

Chapter 86 Pretentious Woman

Westley's demeanor was calmer now. He found Gabrielle vulnerable for people to take advantage or even abuse her. He was very concerned.

"Your wounds will heal much faster with this ointment. Make sure to tell Sophie about this when she arrives. I have more important things to do." Wesley was furious and threw the medications onto the bed.

"Sophie?" It's was the first time that Gabrielle had heard of Sophie.

"Sophie used to work at Morris' Mansion before and is very experienced in taking care of people. That's why I chose her to take good care to you." Westley had to be sure that Gabrielle was well taken care of so that all actions are within the proper bounds and socially acceptable. Sophie was a perfect choice.

"What happened? Everything seemed like a blur. Where is Mr. Smith? I can't remember what happened." Fear had taken over Gabrielle and this was a burden she would carry for the rest of her life.

"I brought you here in my villa called Half Moon Bay so you can rest and re-charge. There is no need to worry about that bastard.

Stay here and take good care of yourself." Westley felt somehow she was safe here and could leave her for a while.

Westley felt at ease now, as if a heavy burden was lifted off his shoulders. A sigh of relief took over as he enjoyed a good smoke driving away.

Gabrielle couldn't sleep, contemplating the bitter conversation she had with Westley that affected her deeply. She was hurt.

"Outright hideous!

It hurts!"

Only pain, sorrow, and anguish were all she can think of. Gabrielle knew that nothing good could come out of her relationship with Westley and that only regret and bitterness awaited. She was resigned to her fate.

Gabrielle knew Westley left when she heard the car leave.

It raised suspicion on what this place was. Maybe a place for fornication. Sometimes one's imagination can play tricks on you. The rich people usually are notorious for these illicit ideas mainly because of the excess wealth they control. Westley had a lot of properties all over the world and could do whatever he liked with them.

Feeling paranoid was not what Gabrielle envisioned to take over her life. She just wanted to live like any normal person. And this may sound simple to some but to others, it's a challenge. She then decided to take a bath and forget.

Time sometimes passes by slowly especially when you are enjoying a nice bath. You tend to experience total relaxation or an escape from reality. Then, a knock at the door interrupted her calm.

"I can hear somebody inside the bathroom. Is that you Miss Jones?" Sophie's voice was very loud.

Some people remind us of a person we loved who took care of us in the past. Others make a good first impression and quickly become close to our hearts. Gabrielle discovered these positive traits with Sophie.

"Nice to meet you Miss Jones," Sophie said. Sophie was so eloquent and humble in her introduction. She was received well by all.

"Never call Gabrielle Mrs. Morris!" was Westley's order.

"Found you at last Sophie!" The moment Gabrielle saw her, she felt so aggrieved that she burst into tears. Then she threw herself into Sophie's arms. 2

"At last! You are with Sophie!"

Gabrielle had already a very close bond with Sophie which could be almost likened to a mother and daughter. ⁵

Always a touch of assurance and comfort came from Sophie's loving hands. "Oh, dear Miss Jones, what happened? Did you quarrel with Mr. Morris? Are you hurt? Let me check if you have a wound?"

Grief and pity was written all over Sophie's face as she tried to tend to Gabrielle's wounds. She felt helpless as she wiped off the blood and the tears. It was a tragic event that both couldn't forget. ¹

"No one deserves this brutal beating. What kind of person can do such a thing?" Gabrielle's face was a big mess and Sophie could only do her best by applying the ointment which she knew would be a big help in easing the pain.

Sophie was tasked by Westley to take care and look after Gabrielle at the Half Moon Bay villa for a few days. The initial story was that she had been bullied in school.

Sophie was surprised that Westley had brought Gabrielle to his hidden sanctum. This was the last place she expected him to bring Gabrielle to.

"He won't be left unpunished." Fear gripped Gabrielle as she was scared of the evil surrounding her. Panic and self-preservation kicked in as she suspected she was drugged and almost killed by Mr. Smith.

She could not bear the thought of the images and possibilities that played in her mind. It was all a big disaster and contemplated suicide.

Even if Westley didn't blame her for that, it became almost psychological. She had a hard time grasping reality and fear overcame her.

Gabrielle was a strong person. She believed before that she had the grit to protect and defend herself against all adversities. But she suddenly came to grip with reality and realized her weakness.

"Miss Jones, don't worry. Mr. Morris won't let go of any bad guy who dares to bully you like that. Poor girl, why such awful things happened to you?" She could almost feel Gabrielle's pain. It was like a mother feeling for her daughter. Their bond was strong.

"Sophie, I'm sorry to make you worry about me."

Gabrielle's pain was even made greater as she did not want Sophie to worry more about her condition. This affected her and brought more sorrow.

