

Chapter 51 Sloane Is Dying

These three women had just finished beating up Sloane mercilessly. Even when Gabrielle also fought with them on behalf of her friend, she was beaten up too. Seeing someone walking towards them from a distance, they comported themselves. "Westley?" One of the women quickly recognized Westley as soon as he came closer. She couldn't help the quiver in her voice as she called his name.

Westley, whom many people regarded as the demon king in the whole of Antawood was hardly seen in a place like this. Right now, he was in front of them and had seen how they fought dirty.

He didn't want to get involved in the fight between the women, especially when he saw that his wife, Gabrielle had the upper hand. He didn't have it in mind to make any move to separate them. He just wanted to watch the show and see how competent she was. ①

But when one of the women kicked her on the back, he knew he was doing the wrong thing watching them tear one another apart. Besides, Gabrielle was his wife. If she was beaten in front of him, he would be disgraced. ①

By the way, the only person who had the right to intimidate her should be him, not

any other person. ③

"Westley, you're the one. What did you come here to do?" one of them asked faking a smile.

The three violent women began tidying up themselves quickly. All the women in Antawood were crazy about him. They saw him as the most suitable man with money that all women wanted to be with him at all cost. He was hardly seen in more formal gatherings, but he was right here in front of them. Although this surprised them, they were also sad because they looked very unkempt in front of their dream man. ①

He didn't bat an eyelid. He walked past them and went straight to meet Gabrielle and knelt beside her.

"Are you okay, Gabrielle?" he asked with concern.

"I'm fine, " she responded quickly. She looked up at him with a pitiful look on her face. Her eyes were bloodshot and there were streaks of blood on the corner of her mouth with several fingernails scratches on her face, which made Westley's face red with anger.

'Didn't this stupid woman know what "fine" means? She was bullied into such a sorry state, how could she says she is fine? Does she not know that someone fine didn't look

this way?' he thought to himself.

He stretched out his hand towards her and lifted her gently. Gabrielle's eyes widened in shock. She didn't know that he could be this caring to her. The three seductive bitches beside them were also shocked to the extent that they opened their mouths wide. It was so open that a full egg could be put into each of them. 2

Why did he lift her from the ground in such a loving manner? He didn't take a look at any of them for even a split of a second.

'What was their relationship? What was the connection between the both of them? 5

Who was this woman? Have we unknowingly offended Westley?' they thought. 1

They gave one another a puzzled look.

"You three useless women, you had better stay where you are. Otherwise, I'm afraid you won't survive if I deal with you all," he warned them coldly as he had already known that they would want to make a move to escape.

They wouldn't dare to disobey him when they saw the wicked and fierce look on his face. They could only stand where they were in fear.

They couldn't help but think about the enormous trouble that they had put themselves into. They came here to help Estelle teach Sloane a lesson.

"Thank you very much, Westley. Thank you for helping us," Gabrielle said with so much humility. Without paying attention to anyone else, she ran quickly to Sloane, who was lying on the ground almost lifeless.

"Sloane, Sloane, are you okay? Why were you fighting again?" She held her dear friend in her arms.

"Eh... Pooh..." Sloane coughed heavily and spat out blood, which frightened Gabrielle.

"Sloane, are you okay? Call an ambulance! Westley, Sloane spat out blood. Is there an ambulance?" she cried out to Westley desperately. She was already shedding tears. She didn't want her friend to die in her arms.

Seeing her shedding tears made him worried. He hated seeing a woman cry because it made him baffled and confused.

He stood beside her and tried to calm her down, but he didn't know how to. When he saw the tears on her face, he felt a sharp pain in his heart as if he was being stabbed with something. The way she was crying affected him to the extent that he felt like holding her

in his arms to comfort her.

"Don't worry, Gabrielle. I need you to be calm. I have reported the case to the police already. The police and the ambulance are on their way here. They'll arrive very soon. Don't shake her up; let her lie flat on the ground or else, she will vomit more blood," Westley reassured her calmly. 2

Thankfully, she was still reasonable. She put Sloane down carefully.

"Sloane, you will be fine, all right?" she told her.

She held her hand.

"Um..." Sloane groaned in pain. She tried her best to open her eyes and took a look at Gabrielle. At that moment, she closed her eyes weakly. She was very tired and wanted to rest for some minutes.

"Sloane, Sloane..."

"Don't scream, Gabrielle. Try to get a hold of yourself," Westley reminded Gabrielle asking her to control her emotions.

"I don't know what to do," she said as she looked up at him. "She's not answering me... Sloane..."

"What happened to her?" A violent voice

fierce eyes when she saw that he was about to hug Sloane. She hated the way he treated his sister unfairly and made him know that. Right now, he was the reason why she was brutally beaten and for this reason, she wouldn't let him touch her. 2

"What's going on, Benny? Oh my God! What happened to Sloane? Who did this to her?" Estelle came over and stood beside Benny asking him as if she cared about her well-being. She looked harmless, but was very devilish.

It was true that Estelle had asked three of her best friends to teach Sloane a lesson, but she didn't give them the order to kill her.

If something bad had happened to Sloane, it was impossible for Benny not to care about it.

"Benny, Sloane told me she would go to the company to look for you this afternoon. Why was she beaten here? Did you connive with your little bitch, Estelle to have her beaten? Say something, Benny! Don't be a coward. Do you have a hand in this?" Benny kept mute and didn't say a word. At this point, Gabrielle was fuming with anger. The anger she felt when she saw Benny at first couldn't be compared to the one she felt when she saw Estelle standing beside him with a fake smile. Estelle had always liked Benny and she always did her best to separate him from

came from behind, which startled her.

When she turned around and saw who it was, she spoke to him without regard. "Benny, do you just want to see Sloane die? Now she is badly injured and is spitting out blood, I believe you're happy now. That's what you have always wanted, right?" she shouted at Benny crazily. If Westley hadn't stopped her, she would have hit him with all her might.

"What do you mean? Spit out blood? What happened to her?" he asked. It was not until Benny walked up to Sloane that he saw clearly the dreadful condition she was in.

She was covered with blood from head to toe and this surprised him.

"Sloane, who did this to you? How did this happen?" he asked no one in particular. He couldn't believe what was before his eyes.

Earlier in the day, Benny had invited Sloane to attend a private party with him. Of course, Estelle was not happy about that. She felt that this sister of his was taking his attention away from her. Then Estelle asked three of her best friends to make trouble for Sloane on purpose. She intentionally took Benny away, so he didn't know what had happened.

"Fuck off! Don't touch her. You don't deserve to touch her." Gabrielle pushed him away with all her might and stared at him with

Sloane. If she had a knife in her hand at that moment, she would have killed them. They both disgusted her. Yuck!

At the same time, the police and the ambulances arrived, and Alvin led the senior executives of the hotel to the fighting scene.

"Mr. Morris, is Miss Jones okay?" Alvin looked at Gabrielle with so much worry written all over his face.

When Alvin received a call from Westley earlier, he told him that Gabrielle had a fight with some people at the back of Brilliance Hotel and asked him to come as quickly as possible. He was completely confused. He had always seen and known her as a delicate and soft lady, and he didn't expect her to be so fierce to the extent that she would fight with someone.

The medics quickly carried Sloane with utmost care into the ambulance. Seeing that Benny was about to get on the ambulance to stay with his sister, Gabrielle hurriedly pushed him off. "Get out of my way, Benny. You shouldn't be the one with her. Stay away from her. I will have my revenge for what happened here tonight. Just pray that Sloane gets better. If not, I'll make sure I fight you both, even if it's with the last drop of my blood!" she yelled at him. 3

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With those words, Gabrielle turned to them with a look so fierce her resentment was blatant on her face. Her eyes were so intent, one could almost feel her seething look pierce through their heart. Estelle had never seen Gabrielle like this or felt terrified in her presence.

Gabrielle got into the ambulance and left without even looking at Westley. 1

Westley was suddenly annoyed that she had ignored him so easily.

"Alvin, I'll go to the hospital. You stay here and handle everything else. Don't let them get away with this. We must avenge Gabrielle and the wounds they inflicted on her." Just as Wesley was about to drive off, a voice came from behind him.

"Westley, I'll go with you." It was Benny, and now he stood in front of Westley.

Westley glanced at Estelle and the three women not far away. "Benny, I think you have more pressing issues to address here, before you can concern yourself with going to the hospital. I have a suggestion for you. Stay away from Gabrielle for now. I'm telling you, if you don't and she goes crazy, the consequences will be dire for you." 10

Without waiting for a response, Westley got into the car and left for the hospital.

When Westley arrived at the hospital, Gabrielle was outside the operating room alone, pacing back and forth anxiously.

