

Chapter 138 Isido Mount

It was still late in the night and everywhere was calm. Gabrielle and Westley were still in the room. Her face immediately turned red in despair when she heard what he had said. As she looked at him, she couldn't say anything in refutation. The only thing she could do was to stare at him in anger.

"Take your fierce eyes off me, Gabrielle. You do not have any right to look at me in such a manner!"

Westley yelled at her ruthlessly. He wasn't comfortable with the way she kept staring at him. 'What right does she have to look at me that way?' he thought to himself angrily. ③

She was not a tenderhearted girl who would allow people to intimidate her in any way they liked and because of this, she felt very upset when she heard his domineering words. She felt unhappy when she thought of how authoritative he was to her. ①

She had helped him to wash his clothes

out of kindness and now he was talking to her anyhow. Did she do something wrong? Was this the price she had to pay for being considerate?

She felt grievance pouring out of her heart as she tried to hold back her tears because she didn't want him to see her cry like a baby.

"Look at me, Westley, and listen carefully. I'm not a pervert and I will never be one. I don't like men's underwear, let alone the one that belongs to you!" she screamed aloud as she looked at him with pain in her eyes.

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Tears welled up in her red and sore eyes, but she was determined not to let them fall on her face. She held them back boldly.

As soon as he saw the tears in her eyes, he felt sorry for her immediately. He hated it when women cried around him, let alone his wife, Gabrielle.

He even felt bad when he saw the tears that she was doing her best to hold back, suddenly pour out.

"What I meant was that you washed my

underwear, which means that either you like it or you like me and so that was why you helped to wash it," he said calmly. +

All of a sudden, what he said made her choke.

"Me? Do you mean me? Like you?"

She paused for some seconds before talking again. "It seems like you've been thinking too much these past few days. I don't like your underwear and I don't like you, either. I'm tired. I'm going to bed," she remarked in a firm tone and looked at him without blinking.

Westley knew her temper very well. He also knew that she could easily lose it. After hesitating for a while, he finally let go of her hand.

Without saying a word more, she went straight to the bed, climbed on it, and covered her whole body with the quilt.

As he looked at the bulging figure under the quilt, he felt that she was small and cute. The anger he felt in his heart just now seemed to fizzle out all of a sudden.



As he turned away from looking at her, he glanced at the basket and saw that there were two white shirts left in it that he hadn't noticed. One was changed by him some moments ago while the other one was changed by his wife just before she had her bath. Mr. Morris Who had never washed or dried clothes in his life promptly bent down and took the shirts out to dry.

Meanwhile, Gabrielle was still covered with the quilt. The more she thought about what happened between her and her husband, the more resentful she felt. 'How could he talk to me in such a way?' she asked herself silently as the tears kept pouring out. Her body trembled for a while before she finally slept off.

When he was done hanging the clothes outside, Westley smoked a cigarette on the balcony before coming back inside the bedroom. By the time he got to bed, she was already fast asleep. When he lifted the quilt, he saw the tear stains on her white fair face.

'She must have been hurting, ' he thought to himself as he felt bad all over. 'I shouldn't have spoken to her like that.'

As soon as he laid down, Gabrielle curled up to his side and held him fondly with both hands and feet.

He contorted his face in a frown and tried to pull her away, but at that instance, he saw tears coming out of the corner of her eyes and changed his mind. Instead, he pulled the quilt over both of them and covered them well.

When Gabrielle woke up in the morning, the sun was shining brightly outside and some of the light entered the room. Westley was already out of bed and she didn't see him anywhere around the room. She quickly cleaned herself up and went to the balcony to take her clothes inside and put them on. Thankfully, it was summer and her clothes were already dried in such a short time.

By the time she came downstairs, she saw Miley making breakfast, but she didn't see Westley. Her eyes scanned everywhere for him, but she still didn't see any trace of him.

"Good morning, grandma! You're up so early."



"Good morning, Gabrielle. Breakfast is ready. Come and have yours,"

Miley replied to her greeting happily and invited her to have breakfast.

Gabrielle sat down obediently and looked at Miley with uncertainty.

"Gabrielle, if you have any questions, just ask, or is there anything you want to tell me?" Miley asked as she looked at her.

"Well, grandma... Where is Westley? I didn't see him when I woke up this morning," she asked as she mustered up the courage.

"Actually, Alvin came here early this morning to give you some things. Your bags are there," she said as she pointed at them. "You can take them up after eating breakfast. As for Westley, he and Alvin are outside talking about something in the car," Miley explained to her with a motherly smile on her face.

Gabrielle took a glance at the sofa in the living room. There were two bags on it. One was white and the other was black, and they were very breathtaking.

