

Chapter 346 Still Want To Be With Bryce

Westley was already lying down. He had closed his eyes and waited in anticipation for Gabrielle's massage. But when he heard her muttering words to herself, he was amused.

"Gabrielle, I'm waiting! How long will it take for you to start?" he asked. Though he pretended to be annoyed, the truth was that Westley had never been so eager for a massage. 5

It was a normal routine for him. He often had a lot of work to do, so he went for regular physical examination every month. Then he would hire a professional therapist to do some basic massage. It helped a lot to relax his body. All this was necessary, so that his physical condition would be the best.

Usually, his professional therapist waited for him on the day of his appointment. But here, Gabrielle, who was a total amateur in it, was making him wait for so long.

'What a poser Gabrielle is!'

"Westley, I'm telling you, don't be hard on me. And let me know if you feel uncomfortable at any instance." Gabrielle was getting nervous to start.

"Alright! So, shall we begin, Gabrielle?" Westley closed his eyes and waited for her to begin the massage.

Getting down on one knee, Gabrielle steadied herself. She took a deep breath and began to massage his shoulders.

She exerted a little strength, and started moving her hands back and forth, on Westley's broad shoulders.

"Westley, is the strength that I'm applying, okay for you?" Gabrielle asked while she worked her hands on his frame. ①

Her tone was as soft as her touch.

"You'll need to work up a little harder. Seriously Gabrielle, are you only good at massaging the shoulders? Keep going. A full body massage is what I would prefer!" Westley suggested.

He could hardly feel anything during the

massage. It was like Gabrielle had very little strength to do it.

That was the difference between professionals and amateurs. But for some reason, Westley was liking it. Gabrielle's hands were not big and firm. He knew it because he had held them once. They had been so soft and easy to hold.

And now, as those soft and limp hands were pressing his body back and forth, it was making him feel indescribably good.

"All right! I told you already that I'm not good at massaging. It's my first time doing it. How am I supposed to know the techniques?" Gabrielle was feeling annoyed and unhappy by Westley's criticism. ③

"In that case, it would be better if you practice more on me in the future. Trust me, I'd be willing to help you," Westley said while he was lying on the bed cozily.

'More practice? On him? He must be kidding!'

"Westley, I didn't say that I will be giving you massages more often. It's just this time." Gabrielle tried her best not to get into some deal with him.

She definitely had never thought of being Westley's full-time masseuse. She knew it would leave her exhausted.

She didn't want to do it again. And it was right to refuse now rather than later.

"Well, do you think I'd let you choose, Gabrielle?" Westley said indifferently.

Gabrielle was stunned. It was true that he hadn't said anything like that. But it was also a fact that she hadn't made any promise either.

'Westley is really going too far now!'

"You're being unreasonable, Westley. Why should I do massages for you in the future?" Gabrielle was getting irritated and wanted to quit.

"Gabrielle, I wonder since when you have decided to choose by yourself. You don't want me to look for Bryce, do you?" Westley said in a calm manner, but it had a cold and threatening tone.

'Damn it!'

This man is not only domineering, but also narrow-minded.

How dare he threaten me like this?'

Gabrielle sat staring at Westley's back for a while. She really wanted to punch him hard on the back to let him know that she was not someone with whom he should mess up.

But it was a fact that she did need his help. Therefore, Gabrielle tried to satisfy him without saying anything, any more.

"Okay, Westley. I'll give you massages as best as I can. Just forget whatever I had said." Gabrielle was compelled to immediately change her attitude.

She knew that you needed to be humble when you were trapped in a situation where you were inferior to the opposite side.

'Forget it. Westley is the boss.' She couldn't confront him all alone, so she only had to obey.

"That's the spirit, Gabrielle! Don't try to go against me. You know the consequences if someone disobeys me." Westley's words carried a heavy air of threat. He spoke so unkindly.

Surely, Gabrielle knew that this man

really meant it when he said it. He was true to his words.