"Gabrielle, has someone looked at your wounds?"

Westley was irritated when he noticed that the nail marks on Gabrielle's face had not been attended to. ¹

Without a hint of surprise at all, Gabrielle received Westley's cold looks with no emotion. This was nothing new; he had never been kind to her.

"My injury is not that serious. I will deal with it when the operation is over. The doctor said that Sloane had multiple soft tissue contusions, from the blow to the back of her head. The situation is quite serious. I'm worried..."

"Gabrielle, don't you know that you are putting yourself at risk of a tetanus infection, by not treating those scratches on your fingernails? Do you understand how serious this is? Or are you still so engrossed in the well-being of others? Do you want to die?"

Westley said with his face void of any emotions.

But Gabrielle instinctively knew that Westley cared about her and tried to reassure him. "Westley, I know you care about me, but I..."

"Who cares about you? Let me make something very clear when it comes to the matter of you dying as my wife. Firstly, I'm not in the mood to be a widower. Nor do I have tolerance for those who may say, I am responsible for my wife's misfortune." ②

Westley's words were so harsh.

Gabrielle's feeling of gratitude at the sight of him, just moments ago, vanished under a dark cloud of regret. Who would have known that the illustrious CEO of Morris Group would be so concerned with common gossip? Besides, no one dared to talk ill of Westley; it was no secret that Westley would shut that person's mouth forever.

"Don't worry. I would never give you the satisfaction of dying so easily." Gabrielle glared at Westley angrily. ②

Just then, Remy arrived and rushed over to them. He sensed that the atmosphere between Westley and Gabrielle was anything but matrimonial. His arrival did nothing to dissipate the lingering resentment between them

"Westley, what happened? What was so urgent that I had to come here? What

happened to Gabrielle? Did you hurt her?" Remy was unpleasantly surprised by the wound on Gabrielle's face, and this led him to snap at Westley.

"I don't have time to abuse her. I asked you to come here so you could attend to her wounds."

Westley's face darkened. Westley never thought that he gave the impression he could be physically violent towards women. Was Remy a good friend for thinking so lowly of him? What could have possibly convinced Remy that Westley was like that? At that very moment, Westley felt that his choice of friends was questionable. 3

"This is not my hospital. How can I...? "

"Remy, what I'm asking of you is not complicated. Find a way to take this stubborn woman away from here and attend to her wounds, simple. Please, just get on with it!" 1

Westley interrupted Remy impatiently.

Remy's response was a wry and reluctant smile. Come to think of it, Westley's request wasn't entirely impossible. Both of them were well acquainted with the doctors in the hospital. Remy had trained a few residents in this hospital, such that borrowing a therapeutic room wouldn't raise any eyebrows.

"Gabrielle, come with me. Allow me to take a closer look at your wounds. You know, scratches on the face can be lethal. Leaving your wounds untreated for so long, could easily lead to infection and most certainly permanent scars. All of which, undoubtedly, would tarnish your beauty," Remy said to Gabrielle.

There were about seven or eight lacerations on the left side of Gabrielle's face. She must have been in a physical tousele with a woman.

Don't all confrontations between women almost always involve tearing, scratching, and biting? Remy had witnessed one such confrontation, and it had left him feeling that brawls between women were far much worse than those between men. ①

Gabrielle was so delicate in appearance, but it seemed she wasn't afraid to stand up for herself.

"But..." Gabrielle looked at the door of the operating room uneasily, and then met Westley's cold eyes. From there, she was terrified to speak in defiance of what he had ordered.

"Westley, fine. I'll go with Remy so that he can treat my wounds. When the operation is over, please let me know first, okay?"

Gabrielle looked at Westley expectantly.

"Gabrielle, are you begging me or ordering me?" Westley squinted at Gabrielle with disbelief.

"I'm begging you." Gabrielle stared back at Westley with a stern face and asked, "Would you prefer I kneel?"

The wound on Gabrielle's face caught his attention and softened Westley.

"Please go and get attended to as soon as possible. Your wound is unsightly. Remy, take care of her."

Westley impatiently waved his hand and asked them to leave.

"Let's go, Gabrielle." Remy led Gabrielle away to a nearby unoccupied therapeutic room.

The man on duty today happened to be a fellow surgeon just like Remy and also a good friend. It was the reason he had no challenges calling in a favor for a designated therapeutic room for Gabrielle.

"Remy, I should have known something was up because it's so rare for you to just visit our hospital. I thought you were specifically coming to see me, but it seems you are only here to borrow the therapeutic room. Is this lady your younger brother's wife?" Before Remy could respond, the gentleman approached them both with a medical tray,

which had a host of instruments that Remy needed.

"Younger brother's wife? Don't be silly. She is my elder brother's wife,"

Remy reminded his colleague sternly.

"I'm sorry, I must have misunderstood. I just figured whoever it was, must be very important to you; judging from how anxious you were. Nice to meet you. I'm Leon Miller, Remy's friend. I am also a fellow and surgeon at this hospital." Leon put down the tray and walked to Gabrielle as he introduced himself.

"Nice to meet you, Leon. I'm Gabrielle Jones." Gabrielle deliberately did not reveal her identity. What was the point anyway? Remy had already made it clear that she was his brother's wife, so be it? There was no need for any further explanations.

"Remy, you'd better get to dressing Gabrielle's wound. It looks like its infected. Let me get out of your hair then. Call me if you need anything." Leon then left the therapeutic room.

Remy began to disinfect his hands before wearing his surgical gloves. Everything was set to clean Gabrielle's wounds. "Gabrielle, please don't take my brother's words to heart. He means well."

"I know." Of course, Gabrielle knew he didn't intend any real harm to her.

"Gabrielle, I need you to lie down on the bed. I'm going to clean your wounds now." Remy put on his surgical mask, indicating that he was ready to begin.

Gabrielle lay down obediently. Since the incident earlier, she hadn't mustered the courage to look at her face in the mirror; the pain let her know it wasn't pretty.

Worry suddenly flooded her thoughts. If these wounds were not properly treated, they could leave distasteful scars on her face that she would bear till her death.

With this in mind, Gabrielle exhaled deeply. She became overwhelmed with guilt remembering the severity of Sloane's injury. Gabrielle's heart sank. ①

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"Gabrielle, what's wrong? Are you upset because of Westley?" asked Remy. He tried to make conversation with Gabrielle while he helped her prepare the stuff, in an effort to make her feel more relaxed.

"No," replied Gabrielle. "I'm worried about a friend of mine. She's currently in the operating room." Matters concerning Westley were of little importance to Gabrielle.

"Oh, don't worry. I'm sure your friend will be fine. I've never seen Westley lose control before. It seems like he cares a lot about you," said Remy. He wanted to help them feel closer to each other and minimize any misunderstandings between them.

It didn't matter if their marriage to each other was for show. It was still a marriage.

When compared to Nellie, Gabrielle was better suited the role of Westley's wife.

"You believe he cares about me? I don't think so. He hates my guts!" declared Gabrielle. "He forbade me to die as long as we're still married, because he couldn't stand to be a widower." Just the thought of Westley's unkind remarks infuriated Gabrielle. She couldn't believe he would dare to say such things. She resented him.

"Westley didn't want to be a widower?" asked Remy, inquisitively.

He was surprised that his friend had so deeply ruminated about such a matter. The thought of it brought a smile to his face.

"Gabrielle, Westley isn't as bad as you think he is. His only vice is being a little sharp-tongued and blunt. It is true that one has to be tough-skinned around him, for his words can cut like knives. But I promise you, he is incredibly kind-hearted and gentle," Remy implored. "He wouldn't give someone a second thought unless he cared about them," he continued. Remy knew his friend well. He couldn't help but share his thoughts with Gabrielle.

However, his efforts were in vain. Nothing he said seemed to be of any interest to her. "Dr. Remy, I know why you're talking him up to me. You're a good friend of his. It is your job to put in a good word for him. But you have to understand, my arrangement with him is simple and straight-forward. We are supposed to be divorced as soon as Nellie returns. Hearing about the niceties of his character will not change that," responded Gabrielle. ⑪

Remy opened his mouth to respond, but caught his words.

He didn't say anything further. It was their private matter, after all. Intruding could make things worse.

"Gabrielle, the disinfectant will sting a little when I press it to your wound. Please remain calm and try to endure the pain," said Remy, picking up the cotton ball soaked in alcohol with a pair of tweezers. He proceeded to clean her wound.

"It's alright, Dr. Remy. I can bare the pain," said Gabrielle. Gabrielle's petite appearance often misled others. Though she looked weak, her willpower was as strong as it could be.

How else was she to have born the suffering for all these years?

