

Chapter 135 An Embarrassing Situation

Westley told Gabrielle to open the wardrobe door, to which she did without hesitation. Gabrielle was then immediately both confused and embarrassed, after realizing that the wardrobe contained nothing but men's clothes, obviously belonging to Westley.

"He asked me to take his clothes from the wardrobe to change into them, didn't he?" she muttered.

Thinking Westley's intentions were to make her wear the clothes inside the wardrobe, Gabrielle couldn't even bring herself to peer inside it after being overcome with embarrassment.

'Was it Westley's real intention to make me wear his clothes?' she thought to herself.

Thinking that it wasn't Westley's real intention, she hesitated to take anything from the wardrobe. But after seeing Westley, the tall figure he was, standing by the balcony, Gabrielle didn't even

attempt to ask him any clarification for fear of disturbing him.

'Anyway, he did say to take some clothes from the wardrobe.' Gabrielle stoically took a shirt from the wardrobe and proceeded to the bathroom.

Gabrielle immediately locked the bathroom door, and noticed a bathtub inside. She then decided to prepare the bathtub, filled it with water, took off all her clothes, and proceeded to soak in the bathtub and collect her thoughts.

After coming back from the phone, Westley leaned against the balcony and lit a cigarette. Upon hearing the sound of the bathroom door open, he then snuffed his cigarette and went back inside.

He saw Gabrielle emerge from the bathroom. She was wearing his white shirt, which only covered her until her thighs. Her slender and fair legs caught his attention first, then her little face which was steamed red by hot water. Upon seeing Westley fixating his gaze on her, her visibly red face became more vibrant with embarrassment.

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anywhere except Westley's eyes, knowing his eyes were sharp as she tried to hide from his gaze. As this mental struggle ensued, the very idea that she was wrapped up in Westley's shirt did nothing but fuel her embarrassment.

"Well? Didn't you asked me to take the clothes in the wardrobe? I saw that you had a lot of shirts in it, so I picked one of them randomly. But since you stare is telling me that you're reluctant with my choice of apparel, I can go and change it." Gabrielle began to tremble and softly begged for mercy.

She really didn't want Westley to stare at her like that. The way his eyes glued their gaze on her made her feel as if a monster had cornered her.

Westley asked Gabrielle to take the clothes from his wardrobe, but he didn't specifically say which ones she could take, so she just took random white shirt to change into. If he didn't want her to wear that particular shirt, he could've just told her so she could just wear a bathrobe after bathing.

Westley still didn't say a word. He looked at her coldly and twisted his lips. No one

could figure out what was going through his mind.

Gabrielle not only had a beautiful face, but also had a perfect figure. That fact was made even clearer now that she was wearing a man's shirt, which oddly emphasized her face and her figure.

In Westley's eyes, the sexiest moment for a woman was not when she was wearing a camisole or a bikini. To him, the sexiest moment was when a woman was wearing nothing but a male shirt, just like how Gabrielle was at that very moment.

"Westley, please say something. You asked me to get the clothes, right? If you're not comfortable seeing me wear this, I can change into something else," asked Gabrielle, with unease clearly showing in her eyes.

This man just gazed at her without saying anything, which terrified Gabrielle.

He didn't say anything. He just stared at her. What did he want?

"I didn't say that you couldn't wear it.

Just wear it. It suits you," said Westley coldly.

'What?

So he wasn't going to blame me for wearing his clothes?' Gabrielle didn't know what was going on.

"Now that you've taken a shower, let's go to bed." Westley went straight to the bed.

Gabrielle stood still, with hesitation clearly showing in her eyes.

Westley was lying on the bed, leaning against the head of the bed and looking at her.

"What's wrong? You can't fall asleep if you don't lie on the bed," said coldly by Westley, upon seeing that she was unwilling to come.

It was no secret how attractive Gabrielle's slender legs were to him. He couldn't help but look at them, as if his eyes were naturally attracted to them.

