

Chapter 235 Bad Luck Clover

On the way back, Gabrielle took a few sips of water and cautiously cast a glance towards the silent man next to her, who was walking slowly and taking big strides with his long legs.

"Westley, did you enjoy the dinner? What I mean to say is ... don't mind Akiba's wife's enthusiasm too much. She is always like that, especially when it involves me. You are the first man I brought there, and you are my boss, so naturally she was curious and paid more attention to you."

Gabrielle explained the scenario to him, nervous that he was put off by the older woman's enthusiasm.

"No,"

Westley said indifferently.

It was obvious that Akiba and his wife really cared for Gabrielle. They treated her just like their daughter, and were deeply concerned about her. They even

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found various excuses to go upstairs to visit Westley because of Gabrielle.

If Gabrielle hadn't introduced him as her boss, the older woman would have thought he was a thief stealing Gabrielle away.

Gabrielle was lucky that someone loved her this much. Being the adopted daughter in the Jones family didn't stop her from receiving a lot of care and love from others. Surely it had something to do with her kind and giving nature.

Gabrielle was a peace-loving and affectionate person, who treated everyone with care and respect; it was only natural that she would receive the same treatment in kind.

"That's good to hear. I'm so full from the meal! Are you satisfied and full?"

Gabrielle was relieved to hear Westley wasn't bothered by the older woman's hyper enthusiasm - she had been very worried about this, indeed.

"Yes!"

"There is a walkway along the river. Many people come here to jog in the

morning, but would you be keen to go for a walk with me in the evening? It could help with digestion ... but if you don't want to, it's all good ... forget I asked." Gabrielle's enthusiasm flowed and ebbed. To ask Westley to go for a walk was close to insane - trust her to come up with this idea!

"Lead the way." Westley had been very busy recently as he constantly worked and studied hard. He didn't have time to go for walks or partake in leisurely activities - except when he occasionally went to Xi District as he accompanied Miley.

"Okay, let's go. It's just a little further ahead." A bright smile appeared on Gabrielle's face.

"Okay, Mr. Morris, you enjoy your walk. I will drive there and meet you both when you're finished," Alvin said, and quickly left the two of them alone to avoid intruding in their company and being the third wheel.

So Mr. Morris and Miss Jones seemed to be dating! Their love was enough to make him faint with jealousy. 8

Gabrielle led Westley towards the

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riverside path. They seemed quite inconspicuous as they walked - after all, only a few people from the upper class visited the Lane Island. Westley wasn't the sort of celebrity who showed up on TV every day or walked the red carpets, hence very few would be able to recognize him at a glance.

In that moment, Gabrielle felt as though they were just an ordinary couple.

Yes, they weren't really together - they may be a fake couple, but they were still a couple.

"Westley, have you been here before?" Gabrielle asked him, curiously.

The track along the river had been built very recently. It was an interesting mixture of asphalt and cobblestone, for people to run and jog on. It was a pleasant and comfortable walk on which people could enjoy the scenery from.

"I never had the time," said Westley flatly.

Gabrielle understood what he meant. The CEO of the Morris Group didn't have extra time on his hands to hang around in places like this.

"Then take it all in and enjoy it today. I don't know if we'll ever get a chance in the future." With that, Gabrielle smiled and strode forward.

Westley followed her unhurriedly, about one step away from her. He observed her carefully during their short walk and found that she was very lively and enthusiastic about everything. She stopped to look at the many different leaves and flowers several times.

Suddenly, a jogger almost ran into Gabrielle - the visibility was low at night. Westley quickly pulled Gabrielle into his arms so she swerved away from the jogger's path.

"What is wrong with you?!" Westley shouted at the young man who was running towards them. He almost had a twinkle of malice in his eyes.

The young man seemed to be in his early twenties, with a Bluetooth headset in his ears. He had been stunned when he almost came in contact with Gabrielle, and was going to argue about her sudden movements but the man next to her spoke out first.

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The jogger had thought about reasoning with Westley in a calm way, but when he saw the cold and insidious look on Westley's face, he immediately abandoned the idea.

A good man doesn't fight with a woman!

"I'm sorry, miss. Next time, could you please announce your movements before you move around suddenly?" The young man still felt wronged and wanted them to know.

It wasn't his fault, after all - he had been caught by surprise thanks to the lady.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to scare you," Gabrielle said earnestly.

"Never mind." The young man quickly ran away, fearing that the tall and cold man with the lady would beat him up or hurt him.

'Did he enjoy being a hero by protecting his woman like that?'

After he ran away, Gabrielle turned to look at Westley.

"Thank you, Westley." Gabrielle was still in shock when he had suddenly pulled

her into his arms.

"Don't you know how to walk properly, Gabrielle? If I hadn't caught you, you would have been knocked over! What are your eyes for? To properly look around you. Don't you know that?" Westley ruthlessly reprimanded her. ¹

Gabrielle felt lousy and wronged with the way Westley scolded her. She had only seen a four-leave clover on the grass and had picked it up for Westley to have a look at. She had gotten too excited and hadn't noticed the person running in front of them in her haste.

