matter of fact, he was Westley's best assistant. There could not be anyone else like him.

"Damn! What in the world is this?" Mia leaned over to take a look but she barely saw what was in it.

"It's none of your business. I need to choose a nice tie for Westley. Didn't you say you wanted to see the watch? I just have to pay for the tie first, and then we'll go downstairs and have a look." Gabrielle did not have a difficult time choosing a tie for Westley. Everything was in Alvin's file. All she had to do was go to his favorite store and pick the style that he liked.

"You know him so well, Gabrielle. You are undoubtedly Westley's wife. I can't believe you did all that in just five minutes!" remarked Mia. Gabrielle walked out of the store so quickly, she looked like a five-star general coming out of the battle field in triumph.

Shopping was not Gabrielle's cup of tea. The only time she enjoyed buying things

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was when she would visit jewelry stores.

Consequently, she made it a point to come up with a plan first before buying anything. It was always a very convenient transaction.

Sloane would usually shop for an entire day. That was why she had always complained about how fast Gabrielle could shop. They were polar opposites, for she usually finished shopping with as little time as possible.

"Let's head downstairs and get the watch that you want. It's getting pretty late, we have to go home after picking up the presents." Gabrielle practically dragged her to the first floor.

"I know, I know. A married woman like you have to be home early. I, on the other hand, am single and I do not have to be concerned about the time. What time is Mr. Morris expecting you to be home?" Out of curiosity, Mia wondered why Gabrielle was in such a hurry.

It felt as if she was desperate to go home.

'Did she change now that she's married?'

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"Don't make fun of me! Will you die of loneliness if you stop picking on me?" Gabrielle finally understood what kind of girl Mia was.

She was incredibly loquacious.

It was not surprising that Micheal found her totally mischievous.

"Well, it definitely floats my boat when I poke fun at people."

Gabrielle took no notice of what she said and was pulled into a watch store by Mia.

"Micheal absolutely adores this store. They should have the latest one. Let's have a look." Mia let out a grin.

"So you know Micheal well, don't you?" Gabrielle asked out of curiosity.

"I'm such a troublemaker. I always need to buy something for Micheal just so I could get around his mood. It happens very often, so I make mental notes of all the things that he likes. I think I know him even more than I know myself. I'm the best sister in the entire universe!" Mia was over the moon. 1

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Her face was beaming with pride.

Gabrielle then realized that Mia had learned everything she could to fool Micheal.

"Come and help me choose a watch. You have such magnificent taste. I know you would not have a hard time picking one. We can buy whichever one you fancy." Mia was utterly dazzled by Gabrielle's impeccable taste.

"Come on, do you mean it? Quit it." Gabrielle was out of things to say.

'The tie alone cost a few thousand dollars, but this watch is worth millions of dollars. How could she pick one without batting an eyelash?'

"Trust me, my brother will like the one you choose better." Mia dragged her into the store.

Gabrielle suddenly felt determined to choose the right watch, for it seemed like a very important task. She had to be meticulous about this, because she did not know much about watches. ①

While they were selecting a watch, Mia was suddenly stopped by a passerby.

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"Mia?"

Traces of the smile Mia had suddenly disappeared and the look in her eyes turned cold when she heard the man's voice. Gabrielle was surprised to see her reaction.

'Did she see an enemy of hers or something?'

Gabrielle looked over her shoulder and saw Cayden standing there. She instantly understood why Mia suddenly turned cold.

He was the asshole who left her for another woman.

"How bold of you to even say my name. Cayden, I've already forgotten you."

Mia threw a chilling gaze at him and the woman standing next to him.

It was Molly Clark, the woman set to be engaged to Cayden. She pretended to be a gentle lady when in fact, she was a scheming woman. Cayden's mother liked her so much.

'She's such a bitch but Cayden still agreed to marry her.'

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I hope this bitch and this jerk could live a happy life together.'

"Mia, why are you treating me this way?" Cayden looked at her with an aggravated expression.

"I wish you a prosperous marriage, Cayden. Don't invite me to your engagement party, let alone the wedding. I might not be able to resist the urge to send you wreaths," Mia said coldly. ③