

Jason was once again amused. Lolita was a lovely and innocent woman.

"What are you talking about? You were so drunk last night so I took you home with me. You slept in the guest room. Nothing of that sort happened between us. You were asleep the entire time. Now that you're up, you should go take a shower. There are clothes on the sofa for you." Jason hurriedly filled her in with last night's events to ease her worries.

Lolita turned to glance at the paper bag on the couch. Jason must have sent them earlier that morning and left when he saw her fast asleep.

"Thank you, Mr. Foster. I shouldn't have gotten ahead of myself. I almost assumed the worst of you. I will forever hold your kindness in my heart," Lolita sincerely replied.

She was utterly beguiling.

"You're welcome. There's breakfast waiting for you downstairs. Come down after you finish getting ready. Let me know if you need anything." Jason was absolutely welcoming.

"Thank you, Mr. Foster!" Lolita was so agitated that she almost bowed to him.

'Damn, she's so cute.' Jason couldn't help the laughter from escaping his lips.

"You seem to have forgotten. What did you call me?" Jason reminded her.

"Ah, yes! I wouldn't dare forget again, Jason. I'm going to go ahead and shower." Lolita rushed into the bathroom with her change of clothes.

On his way downstairs, Jason couldn't keep himself from bursting into laughter again.

The moment Lolita ran into the bathroom, she locked the door and walked to the sink. She intently stared at her reflection on the mirror.

Her hair looked like a bird's nest and her face was as red as an apple. Last night's makeup had faded into a blurry mess.

'Holy hell, I can't believe Jason saw me like this.

This is so embarrassing!

I have never been so humiliated my whole life.

Fuck, I just want to die!'

It was completely unimaginable for a mere employee to wake up in her boss's house. To her, there was nothing more humiliating than having her boss see her in such a state.

She couldn't stomach seeing Jason again.

In a hurry, she washed her face and finished getting ready. She was out of the bathroom in a jiffy.

She stayed seated on the couch for a considerable amount of time. Lolita couldn't bear to see Jason after such embarrassment. She was worried that her terrible appearance would change the way Jason looked at her.

For ten minutes, Lolita did nothing but sit on the sofa. She was unfazed until Jason knocked on her door.

"Lolita, are you finished?" This time, Jason knew that she was awake. It would be inappropriate for

him to come barging in so he politely knocked.

"Jason... I... Yes, I'm ready." Lolita did not say anything more. She quickly stood up to open the door for him. Her face was still flushed from embarrassment.

"Is something the matter? You look uncomfortable. Are you okay? Do the clothes fit you right? I don't know what your size is so I assumed you were a small. I had someone send some clothes over for you." Jason glanced the dress that adorned her fragile frame.

The pink skirt looked exquisite on her. Light colors looked great on cute girls like her. Lolita looked even more adorable.

"It fits just right. Thank you, Jason." The sincerity in her voice was unparalleled.

Lolita assumed that her image was ruined, now she knew that she was just overthinking. After all, she was a nobody to him. Whatever she did wouldn't matter to Jason.

"You're welcome. Come have breakfast downstairs." A gentle smile lifted the corners of his lips. It made Lolita feel so much better.

"Okay." Lolita obediently nodded.

"Let's go?"

Jason was walking in front of Lolita as she tailed him with her phone in her hand.

While they were grazing the halls of the villa, Lolita couldn't help herself from looking around. She was excited.

"If you'd like, I can give you a tour of the villa after breakfast," Jason said. His voice was calm.

"Your home is breathtakingly beautiful." Flattery wasn't Lolita's intention. His villa, indeed, was beautiful. Its design held a statement. It was unique. It was as if he designed it himself.

"I designed everything. There's nothing like it." Jason smiled.

Lolita laughed at his words. She was right.

'No wonder it looks so special. He designed it himself.'

"It's gorgeous. Surely, professional designers like you are not limited to jewelry designing. You can also achieve something like this. When I get my own house in the future, I'd like to design it myself as well." The matter piqued Lolita's interest.

She thought that it would be best if she designed her own home.

"That sounds great. Let me know if you need anything. Maybe I can help you. Have you considered settling down in Antawood?" Jason casually asked.

"Settle down in Antawood?" This had never crossed Lolita's mind. She didn't know how to respond.