"Hmm! So, have you got any information about Bryce and Nellie?" Gabrielle asked in a casual manner.

"Bryce is hiding somewhere. It's not that easy to find him now," Westley said calmly.

He spoke without any hesitation or thought.

Obviously, Bryce and Nellie hadn't hidden themselves. Rather, it was Westley who had locked them up.

He would decide about their fate later. He would either keep them in captivity or let them go whenever he wanted.

He always liked to have the final say in everything.

"Oh! When will I find him?" Gabrielle uttered softly. She felt a bit disappointed.

"I don't know. I'm not God so I cannot say anything for sure." She was annoyed at the manner in which Westley took everything for granted.

"Westley, is it really so difficult to find

them? You are capable of doing everything. Nearly everything! Then why?" Gabrielle asked him uneasily.

She was surprised that even Westley was saying that it was a difficult task. If it was difficult for him, she could imagine the ordeal faced by the people sent by Lance.

She was glad that she hadn't gone to Thailand herself. If she had gone, she would have found nothing. Rather, she wouldn't even know where to start from.

"Gabrielle, tell me something. Is Bryce so important to you?" Westley asked. He was unhappy about it but could not let her know. ①

Westley certainly knew what Bryce meant to Gabrielle. But even after all that had happened during the past several months, she still cared so much about him. He felt it was unfair.

"It doesn't matter whether he is important to me or not. I just want to find him as soon as possible. All our troubles are because of him. It is up to the doer to undo the knots he has tied. Once we find Bryce and Nellie, everything will be back to where it

should be, right?" Gabrielle said in dismay.

It was a fact that if it weren't for Bryce and Nellie, she wouldn't have had any connection with Westley. Both of them were from two different worlds. There was nothing common between them. However, fate had brought them together as a couple.

It seemed like destiny really liked to play jokes with people and their lives. It brought the two people together who weren't even supposed to know each other at all. In normal scenarios, their paths would have never crossed.

"Huh! What do you mean?" Westley asked. His eyes were closed and he tried to behave as though he didn't understand.

"Oh come on, Westley! Deep down in your heart, you know what I actually mean. It's because of those two that we had to get married. If it weren't for them, we wouldn't have known each other. Isn't it?" Gradually, Gabrielle's emotions got the better of her. She pressed him even harder, for she felt great resentment against this man.

"Don't be so naive, Gabrielle. Even if they return to the place where they're supposed to be, still things will not change. Just be realistic!" Westley said coldly.

"I..."

"Do you think about getting a divorce so that you can be with Bryce?" Westley asked. He sounded firm and cold towards her.

"No!" Gabrielle said instantly. "I haven't!" she retorted angrily.

In all this time, she had never thought of being with Bryce again. On reflecting, she realized that Westley was right. Even if Bryce and Nellie came back, things would not change. What had already happened, would remain the same way! None of them could return to the beginning.

"Good. What have you not thought about, the divorce or being with Bryce?" Westley asked cunningly.

"Neither of them!" Gabrielle replied. She didn't even think thoroughly about it. The answer just blurted out of her mouth.

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Chapter 347 His Punishment

Westley was in a good mood, and he felt as though nothing could dampen his spirits. "Gabrielle, don't go back on your word. You promised me that you won't ever divorce me and you will never be with Bryce."

"What? When did I make such promise?"

Gabrielle's brows were drawn. She stared at him in shock.

She only promised not to be with Bryce, which was no big deal because she didn't like him anymore. Besides, Bryce wasn't fond of her either, so really, there wasn't any actual issue.

But divorce was an entirely different matter. She never said anything about staying married to Westley for the rest of their lives.

"Gabrielle, you promised me. Okay? I will hold onto that as long as I'm alive. Now let's stop talking about this and just continue to give me a good massage."

Chapter 347 His Punishment

Gabrielle was about to open her mouth to say something, but Westley waved at her dismissively. He didn't want to talk about this topic anymore because he didn't want to give her any chance to renege.