Gabrielle knew Westley was only worried about her, but she didn't feel good about the way he told her off.

"Are you okay? Did I say anything wrong?" Westley's face and tone softened when he saw Gabrielle's upset demeanor.

"Yes, you're wrong. Eyes are used to discover beautiful things around you. Look at what I found." Gabrielle unfolded her hand to show him the four-leaf clover that she was clasping.

Westley stared at the green leaf on her

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white palm. It was just a clover with four leaves - what was so beautiful about it? Gabrielle's aesthetic standard was really low!

"A leaf from the grass? Is this the beautiful thing you saw and had to stop to retrieve?" Westley's contempt was distinct.

Gabrielle was stunned by him - this was a four-leaf clover, which was known to bring people luck if they found it.

"Westley, this is not some wild grass. It's a rare four-leaf clover. It can bring people who see it or find it great luck. Do you get it now?" Gabrielle explained to him, with serious eyes. 2

As difficult and rare as it was to find this special leaf, Westley clearly didn't seem to care at all.

"A lucky clover? You just nearly got knocked out for picking it up. Is that called 'luck'?" Westley looked down at the simple leaf.

'It shouldn't be called the lucky clover - but bad luck clover!' Westley thought to himself.

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"Uh..." Gabrielle was at a loss for words.

"Westley, I'm tired. Let's just go back," Gabrielle said weakly. She didn't feel like walking anymore.

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Chapter 236 A Four-Leaf Clover Pissed Her Off

As they walked back from the river, Gabrielle stayed quiet while holding the clover in her hand. It was the same clover that Westley had said brought bad luck.

She didn't believe what he said. Tonight, she would test it out herself. She made up her mind to keep it in her room and see whether it brought good or bad luck.

Westley noticed she was quiet and he knew that her mind was working, probably cooking up some kind of mind-game, but he didn't say anything to her.

When they arrived at Half Moon Bay, Alvin stopped the car. Gabrielle wordlessly left the car and went inside.

Only then did Alvin finally let out a sigh of relief — he could breathe normally again! The whole drive there, he had noticed the atmosphere was very tense and he didn't dare to breathe loudly, let alone make a sound.

'What happened between them? Hadn't they just said they would take a walk by the river together?'

The two looked very different when they came back — one was sad, and the other was cold and seemed passively angry.

Alvin wanted to turn on the heat because he felt like the car was freezing with their iciness towards each other!

"Mr. Morris, what's wrong? Did anyone upset Miss Jones? You both seemed quite happy before you went for the walk." Before they went, the atmosphere was light and even romantic — he remembered how envious he had felt with their love and affection towards each other. Why did it suddenly change?

"A four-leaf clover pissed her off!" said Westley coldly, opening the car door to get out of it.

'Four-leaf clover?'

Alvin was completely confused. 'What's going on?'

"I still don't seem to understand, Mr. Morris. What does a four-leaf clover have to do with anything?" Alvin asked

curiously.

"So you know about the four-leaf clover, don't you?" Westley raised his eyebrows and looked at Alvin. It seemed that his assistant was capable and knowledgeable that he even knew about the myth behind this wild grass.

"Yes, I know a little about it. It's very popular among young women, especially students — they make wishes with this four-leafed grass." Alvin felt embarrassed to tell his boss about the time a girl had expressed her love to him during middle school, using a four-leaf clover.

It was natural that he knew all about it!

"I'm aware. Plant the four-leaf clover all over the yard," Westley replied calmly.

All over the yard? He wanted it to be covered with this four-leafed grass?

Alvin was bewildered.

Did Westley really know about this four-leafed grass? He seemed to have some misunderstandings. For one thing, it was very rare, and this was what girls liked about it, too! There was this species of grass all over their yard, but most of

them were three-leafed, not four-leafed. Four-leafed grass was very hard to find, which was why it was known to be lucky.

"Mr. Morris, this..."

"Is it difficult?" asked Westley sternly. He raised his eyebrows and threw a challenging look at Alvin.

Yes — it was certainly very difficult!

"I'll find another assistant if you can't do it," said Westley without hesitation. 3

"No, I can do it, Mr. Morris! I'll arrange someone to look for the four-leafed weeds right away." Alvin immediately started the car and left.

He didn't really want to stay any longer to accommodate any more of Westley's bizarre requests.

When Westley returned to his room, Gabrielle had already gone to the bathroom to take a shower. He saw a small glass bottle on the dresser, with the withered four-leaf clover placed inside of it.

That tiny leaf was what this woman had

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gotten angry with him over! He really didn't understand the magic or specialty about it.

Westley suddenly began to feel very thirsty — perhaps it was because of all the salty meats he had at the barbecue earlier. He took off his coat and tie, drank a glass of water and began to unbutton his shirt.

Gabrielle stepped out of the shower in her pajamas and wiped her hair while looking at Westley.