Remy admired Gabrielle's endurance. She remained calm and collected while he treated her wounds. An occasional bite of her lip gave away her pain.

"Gabrielle, the wounds have been treated. I've also given you a tetanus shot. Remember that the dressing on your wounds has to be changed and reapplied every three days. I will be at the Vineyard Villa, and will change it for you. Please make sure that the wound is not stained by water," instructed Remy. He took off his gloves and discarded them into the bin. ①

Gabrielle looked at her wounds. They were

carefully dressed. She then looked up at Remy, uneasily. "Yes, I understand perfectly. Thank you," she replied. "Does my face look terrible?" she asked.

"Well if you care about your face that much, why did you fight the others? You were fearless in that moment," said Westley, sarcastically. His voice echoed from the door as he walked into the room. 4

Gabrielle turned around to see Westley making his way to her and immediately looked away. Her reaction was subconscious. She seemed to take no interest in his arrival.

She could feel the burn of the medicine on her face. A voice inside her mind reminded her that she looked dreadful with the gauze covering her face. Embarrassed, she could barely imagine looking at herself in a mirror right now.

Westley had always held a great prejudice against her. But Gabrielle was adamant that what she had done was right. How could she have not helped Sloane back then? How could she have stood there watching Sloane being bullied?

"Ah Westley, you're just in time. I've finished treating Gabrielle's wounds. She's going to be perfectly fine. You can take her back. She needs to change the medicine after three days. Do ensure that the wound is not

stained by water," repeated Remy. He pretended not to acknowledge the tension between Gabrielle and Westley.

He had come to treat Gabrielle's wound. And now that he was done, there was no reason for him to stay longer.

He was confused why Westley had personally asked him to treat Gabrielle's wounds. There were many excellent surgeons in the hospital. Surely any one of them could have done the job better than him. The odd request made by his friend confused him.

"Well, you can leave now. Get back to your work," uttered Westley. His tone was blunt and indifferent.

Remy sighed as he rubbed his nose. He managed to plaster his face with a nonchalant smile. "Okay then, I'm leaving now. I don't intend to disturb the two of you," replied Remy. "However, before I go I would like to ask you one thing. There are many excellent surgeons at this hospital. Why did you insist on me coming to treat Gabrielle?"

"I'm not as well acquainted with them. I don't know them personally," said Westley. The calmness in his tone was surprising. 2

Remy knew in that moment that Westley truly cared for Gabrielle. He wouldn't have

specifically asked for him otherwise. ①

It was clear that Westley didn't want to admit to his feelings. At least not yet.

Remy smiled. He believed that Gabrielle and Westley would surely get along well in the future. There was no hurry.

"Well I'll take your leave, Gabrielle. Don't let water touch your wounds. Your wounds will start itching once the scabs form. Please restrain yourself from scratching them," reminded Remy, one last time. He turned around to leave the room. His hands were empty. He didn't need to take anything with him. He would ask Leon to clean the treatment room up later.

"But how should I overcome the itchiness?" asked Gabrielle, hurriedly. She was hoping to get an answer before he left. She knew that the itch would cause her great discomfort.

"Westley, you can tie up Gabrielle's hands if that happens." He wore a rather serious look on his face as he said this. ①

Gabrielle stared at him in astonishment. 'Tie up my hands?' she wondered.

'Why would Remy come up with such a bad idea? He is a doctor. Does he have no sympathy for his patients?' she thought.

"Well, that's a good idea. I will remember to enforce it when the time comes." He nodded towards Remy, with a serious look on his face. 5

Gabrielle felt like she had been tricked by these two crafty men.

"Westley, is Sloane's operation over? How is she?" asked Gabrielle. She wanted to change the topic as quickly as possible.

"No, not yet," answered Westley. His mannerisms seemed cold and distant.

The realization that Sloane's injuries were worse than hers left Gabrielle stunned. It would take quite a bit of time to deal with all the wounds.

Gabrielle hoped that Sloane would be fine. She was ready to wait until Sloane had come out of the operation room. No matter how long that would take.

"I'm going to wait for her outside the operation room. She'll be relieved to see a friendly face when she comes out." She hurriedly jumped out of the bed and turned to leave the room.

Westley immediately grabbed her wrist as she passed by him.

"Westley, let go of my hand. I'm going to go wait for Sloane." cried Gabrielle. She turned around and shot Westley a stern glare.

"Sloane will be unconscious when they bring her out of the operation room. How do you expect her to see you?" said Westley, annoyed. He was sure that it was her brain which had taken a hit and not her face.

She couldn't manage to think straight. It was like she couldn't access her common sense.

"I still want to wait for her. Let me go," whined Gabrielle. She tried to break away from Westley's tight grasp around her wrist. However, she was no match for his strength. His hand cupped her wrist like an iron clamp. ①

"Why do you always have to defy me?" asked Westley. He stared down at her with cold, grim eyes. ①

Gabrielle always challenged his patience. He believed that he had married a pushover who would do his bidding. But that didn't seem to be the case. Gabrielle was extremely stubborn and resolute when it came to her convictions.

"I'm not against you!" she exclaimed. "It is you who are against me. All I want to do is wait for Sloane. Please let me go. I want to be there for her, whether or not she's awake. I'll do anything you ask of me," pleaded

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Gabrielle. Her voice was gentle. ¹



Chapter 54 Fall In Love With Me

Westley's face softened as he let go of Gabrielle's hand. "Gabrielle, don't always piss me off like this," he uttered in a threatening tone.

The latter pursed her lips and thought she didn't do anything. It was Westley who felt good about himself and constantly bullied her.

"I'll go." After saying that, Gabrielle stormed out.

Meanwhile, Remy gazed at Westley hesitantly, which made the latter slightly upset. "If you have anything to say, just say it. Don't you stare at me like this, or I will think that you have fallen in love with me." 3

"In love with you? Huh! Are you out of your mind?" Remy joked. He was obviously amused by Westley's words. "Remy, when did you learn to tell jokes? I'm not very skilled with that."

"I know. A married man is like that." Remy flashed him a coy smile.

"I suggest you have a brain check. You're acting very bizarrely." Westley didn't want to talk to Remy anymore, so he turned around and prepared to leave.

However, he suddenly stopped when he heard him ask, "Westley, does Gabrielle mean something to you?" This time, no trace of any antic or teasing could be extracted from Remy's voice. Instead, he sounded pretty serious.

"Yes. After all, she came to me for atonement." As those words escaped Westley's lips, Remy was relieved that Gabrielle was not here to hear it; otherwise, it would definitely hurt her.

'Is it necessary to say that about Gabrielle?' Remy thought, wanting to ignore this arrogant man.

"Westley, women yield to gentle approach. But they reject force as they prefer to be coaxed." Remy wondered if he was overthinking it all. However, in reality, Westley really treated Gabrielle differently from Nellie.

In the past, whenever Nellie got hurt, Westley would ask her to go to the hospital by herself or ask Alvin to send her there. He would never personally drive her to the hospital. ①

"Remy, you are so good at coaxing women. It seems that your grandpa will have a granddaughter-in-law soon. Should I share this good news with him?" Westley asked and looked at Remy with a snicker.

In an instant, the latter turned pale as paper, obviously alarmed. He didn't want to be in dispute with such a sophisticated man as Westley. So, instead of bickering with him, Remy just let it slide.

Given their age, the elders of their family had tried every means to urge them to get married. And Remy was the main target of the ploy in the Davis.

But he would always make an excuse that he was too busy working and traveling to get married. And if Westley went to the Davis, he would definitely have a hard time.

It was true that Remy and Westley were frenemies!

"Westley, take care of yourself. I hope you don't regret hurting others. Don't blame me for not reminding you. Anyway, I'm leaving now." After saying those words, Remy finally left without hesitation.

When Westley went to look for Gabrielle outside the operating room, he saw her quarreling with a man from a distance. In an instant, he recognized the latter from his clothes. It was Benny.

"Benny, listen to me carefully. Sloane doesn't need you here. You were the reason why she was severely injured tonight. And now, she is

lying in the operating room. No one knows whether she is still alive! How dare you come to see her?" Gabrielle blamed the man in an evidently frustrated tone. She was furious, and she didn't dare to hide it. If more, every word that escaped her lips showed her deep-seethed hatred for Benny.

Meanwhile, Alvin had already learned the situation in the hotel. The three women who beat Sloane were all Estelle's best friends. Estelle had probably orchestrated the entire thing because of her hatred and jealousy of Sloane.

For her, Sloane was the only reason she couldn't be with Benny. Estelle had made many threats and caused so many troubles for Sloane, none of which had endangered the latter's life. That was why Benny ignored it before.

