

## Chapter 76 I've Been Suspended From School

It was still very early in the morning. Although the birds chirped noisily, the atmosphere was quite calm. Gabrielle, still in bed, opened her eyes and looked out of the window. She wasn't feeling sleepy, so she stood up immediately. She slid her nightgown on her body, opened the door, and walked out to the balcony. The air outside was quite cold and chilly which made her hold the collar of her nightgown tightly. As a result of the chilly air, goose bumps immediately appeared on her arms. She walked close to the railing, looked down, and saw Westley standing in the garden.

He was still wearing the same clothes he wore last night. 'He must have been awake all through the night,' she thought to herself.

He looked tall and well built in the white and black pants he wore, which made him look handsome. Although she could only see his back and head from the angle where she stood, she was already attracted by him. Merely seeing his back was so captivating that it could charm anybody.

With one hand in his pocket and the other holding a glass of water, he stared absent-mindedly. He was so lost in thought, looking





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at the sky, that he didn't know she was staring at him.

Though she only saw him from the back, she could easily tell that he was very tired.

'I'm very sure he didn't sleep a wink last night and so he must be very tired,' she reasoned.

Just then, a rush of cold wind blew and she couldn't help but sneeze.

"Ah-choom!"

Before she could cover her mouth, it was already too late. He swung around and looked at her. He frowned when he saw her leaning on the railing of the balcony in only her nightwear.

"Am I so handsome that you can't resist staring at me this early morning?" he teased her.

Who was staring? Even though it was obvious that she was staring at him, she wouldn't admit it to him.

"I'm not staring at you. You're the one who is standing in front of my balcony," she said intentionally, but she soon regretted her words immediately after she said them. How could she have forgotten whom she was talking to? How could she have spoken to

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him in such kind of tone? ③

"Gabrielle, you have got some nerves, haven't you?" he said as he peered at her closely.

It was until that moment that she found out that he did look charming when he looked up. She couldn't help but be captivated by his charming face. She was so lost in her thoughts that she didn't know that she was staring at him so much. ②

"Did you sleep at all last night?" she asked him with all seriousness.

"That's none of your business. I already told you to stop meddling in my affairs."

He gave her a cold glance, turned around, and went inside the house.

'I've never seen a man so arrogant!' she said to herself. ③

She wanted to tell him how proud and arrogant he was but decided against it.

After some time, she freshened up and went downstairs.

She scanned the living room for any trace of her husband but didn't see him. Only Neil and the other servants were there.

"Good morning, Neil," she said as she

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walked towards him. "Hope you had a sound rest."

"Good morning, Miss Jones. Yes, I did. You're up so early today. The breakfast will be ready very soon."

"There's no problem, I don't have any issue with that. Where is Westley? I saw him come in just now while I was still upstairs," she asked inquisitively.

"He has gone back to his study. Do you have anything in mind to tell him, Miss Jones?" he asked as he looked at her.

"No. I just wanted to know if he stayed awake throughout the night. Why would he stay up so late?" She knew very little about her husband. Although they lived in the same house, she felt she was far away from him. 5

"Yes, he didn't sleep all through the night, which is quite a normal routine for Mr. Morris. He is very diligent when it comes to his work. Miss Jones, you should care more about him in the future," he reminded her.

"I want to care about him, but he doesn't want me to. He doesn't even give me the opportunity. He has warned me several times not to interfere in his private affairs. I don't know what else I can do to show him how much I care," she muttered as he lowered her head. Westley tried as much as possible



to be apart from her; he didn't want her care neither did he want to be intimate with her.

'What else can I do to show him how much I care in this situation?' she thought deeply. But then, she had noticed that the more she tried to show him how much she cared, the more he hated her without restraints.

"Miss Jones, what did you say?" Neil was in a trance just now and he didn't hear what she had said clearly.

She shook her head and smiled clumsily. "Not to worry, Neil. I didn't say anything."

She had got up so early. After she had her breakfast, she went back into her room to rest for some minutes. Then she received a call from Mia.

"Hello, Mia. Are you okay?" Remembering the scratches on Mia's face, she became worried.

"I'm fine, thank you. My brother took me to a hospital last night and they dressed the wounds and also gave me some medicine. Now I'm being forced by my brother to stay at home until my wounds heal. Damn it! My wounds will take longer before they heal totally. Do you know how long it will take? My brother is just like a devil! He doesn't want me to have fun!" she complained bitterly.