She was surprised to see Westley taking his shirt off. "Westley, what are you doing? If you want to take a shower, take your clothes off inside the bathroom..."

When he saw Gabrielle, his heart began to feel an extremely burning sensation. He suddenly realized why he felt so thirsty.

It was not the seasoning, but the food itself.

"Gabrielle, what food did we eat today?" Westley walked up to her and looked down at her with threatening and condescending eyes.

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"What? What did we eat? We went to Akiba's place for soup, porridge and barbecued meats. Do you feel uncomfortable? Are you okay? I mean, we all had the same food ..." Gabrielle wondered out loud.

She realized he wasn't feeling too well when she saw how profusely he was sweating on his forehead and body.

"Am I okay? You can see for yourself."

"Westley, you... You are so cunning! How could you..." Gabrielle began to stutter as her cheeks began to redden in her shyness. She didn't have the guts to directly look at his bare body! She wanted him to stay as far away as possible.

However, before she could step back, Westley stopped her.

"Am I the one who's cunning? This is the consequence of what you made me eat today. Gabrielle, you did it on purpose, didn't you?" It was Westley's natural instinct to blame Gabrielle.

During the meal, Akiba's wife had gone back and forth many times, bringing him lamb kidney soup and lamb kebabs. Of

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course, he couldn't refuse her kindness. He had never foreseen the reaction he would have to the food.

He was now quite stimulated from over-eating those foods!

To add to that, Gabrielle had just taken a shower and her fragrance was tempting.

"I... I didn't. Don't talk nonsense. I ate all the same food you ate. If there's indeed something wrong, we will all have problems. The truth is that you want to act indecently and you're using this as an excuse!" Gabrielle tried to loosen his grip from her hand but she was unable to.

Gabrielle felt her own body begin to heat up gradually. As she stared into his impassioned eyes, she began to feel slightly turned on — could the older woman's nutritious soup actually be blamed for this?

She did remember that the older woman had served an abundance of the soup to Westley — she finally understood why Westley was behaving like this!

It was because he had absorbed too much nutrition from the soup.

'OMG!

Was she helping me or hurting me?'

If she didn't get away from him now, she felt that this man was capable of eating her alive tonight! She wouldn't be able to get out of bed tomorrow! 5

"Do you finally know the culprit, Gabrielle?" Westley looked at her reddening face and ears, almost the stark color of blood. They looked tempting to touch.

Westley leaned over and bit her red earlobe.

"Ouch!" Gabrielle couldn't help yelling out as she was bitten by him, and her whole body grew tense, anticipating his next move.

"Westley, what are you doing?" Gabrielle tried to push him away, but failed.

Westley lifted her up and gently threw her on the bed.

"Westley, you..."

Gabrielle attempted to sit up, but it was all in vain! Westley pressed her down,

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restricting her movements.

"Gabrielle, I know you want it, too. Be a good girl, and I'll be gentle," said Westley in between kisses. ②

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Experience told Gabrielle that men are liars.

Westley promised to be gentle.

It turned out to be just bullshit.

Westley wasn't gentle at all last night. Instead, he was totally rough and it left Gabrielle exhausted with no strength at all.

She vaguely remembered that the man took her to the bathroom for a shower, and then put her to bed and draped a quilt over her body. Aside from that, everything else was a blur.

When Gabrielle woke up, it was already noon. She was on the verge of a breakdown and her whole body felt painful.

She felt sore all over, especially around her thighs. It was almost as if her legs weren't hers.

Scanning the room, Gabrielle caught sight of a tall, slender figure on the

balcony. He was speaking on the phone while leaning against the railings, wearing nothing but a white bathrobe.

The afternoon sunshine was beautiful and the rays of the sun quietly shimmered across his features, as if he were veiled with a layer of gold.

The curves of his backside made Gabrielle stare at him in awe.

He was indeed a man blessed by God. Even his backside was attractive.

How could God exclusively give every single good thing in the world just to one person? It all seems unfair.

Just like how God created Westley, blessing him with such a pretty face, a gifted mind, and huge fortune to boot. ②

Not to mention, he was incredibly good in bed. ⑤

'Damn it! How could there be such a perfect man in the world?' Gabrielle wrestled the quilt, feeling overwhelmed at the thought.

Westley, who was talking on the phone, heard the noise. He turned around and

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caught Gabrielle's gaze. She flinched in surprise.

He immediately hung up the phone and strode towards her.

"You're awake. Are you feeling okay?" Westley asked quietly. He stood by the bed, looking at the little woman who seemed to be in a daze.

"Did I scare you? Or are you thinking about how I made love to you last night?" he teased.

Hearing this, Gabrielle came to her senses, instantly blushing. She looked at him with a pout. 'How could this man say such shameless words with a straight face? I shouldn't have praised him for being so perfect just now.

Perfect? Hah! He's just a wolf underneath it all.'

"Gosh, Westley!" Gabrielle groaned softly, clearly out of energy.

