

Chapter 266 What A Dishonorable Thing!

Gabrielle stood about a hundred meters away from Westley, motionless, mouth agape, and her phone in her hand.

The man looked indifferent as he stood next to Alvin, some staff, and the president and school governors of Alorith University.

He looked like a big, scary boss as he began closely inspecting the work in front of him. His aura alone was enough to make anyone tremble.

Despite this, the girls crowding the surrounding area were unfazed, and instead, began excitedly chanting "husband" to refer to Westley. That was the moment Gabrielle realized how truly popular he had gotten after he was named the "national husband" by the Internet.

As much as Westley was warmly welcomed in Alorith University, she was sure that the reception he would get if he

went outside of the school would be more immense. 'And it's horrible!' she lamented.

It really wasn't much better than fan-celebrity meetings do nowadays. Fortunately, she insisted on getting off at the intersection this morning, because if she did not, she would probably be torn apart by these crazed fans if they saw her get out of Westley's vehicle.

The mere idea of all these people turning on her made her skin crawl. She needed to get out of there as soon as possible.

'Why did Westley ask me to have lunch with him? He ought to have lunch with the school leaders after this inspection visit!

Why did he come to his university in the first place, anyway? As far as I know, he is not a member of its board. Is the Morris Group going to invest in this university?'

Just as Gabrielle became lost in thought, Westley began leading the group, as well as the hoard of crazed female fans, towards her. Before she realized what was happening, she already found herself in the midst of hormonal women

lusting after Westley, being squeezed until she was almost breathless, and finally, being pushed to the ground.

Damn it!

Which dozy bastard pushed her down!

"Ah!!! Mr. Morris!"

"Mr. Morris!"

"Honey! Look at me, please!"

"Honey! Let's get married!"

The shrill screams were becoming so loud that Gabrielle had to cover her ears. As she tried to get up, a hand appeared right in front of her face.

The hand had long, slender fingers, pearlescent skin, and distinct joints. It looked familiar.

She looked up to see who it was. It was Westley.

A big question mark immediately flashed across her mind. What was happening? What was Westley doing? Did he really think that paying special attention to her would do her any favors at this very moment?

"Miss, are you expecting me to pick you up from the ground?" Gabrielle was stunned and became speechless at what he said.

With her not responding, Westley called her attention again and asked, "Miss? Do you need help?" 4

'How can this man pretend like he doesn't know me? Did he really call me "Miss" so casually? Is he playing with me? Because if he is, I definitely can play along!' Gabrielle thought, starting to feel annoyed.

In her most polite tone, she said, "Well, sir, I do. Thank you very much." She then gently stretched out her hand and let him pull her up.

Westley, however, pulled her a little bit too hard that she lost balance and fell into his arms. As her face fell squarely on his wide, hard chest, he wrapped his free arm around her to steady her. 4

'God damn it, this guy!

He's doing it on purpose!'

"You have to be careful next time, Miss," Westley told her seriously.

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"Sir, thank you very much," Gabrielle answered in a mockingly polite tone. "I will definitely be a lot more careful in the future. I won't stand in a crowded place anymore, looking around to see what was happening. You know what they say, 'Curiosity kills the cat'." Instead of responding to this obviously sarcastic answer, Westley just tightened his grip on Gabrielle. In turn, Gabrielle glared at Westley, telepathically demanding to be let go.

The fangirls watched this scene unfold with their eyes and jaws wide open. To them, it was Gabrielle who was so eager and desperate to be held by Westley that she decided to cause a scene. Jealousy and anger were starting to fill their insides.

"Very well, then." Westley let Gabrielle go, but not until he slipped something in her hand.

Before trying to know what she was given, she noticed how the girls were looking at her. It seemed like they all wanted her dead.

Well, she couldn't blame them.

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She was just in their idol's arms, and now, he touched her hand.

Damn it.

"Thank you. I'll be leaving now." Gabrielle immediately ran away from the crowd as fast as she could. She really didn't want to be an enemy of the state just because of what Westley did.

"Oh, don't you know him? He is Mr. Morris from the Morris Group."

"How could you not know? C'mon. I think you just pretended to fall so that you'd get Westley's attention!"

"You are such a scheming bitch! Just admit that you fell on purpose to get close to Mr. Morris!"