Gabrielle could understand how she felt. Mia was an extrovert and very lively and so, if she was being forced to stay at home, she must be very lonely and depressed.

"Don't say such a thing, Mia. Mr. Robinson did what he did for your good. When the injuries on your face heal, you can dress yourself up and come out to play. It's better that way than being laughed at by others because of the numerous injuries on your face." She tried to explain to her to make her understand why her brother did what he did.

"Well, it seems like what you said makes much sense. It's far more pleasant to hear it from you than how my brother said it. By the way, how's your face? There are old wounds that haven't totally healed yet, and now there are new ones. It must make you feel very uncomfortable. Your husband came to pick you up last night, right? Was he so angry that he wanted to rip you apart, or he wanted to rip the two bitches who dared to lay their hands on you?" Mia said with so much excitement.

"Can you stop sounding so violent, Mia? My husband is not as brutal as you think." In reality, Gabrielle knew that her husband was more brutal than others thought.

"Anyway, I can tell that you both love each other. Your husband is a great man, right? He



must have been very worried when he saw you last night. Did you... Did you do anything too shocking to be spoken about last night?" Mia had always been playful and this showed in the way she asked her questions. 5

"Anything shocking like what? We did nothing. He just took me to the hospital to treat my wounds, nothing more. He is still angry with me." Thinking of the look on Westley's face that morning, she began to feel uncomfortable.

"You can gently persuade him when he's angry with you. If he is not appeased, just drag him to the bed and press your body against his. I believe that would make him happy with you eventually." Mia gave her a bad idea.

This made her speechless. "You seem to be quite experienced in things like this, Mia. If you keep being seductive and flirty, I won't talk to you anymore."

"Okay, okay. I give up. With the way you're so reserved and uptight, one would think that you're not married. It's a pity that I didn't get to meet your husband last night. When can we see again?" Mia asked her curiously.

"Let's talk about that later." How would she dare to take Mia to see her husband? She would be scared to death, considering the kind of person Mia was.



"Actually, I know you're very conservative. You don't want me to see your husband. I know you're afraid that I will charm him with my beauty." Mia was a chatterbox who derived happiness from talking nonsense. 2

What she said amazed Gabrielle.

"You're correct, that's what I'm scared of. After all, you're much more beautiful than me. So I won't let my husband see you so that you don't steal him away from me," she said heartily.

Mia's mood was completely boosted by the way Gabrielle spoke with her. "You're my source of happiness, Gabrielle. Since I've been forced to stay at home by my brother these days, is it okay if I call you and chat with you when I'm bored?" Mia asked pleadingly.

"It's not a problem at all, but shouldn't you be in school in the morning?" Gabrielle thought Mia might be in school.

"Well, for now, I've been suspended from school because I fought," Mia uttered without feeling embarrassed at all.



## Chapter 77 What's Wrong With Mr. Morris

All of a sudden, Gabrielle believed she acted weakly. Mia, on the other hand, was so brave and had risked her life in the fight. Her actions this time had made Micheal very angry. Gabrielle decided that he was getting accustomed to Mia's character.

"By the way, Gabrielle, are you a student of Alorith University?" Mia asked all of a sudden.

"Yes, I majored in Jewelry Design," Gabrielle replied, frank.

"Come and take a look at what the micro-blog says. It reads, 'Gabrielle, a senior majoring in Jewelry Design, caught fighting.'" When Gabrielle heard Mia's words, it urged her to watch the news.

Immediately, Gabrielle checked the micro-blog using her phone.

What she saw was shocking.

The fight Gabrielle had last night was all over the news. Micro-blogs, forums, and gossip websites carried it. It was trending.

In the reports, only Gabrielle's and Mia's faces appeared. Emily's and Cassie's were



unclear because they were either blurred or taken from a different angle.

Each of the pictures showed Gabrielle and Mia assaulting other people.

Damn it! It was evident that someone had slandered Gabrielle and Mia. That person deliberately did it.

It must be the handiwork of Emily and Cassie.

"Oh my God! Did Emily and Cassie think I was soft on them when I hit them? How dare they slander us? They provoked us first by hitting us. Who took those photos in the bathroom? We walked into a trap. Gabrielle, someone has framed us." Mia realized this at that instant.

Emily and Cassie had set up this trap. They had planned it all from the beginning. By the way, there was no camera in the ladies toilet.

Gabrielle agreed with Mia. From the start to the end, this was Emily's plan.

