

Chapter 21 Damn It

Gabrielle wasn't an idiot. Although she never experienced such a sensation before, she already knew why it was happening to her.

Wendy definitely drugged the congee. Aside from Gabrielle, Westley was also a victim. Suddenly, she felt scared because Westley might really destroy the Jones this time. ³

For her, death was better than having sex with him.

Unfortunately, her urges grew stronger when she looked at Westley.

However, the most critical part was that she wanted to touch the man before her.

"Gabrielle!" Westley growled as he gnashed his teeth.

While she was figuring a way to escape from him, he suddenly stood up and approached her. Furious, he glared at her with cold red eyes.

With anger on his face, he looked like a mad beast. At any moment, he might tear her apart.

"Westley, what are you doing? What's wrong?" She swallowed a lump in her throat

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"Westley, what are you doing? What's wrong?" She swallowed a lump in her throat and desperately tried to look calm.

However, she knew that he was also under the influence of the drug, just like her. ¹

Therefore, he was experiencing the same urges as her.

and physique compared to women. Although he still had control over his body, she didn't want to upset him more by carelessly talking or moving.

"Gabrielle, tell me what's going on!" He grabbed her and lifted her with one hand.

Even though she still had her clothes on, she felt his rough hand press against her skin.

At that moment, all she could think of was to embrace the man in front of her.

"I have no idea what's happening, Westley. Take your hands off me! Stop touching me, please."

The effects worsened the moment he touched her skin.

"Gabrielle, do you so badly want me to kick your family out of Antawood? How dare you do this to me? You're despicable. So, this is your plan, huh?" Westley screamed to vent his anger out on her.

"Westley, please stop. I already told you have no idea what's happening. Don't you believe me?" Soon, her eyes welled up.

"Of course, you don't believe me, There no way you'll believe anything I say. Unhand me, please. Otherwise, you're going to regret this later." With her legs trembling, she was about

to run out of strength to support herself.

She had no idea why her mother did such a thing. Was Wendy trying to kill her? The drug was so effective it made Gabrielle wonder how many doses she took.

Moreover, since Westley was touching her, she was gradually losing strength. She had a strong urge to cling to him. However, she used whatever strength she to control herself.

"You better not be involved in this scheme, Gabrielle!" Then, he unhandled her while looking at her with disgust.

"Please excuse me. I'm going to shower." After she entered the bathroom, Gabrielle immediately poured cold water on her body. However, it didn't help as she felt hotter. Finally, she filled the bathtub with cold water and soaked herself in it. Nonetheless, the warm sensation lingered in her physique.

Wendy must have put so much drug in the congee!

Meanwhile, Westley peaked at the bathroom. It seemed that Gabrielle forgot to close the door. Although she wasn't feeling well, she still chose a cold bath instead of him. She must be desperate to keep her virginity for Bryce. ③

Apparently, even if he was the CEO of the Morris Group, he couldn't compete with someone like Bryce.

Nellie eloped with Bryce, and Gabrielle preferred to take a cold bath than to sleep with him also because of Bryce!

Furious, Westley went to the bedroom door and kicked it. To his surprise, it didn't open.

He couldn't contain his anger.

"Tobias!" Open this door right this second. Otherwise, I will destroy the Jones!" Westley growled as veins popped on his temple.

His roar terrified Tobias and Wendy who were standing outside the door.

"Wendy, open this door already. Do you want to have everyone in our family killed? Why would you do such a thing?" Tobias was already frightened to his bones. Wendy never told him that she drugged the congee. If he knew about it, he would immediately tell her not to do such a thing. ②

"If you open the door now, our family will truly be done for! Trust what I say." She paid a huge price for her scheme. ①

"Wendy, we're dealing with that Westley. Don't be stupid!" ①

"This is your last chance, Tobias. If you continue to anger me, the Jones will feel my wrath!" Westley ran out of patience.

Since the door didn't open, he headed to the balcony and was preparing to jump down. It was easy since it was only two floors.