"Silly girl, you have suffered so much. Why do you apologize to me? Don't let such a thing happen again in the future. If you encounter something that you can't solve, just turn to Mr. Morris. After all, you are his wife, and he will help you. He is powerful enough to help you with anything in this city." Sophie tried to comfort Gabrielle.

It would be better if Sophie didn't comfort Gabrielle in this way. Her words would only make her feel sadder, because she felt that she had really annoyed Westley this time.

She was afraid that Westley would hate her even more. This left her in a very vulnerable position.

"Sophie, what did Mr. Morris say to you before?" Gabrielle somehow tried to disconnect all the details that led to that dark experience. She wanted to forget and start anew.

"I was given instructions by Mr. Morris to take good care of you and provide you with all the things you need. Everything in this place is new and has never been used." Sophie was straight to the point and did not mince words.

Gabrielle noticed that the house had not been used for some time. She knew no one had lived there and all the signs that seemed to

point in that direction were evident. 2

"Sophie, it seems no one has ever lived here? I feel like that the house has been empty for a long time." Gabrielle seemed perplexed by the idea of Westley buying a house that he did not live in. She pondered why he bought the house in the same city and left it deserted.

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Gabrielle was aware of Half Moon Bay and the lavish lifestyles of the people who stayed there. It was one of the most affluent and expensive districts to live in. Half Moon Bay boasted breathtaking villas and luxurious mansions with landscaped gardens. The residents who lived here were filthy rich and powerful. An average middle-class family would never be able to afford a house in this high-end district. That was why Gabrielle thought that it was a waste of money and a shame to see such a beautiful house sitting idle. She noticed that the insides were tastefully decorated too. She thought Westley was crazy not to live here.

"This house was purchased by Mr. Morris five years ago. No one has lived here since it was decorated. That's all the information that I can provide, so please do not put me in an uncomfortable position, Miss Jones," Sophie explained calmly and truthfully.

The house was purchased and decorated five years ago. But why did no one live there? Why did Westley spend so much money on the house if he had no plans to stay there? What happened? What was the reason behind letting this beautiful house go to waste? Gabrielle has several unanswered

questions going around in her mind.

But Sophie was not in the position to answer any of her questions. She had already made her intentions known to Gabrielle about that.

She realized that she would come to know more about the situation in the future, since she was going to be staying there for now. Also, she didn't want to put Sophie in an awkward position. There was also the possibility that they would start to dislike her if she continued to ask questions.

Anyway, since being curious was what had gotten the cat killed, Gabrielle decided not to dwell on it for now.

"Don't worry, Sophie, I shall not ask any more questions,"

Gabrielle replied honestly.

She was well aware of how it felt when someone invaded your privacy and not everyone would like their private and personal life to be exposed in public. No one would like to be treated as a laughing stock.

"Miss Jones, please do not make Mr. Morris angry. This is for your own good. Now, that I have applied the medicine, I'll go and prepare lunch. I would suggest you rest for a while. Your clothes are in this bag here. You can go ahead and change your clothes." Sophie

placed the tube of ointment on the table and left.

Don't make Westley angry?!

She had completely and fully infuriated Westley. What could she do to rectify that?

Gabrielle decided not to dwell on it further. She changed her clothes and went downstairs. She was still coming to terms with the beauty of the place. She peeped into the kitchen and saw that Sophie was busy preparing lunch. So as to not disturb her, Gabrielle turned and quietly walked out of the house, alone.

Gabrielle gasped when she saw that the yard was full of waist-high weeds. It once must have been a beautiful garden, but now the weeds were choking the plants and shrubs. Now looking carefully at the house from outside, the house looked forlorn, sad, and scary. She felt as if she was thrust into an abandoned and ruined villa among the weeds.

This house must have cost Westley a fortune to buy, yet he didn't hire anyone to look after it. He just let it sit here, letting time and weather have a go at it. Letting wild grass tarnish the majestic view of the villa. What was he thinking to let the beautiful villa wither away? As much as she wanted, Gabrielle just couldn't understand him at all.

When she was looking over at the yard in dismay, her eyes lit up, on seeing a beautiful greenhouse in the middle of the weeds. Gabrielle couldn't help it when she found herself carefully parting the weeds and started walking towards the greenhouse. To Gabrielle's delight, the greenhouse wasn't locked. She opened the door carefully and entered. It was empty, except for a white swing. The greenhouse was very clean and there was not a single weed in sight.

Gabrielle walked to the swing and sat down. It was very comfortable. She gave a slight push with her feet and sighed in pleasure when the swing swayed gently. Gabrielle leaned back and rested her head on the back and looked up through the glass roof. She could see the beautiful blue sky and the soft cottony clouds. The sunshine shone through the glass, which was warm and bright. A thought passed through her mind that made Gabrielle feel a little sad.

