

## Chapter 163 Too Fragile

Everyone had just returned from climbing the mountain. Because of how numb Gabrielle felt in her legs, Westley had carried her up the stairs. But right now, what did he mean by saying that she was inviting him to take a shower together?

At this point, Gabrielle's mind went blank and her blood was flowing back all over her head. She knew that her face had turned extremely red now, she didn't have to look in the mirror to confirm.

'Westley is such a rascal. He will always find a way to say something indecent to me,' she thought.

Never had she thought about inviting him to take a shower together with her. She could still do it herself.

"I didn't mean it that way. I just wanted to ask you if you want to take a shower now. Your body is already wet," she explained to him.

She had just asked him out of kindness, but he replied to her this way. 'This man is just so annoying,' she snorted.

"Don't worry about me, Gabrielle. You should take a shower first so that you can have adequate rest." As soon as Westley said this, he turned around and left the room.

Gabrielle quickly closed the door to the bathroom. She took off her clothes slowly and started the shower and got under it.

The warm water made her feel much better. Even the cramps in her feet had eased a whole lot after going down the mountain. It was not as serious as she had thought it would be.

But Westley had insisted on carrying her on his back, and for this reason, she didn't say anything in refutation.

Even though she knew that he didn't like her very much, Gabrielle still wanted to stay on his back for some more time when he carried her. Such a chance might not be available again in the future and she wanted to make judicious use of it. ③

People were easy to become greedy. As long as someone gave them a little warmth, they would want more than what the person had to offer.

She didn't like the way she felt towards her husband. This was the same Westley; he hadn't changed. He was the man who wanted to destroy the Jones family and also treat her as an enemy. They should be enemies, but as it stood right now, Gabrielle was just greedy for his warmth. This was not appropriate in any way. 'You can't afford to do anything stupid, Gabrielle. Once you fall for his tenderness, you would never have your freedom again in the future. Just think about that,' she cautioned herself.

As she scolded herself, she felt a little bit of annoyance within her. After this, she dived into the water and tried to calm herself down.

Meanwhile, Westley had gone downstairs with his clothes and was about to take a shower in the public bathroom on the first floor. Miley was also downstairs preparing lunch for them and was surprised to see him coming this way.



"What's the matter, Westley? Have you been driven out of your bedroom by your wife?" Miley asked with a smile in a bid to make fun of him.

She was clear about the relationship between Westley and Gabrielle, which was just slowly progressing, and right now, it was not in a good stage.

"Yes, I was driven out. Gabrielle is taking her bath in the bathroom. That was why I came downstairs to take a shower here," Westley acquiesced in what the old lady had said.

Miley didn't say anything more than that. She knew what kind of person Westley was.

He was always self-disciplined. But sometimes it was not good to be too self-disciplined. It came with a lot of headaches most time. ①

"Go and take a shower quickly then. So you don't catch a cold," Miley told him as she looked at him and said nothing more.

"Grandma, I need some muscle relaxing medicine. Could you please help me find

it out and give it to me when I come out from the shower?" Immediately he said that he went straight into the bathroom without waiting for her answer.

About ten minutes later, he came out of the bathroom, wearing light gray pajamas which complemented his handsome complexion.

"Here is the medicine. By the way, what's the matter with you? Are you not feeling well? Or did you get hurt accidentally when you climbed up the mountain?" Miley asked with concern as she gave the medicine to him.

"I'm fine, grandma. It's not for me, but for Gabrielle. She had the high-level exercise, which caused the cramps in her feet. I'm taking it for her to use when she's out of the shower," he told her.

Westley didn't need to keep it a secret from Miley.

It was the fact, and it was not a big deal to let her know what was going on with Gabrielle.

"Wow! Hope it's not serious? No wonder you carried her upstairs on your back," Miley said with a worried look on her

face.

"Sure enough, it's obvious that you care more about her than your grandson,"

Westley said with a sneer on his face as he deliberately raised his eyebrows.

"You're just being a brat. That woman is your wife."

Miley burst into a fit of laughter as soon as he spoke such words.

She didn't expect that Westley would make fun of her now. Besides, he was not the kind of person who liked joking a lot. ①

"I know. But I'm sure Gabrielle is fine. I will just give her some of the medicine to relieve her of the pain," he said seriously.

"Remember to also give her some massage on her legs. That will also help her immensely," the old lady told him with concern.

"Got it!"

He took the medicine and was about to go upstairs. He felt that his wife must have finished bathing by now.



"That reminds me of something I've always wanted to ask you. Is there any misunderstanding between you and Austin?" Miley asked as she peered closely at Westley.

"No, there isn't," he answered her coldly.

There was no sort of misunderstanding between him and his cousin, Austin.

"I can also see that Austin and Gabrielle are good friends. Is there any fight between them also?" Miley asked again. She was so intelligent that she could see their problem at just one glance. She didn't want to make it so clear. She just wanted to give them the benefit of the doubt and didn't want them to be so embarrassed.

"Grandma, they just knew each other before I came into the picture. From the moment that Gabrielle married me, they were only cousins, and their relationship will never go past that. Let me go upstairs first and attend to Gabrielle," Westley said coldly and went upstairs without looking back.

Miley stood still and smiled silently as

she watched him climb the stairs.

No matter what Westley got angry at, she was sure that he was very jealous. He was protecting Gabrielle and favoring her at the same time.

It seemed that he already had a crush on her.

If he wasn't in love with Gabrielle, why was he doing all these?

Her silly grandson had refused to admit it until now, but she could see it clearly in his eyes. As she thought about this, Miley couldn't help but feel happy within her. ③

When Westley entered the room, he didn't see Gabrielle. The door of the bathroom was still firmly closed, so he thought that she might still be having a bath in it.

"Gabrielle," he called out. He was worried that something bad might have happened to her, so he knocked on the door, but there was no response from inside.

'Could there be anything wrong with her?' he thought within himself.