But now that the latter was beaten so seriously that she was sent into the operating room, he couldn't ignore it any longer. And Westley would not let it slide either as Gabrielle also suffered some wounds.

"Benny, do you hear me? Get out of here! Stay as far as possible away from Sloane! If it weren't for you, Estelle wouldn't have beaten her to death. You'd better pray that Sloane heals, or I will make your life a living hell,"

Gabrielle warned Benny fiercely. The veins on

her neck protruded out of sheer anger and animosity.

But more than that, her voice sounded a little sad, which made Westley's heart sank deep. So, he strode towards her and pulled her aside.

"Westley, what are you doing?" Gabrielle was about to scold Benny more, but she felt a massive hand dragging her away.

And much to her annoyance, it was another man she hated too.

"Gabrielle, you are in the hospital, and you quarreled at the door in the operating room. Do you want the nurse to drive you out of here?" Westley snapped at her with a frown.

Somehow, this woman always managed to anger him to the core. Did he do something terrible to her in another life to deserve such a thing? 6

"I know, but Benny pissed me off. If it weren't for him, Sloane wouldn't have been injured. The thought of her lying on that operating table fighting for her life is kicking my urge to scowl at Benny." Although she was still mad, Gabrielle sounded less aggressive now. She even obediently stood aside and stopped shouting.

"Your face was also scratched because of him,

" Westley uttered seriously as he focused his intense gaze on her.

Her face?

Subconsciously, Gabrielle reached out to touch her cheeks, but then, Westley slapped her hand away. ③

"Ouch! Why did you hit me?" Gabrielle looked at her ruddled hand and felt wronged.

Westley must be the reincarnation of a devil. He always bullied Gabrielle like this whenever he got a chance. Did he not know how to be tender to women?

"Haven't you heard from Remy that you shouldn't touch the wound on your face so casually?" Westley eyed her as if he was looking at an idiot.

How could she be so forgetful?

"Remy said that I can't scratch it when it gets scabby and itchy. But he didn't say that I can't touch it gently," Gabrielle argued, pouting her lips.

"Are you doubting my words?" Westley didn't want to reason with her at all. He just wanted her to listen to him for once.

Meanwhile, Gabrielle bit her lips and shifted her face to the other side, not wanting to talk

to Westley anymore.

And while they were quarreling with each other, Benny had been standing there and watching them silently until they stopped bickering. "Westley, I can apologize for the wound on Gabrielle's face."

"Benny, you should apologize to Gabrielle, not to me. But I also want to ask you one question. Do you understand what I said to you before I came here?" Westley asked in a stern voice as he eyed him coldly. ②

Before Westley came to the hotel, he had seriously told Benny not to follow him; otherwise, he'd drive Gabrielle crazy. But the man was just too stubborn. If Westley hadn't stopped Gabrielle, she might have cursed Benny till dawn. ②

Chapter 55 It Is A Family Affair

The atmosphere in the hospital was emotionally charged up and tensed. Benny, Westley, and Gabrielle were waiting outside the operating theatre. "Sloane is now lying in the operating room. I had to come over. I have to be here with her." Benny tried to look tough and hard. He felt he was doing the right thing by being with Sloane in the hospital.

"I don't know what Sloane meant to you, neither do I understand your relationship, but when she was beaten up by three women with blood oozing from all over her body, where were you? You didn't care about her until she was sent into the operating room. Don't you think it's rather too late now?" Westley said coldly.

"Sloane is my ... Younger sister." Benny felt pained and humiliated by the way Westley spoke to him. 8

Even though many people knew how Sloane and Benny were related, Benny never really admitted it to anyone. He hardly talked about his sister.

This was the first time that he had admitted to people that Sloane was his younger sister.

They were stepbrother and stepsister and

although they had lived together for more than ten years, they were not as close as siblings should be. Their relationship had always been ordinary.

"No, that can't be true. Sloane doesn't have an unprincipled and wicked brother like you who only likes to intimidate her. This time around, she was hurt because you refused to intervene when you were supposed to. How can you say that you are her brother when you can't even protect her?" Gabrielle stood out from Westley's back and scolded Benny in anger.

'If they were siblings, why would he be so mean to her all the time?' Gabrielle thought.

She also had a brother. Although Bryce had always ignored her like she didn't exist, at least he wasn't so mean to her as Benny was to Sloane.

Comparing both of them, Bryce was far better than Benny. Though Bryce eloped with Westley's fiancée thereby making her the scapegoat to marry Westley.

"Gabrielle, no matter what you say, I'm still Sloane's brother..."

"It's your family affair Benny, and I shouldn't have interfered with it, I know that. But since you're her brother, you have to know that she was badly injured because of you. You

don't deserve to be her brother at all. How can a brother make his sister suffer unjustly?" Westley was insinuating something by his statement. He wasn't just talking to Benny about his attitude towards his sister but was also mocking Bryce for what he did to Gabrielle. ①

Gabrielle was about to reprimand Benny but when she saw Westley doing so, she calmed down a bit.

She wanted to praise her husband for rebuking him. ②

'A man like Benny doesn't deserve to be called a real man,' she said to herself.

But when she thought about the words very well, she had a feeling that Bryce was also that kind of brother and was no different from Benny.

If a brother could make his sister suffer from the mistakes of what he did, then he didn't deserve to be called a real man either.

Bryce was also that kind of person.

He ran away with Westley's fiancée and made his sister marry Westley as punishment for his foolish action.

'Westley was scolding Benny but was indirectly abusing Bryce, wasn't he?' she

pondered.

"Westley, what do you mean?" she asked with a confused look on her face.

Westley ignored her and coldly looked at Benny. "Benny, since you're arguing about being Sloane's brother, it would be better if you didn't show up here for some time. Deal with your woman first before coming to see her."

"If you choose to be with that dangerous woman called Estelle, please stay away from Sloane for the rest of your life." Gabrielle immediately said that to defend her friend.

"Gabrielle, you must stay out of this!" Benny's face darkened as he yelled at her.

Benny didn't want to tell anyone what had happened between him and Sloane.

To him, it was his family affair.

"How do you expect me to stay out of this? This time, Sloane was hurt and she is now in danger. She almost died! Do you know that? If you still care for Sloane as your sister and still have even just a little conscience, just let her go, please. You even threatened her with the address of where her mother was buried, didn't you? Can you just be a real man and tell her the address instead of beating around the bush?"

Gabrielle was becoming quick-tempered now. She would fight Benny to protect the life of her friend.

'A man like Benny doesn't deserve to be anyone's brother, let alone Sloane's brother,' she thought to herself as she shook her head in pity.

"Gabrielle, this issue is between Sloane and me. I'm sorry I won't be able to accept your advice," Benny said as he looked at her with so much unconcern.

'How can he say that he won't be able to accept my advice? Shit!' she cursed under her breath.

Gabrielle boiled with so much anger that she wanted to scratch his face at that moment.

'What a shameless man he is!' she thought angrily.

"Why can't you just be a real man Benny? Just let go of Sloane and stop torturing her this way. She is in the operating room right now, fighting for her life! What else do you want from her?" She was visibly upset.

By chance, Alvin came around.

"Mr. Morris, I have handled the issue. Is Miss Jones all right?" Seeing the gauze on

Gabrielle's face, Alvin felt both funny and sad at the same time without knowing why.

"Alvin, take her to the car and buy her a cup of iced coffee. She needs to calm down." Westley immediately told Alvin to take Gabrielle away who was already getting worked up as a result of Benny's unruly behavior. ①

"I won't leave, Westley. I'm staying here with Sloane." When she heard she was about to be driven away, she contorted her face in a frown.

'Obviously, men were the same. They were all bad. Westley was going to support Benny's actions, wasn't he?' she thought to herself in annoyance.

"Gabrielle, if you don't obey me this minute, I will never let Sloane out of the operating room." Westley looked at her cruelly, which made her afraid.

She had been arguing here for quite a long time and he had wanted to shut her several times and now was the perfect opportunity to do so.

"Westley, you..." She stared at Westley, but wasn't able to say anything.

Because she knew very well that he would do whatever he said.

"Miss Jones, please come with me." Alvin immediately asked Gabrielle to leave. Westley kept staring at her in annoyance when she didn't move.

"Westley, don't let Benny stay here with Sloane. If she sees him, she will faint in anger," Gabrielle told Westley worriedly. ①

"Gabrielle, when did it become your job to teach me what to do?" Westley began to get impatient.

"I don't mean it that way. I'm leaving now." Gabrielle followed Alvin downstairs in a hurry and looked back at them several times.

When Gabrielle left, the corridor became much more peaceful.

Benny stared at the light in the operating room and took out his cigarette hesitantly. "Westley, do you mind if I smoke here?" Benny asked pleadingly.