Suddenly, before reaching the balcony, a loud bang echoed from the bathroom. A painful moan followed it. ¹

Something must have happened to Gabrielle. ¹

Although he seemed cold-hearted, Westley still wouldn't want her to die like that. Moreover, she was probably just another innocent victim in this matter.

Curious, he went to the bathroom to investigate.

When he entered, he saw Gabrielle lying on the ground. Her wet skirt clung to her body. He could see her curves without any reservations. She looked so alluring and tempting.

He suspected that she must have ingested more drugs than him.

All of a sudden, while unconscious, Gabrielle murmured, "It's so uncomfortable.

So hot.."

"Hey! Gabrielle" Westley leaned closer and repeatedly patted her cheeks to wake her up.

However, her eyes remained shut as she murmured in pain. If he left like this, she might die while suffering!

"Hey! Wake up, Gabrielle!" He continued to pat her face and shake her body.

However, she suddenly grasped his hand.

"Unhand me, woman!" ¹

Her slender hand felt so soft. He felt different as she touched his palm.

"Stop!"

Westley retracted his hand. Immediately, he lifted her and headed for the bedroom.

"Tobias, Gabrielle needs medical attention. She's dying! Open this door immediately. Otherwise, I'll throw her down from the balcony!" Then, he waited by the door while carrying Gabrielle.

However, he had no idea that no one was outside the door. Since Wendy realized that her plan was only half successful, she forced Tobias to leave so that he wouldn't ruin it.

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"It's so hot!

Very uncomfortable..." Suddenly, she unknowingly began to rub herself against him.

Since he was also suffering from the drug's effect, it was difficult for him to suppress his urges. However, her rubbing aroused him. Moreover, it was fiercer than earlier.

He felt how his libido desired Gabrielle's body. ①

Damn it! ①

Chapter 22 Wish She Could Die

Westley prided himself over his unparalleled self-control. Even when he was being set up by someone, he was good at resisting giving himself away. But for the first time, his self-control began to wither, and it was because of Gabrielle's flirtations.

"Gabrielle, wake up!" Westley put her down and pushed her to the door. As a result, Gabrielle bumped into the door and her whole back was in pain. She slowly opened her eyes and confusedly looked into Westley's gloomy black eyes.

"Ouch, it hurts..."

"Yes, it should hurt. Good that you can feel it. Look at me carefully." 8

Gabrielle tried but could not see Westley's face clearly. She was finding it difficult to focus. All she knew was she had to get closer to him. Her mind said 'no, ' but her body wanted to embrace him. Her hands rose up to reach for his neck.

"What are you doing, Gabrielle?" Blue veins popped out on Westley's forehead.

He simply could not endure it anymore. 3

Usually Gabrielle was nervous and anxious

around Westley, but driven by her body's desires, she felt confident even as she was ashamed inside. She leaned closer and closer to him. ①

Gabrielle had completely given in to her instincts... This was what her parents wanted her to do.

"Gabrielle, open your eyes and see who I am!" Westley could see that she was beyond her wits today.

Gabrielle didn't care for his orders. She leaned further in and pressed her lips to his. He was talking too much, and this was the only way she wanted to shut him up. ②

One thing led to another and Westley did not realize either that the two of them had moved from the door to the bed... It seemed like both of them had suppressed desires. Gabrielle's touch turned him into a beast. He wanted to hold her with all his strength and touch her all over... ⑤

Gabrielle woke up with pain spread in her entire body. It was dark outside, she couldn't tell whether it was night or dawn.

There was so much pain in her arms and legs that she couldn't move at all.

She thought back to what had happened hours ago, and a wish to die came upon her.

She knew she had given in to Westley willingly. But now that thought made her feel disgusted with herself. 2

Gabrielle turned the bedside lamp on and found that Westley wasn't next to her.