Gabrielle was not in the mood to confront all the taunting and swearing she was getting from the random girls who had now made her a target. Instead, she continued on and went straight to the school gate.

These girls didn't know what kind of person Westley really was. If any of them fell down, he wouldn't even glance at them!

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Westley did it to intentionally embarrass her and make her the public enemy.

'What a prick!'

As she was walking, her phone started ringing.

She hesitated a little, but in the end, she still answered it. "What do you need from me, Westley?"

"So you still remember my name!" Westley responded, his tone sharp and cold.

Little did he know that she did what she did for his sake as well.

"Have you seen the keys I gave you? Wait for me in the car." "Car keys?"

She looked at the keys in her hand that were just given to her a while back.

"I'll be back in ten minutes. See you in the car," Westley reiterated, then hung up without saying anything else.

Once again, this interaction offended Gabrielle. "Why is he treating me like a secretary? A subordinate? What the hell!" she muttered to herself.

But as annoyed as she was, Gabrielle had no choice but to turn around and walk towards the parking lot.

There were two in A Alorith University: one was for the school staff, and the other was for students and outsiders.

Since Westley came to inspect the school, his car must be parked among the cars of the staff.

Sure enough, Gabrielle soon found Westley's car. Without much hesitation she opened the door and jumped into the back seat, afraid of being seen.

Finally, Austin called her, after what felt like an eternity.

"Gabrielle, I'm at the gate of Alorith University. Are you done with your class?" he asked straightforwardly.

Gabrielle rolled her eyes. "Aus, I am busy at the moment so I can't have lunch with you. Have you seen the WeChat message I sent you?"

"I was too busy to check WeChat. What happened?" Austin asked worriedly.

Gabrielle had long been a woman of her

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word and wouldn't stand others up that easily unless something urgent came up.

"Nothing." Gabrielle didn't want to tell him that Westley forced her to have lunch with him.

All of a sudden, the door to the car's driver seat opened and Westley entered. He glanced at Gabrielle after he settled in his seat. "Come and sit beside me. I'm not your driver."

Austin recognized Westley's clear and authoritative voice at once.

"Are you with Westley, Gabrielle?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, I'm with him. I am actually going to have lunch with him, so I had to cancel our plans. I'll treat you next time, so--"

But before she could finish her words, Westley's outstretched hand had already snatched her phone from her grip.

"Austin, why don't you come and join us for lunch? It will be my treat. See you at the Deli Feast." With that, Westley unceremoniously hung up the call.

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Hearing this, Gabrielle grew a little confused. She crawled towards Westley and sat down, looking at him with her dazed eyes.

"Westley, did you say that you want Aus to have lunch with us?" Gabrielle couldn't decipher what he was thinking.

It was him who didn't want Austin to come here, but now he was going to have dinner with him. Was Westley out of his mind? 7

"What? You don't want to?" Raising his eyebrows, Westley threw the phone back at her.

Why did she keep referring to him as "Aus?" He had told her time and time again to call him Austin, his proper name, but she just couldn't retain that order.

But if she was going to be stubborn, he wouldn't bother trying to change her mind.

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"No, I'm not saying I don't want to. I'm just afraid you won't have a good appetite to have a properly meal ... Don't you hate Aus? Do you really want to have dinner with him?" Gabrielle asked him straightforwardly. She really cared about Westley's thoughts. 3

"Why wouldn't I be okay? Just hold tight."
Westley started the car.

He didn't mind having dinner with Austin. After all, he wasn't afraid of Austin - the matter in question was whether Austin would dare to have dinner with Westley.

As soon as the car started, Gabrielle immediately used her schoolbag to shield her face. It looked as if she felt disgraceful and wanted to hide herself.

Westley looked at Gabrielle and was amused. "Gabrielle, is your face too hideous to show others or what?"

"You just saw how everyone at the university knew who you were! You're so popular - all the girls were going gaga over you, calling you 'honey' or 'husband'. I don't want them to see me in your car and I don't want my life

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getting ruined because of you," Gabrielle lamented from behind her schoolbag.

"But you didn't," Westley said, indifferently.

'What does he mean?' she thought.

Gabrielle looked at him cautiously. "What didn't I do?"

"They all called me honey and husband, but you didn't," Westley said shamelessly. ①

'This honey thing, again?'

