

## Chapter 197 An Avenue To Love Each Other

As soon as Gabrielle noticed that Westley had seen her, she quickly stopped looking at him in admiration. She became serious and indifferent all in one second and walked up to him unwillingly with the small bamboo basket in her hand, which contained the glass of water and towel which Miley had handed over to her.

When she got closer to him, she could see the sweat and some traces of mud on his face. But even at that, it didn't affect how handsome he looked at all. On the contrary, it added a whiff of wildness to him.

As it turned out, some men also looked charming when they were working on a farm.

'Damn it!

Stop drawing in your mind, Gabrielle. The man in front of you is not the one you have always wanted to draw, ' she



thought as she tried to reprimand herself.

"Westley, this is the water and the towel that Miley asked me to bring to you. Help yourself," she said to him bluntly. As she said this, she took a brief look at him and discovered that he was looking at her in silence with his hands crossed on top of the hoe. His deep and unfathomable eyes stared at her face.

"What do you think you are doing, Westley? Don't you understand what I'm saying? Or is it that you don't want to drink the water? If you don't, I can just take it back inside the house. Or could it be that there is something on my face?" She asked him a series of questions as she felt uneasy under his gaze.

What she hated most was that he didn't say anything but kept looking at her with a faint smile on his face. She felt that he looked very dangerous with the way he was looking.

She believed that there was something bad hidden under this particular expression on his face.

"My hands are dirty, Gabrielle. Can you please feed me?" he asked her in a low



voice.

When she heard this, she was at a loss for words. She looked at him with a very upset face. "Who is going to feed you? Don't you have hands anymore? I don't care whether you drink the water or not."

As Westley looked at his wife, he observed that she was becoming bolder with time. She could even be so daring in front of him now.

"You know very well that I'm not lying to you, Gabrielle. See, take a look at my hands. They are both covered with mud." As he said this, he dropped the hoe he was holding and showed her his dirty hands.

Gabrielle took a look at his fair, slender and bony hands, which were covered with black and yellow mud. She had thought what he promised his grandma was just a desultory response and he wouldn't do it.

After she had hesitated for a while, she took the glass out of the basket and raised it close to his mouth so that he could drink. "Drink it quickly. I still have to go to the chicken nest to pick up some



eggs."

"Did my grandma ask you to do that?" he asked her as he bent over to drink the water from the glass that she was holding.

For a moment, she was so nervous that she almost dropped the glass in her hand.

"Of course, Miley was the one who asked me to do that. She is going to make me fried eggs for dinner," she said as she tried her possible best to calm her nerves.

Westley drank up the glass of water easily and then looked at her.

"The chicken that my grandma is raising are very fierce. They would peck people. Are you sure that she told you to do that?" he reminded her calmly. Even though what he said was half true and half false.

"No, that can't be true. How can chicken peck someone?" She didn't want to believe what he had said. She had always sensed that he was deliberately trying to frighten her.





"Well, I'm just telling you the truth. It's your business, whether you choose to believe it or not," he said to her in a very relaxed tone.

Although she knew that her husband was an annoying man, she was certain that he would not cheat others. If he had said it, then what he said must be true.

'So, the chicken raised by Miley could peck people? But why didn't she tell me in advance? Was she thinking that I was a heroine who wouldn't be pecked?' she reasoned.

"What should I do, then?" Gabrielle asked as she looked at him uneasily. There was a hint of begging in her big eyes.

"Well, I can help you."

He said this in a calm and firm tone.

"Are you serious?"

She doubted his statement. How could he be so kind enough to help her?

"Of course, I'm serious. But before we go over there, you have to first help me wipe the sweat off my face. The sweat



has entered my eyes, and it's making me feel very uncomfortable," he said to her making a direct request. It was as if he was miserable.

When she heard his demand, she then understood very well that he wouldn't help her out of kindness. It was like a case of a trade by barter.

"If you don't want me to help you, just forget about it. Just hand over the towel to me and go to the chicken nest to pick up the eggs yourself. Don't blame me if you're pecked because I warned you before you decided to go there on your own." He could tell what was going on in her mind when he saw the ambivalent look on her face.

"Okay, then. Lower your head." She had chosen to wipe his face instead of being pecked by a chicken. It was far better and easier to wipe his sweat than to be pecked by stubborn chicken. ③

As soon as he heard this, he smiled in his heart and brought his face closer to her. ④

At that moment, she couldn't stand the scene as his handsome face approached her all of a sudden. When she saw how



close he was to her, it stimulated her senses. Being good-looking was a crime on its own. If the good-looking man tried to seduce someone, it would also be regarded as a crime.

"Just close your eyes tightly and I'll wipe your face clean," she said as she tried hard to adjust her mood. She shook off the messy thoughts in her mind and looked at him calmly. 3

'Come one, Gabrielle. Don't think about this.

Even though he has a good-looking face, just know that the owner of this face is a very bad man. Don't be deceived by his appearance, ' she spoke to herself inaudibly.

"Try to be gentle, Gabrielle," he reminded her as he closed his eyes obediently.

'What does he mean by saying that I should be gentle? Besides, he has been very rude to me in the past. What could he possibly do even if I decide to take the opportunity to revenge now?' she asked herself thoughtfully.

And he had the guts to specially remind



her to be gentle.

But she had made up her mind that she would not be gentle while doing this.

And for this reason, she used all her strength to wipe the sweat stains off his forehead, which made his skin a little red.

"Does it hurt, Westley?" As she did this, she felt guilty and that was why she couldn't help but ask him in a low voice. After then, she decided again to reduce the force a little.

"No, it doesn't hurt. I'm fine." Of course, he knew that she was wiping his face with great force on purpose, but he could bear the slight pain.

She had stopped wiping his face hard out of her own volition, but gently wiped his face with care.

In the setting sun, a young man and a young woman stood in the vegetable garden. The tall man stood there quietly, slightly bent and with his eyes closed. The woman wiped the sweat and stains on his face slowly. This scene was more beautiful than any fashion movie. This was because although they looked



ordinary, they were happy enough.

Next to them were the vegetables and grass, which didn't affect the two of them at all. On the contrary, it added a pop of color to them.

Miley stood by the kitchen window and looked at the scene right in front of her. She smiled with satisfaction and felt that if the two of them lived in the countryside for another ten to fifteen days, she would make sure that their relationship became better quicker.

She was certain that they would have a crush on each other. What they lacked was a resourceful grandmother who could create several opportunities for them to fall in love.

Miley felt that her grandson should have such a kind girl like Gabrielle by his side. Neither Helena nor Nellie of the Collins family was suitable enough for him. One was too strong while the other was as stubborn as a mule. They both always made endless demands to Westley, and above all, they didn't know how to love him dearly.