"Gabrielle, can you hear me?" he asked with so much concern. ⑤

There was still no response from her. This made him so tensed up. He pushed the door open and went in immediately. After all, the door was not locked just now.

As soon as he entered the bathroom, he saw that Gabrielle was asleep in the bathtub. Westley was shocked and touched her forehead. It was very hot. She was running a fever. ①

This woman didn't know how to take care of herself. She had such a high fever to the extent that she fell asleep while taking her bath.

Westley pulled her out of the water and wrapped her with a bath towel. He carried her out of the bathroom and put her on the bed.

Then he went downstairs to get the medical kit prepared by Miley. He took her temperature first and then gave her the suitable medicine.

"Mr. Morris, is everything okay with Gabrielle? How come she's running a

fever, so easily?" Mia was standing aside. She was visibly worried about Gabrielle, but also felt curious about what had happened to her.

It seemed everything was fine with her, but when she entered the room, she developed a fever all of a sudden. ②



## Chapter 164 Two Of A Kind

It was hard for Westley to answer the question. When he left the bathroom, Gabrielle's face was a beautiful, flushed pink. She blushed because of his words, not because of the fever.

Westley went downstairs to take a shower, but when he came back to check on Gabrielle, he learned she had a temperature. She had a really special physique.

A terrible physique.

"Don't worry. She will be fine. She probably has a fever because she was in the rain. It's easy to catch a cold if you stay in it for too long," Micheal said brazenly.

"Mr. Robinson is right. The sudden downpour would have made her susceptible. The fever will pass, I think. Why don't you give her some antipyretics after checking her temperature? Don't worry too much



about it," Miley comforted him.

"Grandma, Gabrielle is strong enough; I don't think anything will happen to her," Mia said, with conviction in her voice.

She believed Gabrielle to be the strongest woman she had ever met. It was impossible for her to suffer so gravely from such a minor issue.

"You're right. Anyhow she'll be taken care of by Westley. Let's go downstairs and have lunch." Miley had already prepared the meal for them.

"Hasn't Austin returned yet?" Mia asked casually.

Both Westley and Austin were Miley's grandsons, so it was strange that they wouldn't have lunch with Miley, and rather the Robinson family siblings would be here instead.

"I guess he'll be back later—it will take more than an hour to come back from the doctor's office and maybe Holly's injury is more serious than we thought. I believe they'll be a while," Miley said calmly. ①

"Was Holly that seriously injured? I hope



she'll be fine. But yes, let's go downstairs for now." Mia came to help Miley stand up.

Miley didn't refuse her support, before going downstairs together.

The lunch prepared by Miley was sumptuous indeed. In addition to a generous helping of meat, all kinds of organic vegetables were laid down on the table, which had been grown and foraged by Miley herself.

"Mr. Robinson..."

"Please, Grandma, call me Micheal." Micheal wasn't used to being addressed as Mr. Robinson by an elderly.

"Sure, Micheal. Come, Mia, you sit here. I planted all these healthy vegetables in the garden myself. I used to live in the countryside and grow vegetables every day there. But in the past few years, my health wasn't the best so I would go back to the Morris Mansion from time to time. So now, there aren't many plants and vegetables to nurture. Try it all, please, make yourselves at home. Don't feel shy," Miley said to them.

There would have been more people

eating then, but one of them was injured, one accompanied the injured, and the other was down with a fever. Only three people ate at the table, but Miley was still content and happy.

It had been a long time since her farmhouse was so lively. All the old people had loved to get together in their time, too.

"Wow, Grandma, that's great. You are so much better than my own grandma. She was really fun and enjoyable in her own way but she never knew how to plant flowers and vegetables and make her own garden. I really want to bring her here one day so she can learn the art from you. Only then can she, or anyone, live a more fulfilling and healthy life." Mia didn't mean to badmouth her grandmother at all; rather she just wanted a better quality of life for her own Grandma.

"Of course you can invite your grandmother to live here for a few days. I would love to have her over," Miley obliged warmly.

It was quiet and nice here, but there was no one she could talk to and enjoy life

together with. She believed she could enjoy a different kind of life, too, a life where she had some companion or a friend she could chat and tend to the garden with.

"That's great, I'll talk to Grandma about it, and when the weather permits, if you don't mind, I'll take a few videos to show her what it's all like. She'll be so jealous of you!" Mia exaggerated.

Miley felt happier upon hearing this. Mia knew Miley was nervous because of the way the events of the day had panned out: Gabrielle having fever and Holly injuring herself, but she had to be welcoming with Micheal and Mia, her guests. Mia felt uneasy about this.

"You really make me feel lighter!" Miley was amused by Mia's words.

In fact, Mia was really good at charming the elderly. It was true that she had been a meddlesome little troublemaker which had made some of the elders in the Robinson family feel conflicted about her, but in the end, they adored her for her charming ways.

Only Micheal wouldn't let it slide that easily. He believed he had to control her

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as a strict brother or Mia would be undisciplined and out of control.

"Seeing you happy makes me happy!" Mia looked at Miley with a smile.

"You are really kind and adorable. No wonder you are Gabrielle's good friend. Are you married, by the way?" Miley was really starting to like Mia, being influenced by her words and manners. ②

Miley had two grandchildren from her son's side in her family, and both of them, Wilson and Westley, were married. Austin was her grandson, too, from her daughter's side.

'Austin is the best choice, isn't he? He is a great man, smart and capable. He would be a popular choice among girls.' ②

"Not yet. I'm a pretty bad-tempered girl. Few would like me," Mia said, insulting herself in good spirits.

Hearing this, Micheal cut in and said in a very light tone, "It may be your only advantage."

Mia rolled her eyes at her brother. He was insinuating that she had a perfect estimation of herself. He would never



give her face around others.

Brothers protected their younger sisters dearly, but her brother mocked his sister without a second thought.