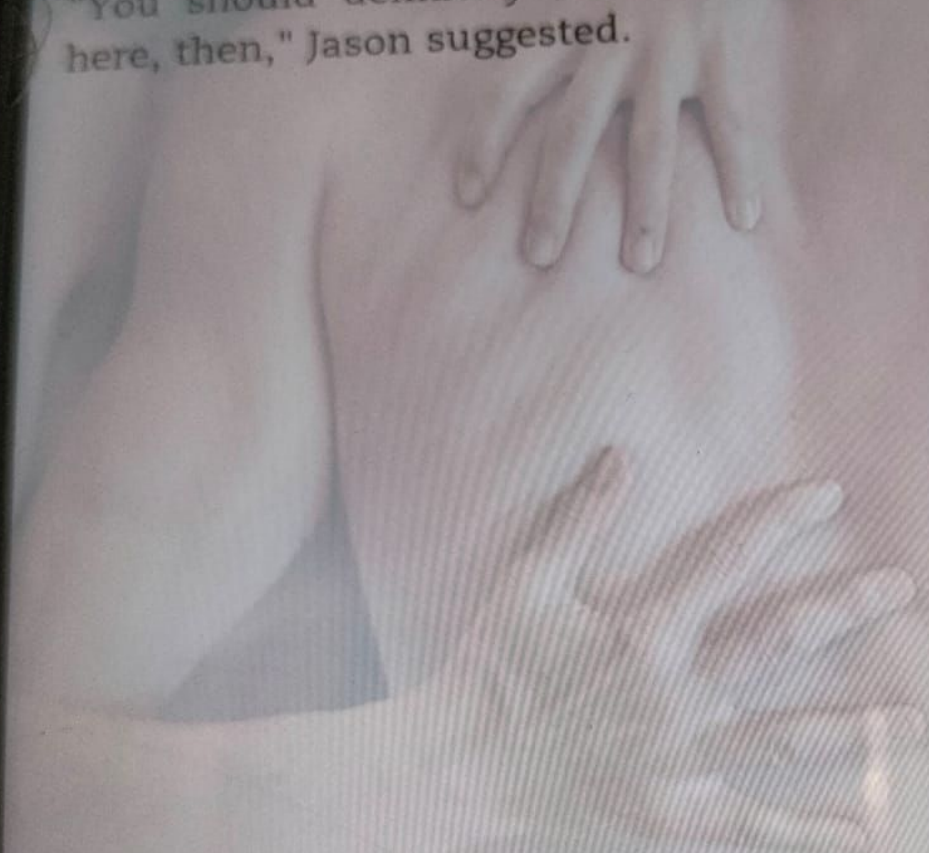
"I know you live in Ensfield but that isn't too far away from Antawood. The climate and the views are quite similar. People from Ensfield could easily adapt to the living conditions in Antawood. You've been here for over six months. Have you grown accustomed to the place?" Jason asked.

"You're right. They're quite similar. It didn't take

Chapter 428 Hav...

me much to get used to living here," Lolita replied.

"You should definitely think about settling down here, then," Jason suggested.



Chapter 429 Bear A Grudge Against Her

Lolita had never thought about settling down in Antawood.

For her, she would forever be a resident of Ensfield. Lolita's roots and her family were deeply embedded in that place. The man who had her heart was also from Ensfield. ②

Antawood was her temporary residence. There was no reason for her to settle down in that place.

"I'll think about it." Lolita was terrified that if she refused once more, it would cause displeasure to Jason. ①

"No rush. Let's have some breakfast first." He led her into the dining room.

The hunger in her insides made Lolita swallow hard when she laid her eyes on the sumptuous and carefully prepared breakfast spread.

"Sit down. You look famished." The evident greed on her face made Jason burst into laughter.

"Okay."

Without a hint of hesitation, Lolita sat down and began to devour her meal. After all, Jason had already seen the worst of her. There was no reason for Lolita to act all womanly in front of him anymore.

When she hastily finished her breakfast, Lolita got ready to leave. She had her dirty laundry with her.

"Mr. Foster, thank you for taking me in last night. I'll be going home first and then to the company. I'm worried that I would be marked absent at work today." Dark clouds were brooding over Lolita's face.

"I'm the boss. Don't worry about it. I can drive you to the office. You don't have to take a cab," Jason offered as he took his car keys out.

His words caused her to wave her hands in the air.

"No! I don't want to drag your name into the mud. You can go ahead. I'll go home first. Then I will go to the company as soon as possible. It's more than enough for me that I won't be marked absent at work." In a hurry, Lolita took her phone out to call a taxi.

'How could he drive me there? I wouldn't have an explanation if anyone saw the two of us together!'

Lolita had perfect knowledge that she had to avoid arousing rumors that linked her to her boss.

"Okay then. I'll drive you home first. You can go to the office from there. Booking a cab from here is quite difficult," Jason replied calmly.

It was, indeed, difficult to book a taxi from his villa. Upon checking her app, there were no taxis nearby.

That was exactly why she didn't like the extravagance of these villas. They were so far away from the city. One would have to own a car to live there.

"Thank you, Mr. Foster," Lolita had great decorum. She quickly got into his car and obediently sat down.

It was almost noon when Lolita arrived at the office.

"Lolita, are you okay?" Gabrielle asked the moment she saw Lolita. The scream she heard when she talked to Lolita over the phone made her extremely worried.

"I am. I'm sorry I scared you," Lolita apologized.

She couldn't tell Gabrielle that she slept over at Jason's villa last night. She was afraid that Gabrielle would misunderstand her relationship with Jason.

"I'm glad to hear that you're fine. We'll explain what happened last night to Jason. I'm sure he'll understand. Vivian arrived with a cloud over her face earlier today. I heard that her team's project isn't going too well. She scolded her team twice this morning. It must have something to do with what transpired last night. After all, I exposed her in front of so many people. You even poured wine over her. How could she possibly be in a good mood? Keep your vigilance when you see her today," Gabrielle reminded her.

"I know. I wouldn't want to mess with her today. If I see her, I won't stand in her way." Lolita knew that the most important thing she should do was keep herself safe.

However, if Vivian tried anything funny, she wouldn't hesitate to fight back.

"We don't have to talk to Mr. Foster. I've already told him about it," Lolita added.

"Did you make things clear?" Gabrielle was taken aback.

"I did. You don't have to talk to him about it

anymore." Lolita no longer wanted to burden herself with last night's events. The past was the past.

It wasn't their fault anyway.

