

Chapter 223 I Don't Want To Die

Westley quietly crouched down, gently holding Gabrielle in his arms. Sleeping alone would make her more frightened, so he hugged her. 1

Resting her head on his chest, Gabrielle listened to his heartbeats. Then she gradually calmed down, feeling the heat rising from Westley's body.

"I... I don't want to die..." Tears trickled down from the corner of her eyes, but Westley wasn't able to guess what Gabrielle dreamed of that made her mumble those words.

He gently wiped her tears with his fingertips and patted her back.

"You won't die, Gabrielle. I'm here, and I won't let anything happen to you."

After a while, Gabrielle fell into a deep slumber. Watching her sleep peacefully, Westley felt relieved.

He woke up early in the morning. When

he saw Gabrielle sleeping carelessly in his arms, he didn't want to wake her up. So, getting up, he quietly left the room.

With his phone in his hand, Westley went towards the garden and called Alvin. "Run a detailed check on the recent accounts of the Johnson Group, and email me all the information."

Since the Johnson family didn't want to stay peacefully in Antawood, Westley was determined to fulfill their wish. ¹

"Yes, Mr. Morris." Alvin didn't have any sympathy for the Johnson family either. After all, Estelle was bearing the consequences of her own actions.

"How are you taking care of Estelle?"

"She's locked up. She hasn't eaten or drunk anything for the whole night. She's languished, Mr. Morris."

"Good. Hurt Estelle ten times worse than what she did to Gabrielle. And keep her locked up." Westley's tone was icy.

He wasn't a devil himself, but a devil slept inside of him. Estelle had forced his devil to wake up and bring doom to her and her family's life. ¹

"I understand, Mr. Morris."

After hanging up the phone, Westley leaned against the big tree and lit a cigarette. He had just taken two puffs when his phone vibrated. It was a call from Benny.

Westley knew that he called for Estelle's sake.

"What is it, Mr. Hall?" Westley answered the call in a cold voice.

He didn't have a good attitude towards Benny.

It was all Benny's fault that Gabrielle and Sloane went through all that shit. If it weren't for him, they both wouldn't have run into danger and got themselves injured.

"Mr. Morris, Estelle is missing. Does it have anything to do with you?" Benny went straight to the point.

As expected, he couldn't be more straightforward when he had called for the sake of Estelle.

"Mr. Hall, you've blocked quite some projects of the Johnson family, haven't

you? So, now that Estelle is missing, why are you asking me? She is your woman. If you lost contact with her or can't reach her, you should call the police instead of calling me. Understood?" With coldness rising inside him, Westley threw the cigarette which he had just started. He had no mood of listening to Benny anymore.

"Yes, I did block the projects, but you should know, Estelle is not my woman. I've never had anything to do with her," Benny tried his best to explain.

"Mr. Hall, you don't need to explain the relationship between you and Estelle to me. Blocking projects of the Johnson family for Sloane must be a personal business as well. But this time, Estelle went too far. She shouldn't have hit Gabrielle. After all, Gabrielle is my wife, and slapping her in the face means Estelle indirectly humiliated me. So, I hope, Mr. Hall, you can stay out of the issue concerning Estelle. Otherwise, you will never see Sloane again for the rest of your life." Westley's beast was already awake, making him more ruthless.

Benny was stunned. He wanted to say something, but he couldn't utter a word

as if the words got stuck in his throat.

He was aware that Westley meant what he said. 'If Westley said that I won't be able to see Sloane for the rest of my life, then I absolutely would never see her.'

Of course, Benny couldn't agree to that.

"Mr. Morris, Estelle doesn't know the relationship between you and Gabrielle..."

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"I don't want to negotiate with you, Mr. Hall, and I don't want to hear anything from you anymore. I just said what I wanted to say. So, listen," Westley interrupted bossily, sick of hearing Benny.

"So, you have Estelle?" Benny knew it without even asking. 'Of course, it must be Westley who had captured Estelle.'

He had been worried that Westley wouldn't do anything for Gabrielle. After all, Westley didn't like her.