"Nonsense. Mia is excellent! How could she not be liked? Well, what do you think of Austin?" Miley didn't hesitate at all.

"Brother Austin?" Mia repeated.

Obviously she was surprised to hear this.

"Yes, Austin. He is my loveable grandson, and I've adored him dearly since he was a bright, young child. He has a lovely personality and is really good-tempered—you may know him through your interactions with him, no? So? What do you think?" Miley asked Mia with a pointed smile.

"Grandma, I do think that Austin is a good man, but I may not be his type of girl. Love must be based on mutual affection, or no relationship will work out. Both partners will end up feeling frustrated and tired of each other," Mia said seriously.

Westley was listening to the whole conversation from the top of the stairs.

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He stood in the shadows and eavesdropped quietly. ②



## Chapter 165 Picking Austin Up

Westley certainly knew that love should be based on mutual affection.

However, he hadn't cared about all that since Helena's death.

As Westley entered the prime age to get married, he had only agreed to marry Nellie because Miley and the Collins family kept urging him to do so.

After that didn't work out either, he didn't care about marriage, and whether it needed love and affection to work. After he had lost the one he truly loved, he had lost his faith in the whole idea of marriage and love altogether. It was meaningless. <sup>1</sup>

But now, hearing what Mia said, he felt sorry for Gabrielle. The poor woman had fallen in love with Bryce, even though he was a bad man who had the audacity to take Westley's fiancée away. <sup>1</sup>

Westley kept blaming Gabrielle for what Bryce had done, and then dragged her

into the affair that she was never involved in, in the first place. He felt really sorry for her. \*

He had initially said no one was innocent—but now, he realized, Gabrielle had been the true, innocent one. †

"Westley, how's Gabrielle doing? Come and have lunch with us." Miley greeted Westley as soon as she saw him.

Westley sat down and looked at the dishes on the table. He knew that Miley had spent a lot of time, effort and money on this meal. "Thanks, her fever hasn't dropped yet, but I've given her some antipyretics for now. I'll check it again soon."

"Okay. If it doesn't work, ask Remy to come over and have a look. I haven't seen him in a long time, anyway," Miley suggested as an afterthought.

Gabrielle's sudden fever from being in the rain was not too serious. Her temperature would naturally fall, thanks to the medicine and some rest. However, the doctor would need to be called to prescribe some heavier medicines if that didn't work.



Gabrielle wouldn't be in too much pain.

"I know, Grandma. I'll check on her later. If it doesn't work, I will ask Remy to come here." Westley began to eat quietly.

Mia looked at Westley and wanted to say something, but she was afraid that Westley would get annoyed.

"Miss Robinson, what's on your mind? Please do share." Westley felt a little uncomfortable from being stared at by Mia, so he asked her straightforwardly. ①

"No, no, it's nothing in particular. I'm just worried about Gabrielle. I'm glad to see that you care about her so much." True to her character, Mia blurted what was on her mind as always.

"She'll be fine." Westley didn't feel like talking about the matter too much with Mia—it was between him and Gabrielle.

"Of course, Westley would take care of Gabrielle. She is his wife, after all. Who better than Westley to do that?" Miley was happy that Westley cared about Gabrielle so much, and that the couple was content and perfect together.

After all, Miley was really happy to see the couple together and content.

"That's right. They're married, they share that mutual love we were talking about," Mia said with a smile.

She was really satisfied to know that Gabrielle had a good husband who loved her and cared so deeply for her. ①

Westley didn't want to get involved in their conversation and kept eating silently.

Mia was good at reading people's faces. She ended the discussion, too, when she saw that Westley didn't want to say anything more about it.

All the conversations stopped there, as they continued to have their meal in silence. Miley, too, was relieved and happy to see that Westley cared for Gabrielle this much. Nothing made her happier.

After lunch, Westley and Miley went to the room together. Westley touched Gabrielle's forehead to check her temperature. She was slightly better, but she still had a fever.



"How is she?" Miley asked worriedly. She saw that Gabrielle's face was still red with beads of sweat on it. She didn't look so good.

"She's still got a fever. I should ask Remy to come over." Westley put the thermometer aside and then phoned Remy, asking him to pay her a visit.

Before Remy arrived, Miley received a call from Austin. His car was stuck in some mud from the heavy rains and he was finding it difficult to get it out. He said he was trying to find some help, but he deemed it would be much later before he got home.

Miley turned to Westley and told him about it, asking him if he could help them.

"Westley, could you please pick Austin and Holly up and drop them here? They're unable to find any trailers to pull their car out of the mud, and no one else is willing to offer them a ride. Please bring them back first; it's raining and Holly is injured. I think you should get them as soon as possible," Miley said, who was obviously anxious.

They were in a small countryside village, and it was not as convenient as in the city, where they could have easily called for a trailer or pick-up. The situation was quite tense, with the bad weather and Holly's condition.

Westley agreed with Miley. "Okay, good idea, I'll go pick up Austin and Holly. Please ask Remy to check on Gabrielle when he arrives, if I'm not here yet."

"Sure. Thank you." Miley felt a little guilty for sending Westley to help them. She knew that Westley and Austin were not on the best terms.

"Okay, I'm going to go, now. Please take care of Gabrielle." Westley was about to leave with his phone and car keys.

"I'll take good care of her. Call Austin for their address. Drive carefully!" Miley exhorted him with concern.

"Okay, Grandma."

Westley went downstairs. He stood at the front door and looked at the rain outside. It was heavily pouring, so he pulled out an umbrella from the rack at the door and was about to start the car.



"Mr. Morris, where are you going?" Mia came out and called to him.

"I'm going to pick up Austin and Holly. What can I do for you, Miss Robinson?" Westley looked back at her coldly.

He would not help people he wasn't familiar with, especially women, and even if they were Gabrielle's good friends.

"Are you going to the town to pick Austin up?" Mia asked him curiously.

"Yes," said Westley flatly.

