

Chapter 198 Nonchalant Attitude

Miley raised more than ten chicken in the chicken house which was located in the backyard. The place was well surrounded with wood and bamboo while the innermost part of the chicken house was made up of bricks.

There were four or five fierce old hens that laid eggs in the chicken house. These hens protected their eggs very well. Under normal circumstances, it was okay for Miley to pick up the eggs herself. After all, she was the one who raised these chicken.

But as soon as Gabrielle stepped her feet into the chicken house, she became the target of their attack. They cackled loudly at her as their bean-sized black eyes looked at her with inexplicable cruelty as if she was a thief.

An old hen ran towards Gabrielle, which scared her so much that she almost fell. As luck would have it, Westley caught her just in time. If not, she would have

fallen on the chicken poo on the ground.

"Thank you very much, Westley," Gabrielle said as she looked at Westley, having hardly recovered from the shock.

"They see you as a strange egg thief. Just go out first and wait there for me," Westley said as he followed her outside the chicken house.

"What you said was true, Westley. These chicken are very fierce and they will easily peck people." As she said this, she stood at the door of the chicken house without going any further.

It was obvious that Miley had given Gabrielle the task to make fun of her on purpose.

"I have told you times without number that I will never lie to anyone. I have been pecked by these chicken in the past, let alone you. These fierce chicken you see here, which can be used as guards in the yard can only be raised by my grandma," Westley said in a humorous tone. ④

"Are you being serious right now, Westley? How dare you whine about the chickens raised by your grandma?"

Gabrielle asked jokingly.

She couldn't believe that her husband would say something like that.

It was difficult to believe that Westley, who had always been serious and indifferent most times, could have such a humorous side. ①

She was surprised to see that Westley's character wasn't just one-sided. He had many sides to him. In this way, she felt that Westley was much more approachable.

'Or did he become silly just because he was weeding the garden?' she wondered.

"Will you tell my Grandma what I just said?" Westley asked as he turned around and looked at her with begging eyes.

She shook her head subconsciously and said to him, "No, I won't."

"Okay. Just stand here. Let me go and pick up the eggs." As he said this, he put the cup and towel in Gabrielle's hands and then walked towards the chicken house with a bamboo basket in his hands.

With a cup in one hand and a towel in the other, she stood outside the chicken house and stared at Westley, who was moving towards the chicken softly. ①

As the old hens saw him walking towards them, they cackled even louder. This made Gabrielle panic. ①

'Would these hens peck Westley?' she wondered. She couldn't help but feel worried. Just then, Gabrielle's worry became a reality as Westley's arm and hand were pecked by a particular hen several times and blood gushed out. ②

As the CEO of the Morris Group, he had gone to the chicken house to pick up eggs, but his hand had been hurt by a ferocious hen. This scenario was just too embarrassing.

Although Gabrielle didn't feel embarrassed, she just felt sorry for her husband.

"Westley, your hand... It's bleeding. Give me the basket; let me carry it. I thought you said that these chicken won't peck you since they knew your face. Now it has pecked you. What could be worse than this?" Gabrielle said as she

approached him. She grabbed the bamboo basket from him with one hand and held his hand with the other. She found out that there were about five or six cuts on his hand.

"Maybe it's because I haven't seen them for a long time and they have forgotten my face. But it's all right. I'm a man. Can I die after being pecked just a few times?" As he looked at Gabrielle's wrinkled face, it was obvious that he was in a good mood. He didn't feel bad at all because he was pecked by a wicked hen.

"Are you worried about me, Gabrielle?" Westley asked with a broad smile. He was obviously in a very good mood.

When she heard his question, she was at a loss for words. She was so stunned that she didn't know how best to answer his question. When she looked at his deep black eyes, she became even more speechless.

"I... I didn't..." Gabrielle stammered as she lowered her head. She couldn't dare to look at his face.

"Gabrielle, you know that I don't like it when people lie to me," he said to her. Although she was trying to say that she



wasn't worried about him, it was obvious that her eyes were red with worry. ①

The ambiance around them was so tensed that Gabrielle felt that she had to find a topic to break it.

"Miley's chicken are too fierce. Don't you know of a better way to fight against them? Let's go back to the house first and clean up the wounds as soon as possible. It's not a good thing to be pecked by chicken. If it becomes serious, you will have a stroke." As Gabrielle thought of his hand that was hurt, she felt that they had to go back to the house quickly so that they could deal with it. ③

With a cup and a towel in one hand and a bamboo basket in the other, she ran towards the house.

"Hurry up, Westley," she said to him as she tried to urge him.

Immediately he heard his wife's words, he quickened his pace as he still heard the crazy cluck of the hens.

'This woman is so mischievous. How could she ask me to fight against a hen? What could she be thinking in that small head of hers?' Westley wondered.