"Mia, can you ask Mr. Robinson to do us a favor? Let him help us deal with the situation. First, let him take the report away and then have the photos restored. I want Emily's and Cassie's faces to be on it." The problem was somewhat daunting to Gabrielle. She wished she could immediately



come up with a solution. The first idea that came to her was to have the reports about her fighting removed.

It was no secret that they would lose both their credits and their degrees when students fought with others. Gabrielle couldn't afford such a fate.

In the future, when she divorced Westley, she wouldn't stay with him any longer. Also, she might not be able to go back to the Jones when that happened. She badly needed a diploma and some skills to support herself.

The report on the Internet mentioned her as a student majoring in Jewelry Design at Alorith University. It was also made public on the school's website. The outcome of the report would have significant ramifications for her. The school would not turn a blind eye to it.

Gabrielle's hair seemed to be standing on edge as these thoughts went through her mind.

Her future was shaky because of this report. It was a scary prospect for her. Divorce and homelessness, coupled with being without a diploma, were staring at her. The situation would make her suicidal.

She could not afford to be a coward at this time.



"Gabrielle, don't worry. I'll ask my brother to deal with it. Wait a minute! I'll call him right now." Mia was also anxious.

It didn't matter if she was part of the fight or not. She was already suspended from school. Maybe, she could go back to school when she finished serving her suspension. Whatever the case, she was not welcome at Alorith University.

But it was different for Gabrielle. Alorith University never turned a blind eye when a student fought in public, and the news reported it. The University would take it as a severe offense, like expelling her. Thinking about it was a terrible thing for Gabrielle.

"Mia, thank you."

When the call ended, Gabrielle became restless. She sat and watched the news continuously using her phone. All the comments were criticizing her, which showed that this was cheap blackmail.

The slanderous comments about Gabrielle had spread quickly.

Some even scolded her and said she did not deserve to be a student at Alorith University. They asked the school to expel her.

Some other comments were ludicrous. They



said Gabrielle didn't deserve to be a citizen of Antawood. She should have been shown the way out of Antawood a long time ago.

The insults and curses that the commenters hurled on Gabrielle were countless.

Gabrielle was uncertain if Westley had seen the news. He probably had not seen it since he was in his room sleeping.

Gabrielle, though, was wrong. Westley, who was supposedly sleeping, was awakened by a call from Alvin. Alvin told him about the reports concerning Gabrielle's fight and whether he should deal with it.

Westley looked at all the slanderous reports concerning Gabrielle and the fight on the Internet with a tablet in his hand. The criticism and denunciation were much more than what the stars usually encountered.

Westley could have allowed Alvin to deal with the matter. He could also have asked Alvin to find out who the evil backstabbers were.

But Westley decided he wouldn't let Gabrielle off the hook so quickly. Since she came back last night, Gabrielle had not treated him well. He would make Gabrielle experience more pressure so that she would come begging him for help. 8



Therefore, Westley was taking his time. He was not in any hurry. A cigarette was between his lips as Westley sat quietly on the bedside. He was waiting for Gabrielle's knock on the door when she would come to beg him.

He was disappointed, though. After waiting for a long time, Gabrielle didn't come as he had expected. Suddenly, he found that the reports on the Internet had disappeared. That was strange. What was going on? <sup>12</sup>

Someone had purposefully removed the reports.

Westley was in a bad mood when he called Alvin.

"Alvin, who asked you to remove the online reports? When have my orders become useless?" Westley was furious.

His anger confused Alvin. 'What was wrong with Mr. Morris?' "Mr. Morris, I followed your orders. I didn't remove the reports."

"If you didn't remove them, how did they disappear? They are all gone from the Internet. Who is removing them for Gabrielle?" Westley frowned. He was unhappy.

Neither Gabrielle nor anyone in the Jones was



capable of doing such a thing. The people who could do it for Gabrielle were probably Austin, Lance, or even Benny. Gabrielle was attractive to several men, and Westley was not blind to that. The fight Gabrielle had with other women last night was because of men.

"Alvin, I want you to find out who removed the reports for Gabrielle. I want to know. Hurry up." What happened had put Westley in a bad mood.

Westley's plan was for Gabrielle to take the initiative to apologize to him. He wanted her to ask him for help. Things just went contrary. Someone had helped Gabrielle out of this trouble and cut short his intention.

He was interested in whoever was capable of rendering this help to Gabrielle.

Within a short while, Alvin called again.