"Okay, that's good. I have plans later today so I won't be here in the afternoon. If you meet Vivian, remember to avoid her. Even though she's afraid of your cousin, I'm sure she would do whatever to get her way," Gabrielle warned.

"Don't worry. I won't let anyone step on me. I've always relied on my capabilities. My cousin wasn't there before. It's still the same way now." Vivian could not faze her.

"Okay. I have to go." With those last words, Gabrielle took her bag and left.

Melissa sent Gabrielle the restaurant's address. Gabrielle didn't want to make her wait so she arrived earlier. On the way to meet Melissa, Gabrielle dropped by the mall to buy her a present. It was Christmas tomorrow after all. ①

She meticulously chose a silk scarf that matched Melissa's temperament. Gabrielle was worried that Melissa wouldn't like her gift. After all, Melissa seemed to have everything.

Despite that, Gabrielle was still determined to let Melissa feel her kindness.

After deciding on her gift, Gabrielle also picked a Christmas gift for Wendy.

Wendy never liked any of Gabrielle's gifts. ①

Gabrielle had perfect knowledge that as long as Wendy despised her, she would hate all of her presents as well.

"Please wrap these silk scarves nicely. Thank you."
When Gabrielle handed the two silk scarves to the shop assistant, she caught a glimpse of the lighter counter not too far away from where she was.

There were an array of luxury lighters. Westley was a smoker so she thought of buying him one.

Westley's birthday was the same day as Christmas. 'Hmm... If I buy him a lighter and bake a birthday cake for him, would it count as a double surprise?'

Gabrielle wondered as she walked to the aisle where the lighters were displayed.

They were indeed luxurious. The designs looked strong but elegant at the same time. They were also ridiculously expensive.

But the gift was for Westley. It would be a good choice.

"Can I take a look at the two of these..."

"I want both of these. Please have them packed." A voice interrupted Gabrielle before she could even finish voicing out her request.

It was Cherie. She looked at Gabrielle with apparent disgust.

It was a known fact that Cherie hated her but they seemed to come across each other often. The world was indeed small.

"Please show me this one instead." Gabrielle did not want to go through the trouble of arguing with Cherie so she asked to see a different lighter instead. This one was silver and had the number '12' engraved on it.

Chapter 429 Bear A Grudge Against Her

It was only appropriate since Westley's birthday fell on a December. It was perfect.

"I want this one as well," Cherie exclaimed. ①

Gabrielle could no longer stand it. "Cherie, do you have to be so vindictive?" ②

Gabrielle wouldn't go that far. She refused to compete with Cherie like this.

"Cherie, I'm not in the mood to play such boring games with you. Since you want to buy them, then go and buy them all. I'll go to another shop to buy one, or do you plan to buy all the lighters in the city today?" Gabrielle raised her eyebrows and looked at Cherie, wondering if she was going to make things difficult for her today. It wasn't beyond Cherie to do something so petty.

Cherie was initially stunned when she heard what Gabrielle said. Suddenly, something flared in her eyes—a flash of ruthlessness—that surprised Gabrielle and took her aback.

"Gabrielle, what the hell do you want from me?" Cherie asked Gabrielle first. Her tone became increasingly cold and vicious. She crossed her arms over her chest and eyed Gabrielle up and down.

The question baffled Gabrielle. She tilted her head to the side and looked at Cherie in confusion.

"Cherie, what do you mean? Can you make it clearer? What do I want? What can I do to you? Really?" Gabrielle didn't know what to make of it. Was Cherie being deliberately cryptic? What was this?

Gabrielle hated it when people said anything puzzling and unclear. She always preferred those who were direct and straightforward. Cherie was playing the victim card, which only disgusted Gabrielle.

"What do I mean? Stop acting innocent and then taking others' kindness for granted. You never appreciate anything like that at all!" Cherie kept

blaming Gabrielle. She was so tunnel-sighted, and she felt like everything Gabrielle did was wrong.

Gabrielle's initial irritation gave way to total confusion. She had no idea what she did wrong, what Cherie thought she did to warrant such accusation. Somehow, it made Gabrielle feel bad.

There should always be a reason why people treated others like this. It was too unjust to accuse someone of doing something when that person had no idea what it was. If Gabrielle had done anything to offend Cherie, she should have just said it clearly!

What was more, Cherie was always against her. She always seized every opportunity to bring Gabrielle down and make trouble for her. Cherie was also impressively good at exaggerating things and blowing them out of proportion.

Last time, it was about the dress, and now, it was the lighter. What was wrong with Cherie? Was it because she was used to hating Gabrielle no matter where they were?

"Cherie, you need to give a valid reason before you pronounce someone guilty. Why are you doing this to me? Why are you making up these stories?" Gabrielle couldn't rein in her frustration anymore. She hated it when people went above and beyond to make trouble for her.

"Gabrielle, Lance has always been so good to you. Why are you taking it for granted? You selfishly enjoy his kindness, but you never think of giving back to him!" Cherie was red in the face, and her voice was getting louder.

Suddenly, something clicked in Gabrielle's mind.

Sure enough, it was related to Lance again. The animosity between her and Cherie usually stemmed from anything and everything related to Lance. ①

"Cherie, Lance has always been nice to me. He's been concerned for my welfare since I was a child. What's the point of asking me this now? Why don't you just go to him and tell him to stop being so good to me instead of constantly making trouble for me whenever we meet?" Gabrielle didn't wait for Cherie to explain further. She turned around and was about to leave.

She didn't want to buy the lighter here anymore, so she decided to try a different shop instead.

