

Chapter 133 Unconditional Love

After Gabrielle left Westley's room, she kept smiling to herself and later joined Miley in the kitchen and told her what he had said. Soon enough, they finished cooking and were ready to serve the dishes on the dining table.

"Take the food out, Gabrielle. I've told you that your husband loves you, do you believe me now? If he doesn't love you, he wouldn't have cared about your allergy. Just see how he's avoiding fish because of you," Miley said with a smile as she handed a plate of fried beef to her.

"All right, grandma. I believe you." Gabrielle didn't want to talk about her relationship with Westley anymore. By the way, Miley was a very wise woman. Her experienced eyes could see through a person better than anyone else.

Miley knew why Westley had married her, so Gabrielle didn't want to explain it all over again.

Right now, Miley just wanted to compel

both of them to be together at all costs. This idea of hers was one-sided. No matter what happened, Gabrielle had already resolved in her heart to get a divorce immediately. Nellie came back and nothing was going to change that.

With that, Miley's wish would be declared null and void. As much as she didn't want things to end that way, she knew that Miley would be disappointed.

"It's good that you believe me now, Gabrielle."

Looking at Gabrielle warmed Miley's heart. She was just so soft and lovely. She was also very obedient which made Miley love her even more.

Unlike her grandson, Westley, who always made her annoyed, she just loved this little girl. But sad to say, the two grandsons of the Morris family always made her worried.

Wilson's wife had a very dark past. She was the leader of a gang. She was more violent and even more brutal than most men, and was not obedient at all.

Back in the day, the two sisters, Helena

and Nellie, were not simple-minded people. Miley didn't like them one bit and always made them know. Now, there was Gabrielle who brought great joy to her by just being part of the Morris family.

The love Miley had for her knew no bounds and because of this, she decided that she would find a way to make sure her stubborn grandson kept her for life.

Other than that, had it been he had married Nellie, either she would have brought chaos to the Morris family or get the Collins family involved in everything about them.

After the death of their daughter, Helena, they brought so much difficulty and anxiety to the Morris family.

In the past few years after Helena's death, Westley was constantly irritated by them. The Morris family had already returned a lot, both in cash and kind, to the Collins family. Although Miley believed that they did nothing wrong, they still danced to their tune. Even when they made an absurd request for Westley to marry Nellie, they didn't raise any objection.

Chapter 133 Unconditional Love

As luck would have it, Nellie ran away on her own. Otherwise, if she had found her way into the Morris family through marriage, Miley would have been seriously mad at her.

"Let me serve the dishes now, grandma," Gabrielle said as she quickly brought the dishes out.

She knew very well that her marriage with Westley was a sham as they were just putting up with each other and for this reason, there was no way that anyone would care about her.

As long as Westley didn't trouble her, she was perfectly fine.

And because of that, she didn't expect anything more than that from him.

She didn't want to be close to or intimate with him in any way. She just needed to be patient and wait for Nellie, his runaway bride, to come back so that he would let her go.

"Be very careful with the soup, Gabrielle, so that you don't spill it on your hands. You know it's still very hot," Miley

reminded her.

Miley knew that Gabrielle had her thoughts. Although she looked simple, Miley knew that she had a lot of things going on in her mind.

With several thoughts in her mind, Gabrielle took out the food one by one and placed them on the dining table.

When it was remaining for her to serve the soup pot, a tall figure obstructed her way. She looked up and saw Westley standing right in front of her with his hands on his waist. He had changed into grey pajamas which made him look less dignified and softer also.

"This is so heavy, Gabrielle. You don't have to carry all at once," he said to her as he took the soup pot from her hand easily and then turned around to put it on the table.

At the same time, Miley had just come out from the kitchen after washing her hands. She was very pleased to see what her grandson had done. She walked up to Gabrielle, took one of her hands in hers, and smiled sweetly at her. "Let's go and sit down, my dear," Miley said to her.

"Do you see how your husband cares so much about you? Thank goodness he finally knows how to care about people around him," Miley whispered in her ears.

Gabrielle didn't say anything but appreciated Westley's help.

'Peradventure he would help just anyone he saw that needed help. There's no big deal about it, ' Gabrielle thought to herself.

As soon as the three of them sat down, Westley filled a bowl with soup for Miley and gave it to her.

"Scoop some soup for Gabrielle also, Westley. We made the dinner together and she helped me a lot." Miley urged him to serve his wife.

Needless to say, Gabrielle didn't need him to do that for her and so she refused immediately. "No, thanks. Don't worry, I can serve myself..."

Be that as it might, he didn't listen to her, but chose to listen to his grandmother. He stood up and began to scoop some soup into a bowl for her.

"Help yourself, drink up," he said without affection as he put the bowl in front of her.

"Thank you very much!" She still had to thank him courteously.

When the old lady saw how they both got along with each other, she smiled with joy and it was very obvious.

With the way the both of them got along very well, Miley knew that she wouldn't have to worry so much about them.

"You've worked so hard today, Gabrielle. Why not have some more?" Miley picked up more food for her and put it on her plate.

"I'm ok, grandma," she said with a smile. "You were the one who cooked everything. I just helped a little, I didn't do anything serious," she remarked as she looked at Miley shyly.

"Now that you're married to Westley, you're now a daughter-in-law of the Morris family and you're entitled to anything you want. You shouldn't treat yourself miserably. If you want to eat

Chapter 133 Unconditional Love

anything, just let me know. I'll cook it for you." Miley smiled at her. She liked Gabrielle.

A few years ago, when it was raining heavily one night, Gabrielle picked her up and took her home. Ever since then, Miley became fond of the girl.