"If you feel uncomfortable, I'll take you to the bathroom. If you're okay, you can go by yourself..."

Before he could finish his words,

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Gabrielle lifted the quilt and got out of bed swiftly. But as soon as her feet touched the ground, she let out a painful moan. Her legs were still sore and swollen.

'Westley is such a bastard! He is so annoying!' She winced in pain while cursing him in her mind.

"Are you still in pain?" Gabrielle looked at him, inhaling sharply. He knew it yet asked it.

So, without any hesitation, Westley lifted her up in his arms.

"This is all your fault, Westley," she said, giving him two punches on the chest. But her fist was too tender to hurt him a little. "I'm not that weak, you know? I can walk by myself! But you, gosh, what did they feed you when you were growing up? I didn't know you were that strong..."

Westley couldn't help laughing at her words. "If you can still speak to me like that, maybe I haven't spent all my energy last night after all." ③

Gabrielle was dumbfounded.

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'Is this really the Westley I know? He contrasts with the usually aloof Westley.'

"Well, go ahead, then," Westley said, putting her down. "Do you want to have breakfast in the room or downstairs?"

"I'll go downstairs," Gabrielle gruffly said.

It wouldn't be so painful for her after resting for a while.

Seeing that Gabrielle still had the strength to pick up a fight with him, Westley felt relieved.

After cleaning up, Gabrielle noticed her husband was gone. He might've headed downstairs already.

She thought that Westley would wait for her, but the man left just like that.

Gabrielle needed to go to her grandfather's birthday party tonight. Fortunately, her lower body was feeling better. Otherwise, she wouldn't be able to attend.

Westley was such a rascal!

Downstairs, Sophie had already prepared Gabrielle's breakfast.

"Miss Jones, come and eat." Sophie greeted her warmly.

Gabrielle felt a little embarrassed for being late. They prepared breakfast for her, but it was already lunch time.

She gazed around the living room but there was no sign of Westley. She looked out to the direction of the yard, but he wasn't there either.

"Sophie, where's Westley?"

"Mr. Morris came downstairs and asked me to prepare breakfast for you. Then, he went to the study room."

"I see, thanks."

Westley had a lot on his plate managing the Morris Group. Even when he wasn't in the office, his heart and mind were glued to the company. He would be busy with work right now.

Gabrielle didn't ask any more questions. After eating alone, she went to the garden and took out two pots of orchids.

"Miss Jones, are you going to give these to Mr. Kylo today?" Sophie inquired, glancing at her. 5

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When she bought a few pots of orchids before, Gabrielle said that she would choose two pots of the most beautiful orchids as Kylo's birthday gifts. Kylo always liked orchids and she wanted to satisfy him.

Sophie was delighted. A thoughtful gift from Gabrielle was far more precious than those things that were worth millions. Kylo had everything he could ever want. A personal gift would make him feel more special.

"Well, I'm taking these to grandpa's party tonight so I need to clean them up and make them look presentable." Gabrielle smiled.

"That's wonderful! I think Mr. Kylo will be very pleased. Is there anything I can do to help, Miss Jones?" Sophie offered. She was always ready to assist Gabrielle.

"Ah, then, please bring me a basin of water and a towel. I'll wipe it later. I need to go fetch the ribbons first." Then, Gabrielle went upstairs to get her stuff.

She and Westley bought the ribbons and wrappers together the other day. Surely, these would make her flower pots look

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lovely.

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Look You In My Heart

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Gabrielle went back to her room and took out the packing materials. As soon as she opened the door, she came face to face with Westley, unexpectedly bumping into his chest.

"What's the hurry? Or do you like throwing yourself at me now?" Westley held her shoulders firmly, looking at her mischievously.

"Oh, please..." Gabrielle rolled her eyes.

She was somewhat annoyed. Why would she like throwing herself at him? He was so full of himself.

Then, she took a deep breath, fixing her mood. "Anyway, have you finished your work?"

"Yes. What are you going to do?" Westley asked, eyeing the pink bag in her hand.

"Oh, I'll wrap up the orchid pots for grandfather's birthday. I want them to

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look more formal." Gabrielle showed the bag to him.

Hearing this, Westley understood what she was thinking. "Okay, you just go ahead and I'll change my clothes first."

"Are you going out?" Gabrielle asked.

"I'll head to the office in a while. There's something I need to look into."

"Okay." Without asking more questions, Gabrielle headed downstairs.

Gabrielle and Sophie started working on the gifts. First, they wiped the flowers clean and then placed each of them in a beautiful gift bag. After that, they tied a pink ribbon around it, completing the look.

Going down the stairs, Westley caught sight of Gabrielle skillfully tying a beautiful bow knot. She had a clever mind and nimble hands. He watched her in admiration, thinking if there was anything in the world that she couldn't do.

No matter what Gabrielle did, she could easily attract his attention.

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She was exactly an eye-catching girl.

"Mr. Morris, are you going out now?" Sophie asked curiously, taking in Westley's sleek business attire. ①

"I'll be heading to the company after lunch." Saying so, he strode towards Gabrielle.