"Grandma, the chicken you are raising are so fierce to the extent that they can even peck people. You knew that they are so fierce but you asked me to pick up some eggs from the chicken house without even letting me know. Westley was hurt by the chicken, Grandma," Gabrielle shouted at Miley as soon as she got into the house.

When Miley came out of the kitchen, she saw that Gabrielle was sweating profusely with a bamboo basket in one hand and a cup and a towel in the other. Gabrielle looked at her with a hint of anger in her eyes.

At this point, Miley couldn't help but be amused by this woman. "Were you pecked by the chicken, Gabrielle?" Miley asked her gently.

"No, Grandma. I'm fine. I wasn't the one who picked up the eggs. It was Westley, who helped me. He told me that if I go there myself, the chicken would peck me." Gabrielle announced what Westley had told her in a very serious tone.

Miley smiled knowingly at Westley, who had just walked in. "It seems to me that my grandson now knows how to love his

wife. This is a good sign. Anyway, it's not a big deal for a man to be pecked by chicken. Don't worry, Gabrielle. He won't die. He would bleed a little. Just apply some medicine to him later, okay?"

Miley's attitude towards Westley was casual which made Gabrielle surprised. She couldn't help but feel that Westley must have been adopted.

"Grandma, Westley's hand was pecked about five to six times by one of your ferocious chicken. It looks very serious. Don't you care about him?" Gabrielle felt very sad for her husband. His grandmother treated him like this and didn't care whether he was hurt or not. 'How could Miley be so indifferent to her grandson's injuries?' Gabrielle pondered deeply.

"Is it that serious, Westley?" Miley asked her grandson calmly.

"It's not that serious, Grandma. Don't worry about me," Westley said as he looked calm without any pain.

"You were pecked by a chicken while picking up eggs. I'm afraid that others will laugh at you when they get to know about this. Well, for now, just go upstairs

and take a shower first. I'll ask Gabrielle to apply some medicine on your injuries when you're done and after that, you both can come downstairs for dinner together,"

Miley said without any worry on her face. As Gabrielle stared at the two of them, she once again believed that Westley was adopted.

"Okay, Grandma, I'm going upstairs now to take a shower,"

Westley said in a calm tone which showed that he wasn't angry. Without waiting for any reply, he turned around and went upstairs.

"Go ahead. You smell of so much sweat and it stinks," Miley said as she fanned the air two times on purpose.

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The atmosphere was still calm as Westley went upstairs to take a shower. Gabrielle stared at Miley in utter shock. She still hadn't recovered from the conversation between Westley and his grandma.

This was the first time that she had seen the two of them get along with each other in this way, but even at that it still felt warm.

"Come back to your senses, Gabrielle. Your husband is upstairs already," Miley said as she waved her hand in front of Gabrielle to snap her out of her thoughts.

As soon as this happened, Gabrielle regained her composure. "I'm not looking at him, Miley! I was just staring at you. Nothing more."

"Well, if you say so. But one thing I know for sure is that my grandson is very charming. Whether he's in a shirt, a suit, or even in dirty clothes, he still looks

handsome. Are you enchanted by him and think it's worth it that you married such a handsome husband?"

Miley teased Gabrielle with a broad smile.

Under Miley's gaze, Gabrielle's face turned red as she looked at Miley with timidity. "What are you talking about, Miley? Westley and I are not like what you have in mind."

"What do you think I have in mind? You got the marriage certificate with my witness. Isn't Westley your legal husband? If truth be told, I know that you are under pressure because you married such a handsome and enchanting husband. But thinking about what he did for you today, you can see very well that he would like to protect you at all costs. He picked up eggs for you and was pecked by a chicken in the process," Miley said as she beamed with smiles. 4

All of a sudden, Gabrielle realized something and stared at Miley with a pair of bright black eyes. "Miley, why do I have a feeling that you did this on purpose?" she asked Miley with her gaze still fixed on her.

Gabrielle felt that everything had been carefully thought out and arranged by her husband's grandma and then she had jumped into the traps one by one. Miley had always been known for her beautiful smiles which made her look kind and lovely, but right now, Gabrielle felt that this woman was as scheming as Westley only that she was even more scheming and so Westley was no match for her. ③

"Really? Do you think so? You think I did it on purpose, Gabrielle? Remember that you were the one who said you wanted to stay back and help me. All I did was assign you tasks, didn't I?" Miley asked as she looked at Gabrielle calmly without feeling any guilt whatsoever.

Gabrielle thought for a while and later felt that maybe it was just a coincidence. Miley had just given her and Westley some tasks to do, but it just happened that Westley helped her to do the last one.

When something happened, she didn't even react to it.

