

## Chapter 227 I Will Kill Her

Sophie didn't think that Westley had gone too far. In fact, she actually liked the way he got along with Gabrielle.

When Sophie started working in Half Moon Bay, she noticed that Westley was not as cold and emotionless as she thought.

In front of Gabrielle, Westley was much more affectionate. Even though he mostly looked stern, indifferent, and was sharp-tongued, Sophie could sense a faint smile and tenderness in his eyes for Gabrielle. In the past, Westley never showed even a bit of warmth to anyone.

"Sophie, Westley just asked you to supervise me to finish the meal, but he didn't say that you can't eat with me. Come, join me." Gabrielle smiled at Sophie.

"Miss Jones, I don't think it's a good idea."  
" Sophie knew very well about the line between a master and a servant. They couldn't carelessly break this kind of rule.

"Sophie, it's just the two of us at home. If we both don't tell, Westley wouldn't know."

Blinking her bright black eyes innocently, Gabrielle looked at Sophie.

Sophie's heart melted right away. 'No wonder why our cold and arrogant Mr. Morris became touched by her eyes.'

Gabrielle's eyes were so mesmerizing that no one could say no to her.

"Miss Jones, please drink. The milk is getting cold." Sophie reminded Gabrielle as she sat aside.

"I'll drink." Gabrielle grabbed her cup of milk. "Sophie, have some dumplings, steamed buns, and sandwiches. Westley likes to eat the sandwiches, right? Coffee and sandwiches are surely a good but unhealthy match." Gabrielle was happily drinking milk and eating steamed buns.

By the time she was done eating, she had finished two cups of milk, a large bowl of porridge, and a plate of steamed buns. So, leaning against the back of the chair, Gabrielle could feel that she had overeaten.

"Miss Jones, are you stuffed?" Looking at the satisfied but sick look on Gabrielle's face, Sophie became worried.

"No, it's okay. I'll be fine in a while. But Sophie, you made all this food by yourself, right? You are so good at cooking. I'll learn how to cook from you whenever I get time." Gabrielle sweetly looked at Sophie.

"Of course, you can, Miss Jones. You can tell me whatever you want to eat or learn. I will teach you too. If I am not here in the future, you can cook for Mr. Morris. He will be pleased." Sophie really admired Gabrielle.

'Miss Jones is not spoiled or willful. Rather, she is diligent and eager to learn.'

"I don't want to cook for him. Westley is such a nuisance. By the way, Sophie, have you taken care of the orchids I planted in the garden a few days ago?" Suddenly, Gabrielle remembered the orchids she had planted. ①

That was the birthday gift she prepared for Zaid. Zaid had two hobbies. One was tea, and the other was orchids. Everyone knew that he liked tea, but a few people

knew about orchids, and Gabrielle was one of those few. ③

As a result, whenever she saw beautiful orchids, whether they were precious or wild species, she would give them to Zaid, who would always be happy.

A few days ago, when Gabrielle went to the flower market to buy flowers, she saw some beautiful kaffir lilies. So, she bought them and kept them in the garden house in Half Moon Bay.

She thought that her grandfather would like it as a birthday gift, even though it was not very expensive. Compared to Wendy's first-class dark red enameled teapot, her flowers were only worth a teapot lid in terms of price. ①

"I'm taking care of it for you, Miss Jones. I check them three times a day. They are quite beautiful. You can go and see how they are blooming." Sophie looked at her with a smile.

"Okay, I'll check them out. I'm going to give them to my grandfather as a birthday present tomorrow. They must be properly cared for." Gabrielle hurriedly stood up to see the orchids.

Noticing that Gabrielle was about to run out, Sophie reminded her anxiously, "Miss Jones, you just finished your food. You should slow down to avoid stomachache."

"I understand, Sophie. I'll walk, slowly." Following Sophie's words, Gabrielle slowed down her pace.

The wound on Gabrielle's face surely didn't disturb her body's movement. She stayed busy in the garden all day, taking care of the orchids and weeding for the roses. After feeling tired enough, Gabrielle sat on the swing in the garden to rest.

She was sitting on the swing, swaying from time to time when Benny called. Enjoying the blue sky and white clouds, she was in a good mood. But when she saw the phone call from Benny, she got upset.

Gabrielle didn't want to answer Benny's call.

If he hadn't chosen the wrong woman, Gabrielle wouldn't have been seriously injured by Estelle, and Sloane would not have been lying unconscious in the

hospital.

The phone rang twice. Finally, Gabrielle grudgingly answered it with a harsh tone. "What do you want, Mr. Hall?"

