

Chapter 203 A Caring Husband

Miley and Westley were still having dinner. Right now, the atmosphere was a bit tensed. Everybody in the Morris family knew that talking about Helena, especially when Westley was there, was forbidden.

But the main reason why Miley talked about Helena with Westley today was that she didn't want Gabrielle to be hurt in any way. She had thought that Westley had already forgotten about Helena ever since he married Gabrielle, instead of Nellie.

But it was now obvious that Westley hadn't gotten rid of Helena's shadow and was still going to take Nellie back as a substitute for Helena.

'He said he had never thought of her. I know very well that he is lying!' Miley thought.

She felt that Westley had gone too far this time around.

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"Let's just end this discussion right here, grandma. There's no need to talk about it anymore. I'm full and I'm going back to my room. You don't need to clean up the dishes tonight. I'll make sure that I do them tomorrow morning." As soon as Westley said this, he stood up and left.

As Miley saw Westley leave, she became even more upset. Although he said that he would come to clean up the table the following morning, it still made her angry.

"You brat! Your temper is becoming worse with each passing day. You even had the guts to pull a long face right in my presence. Isn't it because I have been able to expose something that has been on your mind all this while? Is a dead woman worth you worrying about for so many years?" Miley murmured discontentedly.

But in reality, Westley never took Nellie as a substitute for her sister, Helena.

After all, except for how they looked, there was nothing similar between the two of them. Their personalities were different.

The reason why he had accepted the proposal of the Collins family to get engaged to Nellie was that the two sisters had a very good relationship when Helena was still alive. Helena, who had a strong personality and a stubborn temper, was very fond of her sister. For this reason, the Collins family had no choice but to obey her all the time.

But what about Nellie? She was a very weak girl who was used to being obedient even when she was supposed to resist. When Helena was still alive, she was worried that her sister would be sold by the Collins family in the future if she wasn't there to defend her.

Which was why Westley agreed to get engaged to Nellie because he just wanted to help Helena take care of her sister. There was nothing more than that. He even thought that they wouldn't live together after they got married. He had also decided that he would give her a chance to remarry when she met a man that she liked.

But in the end, she ran away before the wedding and eloped with Bryce. That she was so bold to run away with a man surprised everybody including Westley.

REDMI NOTE 9S AI QUAD CAMERA This singular act of hers was a slap on Westley's face and the Morris family in general. This also ruined the relationship between the two families. They were not going to let it go so easily.

Adults should be responsible for what they have done, and Nellie, together with Bryce, was not an exception.

By the time Westley went back to his room, he saw that the innermost quilt on the big bed was bulged up. With her back to him, it seemed as if Gabrielle was asleep.

But in fact, she didn't fall asleep. As it stood, her mind was in a total mess and as a result of this, sleep eluded her.

She was about to go downstairs to have a glass of water when she got frightened by hearing such a shocking detail. She ran back to her room and tucked herself in bed.

Right now, it was crystal clear that the woman Westley liked was not Nellie, but Helena. But he didn't end up marrying Helena, and he was going to marry her sister who looked like Helena to be a contemporary substitute.

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Why do I always have to be the scapegoat?'

As Gabrielle kept thinking back and forth about this issue, she couldn't help but feel so sad.

It turned out that she was as unfortunate as Nellie. 'No wonder she ran away from the wedding. No one would want to be regarded as a substitute for her sister, 'Gabrielle thought.

All of a sudden, she wanted to be bold like Nellie and also run away from this marriage, but she wished that she could run away with another man that she liked.

If Nellie didn't elope with Bryce, would Westley have gone to the Jones family to get even with them? Would he have asked her to take the blame for Nellie by marrying him? Would she have become his wife?

'Damn it! Where did so many hypotheses come from?' Gabrielle wondered. The only thing she knew right now was that she was the wife of Westley, a wife that

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had slept with her husband!

Westley went to the bathroom, took a shower, and came back. He saw that the figure on the bed was still the same as before and it didn't change at all. 'Since when did Gabrielle start sleeping obediently?' he wondered.

"Gabrielle!" Westley called her name with suspicion as he felt that she was pretending to be asleep.

But then, the reason why she was pretending to be asleep was that she didn't want to talk to him. It was difficult for others to wake a person who was pretending to be asleep, but not for Westley.