He had already threatened her once to call him "honey" just the way a real married couple did, and now he did it again. 'Could Westley stop being such a predictable man and play some new tricks?' she thought. ④

"Westley, what's this game you're playing?" Gabrielle was afraid of Westley because he would always come up with some new tricks. He was quite horrible that way.

"I am not playing any games. What kind of person do you think I am, Gabrielle?" Westley asked, coolly. ①

'What kind of person is he?' Gabrielle thought, incredulously.

In all honesty, Gabrielle hadn't thought about this question seriously. After all, Westley was quite horrible around her. He would only bully her, humiliate her and make fun of her in various and demeaning ways. How could she describe him in a positive way?

"What kind of words do you want to hear?" Gabrielle asked diplomatically.

"The truth." Westley guessed what Gabrielle was insinuating. She wouldn't say something nice. 2

"Not bad." That was the only serious answer she could think of.

After all, Westley was not a good man or a good husband. All these women who were fanatics over him, calling him "honey" or "husband", didn't know what kind of man Westley truly was.

They were only interested in looks, and their shallow personalities didn't see anything beyond his face.

"Not bad, right?" Westley had never heard himself being described in such

modest terms before. He felt disgusted.

'Not bad?!

That's what Gabrielle thinks of me?!

He had heard every possible praise about him, from all angles - he was handsome, smart, rich, powerful - the most enviable man! Of course, there would be people who called him a bad guy, criticizing him by saying he was cold-blooded and ruthless, as well. And even Westley knew this was true after he did a few bad things.

Nevertheless, all the comments he received were either extremely positive or extremely negative.

Gabrielle's comment made him very uncomfortable. Did she mean that he was neither good nor bad?

"In fact, Mr. Morris, you are a good man. You are a handsome CEO of the massive Morris Group. You've got all your boxes ticked." When Gabrielle met his devilish eyes, she immediately cowered.

No matter how bold and confident she was, she always surrendered in fear when he got angry or displeased.

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Hearing her careless words, Westley's lips twitched in anger. "Forget it, Gabrielle. You don't have to say it if you don't want to."

Gabrielle didn't say anything else. She sat quietly in the passenger seat for the rest of the ride.

The car soon arrived at their destination, the Deli Feast.

Gabrielle got out of the car first. She hadn't expected Austin to be there; after all, he was going to have dinner with Westley, who he didn't like either.

When she got out of the vehicle, she noticed that Austin had parked his car right next to them. There was only a parking space between them - what a coincidence.

"Hi, Aus," Gabrielle greeted Austin.

"Let's go inside." Austin cast a glance at Westley curtly, who had just gotten out of the car and was about to come to them.

He had never wanted to have dinner with this ungrateful man. He had unrightfully stolen Gabrielle. But he

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wasn't afraid of Westley, so why would he not come?

"Okay, let's go inside." Gabrielle waited for Westley to join them before going in together.

The restaurant was pretty and well-decorated. Fortunately, it was quiet and there weren't many guests so Westley would not be the center of attention.

The three of them went straight into the private room. Both the interior and exterior of the restaurant were very luxurious and they made sure to respect guests' privacy. They had good sound-insulation techniques, so it was understandable that Westley would have chosen it.

"Gabrielle, what do you want to eat?" Austin immediately looked towards Gabrielle, focusing on her order. 2

"You order the food, Gabrielle." Westley sat his seat, casting a casual glance towards Gabrielle.

Gabrielle didn't say another word as she scanned the menu. She knew enough about what Westley and Austin liked to eat.

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Regardless, she checked with Westley after looking at the items on the menu.

"Westley, I haven't eaten here before. You know what dishes are delicious, don't you? Better than me, anyway." Gabrielle looked at Westley uneasily.

"Come here." Westley raised his eyebrows slightly to her.

Without another thought, Gabrielle obediently moved one seat towards him. She took the empty seat that was there between them - she was much closer to him now.

Austin's face darkened when Gabrielle sat next to Westley. 4

'They don't need to sit so close just to order the food,' he thought. 1

Without missing a beat, Westley noticed the angry and resentful look in Austin's eyes. That was exactly what he had aimed for.

"Westley, this dish looks good...

This one looks good, too."