"Tell me, who did it?" Westley's voice was cold and anxious. He was also frowning.

"Mr. Robinson." Alvin's answer was short and cautious. He felt somewhat strange. 'Mr. Morris is known to be indifferent to the affairs of others, except for Gabrielle's.'

What happened last night was an example. Westley did not need to pick up Gabrielle in person. He could have asked Alvin to do it. At the time of the incident, Westley had an



international video conference. But he decided to suspend it and then went to the police station to pick up Gabrielle.

"Micheal is such a stickybeak." Westley's comment was blunt and showed how angry he was.

What he said left Alvin dumbfounded. "Mr. Morris, what happened on the Internet was a slander against Miss Jones and Miss Robinson. Remember that Miss Robinson is Mr. Robinson's sister. He is protecting the reputation of his sister."

"Well, Gabrielle benefited from what he did." Westley hung up the phone abruptly after he finished his statement.

Westley's action was very confusing to Alvin. 'What was wrong with Mr. Morris?' 11



## Chapter 78 Am I Just A Useless Man To You

Gabrielle paced up and down in her room. She felt restless after what she saw on the internet. But by the time she received the phone call from Mia again, she tried as much as possible to relax and calm her nerves. She sat on the edge of her bed.

Most importantly, she had seen the posts disappear one after the other. She knew it was only Micheal, who could have helped her on such quick notice.

"Gabrielle, have you checked your phone? My brother has made great efforts and all the posts have been deleted. Isn't that wonderful?" Mia said happily.

"I have seen it. I appreciate Mr. Robinson's help. Help me thank him on my behalf..."

"If you want to thank my brother, you can tell him face to face instead of going through me. How about inviting him to dinner?" Mia recommended to her warmly.

As soon as she said that, Gabrielle instantly remembered the last time Mia had specially arranged a meeting at a restaurant for her and Michael. She happened to meet Westley and Holly in the same restaurant, eating,



which was quite humiliating for her.

So when Mia tried suggesting inviting Micheal to dinner, her mind unintentionally resisted it.

"I can tell that you're scared because of my arrangement the last time, but I need you to know that I'm very serious about this. If you want to invite my brother to dinner next time, I'll make sure I have no hand in it. You can book the restaurant yourself and also choose your favorite food." Mia already knew what was going on in her mind and so she tried to persuade her in every way possible.

"Okay," she managed to say.

"But Gabrielle, although the posts on the internet have been deleted, and my brother is also trying his best to find the person behind the posting of such content, the previous post is quite engaging. It has produced an active debate on the Alorith University's website. It has attracted the attention of both the students and the lecturers of the university. In addition to that, Emily is trying to look for a way to get you expelled from the school," she reminded Gabrielle with so much anxiety. She didn't care about Alorith University's reaction to the matter. Besides, the matter was against Gabrielle whom she cared about so much.

As a student of the university, fighting was a



very serious offense that attracted severe disciplinary measures. Gabrielle might be expelled from the school.

Emily was crafty. She waited for the perfect time to entrap Gabrielle.

"It doesn't matter. I will handle it myself. I'll try to find a way around it." As a matter of fact, she just said that to comfort Mia. She didn't know what kind of punishment the school would give to her.

"If you need any help, don't hesitate to ask my brother. As long as it is within his power, he will help you. Speaking of which, your husband... Does he know about what's going on? Or he doesn't want to help you in any way?" Mia asked her inquiringly.

She didn't know if Westley had seen the news on the internet. She hoped that he was still sleeping and that he didn't know anything about it.

"He was too exhausted last night and so he is still sleeping. For now, he still doesn't know what happened." She had to tell her the truth. <sup>1</sup>

"He was too exhausted last night. He is still sleeping. Oh, well, I seem to know something very amazing. It appears that your husband is very strong in bed. Young people should be more temperate in their desires." Mia had



started her nonsense talk again. ②

Gabrielle was dumbfounded. If she had known that Mia would misunderstand her statement, she would have just kept mute.

"Mia, please I have something else to do. I'll give you a call next time. My regards to Mr. Robinson. Tell him I said thank you for everything," she said with seriousness.

"All right. I'll let him know. You can go ahead with your work. We'll talk some other time." Before she hung up, she decided to say one more sentence to taunt her, "Don't forget to ask your husband to restrain himself." ②

With that, she smiled and hung up the phone.

Her last statement played over and over in Gabrielle's mind which made her even angrier.