"Can you give me a ride there? I want to do some shopping in town. There's some delicious food I want to get." Mia's explanation was too bizarre to convince anyone.

No one was going to shopping into town on such a dreadfully rainy day!

Mia must have other intentions. 7

## Chapter 166 I Didn't Mean Anything Else

Mia knew what Westley was thinking, but she innocently blinked at him and remained calm.

"Mr. Morris, I would really appreciate if I could hitch a ride with you. I actually just want to go to the small supermarket in town to buy some personal supplies. Is it too much of a bother to help me out?" Mia persisted. ①

Westley stared at her with his dark eyes and said, "Let's go." ①

Westley walked towards the car with the umbrella in his hand.

Without hesitation, Mia quickly followed him with her own umbrella.

"Thanks so much, Mr. Morris." Mia got into the back seat of the car with an appreciative smile, but conscious of her position. ②

Westley wordlessly started the car. The rain outside the window was getting

much heavier, and the road to the town was getting quieter, with fewer vehicles about. There was basically no one around, except for a car or two that zoomed past them.

It was only a ten minutes' ride to the town from Miley's farmhouse, so it would not take too long.

"Mr. Morris, where are Austin and Holly?" Mia tried to engage in conversation to break the awkward silence in the car.

"Not far from here," Westley replied flatly. He didn't particularly want to talk to Mia.

Mia finally got a taste of how boring this man was. How could Gabrielle fancy him enough to get married to him? ②

"I can tell that Holly likes you, Mr. Morris." Mia was not one to openly meddle in others' affairs, but Westley was Gabrielle's husband. As Gabrielle was too sick to be around, Mia felt a responsibility to oversee Westley on her behalf.

"Miss Robinson, if you want to say something, just say it." Westley didn't

like the way Mia spoke. He felt a certain sense of evilness emanating from Mia. ①

"I didn't mean anything else. I would just like to remind you that Gabrielle really trusts and loves you, so please don't let her down." Mia was very clear in what she said, without mixing her words. ①

But how could she, an outsider, come to question the matters of the couple?

Nevertheless, with Gabrielle's best interests at heart, Mia wanted to ask a few more questions.

"Did Gabrielle speak to you about this?" asked Westley in a cold voice, raising his eyebrows. ②

"No, Gabrielle has never mentioned anything about your marriage to me. I know it's none of my business. I'm just talking about it as a good friend of Gabrielle." Mia was anyway unconcerned with other people's feelings and offending them.

Even if it was Westley. She was too stubborn and outspoken to care about what she was saying.

"Miss Robinson, I don't want anyone else

to poke their noses in my business." Westley's attitude was very firm. Although he kept a calm demeanor, he hoped his cutting voice would be enough of a hint to let Mia know how angry he was.

"Okay, I know. Mr. Morris, I hope you won't let Gabrielle down." That was all Mia wanted to say.

Westley ignored Mia now, looking ahead and driving resolutely. Mia began to feel bored again, until she received a phone call from her brother.

"Hello, Micheal?"

"Where are you, Mia?" Micheal sounded angry.

Mia left without telling Micheal, which obviously angered him.

Mia was unfamiliar to this place. If she was roaming around freely and something terrible happened to her, what would he do?

Mia was stubborn and disobedient at times. If Micheal didn't keep an eye on her, she was bound to fall into trouble. As a brother, he couldn't help but worry



about her.

"Mr. Morris offered to drive me into town to buy a few personal items I needed. I'll be back soon, don't worry. I'll also bring some food back for you." Mia tried to pacify her brother as she began to feel afraid of him.

Micheal's phone call made Mia nervous. Even if she wasn't doing anything wrong, she always felt anxious when she received his calls. To top it off, she had snuck away with Westley without informing anyone else. How could she not make him angry?

"Mia, don't try to bribe your way out of this. You're going to get a major punishment from me when you come back." Micheal hung up the phone.

'Damn it! My brother is so damn frightening with his dominating ways.'

Mia held the phone with her trembling hands, upset but unable to say anything about it.

"Miss Robinson, we're at the supermarket in town." Westley parked his car at the gate in front of the supermarket.

People were easy to become greedy. As long as someone gave them a little warmth, they would want more than what the person had to offer.

She didn't like the way she felt towards her husband. This was the same Westley; he hadn't changed. He was the man who wanted to destroy the Jones family and also treat her as an enemy. They should be enemies, but as it stood right now, Gabrielle was just greedy for his warmth. This was not appropriate in any way. 'You can't afford to do anything stupid, Gabrielle. Once you fall for his tenderness, you would never have your freedom again in the future. Just think about that,' she cautioned herself.

As she scolded herself, she felt a little bit of annoyance within her. After this, she dived into the water and tried to calm herself down.

Meanwhile, Westley had gone downstairs with his clothes and was about to take a shower in the public bathroom on the first floor. Miley was also downstairs preparing lunch for them and was surprised to see him coming this way.



that I can pay with my phone. I'll go now. Would you be able to pick me up after you get Austin and Holly?"

"Okay," Westley replied in a monotone voice.

Mia got out of the car then and looked at it as it zoomed off into the rain.

Mia then realized how overbearing and domineering Westley was. She felt worried for Gabrielle: she must be having such a hard time being with a man who was so cold and not gentle at all.

Westley then drove over to the where Austin's car was stuck. Holly was sitting inside the car while Austin spoke to someone on the phone outside of the car, holding an umbrella shielding his head from the rain.

Austin didn't hang the phone up until Westley arrived. He knew Westley was coming to get them, but was slightly surprised that he actually showed up, either way.

He greeted Westley in an indifferent tone, "Did Grandma send you here?"

"Do you think I would take the initiative



to come here if not?" Westley raised an eyebrow and took one look at the wheels stuck in the mud pit. Since it was raining so heavily, a large portion of the wheel was wedged firmly in the mud. It was impossible to pull the car out by hand.

"Thank you anyway."