Gabrielle was enticed by all the beautiful

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pictures of the food as she turned a page on the menu.

She didn't realize how intimate she was with Westley.

"Yes, they are delicious. You can order whatever you want," Westley replied to her, enjoying the intimate distance between them. ¹

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Austin finally figured out why Westley invited him to come along. Westley's evil motive was to make Austin jealous by showing how happy he and Gabrielle were as a couple.

'This time, he truly crossed the line in taking advantage of her,' Austin said inwardly, infuriated.

"Aus, I've already ordered some dishes. Have a look. Do you want something else?" Gabrielle asked as she handed Austin the iPad.

"Thanks, Gabrielle, but I'm fine with whatever you'll order for me." Austin wanted to elicit a specific response, being sure he deliberately curated his words.

And to his satisfaction, it worked as intended.

Underneath the serene expression on Westley's manly face, underlying displeasure and contempt for Austin potently emanated from his person.

"Austin," Westley suddenly began, taking a sip of his drink. "I've heard about the troubles plaguing the Foster Group recently. How is Foster Group handling them? You seem... relaxed." Though Westley looked genuinely concerned, Austin knew better than to believe his cousin's act.

Westley didn't care about the Foster Group. Never had, never would. All he wanted to do at that moment was remind Austin that he could make the Foster Group suffer again, not just once, but many times.

"My elder brother is currently in charge of everything," Austin calmly, yet curtly, responded. "I'm just doing him a favor. I don't really get involved unless something major occurs."

'Is this guy even real? The nerve and audacity! Wasn't he the one who sabotaged our company's operations last time? If it wasn't for Westley, my brother wouldn't have called me in such a hurry!'

Austin silently thought to himself, rage slowly filling his chest.

Austin, however, kept his anger to himself as his brother had told him not

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to provoke Westley ever. They both were pretty well aware of the consequences.

Westley shook his head, lifting the corners of his lips.

"Austin, my man, you can't just leave everything to your brother, right? It is beyond tiring to run such a big company alone, not to mention to have to clean up your painstaking messes too. I suggest not wasting your time on unnecessary things and focusing on contributing something significant to your company."

Austin could not take Westley's condescension anymore, continuously getting smoldered by his rude attacks.

"Westley, the Foster Group is not your concern, you know. I will appreciate it if you can keep my company out of your mouth and mind your own business." Austin's sudden outburst made the tense atmosphere worse. He snapped back, almost overlooking the consequences.

Westley, however, seemed to be oblivious of this. A small chuckle left his mouth, making Austin more furious. "You know what? You're right, Austin. What does the Foster Group have to do with me?"

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Throughout their mocking conversation, Gabrielle kept on mustering up the courage to interrupt them. But, before the tension could have escalated further between the two men, fortunately, a waiter came and served the food.

Gabrielle let out a sigh of relief. 'Finally, a distraction to prevent their never-ending disputes from starting!' ¹

"Let's eat," she said quietly, taking the lead in filling up her plate, gesturing them to accompany her. Knowing both Austin and Westley personally, the warring energy between the two didn't surprise her.

She knew that their quietly sitting at the same table was impossible. However, she truly didn't want it to come to a head as they were in a public place.

"Gabrielle, would you be a doll and give me a piece of beef?" Westley requested bluntly, even though his chopsticks were already in his hand.

"Why can't you help yourself, Westley, considering you have a perfectly working hand?" Austin used a pointed tone as he blurted out. He wasn't controlling

himself anymore. 3

Westley cast a scornful glance at Austin. "When did asking your wife to get you some food become such a point of contention, Austin? For all intents and purposes, I think it's normal." 1

Showing how reasonable he was, Westley kept the angry expressions at bay from showing to Austin. Even if they were a fake couple, they were at least a legal one. 'Who the hell allowed him to question our private affairs?!'

Austin pursed his lips, running out of taunts.

Gabrielle knew how bad they could make a situation, but she didn't expect them to quarrel over this again. Before Austin could have started pouring out lava again, Gabrielle quickly helped Westley to some beef. "Here is your beef, Westley." Filling his plate, she tried to get some mental peace. "You should start eating. I'll help you with everything you'd want to eat next."

With a not-so-Westley-like small smile, Westley took a piece of sparerib food and put it into her bowl.