"Okay, I'll prepare you meals." Sophie quickly slipped away, leaving the two of them alone.

"Did you do all these?" Westley sat down, smiling.

Gabrielle happily showed the newly packaged orchids on the table to him. "Yes. Aren't they beautiful?"

Westley nodded and then faced her. "Gabrielle, is there anything you can't do?" He'd always wanted to ask this question for a long time now.

Gabrielle was stunned for a second, not understanding what he meant. "Westley, don't think so highly of me. In fact, I'm not as good as you think. I'm not a perfect person. I have faults and I'm not good at everything. Gift-wrapping is just a simple thing. A lot of girls can do it." ①

Did many girls know how to pack gifts? ④

Westley didn't think so.

Nowadays, a lot of girls couldn't take care of themselves, especially those so-called rich girls. They always lived a spoiled life and didn't know any better than to spend money. Above all, they were mostly bad-tempered and wayward.

Gabrielle wasn't like that.

This woman survived in the wild armed only with her wits and life skills. She was also level-headed and patient. Most of the time, she kept to herself, doing her own things.

She was always obedient and reserved.

He believed that was how women should be. These were the qualities Westley liked in a woman.

'Like Gabrielle?'

This idea flashed into his mind. Westley shook his head.

"Maybe that's so. You know yourself better than I do. I guess I overestimated

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you," Westley answered honestly.

Gabrielle was speechless. He was the one who praised her, and now he was taking it back.

What an annoying man! Gabrielle didn't want to stoop to his level, so she changed a subject.

"By the way, when's your birthday, Westley?" Gabrielle had a sudden impulse to celebrate his birthday with him before they got divorced. Even if they separated before his birthday, she could still prepare a nice gift for him.

After all, they were a couple, and Westley was nice to her even if he wasn't her real husband. She'd want to show him her gratitude.

"You're my wife. How can you not know my birthday?" Westley asked, raising his eyebrows.

Gabrielle was taken aback. Their relationship was fake, and Westley was not some celebrity she idolized. How could he expect her to know these things?

She had planned on giving him a gift, but now she gave up!

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"Then, I won't ask. Just forget it." Having lost her patience, she didn't want to ask again.

Westley just smiled, amused by her reaction.

During lunch, Gabrielle didn't say a word. Westley was quiet as well, just watching her eat. Somehow it made him feel nice looking at her eating silently.

For Sophie, this was nothing new. One moment, they'd be sweet, and the next second they could shy away or be indifferent.

So, she could tell there was nothing to worry about. She had been used to it.

After lunch, it was time for Westley to leave. He gave Sophie his orders, then turned to his wife.

"Gabrielle, I won't come back this afternoon. I'll ask Alvin to send you to the hotel. If you need anything, just tell him or call me," Westley said. ③

"What?" Gabrielle blurted out. "Aren't you going to Grandpa's birthday party tonight?"

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"Do you want me to go there so much?" Westley asked, raising his eyebrows.

"No, I don't. I don't care whether you go or not," Gabrielle snapped at him.

If Westley couldn't be bothered to talk to her nicely, then why should she be polite to him?

Westley brushed it off. He thought she was just throwing a tantrum.

"I have some important matters to deal with this afternoon. If anything urgent comes up, just call me. I'm leaving now." Then, he walked out the door.

When his car drove out of the yard, Gabrielle stopped pretending to be angry and looked at Sophie seriously.

"Sophie, do you know when Westley's birthday is?" Gabrielle asked.

Even if Westley didn't answer her question, she could ask Sophie. Gabrielle believed she couldn't refuse.

"Oh, it's easy to remember Mr. Morris's birthday. It's on Christmas Eve." Sophie smiled. 2

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It turned out that Westley was born on Christmas Eve. Fortunately, she still had a chance to celebrate it with him. Now, it was the end of November, so there was about a month more to prepare.

The only problem was that they might get divorced before Christmas Eve.

If Bryce and Nellie came back before that time, then Gabrielle and Westley's fake marriage would end.

Gabrielle thought of preparing his gift in advance.

"That's wonderful!" Gabrielle smiled.

"Yes, but Mr. Morris doesn't like celebrating his birthday, especially after that accident..." Realizing that she had made a slip of the tongue, Sophie shut her mouth immediately.

"What accident, Sophie?" Gabrielle wouldn't let her off. She believed it should have something to do with

Helena. ①

Sophie shook her head, trying to smile. "Miss Jones, it's nothing serious. I'm sure Mr. Morris will be looking forward to celebrating his birthday with you. Do you have any plans?"

Seeing that Gabrielle was so thoughtful, Sophie felt happy.

"Well, not yet. I'll think about it." Gabrielle thought about Sophie's words. If she prepared a birthday gift for Westley, would he hate it?

"Alright, Miss Jones, if you need anything, just tell me. I'll be glad to help you out." Sophie tried to act calm, but she hated herself for blurting out something she shouldn't have. She would feel so guilty if that secret ever affected Gabrielle and Westley's relationship.