"Gabrielle, don't you want to thank me for letting you see all the advantages of

being with Westley? Just look at the way he is protecting you. You should do your best to cherish him now that he's with you." It was obvious that Miley was trying to cheer her up. She looked so cute when she did this. ①

Gabrielle's face flushed at that instant. Just then, she found out that she couldn't continue the conversation with Miley because it couldn't go smoothly anymore. All Miley was trying to do right now was to keep talking about her grandson, thereby teasing Gabrielle.

"Miley, where is the medicine box? Let me go upstairs first and deal with Westley's wounds." Gabrielle planned to run away first, or else she would be teased by Miley over and over again.

Miley always liked to tease the two of them. 'Is Westley that good?' Gabrielle wondered.

"You've always said you didn't care, but in fact, you care about Westley so much. If he knew this, he would be very impressed. Let me quickly get you the medicine box now," Miley said as she quickly went to the locker to get the medicine box.

"Gabrielle, take it upstairs. Westley should have taken a shower by now. You can also take a shower first before coming downstairs for dinner. But it doesn't matter if you come down later. Just take your time." Miley winked at Gabrielle knowingly as she put the medicine box into Gabrielle's hands. 6

She pretended as if she didn't hear Miley's words and just went upstairs carrying the medicine box in her hand. What she had in mind right now was how she was going to deal with Westley's injuries as soon as possible.

By the time she entered the room, she didn't see anyone but only heard the sound of water flowing in the bathroom and knew that Westley was still in the bathroom.

"Westley, aren't you done taking a shower?" Gabrielle asked as she stood outside the door of the bathroom.

After a while, the sound of water stopped. She thought that he might have just gotten out of the shower and so she decided to wait aside. But before she could turn around, the door of the bathroom opened.

Westley was wrapped in a bath towel, with water dripping from his hair, face, and chest. Westley's sudden appearance in front of her made her have no preparation at all. Subconsciously, she took two steps back and almost fell again.

As luck would have it, Westley was quick to react as he held her back from falling. Other than that, she would have fallen flat on her back. As he held her, he pulled her to his warm chest.

Gabrielle lay on his chest as she blushed uncontrollably.

She couldn't help but feel so embarrassed of herself.

"Thank you, Westley," Gabrielle muttered quickly as she got out of his arms.

"Recently, I found that you liked to fall in front of me. Did you want me to hold you on purpose?" Westley asked with a wide grin on his face.

'Damn it! The feeling of holding her is getting better and better. As soon as I hold her, I can't restrain myself from

being so excited, ' he thought to himself.

As far as Westley was concerned, this wasn't supposed to be a good sign.

"Don't be so full of yourself, Westley. I didn't want you to hold me. You could have just pretended that you didn't see that I was about to fall. You would have just let me fall directly," Gabrielle said with a hint of anger in her voice.

To Westley, he felt that she was acting cunningly by tripping in his presence, thereby indirectly asking him to hold her on purpose.

But this wasn't true at all.

She didn't fall so often before. Right now, she felt very offended.

"What kind of man do you think I am, Gabrielle? Do you think I'm the kind of person who would see a woman fall in front of me and just leave her alone all in the name of pretense?" Westley asked as he stole a glance at her indifferently before he went to take his bathrobe and put it on.

"So, what you're trying to say is that even if any woman falls in front of you,

you will pull her into your arms, right?" Gabrielle blurted out without thinking as she wanted to know the answer. ①

Instead of answering her question, Westley walked to the sofa and sat down quietly.

Gabrielle knew that in Westley's eyes, she was just like any other woman, there was nothing special about her.

'Miley told me that he would protect his wife. Is that how it is?' she wondered.

"You're here to deal with my wound, aren't you? So why don't you come here and do that instead of asking silly questions."

Westley sat on the sofa with his long legs crossed, like an emperor who was waiting for her to come over.

Gabrielle walked to where he was with unwillingness. She put down the medicine box and tried to look for the disinfectant.

"Give me your hand," Gabrielle said in an angry tone as she grabbed his hand.

Now his hands were clean and slender

since he just had his bath, but there were a few small scratches on the back of his hands where the chicken had pecked him.

"The injury isn't that serious. I'll just apply some anti-inflammatory drugs and Band-Aid. That's all," Gabrielle said as she observed his wounds.

She began to clean the wound with cotton swabs and before she proceeded to disinfect it. "The disinfectant will sting you. If you feel pain, just scream," she told him.

Her words amused him greatly. "What makes you think that I can't bear the pain as a strong man that I am?"

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Gabrielle was still trying to help dress Westley's wounds. Of course, she knew very well that he could bear the pain. After all, he didn't make a sound when he was pecked by a chicken some minutes ago. 'I know that he won't be afraid of the sting of the disinfectant. He's a strong man,' she thought to herself.

Gabrielle worried too much over unnecessary things, so she decided that she wouldn't say anything more. She treated his wounds quietly and blew them carefully as she applied the medicine.