She had already decided to buy a Christmas gift for Westley, so she wanted to pick something that was personal and reflected her sincerity. If ever she didn't find anything that satisfied her, she would have lunch with Melissa first, then she would spend the entire afternoon carefully choosing the gift.

Gabrielle knew she would find something to her liking.

"Don't be so smug!" Cherie clenched her fist and widened her eyes at Gabrielle. Her fury was now in full force.

Gabrielle was shocked at Cherie's open hostility. Even so, she didn't take the bait. She simply walked towards the silk scarf shop without stopping.

She was not smug. She always kept a low profile, and she was conscious of her actions—that she wouldn't offend anyone or act arrogant.

However, since Cherie couldn't win Lance's love and affection, she kept on finding fault with others.

Instead of reflecting on herself, Cherie became hateful.

Even if she could get rid of Gabrielle, there would be another woman by Lance's side. Cherie was acting like Gabrielle was the root cause of her emotional suffering.

If Cherie didn't do anything to improve herself—attitude-wise—she would never be Lance's girlfriend. She could wear the fanciest clothes and most expensive jewels, and Lance still wouldn't reciprocate her love.

"Did you hear what I said?" Gabrielle ignored Cherie. She realized this conversation was going nowhere. Cherie, who was looking at Gabrielle's retreating back, smoldered with resentment.

Cherie hurried over and grabbed Gabrielle's arm, as if she was willing to turn this into a physical fight.

Gabrielle first stared at Cherie's hand on her arm before her eyes landed on Cherie's flushed face.

"Cherie, this is a shopping mall—a public place with lots of people around. Are you sure you want to do this? Do you want to be humiliated here? If you want to act like a woman without class or breeding, then go ahead. Don't involve me in this undignified actions of yours. I have no interest in whatever you want to accomplish, so let go of me!" Gabrielle's voice was low, but the threat was unmistakable. There was no need to be polite if Cherie was acting so immature and unseemly.

"Gabrielle, I just want..." Cherie withdrew her hand slowly and seemed to be at a loss for words. She looked like she was in a dilemma.

Gabrielle finally understood what was going on. Cherie didn't mean her any harm. She needed Gabrielle's help, but she didn't know how to ask for it.

"Cherie, if you have something to tell me, just tell me directly and politely. We are not enemies. I have nothing against you. There's no need to act like two people who deeply hate each other." Gabrielle rubbed her arm that Cherie grabbed and pulled. Cherie was petite, but her strength was quite admirable.

"Gabrielle, I just want to ask you a question. I hope you can answer me honestly. Don't you really like Lance? The kind of love that a woman reserves for her man?" Cherie hesitated for a long time, but she finally found the courage to speak directly.

Cherie had known it for a long time that Lance liked Gabrielle. Although they were cousins on paper, the two of them were not related by blood at all. So it was not surprising that Lance ended up having feelings for Gabrielle.

For example, Gabrielle had loved Bryce—the man she called brother for many years.

Gabrielle didn't expect such a question from Cherie, so she looked at Cherie uneasily. Gabrielle shifted her weight.

The atmosphere between the two became so awkward that the silence stretched on. After what seemed like an eternity, Gabrielle opened her mouth and spoke slowly.

"Cherie, Lance is my cousin. I have always respected him, and I'm thankful for his kindness. Now I'm Westley's wife, and I'll be loyal to my

Chapter 430 Her Love For Him

husband. Do you understand?" Cherie even asked her if she liked Lance the way a woman liked a man...

Gabrielle looked at Cherie helplessly and smiled. How could she ask such a stupid question? If Gabrielle felt that way about Lance, they would have been a couple since a long time ago.

"I'll be totally relieved if you really treat Lance as your brother," Cherie said in a soft voice. She finally felt at ease, as if a huge weight was lifted off her shoulders.

Chapter 431 Don't Wait For Others To Offer You Happiness

Cherie didn't deem it necessary assume that about Gabrielle and Lance.

However, Lance was awfully nice to Gabrielle.

He was thoughtful, with or without her knowledge. It didn't seem like the love shared by two cousins. It was more so like the love between a man and a woman.

Cherie couldn't get half the amount of affection he exerted on Gabrielle.

"Cherie, I have nothing to say to your stupid question. I love Lance like an older brother. Don't get the wrong idea." Gabrielle was irate.

"Gabrielle, I only thought of that because I care about Lance deeply. He..."

"Cherie, Lance is nice to me but only to a reasonable level. He never overstepped the boundaries and never did anything unethical. You shouldn't question his morals no matter how much affection you have for him. This could only mean one thing... You don't trust him at all. If that's really the case, I suggest you give him up. Only by letting him go can you free yourself from your worries." Gabrielle's words cut deep into Cherie's heart.

Irritation flooded Gabrielle's insides when Cherie asked her that question. She shouldn't have doubted her relationship with Lance.

"It's not what you think. I trust him with all my heart. I've liked him for years. I only did that because I care too much. I don't want to marry anybody else. I will never let him go," Cherie replied.

'How could I give up on Lance?'

"I couldn't care less about what you've done to me in the past because of Lance. But from here on out, I hope you understand. You shouldn't meddle with me and Lance anymore. I won't be as patient as I am now the next time you do it." The tone of Gabrielle's voice was commanding.

Admittedly, Cherie knew that her question was a little too much.

Gabrielle's anger was valid. Cherie should've thought about it before she voiced out her words.