But Benny was proven wrong. Westley was nicer to Gabrielle than he had thought, whether out of love or responsibility.

"Mr. Hall, if Sloane is not that important to you, then you can provoke me for Estelle. But if you think that Sloane is more important, then stop worrying about the future of the Johnson family. You have to choose." Westley had already told Benny that he had nothing to negotiate with him. So, warning one last time, Westley hung up the phone.

Looking at the ended call, Benny knew what was going on.

'Westley has kept Estelle, simply because she has hit Gabrielle.

But why did Estelle create more trouble? And why did she mess with Westley, whom she shouldn't even have provoked in her dream?'

Benny wasn't in contact with Estelle anymore these days. It was the Johnson family who called and inquired him about Estelle's whereabouts. That was how he came to know that she was lost. Estelle's phone was off, and no one knew where she was.

They had just one clue that her car was still in the underground parking lot of the Bio Mall. Benny had checked and discovered that Estelle met Gabrielle, and

Estelle chased her, she would stab Gabrielle to death, even in her dream.

Eventually, Gabrielle fell asleep in Westley's arms.

But when she woke up, she was a little disappointed when she didn't see Westley around.

Gabrielle put on her night robe and went to the balcony outside the room. She saw him standing under the tree, talking on the phone.

From the moment she saw him to the end of the call, Gabrielle quietly stood there. She kept looking at him, unwilling to move her eyes away.

The longer they both got along with each other, the more important Westley became for her. He seemed to have occupied Bryce's place in her heart.

It was unacceptably terrible for Gabrielle. She was afraid that she would become too much dependent on him. And getting used to it, she would feel painful to separate with him in the future. 7

They would still get divorced. 5

In his heart, there was a woman named Helena, who Westley loved deeply, and a woman called Nellie could replace Gabrielle any time. This man was not supposed to belong to her in this marriage. 8

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Gabrielle leaned against the railing of the balcony, lost in various fancies and conjectures. The more she thought about it, the more upset she felt. She was so lost in thought that she didn't even notice Westley's eyes on her.

It was a little cold in the morning, especially now at the start of autumn. Gabrielle was still injured, and she only put on a thin robe in the early morning and leaned against the balcony in the cold breeze.

'It seems like she doesn't want to regain her health.' Westley thought.

"Gabrielle!" Westley loudly called out to her.

For a while, Gabrielle was stunned when she heard him. Then, looking at him, her face flushed with embarrassment, and her eyes flickered anxiously.

It was as awkward as if she was caught redhanded, spying on him.

She wanted to jump down the balcony to avoid facing the uncomfortable situation.

"Good morning, Mr. Morris." Clearing her throat, Gabrielle tried to smile at him.

However, her greeting didn't cheer Westley up. His face was still cold and dark.

Gabrielle fidgeted, feeling uneasy. 'Did I offend him again?

Or was it the phone call that has upset him?' In any case, Gabrielle had only one thought, that she would never aggravate him again.

"Ouch!" Gabrielle touched her face and loudly yelped. Her face instantly became strained and painful.

Rubbing her face, she felt that it was still swollen.

'Why was Estelle so heartless and cruel?' Two slaps were so hard that Gabrielle's face almost felt crushed.

'Benny must be a man who relies on his lower body to make decisions for himself, never thinking about a problem using his head. 1

That's the reason why he has chosen such a vicious and evil woman.'

Standing below, Westley watched Gabrielle cover her face with her hand. His first thought was that her face hurt again, so he went straight to the room with ice cubes wrapped inside a towel.

By the time he entered the room, Gabrielle was already in the bathroom. She stood in front of the washbasin, looking at herself in the mirror. Her face was still a little swollen but not as red and swollen as yesterday.

She felt sorry for herself. 'Why am I so pitiful?'

"What are you doing, Gabrielle?" Standing at the door of the bathroom, Westley saw that miserable look on her face as she watched herself in the mirror. He couldn't stop the thought of her being sad. 4

'After all, Gabrielle was slapped, and her face has swollen now. It must be painful for her.'