Even though Benny knew Gabrielle wouldn't be friendly to him, he was taken aback when he heard her sharp words. "I heard that you were injured, Gabrielle. I just wanted to ask how you are now. Is it serious?"

'Well, pretending to care about my injury?' Gabrielle scoffed inwardly.

"I don't need your concern, Mr. Hall. Thanks to you, I'm not dead yet, and like Sloane, I'm not lying in the hospital in a coma." Gabrielle's tone was full of sarcasm, lacking any kindness.

At first, Gabrielle hated Benny because of what happened to Sloane. But now, Gabrielle loathed him even more due to what she went through.

Benny himself made her hate him so deeply. So, having a good attitude towards him was impossible for her. Gabrielle was being considerate enough not to rebuke him sharply. She certainly couldn't show him friendliness at all.

"Gabrielle..."

"Mr. Hall, you'd better call me Miss Jones. We are not close enough to call each other by our names," Gabrielle interrupted him directly.

"Gabby, I was just worried about your injury." Being helpless, Benny was stubborn. He knew that Gabrielle hated him, but he hadn't expected her to hate him to this extent.

"No, thanks. I'm not dead. At least, not yet. You know who did this to me. You're an adult now, Mr. Hall. Things didn't go well between you and Estelle, which not only harmed Sloane and me but also caused troubles for Westley. Don't you feel ashamed to call me and ask if I'm doing fine? I would feel better if you don't call me at all. So, mind your own business with your woman, and stay out of our lives. If you don't do it, someone else will deal with it for you. Then, don't blame others for meddling." Gabrielle was raging.

She hadn't been so angry for a long time. Benny was so arduous that Gabrielle almost completely lost her temper.

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He was the biggest culprit, the reason why Sloane was in a coma and why she almost got disfigured. Now, he also brought a lot of trouble to Westley.

"Gabrielle, you are mistaken about what's between me and Estelle..."

"I don't care about your relationship. I'm just assuring you that if Estelle dares to provoke me again, I will kill her!" Gabrielle fiercely threatened him expressing her hatred. Because she was unaware of Estelle being locked up and almost getting killed by Westley.

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Benny was stunned on the other end of the call. 'Is Gabrielle aware that Westley has locked Estelle up, or has she asked Westley herself to do so?'

What surprised Benny more was that Gabrielle sounded as if she was taking Westley's side. 'What is going on between the two of them? Isn't their marriage fake?' 3

Gabrielle had always liked Bryce, and both Sloane and Benny knew about it. After all, they had known each other for many years. Before the relationship between Benny and Sloane worsened, the three of them got along well with each other.

"Gabrielle, I'm sorry for what Estelle did to you, but right now, Estelle is missing. The Johnson family will call the police, and it certainly won't do Westley any good. You should talk to him, Gabrielle." Benny knew it was unsuitable for him to mention it now, but he had to.

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Once Estelle's disappearance was confirmed, the Johnson family would definitely call the police. After the police intervened, the severity of the incident would scale up.

Gabrielle was a little stunned. 'Is Estelle missing? Didn't, just yesterday, Estelle kidnap and beat me?' Suddenly Gabrielle thought of a possibility, that maybe, Westley locked Estelle up.

'After all, Estelle had courted death. If she hadn't caused me troubles frequently, she wouldn't have been locked up.'

"Mr. Hall, you are wasting time by talking to me. Yesterday, Estelle kidnapped me and beat me. If you think you can talk about calling the police, I'm the one who should call the police to arrest her. I think she is hiding, not missing. Isn't she?" Gabrielle tried to calm down.

"Gabrielle, I'm saying it for your and Westley's sake. Please talk to him about..."

"Benny, honestly answer one question. Who is more important in your heart, Sloane or Estelle?" Gabrielle rudely interrupted him because she couldn't

stand it anymore. 'Why is he still taking Estelle's side?

Sloane is lying unconscious in the hospital, and just because Estelle is missing, Benny became worried?

Or maybe, in his heart, Estelle is more important than Sloane...'

Thinking about it, Gabrielle felt that Sloane had wasted her time and love on the wrong person. 2

"Gabrielle, Estelle can never equal Sloane. Of course, Sloane is more important for me," Benny said seriously.

Hearing him, Gabrielle felt a bit better. 'At least, in Benny's heart, Sloane mattered more than Estelle.'

"If that's the case, then you should better stay out of Estelle's matters." After warning him, Gabrielle thought of another thing. "Did you block the projects of the Johnson family, Mr. Hall?"