He wanted to check the news on his phone, but couldn't make out a single

word. He gestured Gabrielle to get on the bed with him, being that it was the only way he could avert his gaze from her legs since she could cover them with a blanket.

'Why didn't Gabrielle choose something else to wear? The wardrobe was full of different types of clothes, including home wear and even shorts. But she just chose a white shirt. Was she deliberately trying to give me a perfect opportunity to be a scumbag?'

"No, No. I just... I just want to dry my hair again. It's still wet." After saying that, Gabrielle turned around and rushed to the bathroom. She intended to dry her hair for half an hour or even an hour, just enough time for Westley to fall asleep.

Seeing that she ran into the bathroom in a hurry, Westley smiled. He knew that she ran in mostly to avoid him.

Then he heard the loud sound of the hair dryer. "Oh, she really went to dry her hair."

But after a while, Westley heard a "bang" followed by Gabrielle's scream.

Westley directly lifted the quilt and rushed into the bathroom. He saw that Gabrielle was lying on the floor, with the hair dryer lying at her feet, as its noise continued to fill the bathroom.

"Gabrielle, what happened to you?" asked Westley while worryingly looking at the woman on the ground.

Originally, the shirt could cover her until her knees when she stood up. Now that she fell down, her shirt was badly misplaced. Due to this, Westley saw every intimate part of Gabrielle's body.

"I... I slipped and fell from a wet place. It hurts..." Gabrielle moved a little and felt a sharp pain in her butt and back of her head. ¹

'Damn it! How could such a thing happen? I just wanted to dry my hair!'

Gabrielle felt Westley's burning gaze on her. She felt exposed.

She could feel herself turning red. 'How embarrassing!'

Gabrielle felt mortified.

"Don't move. Let me see where you are hurt. How did you even fall down if you were just drying your hair? That's so typical of you!" Westley squatted beside her and observed carefully.

Gabrielle felt ashamed to look at him at that moment, so she covered her face with her hands.

"I just slipped and fell down. My head and butt hurt so much..."

Compared to the shyness and uneasiness of Gabrielle, Westley was calmer. He really wanted to know where she was hurt.

If she was seriously injured, he would call up Remy.

"Did you sprain your ankle?"

"No."

"What about your hand?"

"No."

"Waist?"

"No, nothing serious except for the back of my head and my butt," said Gabrielle, as she continued to cover her face.

Westley took a look at her and realized just how cute she was. He reached out his hand and touched the back of her head. Aside from her damp hair, there was no blood or any sign of injury, so she wasn't seriously hurt.

He continued to examine her for any possible injuries and found that there was nothing wrong. To him, he just gave her a simple examination, but to Gabrielle, the experience was less than pleasant.

Chapter 136 You Must Accept Your Responsibility

Gabrielle didn't understand what was wrong with her body that it became so sensitive around Westley. When he touched her, she would shiver involuntarily. Her body's reactions to him shamed her.

Never in her life had she been so utterly embarrassed and humiliated, but there was nothing she could do but bear it silently.

"Do you feel uncomfortable?" Westley wondered what thoughts were running through her mind when he found her covering her face with her feet curled up.

"No, I am good. Really, I'm fine. Can I get up first?" Gabrielle said coquettishly.

Westley found her very attractive but it was obvious that Gabrielle was unaware of her beauty.

Westley had always prided himself on

having an ironclad self control but that control vanished when he was around Gabrielle. 2

In fact, Gabrielle did not get better at all. She thought that she was useless because she couldn't even complete the simple task of drying her hair without falling down.

Westley picked her up and carried her to the bed silently.

Westley found that Gabrielle's face was extremely red when she finally dropped her hands from her face.

"Thank you, Westley." Gabrielle could not say anything else. She stared at him uneasily.

Westley scanned her from head to toe with a cold look on his face.

"Are you sure you don't need Remy to come here?" Westley asked with great concern.

Gabrielle shook her head immediately. "Yes, I'm fine. Don't bother Dr. Remy anymore."