The movement was very light and the wind was gentle and warm, making the back of Westley's hand a bit itchy.

"Gabrielle, you are dressing my injury very skillfully. Do you often help others deal with their wounds?" Westley asked her. He felt that the atmosphere was too quiet, so he took the initiative to find a

topic to talk about.

"Well, my brother was a troublemaker when he was younger. Anytime he got injured, he didn't dare to let our parents know because he didn't want to be scolded by them. So I was the one who helped him to deal with it. At first, he reprimanded me when I didn't do it well. After a while, I got better at it. As time went on, I dealt with my injuries on my own and I later had experience. Although my skill in doing this was not professional, it was more professional than that of an amateur," Gabrielle said with a proud smile on her face. ①

But as she said this, Westley didn't feel proud of her at all. He felt that she didn't have any memory of any other person apart from Bryce.

'How many memories did the two of them have that she just couldn't forget?' Westley pondered deeply.

From childhood to adulthood, Gabrielle was always bullied by Bryce. He was her elder brother, but he didn't know what an elder brother was supposed to do.

"Okay, I'm done taking care of it. What do you think about what I've done,

Westley?" Gabrielle asked as she put the last Band-Aid and looked at Westley as if she was waiting for praise.

Right now, he wasn't in a good mood. He just looked at the Band-Aid on his hand and said indifferently, "Well, it's okay. Not so bad at all."

"I know it's very good. If you don't like it, you can as well deal with it on your own. Anytime I help Sloane dress her injuries, she will always praise me." As soon as Gabrielle mentioned Sloane, her face changed and she became unhappy.

At the moment, Sloane had been in a coma for such a long time, and still showed no sign of waking up, which made Gabrielle sink into a bad mood.

"What's the matter, Gabrielle? Are you okay?" Westley asked affectionately. As he looked at her sad face, he became worried.

He knew that his wife was unhappy because of Sloane. He had hired the best doctor for her, but a good doctor wasn't enough to wake Sloane up. The most important thing was that waking up depended on the patient's consciousness to survive.

wake up or not. If she wants to wake up earlier, she will wake up. But if she doesn't want to, no amount of pleading can make her wake up. Sloane just needs to motivate herself first." Although Westley knew that the truth would hurt them, it would be better if they faced it now rather than later.

Gabrielle was not just any girl. She could easily understand what her husband was saying.

"I know, but I just feel uncomfortable about this. It's been way too long already. How about we let Benny see her? Do you think that he would be able to stimulate her to wake up?" Gabrielle had a bold idea all of a sudden. 3

At this point, Westley didn't say anything. He just stared at his wife's face quietly. It was obvious from his look that her words surprised him. She was the same person who had strongly forbidden Benny from seeing Sloane in the past, but right now, she was the one bringing up this suggestion.

He couldn't help but wonder what was on in Gabrielle's mind.

In the past, Westley had asked Alvin to

investigate the relationship between Benny and Sloane.

Alvin discovered that the two of them were brother and sister of a reorganized family and they were not related by blood.

When their parents died in an accident, the relationship between both of them became worse, or in other words, they started developing abnormal feelings for each other.

Since they were not related by blood, they had every right to fall in love with each other legally.

Westley had never been interested in the emotional lives of other people. He just investigated it because Sloane was a good friend of his wife.

"I know that I strongly forbade Benny from seeing Sloane in the past because he didn't deserve to see her. Besides, she is in such a state because of him and hasn't woken up till now. I was just wondering if she needs someone to stimulate her to wake up. Benny is probably the right person. After all, the two of them..." Gabrielle stopped talking abruptly and thought again. It was very

difficult for her to tell the story between Sloane and Benny.

"Anyway, I feel that since they have lived together for so many years, he can probably trigger Sloane to wake up more than I can. There's no harm in a trial, right?" Gabrielle said as she voiced out her thoughts.

"Well, you just have to think it over. Of course, I have no objection. Sloane is your friend, not mine. It's your business how you want to treat her," Westley said as he made his stand clear.

As she looked at him, she had already made up her mind. "Alright, then. I'll contact Benny myself once I go back to Antawood tomorrow. This is a good opportunity, let me just give it a try and see if it would work. I just hope it can make my friend wake up."

"Let's go downstairs to have dinner." Westley had already decided that he wouldn't interfere too much in whatever she had in mind to do.

"I'm so hungry that I could eat a big plate of food right now. I plucked so much grass this afternoon," Gabrielle said as she stretched herself and walked out

with the medicine box in her hand.

"You just plucked a few plants, but if anybody should hear you speaking right now, the person would think that you did serious farm work," Westley said with a sneer as he began to tease her.

Gabrielle didn't mind what he said to her. Westley just happened to have plucked some more grass than her and turned over a small piece of land. 'Why is he behaving so proudly?' Gabrielle thought.