Austin didn't like Westley, but was grateful, either way.

Especially since Westley had arrived here in person to help them.

Westley didn't respond or care for Austin's politeness. He just opened the door and went over to Holly.

"Holly, how's your foot?" Westley asked Holly. Her foot was wrapped in thick gauze, and her face and hands were also covered with a few, strong-smelling bandages. A strong scent of Chinese medicine was quite pungent in the car.

"Westley! You're finally here! I knew you would come to pick us up." Holly was so excited to see Westley. She would have pounced on him if her foot wasn't injured.

## Chapter 167 The Bitter Truth

Westley had come to pick up Holly and Austin after his cousin had driven his car into a ditch. But right now, what Holly was more concerned about was that she didn't show up in front of Westley when she was looking neat and beautiful. As it were, her face was injured and her hair was in a horrible mess. She felt so terrible.

"It's all my fault that you had to come over here to pick us up, Westley. I know it's been raining quite heavily. It's not easy to drive right now, is it?" Holly asked him with concern as she tried to soften her tone.

"I just came here to pick you up, according to my grandma's words. If I didn't come here, I'm sure that there would be someone else who would do the same job better than me," Westley explained to her calmly, trying to emphasize the fact that he didn't come to pick them up on purpose. He just listened to Miley and didn't need her to



thank him unnecessarily.

Her face changed in an instant as soon as she heard this. But she wouldn't show her bad side in front of him. She wanted him to see only the best of her.

"However, I'm still very grateful that it's you who came to pick us up. It doesn't matter whether it was Miley's order or not. I'm not seriously injured. I sincerely appreciate you for your concern," she said again as she smiled at him.

"It's okay. As long as you're fine, there's no problem." He turned to face his cousin and said, "Austin, get her in my car. Let's go home first. Your car will be towed away by morning." As soon as he said this, he turned around abruptly and walked towards his car.

"Westley, can't you..." Holly twitched her lips and wondered how she was going to say what she had in mind. "Can't you carry me on your back?" She was disappointed by Westley's words. 6

'What does he mean? He's already here to pick us up, but he asked Austin to carry me when he saw the way I was injured. How could he say such a thing?' Holly wondered. 1

There was no need to dislike her to such an extent. By the way, she was a daughter of a famous family and also a famous jewelry designer in Antawood. Why on earth couldn't she compare to his wife, Gabrielle? Why did he dislike her with so much vigor?

This was a terrible blow to Holly's self-esteem. Although she was in a very gloomy mood and quite angry, she couldn't vent. She was still trying to please him by putting up her best behavior.

Westley ignored her words. He turned around and got into his car. ②

As she still sat in the car, Holly was so depressed to death that she didn't know how to describe her feelings at all.

"Let me carry you there, Holly," Austin offered. He had no choice but to carry her on his own. ①

Besides, he was the one, who helped her get in and out of the car. So, he could care less.

But this wasn't what she wanted. She wanted Westley!

"Austin, am I so annoying? Is it that I can't do anything well, and that no matter what I do, I can't make people like me?" Holly asked as she looked at him with a crestfallen face.

Of course, Austin knew the meaning of what she said. She didn't mean that no one would like her no matter what she did. She was just worried about why Westley would hate her so much, and she only cared whether Westley liked her or not. Nothing else.

For this reason, he didn't want to listen to her question, neither did he want to answer it.

"We are running out of time, Holly. Just let me carry you to Westley's car," Austin said again.

"Austin, tell me the truth. Do you like me? Or do you hate me also?" Holly asked sadly. It was obvious that he was in a bad mood. ②

'Hate her?' Austin asked himself silently.

Although he didn't hate her, he didn't like her either.

"Holly, do you want to go to Westley's

car or not? If you don't, you can stay here for all I care!" Austin's patience was running out and he didn't hide it. ①

After all, he had no patience to deal with her at all. If not that she was injured, he would not come to help her.

"I'll go," she immediately compromised and looked at Austin with a sad face.

Even if Westley didn't like her, she had to still get in his car.

Austin put the umbrella in her hand and carried her carefully to Westley's car. It was Westley, who opened the back door of the car for them. His face looked indifferent without any trace of emotion.

Westley's reaction made Austin unhappy. He didn't like the way Westley's face portrayed no hint of emotion.

"I'm going to lock my car door. Please wait for me," Austin said as he walked towards his car with an umbrella in his hand.

"I'm sorry, Westley. I was too anxious some moments ago. If I said something to upset you, please don't be angry,

okay?" Holly apologized to him.

Westley replied flatly without looking at her, "I'm not the kind of person to get angry that easily."

'As long as he doesn't get angry, that's my major concern, ' Holly thought to herself.

But it seemed that he didn't look like someone who wasn't angry.

"Westley, when we get back to Antawood, can I invite you to dinner to express how grateful I am for helping us out today?" Holly asked him seriously with a smile.

"No, I'm afraid I don't have the time for that." Westley's reason was not far-fetched, which made Holly's face look even worse as she frowned.

"Westley, I know you're married now, but even at that, we've been good friends for so many years. Why don't we look like friends now? As a friend, can't I treat you to dinner? Is there anything wrong with that?" Holly asked, with a hint of bitterness in her tone.

'Good friends?'



Indeed, at that time, Holly, Helena, and Westley were good friends. They often had meals and traveled together most of the time.

But since Helena's accident, Westley had changed a lot. He was getting farther and farther away from people and also from Holly.

She had tried many methods to get closer to him, but all her efforts were in vain. He treated her like a total stranger. In the end, she decided to go abroad to further her studies.

She had left for five years and thought that he would have changed by the time she came back. Indeed, he had changed, but not in the way that she had anticipated. He had gotten married.

The woman that he had married was not Nellie, nor was she anyone better than Holly, but someone she didn't know at all.

It was a great shame for her that such a woman had defeated her.