In fact, Remy had told Gabrielle that her episodes were more frequent when she was around Westley. If she informed him that she was injured again, Westley would be blamed. The fact that she had fallen to the ground while drying her hair was so embarrassing.

She would never allow anyone other than Westley to witness her humiliation.

Therefore, she couldn't let Remy come.

"Change your clothes." Westley took a new shirt from the wardrobe and threw it at her.

Gabrielle didn't realize that her shirt had gotten wet when she fell on the floor until that moment.

She would need to change into a different shirt.

Gabrielle held the new shirt and stared at Westley in confusion. "Do you really want me to wear it?"

"Why not? Or you want to sleep naked?" Westley raised his eyebrows and coughed.

Gabrielle was unsure what reply to give to him. If she was alone, she would have considered sleeping naked. But they were sharing the room tonight, so it was impossible for her to sleep in the nude.

"I'll change my shirt."

Westley opened the door and left without saying a word.

Seeing the door closed, Gabrielle didn't know what he thought of her. He might decide that she was stupid.

After all, only few people could fall to the ground while drying their hair like she had just done. ②

She felt that she behaved less elegant in front of him each time.

'Do not forget, Gabrielle, you are a fake couple. When Nellie comes back, the two of you will be divorced and you will never have to face Westley again. He will no longer care whether you are elegant or not. ③

Westley doesn't care about you so it does not matter whether you look good or not.

That thought was what finally got through to Gabrielle.

Downstairs in the dining room, Westley leaned against the bar counter while making coffee. He stared out of the window expressionlessly.

"It's late at night. What are you thinking about?" Miley asked as she walked towards him.

Miley got out of bed when she heard sounds of movement from downstairs. She always knew that Westley and Gabrielle were not in love neither did they have a sound relationship. Westley was angry at being forced to stay with a woman he didn't love.

Westley was the kind of man that would never do something that was forced on him. 3

He got along with Gabrielle now. He was willing to do things for her, even bringing her to Miley's house when she asked him to. It meant that he loved her at least, a little.

Perhaps even Westley himself didn't notice it.

Miley was just watching the drama between them now. If she could, she would help them promote it. Anyway, she would ensure they didn't separate.

"Grandma, did I wake you up? Or do you feel uncomfortable?" Westley asked, glancing at Miley nervously.

After she suffered from a serious illness, Miley's health was never the same again. It became quite normal for her to suffer from one minor sickness or the other.

"You brat, you are cursing me! I'm not that weak, okay? It's not easy for me to fall asleep early as I'm getting old. Is everything okay with Gabrielle?" Miley asked with a smile.

How was it going with Gabrielle?

'Not so well,' he thought to himself.

The only thought occupying his mind was Gabrielle's slender and fair legs.

He didn't want to talk about her now.

She was a scourge to him.

"Did you two fight? Is that why you came downstairs to drink coffee? You have never had such a habit before," Miley told him frankly after she had stared at him for a while.

The coffee was just ready. Westley took it over, blew on it gently and took a sip.

He had brought the beans with him the last time he visited. There was a coffee machine in Miley's house in the countryside, which was convenient for him to use at any time since he liked drinking coffee, but it was rarely used.

It was really strange for him to come downstairs to make coffee tonight. No wonder Miley was confused and disturbed by it.

"Grandma, I won't quarrel with Gabrielle. You know, we are just a fake couple." Westley stared at Miley sternly.

Miley certainly could understand what he meant.

"I don't care about your relationship. As long as you are married to her, you have

Chapter 136 You Must Accept Your Responsibility

to be responsible for her. Men in the Morris family are responsible." The smile disappeared from Miley's face and she became solemn.

"Grandma, responsibility and love are two totally different things," Westley replied coldly.

He had always been scrupulous in separating his public interests from his private ones and it would not be changed by anyone.

"Since you know that, you can't do anything bad to her." Miley liked this girl from the bottom of her heart. Since Gabrielle was the daughter-in-law of the Morris family now, she couldn't suffer from anything. 5