She was so annoyed that she didn't want to stay in the room any longer. She went downstairs and was about to drink some ice water to calm herself down. Then she saw him, the man who was supposed to restrain himself and sleep well, sitting on the sofa in the living room, looking at her with a dejected face.

She felt a sudden chill run down her spine. 'What have I done wrong again? Did I offend



him before now?' she thought deeply.

"Mr. Morris, Why don't you sleep a little longer considering how tired you were last night?" she felt embarrassed and asked directly.

"Do you want me to sleep all the time, Gabrielle?" he asked as he looked at her with a sneer on his face.

She decided to keep her mouth shut and stay out of his way in order not to upset him.

"Is there something you think I should know about, Gabrielle?" She pretended she didn't hear him and walked towards the kitchen which made him red with anger. 'How could she ignore me in such a manner?' he asked himself silently.

"No, I don't think there is." She stopped and looked at him uncomfortably, wondering why he was asking her such a question. She bit her lips unknowingly.

Her lips were red and the shape was beautiful. She looked very alluring and captivating when she bit her lips. He stared at her lips without knowing why and thought of how they tasted the day he kissed her.

It was soft and sweet. He savored the memories slowly occupying his mind, but he quickly forced the thought out of his mind



and tried to concentrate on the present.

'She is a woman who is always known to flirt with men; why should I miss the taste of her lips? It is so hilarious, ' he reasoned.

"Really, Gabrielle? I'll give you one more chance. Is there something you think I should be aware of?" he asked her again and tried his best to hold back his anger. He looked at her intently.

The way he looked at her got her scared and a chill stole over her entire body. 2

"I don't know what you are talking about."

she ignored him again and turned to leave.

However, he moved faster than her. He grabbed her wrist so tightly that she frowned and looked at him with so much pain in her eyes.

"Mr. Morris, you're hurting me," she begged in a low voice.

"Really? You know it hurts? I thought a woman as strong as you do not know what pain is," he said coldly, without letting go of her hand.

"It hurts." She winced as her eyes turned red with pain. 'What's wrong with this man? Why is he suddenly holding my hand in this



such a manner?' she thought bitterly as she tried to wriggle her hand free from his grasp.

"Don't you want to tell me what happened on the internet?" he asked as he released her hand a little, but he didn't intend to let her go.

"What happened on the internet?" She was surprised and wondered how he knew about it.

She thought he wouldn't know anything about it since Micheal had helped her solve the problem in such a short time.

"How did you know about it?" Gabrielle looked at him in surprise, but her surprise soon disappeared. 'Yes, he is so powerful in the Antawood. He knows everything that goes on here,' she reasoned as she shook her head.

"Gabrielle, so you asked another man to solve this issue for you without consulting me first? Do you think you don't need me at all, or am I just a useless man to you?" he asked her with his face fuming with anger.

Gabrielle was stunned for a moment. She kept wondering whether the Westley standing in front of her was the man she knew or not. ①

He had warned her severally that they should

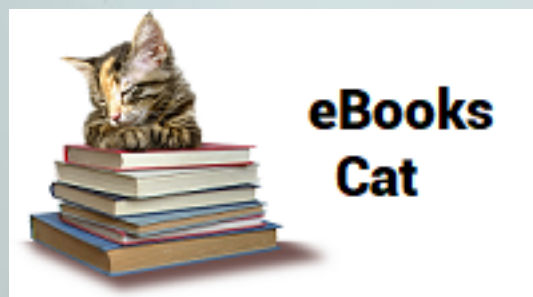


draw a clear line between each other, especially about her not bringing him any trouble. Now that she was in trouble and she tried her best not to bother him by finding an alternative means of solving it, he was still unsatisfied about it. <sup>2</sup>

Honestly, men's hearts were so complicated. <sup>4</sup>

She felt that she knew nothing about this man. Each day unraveled something new.

"Westley, can you try to be reasonable? The news on the internet broke out all of a sudden, and you were sleeping at that time. I didn't want to disturb you. Besides, those pictures were about me and Mia. It's normal for Mr. Robinson to solve this problem. He didn't do it for me alone, but also for his sister," she tried to explain. <sup>9</sup>





## Chapter 79 Away From Home

Gabrielle felt a little tired after explaining. Why was Westley so demanding?

It was Westley who wanted to draw a line with Gabrielle. He even asked her to not make any trouble in his name. Now that she already solved the problem on her own, he was still mad at her. She didn't know what to do with him anymore. ②

It didn't matter what she wanted to do, he would still have the final say. She didn't know what else she could do in order to make him happy. He was always angry at her. Always angry.