Talking about Helena was a taboo in the Morris family and no one dared to mention her in front of Westley. ④

"Okay, I'll go get dressed now." After that, Gabrielle headed for her room upstairs.

Since it was something that Sophie didn't want to talk about, Gabrielle didn't

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press further. After all, it wasn't any of her business. As the fake daughter-in-law of the Morris family, she would get out of here soon and say goodbye to everything. She would be better off not knowing too much. ②

But she was still a little curious. Things about Westley and Helena would always pique her interest.

After changing her clothes and tidying herself up, Gabrielle obediently waited in the living room for Alvin to pick her up.

She knew Westley was busy and he most likely couldn't attend the party, but part of her hoped he could still come. Although she dismissed Westley earlier, she still wanted him to be the one to pick her up.

Alvin came as expected, but she was still a little disappointed.

"The car's ready, Miss Jones." Alvin entered the living room and saw Gabrielle sitting on the sofa. She seemed to be in a daze, staring out in space.

"Thank you, Mr. Brooks." Gabrielle forced a smile, looking up at him.

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Alvin could tell that she wasn't in a good mood.

However, there was no choice. Mr. Morris was still reviewing some documents at the office. He also had to host two international video meetings in person. The Morris Group was a big company and a lot of people depended on Westley for a living. He couldn't just play house all day.

"Miss Jones, these two orchids are your birthday presents for your grandpa, right? Let me help you carry them to the car," Alvin asked, smiling at her.

"Yes, these are for my grandpa. Thank you, Mr. Brooks," said Gabrielle while walking toward the door.

"No worries. It's part of my job." Alvin held a pot of orchids in each hand. The pink bows were a little girlish, making him feel a bit embarrassed. Fortunately, no one was there to judge him.

No one except Gabrielle. She giggled as she got into the car, watching him.

"Miss Jones, should I leave these with you, or do you want them in the trunk?" Alvin asked.

"Give them here. It would be better to keep them beside me." Gabrielle reached for the gifts and placed them gently next to her.

Alvin quickly returned to the driver's seat and started the car, and then drove to the hotel.

Kylo's birthday party was held at Twilight Hotel, one of the best hotels in Antawood. The beautiful open-air garden was particularly popular with young people, but since it was a perfect venue for any kind of party, it attracted an old man like Kylo, too.

This time, he booked the open-air garden and a banquet hall. Food would be served in the hall, and the party would take place in the garden.

Gabrielle thought that her grandfather really knew how to have fun.

The older he grew, the more fun-loving he became.

"Miss Jones, Mr. Morris is still in an international video conference, so he couldn't come to pick you up. Please don't be angry with him." Alvin spoke,

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covering for his boss.

"I know he's busy. It doesn't matter," Gabrielle replied indifferently. But in truth, she felt much better hearing it from Alvin.

She understood her husband had duties. She believed that if Westley could help it, he'd be the one driving now.

"But to be honest, Miss Jones, you are really special to Mr. Morris." Alvin wanted to find a subject to break the embarrassing silence.

"Why do you think so? I don't think there's anything special about me." Gabrielle looked out the window. The sun was setting.

The bustling city nightlife was dawning. Maybe she was thinking too much, Gabrielle felt that something else was going to happen tonight.

She didn't like it. It felt like a bad omen.

"Miss Jones, there are some things you don't notice. I recall Mr. Morris has never eaten in a sidewalk snack booth, nor has he gone anywhere near such noisy and messy places. But he went there with

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you last night and the smile never left his face in the whole process," Alvin explained.

Westley also asked him to look for some four-leaf clovers yesterday, but he couldn't find any. Now, Alvin was worried about how to explain it to his boss. For god's sake, he wouldn't want to be fired. ①