He must hate her even more now. The sex had been aggressive. Surely, Westley had not been kind to her even in that. She wondered if he wanted to kill Tobias and Wendy for the ridiculous things they had made her do. 2

Gabrielle could wait no longer. She got out of bed, put on her clothes and went downstairs. Each step was a pain.

She was relieved to find Tobias and Wendy sitting in the living room. She was expecting them in worse positions.

What was worrying her the most was that Westley would punish the two of them.

Seeing the two of them there, she was relieved.

But thinking back to how Wendy forced Gabrielle to sleep with Westley made her shake with anger.

She was convinced that she did not deserve Bryce anymore. She was too ashamed to even live on.

"Gabrielle! When did you wake up?" asked Wendy with surprise, hurrying toward her.

"Why, Mom?" asked Gabrielle. She was standing higher up on the steps, looking at Wendy indifferently. Her eyes were sad and tired.

For the first time, she felt Wendy was no longer her mother who loved her, but instead a ruthless woman who would do anything to achieve her goal.

Gabrielle had never expected her own mother to force her to something like this...

"Gabrielle, do you blame me for what happened? I did it for your own good!" Wendy tried to comfort Gabrielle. 5

But her words made her pain worse.

She could see through her charades, her so-called love. She was deeply hurt. Was Wendy's-"love" for her all these years just an act?

"For my own good? You knew how much Westley hated me and the entire Jones! How could you make us do 'this? I'm sure he wants to kill me!"

Gabrielle roared. Tears flooded down her cheeks.

She was shook that she had lost her virginity to Westley, the devil! She wanted her first time to be with the man she loved... ①

She cried desperately, not knowing whether it was because of the pain in her body, the grievance in her heart, or both.

This was the first time Wendy had seen Gabrielle cry like this. She hadn't cried this badly in the twenty years that Wendy brought her up.

Wendy was taken aback. She recalled seeing Westley's furious face when he had left. He had left the house without a single word.

Tobias and Wendy had been sitting with their breaths held. Wendy had thought if Gabrielle and Westley had sex, Gabrielle would literally become his wife, the second young hostess of the Morris. This was their plan to melt Westley's heart so he would be kinder to the Jones.

They knew something had gone wrong when they saw his face. They had just been waiting for Gabrielle to come down...

"Gabrielle, Gabrielle, I know I was wrong. I just wanted you and Westley to come closer. I was out of my mind! You can blame me, but... can you go back to Westley and beg him not to hurt us?"

Wendy rushed up the steps and grabbed Gabrielle's hand desperately.

Gabrielle saw her pleading eyes and felt she should help her. But she could never forgive her for what she had done.

"I don't love Westley and he feels the same for me. Don't you know why he married me? Nellie will be his wife when she returns. When she comes back, I will divorce him and give up my position. That is the plan from the very beginning. How can I face Westley after what you've made me do? You still want me to beg him for his mercy! He really will kill me! Would you like that?" Gabrielle shouted hysterically.

"Gabrielle, I know you're wronged. I accept it... it is my fault. I'm so sorry..."

Wendy coaxed her in a soft voice, holding both her hands. 10

"What's the point of apologizing?" asked Gabrielle hopelessly through her tears.

What had happened was beyond repair. Her mother's apology couldn't fix anything...

"Gabrielle, do you want me to kneel in front of you? If that will make you go and talk to Westley, I'm ready to do that!" Wendy knew Gabrielle's weakness. After all, she had raised her. Gabrielle was easy to manipulate

emotionally... *

Seeing that Wendy was really going to kneel, Gabrielle immediately grabbed her shoulders and made her stand up. "Mom, what are you doing? Don't make this more difficult than it already is..." *

"Will you talk to Westley?"

There was a trace of expectation in Wendy's eyes.

Gabrielle closed her eyes. A final tear glided down her cheek. She took a deep breath and nodded with a heavy heart.

Chapter 23 I'd Rather Be An Orphan

Wendy arranged a driver to send Gabrielle to Vineyard Villa. She instructed him repeatedly to take her only there.