"I... I'm looking at my face. It's swollen. How to attend Grandpa's birthday party

tomorrow? People will notice this bruise and stare at me." Gabrielle worriedly looked at him, complaining, with her eyes.

Westley's heart twitched inexplicably, and then his voice softened.

"Come here!" He still used an ordering tone.

'Since she knows that her face will catch other's attention, it shows that she still cares about her image.'

"What is it? And, thanks a lot for last night." Gabrielle sincerely looked at him.

She was so grateful to him that words couldn't fully express her gratitude.

She wanted to use thousands of words only to say thank you.

"Gabrielle, I've said already. The gratitude that I would appreciate is more than words. You have to take action." After saying that, Westley turned around and sat on the sofa. ①

Gabrielle was following him to the sofa when she spotted a towel in his hand, wrapped around someone.

"What's in the towel?" Gabrielle asked curiously.

"Sit down." Without explaining anything, Westley told her to sit down.

Gabrielle sat down without hesitation and looked up at him. With a flick, Westley held her chin with one hand. He began applying the towel on her face with the other hand. 2

"Hiss, it's so cold. Westley, is there ice in the towel? It's so cold!" Gabrielle almost shouted from the sudden contact.

"Sit still and stop moving. Don't you want the swelling on your face to go down faster? Or do you not want to go to Kylo's birthday party tomorrow?" Westley toughly ordered her to be obedient.

Although Gabrielle was a little embarrassed, she still quietly sat and closed her eyes, waiting for him to apply the ice on her face.

"It's not like that. I do want to attend grandpa's birthday party tomorrow. So, please, help reduce my swelling faster. I am grateful to you," Gabrielle said

sincerely.

For moments, Westley just kept staring at her beautiful face. She had long and thick eyelashes, covering her eyes like a small fan when she had them closed. Her red and cheery lips were particularly attractive and kissable. Besides, Westley savored kissing her lips before, and the feeling was amazing. He didn't want to stop with just a peck. ②

So, when he saw Gabrielle's kissable lips asking him to give in, he really wanted to kiss her right away. ②

"Westley? What is it?" Gabrielle called him out in confusion, as he hadn't yet started icing.

"Nothing." Westley shook his head and cleared his mind. "Close your eyes and stay still. I'll be applying it now." Holding her chin with one hand, Westley began to slowly rub the towel on her face with the other one.

"It's cold..."

When she felt the cold towel against her face, Gabrielle's eyelashes trembled, but she didn't open her eyes again. She kept her eyes closed to let Westley ice her.

"Hold on. It will finish soon." Even while using a cold tone, Westley moved his hand gently and carefully.

"Okay." This time, Gabrielle got used to it. She didn't complain despite how cold it was. Obediently raising her head, she let him apply the ice on her face.

Gabrielle triggered Westley's desires. Her charisma was overwhelming, and Westley almost lost control of himself several times. Fortunately, her eyes were closed, so she didn't notice his flustered look. ①

"Mr. Morris, did Dr. Remy ask you to do this?" Gabrielle sensed the romantic vibes the silence had created. So she started talking to break the awkward atmosphere.

"Yes," Westley blandly replied.

This method was, without doubt, suggested by Remy. In fact, Westley could have asked Sophie to help Gabrielle. Gabrielle would have been less tense in that case. Westley clearly felt that her whole body was tensed. Even the muscles of her chin were stiff.

'Why is she so nervous?'

"How many times do I need to repeat this per day? After you go to work, I can apply it myself or let Sophie help me. Still, thank you very much for this time." Once again, Gabrielle tried to express her gratitude.

Realization dawned upon Westley that since last night, Gabrielle treated him more politely, as if she wanted to draw a line between the two of them to keep a distance.

"Gabrielle, I've said already. You don't need to thank me. All the things I have done for you, I did with my own will." Westley calmly looked at her face.

"I know. And, when I recover, I will make dinner for you. I will fulfill and keep my promise of cooking dinner for a week." Gabrielle earnestly reminded her promise. ①

Her cherry red lips kept exhaling warm air, exciting Westley. Suddenly, his hand that was pinching her chin almost slipped.

Gabrielle had more influence on him than he had expected.

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