Gabrielle also wanted to drop the topic. She didn't even like uttering the word divorce, and it was Westley who opened up the idea if Nellie came back.

But now, times changed. It was Westley who forbade Gabrielle to divorce him. Gabriel was equal parts impressed and amused at how cunning and devious he was.

Then, fine. She wouldn't mention it. On top of that, Westley wasn't the kind of man who would break his promise. He already gave her his word; she was sure he would follow through.

Furthermore, he vowed to look for Bryce, so Gabrielle was confident Westley would do it. He was a man of honor.

"Gabrielle, can you add a little pressure?" Westley turned to her and requested.

Gabrielle mustered all her energy and used firmer strokes to break up his tight

muscles. Admittedly, she was getting the hang of it. "Is this enough?"

There was no mistaking the anger in her tone. How could Westley not notice the shift in her mood? But he quite enjoyed it.

"Not bad. Go on." Westley was getting more and more comfortable. He shifted his body so Gabrielle could massage his sore spots. She was angry, and she put more strength than before in each stroke, but Westley wasn't bothered.

"Gabrielle, you can go all the way down. My waist feels sore." Westley's voice was muffled by the pillow, but he pointed the spot he wanted her to focus on.

Westley couldn't see her, but Gabrielle's face contorted with rage. With a clenched jaw and hostile glare at him, she was becoming increasingly irritated at the way he casually requested things. He really was treating her like his personal masseuse.

Gabrielle was so angry that she poured all her energy into kneading his waist. At the back of her mind, he was most likely going to end up with bruises tomorrow.

"Gabrielle, do you want to murder your husband? Or maybe do you want to deprive yourself of the chance to have sex with me? Why are you using too much pressure on my waist? Did that part of my body personally offend you?" Westley squirmed under her touch. He felt like his muscles were howling in pain. At the rate she was going, Westley knew he wouldn't be able to get up the next day.

This woman was scary and horrible when she was angry. Even if he couldn't see her face, he knew she was apoplectic with rage. She was taking it all out on him with her intense massaging.

Westley heard her huff, but she didn't lessen the pressure. Instead, she continued to press and knead until it became too painful for him.

"Westley, what nonsense are you talking about? I won't massage you if you keep on saying those things again!" Despite the way she snapped at him, Gabrielle felt her entire body flush at his words. She bit her lip and focused on her current task.

Westley was always talking nonsense.

'What was it he said? That I was killing my own husband and depriving myself of the chance to have sex with him? What's wrong with this guy?'

"Am I wrong, though? I'm your husband. You're mistreating me like this. If I die from the pain, it will be murder. If not, then what do you call it?" Westley kept talking to defend himself in dead earnest.

Gabrielle almost forgot that this man was Westley. He was good at arguing and manipulating. He had never lost in any negotiation—whether it was in his personal life or at work. Gabrielle calmed herself. She shouldn't quarrel with him because she was only going to lose.

"Where else do you want me to massage?" Gabrielle's voice became softer and gentler. She wasn't going to lose her temper because she would end up paying for it dearly.

"My leg," Westley demanded casually as if it was natural for him to ask his wife to do it for him.

'Fine. Then, I'll massage your leg.'

Gabrielle went on with her massage,

biting back her burning anger.

Westley had been exercising for a long time, so the muscles of his legs were toned and had definition. Unlike his back and waist, Westley's leg muscles were so hard that Gabrielle's hands became a little painful.

"Westley, your legs are too hard. Is the pressure okay?" Gabrielle's face darkened. She might as well have been massaging a brick.

"Well, it's okay. You know, a man's legs should be hard and powerful. Otherwise, how can he hold his woman?" Westley explained, sounding quite serious.

Gabrielle wanted to applaud him. No matter what she said, he always had an answer for her.

She kept her mouth shut and didn't say anything more. Then, she remembered something.