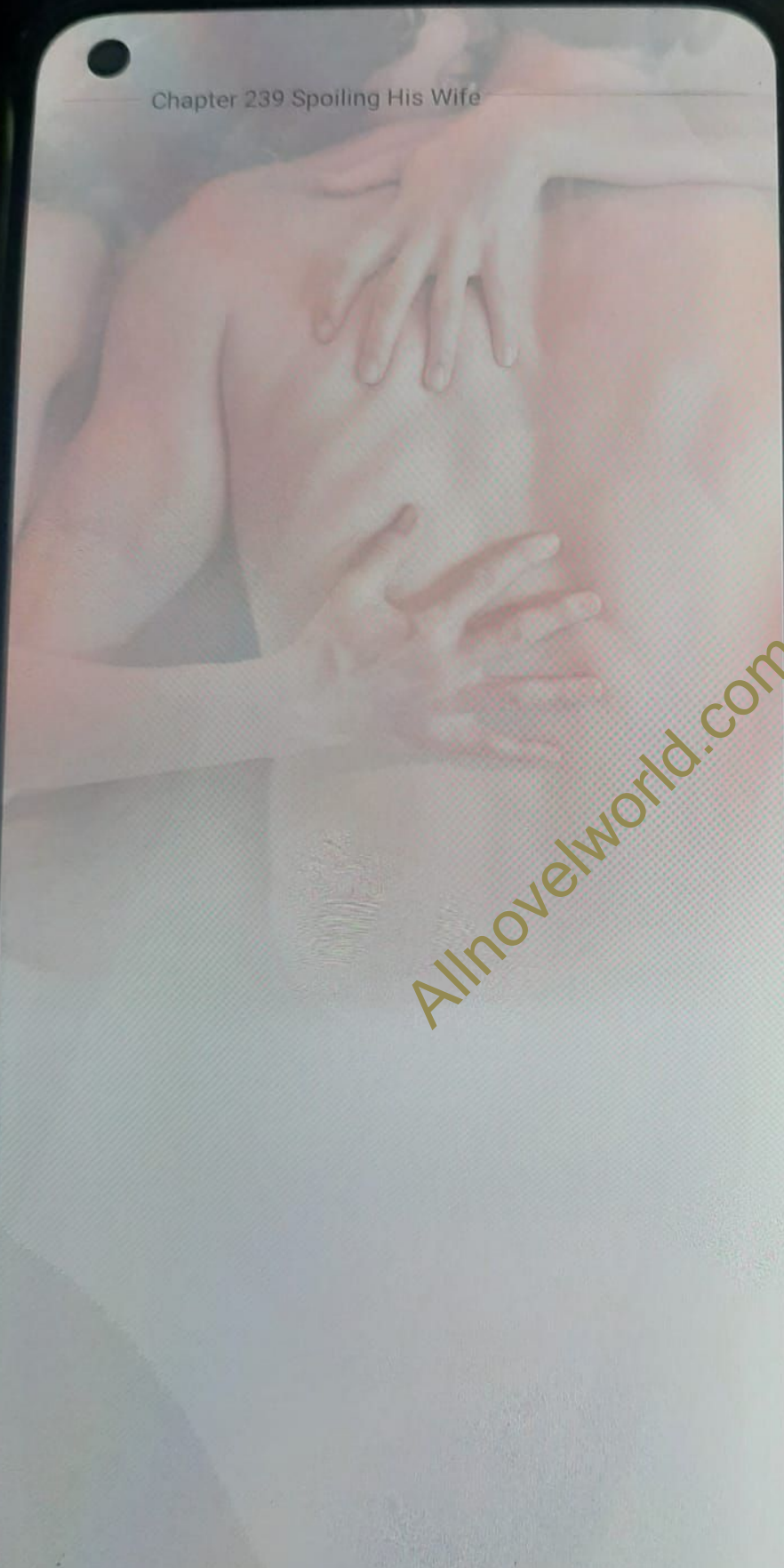
It was difficult to deal with a man who spoiled his wife. ①

"Maybe he's been wanting to try it for a long time and he just finally had the chance. Maybe he found the food delicious and liked it a lot. Anyway, it just couldn't be because of me." Gabrielle was glad to hear what Alvin said, even she didn't want to admit it out loud. ②

"I don't think so, Miss Jones. Sure, he might've liked it, but he went there because you asked. He wouldn't go there with us, so it was really all for you," Alvin said, looking at her from the rearview mirror.

"Is that so?" With Alvin's affirmation, Gabrielle felt happy and she smiled to herself.

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Upon arriving at the Twillight Hotel, they marveled at how lively and well-decorated with balloons and flowers the open-air garden was.

Gabrielle would've thought a wedding or engagement party was being held here, if she hadn't known that it was actually Kylo's birthday party.

Kylo had personally seen to the entire planning process of the birthday party. Only after his final approval was the team allowed to start implementing the party and organizing it.

It was rare for an old man to have such extraordinary tastes; even the balloons were of a metallic red and golden color.

Kylo was very good at staying up-to-date with the latest fashions, sharing the same interests and trends as the younger generation.

Gabrielle took a look at the open-air garden and noticed that most of those

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present were young. Perhaps the older crowd was talking in the banquet hall inside, or maybe having a rest in the hotel room booked for them.

Gabrielle decided to go to the banquet hall with two pots containing orchids to meet her grandfather in order to wish him and give him his birthday gifts.

When Gabrielle arrived and opened the car door, she saw Wendy standing nearby. However, Tobias was not with her, and Wendy looked anxious as though she was waiting for someone. ③

As soon as Gabrielle got out of the car, Wendy saw her and strode towards her with a smile.

Gabrielle realized that it was she her mother had been waiting for.

"Miss Jones, shall I help you carry the orchids in?" Alvin asked, standing beside her.

"No, thank you. The flowers are not heavy; I can take them myself. Thank you for bringing me here, Alvin." Gabrielle took her bag before holding the two pots of flowers in each of her hands.

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"Miss Jones, you don't need to be this polite to me. I am following Mr. Morris's orders to serve you," Alvin said seriously.

"Ah Gabrielle! You're here!" Wendy enthusiastically walked up to her with a big smile on her face.