This greenhouse couldn't be Westley's idea. If she was not wrong, Gabrielle felt that this was built at the behest of a woman. She was also guessing that this villa was purchased for that woman. Maybe Westley and that woman lived together in this house. She did notice stuff in the bathroom upstairs. It was stocked for two people, the toothbrushes, towels, slippers, etc. More importantly, it was for couples.

This showed that Westley and that woman had a good relationship and were going to live together as a couple. Unlike her and Westley, who were married and lived together, but were nowhere close to being a couple.

But where did that woman go in the end?

"Miss Jones! Where are you?"

Sophie's voice interrupted Gabrielle's thoughts.

"Sophie, I'm in the greenhouse,"

Gabrielle replied. She stood up hastily and walked to the door of the greenhouse.

"Miss Jones, what are you doing in the greenhouse? There are weeds all over the place, which haven't been cleared up yet. Be careful not to cut your skin. Lunch is ready. I'll come to pick you up." Sophie was worried about the wild grass.

"Sophie, please don't come. I'm coming. These weeds don't cut people."

Gabrielle hurried out of the greenhouse and went to the villa.

She turned to look at the yard again and felt a deep sense of wistfulness. It looked so sad.

"Miss Jones, did you get cut?" Sophie was

looking at Gabrielle's hands and legs, searching for any cuts. She had a worried look on her face.

Gabrielle smiled. "I'm fine. I'm not a delicate darling of a lady who gets hurt easily."

"That's good. Come inside. I'll serve you lunch,"

said Sophie in a hurry.

Gabrielle gave one last look at the yard and turned and followed Sophie inside. She sat at the dining table and took in the three simple dishes and one soup on the table. That was more than enough for her.

"Miss Jones, you have your lunch. I'll get back to work."

"Sophie, sit down and have lunch with me."

"Miss Jones, the difference a master and a servant is there for a reason. I..."

"Sophie, let me make one thing very clear with you. I'm not the master of this house. There is no master-servant relationship between us. I cannot eat so many dishes by myself. Besides, I find it very lonely to eat alone. Anyway, if you have lunch with me, no one will know, unless we tell someone." Gabrielle looked at Sophie sincerely.

Sophie was touched by Gabrielle's words. She did realize how sad and lonely it was for anyone to eat alone.

"Fine, Miss Jones. If you could wait a minute, I'll go get a bowl and chopsticks for myself."

Gabrielle was relieved and looked at Sophie with a big smile on her face. When Sophie returned with the bowl and chopsticks, Gabrielle graciously said, "Sophie, please sit down. Let's have lunch together."

After all, in Sophie's eyes, Gabrielle was Westley's wife, the master of the Morris.

"Sophie, I would like to let you know that you and I are the same here. You might know the details about my marriage with Westley. I'm not the wife he wanted, so I'm not his wife in his eyes at all. You don't need to treat me as Westley's wife or the mistress of this house. I'll be more than happy if you do not differentiate amongst us and have our meals together."

Gabrielle tried her level best to dispel Sophie's uneasiness.

"I know, Miss Jones. I will try my best to do what you suggest. By the way, I think you should eat more food. You are a lot thinner than the last time I saw you at Morris' Mansion." Sophie picked up the food to serve Gabrielle.

Gabrielle looked at Sophie curiously. "Were you present at Morris' Mansion, when I was there the last time?"

"Yes, but you might have not noticed, since there are so many servants working at Morris' Mansion." Sophie wouldn't feel sad about such a trivial matter. After all, she was a nobody, who should always stay in the background and not be noticed.

"Sophie, I'm glad that you have come to take care of me."

Gabrielle said these words with a lot of sincerity and from the bottom of her heart.

"Sophie, the yard is choked with weeds and the grass also has grown a lot. It's difficult to go in and out. Do you have any tools around here that I could use? I'll remove the weeds after lunch. After all, I have to live here for a few days and now that I have some time on my hands, I might as well get the yard cleared,"

Gabrielle asked Sophie while eating.

"There should be some tools. I'll go to the shed and check later."

Sophie didn't expect Gabrielle to ask for things to do. Especially, for something as menial as yard work.

When she came to know that Westley's wife

belonged to the Jones, Sophie thought that Gabrielle would be a spoiled young lady like Nellie. After meeting and talking with Gabrielle, Sophie realized that she was poles apart from Nellie. Gabrielle was down-to-earth and easy to speak with. She did not put on airs like most of the rich people. No wonder Miley liked Gabrielle so much after meeting her. ①

"Okay. After lunch, let's remove the weeds from the yard together. That is if you have no other pressing matters to attend to. The yard is in ruins and it is marring the beauty of this house."