"I don't mind, but the hospital doesn't allow smoking in their premises." Westley didn't like Benny and so he roughly spoke to him.

Although Westley was not fond of judging everyone's character and habits as far as it had nothing to do with him, Gabrielle's complaints about Benny made him have a very bad impression of him.

Particularly, men like Benny and Bryce were both similar in several ways.

Benny put the cigarette back in its place silently, trying to be calm. "I didn't expect that Gabrielle would agree to marry you." Benny spoke as he looked at Westley. 2

Chapter 56 Hard To Please

The news of Gabrielle and Westley's marriage came as a surprise to Benny. He had known Gabrielle for many years. She had been adopted by the Jones at a young age. Growing up, she was an obedient and well-behaved child. Her polite demeanor would appeal to any man coming from a family with the same social rank as the Jones. They would surely let her marry such a man. ④

However, Benny didn't expect the man Gabrielle married to be the heir of the most powerful and wealthy family in Antawood.

He wasn't aware of how and when they had first met.

"There are more things that you didn't expect. It would be best if you didn't linger around the ward after the operation is over. If she wants to see you once she's awake, she will ask for you. You do not need to look after her," said Westley. His tone was cold and firm.

Benny shot him a displeased look. He didn't like being spoken to in such a manner. "I believe you've made a mistake, Westley. I am Sloane's brother. She has lived with me for more than ten years. I am also the closest family member she has, at present. As her guardian, it is my right to look after her,"

replied Benny.

"To jog your memory, she was injured because of you. She fell down because of you. Need I remind you it was Gabrielle who accompanied her when she was bullied? It was she who brought her to the hospital for treatment. What help did you offer, despite being her nominal brother? All you have done is cause her trouble and injury. Do you really believe you have any right to stay with her?" argued Westley. Westley had no interest of meddling in such messy matters. However, since Gabrielle was involved in this particular one, he felt the need to interject. 7

"Westley, I don't mean any disrespect but this is none of your business. You may be Gabrielle's husband but that does not give you the right to interfere in my family affair." Benny's face looked grim.

"It seems as if you've forgotten who I am. In Antawood, I hold the power to deal with anything," said Westley, flatly. He cast a stone-cold glance at Benny.

Westley possessed the ability to seem overbearing and ruthless when he wanted to.

It was true. In Antawood, there wasn't a thing Westley couldn't do. That was the extent of his power.

"Irrespective of everything, Gabrielle is my

wife. She was injured because of you. I could have made your life unbearable just for that. I want to believe you are a sensible person. So, I am advising you to leave before I lose my patience. If at all Sloane wants to see you after she wakes up, I will let you know. I will not interfere in your business then." Westley gave Benny a final chance to make a choice.

"Okay, Westley. I am leaving. Please take care of Sloane. Thank you." Having no choice, he turned around and left.

As Westley walked up to the car, he saw Gabrielle sitting in the back seat. She seemed to be gulping down ice coffee as if she were parched. She appeared to be restraining an unpleasant sentiment.

She immediately offered Westley another cup of coffee as he got into the car. "It's your favorite black coffee. It's prepared just the way you like it, Westley. Here you go."

Westley was taken aback for a moment. She had an ingratiating expression on her face. Along with the crisscrossed bandages it made for an amusing view.

"Who told you that this is how I take my coffee?" asked Westley. He leaned back slightly without showing any intention of accepting the coffee. He glanced displeasingly at Alvin, who sat on the driver's seat.

He was certain that it must have been Alvin who informed Gabrielle about his preference.

Gabrielle's sycophantic behavior made him uncomfortable. Was she really the kind of person who would fawn over men to gain their favor?

He had a hunch that she would curry favor with Austin, Lance and Micheal.

The thought of that further displeased him.

He shot a cold gaze at Alvin. Enough to send shivers down his spine.

"I bought the coffee, Mr. Morris. I know your prefer to take it black," Alvin admitted, at once.

He knew Westley was about to lose his temper any moment. He didn't dare to trifle with him.

"Okay," replied Westley. He was considerably less irritated after knowing it was Alvin who bought the coffee. However, a part of him hoped that it was prepared by Gabrielle. He felt disappointed to know that wasn't the case. 4

"Alvin has specially prepared this coffee for you as per you liking, Westley. Please have a taste of it." Gabrielle handed the cup over to

him. ②

He took the coffee and sipped it. It was a little cold for his taste. He immediately put it aside.

"What's wrong? Do you not like it?" asked Gabrielle. She was curious about why he put it down after a single sip.

After all, the coffee was catered to his liking. Alvin made sure of that. What reason did he have to put it aside?

Westley was really hard to please. He was also incredibly hard to serve under. ②

"It's cold," replied Westley. Although his tone was perhaps colder than the coffee.

He had always been a snob about his food.

"Sloane's still in the operation room, isn't she? Is Benny still waiting? Is he still lingering around the ward? That wretched man. I am going to drive him away!" said Gabrielle, purposefully. She was about to push the car door open.

"Alvin, lock the doors and drive," Westley commanded Alvin.

Gabrielle shot Westley an annoyed look. Why did he always have to make things difficult for her?

He couldn't believe she had gone as far as to put herself in danger just to save her friend. Her face and body were scarred with scratches. Yet, somehow all she could think about was Sloane. Despite her own injuries, she was worried for her friend.

"What do you mean? I don't understand. Did you persuade Benny to stay away?" Gabrielle looked at him in astonishment.

"Gabrielle, you know I don't like to repeat myself," he responded in a callous manner.

Gabrielle was relieved to know that Benny had been put in his place. She was glad to know that he wouldn't be bothering them.

"Thank you for helping me, Westley. I really appreciate it," Gabrielle said as she expressed her sincere gratitude.

"It's not you who I'm helping, Gabrielle. You know I dislike Benny's behavior. I don't deem him worthy to be Sloane's brother." Westley didn't want to put Gabrielle on a high horse. He made sure it was clear that he had no intention of helping her.

"I know where you want to take this conversation. I agree that Benny doesn't deserve to be Sloane's brother. But my brother is actually a very good man. He's not as bad as you believe he is. He-"

"For once, will you please listen to me? I have to wait for Sloane to come out of the operating room. Benny cannot be trusted. I cannot let him stay there," she said. Her expression was stern and unwavering.

"Why don't you worry about taking care of yourself first? Look at your face! It's covered in bandages. What more do you want to do?" shouted Westley. His eyes glinted of anger.

Gabrielle swallowed hard. She took a mouthful of ice coffee and gulped it down, hoping that it would calm her down. She then turned away to look out of the window. She couldn't dare to look at Westley, anymore.

It was dark outside. Neon lights flashed over the landscape. Gabrielle's sullen state made it difficult for her to appreciate the view outside.

"Benny won't be seeing Sloane until she asks for him. If she wishes to see him once she's awake and responsive, he can go see her," said Westley. Westley glanced over at Gabrielle. He felt sorry for her because she looked gloomy.

He had always thought that Gabrielle was a smart woman. He was aware of her cunning and calculative side. However, in this moment she seemed silly and doltish.

"Gabrielle!" exclaimed Westley. He interrupted her mid-sentence. He had no intention of letting her finish.

Chapter 57 The Man Will Scold Her

"Yes, tell me what's wrong?" Gabrielle stood in shock as he roared abruptly. She tried to comprehend what had just happened as she looked upon him with a face, vacant with emotion.

"When did I ask you to tell me about Bryce? Do you not understand what Bryce did? It doesn't matter to me whether Bryce is or was a good brother or not. He is a sinner in my eyes. Bryce chose to seduce my fiancée. He took her away from me and eloped. I was then faced with the Jones asking you to marry me instead, like it was some kind of compensation." Gabrielle felt the pain of Westley's words, as if he had a sharp knife stabbing into her heart, leaving her breathless. ①

"Westley, I don't think it's fair for you to say that. There were two people involved in this situation. How well do you know Bryce and Nellie? Do you really think my brother would have taken Nellie away if she didn't agree? Both lovers need to share a mutual affection to elope. Not everything in this situation can be blamed on my brother." Gabrielle felt anger exploding out of her as she shouted at Westley. ②

Bryce was to blame for all of this. He was the one who took Nellie away! She was the daughter of the Collins. What kind of people were in that family? Could Bryce have taken Nellie away if she wasn't willing to elope?

Why could Westley only put the blame on Bryce? It wasn't fair. Both Nellie and Bryce were to blame if something was wrong.

"Bryce is expected to take the responsibility for this type of situation, Gabrielle. He is a man! You care so much about him that you forget that not everything he does is acceptable." Westley's face was stern as he shouted at Gabrielle, acting completely irrational.