When Miley saw them coming down the stairs together, the smile on her face widened.

"I thought you two would stay there for a while, but you came down so soon. The dishes haven't been served yet and besides, Gabrielle hasn't taken a shower," Miley said as she looked at Gabrielle, who was still wearing the same clothes, while Westley came down in a bathrobe.

"Miley, I will go upstairs to take a shower after dinner and then go to bed right away," Gabrielle explained to her.

To her, it didn't matter whether she took a shower or not. All she could think of

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right now was food and this was the most important thing to her.

"I'm so hungry, Miley. Let's eat first. I'll help you serve the dishes," Gabrielle said as she hurried to the kitchen to help her.

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Chapter 201 Dinner With Miley

The table had been set with aromatic dishes by Gabrielle and Miley. The ambiance among the three of them was much quieter than when there were so many people at the table.

Miley sat on the main seat while Westley and Gabrielle sat opposite each other. They could both see each other as soon as they looked up.

As soon as Gabrielle settled in her seat, she looked up and saw Westley's dark eyes. She lowered her eyes subconsciously and saw a pair of white hands with Band-Aids on the back, which looked somehow incompatible with his skin tone.

When she remembered that Westley was pecked by a hen while he helped her to pick up the eggs from the chicken house, she felt sorry but also wanted to laugh at the same time.

"What's so funny, that's making you

laugh, Gabrielle?" Westley asked when he saw her shoulders heaving up and down slightly because she was laughing silently.

'How come she's smiling so happily even while eating? Is it because the food is so delicious or what?' Westley wondered.

"Actually, the scrambled eggs and green peppers are so delicious that's why I am eating happily." Immediately Gabrielle said this, she quickly picked up a large piece of fried egg with green pepper and put it into her mouth. Unknown to her, there were fewer eggs than green pepper on the chopstick, which made tears come out of her eyes as a result of the spice.

"Aha... This is so spicy..." Gabrielle muttered, but didn't have time to spit it out as tears rolled down her cheeks. She took her cup but found that the water had been drunk up.

Westley quickly handed her his glass of water. "How could you be so stupid? You know that you can't eat spicy food. Why then did you eat so much pepper?"

Gabrielle felt bitter in her heart, but didn't know what to say.

It wasn't her intention to eat so much pepper at once. She had picked up eggs to eat, but she never expected that there would be so much pepper in the eggs. But right now, her mouth was burning so hot that she didn't have the time to banter words with her husband.

It wasn't until she had drunk the whole glass of water that she realized that the glass belonged to Westley.

For this reason, she burped subconsciously when she drank water out of the glass that he had drunk from.

As she looked at the cup, her eyes shifted to Westley.

"Do you dislike my glass?" Westley asked with a sneer. When Westley saw that she was looking uncomfortable as if she had swallowed a fly, he thought that she was disgusted with the water glass because he had used it first.

"No, I don't. I just want to say thank you for letting me use it," Gabrielle said as she tried to wear a perfunctory smile.

"Hypocrite," Westley said indifferently as he looked away from her. Although

her eyes were full of disgust, she still pretended as if she was thanking him. 2

He felt that as time went by, Gabrielle was becoming even better at pretending.

"What? It's just that Gabrielle liked the eggs you picked up at the expense of your life. That's why she picked up so many eggs all at once. She didn't know that most of them were peppers, right?" Miley said with a smile as she spoke on Gabrielle's behalf.

As Westley looked at his grandma, he was at a loss for words. He couldn't help but wonder if the matter about being pecked by a hen would ever be forgotten.

He felt that he would be bullied mercilessly by Miley and Gabrielle tonight. He was Miley's real grandson, but it was obvious that his grandma wasn't on his side but on that of his wife. 2

"Westley, you should also try to eat more eggs, or else, your blood will bleed in vain." Gabrielle wiped off the last drop of tear on her face and looked at Westley.

She thought she was so weak that she even cried in front of Westley because she ate peppers. She couldn't help but

feel so embarrassed.

"Gabrielle, give more eggs to Westley. He was injured while he was picking up the eggs. He should eat more eggs," Miley urged Gabrielle.

As Miley said this Gabrielle didn't give too much thought to it. She followed Miley's order and picked up some eggs for Westley with her chopsticks as she deliberately avoided the green pepper.

However, Westley, whose face was gloomy and dark, fixed his gaze on Gabrielle thereby making her tremble in fear.

"Well, it seems like you don't like eggs. Do you like peppers, then?" Gabrielle stared at him in confusion.

Miley smiled as she looked at Westley silently. She knew that her grandson was a neat freak. Ever since he was a child, he didn't like to share food with others, he didn't eat what others had eaten from, and also didn't like it when others picked up food with their chopsticks for him.