It was okay for her to lose to either Helena or Nellie, but why did she lose to an adopted daughter of the Jones family



in the end? The person she had lost to was just a nobody.

"Holly, I hope you can always keep this in mind: I'm now a married man," Westley said in an indifferent tone. 5

'Keep in mind that he is now a married man?

What's the meaning of this rubbish that he's spewing out of his mouth?' she thought as she fumed in anger. 4

"What do you mean, Westley? Please make me understand. Why did you have to marry Gabrielle in the first place?" Holly refused to pretend anymore and said what had been on her mind all this while.

"There is no reason. Besides, I don't need to explain my actions to anyone. Not even you!" Although his voice sounded calm, Holly could tell that he was unhappy with her incessant questions.

"Westley, I..." 1

At the same time, Austin opened the front passenger's door of the car and got in quickly. "Just leave the car here. You don't have to worry about it. Maybe



someone will come and tow the car tomorrow. Let's go back first home first.

Austin, your driving skills are getting worse by the day. How could you drive your car into the mud pit on this kind of road?" Westley asked sarcastically as soon as he started the car.

Austin didn't want to argue with his cousin right now. How could he speak without thinking? What did Westley mean by saying that he was bad at driving?

"Everyone could make mistakes, Westley. Don't be too proud. It's not that I will be grateful to you for coming to pick us up," Austin blurted out cruelly. ①



## Chapter 168 You Have Forgotten Helena, Haven't

It was natural for people to be angry sometimes.

Westley was aware of it. However, it was a different matter when it came to Austin.

Although Westley picked them up, Austin remained ungrateful. Moreover, Westley only came here because Miley asked him.

It felt weird that Gabrielle had a high opinion about Austin.

"Did you get wet when you went down the mountain, Westley?" Holly realized how awkward the atmosphere was in the car. As such, she decided to break the silence.

As they reached the bottom of the mountain, there was a sudden downpour. Since Westley was left up the mountain, she was worried about him.

"Yeah, I got soaked in the rain," Westley

directly answered.

It seemed that they climbed down the mountain despite the rain.

Aside from the Isido Mount, the rain also poured in the small town. As such, Austin must be aware of what happened.

"How's Gabrielle? Did anything happen to her?" It seemed that all Austin cared about was Gabrielle. He didn't pay attention to the other people that hiked with them.

Since Austin kept asking about Gabrielle, Westley felt uncomfortable. It was weird for a man to be so concerned about someone else's wife. ④

"Westley, can't you hear me? I'm asking you," Austin anxiously called out when he noticed that Westley wasn't answering his questions.

It was normal for Westley to act arrogantly. He would only answer questions he liked to answer. Otherwise, he would ignore it.

However, Westley couldn't help getting furious at Austin since the latter kept asking about Gabrielle.



"If you're going to take that tone with me, Austin, you can get out of the car." Westley refused to answer any question Austin had about Gabrielle.

As such, Austin immediately understood the situation. "Gabrielle got drenched in the rain, correct?"

"Austin, why are you so interested in Gabrielle? I'm her husband. Don't forget that you're her brother-in-law," Westley callously said.

Although Austin was also furious, he was trying to control his temper. "That's fine with me. Stop the car, Westley."

Immediately, Westley stepped on the breaks and pulled over. The moment the vehicle stopped, Austin opened the car door and got out. Then, his cold eyes glared directly at Westley. <sup>2</sup>

Austin was so familiar with Isido Town that it was easy for him to find his grandmother's house alone. Moreover, a lot of small farm vehicles were driving past him. As such, he could easily pay them to have a ride. The only reason he told Miley to ask Westley to pick them up was because of Holly's injury.



Since she was already in Westley's car, Austin could go back to his grandmother's house without thinking of anything else.

The moment Austin stepped out of the car, Westley revved the engine. As the car drove away, mud splattered on Austin's clothes. <sup>3</sup>

"Bloody hell! You're a jerk, Westley!"

Austin shouted as Westley's car drove away. His dirty clothes looked terrible.

He promised to deal with Westley when they met at home. His cousin was indeed childish!

Most people believed that the CEO of the Morris Group was a promising young man who could make mature decisions. <sup>3</sup>

However, Westley was certainly immature! Purposely racing through the street to splatter Austin with mud was a childish act.

"Westley, you bastard!"

Fortunately, it was a rainy day. As such, there were no passers-by to see Austin's embarrassing situation. He headed to a

grocery store and bought some food, then called a taxi.

When Westley saw from his rearview mirror how embarrassed Austin was, he couldn't help but smirk with joy. Since Austin was the third son of the Foster family, his reputation was highly important. Getting dirty like that would certainly upset him.

The embarrassed expression on Austin's face made Westley so happy. A wide grin painted his face. ②

"Is Austin going to be fine, Westley?" When Holly saw how abashed Austin was, she grew a little worried about him.

"I don't know, and I don't care," Westley callously replied.

'He deserves to be like that. It's his fault for asking so many questions about Gabrielle. How irritating!' ①

"Why are you smiling, Westley? Aren't you worried about Austin?" Holly detected a hint of happiness in Westley's tone.

She had an idea why Westley acted that way against Austin. Since Austin cared

so much about Gabrielle, Westley was furious about it. As such, he deliberately splashed mud on his cousin's clothes. He was a mad man!

Surprisingly, he did this for Gabrielle's sake. As such, Holly felt more uncomfortable.

She was furious because Gabrielle had a special place in Westley's heart.

"There's no need to worry about Austin. Everything is his fault. I'm doing him a favor," Westley said in an arrogant tone.

Instead of a punishment, Westley believed that what he did was a mere warning for Austin. He dirtied Austin's clothes with mud as a warning not to meddle with his affairs.

"Gabrielle is important to you, isn't she, Westley?" Holly asked in a serious tone. She tried to hide her emotions from Westley.

"Are you really interested in this topic, Holly?" he asked in a sour tone.

It seemed that he was implying that he should ask another thing instead.