Gabrielle could tell why she was so erratic. She was afraid Gabrielle would run away.

"Ronin, stop the car!" Gabrielle urged the driver when they reached downtown.

Wendy had told Ronin not to let Gabrielle out of the car. She was rather stubborn. Wendy knew if she got out, it would be difficult to coax to get in again.

"Miss Jones, what is the matter?" Ronin asked in a low voice. He took a look at Gabrielle through the rearview mirror. She looked calm and composed.

Before Gabrielle could say anything, her phone rang. It was a call from Tobias.

She hesitated for a while, then answered the phone.

"What's up, Dad?"

She was in no mood to fake niceness.

"Gabrielle, have you reached Vineyard Villa?"

Tobias asked anxiously.

"We are just crossing downtown. It will take a while. Dad, what can I do for you?"

Gabrielle knew something was up. Otherwise, Tobias would never have called her.

"Our stocks are falling! It must be because of Westley. When you reach Vineyard Villa, can you urge him not to brutally drive us to a dead end? The Jones has brought you up. I know you are upset with your mother. But I can assure you once this problem is solved, such a thing will never happen again!" Tobias was a middle-aged man. He had never been humble, and was dragged into this trouble by Wendy. ④

Gabrielle was shocked to hear him. Their stocks were falling?

Westley was acting too fast!

Her face turned pale. "Dad, you know why Westley did this. Whether he listens to me or not depends on his mood." ③

Gabrielle felt desperate and helpless. Every second in this drama was causing harm to her mental health.

"You are Westley's wife and the only hope of our family! Who else can we rely on? We have raised you for twenty years, for god's

sake! Please help us! Our business is the fruit of your grandfather's painstaking efforts! I don't want it destroyed at my hands!"

Tobias said in a low voice. He was trying his best to hide his frustration.

It was humiliating that he had to beg Gabrielle for help. If the stocks hadn't fallen too low, he would never have begged her like this!

"I know, Dad. But you better focus on bringing Bryce and Nellie back. The Jones family has now offended Westley even more. I can try to talk to him. If he doesn't agree, I can't help you." Gabrielle felt aggrieved. She wanted to cry her eyes out.

"I know you can do it. I believe you,"

said Tobias through his teeth. It was useless to believe her.

After all, Westley didn't trust her. Tobias had begged her for nothing.

"I have to hang up now. I'll talk to you later." Gabrielle hung up and looked outside the window.

Countless lights from the city lit up the night sky. But for the first time, she felt she had been abandoned by the whole world. There was no place where she belonged.

The Jones had married her off to Westley, and he would never treat her like his wife. She was just a scapegoat for everyone. As soon as Nellie would be back, she would have no home. She could not imagine going back to the Jones after what they had done to her.

How poor and lonely she would be.

Now it seemed to her being an orphan and living in an orphanage was much better. At least there she wouldn't have been used like a pawn.

"Miss Jones, are you okay?" Ronin asked, looking at her sad face in the rearview mirror.

He had heard her talk to Tobias and could roughly tell what the conversation had been about.

Gabrielle's mood plummeted further. Ronin had watched her grow up. She had always been a gentle and kind-hearted girl. If Bryce hadn't acted so ridiculously, her life wouldn't have changed so drastically. Ronin felt sorry for her.

"Ronin, I'm fine. Can you get me a cup of iced coffee? I need to drink something cold." She looked at him with a somber expression. She could tell he felt pity toward her.

"Okay, Miss Jones. I'll be back in a moment."
Ronin pulled up and got out of the car without hesitation.

Gabrielle seized her opportunity. She climbed to the driver's seat and locked the doors.

Ronin was shocked when he turned back. He rushed toward the car and tried to open the door. "Miss Jones, what are you doing?"

His voice sounded muffled and alarmed. Gabrielle rolled down the window and looked at him calmly. "Ronin, you can take a taxi home. I'll drive to Vineyard Villa myself. Don't tell my mother. I promise I'll find Westley."