Which was why Miley came up with such a bad idea. She used Gabrielle as the bait to see how he was going to react.

Westley felt that his grandma was the one who tricked him the most in the whole world.

When Miley saw that his face had darkened, she became a little worried.

She knew her grandson very well. Miley knew that he wouldn't leave after throwing away the bowls and chopsticks.

"Westley, if you don't like it, you can give it to me and I'll pick up more pepper for you. What do you think about that?" Gabrielle asked as she looked at him with a charming smile.

A second ago, Westley was ready to throw the bowls and chopsticks away, but when he saw his wife's smiling face, it was as if his anger was extinguished in an instant.

"You are so stupid, Gabrielle. Do you think everyone is as stupid as you? You like pepper, but I don't like them. Don't put pepper in my bowl," Westley told her as he picked up a piece of egg and put it into his mouth.

As soon as Miley saw this, she was relieved at once. She was almost scared to death by her imperious grandson

some minutes ago.

She deliberately asked Gabrielle to pick up some eggs for him. If he had thrown the bowl and chopsticks in front of Gabrielle, Miley knew that her granddaughter-in-law would be traumatized for the rest of her life.

As luck would have it, Miley won the bet. She felt that Westley just ate the eggs because he didn't want to hurt Gabrielle.

A mixed feeling rose in Gabrielle's heart. 'Is this how low Westley thinks of me? How can he say I am stupid?' she thought to herself.

The word "stupid" made her feel very terrible.

But all the same, she was a little happy to see that he ate all the eggs she picked up for him.

"Let's eat, Gabrielle. Leave this pompous man alone," Miley said as she pushed some spareribs in front of Gabrielle, indirectly telling her to eat more.

"Don't worry, Miley. I'll help myself," Gabrielle said. She felt uncomfortable with the way Miley was caring about

what she ate.

While she was very much younger, no one ever paid so much attention to her in the Jones family. They didn't care if she ate or not, neither did they care about what she liked to eat at the table. She was always treated like a slave and not a daughter of the family.

But here, in the past two days, Gabrielle could always have her favorite meal, which was always enough for her.

"You're too thin, Gabrielle. You need to eat more food. Westley, when you both go back to the city, make sure that you supervise what your wife eats every day. If she keeps being so thin without adding any flesh, her parents will think that we're mistreating her," Miley said as she looked at Westley. It was obvious that she was giving him a task to carry out.

"No, Miley. Gabrielle is not skinny. She has flesh all over her body," Westley answered naturally. As soon as he uttered the words, he realized that what he had said was bullshit.

When Gabrielle heard this statement, her hand trembled so much that the ribs that she had just picked up fell back to the

plate with a loud bang.

'Why did Westley say such words in public? I am a thin and fleshy woman, but not everyone knows about it, ' she thought to herself.

"You have succeeded in scaring your wife, Westley. She should endeavor to eat more meat, even if she's fleshy enough," Miley said as she smiled knowingly.