"Have you moved on from Helena?" 4

"Don't mention her name. Otherwise, I'll kick you out of the car like Austin," Westley interjected with a furious expression.

That name was taboo in front of Westley.

When Westley yelled at her, Holly felt offended. "Westley, I'm just asking if you still remember her."

However, he remained quiet and kept driving. His cold eyes stared at the road as he didn't want to talk to Holly.

"Why are you not answering my question, Westley? You're already over her, right?" she kept asking him. Backing down wasn't an option for her anymore. 10



## Chapter 169 Be Careful When Making Friends

The tires screeched.

Westley pulled over, muttering a curse under his breath. Then, he turned, giving Holly a cold, stern glare. ①

"What exactly do you want to know?" he asked, clearly annoyed. ①

Holly was hit on the head by the sudden brake and then looked up at Westley's gloomy and horrible eyes. She was shocked and rubbed her forehead, looking at Westley uneasily.

"Westley, I was just..."

Holly pursed her lips, a little unsure of what to say.

"Whatever's going on with me and Helena is none of your business," Westley started, taking a deep breath. "If you don't want me to throw you out of the car, you'd better not ask me about it again." ⑤



Helena and Holly had always been close. They were cousins and in fact, best friends. To Westley, however... he was just being friendly with Holly for Helena's sake. 2

Westley was clear with his boundaries. Some lines shouldn't be crossed.

Especially not about his private life.

"Westley, I know it's not my place to ask, but do you remember? You promised Helena that you would love her all your life, and yet... you went on and married another woman..." 6

"Why do you care?! Helena's gone!" Westley's eyes burned with anger.

'First Austin, and now this... damn it! I shouldn't have picked these scoundrels up. I should've let Micheal or someone else do this for me. I could've even asked them to stay in the car for a whole night.'

He couldn't deal with the constant annoyance anymore. He believed Holly wasn't the type to be meddling.

But now, she was getting on his nerves. How dare she?

"I'm sorry, Westley. I was a little too worried this time. Every time I thought of Helena, I..."

Holly stopped herself. She knew quite well about Westley's moody temperament. If she continued to press him for answers, it would only make him even angrier. When that happened, apologies would be useless.

Holly bit her lip.

She didn't want to make things worse.

"Just don't mention Helena's name in front of me anymore. I just want her to rest in peace." Westley started the engine.

Although they've already dropped the topic, the atmosphere in the car was still tensed and awkward. Holly tried to avoid looking at Westley and kept quiet. She'd learned her lesson.

No matter how pathetic and unworthy Gabrielle was, she was Westley's legal wife now. Nothing could change that.

But Holly still wanted to believe that Westley had kept Helena in his heart. That to him, she was still the most

important person in his life, his true love. As long as he loved Helena, he wouldn't give his heart to anyone else. 4

As long as there was no room for Gabrielle in Westley's life, Holly would be satisfied. 6

Otherwise, she wouldn't be able to live with it.

The car slowed down, and Holly suddenly sat up straight. "Why are we stopping?" Westley parked the car outside the supermarket. A few seconds later, the door burst open. "Ahhh!"

Mia breathed a huge sigh as she jumped into the front seat. Her clothes were wet, making Holly grimace.

Did Westley drive downtown just to pick her up? Holly wasn't very pleased. 3

"Mr. Morris, thank you for coming."

Mia smiled, but that faded as soon as she saw Holly alone in the back. "Where's Austin?"

"I kicked him out," Westley simply answered and drove away.

Kicked Austin out? Was he joking?



"Did Austin do something, Mr. Morris?" Mia asked, giving a Holly a suspicious glance.

'It's more likely that this woman got rid of Austin so she could spend some time alone with Westley.'

Mia had always thought Holly to be such a schemer. She couldn't trust her.

"He was annoying," Westley answered coldly.

It was typical of someone with Westley's standing to do. Mia understood that Austin did something to offend him. She didn't pursue the issue any further.

"Holly, are you all right? I heard you broke your foot," Mia asked, casting her gaze downwards.

It seemed as though she was checking to see if Holly's foot was really broken. Mia and Gabrielle were friends. 'Birds of a feather.' Holly hated them all the same.

"Why? Would it disappoint you if it wasn't?" Holly raised a brow.

For Mia, this kind of provocation was really a piece of cake.

She knew not to take these things seriously. "I was only concerned. Do you always think people have bad intentions? Never mind, then."

Mia's words made it look like Holly was just being paranoid.

It made her feel like she was wrong.

"Perhaps you misunderstood me. You said it yourself. People might have ill intentions towards me. I'm just making sure. If you're really sincere, then I'm glad." Holly couldn't afford to tarnish her image while Westley was there listening to the whole conversation.

So, she had to fake a reply.

However, Mia saw through all her pretense.

Even so, she didn't want to cause a scene.

"That's true. Better safe than sorry." Mia smirked evilly. "You're a popular designer with a lot of connections. You wouldn't want someone to stab you in the back and steal your work, after all." Holly stared at her hard, clenching her fists under her seat.

The sinister smile on Mia's face faded into a small frown and her eyes drop, looking at Holly with pity. "Your work is your lifeblood and losing a design could mean losing half of your life. I guess that's why you don't have many friends."



## Chapter 170 Austin's Anger

'Innocent and simple?' Holly thought with an unnoticeable smirk on her face.

A woman like Mia couldn't have the quality of being both innocent and simple. She was known to be extremely scheming and calculating.

When it came to being innocent, Holly would rather believe that Gabrielle was more innocent than Mia, even though she didn't like Gabrielle.

"You don't need to comfort me, Miss Robinson. Besides, we are both doing different jobs. You are a student while I am a jewelry designer. We have never known each other, and it's okay, even if you don't have any understanding of the design industry. I understand that very much." She didn't know Mia very much.

She knew that Mia was a troublemaker in the upper-class circle.