The mere thought of seeing the yard in such a bad state brought an intense sense of sadness to Gabrielle.

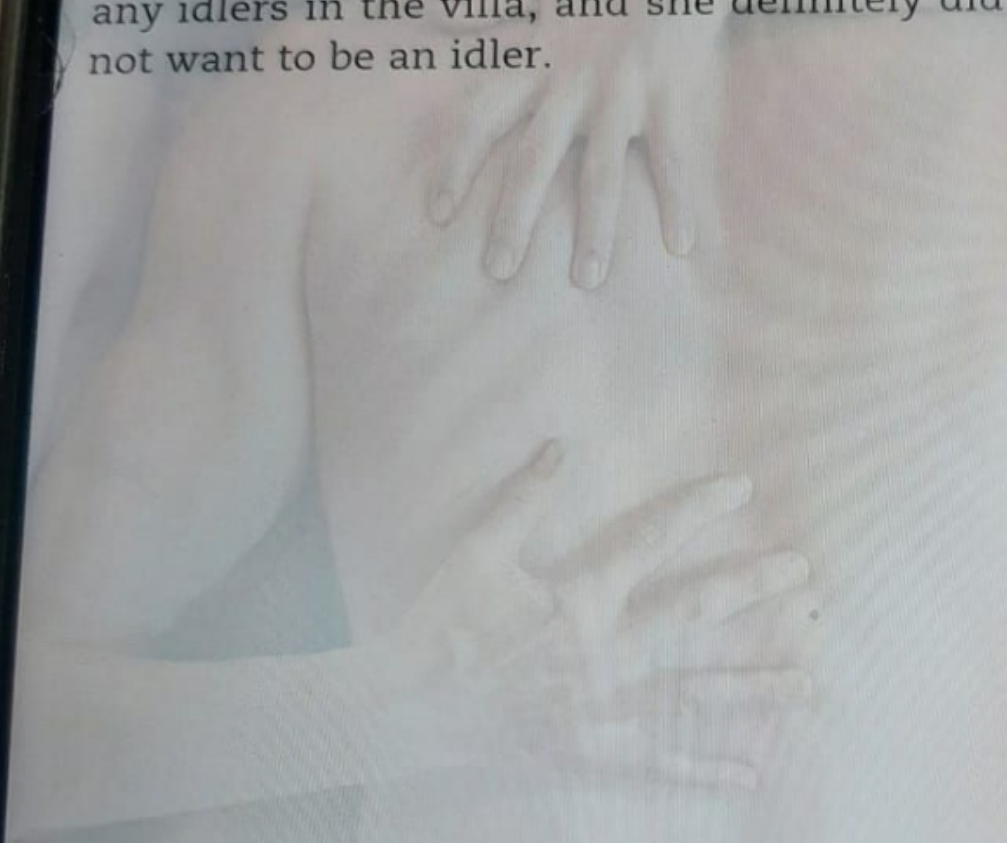
"Miss Jones, have you done this type of work before? If not, then you don't have to do it. I can arrange for workers and a gardener to deal with it,"

Sophie said to Gabrielle. After all, Westley did say to Sophie over the phone that she could arrange for workers to deal with the weeds in the yard.

"It will be too expensive and anyway I have nothing to do. I'd rather do some work as an exercise and to kill time so that Mr. Morris won't feel that I'm a burden and useless." Gabrielle was still a bit annoyed by his words

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in Vineyard Villa. He said that he didn't raise any idlers in the villa, and she definitely did not want to be an idler.



Chapter 88 Want To See You

Gabrielle was a woman who did things according to her propensity. She had a very strong individuality that did not hide in the shadows. It was evident that she was chimeric by temperament. After lunch, she needed to find out what tools were needed for weeding the courtyard. She carried Sophie along.

When Sophie saw her face, the worrier in her awoke.

"Miss Jones, your wound hasn't healed. Why don't you have enough rest? Or you can get the work done by tomorrow." Sophie felt sorry for her. It was not every day that she saw such a hardworking woman among the rich.

"It's okay. The wounds are on my face and not my hands. It is my hands and feet I will use to work," Gabrielle said with a mind-made up. She left her presence with a big scissor to get to work outside.

Wearing a pair of gloves, she began to cut the grass immediately. When she was in the Jones, she had done a lot of work. She did it really well, that even Sophie who watched her work was a little surprised.

"Miss Jones, do you really know how to do

this?" Sophie couldn't believe her eyes.