She didn't even understand why he chose to marry her for atonement if he abhorred her in the first place. ①

"I know you hate me so much, Westley," she said to him. "You're angry at me and you will always be, no matter what I do." Her voice started to crack in frustration. "Why did you choose to marry me for atonement? Why?" It wasn't her intention to say those things but she couldn't keep it to herself anymore. She felt a little crestfallen with this whole situation with Westley.

For some reason, Westley's fist clenched. Gabrielle saw it. She looked at his eyes,



staring back at her deeply, where she could see a lot of anger and darkness within.

"Don't get me wrong, Gabrielle," he uttered, smirking a little. "If only there are other adopted daughters of Jones, I won't marry you so don't flatter yourself. Unfortunately for me, you're the only one. I have been left with no choice." Westley felt so provoked that he just uttered whatever words came into his mind. 6

Hearing his regard, Gabrielle felt the same anger he felt. The pleading girl a while ago was now staring back at him with the same intensity his eyes gave off. She squeezed her eyes shut and took a deep breath for control. "I see," she said matter-of-factly. "Then I will go to Sloane's apartment for now. I'll just stay there until you feel fine." She forced a cold smile. "I guess if you don't see me, you'll be in a great mood, Westley." 5

It was the first time he had seen her in such a helpless state. Her usual bright dark eyes suddenly lost their luster. Such a look stabbed into Westley's heart. What was he doing? 4

He let out a sigh. "What do you mean, Gabrielle?" With eyebrows crossed, Westley raised his voice. He stared at her, his eyes cheerless.

How dare she threaten him with running



away from home? Where did she get the nerve for doing that?

"Westley," she said, almost in a whisper, wincing, looking like she was in pain. "Please let go of my hand. It hurts, please." She looked at him firmly.

With what he heard, Westley unconsciously loosened his grip on her wrist. Where was his mind all this time? He didn't even notice he was squeezing her tight for so long. He frowned upon seeing that he left a red mark on her tender wrist.

A trace of bitterness flashed through his heart, but it disappeared quickly.

There was silence for a moment. Since he was so quiet and chose to not say anything anymore, Gabrielle turned around and went upstairs.

Not long after, she came rushing back downstairs with a bag in her hand.

And yet he thought she wasn't serious about staying out of their home for a few days. After all, he really didn't believe that she had the courage to leave home.

But now that she had packed her things up, it made everything real.

"Are you really going away?" Westley cast a



cold glance at her.

"I'm not kidding. I'm serious about that," she said. "I will do what I said. It's final and you can't tell me otherwise." She said those words calmly but coldly.

Because Gabrielle knew that the more uneasy she would look in front of him, the more satisfied he would be. Didn't he ask her to marry him because he wanted to torture her?

"Fine. You can go." He said those words disdainfully.

Neil had been observing them from afar, right at the back of the walls separating the kitchen and the living room. Upon seeing her walking towards the door, he grabbed her bag to stop her from leaving. "Miss Jones, where are you going?"

"I make Westley angry now, Neil," she said, almost catching her breath in anger and haste. "I need to go out for a few days. Please let me out of his sight." Gabrielle took the blame, but she made sure it was loud enough to be heard by Westley who was watching her.

"What?" Neil asked, glancing at Westley and back to Gabrielle. "What did you do to make him angry? I'm sure he was just toying with you."



"Neil, I am not a person who toys around especially with Gabrielle," Westley said as he entered the conversation. "If she wants to leave, then let her. There are plenty of places for her to stay with." He turned around lazily, rolling his eyes, and walked towards the study room, completely ignoring Gabrielle.

No one dared to do that with Westley. No one was that bull-headed when it came to him. She was the only one who did that to him.

As soon as he left, Neil tightened his grip on Gabrielle's bag. "Miss Jones, Mr. Morris has never been that irritated before," he said. "He will calm down later, I promise. You don't have to leave. Couples should understand each other, right?"

"You do realize that Westley and I are not a real couple? We don't have to understand each other," she said. She could hear the frustration in her own voice. "I'll go to the hospital to visit my friend, so I won't come back tonight." She didn't exert an effort to take her bag from Neil. Sloane's house had a lot of supplies she would need anyway. It should be enough for her to use for several days.

She and Westley had been in a difficult relationship recently. They both needed some time to calm down.