"You're right. It's my fault. I wouldn't dare ask something that stupid again." Cherie was prideful.

However, since she knew that it was her mistake, she had no reason to deny it.

"Stop dragging my name into the mud and involving me in your relationship. You should work your ass off if you really want to be with him. Surely, I wouldn't be the only woman around him that would arouse your suspicion. Instead of being so jealous, you should try your best to catch up with him. If you can't keep up eventually, I suggest that you let him go. You will never be truly happy if you don't." Gabrielle was sure of her words.

The moment Gabrielle found out that she was in love with Bryce was the same time she discovered that Cherie liked Lance.

Despite that, she had always had a secret crush on him. It was odd for Lance to know about it without her telling him.

What mattered was that she should be courageous enough to express her feelings. Whatever the result was, she wouldn't regret it.

It was quite similar to what happened between Gabrielle and Bryce.

She was young when she confessed, however Gabrielle was rejected.

For a considerable amount of time, Bryce avoided her like a plague. That caused a great deal of pain to Gabrielle's heart. She regretted letting him know how she felt.

But not, she preferred things this way. Gabrielle would rather expose her feelings than keep everything a secret.

She tried her best to figure out what was going on in his mind. If he felt the same way about her, they would fall madly in love with each other.

It wasn't a secret that Cherie adored Lance even though she hadn't confessed yet.

Whatever the outcome may be, it was better than suffering alone.

"You're right, Gabrielle. I am a coward. I can't even tell him how I feel. I can't even hold a candle to the amount of courage you have. I guess I'm just afraid of being rejected." Suddenly, Cherie's mood turned somber.

Cherie had always had a high self-esteem. She was

as proud as a princess. She kept all of her thoughts locked up in her mind.

No matter how lonely she got, her face would always be adorned with a gorgeous smile.

She was always determined to keep a jolly facade to hide her true feelings.

"If you only love him from afar, you will never get a real chance with him." Gabrielle didn't mean to be so hard on her. All she wanted was to be truthful.

If Cherie did not change her mindset, she would never know how much Lance loved her.

"I think men should make the first move. If Lance is indeed in love with me, he will take the initiative to show me." Cherie was quite hesitant with her words.

Gabrielle pitied her emotional intelligence. "Cherie, you have to fight for your happiness. If you always wait for other people to take the first step, you could only take what is offered. You will be scouring for leftovers." ①

It wasn't Gabrielle's intention to meddle with Cherie's business, especially when her personal matter was involved. The two of them were like cats and dogs, after all.

However, seeing Cherie in this state made Gabrielle want to give her a piece of her mind.

After all, Lance was her cousin and he had always been nice to her. As a matter of fact, Gabrielle believed that Cherie would be good for him. She would definitely support their relationship.

What mattered was that Cherie loved him with all

her heart.

"Yeah... I should chase my own happiness. It's quite simple. I don't know why that never crossed my mind. Thank you, Gabrielle." Cherie was grateful.

Gabrielle was taken aback the moment she heard Cherie say her thanks. She couldn't believe that Cherie said something like that.

Just a few minutes earlier, Cherie wanted to tear her apart. It was odd that Cherie thanked her like they were friends. Gabrielle was horrified.

"Don't thank me. I can't afford it. It's enough for me that you don't consider me as an enemy anymore," Gabrielle replied.

Cherie felt embarrassed. She had been hostile to Gabrielle because she assumed that there was something going on between her and Lance.

"I wonder if Lance constantly keeps in touch with you. He hasn't been taking my calls. It's been a while since I last met him. It's Christmas tomorrow. I want to spend it with him," Cherie said.

Lately, Lance never answered her calls and texts no matter what she said. Cherie even went through the trouble of going to his house and his office but still, she couldn't seem to get a hold of him.

It was obvious that Lance was avoiding her. But she was sure Lance would keep in touch with Gabrielle no matter what.

'Just how important is Gabrielle to Lance? He seemed to have disappeared from the face of the earth and I bet he still keeps in touch with her.'

Chapter 432 A Lunch For Two

Lance had been helping Gabrielle with matters regarding Bryce, but she hadn't paid him much attention. She had gotten her hands tied up with her own issues, so she didn't have time to think about anything else.

That was why she had no idea how to answer Cherie.

"I'm sorry, Cherie. I haven't seen Lance recently. We're not as close as you think, so I have no idea what he's up to," Gabrielle answered truthfully.

There was no point in lying.

Cherie thought she was being honest. Lance seemed out of Gabrielle's radar these days.

Maybe she was overthinking it. Like what she heard, maybe Gabrielle and Lance weren't really close.

"I see." Although Cherie felt disappointed, there was nothing she could do.

She had been mean to Gabrielle before. Forcing her would only make Cherie look bad.

"Cherie, if you like Lance, just go for it. Maybe one day, he'll notice you, but nothing will happen if you just keep admiring him secretly," Gabrielle said, taking her gift bag.

Cherie watched Gabrielle leave until she disappeared through the exit. She was gone, but her words lingered in Cherie's mind.

If she wouldn't confess, then she would never have the chance of being Mrs. Carter.

Surprisingly, Gabrielle was more level-headed. The next step was now clear to her.

All this time, Cherie had been jealous of Gabrielle. Unlike her, Gabrielle was brave. Cherie never had the courage to do what Gabrielle did.

Long before, Gabrielle told Bryce how she felt about him. She bore the consequences of being hated and disgusted by him and everyone else.