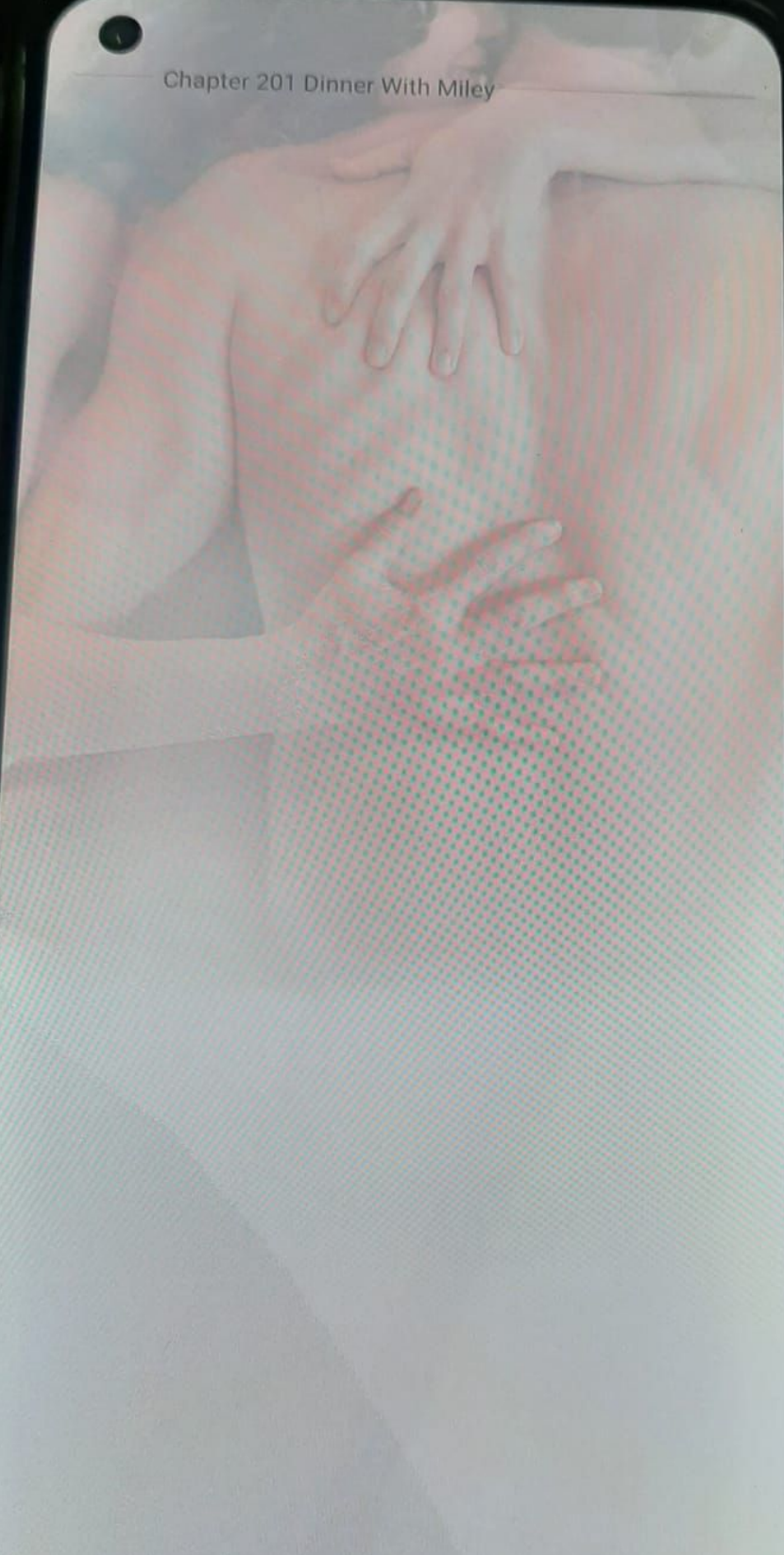
At this point, Gabrielle didn't say anything else. She took a big bite of the food on her plate and was about to run back to her room after eating.

"Miley, I'm full. I'm going back to my room to take a shower. Thank you for the delicious meal," Gabrielle said quickly as she put down the bowl and chopsticks and ran upstairs as fast as a rabbit.

She looked so cute as she ran away.

Miley stopped being reserved and laughed uncontrollably. "Westley, have you discovered that your wife is a treasure? Doesn't she look cute to you?" Miley asked her grandson with a trace of tears in her eyes. 5

Chapter 201 Dinner With Miley



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Chapter 202 Holding On To The Past

Miley and Westley remained on the dining table. The look on Gabrielle's face as she ran up the stairs like a cute little rabbit was still in Westley's mind. He couldn't help but smile.

Although this smile was just temporary, it didn't escape the shrewd eyes of Miley.

"Westley, what do you think about Gabrielle? Isn't she very cute and kind-hearted with a very nice personality? Don't you think that you are a very lucky man to have her?" Miley asked as she raised her eyebrows at him. ¹

"Grandma, if you continue to play such tricks on her, she'll become scared of you. Are you satisfied now?" he asked in a cold voice as he looked at his grandma. ¹

His grandma was always fond of playing silly tricks on people. Although she had to restrain herself a bit in the Morris Mansion, she was quite free here at the farmhouse. After all, there were many

servants there and also several guests, who came into the Morris Mansion from time to time, and for this reason, she still needed to pay attention to her dignified and serious image as the hostess of the Morris family.

"It's very rare for a girl to be easily teased. Can't you praise me even if it's just a little bit? Or do you feel sorry for Gabrielle? It's obvious that you don't want your grandma anymore since you now have a wife," Miley said as she pretended to be angry with him.

"Grandma, you can play this kind of trick once in a while. It will be very boring if you keep doing this all the time," Westley said calmly and continued eating his food elegantly.

"Fine, but shouldn't you thank me for digging out such a lovely side of your wife?" Miley asked as she looked at her grandson. It was obvious that she was asking for some accolades.

Since Gabrielle was so lovely, she felt that Westley wasn't as cute as before.

"You don't have to worry about that. I will discover her potential bit by bit in the future," Westley said in a firm tone,

with an indifferent look on his face. As far as he was concerned, Gabrielle was his wife and they still had much time to know about each other. 5

Miley rolled her eyes at him as soon as he finished his statement. 'If I didn't help him, how would this self-conceited man have discovered that his wife had a beautiful and lovely side?' Miley wondered.