"All I'm doing is telling you the truth about the situation. My brother cannot be blamed for all of this. Nellie is the one to leave with him. She has to take responsibility for some of it." Gabrielle's voice gradually became weaker.

The atmosphere was always unpleasant when Westley defeated Gabrielle.

"Gabrielle, I know you like Bryce so much but even if he made a million mistakes that hurt you, would you still forgive him unconditionally?" Westley was infuriated by Gabrielle. He looked at her with such emptiness that he had the desire to smash her head in. He wanted to know if there was

something wrong with her brain to make her act so stupid.

"I...", Gabrielle stared at Westley in astonishment. Her mind had a lot to say, but she was unable to speak the words.

"I really don't think I've met anyone as stupid as you are, Gabrielle. It's clear to see that Bryce and the Jones are in the wrong," Westley said, in a cold manner. ①

Gabrielle felt anger inside, but she couldn't find the words to respond.

The mood in the car suddenly changed. There was no talking, yet all that could be heard was their breathing.

The mood was so quick to change that Alvin didn't even dare to look at Westley and Gabrielle in the mirror whilst he was driving.

It was unnerving to see how fast it had changed.

The atmosphere was pleasant, but it turned sour so quickly. It was evident that Westley and Gabrielle were enemies in their previous lives; they were unable to look at one another let alone even speak to each other.

The silence continued between Gabrielle and Westley. Even when the car entered the Vineyard Villa, Alvin didn't wish to say one

word. He stopped the car as quickly as he could and waited for them both to get out.

The car came to a stop but Westley continued to ignore Gabrielle. He immediately got out of the car, slamming the door behind him.

Gabrielle felt as if she had been wronged by Westley for no reason. "What the hell is wrong with him? Why does he have such a problem?"

Gabrielle stayed in the car. Her fists were clenched and she bit her lips, feeling the anger fill her body.

If only Westley had been able to keep his fiancée, Nellie by his side, she wouldn't have left and eloped with Bryce. Then this would have meant that Gabrielle wouldn't have to marry such a miserable, cold-hearted man.

'I don't understand why Westley is blaming everything on my brother! Nellie is also at fault here. They elope together. Westley should go and take Nellie back, but's it clear he's not capable of even doing that! 6

Instead, this merciless man casts his anger at me.'

Gabrielle continued to dwell on it. Although, the more she did; the worse she felt.

"Miss Jones, will you be leaving the car or will you be staying put for the night?" Alvin reminded Gabrielle softly. It was already the middle of the night. Alvin needed to go to sleep since he had to work for Westley early in the morning.

Gabrielle looked up at Alvin. Her eyes were red, as if she was about to cry.

Gabrielle had planned to for Alvin to take her to Sloane's apartment. Only then was it that she suddenly remembered how Sloane was still lying in the hospital bed. This made her feel even worse than she was already feeling.

It would not have been wise for Gabrielle to go back to the Jones tonight due to the injuries on her face. Yet, to make matters worse, how could she go back now in the middle of the night?

The sight of her injuries would scare Wendy and Tobias to death.

"Fine, I'll get out of the car." Gabrielle sighed deeply. She had no option but to leave the car and bravely enter the house.

She flung the door open and pushed herself out of the car. Gabrielle stood there for some time, just staring at the house she had no intention of entering.

"Miss Jones, do you need me to assist you?" Alvin glanced uneasily at Gabrielle.

Alvin always felt a lot of pressure when he was around Gabrielle. She had a really peculiar temper now that she was married to Westley.

"Alvin, you can leave now. I'm capable of going inside by myself." Gabrielle took a deep breath. She looked up at the house and began to walk inside. ①

As Gabrielle entered the house, the living room was brightly lit. It was clear that Westley hadn't been there. Neil was busy grinding coffee when he saw Gabrielle enter the room. He was overcome with shock when he witnessed the injury to her face.

"Miss Jones, what happened to your face? You didn't have those wounds before you left? What happened? They look very painful." Neil looked at Gabrielle with worry in his eyes.

"I'm okay, Neil. I was scratched by three wild cats but I've been treated in the hospital. My wounds are going to be fine," Gabrielle said, awkwardly.

If Neil had known that Gabrielle's face was injured from an attack of three wild women, then he would look at her completely differently.

Neil was so worried about Gabrielle. Her beautiful face was scratched; how could he not worry about it?

"How did you get attacked by these wild cats?" Neil asked apprehensively.

"Maybe it was my bad luck that I met with some angry cats." But what else could Gabrielle tell him? Truth could not be told. Although she had also hurt them, it was what they deserved.

"Did Mr. Morris make sure you got to the hospital safely?" Neil asked. Westley had just arrived at home before Gabrielle came into the room. It was obvious they were together.

"Yes Neil, Westley took me to the hospital. I thank him very much for making sure I was safe." Although she spoke the words, the sincerity of her thanks wasn't there.

Chapter 58 The Midnight Call Up

Gabrielle had wanted to sincerely thank Westley for taking them the hospital to the car. He had everything arranged for them. Gabrielle was very grateful, until Westley sprouted some harsh words in the car.

If Westley hadn't stepped in, Gabrielle and Sloane wouldn't have known what could have happened to them.

But, what Westley said about Bryce before he got out of the car was uncalled for. Gabrielle felt her gratitude towards Westley wane after what she heard.

"Since you're so grateful for Mr. Morris, Miss Jones, could you please bring him a coffee for later? Mr. Morris is currently reading some documents in the study. You can bring it to him there," Neil said, interrupting Gabrielle's deep thoughts. Neil felt the tension building up between Westley and Gabrielle and only hoped that he could had done the right thing to bring them together.

'Bring Westley a coffee? Why would I do that?'

Gabrielle refused in her mind.

"Neil, Westley had asked you to make him a coffee. I don't think it would be appropriate

for me to bring it to him." Approaching Westley was the last thing Gabrielle wanted to do, knowing very well that he would most likely drive her out.

"No problem, Miss Jones. If you really don't want to do that, I can send it to Mr. Morris." Neil knew there was something going on between Westley and Gabrielle, but he couldn't seem to figure it out.

"Neil, I did something that made Mr. Morris unhappy. I'm afraid that if I send the coffee to him personally, he's going to lose his temper," Gabrielle said hesitantly.

Westley's attitude had been very upsetting when Gabrielle spoke with him earlier. She understood that if she showed her face to him again, the outcome would be dire.

"Miss Jones, you cannot do any wrong in Mr. Morris' eyes. He can't stay mad at you, despite whatever it is that you did to upset him. I am sure there must have been some sort of misunderstanding and he would be pleased to have you bring him the coffee instead. You can take the opportunity to clear the air with him." Gabrielle couldn't help but be persuaded by Neil's suggestion.

Gabrielle thought for a while and decided to bring Westley the coffee to appease the man. After all, he did help her out in a time of need.

"Okay, Neil. I'll bring it up to him." Gabrielle agreed and got up to stand by Neil.

Neil was delighted to hear that Gabrielle obliged and quickly made the coffee for Gabrielle to take it upstairs to the study.

"Miss Jones, it's ready. Here you are."

"Thank you, Neil."

With the cup of coffee in hand, Gabrielle trudged up the stairs towards the study while she thought about what she could say to Westley. As she approached, she realized that the door to the study was open. Peering around the corner, Gabrielle gasped as Westley suddenly appeared in front of the door. Gabrielle was so startled that she almost spilled the coffee all over her hand.

"Why are you sneaking around my study, Gabrielle?" Gabrielle stared at Westley with fear in her eyes, which caused Westley discomfort knowing that Gabrielle was scared of him.

'We have already had some quarrels in the car. Is Gabrielle coming here to take the initiative to apologize?' Westley thought curiously.

"Gabrielle, are you bringing this coffee to me to apologize to me? If you are, do you

sincerely believe that you were wrong?"

Westley took a look at the coffee in Gabrielle's hand and made the assumption that that Gabrielle was here because she was sorry.

He was secretly pleased and tried to hide the smirk that was forming on his face and thought, 'She is finally admitting that she was wrong.'

However, a cold glance crossed Gabrielle's face instead.

"Neil asked me to bring this to you. Although I agree that what I said in the car is a bit out of line, I don't believe that I said anything wrong." Gabrielle bit her lips and looked intently up at Westley.

"Well, if you weren't here to apologize, why have you come up here?" Westley snapped. Westley's face darkened and he didn't even want to pick up the coffee in Gabrielle's hand.

As Gabrielle was about to say something, Westley's phone rang. Westley gave Gabrielle a look of contempt and turned around to look at his phone and answer it. "Holly, what is it? What happened?"