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"Umm..." Gabrielle looked at the food and then at Westley's face for confirmation of what was happening. "I can help myself, Westley," Gabrielle uttered silently, thinking of Westley's motives. He wasn't nice normally, but it wasn't like being nice gave him hysteria.

"A husband has to take care of his wife too, Gabrielle. To me, courtesy demands mutuality." Raising a piece of beef with his chopsticks, Westley lifted the corner of his mouth before pushing it inside.

'His behavior is surely a sign of thanks, but didn't Westley just exaggerate courtesy?'

"Thank you." Gabrielle silently stole a glance at Westley, her cheeks a bit crimsoned. While being watched intently, Westley was too busy eating. Gabrielle could see the elegant and fascinating way in which Westley was taking each bite. Every aspect of his personality spoke, how well educated he was. Gabrielle sighed, thinking that she could never match his noble way of eating, even after pretending to be his wife.

Austin's stomach churned as the interaction of the couple made him

almost invisible from the scene. 3

Watching them behave like a happy couple, Austin couldn't stay ignored for long. He picked a chicken wing and pushed it towards Gabrielle's bowl that was already filled with sparerib.

"You're becoming slimmer, Gabrielle. Eat healthy and nutritious food more. Here, it's your favorite braised chicken wings with brown sauce. I bet it tastes delicious." For his rivalry against Westley, Austin gave a reason which was stupid enough for Gabrielle to know the truth behind it.

He was acting against each of his brother's warnings. Just because Westley was silently enjoying Gabrielle's wifely company, Austin was doing what he wanted.

Anyway, Westley was still Gabrielle's husband.

"Aus, my weight is just fine. I am not losing it, so don't worry. I can help myself with whatever I want." Gabrielle refused the chicken wing in Austin's chopsticks, embarrassed to accept it in front of Westley. She squirmed in her seat, thinking that Austin's request's

acceptance and rejection both felt awkward in Westley's presence. 'As a good wife, it was the right thing to do!' Gabrielle silently reassured herself.

"Well, I was just concerned about your health." Rejection was an unpleasant experience, but Westley's presence worked as fuel over the fire. Austin relaxed his furrowed brows, moving towards the next strike he directed again towards Westley. "After the meal, let's go to the studio together." Suggesting Gabrielle, Austin kept looking at Westley with the corner of his eyes for his reaction.

Westley wasn't a kid after all. Understanding Austin's trick, he threw his coin in the game.

"Gabrielle, I don't like it that you drive to school or work all alone. So, I decide to send you a driver, and you can't say no," saying in an overbearing manner, Westley left no room for Gabrielle's refusal.

Feeling crushed in the war between the two, Gabrielle moaned internally. She didn't want a driver at all and parted her lips to refuse. But she pursed them back,

hearing Westley's last words.

Gabrielle understood where it was going by Westley's tone. He was being an affectionate husband, expecting Gabrielle to agree with his words.

Still, even if she wanted to, she couldn't dare to prevent him from doing what he desired to do. She had never been successful.

"Okay." Gabrielle hesitated before saying, "However, I hope it's fine if Aus drives me to the studio today. He's on his way to there too." Gabrielle fidgeted, waiting for Westley's answer. She was literally taking a risk asking this.

Westley pondered. Gabrielle was his wife, and he wouldn't just ignore her every request, so, to Gabrielle's surprise, he gave a brief nod.

"Just today." Westley eyed Austin suspiciously before moving his chopsticks around the plate again.

After lunch, Gabrielle silently got in Austin's car under the heated gaze of Westley.

As soon as she closed the door, Austin

rammed his foot against the accelerator and sped off the car at full speed. His pent-up anger finally fueled up the car as he rashly drove.

"Aus, are you fine?" Hurriedly fastening the seatbelt, Gabrielle clenched the grab handle tightly. Austin's raged driving made her feel like she would fly out of the car. 4

"Am I fine? Gabrielle, what about you? Are you in the right state of your mind? Why the hell do you succumb to Westley every time? He is a bastard, Gab. He goes beyond limits to torture you. Why do you still tolerate him?! He is a beast who comes back for more if once satisfied, and you just don't relinquish from satisfying him. Why!?" He chewed every word that escaped his lips. Austin was enraged, and his actions spoke louder than his words since the car's speed wasn't coming down.