"Sophie I had told you that I could cut the grass, but you didn't believe me. Although I'm the daughter of the Jones, I'm not spoiled. My mother trained me to do things within my ability since I was a child. I was taking care of the flowers and plants in our courtyard for a long time; that's why I feel bad that such a pretty courtyard is full of weeds." Gabrielle cut the grass as she spoke. She was very familiar with the operation.

At this moment, Sophie conclusively believed that the more she got fond of Gabrielle, the more attractive she would find her to be.

Gabrielle was simple but kind, not putting on any airs.

The two of them had been busy half the day. There were a lot of weeds in front of the yard. Ordinary weeding machines could not cut such high grass, so they could only cut it bit by bit by hand, and then use a hoe to remove the grassroots.

"Miss Jones, that's it for today. Drink some water and wipe your sweat away. You should go back to your room to take a shower and I'll make the bed for you. Is the wound on your face alright?" Sophie saw her wound soaked in sweat. She was old to understand that it was hurting her.

Gabrielle didn't feel a thing not until she heard what Sophie had said. "It's okay. I'll go back to my room to take a shower and apply some medicine. You don't need to make my bed. I'll do it later. Can I use anything in the room?"

"Of course."

Gabrielle returned to her room, scrubbed down and applied medication. At the point when she lifted the cover on the bed, she saw a few pieces of the bed layer were broken by them the previous night. It was clear how fierce the sex was. ³

At the thought of this, her face flushed. Luckily, Sophie didn't see this. She quickly took off the blanket and went to the wardrobe to find the bed sheet and quilt.

She opened the wardrobe door one after the other and found a hidden door hidden in it. With curiosity, she pushed it. There was a large cloakroom inside, which was a little like the one in Vineyard Villa. It had no clothes hanging in it; there was only a cabinet of jewelry.

Gabrielle was a jewelry designer, so she could tell immediately that all these were top-grade from famous designers. Many of them were made by international well-known jewelry designers, which were much more precious

than the ones in Vineyard Villa. She didn't expect that the things here were so precious.

It could be seen that Westley cared about that woman very much. It was not like he would prepare so much jewelry for any other woman.

If she was very important to him, why would they call things off after all?

It was baffling to fathom.

"Miss Jones!" A voice was heard calling out.

It was the voice of Sophie. Gabrielle hurried out to meet her. When she was in view, she inquired.

"What is wrong, Sophie?"

Gabrielle looked at her in panic even though she knew that she was only looking out for her.

"Soup is cooking, so I came up to see what I could do for you? Miss Jones, are you sure all is well?" She asked this as soon as she saw the look on Gabrielle's face.

"All is okay. I had a very hot shower and now, I still feel hot." Gabrielle made up a lame excuse just to avoid her.

"Sophie, I can take care of myself. You don't

need to worry about me. Go ahead and finish your work." Gabrielle rejected her help.

"Alright, I'll go downstairs. If you need any help, please, do call me," she stressed in an unfaltering tone.

Gabrielle nodded her head in understanding. This made both of them ease upon one another.

After Sophie left, Gabrielle breathed a sigh of relief. She finally gained peace. She then went ahead to make her bed. Once she was done, her phone rang. Seeing that it was a call from Austin, she answered it without hesitation.

"Austin," she whispered his name as soft as a moan.

"Gabrielle, are you sure you are okay?" Austin asked in a worrisome tone.

Gabrielle was confused by his inquiry. What kind of question was this?

"There's nothing to worry about. I'm fine." Gabrielle didn't want to recall what happened the previous night. It was a nightmare. The more she recalled the events, the more frightened she got.

"At the opening party where Holly at worked yesterday, Westley answered a call. After that,

he left in a hurry. Was it you that called him?" At that time, Austin was standing next to Westley when he called Gabrielle. Austin clearly heard what was being talked about. Seeing that Westley's facial expression dramatically changed, Austin wanted to catch up with him and ask him what had happened when he saw him leave. All he left for Austin with a dust laden car tail.

So Austin guessed that something must have happened to Gabrielle. He didn't want to ask more as of that time, so he only asked now.

"Last evening ... Were you at Holly's banquet?" Gabrielle didn't expect Austin to be an attendee of Holly's studio banquet.

But on second thoughts, Austin and Holly were old friends. It was nothing but normal for her to invite him to the opening ceremony.

Westley came to save her yesterday. He never wanted Austin to know a single word about it. It was his little embarrassing secret.

"Holly invited all of her acquaintances, so I was there too. Westley was also there even though he left before the party officially began. That made Holly a little unhappy," Austin honestly said. 3

After Westley left yesterday, Holly was in a dull mood. She forced herself to smile when

she was entertaining guests.

"I am aware," Gabrielle said in a calm tone. After all, the opening ceremony was broadcasted live on TV. Throughout this event, Westley stood beside Holly. People who didn't know the truth about them might think that, they were a couple.