When he saw that she didn't answer him at first, he went closer to her and pinched her face. This made Gabrielle turn around and she stared at him with dark eyes. This frightened him, but he didn't want to show his fear.

"Gabrielle, you... Why are you staring at me like that?" 1

Westley asked as he withdrew his hands.

"You knew that I was sleeping, but you

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still chose to wake me up. I'm very upset by what you have done," Gabrielle said with a long face. She was in a bad mood and didn't try to hide it.

"Gabrielle, you..."

"As it is right now, you have to make a choice. I either sleep here, or I go to sleep next door. And when Miley asks, I will tell her that you woke me up on purpose." At this point, Gabrielle decided to play tough.

All of a sudden, Westley burst into a fit of laughter. His laugh didn't last long as his eyes darkened and looked at her indifferently "How dare you to say that to me?" he asked.

When she saw how he stared at her, she got so scared and went back to bed and covered herself with the quilt.

"I'm feeling very dizzy and I want to sleep. I don't want to talk to you, let alone quarrel with you." Immediately she said this, she turned her back to him once more.

As Westley looked at the way she behaved cowardly, he knew that something was wrong with her. 'But she

was fine before she went upstairs. Or was it because of grandma's silly joke?' he wondered.

"Gabrielle, what my grandma said..."

"I'm fine, Westley. I know that what Miley has said and done was all for my good. She won't hurt me intentionally. I just want to sleep now. Can you please stop talking to me?" It was apparent that she didn't want to talk to him at all. She was afraid that if she continued talking to him, she would ask him about Helena and would also want to know why he didn't marry her in the end. 'Helena is the most important person in his heart and no one can take her place, not even me. 8

If Helena comes back, would all women have to avoid Westley?' she wondered.

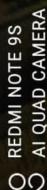
"So the position of being Westley's wife doesn't belong to either me or Nellie, but only to Helena."

She muttered these words inaudibly as if she was uncomfortable, which made Westley somehow worried.

"What's the matter with you, Gabrielle? Are you crying?" Westley asked uneasily.

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"I'm not crying. I ate too much pepper and my throat is a bit sore." Gabrielle made up a lie. She didn't want Westley to know that she was very sad to the extent that she wanted to cry.

"You should have told me earlier. Wait a minute," Westley said quickly as he stood up and left the room.

Before she could figure out what was going on and why he left the room, he already came back with a glass of water in one hand and two pieces of chocolates in the other.

"Sit up, Gabrielle," Westley ordered her in a domineering tone.

As soon as she heard his voice, she sat up obediently, sniffed, and looked at what he was holding in his hands.

"Drink some water to moisten your throat first, and then eat this chocolate," Westley said and handed the glass of water to her while he peeled the wrapper of one of the chocolate bars for her.

As she drunk half a glass of water, her throat and heart felt so much better.

"Eat this too. You know very well that 15:31

you can't eat too much spicy food. Don't eat it like this next time. You should consider your throat," Westley said as he handed the chocolate to her.

She collected it from him and took a small bite first. Although it was a little bit bitter, it made her feel sweet in her heart.

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Gabrielle, who had been very uncomfortable in her heart, felt very much better after she had eaten a piece of chocolate. As could be expected, eating chocolate could bring a person out of a bad mood into a good one.

As a result of this, Gabrielle was feeling very much better.

"Who said that I can't eat spicy food? The first time that I went to eat hotpot with Sloane, we ordered a very spicy hotpot!" Gabrielle finally had the strength to argue with him, which was why she specially emphasized the fact that it was a very spicy hotpot.

Westley was greatly amused by her serious look. 'Why does she look so cute when she was saying these words seriously?' he wondered. "That's amazing! So you can eat spicy hotpot, right?" he asked her.

Westley had eaten hotpot in the past.

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Even the spicy degree of the hotpot was divided into different grades from the slightly spicy to the extremely spicy. He couldn't bear it anyway as he didn't like things with too much flavor. Hotpot was one of the food that he disliked very much.

When Gabrielle saw that he didn't believe what she said at all, her self-esteem was damaged. "I'm being sincere with you. I can still eat the super spicy hotpot. If you don't believe me, we can eat it together next time. I'll show you what I'm made of. You may not be able to even eat more spicy food than me," she told him with pride. 2

"Okay, then. It's my treat next time. Let's see who can eat more spicy food. A few pieces of green pepper can make you look like this, and you have the nerve to say that you can eat spicy food?" Westley agreed without hesitation.