"Hi, Mom!" Gabrielle greeted her mother sweetly.

"Nice to meet you, Mrs. Jones," Alvin said to Wendy in his usual polite manner.

"Isn't this Mr. Morris's assistant? Is Mr. Morris here?" Wendy asked Alvin expectantly.

"No, Mom, Westley isn't as free as I am. He has other important matters to deal with." Gabrielle quickly spoke over Alvin before he could respond.

"I'm just asking out of concern. It's still early, though. The birthday party will only start officially at six o'clock. That gives Mr. Morris enough of time to arrive, right?" Although Wendy had a tight smile on her face, there was a hint of concern and shrewdness in her eyes.

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She had expected Westley to come with Gabrielle.

"The Morris Group meeting is a lot more important than this, and he has several more international meetings to attend today. I don't know if he can finish them by midnight. Like I said, he's really very busy. It's best not to expect anything from him." Gabrielle hoped to dispel Wendy's wishful thinking so she wouldn't be disappointed.

Either way, Kylo's birthday party was such a big affair, with many prominent people present.

If Westley showed up, it would definitely cause a sensation.

It would draw a lot of attention and people would start to gossip and overthink, especially those in the Carter family. It also seemed as though Wendy had strategically planned this opportunity in order to announce their relationship to others. ①

Once the relationship between Westley and Gabrielle went public, Westley would not divorce Gabrielle and get married to Nellie that soon or that easily. Wendy planned to protect Bryce by doing so. ①

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Wendy knew the kind of man Westley was. He was very vengeful towards his enemies, by making their lives unbearable.

"Gabrielle, why are you being so rude? I just asked because I care about Mr. Morris being here, especially as your legal husband. Don't you think he should be present, as a grandson-in-law, to wish your grandfather on his birthday?" Wendy's face darkened.

"Mom, you are aware of the truth about me and Westley, aren't you? Our marriage is not important enough for him to drop everything and show up as my husband or Grandpa's grandson-in-law. And when he loses his temper, will you be the one to protect the Jones family?" Gabrielle kept a calm demeanor, but there was a true sadness in her eyes.

She thought it would be a good thing if Westley wasn't present at the party.

She had predicted that her mother would proudly introduce Westley as her son-in-law to all the relatives in the Carter family, which would only make them envy her.

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That would be enough to cause a stir! What Gabrielle hated the most was the competition and fake flattery she sensed between her relatives.

"Mr. Brooks, it's understandable if Mr. Morris has no time to come today. Please go back and say hello to him for me," Wendy said politely to Alvin, who had been standing next to them the whole time.

"Yes, I will convey your greetings to Mr. Morris, Mrs. Jones. I'll take my leave now. Goodbye, Miss Jones." Alvin was glad to leave the tense atmosphere behind.

He was glad to see that Gabrielle was standing up for herself. She was given a reprieve from the bullying at least when Mr. Morris wasn't around.

"When you go back, tell Mr. Morris to take care of himself,"

Gabrielle added.

She thought of Westley's workaholic nature, and pitifully hoped he would take a break.

"Sure, Miss Jones." Alvin got into the car and started it, before driving it away.

The car left soon.

"Miss Jones?" Wendy echoed Alvin's words and gave Gabrielle a caring, but questionable look.

"Yeah, Mom, what's the problem?" Gabrielle looked back in confusion towards her mother, before realizing what Wendy was asking.

"You are already Westley's legal wife, the young daughter-in-law of the Morris family. Why does Mr. Hughes still call you Miss Jones? Shouldn't he call you Mrs. Morris or Madam?" Disappointment and concern was etched all over Wendy's face. She was under the impression that Westley and Gabrielle were very happy with one another because their marriage had survived without a divorce for such a long time. She had begun to believe that Gabrielle had stolen a special place in Westley's heart; however, to her surprise, Gabrielle was still being addressed and seen as an outsider in the Morris family.

"Mom, you know the position of Westley's young wife's in the Morris family is reserved only for Nellie. It does not belong to me. Alvin is Westley's

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assistant, so he also addresses me the way that Westley requires him to. Is this news to you?" Gabrielle began to grow impatient.

It occurred to her that she would never be able to take the place of Mrs. Morris in the family — it had never been hers to take. She was only a fake Mrs. Morris, easily replaced by others in the future.

'His real wife will always be Nellie or Helena. It'll never be me, ' Gabrielle thought to herself. ①

'I know Mom is unhappy, but so am I.

Mom always knew, from the beginning, that Westley married me just to make me suffer for what Bryce did. Somewhere, she began to hope that we would indeed end up falling in love and I would be Westley's rightful wife. I'm so upset that she began to believe this herself.'

"Please don't get mad at me, Gabrielle, I'm just anxious. I really hope you can be happy with Westley. I hope you are married to a good man and are able to live a comfortable life in the future. You won't be able to find a man as good as Westley if you ever let him go. Don't you like him at all?" Wendy asked Gabrielle

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