For this reason, Holly had to put up with everything that this Mia of a girl said

about her.

It was clear that Mia was a bag of problems on her own. She has just been like a female thug, who fought with others or just did something that people didn't approve of. But in all this, she had an elder brother, who spoiled her silly. He was the CEO of the Robinson Group and his name was Micheal. He could easily help her to clean up all the troubles that she had made.

Holly could easily offend Mia without blinking an eye, but she couldn't afford to offend her brother, Micheal. This man was not just an ordinary person and she was doing her best to be in his good books. So she had to just keep quiet obediently.

At that moment, she wondered why such a crazy woman could become a very good friend of Gabrielle.

Well, it was obvious that birds of a feather flock together. ②

"Yeah, I think so too. I don't know much about your design industry and I don't even want to know about it at all. I'm just very concerned about your injury," Mia said as she looked at Holly with a



smile on her face. ③

'Mia has always been hostile to me since the very beginning. Could it be that she also likes Westley, and so she's trying to get me out of the way?' Holly reasoned deeply. ⑧

If what she was thinking about was true, then Mia and Gabrielle were not sincere friends. Holly just happened to dig up a piece of frightening news. Although it was very likely that she was just thinking too much about it, it was possible. ①

Fake friends, but rivals in love.

'If Gabrielle finds out that her friend, Mia also likes her husband, would she become unfriendly to Mia?' Holly asked herself thoughtfully.

If the two of them had any fight, Holly would be greatly overjoyed and would sit down to watch how the whole issue would end.

"Miss Robinson, I'm so glad that you care about me. Thank you for caring about me so much. But I don't need you to bother yourself. I'm fine. It seems that my injury is serious, but today, I found an experienced Chinese doctor with superb



medical skills. My foot injury and the injuries on my face are not that serious any longer." Holly's attitude towards Mia took a U-turn all of a sudden.

Although Mia didn't know why she suddenly changed, she didn't bother about it.

"I'm also happy that Miss Edwards is fine. By the way, we are friends now. I'm a good friend of Gabrielle, and you are a friend of Mr. Morris. Gabrielle and Mr. Morris are married, so now we are friends. And so, I have to care about you as your friend." Mia emphasized that Gabrielle and Westley were now a couple on purpose, to let Holly know that she could not interfere in their marriage.

Besides, Mia would not let this woman have the chance to ruin her friend's marriage. As far as she was here, she was going to do whatever it took to make sure that she didn't give Holly that space. ③

The car soon arrived at the Miley's farmhouse. Austin had already arrived there. As soon as he saw Westley get out of the car, he threw a punch at him. Westley was able to avoid the punch just

in time. 4

"Are you crazy, Austin?" Westley yelled with his eyes wide opened as he stared at Austin.

"Are you asking me if I'm crazy? I think you're the one who is crazy here. What kind of a man are you, Westley? Gabrielle got a fever and passed out. And because of this, you deserve to be beaten. You said you would take Gabrielle down the mountain, but you still couldn't take good care of her. Do you think that you are still qualified to be her husband? Answer me!" Austin demanded as he looked at Westley with resentment. 9

About five minutes before then, Austin came back in his car. At that time, Remy was giving Gabrielle an injection to bring down her fever.

He fumed with anger when he saw Gabrielle lying on the bed with a red face, feeling uncomfortable.

Since Westley knew that he couldn't take good care of her, he shouldn't have asked him to carry Holly down the mountain. Instead, Westley should have carried Holly while he would have carried Gabrielle. He wouldn't have let



her get wet in the rain to the extent of also developing a high fever. ①

"What are you talking about, Austin?" Miley snapped at him as soon as she heard this.

How could he speak to Westley in this way? Although Westley didn't do a good job as a husband, he was making visible progress as time went by. Miley was so glad and impressed to see this change. ③

Because of this, she wouldn't stand and allow Austin to speak in such a condescending tone to his cousin. ③

"Grandma, Gabrielle had a fever because of him!" he exclaimed as he pointed at Westley. "He's the reason why she's down right now. You are always biased when it comes to him!" Austin complained as he turned to look at his grandmother with so much pain in his heart. ①

He could compromise on anything, but when it came to issues concerning Gabrielle, he faced it squarely.

"Austin, what nonsense are you talking about? Gabrielle is not ill because of Westley. They all got wet in the rain

when they went down the mountain. She was the only one who got a fever. You can't put all the blame on him. You're being very unfair to him." As it were right now, Miley knew why Austin was so angry.

He liked Gabrielle, but the woman he loved had become his sister-in-law. Life was playing a dirty trick on him, and not everyone could accept that.

The old lady couldn't let such a thing happen, which might ruin the entire reputation of the Morris family. No matter how much he liked Gabrielle, he had to put a stop to it right now. ②

"Grandma, you just like Westley and right now, I know what you're thinking. You hope I won't meddle in their affairs anymore. But then, if Westley would do his best to take good care of Gabrielle, I won't be so..."

"Well, no matter what you are thinking, you should just shut up now. Go back to your room to take a shower and change your dirty clothes," Miley interrupted him and urged him to go back to his room and take a shower.

Austin was furious, but there was



nowhere he could vent his anger. He had to obey his grandmother. He stared at Westley viciously, turned around, and went back to his room. ①

"Wow! Austin is really angry this time. Westley, it seems like the relationship between you two is getting worse by the day," Remy said as he looked at Westley.

"I asked you to come here to take a look at my wife and also treat her, not to gossip about me. How is she?" Westley asked directly.

"Well, she has a high fever, 39 degrees Celsius. Such a sudden high fever is very severe. But I'm here now and I promise to make her recover. Don't worry about it. She'll be fine in no time." Remy was afraid of being stared at by Westley. His cold and sharp eyes were as piercing as knives.

"You'd better keep your word. If not, you won't be a doctor anymore if she does not recover. I'll make sure of that." As soon as Westley said this, he went upstairs without looking back. ①