She hadn't even got the chance to get even with him for the days he was with Holly, but here he was, having the audacity to get mad at her because of Micheal. It really made her sad.

She had never done anything wrong and yet he made her look like a traitor—a woman who betrayed her husband.

"Miss Jones..."

"Well, Neil, I'm not leaving this house for good," she said. "It'll just be for a few days until Westley calms down." After all, she was still a sinner who couldn't get rid of her husband.

With that, Neil stopped asking her to stay. "Then I'll ask the driver to take you to the hospital."

"Sure." She smiled a bit. "Thank you, Neil." It was a blunt reply.

"Miss Jones, if you ever change your mind, please call Westley and just apologize," he said. "He might be angry but he's easy to coax. This would be over that quickly." A suggestion from Neil.

Huh. She never wanted to do that! She never wanted to talk him into something.

She ignored his ridiculous suggestion and



went ahead. When she arrived at the hospital, she came to Sloane and was stopped by the bodyguards at the door of the ward. ❦

"What happened?! Why don't you let me in?! I'm Gabrielle." Gabrielle threw a confused look at the two towering bodyguards in black. They were the same ones before so why didn't they recognize her?

"We know it's you, Miss Jones," one of them said. "But you're not allowed to go in. This is Mr. Morris' new order. I'm sorry. Without his permission, you can't visit Miss Sloane." The bodyguard wasn't showing any emotions at all. ❦

Damn it!

She wanted to shout at Westley for doing that. It was so unfair and unnecessary! Why did he stop her from going in the ward?

It was her best friend lying inside on that bed. How could he stop her? Why?!

"Why don't you let me in?!" She was getting really frustrated now. "Let me in!" Gabrielle shouted at them ferociously.

"Miss Jones, you can call Mr. Morris and ask for his permission," the other one advised. "If he agrees, we will let you in." The bodyguards still weren't showing any emotions. Not even a tiny bit of guilt on the



new order presented to them by her husband.

Gabrielle took her phone out, determined. She unlocked the screen and locked it again. It was obvious that Westley was just forcing her to call him. He was so evil at doing it this way. She almost fell into his trap, but she was stronger than this. 3

She just decided to peek inside through the small window and saw that Sloane was lying quietly on her bed. It didn't matter as long as her best friend was fine. Westley could choke because he could never make her call him. She wouldn't walk into his trap 3



## Chapter 80 Crystal Princess

Gabrielle furiously left the hospital and took a taxi to the one and only place she could think of at the moment: Sloane's apartment.

She was boiling with the thought of the unfair situation Westley had put her in. "He's unbelievable!" said Gabrielle, who was at the point of having a breakdown.

"If he thinks he can trick me into doing what he wants, he is dealing with the wrong person."

As Gabrielle was wrathfully cursing her husband, Westley was sitting in the study of Vineyard Villa, religiously looking at his phone and expecting a call from her.

Unaware she had other plans, he dejectedly picked up his phone when he got a call from the bodyguard in the hospital.

"Where is Gabrielle?" asked Westley with a sharp tone. Westley had organized it all. He made sure Gabrielle was restricted from entering Sloane's ward. If she wanted to see her best friend who still hadn't woken up, all she had to do was call Westley.

That was why Westley was earnestly waiting for Gabrielle's call.



"Mr. Morris, Miss Jones left when we told her your permission was required."

"What? She left?" Westley couldn't believe that his plan to threaten Gabrielle with Sloane failed. Once again, Gabrielle proved her stubbornness.

"Mr. Morris, what shall we do now?" The bodyguards could sense Westley fuming through the phone.

"Just keep an eye on Sloane for now, and don't let anyone see her." Westley ordered the bodyguards and hung up the phone.

He then asked Alvin to find Gabrielle's whereabouts. Unsurprisingly, she had gone to Sloane's apartment.

Gabrielle arrived at Sloane's apartment with two bags full of groceries she got from the nearby supermarket. She knew staying at Sloane's apartment for a few days was the right thing to do.

As Gabrielle got off the elevator, she was startled by the figure standing near Sloane's door. She was shocked to see Benny. She moved forward while trying to calm herself down.

"What the hell are you doing here, Benny? Don't you know Sloane is still in a coma?"



Gabrielle expressed herself coldly.

"I know about Sloane, and I know I can't see her in the hospital. I just came here..."