Gabrielle was just fighting for her own happiness. No one could ever dare to do the same. Those people who judged her were truly disgusting. 2

Gabrielle went to the restaurant and looked for her mentor. They sat down, exchanging smiles.

"Ms. Glyn, tomorrow is Christmas. Since you aren't going to spend the day in Antawood, allow me to greet you in advance. Merry Christmas! I've prepared a little something for you. I hope you like it." Gabrielle bowed, offering her gift.

Melissa's eyes lit up in joy as she took the bag. "A scarf! How lovely, Gabrielle. Thank you."

Melissa wasn't expecting Gabrielle would give her a gift. Fortunately, she prepared one for her mentee too.

"Gabrielle, this is a book on jewelry design. It's one of my favorites and I want you to have it." Melissa handed her a set of books.

There were three books in this set, so it was a little heavy, but Gabrielle was all the more excited. "Oh

gosh... these are out-of-print now. Is it really okay for me to have these?" "Of course. I have a spare at home, so this one is all yours. Besides, after studying it for years, I've practically memorized the whole book." Melissa laughed. "I hope you find it useful."

"Thank you so much, Ms. Glyn! I will study even harder!" Gabrielle promised.

"Honestly, this was so hard to find. It's always out of stock. I couldn't even find it abroad." One look at the cover and Gabrielle knew what kind of book it was.

She had been searching for it for a long time, but to no avail.

Gabrielle hadn't expected that Melissa would give her exactly what she had been looking for. It was unbelievable.

"Seems that I've got the right one for you. Promise me you'll read it." Melissa felt delighted seeing the excitement on Gabrielle's face.

"I will, Ms. Glyn. It's amazing. This must be the best Christmas gift I've ever received." If Gabrielle wasn't so shy, she would have reached out to hug Melissa.

She held herself back because she didn't want to make her mentor uncomfortable.

"I'm glad you like it, Gabrielle. I was worried you'd find it boring."

That was what concerned her the most.

But seeing Gabrielle's reaction, her worries disappeared.

"Oh not at all, Ms. Glyn; I adore books and there's so much I can learn from them. I'll never be bored because I can experience various worlds through books." Gabrielle was giddy. She would always share more when she talked about the things she enjoyed.

"You're right." Melissa nodded, seeing the twinkle in Gabrielle's eyes.

Melissa herself enjoyed reading a variety of books, not only those about jewelry design. She would usually buy two sets, one for reading and one to keep for her collection.

She didn't feel like lending books to others, let alone giving them away. Especially to someone she barely knew.

But when she met Gabrielle in Antawood, for the first time, she felt different towards her. ②

She had a good first impression of Gabrielle and instantly wanted to be friends with her.

She couldn't understand why she liked her right away when they met. Maybe it was because Gabrielle was a nice person with a warm heart. Even though she admired Melissa a lot, she wasn't a suck-up like everybody else. ③

Gabrielle was diligent and hardworking.

That made Melissa appreciate her from bottom of her heart. She asked her family to send the book from Ensfield. She didn't want to put her in an awkward position, so she thought giving the books as a Christmas present was a good excuse.

Otherwise, it would have been hard to persuade

Gabrielle to take them.

"Ms. Glyn, I'm truly grateful. I'll cherish it," Gabrielle said firmly. She didn't want to disappoint Melissa.

"I believe you will." Melissa was confident Gabrielle wouldn't let her down.

"By the way, will Jackson come? I didn't see him in the office." Gabrielle almost forgot to ask Melissa about him.

"Jackson can't come this noon because he has some business to attend to, but he had breakfast with me today. Anyway, isn't a lunch for two much cozier?" Melissa smiled.

Chapter 433 Reluctant To Part

Gabrielle was dying to have dinner with Melissa. She was teeming with excitement.

Sharing a meal with her idol meant the world to her. She was without a doubt, fangirling.

"I would love to have dinner with you, Ms. Glyn. What time is your flight? I can see you off at the airport." Hiding her excitement was particularly difficult for Gabrielle.

The closer she got to Melissa, the more approachable she found she was. In Gabrielle's eyes, Melissa would never fail to ignite her excitement.

"It's alright. Thank you. Jackson has booked me a chauffeur. I can leave from the hotel to the airport right away. I don't want to cause you any trouble." A gentle smile adorned Melissa's beautiful face.

Going back and forth from the hotel to the airport took more than an hour. It would take 30 minutes more if something was delayed. Melissa did not want to waste Gabrielle's precious time.

"I swear! It's okay! I have nothing to do this afternoon anyway. I picked you up when you came so it's just right that I drop you off." Gabrielle looked at her with expecting eyes.

Melissa was touched by her sincerity. Gabrielle really gave warmth to everything she grazes.

"Alright then. It's all up to you. I just hope that it wouldn't take too much of your time. Come, let's order. Tell me what you like and don't like. I'll help

you pick." Melissa took the menu in her hand and began to order.

"I'm allergic to seafood. Other than that, there's nothing else I don't eat." Gabrielle's insides were flooded with shame. ①

There was nothing she could do about her allergies.

"You're allergic to seafood?" It was strange. Melissa was quite taken aback by what she said.

"Ms. Glyn, is something the matter?" There was an awkward look on Gabrielle's face. She wondered if Melissa changed the way she looked at her just because she was allergic to seafood.