"Really? You know that you can't go back on your words," Gabrielle said as she looked at him with bright eyes.

She couldn't eat seafood, but she was a heroine when it came to eating spicy hotpot.

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The reason why she was so upset right now was not that she ate green peppers, but she didn't want to explain too much to him.

"Of course. You know that I've never broken my promise. I'll do what I have promised you. Next time, if you need anything, just let me know," Westley said as he peeled another piece of chocolate and put it into her hand.

This time, Gabrielle refused to take it but stared at him seriously.

"No, I don't want it. Thank you, Westley. You don't have to be so kind to me," she said as she lowered her head shyly.

She was so afraid that if he treated her well, she would fall deeper in love with him.

She was afraid that she would get so used to his kindness and be reluctant to leave when the time came.

Now that Westley was treating her well, she felt as if she had stolen something and would have to return it sooner or later.

When Westley heard Gabrielle's words,

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he stopped to look at her in confusion.
"What do you mean by such a statement,
Gabrielle?"

The tenderness in Westley's eyes disappeared instantly as he stared at her coldly.

'What does she mean by asking me not to be so good to her? Does this woman have a tendency to be abused? Does she have to be treated badly by others first before knowing her worth?' he wondered. He couldn't help but ask himself series of questions without getting answers to any.

Gabrielle didn't know how she was going to answer this question. All she could do was bite her lips and look at her husband silently.

"Do you have to be mistreated before you are happy, Gabrielle?" As Westley looked at her at that moment, he didn't know what else to say. He was not the kind of person whose love overflowed so much that he would be free with others.

But as far as he was concerned, it was a natural thing for him to be nice to Gabrielle since she was his wife. Perhaps Miley had succeeded in brainwashing

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her.

As a result of this, Westley was unhappy that his wife didn't appreciate his kindness.

"No, I didn't mean it that way. No one likes to be abused. I'm just... I'm just afraid that I'll get used to it." The latter part of the sentence was said in a low voice, so Westley didn't hear it very clearly. At that moment, his phone rang, so he picked it up and went outside to answer it.

Gabrielle held a glass of water in her hand and stared at it for a very long time before she drank it up in one breath. When she was done, she pulled over the quilt and covered herself with it. She even covered her head.

When Westley came in, he saw that his wife had wrapped herself tightly with the quilt and didn't know what to say.

He didn't know what she was thinking when she did this. He decided to simply ignore her as he lifted the quilt on his side of the bed and lay beside her.

The phone call he had received was from his assistant, Alvin. He had called to let

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Westley know that everything had been arranged in Thailand, and Nellie and Bryce could not come back to the country for the time being.

'Since they wanted to travel abroad to have fun, let them continue to have a good time over there, 'Westley thought.

Gabrielle knew that Westley was also lying on the bed, so she made her body stiff and dared not move.

He took a brief look at her stiff back and thought, 'Do I look so scary to her?'

As he ignored her, he turned his back, turned off the lights, and closed his eyes.

Gabrielle, who had been trying her best to hold her breath, straightened out her back. She didn't relax until her husband had laid down for a while and heard his steady breath. She turned around slowly and looked at his broad back in the moonlight.

'Why is he treating me better all of a sudden?' she wondered. She was under so much pressure right now.

She felt that the better he treated her, the easier it was for her to be dependent REDMI NOTE 9S AI QUAD CAMERA

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on him. When the time came for her to leave in the future, how would she be willing to leave? And if she eventually left, how would she be able to forget him? She had several thoughts going through her mind.

Several questions tormented her seriously. She tried her best not to think about them anymore and then closed her eyes silently with such a tangled and uncomfortable mood. When she finally fell asleep, she had nightmares all through the night as she shouted and cried endlessly. Westley wasn't able to sleep and opened his eyes in surprise when he heard how she was crying. He turned around and saw how his wife huddled in the quilt and was crying in her sleep.

When he saw that she was having a nightmare, he held her in his arms and patted her back gently. "Don't cry anymore. I'm here with you." ³

Maybe it was because of his words, but she calmed down a lot as she fell asleep peacefully on his chest.