'Austin's resentment towards Westley isn't surprising anymore.' Gabrielle couldn't help the sigh that escaped her lips.

Westley was truly a beast, but Gabrielle was dissenting from this fact. Westley

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did have a bad rap. He used to torture her a lot too, but lately, he changed. Gabrielle was unaware that why or how it happened, but he honestly treated her better now. ②

Maybe conscience guided him, or maybe, something else... ①

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Gabrielle hadn't been to the studio for two months, so when she finally came for a visit, she especially ordered afternoon tea and dessert from the cafe for everyone as a treat.

When they saw Gabrielle, everyone reacted differently. After all, she was an intern designer in Jason's studio, which, in blunt terms, almost made her the lady who was in charge of the menial tasks. Moreover, she only got the role because of Austin's help. So it was understandable that everyone had mixed feelings about Gabrielle.

Some people liked her a lot.

But others that didn't, created a lot of trouble for her.

"Gabrielle, you're finally back! I almost forgot all about you because you weren't here for so long. I thought you would never come back and had abandoned us."

A clear and pleasant voice rang out,

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before a girl clad in pink rushed quickly towards Gabrielle. She hugged her tightly.

It was Lolita Anderson. She worked as an intern designer and joined the studio one month after Gabrielle. She graduated from a foreign jewelry design university, so the two of them had many common topics to talk about. They quickly became friends.

Lolita liked Gabrielle the most over everyone else in the studio.

Moreover, Lolita's looks were true to her name. She had a very cute and beautiful baby face, similar to that of a doll's.

"Of course I would come back, Lolita! I just felt a little unwell for some time and so I was away, resting. But I'm feeling much better now, so I decided to come back," Gabrielle explained.

Only Austin knew the truth: she hadn't gotten leave because she was sick, but rather because she was getting married. She was too busy with all those arrangements to come into work.

Now it seemed she had more free time, so she came back into work.

But Austin couldn't hold his anger back when he knew it was Westley whom Gabrielle was marrying.

That was not something he felt comfortable with.

"How are you feeling now?" Lolita was assessing her very carefully, thinking that she looked very much okay.

She seemed to be healthy, but there were some faint scars on her face.

"I'm feeling great... how else would I come back?" Gabrielle smiled.

"Yes, but there are some scars on your face. What happened?" Lolita was very sharp. She managed to notice the scars even though they were very faint.

Gabrielle touched her face subconsciously and forced a smile.

"Nothing, my face is fine. This was a minor accident, but I've recovered now. Please give me a hand with the food."

"Sure, I'll help you hand them out!" Lolita went ahead and enthusiastically shared the food with everyone around her.

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"Oh, our Miss Jones is finally willing to come back. I always knew that you weren't feeling well, but I didn't know where you were hospitalized so we could never come and visit you." A sharp and shrill female voice rang out into the air.

Gabrielle knew who it was before she even saw the owner of the voice. Guessing rightly, she saw the woman who had spoken out, wearing a classy white skirt, striding towards her.

She was Vivian Allen, one of the jewelry designers at the studio. Vivian was one of the most renowned people in the jewelry design industry of Antawood. She liked Jason, but Jason looked after Gabrielle at the studio. In Vivian's eyes, Gabrielle was her rival when it came to matters of the heart, so there was clearly some hate towards Gabrielle because of that.

In fact, Vivian hated Gabrielle as much as Lolita liked Gabrielle.

When Jason wasn't around, Vivian was sure to make life difficult for Gabrielle.

But Gabrielle never wanted to confront Vivian, especially around others. She

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didn't think it was serious enough to bother Jason about it, so she preferred to deal with this issue by herself. In fact, telling Jason would only create more trouble. Gabrielle had gotten the job because of a strong recommendation from Austin after all.

After joining at the studio, she had been working and studying hard, but she still felt that she didn't quite deserve this job because she used other people's recommendations; she never got in through her own merits. Because of this, she tried to stay as low-key as possible and avoid any sort of conflicts. Staying away from Vivian was because she didn't want to cause trouble in the workplace - not because she was scared of her.

"It would've been unnecessary for you to visit me, Vivian. My condition wasn't serious and I didn't stay in hospital. But I still want to thank you for your concern. Now that I'm back, please help and teach me from here on." Gabrielle was very diplomatic and humble with Vivian. However, Vivian didn't appreciate this. She haughtily walked off in her high heels.