"Miss Jones, you can't do that," Ronin said anxiously, scared of what might happen to her.

He wasn't worried that she would not go to Vineyard Villa, but that she was mentally unstable and she could meet with an accident.

"I'll be fine! I'm completely sober and I know what I'm doing." Gabrielle turned the key and drove off, leaving Ronin holding his head.

She called Westley on the way, but he didn't answer.

Angry and impatient, Gabrielle hung up. She

knew he hadn't answered the phone on purpose. She called his assistant, Alvin.

"Hello!"

"Alvin, it's me, Gabrielle. Is Westley with you?" Gabrielle answered softly, but Alvin could sense her anxiety.

He was in Westley's office at the moment. He turned his head and looked at him sitting on the sofa with a cold expression. Westley looked at him suddenly, frightening him.

"Yes, Miss Jones. Mr. Morris is here."

Alvin hadn't received any other instructions from Westley, so he answered truthfully.

"Could you please give him the phone? I need to talk to him about something."

Gabrielle knew she had gone too far, but she had no choice. Westley would be pissed.

"Mr. Morris, it's Miss Jones. She wants to talk to you," Alvin walked up to Westley and whispered to him, keeping his palm on the speaker.

Westley picked his phone up from the table and slid the screen. He showed Gabrielle's missed call to Alvin. ¹

She had only called him a minute ago.

Westley had refused to pick up the phone.

Alvin understood that he didn't want to speak to her at all. "I'm sorry, Miss Jones. Mr. Morris is busy. He can't talk to you right now. If you need to pass on a message, you can tell me." ②

"No, thanks. I want to talk to him directly. Are you at the Morris Group right now?" No middleman could do pleading Westley for her. She needed to talk to him herself.

"Yes, we are at the office."

"Okay, please tell Westley that I will be there soon." Without giving Alvin a chance to respond, Gabrielle hung up and drove speedily. ①

Chapter 24 Embarrass Her On Purpose

Alvin put his phone away and stood there, watching Westley. He was trying to understand what Westley was thinking right now.

"Mr. Morris, Miss Jones said that she is coming," he said after a while, still looking at Westley.

"It's none of my business," Westley said indifferently. He picked up the cigarette case on the table and took out a cigarette.

"Mr. Morris, if you don't want to see Miss Jones, and you don't want her to come to the company, I can call her and tell her now," Alvin said seriously.

He knew that Westley was very angry because this morning, Miley forced him to go with Gabrielle to visit the Jones.

Actually, Alvin thought that Westley wouldn't come to the company today. But surprisingly, he came in the afternoon. However, he didn't look well at all. His face darkened and the aura he emitted was much colder than usual. Then he ordered to hold those meetings that were canceled in the morning just to scold all the senior

executives one by one. Everyone was so terrified that they couldn't help but shiver. He had always been calm and restrained. But today, he was so strange. No one knew what happened to him, and no one dared to ask either. Even Alvin, who was the closest to him in the company, didn't dare to ask what made him so angry that he became so cruel.

Now that they were talking about Gabrielle, Alvin suddenly had an idea what was the source of Westley's anger.

And it really surprised him. He had been working for Westley for many years, but he had never seen him this angry just because of a woman.

Besides, they had only been married for three days. Gabrielle was really something.

"Mr. Morris, I'll go and wait for Miss Jones downstairs. When she arrives, shall I take her upstairs directly?" he asked tentatively.

Since Westley allowed Gabrielle to come to the company, it should mean that he would also let her go upstairs.

Instead of answering Alvin, Westley opened his lighter with a click. When the flame sprang up, he slowly lit the cigarette and took a drag.

Unlike this afternoon when he only took a

single puff on the cigarette and then stubbed it out on the ashtray, he seemed calm. It was an indication that he was in a better mood now than in the afternoon.

Alvin was more convinced that it was because Gabrielle was coming.

"Who said that she could come up? Did I?" Westley asked in an icy voice after blowing out the cloud of smoke. ¹

Alvin was taken aback. Didn't Westley just agree to let Gabrielle come to the company? What did he mean by not letting her go upstairs?