Westley only blocked some projects of the Johnson family, for he just wanted to teach them a lesson. It was Benny who hindered several projects of the Johnson family, not Westley.

"Yes, I blocked the projects." Benny frankly admitted though he knew it was too late to do so.

"Since you cannot continue your relationship with Estelle now, you should deal with it properly. Don't incriminate innocent people." Gabrielle's tone was cold enough to freeze Benny's breath.

"I've never been together with Estelle," Benny explained helplessly.

Gabrielle was slightly bemused, but she still didn't want to interfere in his private affairs. "Your relationship with Estelle has nothing to do with me. I don't care about it. So, if there's nothing else, I'm hanging up." ②

"Gabrielle... Can I see Sloane?" Benny almost begged her.

"Sloane is still unconscious. Let's talk about it when she wakes up. And Benny, if Sloane never wakes up, guilt would be your only friend for the rest of your life. It's all your fault." After talking tough, Gabrielle hung up the phone without hearing another word from him.

She grabbed a small hoe and started

digging holes in the garden's soil to release her anger.

'Benny is the worst man I've ever seen! How could he dare to want to talk to Sloane or ask me to talk to Westley about releasing Estelle? Why should they release that monster? To let her cause more evil?'

When Westley came back, he spotted Gabrielle in the garden, sitting down and insanely digging hard in the soil with a hoe.

"Gabrielle, are you too bored?"

Westley couldn't understand her moves. 'She doesn't have to frantically dig holes for planting flowers or removing grass, or even to loosen the soil.

It was unusual. Westley thought.

Gabrielle was stressed. Nevertheless, she stood up seething with anger and turned towards Westley.

Westley was stunned when he saw her angry face.

"Who is the cause of this anger?"

Judging from her expression, Westley

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could feel that someone must have provoked her.

"You're back, Westley." Gabrielle took a deep breath, quickly calmed down, and became a little gentler.

"Well, yes. So, what happened that you acted like a marmot and started digging this hole?" Westley was unexpectedly in a good mood. He caught a glimpse of the pit she had just dug, deep and large enough to plant a tree sapling.

Gabrielle rolled her eyes at Westley in her mind. 'What does he mean by saying that I'm like a marmot? He should call himself a marmot! How can he say something like that?'

"Have you locked Estelle up?"

Gabrielle calmed down not to get bothered by his teasing and asked him seriously.

Benny had clearly told just now that Westley had locked Estelle up. Still, she asked.

"Why? You don't want me to lock her up? Did Benny call you?" He could sense what would have happened without

asking.

'It must be Benny who called and infuriated Gabrielle. Otherwise, how can she mention locking up Estelle?'

He is really troublesome.'

"Well, that's good that she's locked up. Benny did call me, and I scolded him. I think he is a bane. Sloane is in a coma due to him, and I got involved too. By the way, where have you locked Estelle up?" Gabrielle became perturbed, thinking of Benny and the catastrophe he had created.

Westley was surprised to see her agitated, but he quickly masked his expressions back to normal.

"She is locked in a small building," Westley calmly said.

He didn't plan to tell Gabrielle so early that he locked up Estelle because he didn't want her to overthink. Anyway, he just wanted to torture Estelle and mess up with the Johnson Group. Then, he thought he would let her go. Killing her would be too easy for her. Westley wanted her to live longer and suffer more.

"Can I see her now? I want to see her." Gabrielle looked at Westley expectantly.

"Of course, I can take you there, but you have to be prepared, Gabrielle. Estelle has been tortured. I don't want to scare you." Westley had always been a vengeful man, paying back tenfold.

So now, it could be said that Estelle was in such a miserable condition that one couldn't bear to see her. Westley was worried that Estelle's state might frighten Gabrielle.

Raising her chin, Gabrielle proudly said, "I won't be scared. I'm not that timid, anyway," ③

"First, wash your hands, then I will take you to see her." Seeing the mud on her hand, and even on her face, Westley unknowingly stretched out his hand and wiped it for her.

"Westley, you..." Gabrielle's breath hitched with his sudden act. "Is there mud on my face?"

Gabrielle's rosy face fully crimsoned after being wiped by him.

"Well, people will think you were eating



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dirt." Westley cruelly lifted the corner of his lips.

"Who... who ate dirt?" Gabrielle became furious. "You ate it. I didn't eat dirt!" Gabrielle shook his hand off her face and left angrily.

'This man would die of boredom if he didn't tease me every day. Just a while ago, he gave me the title of a marmot, and now he said that I ate dirt. He eats dirt! His whole family eats dirt too!'

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