Before walking out of the door, she

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stopped and looked back at her one last time. "By the way, Gabrielle, you do remember you're still an intern here, right? You would've never gotten in if not for Austin. I hope you are grateful for the opportunity and truly value it. There are a lot of people who want to come work here. If you don't want this opportunity, please let me know earlier so I can make arrangements."

"Vivian, what are you talking about? Haven't you seen how hard Gabrielle works here?" Austin blurted out at Vivian not being able to stand it anymore.

"Well, I am not her mentor. I don't need to spell out her efforts, do I? I think Gabrielle herself knows whether she has worked hard or not. She doesn't need me to judge her performance," Vivian sneered, raising her eyebrows at her.

Gabrielle knew that Vivian made things difficult for her not only on a professional level, but because of Jason, who was Gabrielle's mentor. Usually, Jason attended to Gabrielle more than anyone else and this made Vivian burn with jealousy.

"Vivian, if you are so dissatisfied with

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Gabrielle, you can tell my brother directly - you don't need to pass on your passive-aggressive comments to Gabrielle." Austin automatically took Gabrielle's side. 2

"Well, I just want to remind Gabrielle her place in the studio. Since she is only an intern designer, she should do her job well. And you, Austin, you seem to really care about Gabrielle - do you like her or something?" Vivian asked bluntly. 3

Gabrielle frowned and immediately looked at Austin, who was stunned at Vivian's forwardness.

'What the hell is this woman talking about?'

"Vivian, what nonsense are you going on about? Gabrielle is my junior alumni. Don't be stupid." Austin growled at her.

Vivian glanced at the two of them and sneered again.

"The way you treat her is rare between alumni. But it's your own business whether you like her or not. I don't care at all." Vivian finally left after that last statement, her high heels clattering off with her.

Austin would never fight, let alone raise a finger on a woman. If not, he would've already hit Vivian by now. She was his brother's employee, so it was inappropriate for him to criticize her. But her last words had really embarrassed Austin, so it made him feel a little ashamed of facing Gabrielle.

"Gabrielle, are you okay? Vivian is always like that - arrogant as ever. Don't take her seriously."

Austin looked at Gabrielle uneasily, wondering anxiously whether Gabrielle would've believed Vivian's words.

This was not an appropriate time for Austin to express his true feelings. ②

"It's okay. I won't lower myself to the same level as Vivian. This woman has always had a problem with me. She has always tried to exasperate me with her vicious words." Gabrielle smiled awkwardly.

"Gabrielle, what Vivian said about me..."

"Hey! Gabrielle! I've gone around giving out all the drinks and cakes to everyone. Aren't I awesome?" Lolita ran over and

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hugged Gabrielle happily.

"Awesome! My little doll!" Gabrielle gently rubbed her head in appreciation.

"Well, who am I? I'm the Super Invincible Lolita! By the way, I just saw Vivian the Devil coming over this way. Did she make trouble for you again?" Lolita asked, concerned.

All the people in the studio knew that Vivian was hostile towards Gabrielle because Vivian liked Jason, and Jason didn't like her back. What's more, he was much closer to Gabrielle over Vivian - he even made her his apprentice so they spent a lot of time together. This made Vivian very unhappy.

"It's fine. She did have a little bit to say, but she left soon after." Gabrielle shook her head and smiled obligingly.

"Good thing she didn't say too much. She's always mean to you because she likes Mr. Foster, and you are his apprentice. You know he's close to you and not her. Well, it's her problem that she doesn't express her love to him. How could he know that she likes him?! Didn't she study abroad? Why is she so close-minded? She should just confess

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her love to him. What's the point of making things difficult for you? Is she crazy? If I liked Mr. Foster... "

"Well, what would you do?"

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A low and sexy voice, belonging to a male, came from behind them. It caught everyone's attention and everyone immediately turned around.

They were all shocked to see this man, as he loomed over them with his intimidating posture and staunch face.

"Mr. Foster!"

"Mr. Foster, you are here! Welcome back!"

Lolita's face changed quickly, but awkwardly smiled at him, feigning cheeriness. ¹

It seemed that he heard her long speech about him.