"Alvin, when did you start making decisions for me?" When Alvin did not answer, Westley gave him a cold glance.

"I get it, Mr. Morris." Of course, Alvin wouldn't dare to show any trace of discontent. Naturally, he agreed to whatever Westley said.

'After all, this company belonged to Westley. He had the final say whether the person could enter the building or not.

Five minutes later, Gabrielle drove to the gate of Morris Group. However, the security guard stopped her car ruthlessly.

"Sir, excuse me. I'm here to see Mr. Morris.

He knows I'm coming. Please open the gate," she said after rolling down the car window.

The security guard was a middle-aged man who looked dignified and stereotyped at first glance. When he saw the hint of impatience on Gabrielle's pretty face, he immediately thought that she was here to seduce Westley. After all, it was already late at night, and no one did business at this hour. 3

"I'm sorry, miss, but I can't let you in. I haven't received any order from Mr. Morris that he is expecting someone,"

he said coldly.

"But he called me just now and told me to come here," Gabrielle insisted. She could tell from the security guard's words and reaction that Westley deliberately asked her to come to Morris Group to embarrass her.

At the thought of his wickedness, she couldn't help but get furious.

If he really didn't want her to come here, he could just say it frankly.

"Miss, countless young women like you come here every day to see Mr. Morris for various reasons. You are good-looking, with no disabilities at all. Why don't you look for a stable job and make fortune decently? I don't want to drive you away, so please, just go by

yourself." Obviously, the security guard didn't have much patience left. ③

Gabrielle felt like her face was feverish. What did he mean by "make fortune decently?"

She had never taken even a single penny from Westley. But in the security guard's eyes, she was a dissolute woman who wanted to cling to him for money.

If only she could, she would slap her marriage certificate in his face to let him clearly see that she was Westley's legal wife.

But unfortunately, their marriage had not been made public. No one knew that she and Westley got married. Until now, everyone still thought that Nellie was his fiancée and future wife.

If she insisted that she was Westley's wife, the security guard might think she had gone crazy.

Besides, if she exposed their marriage, she didn't know what other despicable methods he would use to deal with her.

She wouldn't dare to take the risk. ③

Gabrielle opened the door and got out of the car. She wanted to talk to the security guard properly. "Please call Mr. Morris. If he says that he really doesn't know me, I'll

immediately leave."

On the surface, she looked so gentle and easy to bully. But she also had a temper. She couldn't just let other people misunderstand her and look down on her.

The security guard was a little surprised. He didn't expect that Gabrielle would get out of her car and argue with him. He was even almost suppressed by her aura.

He took a deep breath and said, "Miss, since you are saying that Mr. Morris knows you personally, why don't you call him yourself? As long as you has his permission, I won't hesitate to let you in. You know, if I just let in anyone who claims that Mr. Morris knows them, what do you think will the reputation of Morris Group be? A shelter for homeless?"

His words were really not pleasing to the ear.

Gabrielle knew that the security guard was deliberately being disrespectful and impolite. He was insinuating that she was a gold digger who wanted to have a relationship with a powerful man, but she couldn't refute him.

She let out a resigned sigh. "Okay. I'll call him now."

She angrily took out her phone and dialed Westley's number. If he didn't answer, she would call Alvin.

"Miss, no need to call Mr. Morris. He's here now." The security guard stopped Gabrielle from making a phone call when he saw Westley walking in the lobby. His tall and slender figure, handsome face, and indifferent aura made him look like the devil from hell full of coldness.

He was wearing a black suit that made him look more elegant.

Although he was cold and indifferent all the time, people just couldn't take their eyes off him.

"Mr. Morris, why did you go downstairs now? Are you going back home now?" The security guard immediately changed his tone and attitude. He was modest and polite now, the total opposite of the cold-blooded and rude man in front of Gabrielle just now.

"Mr. Morris, please tell the security guard to let me in. I have something to tell you," Gabrielle hurriedly said.

She and Westley were now separated by an iron gate, and it made her feel so uncomfortable.

"Mr. Morris, this woman wants to see you. She said you called her to come here. Do you know her?" The security guard clearly felt the sudden change in the atmosphere around

them. Something seemed not right. Did Westley really know this woman? If yes, he was doomed. He blocked her way persistently and even said so many unpleasant things to her.

"No, I don't know her. Tell her to leave now. If she comes back, drive her away," Westley said coldly. He then turned around and walked back to the building. ③

He didn't want to talk to Gabrielle, so the security guard didn't see any reason to let her in. ③

Chapter 25 I'm Pregnant With Your Child

"Hey, Westley!" Gabrielle shouted at him.

"I know you are angry, but you're the one who called me here. And now you're not going to let me in? Do you really enjoy embarrassing me like this?" Gabrielle had no choice but to raise her voice. 1

"Westley, you're not a man. You raped me behind your fiancée's back. Now I'm pregnant with your child, but you're refusing to take responsibility! You want me to get an abortion? Westley, how dare you? You are a spineless jerk!" Gabrielle did not hold back on whatever harsh words that came to her mouth. 25

Since the security guard did not hesitate to disrespect her, Gabrielle saw no reason in behaving like a decent woman.

The security guard's jaw dropped to the floor in shock. Could it be that this woman was actually speaking the truth about Mr. Morris?

Such shameful words were hard to ignore for Alvin as he looked at Westley curiously after they walked past the gate. Although Westley had the same gloomy expression on his face, the corners of his mouth seemed to twitch

slightly. It was difficult to determine whether he was grimacing or smiling.

Alvin increasingly felt as though he didn't know his own boss well enough. Just now, Westley said that Alvin was not allowed to pick up Gabrielle downstairs, but soon he came down himself silently.

Alvin didn't expect to see such a scene, because he thought that his boss was going to receive Miss Jones in person.

"Mr. Morris, what is happening now..."

The woman must have lost her mind to say such horrendous things in public.

How could she call him a spineless jerk?

Moreover, how could she be pregnant?

They had only been married for three days.

Fortunately, this happened in the late hours of the day and all the other employees of the company had already gone home. Otherwise, it would have been incredibly embarrassing.

"If she wants to make a scene, let her do it. Just order some food for me. I'm hungry."

Without even a hint of concern on his countenance, Westley walked past his assistant and into the elevator.

Chapter 23
"Mr. Morris, I thought you said you didn't want to have dinner?" Alvin followed Westley into the elevator, scratching his head in confusion.

"I wasn't hungry before, but I'm feeling hungry now. Is there a problem? Alvin, do you think I should change my assistant?" With one hand in his pocket, Westley spoke casually, without even a slight change in his expression.

Gabrielle started to feel better after she dished out all the venomous emotions inside her. Unfortunately, in her state of anger, she had completely forgotten that Tobias wanted her to talk to Westley about the falling stock price of the Jones Group.

The chances of finding him now were even slimmer. After the tantrum she had just thrown outside the gate, she was lucky that the frightened security guard did not call the police on her. Letting her inside the Morris Group was completely out of the question!

She tried calling Westley's phone, but he didn't answer. Then she tried calling Alvin.

Meanwhile, Alvin was trying to order food for Westley, so he had no choice but to hang up on Gabrielle.

Having no other choice, Gabrielle took her

phone out and sent Westley a text message.

Westley was sitting comfortably on the sofa in his office when his phone beeped. He looked at the screen and heaved a sigh of exasperation.

Gabrielle had requested him not to push the Jones Group too hard for the time being. In truth, Westley wouldn't have wanted to make trouble for the Jones. However, since Wendy and the others saw it fit to provoke him, what else was he supposed to do?

Since they were the ones with the death wish, it would only be considerate of him to comply and fulfill their wish.