Westley quickly turned around and started briskly away from the study. "Okay... Wait a

minute, I am coming now. Don't be afraid." Westley picked up his pace and quickly ran down the stairs.

'Holly?' Gabrielle repeated in her mind.

'Who is this woman Westley is speaking to?'

"Gabrielle, there were no sincerity in you bringing me this cup of coffee. Don't come back to me unless you're ready to apologize," Westley barked as he went back into his study to grab his car keys so he could head out.

'It's so early in the morning, why is Westley leaving at this awful hour?' Gabrielle stared at Westley, following him back down the stairs.

"Westley, where are you going at this ungodly hour?" Gabrielle asked out of habit, even though she did not have a care in the world about what he did.

"That's none of your business," Westley barked at Gabrielle as he strode out of the room.

Neil was about to head back to sleep when Westley rushed past him into the garage and drove away from Vineyard Villa in a hurry. Neil quickly looked for Gabrielle to see what had happened.

"Miss Jones, what happened? Didn't you bring Mr. Morris the coffee he asked for? Why did he go out at this hour? Did you two have another fight?" Neil asked anxiously.

Neil was saddened to see his efforts go to waste and remembered Miley telling him to do his very best to make sure that Westley and Gabrielle got along. "Westley and Gabrielle will need to deepen their relationship quickly. Do what you can to help them cultivate their relationship."

Neil worried.

"Oh, he had something urgent to come up just now. I guess he had to deal with it and it seems that someone asked him to go out immediately," Gabrielle replied nonchalantly. "Neil, do you know who Holly is?" Gabrielle looked at Neil apprehensively.

'Why would a woman call Westley to go out in the middle of the night? And, why would he hurry to her? She must be someone that's very important to Westley.'

Gabrielle was reminded of the beautiful woman at the restaurant while they had dinner the other night.

Westley had never been pictured with another woman in the media since no one dared to make any reports of him dating

did finally fall asleep, her rest was plagued by nightmares of Westley holding another woman. 5

When Gabrielle finally opened her eyes, she looked out of the window and found that it was already dawn. She rolled over thinking about the dream she just had and felt herself in a trance.

After quickly brushing her teeth, Gabrielle went downstairs to find Neil preparing breakfast.

"Good morning, Neil."

"Miss Jones, why are you up so early? You had a late night, so you should be resting some more."

"I feel fine. By the way, did Westley return at all last night?" Gabrielle asked hesitantly.

"I'm afraid Mr. Morris did not return last night, but he did call this morning. He informed me that Holly had sprained her ankle last night and he stayed at the hospital with her the entire night," Neil reported honestly.

Gabrielle felt a slight twist in her heart as the feeling of mixed emotions tapped at her heart.

"Miss Jones... Don't worry, Mr. Morris and

different women. But, Gabrielle was uncertain whether Westley was as straight and narrow as he may have seemed.

"Holly?" Neil looked seriously at Gabrielle and frowned.

"Holly is an heir and socialite from the Edwards. She is also the cousin of Nellie. From what I know, Holly is a good friend of Mr. Morris," Neil explained to Gabrielle.

Gabrielle heard of Holly before and knew that she was Nellie's cousin and a friend of Westley's. But, that still didn't make it appropriate for her to call Westley up in the middle of the night. 'Did something serious happen?' Gabrielle wondered.

'Forget about it. It's Westley's affairs, and I shouldn't meddle in it.'

"It's late, Neil. You should head to bed and get some rest. I'll drink this cup of coffee instead," Gabrielle said as she started towards the guest quarters. With the cup of coffee in hand, Gabrielle walked up, lost in her thoughts.

The next morning, Gabrielle woke up feeling tired and groggy. She didn't sleep well at all because of the big cup of coffee she drank before going to bed. She also couldn't close her eyes without thinking about everything that happened the night before. When she

Holly are just friends..." Neil tried to explain after seeing Gabrielle's somber face.

"You won't need to explain anything to me, Neil. This is Mr. Morris' private affairs and he and I have made a deal that we would not interfere with each other's lives." Gabrielle's lips twitched, trying to put on a happy face. 'More importantly, I don't have the ability to interfere with Westley's private affairs,' Gabrielle thought to herself.

After hearing what Gabrielle said, Neil did not broach the subject any more.

Helena was Holly's cousin. When Westley dated Helena, she had introduced her to Westley. So, naturally Westley became a good friend of Holly's as well.

However, Holly never saw Westley as a good friend. She always wanted more. 2

Chapter 59 Be Afraid Of Scaring People

After breakfast, Gabrielle donned a mask and a hat, after which she left for the hospital to see Sloane.

After the operation last night, Sloane was transferred to the intensive care unit. Most of her injuries were traumatic, and the most serious one had come from a blow to the back of her head. So she had remained in a coma after the operation.

When Gabrielle arrived, she walked up to a bed, sat beside it, and stared at its comatose patient, Sloane. She was lying there with her eyes closed and her face covered up with gauze. Her head was wrapped, too. Gabrielle watched her with worry-filled eyes.

"Wake up soon, Sloane. I'll avenge you. I certainly won't let Estelle and those three bitches go," she growled, gripping Sloane's hand gently, her promise firm in her mind.

"Last night, Westley drove that bad guy, Benny, away. His help had been instrumental in resolving the issue, and now I feel I owe him a favor," Gabrielle said as a wave of unease washed over her.

When the thought of owing Westley a favor

crossed her mind, she got distressed.

A debt was easy to pay off, but it was difficult to repay a favor.

In this case, it was Westley she owed a favor. It wasn't a price she thought she could pay.

As though the guilt already on her conscience wasn't enough, Gabrielle now owed Westley a favor. She couldn't help but wonder if she could ever repay him.

From every angle, this was indeed a terrible development.

"Sloane, get well soon. There are many things we still have to do together.

Didn't you say you want to travel the world with me? Then, let's go on a trip when you wake up, okay?

You also said you want to find the location of your mother's grave. When you wake up, let's keep searching for it, okay?

It would be best if you stayed away from Benny; you wouldn't be in this state had it not been for him. Don't worry. I'll find you a good man who will love you sincerely."

Sloane's coma was severe, however, so she would not be waking up soon. After spending half a day with her, Gabrielle decided to pay

the studio a visit.

When she left the ward, she saw bodyguards stationed on both sides of the door. Westley had hired them to prevent Benny from getting anywhere near the room.

"Thank you all for working hard. Please, I implore you not to let that bastard, Benny, get close to this ward, no matter what. Thanks again."

As Gabrielle walked out of the inpatient building, she spotted Westley and a young, beautiful woman walking out of another building. They looked perfect together and were quite intimate.

If Gabrielle hadn't known that Westley was her husband, she'd have thought he and the pretty woman were a couple.

The woman had to be Holly, who had called Westley the night before and asked him to come over. She said she had sprained her ankle and that it was difficult for her to walk.

Seeing Westley and Holly coming her way, Gabrielle panicked. Her eyes darted around and spotted a trash can close by, and without further ado, she dove behind it like some sort of thief.

"Westley, thank you for coming to see me so late yesterday and for spending the entire

night with me," Holly cooed.

"Holly, you don't have to be so polite to me. We are friends, after all." Westley's tone was calm, a stark contrast to the cold tone Gabrielle always received.

This unwelcome discovery made Gabrielle feel terrible.

Indeed, she was Westley's wife in name only, but it seemed Holly, his female confidant, held more sway with him than she did.

"Westley, we... We are just friends?" Holly asked, her voice betraying the disappointment she felt.

"You're Helena's younger cousin and Nellie's elder cousin. We might as well be family," Westley said, grossly misinterpreting her words and, by extension, her intentions.

Holly couldn't suppress the sigh that reverberated in her heart, and she leaned on Westley.

Gabrielle peeked at the duo from behind the trash can and saw Holly leaning on Westley's shoulder.

It was apparent that she had a crush on Westley. Still, she was Nellie's elder cousin, so how could she scheme this much? It seemed she intended to seduce Nellie's man.

"Westley, even if you don't marry Nellie, we can still be a family, if—" 2

"Holly, let me drive you to the Edwards' residence. It's not convenient for you to live alone in an apartment,"

Westley suddenly said, interrupting her.

Holly had always carefully hidden her emotions, going above and beyond to remain unreadable. Westley had paid little attention to her in the past, so he didn't know how conniving she was.

"Westley, you know I've always been competitive. When I returned, I chose not to live with the Edwards because I didn't want them to worry about me. If I go back home with a sprained ankle, my parents won't let me move out again. I don't mind living alone. You can accompany me if you'd like to," she said. With her best puppy-dog eyes, she looked pitifully at Westley. 5

When Gabrielle saw that Holly and Westley were almost a hundred meters away, she came out from behind the trash can.