'Oh my God! This is so humiliating!' she thought.

"Lolita, say it again. What will you do if you like me?" Jason asked her seriously.

Lolita seemed like she was on the verge of breaking down. She felt so deeply

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embarrassed to be confronted and forced to answer such a shameful question - that, too, by her boss!

She wanted to dig a hole in the ground and hide herself in there. She felt too humiliated to even face anyone.

"Well, Mr. Foster, if you insist, but I was just giving an example... I didn't mean it. Please forget it, and forgive me for what I said," Lolita pleaded. She wanted Gabrielle to come to her rescue, but what could she have done? ³

She could only blame herself. Why did she say something like that? She deserved the consequences.

Her only hope was that Jason would not take it seriously and move on, forgetting all about it.

"If you say so, Lolita. So then you don't like me, is it?" Jason raised his eyebrows in a questioning manner. He didn't seem to be joking.

Lolita opened her mouth and plucked up the courage to speak. "Well, of course I like you, but as our boss! You are the main person in this studio, and we all rely on you to get our work done, just

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like how we rely on our parents. So yes, as your employee, of course I like you. I'm sure everyone in this studio likes you!"

Lolita was making sense; besides, Jason didn't want to make things difficult for her. Although she had been working here only a few months, she was adorable and cheery. Plus her unique designing had grown on Jason, so he didn't want to give her a hard time for no reason.

"I don't want to be compared to your parents. Get on with your work," Jason responded calmly.

"Yes, sir! I'm going to work really hard and contribute to the company. I'll go now! Oh, by the way, Gabrielle brought us some food today. I've put your share of coffee and cake in your office." Lolita quickly scampered off after that, leaving no room to be reprimanded or humiliated by her boss again.

Jason couldn't help smile when he saw Lolita hop away like a little rabbit. He did indeed admire Lolita, as he secretly thought her face was very cute. ①

"Hi, Jason, I'm back... I'm sorry that I have been away for such a long time,"

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Gabrielle greeted him promptly.

When Jason met Gabrielle for the first time, he knew that Gabrielle was a good friend of Austin, so he requested her to call him by his name, too, instead of "Mr. Foster".

"Brother. Hello," Austin greeted Jason obediently.

One was his cousin on father's side, and the other was his cousin on mother's side. They were directly related the same way, but Gabrielle felt that Austin had a completely different attitude towards the two brothers - Jason and Westley.

In his mind, Jason was his real brother, while Westley was his enemy.

Of course, Westley was unfriendly towards Austin too. Jason, on the other hand, really cared and loved Austin genuinely. Gabrielle had nothing to say about this because the love and respect between them was mutual.

"I'm glad you're back - this is perfect timing. Could you come to my office please? I have something to talk to you about." Jason glanced at Gabrielle and Austin.

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"Okay."

They followed Jason to his office on the third floor.

Jason's studio was a very large one, a building with five floors, despite it being his personal studio.

"Come on in." Jason pushed the door open and let them in.

When Gabrielle entered the office, she noticed it was simple but well-designed. There was the cup of coffee and a well-wrapped blueberry mousse cake that Gabrielle had ordered, which were laid on a white tea table.

She had ordered various flavors of cakes, coffee, milk tea and juice for everyone.

Lolita had selected the right cakes and coffee for Jason. It was exactly what he liked.

"Jason, try the coffee first. It's getting cold and won't taste the same after," Gabrielle urged Jason.

Workaholic designers such as themselves needed as much coffee as normal people needed air to survive. They would drink

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all kinds of coffee - hot, iced, milk. Cold coffee that was meant to be consumed while hot would never taste as delicious as when it was fresh.

"Well, sit down first." Jason opened the coffee lid and took a sip.

There was hot black coffee in his cup. It tasted fine.

"Jason, do you have something to tell me?" Gabrielle knew that Jason was not a person who would waste time. Every time he came to her, he always had a purpose.

"Firstly, are you feeling better?" Jason asked her genuinely, as he ate a piece of cake.

"Thanks for your concern. I'm much better now. I can return to work," Gabrielle answered seriously.

"That's good. I asked you to come here to tell you that the jewelry designer association in Antawood is going to hold a seminar for new and emerging designers and they have ten spots. The seminar would invite both international and domestic top jewelry designers to give lectures and share their experiences