The result of the whole thing was even far better. God sent Gabrielle directly to her and made her the daughter-in-law of the Morris family. 'What could be more fulfilling than this?' Miley asked herself silently with a smile plastered on her face.

"I can do it, grandma. I'm not a picky eater," she said obediently.

Truth be told, she was not a picky eater except for the seafood that made her allergic and uncomfortable when she ate it.

The smile on Miley's face became much more obvious. "Gabrielle is a good child. I know this because a good child is not picky about food," she said as she nodded her head.

"Grandma, your evaluation standard of

Chapter 133 Unconditional Love

someone being a good child is quite low. If you can be a good child by just eating well, those prisoners in prison eat well every day. They eat whatever is provided to them without complaining. That means they're good children," Westley said coldly with darkened eyes.

Miley was pissed off by his words and glared at him in shock. "What are you talking about, Westley? All I'm saying is that Gabrielle is a good girl. Do you have to be so unfair all the time? Gabrielle is still your wife, not just a random person on the street. You can't even protect her, but you still scold her like this. Does that even sound reasonable to you?" Miley blurted out angrily.

"I didn't mean it that way, grandma. You totally misunderstood me. I was just saying that you shouldn't evaluate a person with such a low standard. It's just too low," he said calmly.

Chapter 134 Scared To Death

Miley, Gabrielle, and Westley were still at the dining table having dinner. Gabrielle could do nothing else but watch the argument between Miley and Westley. It was the first and only time that she had seen her husband like this. His dignity and coldness had been stripped off him and replaced by the appearance of a good grandson. Only Miley could have such an effect on him.

Merely looking at him, it seemed that he was more composed in front of his grandmother.

It even looked as if he was afraid of her but then, everyone knew that he wasn't afraid of her at all.

He just loved and respected her so much and didn't want her going through any hassle with him or anyone else. It was seen clearly that both of them had such a good and loving relationship.

"What's the matter, Gabrielle? You look lost," Miley queried her when she



noticed the blank expression on her face. It was as if Gabrielle was in a daze and didn't know what she was looking at.

"Oh, nothing, grandma," she said with a smile as she came back to reality. "I'm just jealous of the way you two treat each other. I've never been like this with a grandma. I'm just envious of Westley," she said in a low voice.

Miley smiled at her. "Silly girl, why should you envy this brat? Since you're married into the Morris family, I am also your grandmother. I will love you more than I love him."

"No, grandma. I don't need to steal your love for Westley. I'm sure he won't like that at all," she refused vehemently.

As soon as she heard this, Miley smiled again and replied, "Silly girl, you don't say things like that. It's not just me. Westley will love you too..."

"I didn't say anything like that," Westley quickly interrupted his grandmother.

He didn't want her to throw herself at Gabrielle and also drag him into it. That was why he quickly emphasized the fact

that he said nothing of such.

As things were right now, he finally knew why Miley was so happy when she knew that the woman he temporarily married was Gabrielle. She was so happy to the extent that she even forced the two of them to get their marriage certificate at the wedding.

Miley liked Gabrielle so much and she didn't hide it. But after he started getting along with her, he gradually saw some good things about her. This woman could always break his understanding of women by indirectly giving him a new orientation, as if there was nothing she couldn't do.

"Hey, what do you think you're talking about? Gabrielle is your legal wife and nothing can change that. Who else do you think will love and protect her if you don't? You are just an irresponsible brat, nothing more." Miley spoke and pretended to be angry as she rolled her eyes at him.

"You will, grandma. I know you will take good care of her. After all, she's your granddaughter-in-law," Westley replied to Miley in a relaxed tone and looked

away.

To this end, Gabrielle knew that the two of them were having a good time teasing each other, so she didn't care if the both of them would argue.

"I don't care what you are going to do, but you have to understand one thing. She is your wife, and you are her husband. It's your responsibility to love and protect her. You can't let anyone from outside intimidate her, do you understand?" Miley continued to teach Westley how to be a better husband to his wife.

Gabrielle didn't want to intervene. She couldn't interrupt at all, but her face was red with shyness.

Westley peered at Gabrielle quietly with cold eyes. "Well, grandma said I need to protect you. Do you need my protection?" he asked her with a sneer on his face.

At first, Gabrielle just wanted to be an onlooker and listen to the conversation between the two of them. But right now, he had succeeded in bringing her into the conversation. What was she going to do?

What answer was she going to give him now?

'What does he mean by asking me if I need his protection?' she mused quietly.

"Well, I don't think it's necessary for the time being because..."

"Grandma, did you hear that?" he asked as he gesticulated with his hands. "Your granddaughter-in-law is much stronger than you think. She doesn't need my protection at all because she can protect herself very well." He successfully shook off the blame.

Only then did she realize that this husband of hers was good at turning an issue around to favor himself.

"Well, as far as I know, you two will take this seriously. For now, hurry up and finish your meal. When you both are done, you will take Gabrielle upstairs to have a shower," Miley ordered him solemnly.

"Grandma, tonight do we..." Gabrielle paused for some seconds. "Do we sleep together?" she asked as she looked at

Miley uneasily.

Miley knew exactly what she was thinking, but she pretended not to understand and looked at her like she was clueless. "Of course, Gabrielle. You are Westley's wife. He has his room. You can ask him for whatever it is that you need."

What else could she say? Gabrielle felt that Miley clearly understood what she said, but decided not to push the matter further.

Since Miley had strategically made arrangements for both of them, she could only look up to Westley for help. But as fate would have it, he looked straightforwardly as if it had nothing to do with him. He gracefully picked up his food and ate slowly.

'How could this man be so calm in such a situation? This was all his fault. How would we sleep at night? Do we have to sleep together again?' