

and knocking Estelle on her belly. The latter squatted in pain. "Gabrielle, what the fuck?! Do you have a death wish?!" Estelle stood up and raised the scissors, threatening to stab Gabrielle. ①

Out of nowhere, a man gripped Estelle's wrist, stopping her vicious act.

"You're making a huge mistake." Westley threw Estelle aside. He hurriedly held Gabrielle in his arms. "I'm here. Sorry, I'm late." Westley took off his coat with one hand and covered her tightly.

"Westley, I knew you'd come. If not... I'd probably..."

"Don't say anything." Westley lifted her up and glared daggers at Estelle who was squatting on the ground.

"I already gave you a warning, Estelle. The Johnson family will bear the crushing weight of your sins. You better hide and live well, instead of biting people like a mad dog. Don't blame me for what's to come for you." There was nothing but coldness in Westley's sharp eyes.

"Westley, what is she to you?" Looking at Westley in disbelief, Estelle thought, 'To

save her twice... why would he go so far?'

"You don't deserve to know!

Alvin clean up the rest."

Then Westley left with Gabrielle in his arms. Gabrielle curled up in his hold, trembling uncontrollably.

"Gabrielle." Westley settled Gabrielle in the car, but she didn't have any reaction. She was dull. Westley didn't say much, he just held her tightly in his arms.

"It's okay now, Gabrielle." Westley gently stroked her hair and asked the bodyguard to drive back to Half Moon Bay.

"Gabrielle, there is nothing to be afraid now."

Westley wasn't one to comfort people, but he tried to make Gabrielle feel better.

Still in shock from the turn of events, she didn't say anything, her eyes full of horror and fear.

If he were late by only a fraction of a second, the scissors would have pierced Gabrielle's chest.

The thought made Westley feel terrible. He didn't want to think about it anymore.

At a distance, Sophie was horrified to see Gabrielle in tattered clothes.

"Mr. Morris, what happened to Miss Jones? How did she end up like this?" Tears welled up in Sophie's eyes. How could Miss Jones get hurt all the time? Her wounds just healed, but now she got injured again. What a sin!

"Sophie, I'll take her back to her room to clean up. You make some soothing tea and bring it to me. Ask Remy to wait for me in the living room." Westley carried his wife upstairs.

He had contacted Remy on the way back, so he should be here soon.

"I see. I'll make soothing tea right away." Without any delay, Sophie went back to the kitchen to boil water. She felt terrible and hoped that Miss Jones would be fine.

Westley carried her into the bathroom and let her sit on the stool, but Gabrielle clung his shirt tightly and didn't want to let go.

"Gabrielle, it's fine. Let me run bath for you." Westley looked at her tenderly.



## Chapter 219 Holding Onto Him

Gabrielle's eyes welled up with fear and trepidation, and from the bottom of her heart, anxiety rose. She tightly clenched Westley's shirt with her hands, unwilling to let him go. Her grip had wrinkled his plain and smooth shirt.

"Gabrielle, if you keep holding onto me like that, how can I run water? You need to clean yourself now." Westley didn't try to pull her hands away. So, he coaxed her in this way, hoping that she would let go of him by herself.

However, Gabrielle didn't draw her hand back. Instead, she clenched his shirt even more tightly now. Her body was trembling so hard that even her fingertips quivered. She was visibly scared.

"No, no..." Gabrielle stared at him with her bright black eyes, lightly shaking her head. Even her voice was soft and muffled, almost sounding frightened.

It was the first time that Westley saw Gabrielle in a state like this. It also happened for the first time that someone needed him.

His heart was full of feelings.

"Well, you are not letting me go. Then, I'll carry you to run water, okay?" Westley held her in his arms and squatted beside the bathtub. He kept one hand behind her and turned on the tap with the other.

The water started running out of the tap. Gabrielle, who had been quiet and woeful, suddenly burst into tears. Her tears streamed down her cheeks like the water running out of the tap.

"Gabrielle, what's wrong? Does it hurt somewhere?" Westley was troubled. He became worried when his eyes trailed at her red and swollen face. There were two clear palm prints on it. He was aware of who had hit her.

As soon as he entered the room and saw Gabrielle getting tortured, he wanted to kill Estelle without skipping a beat.

"Westley, was I about to die?" Gabrielle gradually recovered herself.

But in her mind, she could still clearly see the shining scissors in Estelle's hand. If Westley didn't come on time, she could have gotten killed with those scissors.

"Stop overthinking. I won't ever let something like that happen again,"

Westley coaxed her earnestly.

"I know. It's all my fault." Gabrielle blamed herself, tears still lingering on her cheeks and neck.

Westley carried her to the stool and gently let her sit down. With a serious demeanor, he put his hands on her shoulders and looked at her face. "Gabrielle, you didn't do anything wrong. It wasn't your fault, so don't blame yourself. Do you understand?"

Gabrielle slowly nodded. She understood Westley's words, but she felt both sad and scared, like a barrier in her heart that she couldn't overcome.

"Well, the water is ready. Take a hot bath first. It will make you feel more comfortable. We can talk after you bathe. Do you want me to help you take off

your clothes and bath?" Westley's face considerably softened with a hint of a slight smile in his eyes. He knew that Gabrielle had recovered enough to bathe herself, but still, he said that. ②

She felt embarrassed, loosening her grip on his clothes.

"No, thanks. I can do it myself. Thank you for saving me today." Despite her flushed state, Gabrielle looked him in the eyes and sincerely thanked him.

Westley was moved by her gratitude. After all, they had known each other for a long time, and she had never formally thanked him.

His heart was touched by her words.

"Gabrielle, remember. No matter what happens in the future, for now, you are my wife. I am responsible for protecting you during our marriage. So, you don't need to thank me for it." Westley tenderly rubbed her head. "Let me know if you need anything." He stood up, left the room, and closed the door behind for her. ③

Gabrielle was still in a daze, feeling the warmth of his big palm on her head.



It was the first time that Westley had rubbed her head like this. His movement was very light, but she felt a little warm.

Without thinking a lot, she quickly took off Westley's suit jacket. Although the stains on the black coat were not visible enough yet, she could smell coffee on it. It might have gotten stained with other coffee stains on her body. 'I will take it to dry cleaning later.'

When Westley came out of the room, he received a call from Alvin, informing him that the situation had been handled, and Estelle was already locked up and dealt with. Westley knew that Alvin was capable of handling everything for him.

Now, all that worried him was that Gabrielle was alone in the bathroom. So, Westley soon hung up the phone without saying too much.

As expected, as soon as he reached the bathroom door, he heard something knock. He pushed the door open and saw Gabrielle sitting in the bathtub, bending over to pick up the shower gel that had fallen outside.

The knock that Westley had heard was

the sound of the shower gel falling on the floor. He was too sensitive.

"Westley, why are you here again?" Gabrielle's hand stopped picking up the gel as she looked at him in surprise.

Westley walked over, calmly picked up the shower gel, and held it in his hand. "I'd better keep an eye on you."

'Is he implying that I am too hopeless to even take a bath by myself?'

Gabrielle's face flushed, gradually turning her neck and body crimson. Her fair skin was tinted in light rose, making her look mesmerizing under the bright light that the water reflected.

"I... I really can. Can you go out now?" Gabrielle was still not used to this situation. Turning towards the opposite direction, she tried to face her back to him.

"Gabrielle, we are still a couple. Which part of your body have I not seen?" Westley looked at her fondly. He was trying his best to silence the butterflies in his stomach. If it weren't for the fact that Gabrielle was frightened and injured, he might have lost control of himself.

Westley had always been proud of his self-control, but when he stood in front of Gabrielle, he couldn't restrain himself. Her body attracted Westley fatally, making him want to get close to her, get intimate and feel her body all over.

For a moment, Westley felt offended with himself. He was getting crazier and crazier for her. They agreed already that after this fake marriage, he would soon divorce Gabrielle.

But now, he was least interested in divorce. He truly wanted to take good care of that petite woman in front of him. 3

"Westley... Can you pass me the shower gel?" Gabrielle finally restricted herself from overthinking. Turning behind, she asked him for the shower gel.

In any way, they had already consummated their marriage. He could see her body as he had already seen it before. She was too silly and unreasonably bashful.

Besides, it was he who carried her back just now. With Westley by her side, she more or less felt relaxed.

"Westley, give me the shower gel. Westley..." Gabrielle called him twice, but he didn't reply. Her eyes found Westley's eyes locked at her. He was staring at her body without reserve.

Gabrielle felt as if he wanted to swallow her alive with his eyes. It felt so terrible.

"Westley, you should better go out and wait." Gabrielle asked him to leave, afraid that Westley would do things to her.

Westley suppressed his frenzied emotions and calmly ordered her, "Turn around. I'll rub your back."

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## Chapter 220 You Are Not A Bane

Hearing Westley's words, Gabrielle, who had just turned towards him, hurriedly turned back in the opposite direction before saying something.

"Actually, I can pretty well do it myself, Westley." It took some time for Gabrielle to finally realize what he meant by rubbing her back. He was going to wash her back. Even the mere thought of him cleaning her back made her feel embarrassed and shy.

For Gabrielle, this kind of stuff only happened between close relationships.

"Gabrielle," Westley softly called her name when his desires decreased, noticing a bruise on her clear and white back. "Does your back hurt?" The wound had splotches of blood oozing, but it was not bleeding. Gabrielle's bruise made Westley feel shocked and concerned.

'Maybe she got her back scratched from the splinters of the old wooden

headboard, or maybe from somewhere else.'

"It's a bit painful, but it's nothing serious. Maybe I was hit when I was carried out of the car. So long as there is no big wound, it is fine." Gabrielle didn't care about it.

This kind of skin trauma was never a big deal to her. It was only a little patch of skin, anyway, that got torn or bled slightly. After the swelling lessens, it would heal after scarring. It didn't matter a lot to Gabrielle at all.

"Why are you asking? Is my back wounded?" Not hearing a word from Westley, Gabrielle felt kind of anxious.

"It's bruised, although it's not very serious. I'll try my best to avoid it." At that point, Westley couldn't help admiring Gabrielle's personality.

If it were another girl, she might have cried and made a scene for a small wound, let alone such sore injury. On the contrary, Gabrielle was indifferent to it.

'Only after experiencing so many similar incidents could someone remain calm and imperturbable.'

Westley felt sorry for her, thinking that she must have suffered a lot before.

The closer he got to Gabrielle, the deeper he got to know the real her, and the more concerned he felt for her. ①

"It's okay. It's just bruised," Gabrielle hurriedly said because she was afraid, Westley would overthink.

Without uttering another word, Westley silently started rubbing her back.

He gently moved his hand, exerting just the right amount of pressure.

Gabrielle didn't expect that Westley, an aloof man's touch, could be so gentle and considerate. 'Does he also possess a gentle heart, despite his cold outer image?' ①

"Westley, you have good skills. Did you often rub back?" In just a split second, Gabrielle was filled with regret right after she asked that stupid question. Westley's hand stopped moving on her back. ②

'It was my body and face that got hurt this time, not my head. Why did I ask such an illogical question then? It is so foolish.'



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However, Gabrielle asked it as she remembered the woman named Helena. Gabrielle thought of her as the woman that Westley loved so much. The new house in Half Moon Bay was built for Helena. Gabrielle didn't know where that woman had gone.

Therefore, Gabrielle presumed that Westley had done a lot for Helena that she didn't know and couldn't imagine.

"Please, Westley, ignore it. I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have asked such a stupid question."

Gabrielle shuffled in her place, feeling greatly embarrassed.

"It indeed was a quite stupid question." Immediately after saying that, Westley stood up to leave.

Gabrielle thought that he became angry. So, she anxiously turned to look at him. "Westley, I..."

"Do you think I'm a bath attendant?" Westley's face darkened, making him look quite unhappy. ②

'A bath attendant?'