"You were smoking here?" Gabrielle's eye caught the cigarette butts besides his feet. "What the hell, Benny! Don't you know you can't smoke like this here? People could have complained about it." Gabrielle got the picture that Benny had smoked almost an entire pack, and that he had been here for some time now.

She was least bothered about Benny's smoking habits. But she wasn't expecting him to smoke a whole pack of cigarettes standing there.

"I'm sorry, I was being so careless. Gabrielle, I know you have issues with me, but..."

"Issues?" Gabrielle retorted. "I don't have any issues, Benny. I just don't want to see you right now. And what are you doing here? Are you here to repent? Well, there's no point in doing that. If you really feel sorry then you better kneel and beg for forgiveness when Sloane wakes up." Gabrielle's unwelcoming tone was sharp-edged on Benny.

"By the way, Benny, instead of standing here like this, shouldn't you be with Estelle now?"

Gabrielle was uncomfortable with Benny's



sudden presence. She wanted him to leave as soon as possible.

"Actually, Estelle wanted to apologize for all that happened. She wants to invite you over for dinner." Benny looked at Gabrielle gravely.

"Apologize?" Gabrielle gave him an unpleasant smile.

"All this must be very amusing to you. But let me remind you, Estelle has admitted to hiring those three women. Sloane is in a coma because of them, because of Estelle. What she had done won't be forgotten. Those three women are still locked in the police station and can't be released so easily. So don't expect any forgiveness from me. Both of you should ask forgiveness from Sloane instead." Gabrielle was provoked. Those three women were locked under Westley's order. Who would dare to release them?

"Gabrielle, just listen to me." Benny stepped forward. "Let me clear this, we have nothing to do with each other. Me and Estelle, we're just..."

"You don't need to clear anything, Benny. I don't care about it," Gabrielle retorted. She was least excited about Benny's relationship with Estelle. She had no interest in knowing about them.



"Gabrielle, why did you buy so much food?" Benny blurted out. Benny noticed Gabrielle's hands were full.

She had bought two bags of food and items.

He was curious as to why Gabrielle had gotten all those food when Sloane was still at the hospital.

"Mind your own business, Benny," she retorted back.

Benny was being nosy now and that pissed Gabrielle. He had no reason to worry about her.

"Did you fight with Westley?"

Benny blurted out again.

Benny was aware of Gabrielle and Westley's marriage. He knew their marriage was a mess, and he knew quarreling was their way of having a conversation.

Gabrielle couldn't take it any longer. The last thing she wanted was to think of Westley. That was what she had been trying to avoid. She couldn't utter a word to Benny now.

"Gabrielle, don't get me wrong. I just want to ask something about Sloane." Benny was very curious about Sloane's current situation. Even though Sloane hadn't woken up yet,



and even when he knew he was helpless, that didn't stop him from thinking about her.

"Benny, it's not my job to tell you everything. Just leave, please. Don't make me call the security to kick you out." Gabrielle frantically entered the password and got inside the apartment.

Gabrielle dropped the bags on the floor straight away. She had no more strength left in her.

If Benny got to know that even Gabrielle wasn't allowed to meet Sloane, he would have turned the tables.

Gabrielle rested for some time and later unpacked the bags. She had no energy or the mood to cook by herself

She was always excited to visit Sloane. This apartment was like their very own happy abode. She particularly enjoyed cooking for Sloane. But that was in the past. She forgot the last time she cooked a meal. Ever since Gabrielle moved to Vineyard Villa, all she had to do was wait for her meal to be served.

In the following three days, Gabrielle stayed in Sloane's apartment. She only received messages from Mia. Not surprisingly, there was no call or message from Westley.

After finishing all the groceries she bought,



Gabrielle stepped out to the neighborhood. She wanted to buy more food from the supermarket.

Gabrielle was shopping when she noticed the news being broadcasted on the wall-mounted TV. It seemed like a special report.

The news was about a famous jeweler.

'Crystal Heart', the jewelry studio by Holly was opened today.

Known as the "Crystal Princess", Holly was a powerful figure in the jewelry design industry. Her work was respected internationally as well.

She had known to make her name in jewelry design industry with her delightful and unique designs in only a short amount of time.

As a Chinese-American woman in France, Holly was an honorable designer who previously worked with the world's largest jewelry brand.

But she gave up the position of chief designer to start her own brand. Holly was not only a respected figure in both fashion and design, but was also known as the daughter of the Edwards. So all the hype on her studio opening was quite natural. She was in the center of all the mainstream media. 8