Even when Gabrielle first saw them, she thought they were a perfect match, let alone people who didn't know them.

"Gabrielle, are you really fine?" Austin asked in a very uneasy tone. ③

"Of course." Except for the swelling on her face and the broken corners of her mouth, she seemed to be perfectly fine. This was despite the fact that, he tortured her last night.

"I want to see you today. Do you have free time?" Austin asked as he was so desperate to see her. ②

Chapter 89 Heartbreaking

Austin's proposal left Gabrielle stunned. It took her a few minutes before she could finally react.

"I'm sorry, Austin. I am currently busy and I don't even have time to meet up with you. I have something to do. I'll invite you for dinner once I settle everything, okay?" Obviously, Gabrielle had to turn him down. How could she go out to see him when her wound hadn't even healed yet? She was certain that it would only make him worry about her.

"Alright, I'll wait till you finally decide when and where we will have our dinner." He noted. He knew he had no other choice but to agree.

He didn't want to make things difficult for Gabrielle.

"Well, if you have nothing else to say, I'll hang up now." Without waiting for him to even say goodbye, she immediately hung up the phone and felt relieved. She no longer wanted to be trapped in that kind of conversation.

What she didn't know was that Austin really planned on meeting her this time. He was already waiting in his car outside Vineyard

Villa, hoping that she would agree to it. But since she refused to see him, he didn't have a choice but to respect her decision.

He got out of the car, leaned against it and lit one of his cigarettes.

Halfway through his cigar, Westley's car passed by him. It was obvious that Westley saw him but still continued to drive. For a moment, he thought that Westley was going to ignore him but Westley suddenly reversed the car and stopped exactly in front of him.

Westley got out of his auto and marched towards him.

"I don't remember you living in this area. Are you perhaps planning on buying a property here?" Westley looked at him coldly. 4

Austin stared back at him with the same intensity. He was already in a bad mood and seeing Westley made it worse. He took another puff on his cigarette before speaking. "If there is a suitable house available, then I might consider buying one in this villa. After all, it is close to Gabrielle."

He was now aware of the reason why Westley married Gabrielle. It was because her disappointing brother took Nellie away which made it impossible for this guy to marry her. In the end, Gabrielle was forced to marry him.

To be honest, he felt irritated whenever Westley was around. If possible, he would like to push this cursed man on the ground and beat him into a pulp!

He had been asking himself numerous times, as to why did the three of them got this innocent woman involved? Westley didn't even treat Gabrielle well at all.

That made him even more furious. If Westley didn't appreciate Gabrielle at all, why forced her to marry him in the first place? He could have chosen to marry Nellie instead.

"Close to Gabrielle, you say?" Westley squinted his eyes at him.

"I don't care about what you think towards Gabrielle, but you must know that she is my legal wife now. And as long as she is my woman, I suggest you keep your distance from her. I don't want to be called a cuckold," Westley bluntly commented with a warning look on his face.

'A cuckold? A man whose wife has a sexual relationship with another man? Seriously?'

He was unsure if Westley was insulting him or Gabrielle.

Even if he wanted to do something to Gabrielle, he wouldn't dare to touch her.

Aside from the fact that she was not feeling the same way, he wasn't an unethical and shameless man.

"Westley, if you do not want Gabrielle to cheat on you, then don't even dare do that to her. That is a basic courtesy. Respect Gabrielle," he forewarned him sternly.

Westley's eyes turned colder as his face darkened in contempt. "Why are you meddling with my business?!"

"I don't intend to interfere with your life! I don't even want to be associated with you in any way. I just don't want Gabrielle to be treated poorly! You've treated her unfairly even though the ones who did wrong to you were Bryce and Nellie. You should settle this issue with the two of them." The more he spoke out regarding this issue, the angrier he became.

"Austin, no matter who should apologize for it, it's none of your concern." After saying that, Westley immediately turned around and left.

"Just please don't hurt Gabrielle!" he begged while looking at him with his pleading eyes.

"Again, it's none of your business." Without looking back, Westley went into his car and drove into the housing estate. But before he got past the security guards, he told them not

to let him in. ●

Even if Austin didn't admit that he had feelings for Gabrielle, Westley wouldn't believe it. He even came near her residence which confirmed his intention towards her.

Unfortunately, Westley wouldn't allow Gabrielle to be with Austin. It was something that was obvious from the start.

Westley didn't know whether Gabrielle got accustomed to the life in Half Moon Bay. He was very angry with her because of that. He didn't want to see her for a while. He was afraid that he would be pissed off to death once he laid his eyes on Gabrielle again.