"Nothing. It just... Feels like fate. I'm allergic to seafood as well. I don't like onions and dishes that are too rich." The corners of Melissa lips lifted up with a smile. ③

Gabrielle breathed a sigh of relief as she looked at Melissa in disbelief. ①

"Ms. Glyn, maybe we were destined to meet. There are a lot of people allergic to seafood but I didn't expect you to be one of them. I don't like onions either but I don't say it out loud because other people might be put off by it," Gabrielle replied. The tone of her voice was serious. It was indescribable fate that put them together.

The smile in Melissa's eyes grew deeper as she looked at Gabrielle. She believed that destiny paved the way for them to meet. She wanted to be closer to her. They had a lot in common. Even their allergies were similar.

"There's nothing to be ashamed of. Everybody was born differently. Your parents worked hard to raise

you pick." Melissa took the menu in her hand and began to order.

"I'm allergic to seafood. Other than that, there's nothing else I don't eat." Gabrielle's insides were flooded with shame. ①

There was nothing she could do about her allergies.

"You're allergic to seafood?" It was strange. Melissa was quite taken aback by what she said.

"Ms. Glyn, is something the matter?" There was an awkward look on Gabrielle's face. She wondered if Melissa changed the way she looked at her just because she was allergic to seafood.

"Nothing. It just... Feels like fate. I'm allergic to seafood as well. I don't like onions and dishes that are too rich." The corners of Melissa lips lifted up with a smile. ③

Gabrielle breathed a sigh of relief as she looked at Melissa in disbelief. ①

"Ms. Glyn, maybe we were destined to meet. There are a lot of people allergic to seafood but I didn't expect you to be one of them. I don't like onions either but I don't say it out loud because other people might be put off by it," Gabrielle replied. The tone of her voice was serious. It was indescribable fate that put them together.

The smile in Melissa's eyes grew deeper as she looked at Gabrielle. She believed that destiny paved the way for them to meet. She wanted to be closer to her. They had a lot in common. Even their allergies were similar.

"There's nothing to be ashamed of. Everybody was born differently. Your parents worked hard to raise

you well. You should be thankful to them. Don't forget to show gratitude to yourself as well," Melissa explained.

Melissa had been allergic to seafood the moment she was birthed into this world. Despite that, she never thought of it as a flaw.

She hoped that Gabrielle would think the same.

"I know. It's not that I'm ashamed. I just don't want to be a burden to other people." Gabrielle smiled awkwardly.

She always thought that she cared about other people more than she cared about herself. Gabrielle did not know that the people close to her couldn't care less about such a trivial thing.

"Don't be so serious. I don't feel like having an argument with you. Since we have the same condition, you should be at ease in front of me. Don't be too nervous. There's no reason for you to feel like you're a burden to me," Melissa assured.

Gabrielle's heart softened at the sound of her words. "I know, Mrs. Glyn. I promise I won't do it again. For the first time in my life, I appreciate my allergy. It's one thing we have in common."

Gabrielle's happiness brought great joy into Melissa's heart.

"You cute little fool. Come, let's order now." Melissa shook her head and smiled.

"Let's have whatever you want." Gabrielle was teeming with excitement.

She still couldn't believe the fact that she and Melissa shared the same thing.

After lunch, the two women returned to the hotel. After Melissa picked up her luggage, they went to the airport.

Before Melissa stepped foot inside the car, she tried to dissuade Gabrielle from taking her to the airport. "Gabrielle, having lunch with you today made me so happy. You really don't have to take me to the airport."

"Let's get in, Ms. Glyn. I want to take you there. Don't you want me to?" Gabrielle was determined to see her off. Once she set her mind on something, she would do everything in her power to do it.

"Okay then. Take me to the airport." Melissa couldn't bring herself to refuse anymore. Deep inside, she wanted to spend more time with Gabrielle.

The two chatted all the way to the airport. When they arrived, Gabrielle updated Westley about where she was. She was worried that Westley would have trouble finding her in case he had something to tell her. 5

The ticket checking took a little over thirty minutes. Gabrielle kept Melissa company at the VIP room. If she hadn't, Melissa would have been very uncomfortable sitting there alone.

Luckily, the two of them never seemed to run out of things to talk about. There was no hint of boredom or dead air between the two of them. Melissa and Gabrielle both felt like they didn't want to part ways. Unfortunately, it was time for Melissa to go through security.

"After the New Year, training will resume. We can

meet again. You have to work hard," she gave Gabrielle a gentle reminder.

"I know, Ms. Glyn. I will study hard and try my best to grow even more. I will be better the next time you see me." Gabrielle obediently nodded.

"I'm looking forward to seeing an improved version of you. I know you won't let me down." Melissa had never thought so highly of a young junior.

"I promise to make you proud. I'm looking forward to seeing you again. I hope you will let me fetch you then," Gabrielle replied as she happily waved at her.

"You should go back earlier, then." Melissa passed by the security and went in.

Gabrielle was reluctant to turn her back on her. She stood there for a while until she felt a pair of small hands holding her thigh. It was a child. 4

Chapter 434 They Pet Their Wife So Much

Gabrielle was momentarily taken aback when she felt tiny hands on her leg.

She wondered whose kid had mistaken her as her mother until she looked down and saw Tammy's mesmerizingly huge eyes. She grinned.

"Tammy, what are you doing here?"

Gabrielle asked. She squatted down so she and the child were both at eye level. Tammy's face was so adorable that Gabrielle couldn't help herself from pinching her rosy cheeks.

It was an odd surprise for Tammy to be at the airport. Gabrielle remembered clearly that the last time she saw her here, Tammy was cradled in Westley's strong arms.

She wondered what business this little child had here this time. Gabrielle looked around and saw Westley and Bonnie walking towards their direction. The moment her eyes met theirs, she knew why Tammy was at this place. They brought her to the airport.

Tammy was too young to travel alone. After all, it was a long way home from the Morris' Mansion.

"Little mommy, I'm here with mommy and little daddy. Daddy will be back soon. I recognized you the moment I saw you. Aren't I smart?" Tammy had a proud look on her face. Her bragging was without a doubt, adorable.

"Mommy, little daddy... I was right! It's little mommy! I knew it!" Tammy turned to look at the two adults. She was delighted as she talked about how clever she was.

"Yes... You're amazing Tammy. You never make mistakes!" Bonnie gave Tammy a pat on the head.

"Gabrielle, what are you doing here? When Tammy ran to you, I thought she had mistaken you for someone else," Bonnie asked with curiosity.

"Did you know that daddy would come home today? You came to pick him up as well, right?" Tammy's voice was expecting.

"I saw Ms. Glyn off. Now I'm with you to wait for your daddy," Gabrielle replied as she rubbed the little girl's head.

Her reply sent joy to Tammy's heart. "See! I'm right again!"

"Of course you are! Tammy is the smartest!" This little girl had a special place in Gabrielle's heart. She could spend the entire day with her without getting bored at all.

Bonnie held her hand and warned, "You shouldn't run about next time. This place is ginormous. People are all over the place. If you get lost, I wouldn't be able to find you."

"Okay, mommy. I promise not to do it again. I was just so excited to see little mommy. I wouldn't have if it was someone else." The little girl pouted.

"You were just so sure that the woman was little mommy, huh?" Bonnie still couldn't believe how easily her daughter recognized Gabrielle amongst

the huge crowd in the airport.

"It was little daddy..."

"Gabrielle, did Ms. Glyn leave already?" Westley interrupted the little girl from speaking any more.

It turned out that Westley was the one who told Tammy that he saw Gabrielle. Otherwise, with her height, she wouldn't have been able to see Gabrielle from where they were as they were quite far from where Gabrielle stood.

Westley knew everything about Gabrielle by heart. He could easily recognize her with just one look, even from afar.

"Yeah. She just boarded. What time is Wilson's arrival?" Gabrielle changed the topic.

"Daddy will be here at four," Tammy answered right away.

"Four o'clock?" "It's an hour before four. Aren't they a little too early?" Gabrielle thought.

However, she didn't say anything in fear of being rude.

"I hate waiting! It's just three. I can't wait for daddy to arrive. I miss him so much." Tammy pouted. She was excited to see her father.

Tammy and Wilson had a tight relationship. His absence, albeit only for just one day, made the little girl long for him terribly.

Knowing that her father was bound to come home today, Tammy was excited beyond words. Among all of the people related to Wilson, she was the one who missed him the most.

"We had planned on leaving for the airport at three in the afternoon when Westley offered to keep us company. However, he requested for us to go earlier. I wondered why but when I saw you, I finally understood. His intention of being here was to meet you. Wilson might end up feeling heartbroken when he finds out," Bonnie said with a smile.

Bonnie's words cleared up all of the questions in Gabrielle's mind. Westley came with them to see her.

The simple gesture tugged on her heartstrings. She was just wondering if she should take a bus or taxi home.

But then, her husband miraculously showed up. It felt like being saved by a hero.

He was always there when she needed him.

"Don't let Wilson know. It might disappoint him," Gabrielle suggested.

"Don't worry. He wouldn't know. Besides, as long as his daughter is here, he wouldn't really care if Westley was here or not." Bonnie smiled.

It was true. A father's priority was indeed his daughter.

"It looks like Wilson loves Tammy very much. They must be very close." Gabrielle had yet to meet Wilson but she could tell from the way Tammy desperately wanted to see her father that they had a tight bond with each other.

"You don't have the slightest idea of how much Wilson spoils her. Do you know what we do for a

living?" Bonnie asked.

It confused Gabrielle.

She had no idea how to answer Bonnie's question.

All she knew was that they owned a large business in Italy. After Wilson married Bonnie, he moved to Italy to help them run the company.

Bonnie was the eldest daughter of the Campbell Family. Wilson's love for her drove him to willingly give up everything and move to Italy for her.

Gabrielle knew nothing about their livelihood.

"Actually... I'm not quite sure," she replied.

Awkwardness was evident in the tone of her voice.

Bonnie giggled when she caught glimpse of the look on Gabrielle's face. "It doesn't matter. I'll tell you all about it!"

A wicked smile spread across Bonnie's lips. It caught Westley's eye and he immediately pulled Gabrielle to his side. "Bonnie, you don't have to tell her. She's not a member of your family. All she has to know is what I do. That's enough." ①

Bonnie did not know what to say. Westley's protective instinct filled her heart with warmth.

She did not expect Westley to care so much about his wife. Bonnie assumed that their lightning marriage was without love.

The two men were both pets to their respective wives. However, it seemed like Westley's feelings were more intense than Wilson's. His love was more reserved.

Chapter 434 They Pet Their Wife So Much

They were, without a doubt, family. Their attitudes towards love were ridiculously similar.

"I just wanted to talk to Gabrielle a little longer. Is that too much to ask?" Bonnie glanced at Westley.