"By the way, Westley, Mia invited us to her brother's birthday party tomorrow. Are you coming with me?" Gabrielle was actually a little nervous to ask him. She waited anxiously for his response.

Chapter 347 His Punishment

She promised Mia that she would ask Westley, but she couldn't guarantee that he would accompany her to the party. 'Whatever, my task is done. It's up to him if he comes with me or not.'

"Micheal's birthday? It's the birthday party of a man I don't like. What am I going there for?" As expected, Westley wasn't thrilled at the idea of having dinner with Micheal.

Gabrielle's heart sank. Part of her knew he would react like this, but she still hoped he would attend with her.

"If you don't want to, then you don't have to go. Anyway, Mia asked me to ask you. If you want to go..."

Westley rolled over and pulled her into his arms. Gabrielle yelped at the sudden movement. Her heart pounded wildly.

"Don't mention a man's name so frequently in front of me. Understand? First, it was Bryce. Now, it's Micheal. Are you really trying my patience?" Westley whispered in her ear. Gabrielle tried to push herself up, but he wouldn't let her.

He had enough of her mentioning other men in front of him so casually.

"I... I just... Okay, okay. I won't mention anyone again. Let go of me first." Gabrielle felt uncomfortable being wrapped in his arms like this. She wanted to sit up.

"I think you've forgotten who your husband is that you're dropping other men's names like it's nothing. I may need to remind you by punishing you." Westley rolled over so that Gabrielle's back was pressed against the mattress. With his arms on either side of her, there was no escaping.

Gabrielle also didn't have the strength to resist him, so she let him 'punish' her. 2

When Gabrielle woke up, the sun was peeking through the curtains. Winter was the season when people cherished every moment the sun showed up. Anyone who saw its warm glow early in the morning would surely be in a good mood for the rest of the day.

Gabrielle smiled even though her whole body felt sore all over. With each movement, her muscles screamed in protest.

She slowly stretched her body, working

out the small kinks. Then, she got out of bed and put on a robe to bask in the sun outside the balcony.

She raised her arms and massaged the back of her neck. When she looked down, she saw Westley on his morning run in their yard. He wore an all-black sportswear. He didn't run too fast, and there was a black shadow following him at his feet.

Gabrielle smiled when she realized it was Blackboo. He had already grown, but he was still tiny and cute. He looked like a small ball beside Westley.

He didn't notice her, so Gabrielle grabbed the chance to observe him. She leaned her arms on the railing, watching both Westley and Blackboo running. She resisted clapping her hands to attract Blackboo's attention until the two were already near her.

"Blackboo!"

The man and the dog simultaneously looked at the source of the voice and saw Gabrielle on the balcony in her robe.

"Woof, woof, woof..." Blackboo was very happy to see Gabrielle. The dog gave her

a wide, panting smile and wagged its tail. Gabrielle giggled at how cute Blackboo looked.

Westley didn't say anything but smiled at her. He then began to change his course and jogged towards the house.

Gabrielle knew he must have gone inside. Within a few minutes, she heard the sound of his heavy footsteps.

She was about to head back to her room when she saw Westley standing directly behind her. He was so tall that she had to lean back a bit to look at him.

"You're already up? Why aren't you wearing enough clothes to cover yourself?" Westley was dismayed to see that she was just wearing a robe over her thin pajamas. If she continued to stand in the balcony like this, she might catch a cold.

"No, it's not cold. Can't you see the sun shining brightly today? Have you finished your morning run yet?" Gabrielle smiled sweetly at him, marveling at the way he looked so good even as he sweated profusely. It wasn't fair how handsome Westley was.

Chapter 347 His Punishment

"Yes. I'm going to take a shower now. Do you want to join me?" Westley raised his eyebrows and snickered. He crossed his arms over his chest, a naughty smile playing on his lips. ³

"I didn't run, and I just woke up. So I don't need to take a shower. You go ahead." Gabrielle pushed him gently towards the bathroom.