On the contrary, Gabrielle lived in Half Moon Bay very well. It was peaceful there and quiet. After dinner with Sophie, she went upstairs to rest alone.

She wanted to know what Westley had done to Mr. Smith. She didn't even dare to call Westley directly. After all, this man was horrible. Besides, he might not answer his phone since he left in rage before.

So then, Gabrielle chose to call Alvin.

It took Alvin a long time before he could answer the phone.

"Hello, Miss Jones. What's up?"

"Alvin, I just want to ask you about Mr. Smith... H-How did you deal with it?" Gabrielle didn't mean to plead about it. She just wanted to know the result.

He should receive the most appropriate sentence for what he had done.

"Miss Jones, don't worry about it. Mr. Morris will certainly give him the harshest punishment. I apologize that you have to go through that. Are you feeling better now?" Alvin had no idea how badly Gabrielle was hurt before. He only asked her out of concern.

"Yes, indeed I am. Thank you for saving me." She thanked him sincerely.

"Miss Jones, you really don't have to thank me. It was Mr. Morris who saved you, not me. If there is nothing else, it's already late. You should go to bed early." Alvin wouldn't dare to tell her too much about Mr. Smith's punishment.

After all, it was too cruel and bloody. It would be better not to let her know about it.

That kind of heartless man shouldn't be given such light treatment. He deserved to be punished tremendously.

"Thank you for answering my call, Alvin,"

she said and ended the call.

She really thought it was a good decision to live in Half Moon Bay. She had all the time for herself especially at night. She had never been so quiet like this before.

After three days of Gabrielle's and Sophie's hard work, the weeds in the yard were cleared up. Finally, the beautiful and spacious yard was back to its original appearance.

It would be more beautiful if she planted some flowers to decorate the yard.

"Sophie, the two of us are really good at cleaning up the weeds. See how we cleared this big space! I say we are awesome!" she happily declared while standing in front of her proudly. ¹

She felt a sense of accomplishment now that they finished their chore. That kind of feeling was indescribable in words.

"Miss Jones, you are the best! You cut off most of the task." Looking at the sweat from her face, Sophie really felt concerned about her.

Chapter 90 Tending The Garden

The villa had been overgrown with weeds and everything was in a state of disarray. Sophie and Gabrielle tried as much as possible to put the place back in shape and also beautify it. Sophie never expected Gabrielle to be a strong girl, but she had proved her wrong and impressed her in the last three days by enduring all the hardships that came with beautifying the new home all over. She didn't complain even when her hands got blisters or when her arms were cut by the blades of the overgrown weeds. She just bandaged the injuries, put on her gloves, and continued working cheerfully.

Actually, it was her resilience that made Sophie worried about her. 'How could she pretend all was well with her and keep working with so much vigor?' she thought to herself.

"I couldn't have done this without you, Sophie. The praise has to be attributed to the both of us, you know," Gabrielle said as she smiled at her with sincerity.

Just then, their lively chitchat was interrupted by a car driving closer towards them. The car was painted silver and Gabrielle knew that she had seen the car somewhere before. She stood up immediately

she recognized who the owner of the car was.

"How nice it is to see you here, Dr. Remy. What brings you here?" she greeted him warmly as soon as he got off the car.

At first, when he got out of the car, he thought he was at the wrong place. The house in front of him was tidy and well-arranged unlike how it was some days before. He didn't even recognize them in the gardener's suits they wore and sun hats covering their heads. He would have left immediately thinking that he was in the wrong place if Gabrielle had not called out his name.

"Gabrielle? Sophie? What are you both doing here?" he asked them in surprise. He was totally confused.

"God!" he exclaimed. "Was it you two who cleaned up the compound?" he asked as he looked at the both of them in surprise. He didn't need an answer from them to know that they were the ones who arranged the whole place. The dress they had on had already given them out. ¹

"Of course. Do you think we did well? Just the both of us did the job, Sophie and me." Gabrielle raised her head and told him proudly.

"Well done. You have done well. I didn't

expect that you would know a whole lot about gardening. I now have a better impression of this rich young lady." He said this sincerely. He was neither flattering her, nor being sarcastic.

"Stop flattering me, Dr. Remy. I have never been a rich lady. I have always been interested in tending a garden, growing flowers and plants since I was very young. It would be such a waste of good soil to let this place be overgrown with so many unwanted plants. Besides, I don't have anything else to do. Let me just finish clearing out the weeds and then plant some flowers and fine plants. The garden will look so beautiful." She didn't hesitate to say what she had in mind. She beamed with smiles as soon as she said it.

On the flip side, he agreed with her. When he was here a few days ago, he felt that the villa was cursed because the weeds there were as tall as a human being. There was an eerie feeling around the house and he didn't want to hang around. But now, the house looked much more pleasant to look at after all the weeds had been cleaned up.