"Let's have breakfast first. After that, I'll take you to the Isido Mount later in the day. The last time you and Sloane wanted to climb the mountain, you had no chance to do so, did you?" Miley questioned as she looked at her.

"Well, immediately we got to the foot of the mountain, it started raining heavily. We didn't want to risk our lives and so we didn't climb and ever since then, we haven't had the chance to come over again," she explained to Miley.

That very day, she and Sloane had planned to climb the Isido Mount so that they could vent their anger. But unfortunately, when they got to the foot of the mountain, heavy rain started. Because of that, they decided not to climb the mountain again, but strolled around the surrounding villages. Afterwards, it rained more and more heavily that they couldn't catch up with the bus back to the city. They had to stay in one of the villages till the next day.

"Don't worry about that. In a short while, grandma would take both of you to the mountain." Miley was happy as she said this.



Gabrielle looked at her with a hint of worry in her eyes. "Are you sure you want to climb the mountain, grandma? Are you strong enough to do that?" Gabrielle asked apprehensively.

"Gabrielle, don't look down on your grandma. Although I'm very old, vast in age and I got a disease a few years ago, my body is still very strong. I have to climb the Isido Mount once every week. Speaking of which, you may not even be my match. I'm surely going to outrun you," Miley said with excitement written all over her. ①

Gabrielle was convinced when she said this because she knew that Miley was very strong.

"Will Westley go with us too?" she asked in disbelief. She felt that he might not want to come with them.

"Of course, we are all going together," Miley said as she caressed Gabrielle's soft cheeks.

Gabrielle smiled and didn't say anything more. She kept eating so that she could have enough strength to climb the

mountain.

As soon as Westley and Alvin were done with their conversation, they came in. They saw how Gabrielle was gobbling the food in front of her. She didn't know that she stuffed her mouth with food just like a little hamster. When she saw them, she was shocked and looked at them with her big eyes, almost choking to death.

"Gabrielle, don't be in such a hurry, you still have enough time," Miley said to her as he handed her a glass of water.

Gabrielle took it from her and gulped it down immediately.

"Humph, thank you, grandma. I feel so much better." She looked at Miley gratefully.

"Gabrielle, don't eat in such a hurry again, or else you will choke to death," Miley advised her as she gently rubbed Gabrielle's back. ②

"Gabrielle, you are the elegant lady of the Morris family. Don't be like someone who just crawled out of a refugee camp. People who don't know you now will

think that I maltreat you and don't give you enough food. They wouldn't know that you just like swallowing food like a thief," Westley said as he sat next to her and took a bite of the deep-fried dough stick. ④

Gabrielle looked at him and didn't want to say anything. Although this husband of hers didn't abuse her on food issues, he could abuse her just anywhere he deemed fit.

"What are you talking about, Westley? I'm happy to see that Gabrielle is enjoying the food. You just like causing us trouble on purpose." Miley frowned at him. ④

The food was delicious to Gabrielle which was why she ate in such a manner. It was as though she wanted to swallow everything up including the plates.



Chapter 139 Idiot

Westley had expected Miley to be on Gabrielle's side, so he didn't pay much attention to her. 1

He glanced at Gabrielle, who was saying nothing but seemed to be enjoying the food at the rate she was eating.

'Is she being starved by the Jones family?'

Foodie. Idiot. 11

"Gabrielle, ignore this guy. You enjoy your meal. What else do you want to eat? I can cook it for you." Miley offered warmly.

The only thing that made Miley happy was when her children ate and drank well.

"Grandma, I... I don't usually behave like this." Gabrielle looked at Miley with embarrassment.

"It's okay. As long as you eat well, grandma will be happy. Unlike Westley;

see how picky he is with food. I don't feel good cooking for him because his eating habits are really annoying to endure and watch. You, on the other hand, are much better." Miley looked at Gabrielle kindly. She was growing more and more fond of Gabrielle.

"Really, Grandma?" Gabrielle was in disbelief as she looked at Miley. When she ate around the Jones family—her family—she was always scolded. Wendy liked people who were obedient and pleasant. After all, no one was perfect, but she loathed when people were picky with food. It would make her quite upset.

"Of course it's true. Enjoy your food and don't think about Westley. Did you sleep well last night?" Miley asked with concern.

"I did. Very well." Gabrielle nodded.

Miley looked at the two of them and smiled, but it was hard to tell how she felt because she wore an indescribable look on her face. It took a while for Gabrielle to understand what Miley meant, and her face flushed slightly.

"Grandma, we actually..."

"Gabrielle, don't talk while eating!" Westley abruptly interrupted her. He didn't want her to continue.

Gabrielle was quite shrewd, and would need to be tricked by Miley.

There were things that didn't need to be explained. Certain explanations tended to complicate matters even more.

"Okay." Gabrielle didn't say anything more and continued to have her breakfast.

Miley, in turn, glared at Westley. She picked up the negative vibes emanating from him; he must definitely be against her.

After the three had breakfast, Gabrielle went upstairs with the white bag given to her to change her clothes.

While she was changing, her cell phone rang. When she saw that the caller was Lance, she immediately answered it.

"Hey Lance, what's up?"

"Gabrielle, where are you?" Lance was

direct with her as soon as she answered.

1

She was at the Isido Mount.

"I'm out, Lance. Is it urgent?"

"I would like to meet you. How about a quick meal together? Did Westley make things difficult for you?" Lance seemed to be ashamed for making his bodyguards faint.

"I'm good. No, he didn't make things difficult for me. Honestly, he's been really kind to me," Gabrielle said calmly. She wasn't lying after all; Westley was being nice to her.

Of course he was angry about the situation with the bodyguards, but he hadn't taken it too far. Gabrielle seemed to think he was acting appropriately.

So it was not that bad.

Besides, he had also taken her to see Miley and realized that she was old granny that helped her the other night. This had made Gabrielle happy.

"I'm finding it hard to believe he would treat you well. As well as you deserve,"

Lance said sincerely.

How could a man like Westley be nice to her? ③

Lance knew that very well.

"No, he really is good to me. I'm not lying. Please don't worry about it," Gabrielle insisted.

Lance finally dropped it. He didn't know whether to believe her, but she said what she said, and there was only so much he could do.

"Gabrielle, Grandpa's birthday is coming up in a few days. Did you get a dress for the occasion, yet? I want to take you to pick a dress." Obviously Lance knew that he didn't need to worry about Gabrielle's personal affairs if Westley was around and overseeing them.

However, Lance accompanied Gabrielle every year when she went to pick up her dresses for her Grandpa's birthday. Because he was part of this annual tradition, he wanted to prepare everything for her.

This year was no exception.

"There's no need for you to help with the dress. I'll arrange it," Gabrielle said seriously.

She was Westley's wife now, and that meant she had to distance herself from Lance.

"I see." Lance didn't insist anymore.

"Sorry Lance, I'm quite busy these days. Let's have dinner another night, when I've got some time." Gabrielle attempted to coax him with this empty promise because she knew Lance was slightly disappointed.

"Okay, sure. I'll wait until you can." Lance's spirits suddenly lifted.

Gabrielle hung the phone up and sighed with relief. She then put her sneakers on and went back downstairs.

It was evident that Alvin had prepared everything for her: from inside to outside, from pajamas to sportswear.

When Gabrielle went downstairs, she found Miley and Westley already waiting in the living room. They were all wearing



sportswear: Miley was in red, Westley in black and Gabrielle in white, although the latter two shared the same styles.

Did Alvin match their clothes on purpose, or was it Westley's idea?

This could cause trouble.

Gabrielle instantly felt an urge to go and change into a different set of clothes—even a pair of jeans, at this point!

"Lovely! Gabrielle looks beautiful even when she's wearing sportswear." Miley was very happy and proud to see Gabrielle. She really did look good no matter what she wore.

At a glance, Westley immediately noticed his and Gabrielle's sportswear were matching. Alvin was definitely deliberate in picking out the outfits for both of them. 4

He probably thought he was being rather "considerate" by matching their clothes. 2

Although he couldn't deny that Gabrielle had a pretty face, and did indeed look good in any outfit.

"Let's go. It's going to be too hot later." Westley immediately turned around and left after saying that.

Gabrielle drew abreast of Miley immediately. "Grandma, let's go. I'm sorry to keep you waiting for me for so long."

"Silly girl! It doesn't matter to me, and it is not a big deal to make Westley wait for a while. Let's go." Miley was in high spirits, and glad to have Gabrielle and Westley accompany her.

The three of them soon arrived at the intersection at the foot of Isido Mount. They were just about to go up the mountain when Miley noticed Gabrielle carrying her backpack.

"Westley, how can you let a girl carry a heavy backpack while hiking up a mountain? Carry it for her, please," Miley sternly ordered Westley. ③

"No, no, it's okay. I can do it myself. It's quite light because I haven't put too many things in here." Of course, Gabrielle didn't want to ask Westley to help her carry the bag because she didn't

want to bother him. Besides, she didn't think he was the type of man to carry backpacks for girls.

"Gabrielle, Westley is your husband. Why shouldn't he help you with your bag?" Miley took Gabrielle's bag off her and dropped it in Westley's path.

"No, please, don't worry about it. I can carry it myself..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Westley's big and firm hand reached across and seamlessly carried Gabrielle's bag like it was the lightest thing on the planet.