What he didn't expect, however, was that Gabrielle would have the nerve to come to the Morris Group and persuade him in person.

Besides, how could he let them off so easily? He hadn't had enough fun yet.

"Mr. Morris, the order has been made, your food should be delivered soon. Is there anything else I can do for you?"

Suddenly, Alvin felt as though the temperature in the office had dropped dramatically. Was something wrong with the air conditioner?

"Have someone keep an eye on Gabrielle," said Westley, as he placed his phone on the table.

"Sure, Mr. Morris. May I ask why?"

"I'm afraid that she might take things too hard. I don't want to... see someone else die because of me, again." There was a hint of concern in the depths of Westley's cold and unwavering eyes. ②

Alvin immediately knew what was playing on Westley's mind. 'He must have been thinking about Helena.'

It was Helena who took the bullet for his boss and saved his life. To this day, his boss was still living in the guilt of her sacrifice.

Although he didn't pull the trigger, Westley still had been carrying the burden of her sacrifice on his shoulders ever since.

If something bad were to happen to Gabrielle because of him, Westley would never forgive himself.

"I see. I will have someone follow Miss Jones."
"

"Make sure she doesn't find out."

But more than anything else, Gabrielle's

behavior today had him shocked to his core. He realized that the cowardly and subservient Gabrielle he knew was just an act she had put on in front of him.

Sure enough, this scheming woman was dangerous and deceitful. The whole time she had him convinced that she was just a helpless woman and it was only now that she had finally shown her true colors to him.

"Okay, Mr. Morris. I'll take care of it now." Alvin quickly ran out of the office and arranged for someone to keep an eye on Gabrielle.

Meanwhile, after driving aimlessly for some time, Gabrielle went straight to the river bank where Bryce used to take her as a child. It was the same place where Bryce taught her how to fish and swim when they were young.

Whenever she'd find herself in a bad mood, she would come here because the view of the river and the sky would calm her soul. It was her salve because of the memory it kept.

Some of the happiest memories of her and Bryce were from this place.

After parking the car on the side of the road, Gabrielle got out of the car and walked towards the river bank. Needless to say, she was happy to see that there was no one else there at this time.

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Little did Gabrielle know that she was being watched by two bodyguards from a distance. When they saw her walking towards the river, they immediately reported back to Alvin, perhaps worried that she was going to do something bad.

While Westley was elegantly cutting through the steak with a knife in one hand and a fork in the other, Alvin, who was standing just beside him, received a message from one of the bodyguards. ¹

"Mr. Morris, Miss Jones is at the river bank. We have good reason to think that she might jump in to the river. Should I have the men stop her?"

Westley paused for a moment and then continued to cut through the steak elegantly. "Did she jump already?"

"Not yet."

"Then let's wait until she actually jumps in. I'm sure she won't die if they get her out of the water in time," said Westley coldly. ³

Alvin responded with a nod. He had no reason to worry as he believed that everything was under Westley's control. ⁶

"By the way, Mr. Morris, we have managed to track down Miss Nellie. She's in Switzerland.

"Alvin gave him the update on the search." 3

"She really did run far away."

"Do you wish to have her picked up now?" asked Alvin, as he looked at Westley with anticipation.

"Pick her up? No, that won't be necessary. I want her to come running back just the same way she ran away." 3

"Mr. Morris, but what if she doesn't come back? We can easily bring them back here if you give the order. Why do we have to make the Jones..." 1

"Alvin, where's the fun in that? You see, I have to live an interesting life." Westley put down the knife and fork, picked up the glass of the wine and swirled it gently. Then he raised his head and took a sip. 1

It was just like his Grandma had said; it was he who indulged the Collins for too long that made them so unscrupulous to the Morris and even treat his wedding so casually. 15

Since they were the ones who decided to cross him, they were the ones who had to pay the price. 1

Not only Nellie and Bryce, but even the entire Jones family would have to bear the consequences of betraying him, or else,

everyone else would think that they could get away with disrespecting him. 2