"This place looks much more beautiful and homely now," he complimented with a smile.

"On a lighter note, Dr. Remy, what brings you here? I asked you before, but you didn't give

me any reply," she asked him with curiosity.

"Actually, it has been three days since I last saw you. I'm just here to see if everything is all right with you. How are you feeling now? Any pains?" he asked her directly without beating around the bush.

"I'm fine. There's nothing serious. I've been taking the drugs you prescribed for me and they have been quite effective." She showed him the injuries on her face healing up nicely.

"Let's go inside and I'll check them for you. The remaining weeds can be attended to tomorrow. For now, you need to have a good rest. I'm very sure you've worked hard enough for today." He held her and directed her inside.

"He's right, Miss Jones. You've been hard on yourself these few days. You had better listen to Dr. Remy and try to rest so you don't break down. Also, allow him to check the wounds and blisters on your hands. I noticed that there are a few on your hands that you covered with your gloves," Sophie cut in.

"You have blisters on your hands? Let me have a look at them." He urged her to take off her gloves.

"It's not serious at all. Sophie is just getting herself worked up over nothing." Although

she complained for a little while, she took off her gloves obediently and showed him her hands.

There were about four to five blisters on her light-skinned palms. It didn't take him so long to drain all the blisters of their juice.

"Subsequently, I'll apply some antibacterial cream in case it gets infected. You should stop gardening for a few days so as not to cause more harm to your hands. Otherwise, the injuries might be worse than this, " he advised her with concern written all over his face still looking at her palm, which was red as a result of the hard work.

"I know," she said as she took her hands away from his.

"Miss Jones, you've been working for the past three days. It will do your body a lot of good if you rest for a few days. Please stay for lunch, Dr. Remy. I'll cook for you." Without waiting to hear his answer, she dashed into the kitchen to prepare him something to eat.

As soon as he was done treating the blisters on her hands, he bandaged the wounds carefully and gave her some tips.

"Do your best to keep your hands away from the water today. If at all it's very important for you to put your hand in the water, like taking a shower, wrap your hands with a

plastic bag or a plastic wrap. By tomorrow, you can remove the bandage." He repeated his statement twice to drive home his point.

He felt that Gabrielle and Westley were not compatible with each other. Ever since they got married, she had been injured countless times.

"I understand," she quickly said to avoid him repeating himself.

She looked at her hand which was wrapped in a bandage over and over. Someone else who saw it would think that she had a serious injury.

"Has Westley not been around these past few days?"

He didn't find any sign of Westley around the house. If he guessed correctly, he hadn't been here for some days. So he left his wife alone here in this lonely and abandoned house accompanied by no one else but Sophie.

Notwithstanding, Gabrielle seemed quite relaxed and contented staying here.

"No, he hasn't been around. He hasn't come back after he left that day. Maybe he is still very angry with me." As soon as she said this, she felt ashamed of herself a little bit. Besides, she had gone too far in scolding him that day.

"Did you two have any disagreement?" he asked her with a bewildered look on his face.

He thought that it was out of the question for them to disagree on any issue. She didn't seem to be someone who was uncooperative and her husband wasn't the kind of person who liked getting into an argument with someone, no matter how small. So it should be impossible for two of such people to have any dispute.

"I can't say." It was obvious that she didn't want to talk about the issue between her and her husband.

Of course, he respected her decision and didn't probe further.

"Since you won't be able to do gardening anymore this afternoon, why don't you let me take you to the flower market. I thought you wanted to buy some flowers and plants to beautify the garden. Or don't you want to get them anymore?" He switched to a more relaxing topic to make her happy.

She showed great interest in the topic and beamed with smiles. "Certainly, I would still love to get them. But don't you need to go to work, Dr. Remy?"

"I don't have an operation on my schedule for this afternoon. Besides, I'm not on duty

today, so it's fine," he assured her. When he saw how brightly she smiled, he couldn't help but smile too. He knew that she would cheer up once he brought up the discussion about flowers.

"Really? That's very wonderful. Sophie and I were even thinking about taking a taxi to the flower market to pick up some beautiful flowers. Now that you've volunteered to help, I would be happy to go with you. I'm sure Sophie would be happy as well about this wonderful piece of news." She smiled happily.

The way she smiled made him feel at ease. He kept wondering why Westley would treat such a lady as cheerful and gracious as she was like she was an enemy. He just couldn't wrap his head around it. He felt it was because her brother took Nellie away from him.

"Let's go there after we've had lunch. There's still much time. You can't uproot the weeds in the garden this afternoon again. You have to rest too," he suggested easily. 6