'Damn it!' She fumed. Since she wasn't the one double dating, why then had she hidden like a thief? 'I'm such a coward.'

Gabrielle had dressed in a way that even

Wendy couldn't recognize her, though.

When she remembered how gentle Westley was with Holly, compared to how indifferent he was to her, she sulked.

It was infuriating!

Nevertheless, whatever Westley had done with Holly was his business. He and Gabrielle had agreed to stay out of each other's personal affairs, so there was nothing she could do.

Gabrielle hurried out of the hospital and took a taxi to Jewelrin Design Studio, where she was undergoing an internship.

Jason was one of the bosses at Jewelrin Design Studio. He was Austin's second elder cousin and the Foster's young master.

It was Austin who introduced Gabrielle to Jason's studio. No one else would have hired her, as her background and qualifications were quite ordinary.

The taxi pulled up at Jewelrin Design Studio, and when Gabrielle exited the car, she saw Austin taking a phone call. He was facing the other way and had his back to her. In a playful mood, she snuck up behind him and, as though she was holding a gun, pressed two fingers on his back.

This sudden move startled Austin, and as he hung up the call, a faint albeit sweet fragrance assaulted his nostrils. It was all it took for Austin to know who was behind him, and he smiled.

"Don't move. This is a stick-up. Hand over your valuables," Gabrielle said in a deliberately deep, unpleasant voice, in a bid to mask herself. 6

And because she had on a hat and a mask, she did resemble a robber. A bystander would certainly have been fooled.

Austin burst into laughter when he heard Gabrielle's voice. He turned around slowly and looked at the short wannabe robber in front of him.

"I'm of the most value, so take me away," he said. As he took in her appearance, especially her hat, he got curious. 5

'Why did Gabrielle dress like this today?'

"No, you're too heavy, so you'll be difficult to carry," Gabrielle said, laughing as she withdrew her hand.

"Gabrielle, why are you here today? Why are you dressed like this?" She had worn a long-sleeved jacket, a hat, and a mask as though she were a celebrity. As this was quite

unusual, he couldn't stifle his curiosity, and it showed in his eyes as he stared.

"I didn't want to get exposed to the sun. I wasn't even more scared that people would freak out if they saw my face, so I dressed this way," Gabrielle said as her cheeks glowed red with embarrassment.

Chapter 60 He Really Cared About Her

Gabrielle spoke in such an unusually low voice, that it caused Austin to sense that something was not right with her. Instinctively, he lifted the hat covering her face with his big hands. Gabrielle let out a surprised shriek at his blatant move.

"Austin, what are you doing? Give me back my hat!" She tried to snatch the hat from Austin, but was unsuccessful.

Austin stared at Gabrielle's face. It was covered in gauze, from her forehead to her cheek, and partly concealed under the mask she was wearing. Austin did not expect to see that her fair face had taken on such a ghoulish disfiguration. He couldn't accept it at all, as his bright black eyes gradually turned red.

"Gabrielle, what happened to you?" Austin tried desperately to control his anger, but in vain. His voice was trembling.

Austin just couldn't even begin to imagine how Gabrielle's face was so hurt and how much pain she must be in right now.

"Austin, it..."

"Gabrielle, how did you get hurt? Did Westley

hurt you?" Austin grabbed her shoulders as he asked.

It was painfully obvious that the wounds must have been made by others. It was impossible for Gabrielle to hurt herself. ⑥

It was well established that Gabrielle had been forced to marry Westley. And besides that, Westley was known for his temperamental and brutal character. How could Gabrielle be Westley's match?

Austin allowed himself to totally believe that Westley was responsible for beating Gabrielle.

"Ouch, ouch. Austin, you're hurting me," cried Gabrielle. Gabrielle continued to cry out as Austin held her shoulder tightly.

Gabrielle knew that Austin was a power ball of strength, but she didn't expect him to use it on her in such a horrible manner. Gabrielle felt a little strange to see Austin like this.

He gripped her shoulder tightly. Upon realizing he was hurting her, Austin released his hold. "Gabrielle, I'm so sorry I hurt you. I don't know what came over me. I just... Are you okay Gabrielle?"

"Austin, please, I'm fine." Gabrielle gently rubbed the place where Austin had pinched her so hard on her shoulder.

It really hurt.

For as long as she could remember, Austin had never treated her like this.

The man standing in front of her, didn't seem to be that man she knew who would gently smile at her.

"Well. Gabrielle, tell me the truth. Did Westley hurt your face? Did he do something bad to you? Did he hurt you?" There was hatred showing on Austin's face.

Gabrielle was stunned at Austin's unfounded claims for a while. "Austin, why do you think the same as Remy? Westley didn't beat me. He doesn't beat women."

Austin had already known that Westley didn't beat women. But when Austin saw the wound on Gabrielle's face, he lost control of his mind and the ability to think clearly. He had forgotten the fact that Westley was not a woman beater. 9

Gabrielle's words instantly brought Austin back to reality.

"So, what happened to your face then?"

"If I say it was caused by wildcats. Do you believe it?" Gabrielle teased Austin with a little bit of sarcasm, followed by a warm

smile.

Now Austin was pissed off. He found her remarks both funny and annoying. "I'll take revenge for you. Don't worry."

Gabrielle couldn't help but burst into laughter. "Austin, when did you become so humorous? I got these wounds because I fought with others. And Sloane..."

Before Gabrielle could finish her words, her phone rang. Seeing that it was a strange number, she hesitated for a while and then answered it.

"Hello, this is..." Before she could finish saying her name, she was rudely cut off.

"Gabrielle, where are you?" A woman's sharp voice came from the other end of the line, sounding somewhat angry.

It sounded familiar to Gabrielle, but she couldn't recall who it was for a moment.

"I'm sorry. And you are?" Gabrielle said coldly.

"Estelle. Tell me where you are. Let's meet up and talk," Estelle said in a harsh tone. ④

"Estelle?" Gabrielle dryly said. As soon as Gabrielle realized that the caller was Estelle, her voice became colder. Gabrielle hadn't

forgotten how Estelle's three best friends beat Sloane and scratched Gabrielle's face. ①

How could Estelle call and order Gabrielle so authoritatively? It was ridiculous.

But even if Estelle didn't come to Gabrielle voluntarily, Gabrielle would find a way to get hold of her.

"It's actually none of your business where I am. But since you called me, let's settle the score. You owe me and Sloane for what happened, and now you have to pay us back. " Gabrielle was never a pushover. If anyone hurt her, she would make them pay her back two fold.

This time, Estelle wasn't involved directly; however, it wasn't difficult to ascertain that she must be the manipulator behind the scene.

"Okay, let's meet and talk. I'll wait for you in New Buds Cafe," said Estelle. Then Estelle hung up the phone.

'Damn it! Estella is so arrogant!

Aren't I the one who wants to get even with her? How can she behave as if she's the innocent party? Such arrogance, ' Gabriel thought to herself.

Gabrielle looked disbelieving at the phone.

She choked back her anger and put the phone back into her bag.

"Gabrielle, what happened?" Austin was staring at Gabrielle.

It was the first time that Austin had seen Gabrielle like this. He found it strange.

It turned out that the gentle girl could also have a fierce side.

"Austin, I'm sorry. Did I scare you?" The angry look on Gabrielle's face had subsided, as she looked at Austin with a slight smile.

As soon as Gabrielle had received the call from Estelle, the resentment and anger in her heart was ignited. She became so furious, that she hadn't cared that it was in front of Austin.

She was always by nature a gentle and caring girl. Perhaps, her image in Austin's mind had just been shattered.

"Gabrielle, I know it's hard to control one's emotions sometimes. What happened to you? Can you tell me? Maybe I can help you?" said Austin caringly. Austin didn't think that Gabrielle's image was ruined. Instead, he actually liked what he saw. He felt that she looked more real and had the tenacity to stick up for herself.

"Then come with me to see someone." After a moment of deliberation, Gabrielle decided to meet Estelle with Austin.

'Estelle is such a scheming and vicious woman. I have no idea what tricks she is playing on me.

With Austin by my side, at least I can feel at ease.'

"Of course. Do you want to go there now?" replied Austin. Austin was willing to go with Gabrielle. He was always happy to stand by her side.

"Yes. Let's go now." Estelle was the one who wanted to meet Gabrielle. How could she treat Gabrielle in such a commanding tone? Talking to her was the last thing that Gabrielle wanted to do. But Gabrielle had to go there and get even with her.

Estelle was that bossy type of woman who liked to order everyone. She was under the misbelief that the whole world focused around her. So delusional.

"Okay, wait for me here. I'll go get the car and pick you up soon." Austin turned around to the parking lot.