"Everybody knows that all the men in the Morris family don't know how to have fun. They are always very boring. If I hadn't taken the initiative to win your grandfather over with my charm and personality, do you think you and you would be here today? Speaking of which, if Bonnie hadn't taken the initiative also to go hard after your brother, there is a strong possibility that he would still be single by now," she said to him. She couldn't help but complain bitterly as she mentioned all the men in the Morris family. 3

Westley just listened to her with rapt attention without saying anything. Otherwise, she would easily refute him.

But on a serious note, all that she had

said was true. The men in the Morris family paid more attention to their careers and allowed nature to take its course in their relationship with other people. They didn't bother to take the initiative or force others to do things according to their will. But then, Westley was far better than his father and brother. He was more authoritative and quickly grabbed a girl that he liked.

Wasn't that how he had gotten Gabrielle?

"I know you don't like me to talk about this, but I'm just telling you the truth. As the youngest man in the Morris family, don't be as boring as them. It doesn't help in any way," she said in a bid to scold her grandson.

Westley wanted to complain, but he couldn't. He just had to bear it without retorting.

"Let's eat, grandma. The dishes are getting cold," he said calmly as he urged her to eat.

"You know that I'm just telling you the truth, Westley. Gabrielle is a very good girl. Don't let her down. Try to treat her better." It was rare for Miley to defend a person like this. This could only mean

one thing: that Gabrielle was a very good girl.

"Okay, Miley. I know and I've heard all that you said," Westley answered her half-heartedly.

'What does he know? His attitude is perfunctory enough,' she thought.

However, she knew that her grandson was a smart man with his ideas. She also knew that she couldn't control him too much or else, things would go contrary to what she desired.

As it were, Miley had decided that she would no longer meddle in his affairs with Gabrielle. She feared that if she continued to do so, Westley would be disgusted by what she did.

"By the way, Westley, are you still looking for Nellie?" Miley asked him all of a sudden with a serious face.

Westley paused for a second with his chopsticks in the air. "Did you send someone to look for her, grandma?"

Westley remembered that Alvin had said that in addition to his people, there were also other people, who were looking for

her. He had thought that they might be Lance's people or someone else's entirely. Now that his grandma had asked, Westley had to think if Miley was also sending people to look for her.

"What makes you think that I would want to find her? I'm just felt like asking you. Haven't you given up the idea of getting married to Nellie?" she asked. Right now, she was not in the mood to eat anymore. She was quite serious which made her ask Westley while Gabrielle wasn't here with them. 5

"Grandma, I don't want you to worry about this matter for the time being. I will take care of it," he said to his grandma calmly. He had lost his appetite to eat and so, he quickly dropped the chopsticks he was holding.

With the death of Helena and Westley's promise to get married to Nellie, Miley had always held the Collins family in contempt. For so many years, they had forced Westley to do things for them with morality, and Miley had no choice.

After all, Westley, who was directly involved, was willing to compromise with the Collins family. They continually

oppressed Westley with the death of Helena which wasn't his fault.

If Nellie hadn't run away from the wedding, Westley would have been oppressed for the rest of his life. As luck would have it, Nellie escaped before the wedding. That was the first time that Miley had a good impression of her.

Ultimately, her escape made the Collins family give up the intention of exploiting Westley for the rest of his life. ①

"So how do you intend to handle this? I don't think you're going to give up. You're planning to find Nellie and marry her, thereby using her to replace Gabrielle, right? What is so good about this so-called Nellie? Even though she is also the daughter of the Collins family and has a face that is similar to that of Helena, she is not Helena. So I'd advise you not to take her as a substitute for Helena." Miley was so angry that she vomited such harsh words.

As Westley heard this, his face darkened. "Grandma, I've never regarded Nellie as a substitute for Helena. Helena is Helena and no one can replace her."

Gabrielle, who was still standing by the

corner of the stairs, heard these words loud and clear.

"Helena is Helena and no one can replace her?" she muttered under her breath. ③

'It turns out that Helena is Nellie's sister. Is Helena Westley's favorite woman? Why didn't he marry her, but got engaged to Nellie?' Gabrielle thought in confusion. ①

She couldn't understand what they were saying and didn't even want to. She had heard suddenly that Westley had someone that he cared for so much in his heart. It was as if a gust of cold wind blew through her. She felt uncomfortable without knowing why and started having complex feelings. ①

She didn't wait anymore to listen to what else they were saying. She just went to her room carefully. ①

Miley and Westley, who were still downstairs, didn't notice that Gabrielle had heard them. They continued to argue all the same.

"You mean no one can replace her? Helena is dead and long gone. Will she still occupy your heart forever? Don't you

think that this is unfair to the living people?" Miley asked wide-eyed. She knew the relationship between Westley and Helena. The two of them had been friends ever since childhood and were planning to get married in the end. 2

But unfortunately, things went wrong before they could get married. To protect Westley from being shot, Helena had taken the shot on his behalf, but she was still very much alive in Westley's heart.