"Why can't you accept the kindness of others?" Westley muttered in a low

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voice.

Other people in the world would want people to be nice to them, but Gabrielle's case was different. She felt strange when people acted nice towards her for no reason at all.

'Was it because she was mistreated by the Jones family ever since she was a child and had gotten used to it?' he couldn't help but think.

"Hmm..." Gabrielle sighed peacefully as she slept more comfortably on his chest.

By the time she opened her eyes in the morning, there was no one beside her in the bed and the bed sheet was very cold. She didn't know how long Westley had been up, but she felt as if she had slept in someone's arms the night before. She hoped in her heart that it was just her illusion.

She got up in a hurry, changed her clothes, and went downstairs. There was no one in the living room and the dining room, but she saw that Miley was busy in the yard. Tucker and Black were also there with her.

Gabrielle decided to meet Miley and

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walked towards her. But as she walked out of the door, she bumped into Westley, who was just walking in at the same time. Just then, her body fell back reflexively as she was about to fall, but Westley pulled her back into his arms.

"Gabrielle, are you in such a hurry to throw yourself at me so early in the morning?" Westley teased her with an charming smile.

Gabrielle's face was as red as a fresh tomato. When she was in his arms, she smelled the scent of his body through his clothes. She smelled the familiar light fragrance of grass and wood which was mixed with a trace of sweat. It was apparent that he had gone to exercise so early in the morning.

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Gabrielle struggled to break free from his arms and turned her red face aside.

"It's still so early. Did you go for an early morning jog?" Gabrielle randomly found a topic to talk about, otherwise, it would have been so embarrassing for her.

"Well, life lies in exercise, you know. I should have pulled you up and let you run with me." As Westley stared at her red face, he was in a daze.

He had always loved sports ever since he was little. It was no wonder that he could keep his figure so well. It wasn't just a natural thing for him to be so excellent; it also depended on his hard work over the years.

"I don't need to exercise," she blurted out. 'Who wants to just get up and start running early in the morning? I already have a good figure and I don't need more muscles, 'she reasoned silently.

"So, tell me. Did you sleep well last

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night?" Westley asked as he stared at her charming eyes.

He noticed that they were clear and bloodless, which meant that she had a very good sleep.

"Yes, I did. It was not bad. I'm going to see Miley." She tried to avoid his gaze as she answered him and quickly found an excuse to run towards Miley.

"Good morning, Miley. Are you picking vegetables? Let me help you. What shall we eat later?" she said to Miley all in one breath.

"Tucker, shall you take Black here for fun?"

Black was running around while Tucker was chasing after it with joy. They were both in harmony.

"Good morning, Gabrielle,"

Tucker greeted her politely.

"Actually, I asked Tucker to come here so that I could tell him something. He will take care of the vegetable garden for a few days. Since. Kylo's birthday is coming up very soon, I'll be going back to

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Antawood for a few days," Miley said calmly as she smiled at Gabrielle.

"Really? Are you going to my grandfather's birthday party?" Gabrielle stopped peeling the cabbages she was holding and looked at Miley in surprise.

"What's the matter? Don't you want to welcome me, Gabrielle?" When Miley saw how surprised she looked, she burst into laughter.

"No, Grandma. Of course, I'm going to welcome you wholeheartedly." But in her heart, Gabrielle had some concerns.

It was obvious that Miley was going to celebrate her grandfather's birthday as her mother-in-law, but her marriage with Westley hadn't been made public yet. 'Wouldn't it be inappropriate for her to go there?' Gabrielle wondered. 1

All of a sudden, Black ran to Gabrielle, who was in a daze, and almost knocked her down. When she realized what had happened, she began to play with Black.

"Gabrielle, it seems like Black likes you very much," Tucker said in surprise. He was amazed to see that his dog was playing happily with Gabrielle.

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This dog had been raised in the countryside and it had a strong enmity toward strangers. Even when it faced people that it had met several times, it would not bark, but it would never be so friendly with them.

This was why Tucker was so surprised that his dog could be so close to Gabrielle.

"Maybe Black and I both have a bond that nobody understands. I have always liked dogs very much, but my family doesn't like them and for this reason, they didn't allow me to raise them," Gabrielle said as she smiled playfully at Black. As she scratched Black's belly, it lay on its back and let her scratch it. It was obvious that Black enjoyed it very much.

Gabrielle had always liked puppies and kittens ever since she was a child, but Wendy didn't like seeing their hairs around her or hearing their cries, which was why she was not allowed to keep pets at home.

There was a time in the past that Gabrielle found a puppy and took it home. By the time she got home, Wendy

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scolded her and then asked the butler to take it out of the house.

Ever since then, Gabrielle didn't dare to take any puppy or any other animal home again. Although she constantly prepared some food in secret and took it to a small park to feed stray dogs and cats.

It was a pity that she hadn't been able to raise a pet since ever since she was born.

She had thought that if she couldn't be with Bryce, she would try her best to leave the Jones family on her own, or even Antawood in general. Since she was not the biological daughter of the Jones family, no one would care about her disappearance.

After leaving, she would rent a small house with a yard, plant beautiful flowers and plants, raise a dog and a cat, and enjoy living her best life.

But then, it was sad that all her plans didn't come to fruition. She felt that God never listened to her wishes carefully. Before she was able to actualize her plan of leaving the Jones family, Westley appeared from nowhere and forced her to marry him, and ever since then, he

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refused to let go of her. It was apparent that her small wish would probably never be fulfilled.

But as she saw Black right now, she was overwhelmed with joy.

"I feel so much pity for you. However, my family likes Black very much. Since you like my dog and Black also likes you, whenever you come to visit Miley, I can ask Black to come and play with you," Tucker said thoughtfully.

It was very rare for this dog to like a person this much. Black, who was an arrogant and cold shepherd dog had never been close to anyone, including some members of his family.

"Okay, but... I don't know when next I will come here again," Gabrielle said with disappointment written on her face.

Maybe she would have divorced Westley by then and nothing would ever make her come here again.

Since Bryce and Nellie were in Thailand now, it would only take them a short while to be in China.

"There's no problem, Gabrielle. We will

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be here all the time. We aren't going anywhere. So anytime you come, you'd meet us," Tucker said as he tried to comfort her, thinking that she was not going to be available for the time being.

Gabrielle stood up and smiled broadly at Tucker. "If there is a chance in the future, I will come to see you and Black again,"

she said to him.

She knew that Tucker had misunderstood her, but she didn't want to explain everything in detail to him.

She knew that by the time she would divorce Westley, there would be no need to get involved in anything that concerned Westley, including Miley.

She could leave Antawood entirely.

She raised her head abruptly and saw her husband walking towards her. He had already taken a shower and he looked clean. He wore a white shirt and black trousers, which made him look like a very domineering CEO.

Generally speaking, handsome people could always stand out. They looked good no matter the clothes they wore.

'Bah, what the hell are you thinking about? Snap out of it!' Gabrielle scolded herself as she smiled imperceptibly.

"You just played for a while and your face is so red already. Come, let's go inside," Westley said to her. He was already standing in front of her and his eyes fell on her face.

But Gabrielle knew that her face wasn't red because of the morning sun. She blushed because she was thinking about something. She decided to ignore him and she walked into the house by herself.

As soon as Westley came over, Black, who was still rolling on the ground, immediately stood up and looked at him. Although its eyes looked sharp, it was obvious that it was a little timid.

At this point, Black was afraid of Westley.

A dog always bullied the weak and feared the strong. When it met someone more ferocious than it, it would run far away. Right now, Westley was the one who was more ferocious than a dog.

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"Good morning, Westley," greeted him calmly.

Tucker

Tucker was rigid and also very real. He was not afraid of anyone and did not take the initiative to get close to anyone. He had the same attitude towards everyone he met.

"Tucker, does Black have any puppy?" Westley asked as he stole a glance at the dog. 'This dog is so ugly. But why does Gabrielle like it so much? Why is her artistic taste so poor?' he wondered. 2

However, he never had any hope for his wife's artistic taste.

"Westley, Black is a male dog, it can't give birth to a puppy," Tucker said as he looked at Westley in confusion. He wondered why Westley would ask such a stupid question.

Westley noticed the disdain in Tucker's eyes and gave him a very cold look. "Of course I know that Black is a male dog. But hasn't it ever mated with a female dog?" Westley asked.

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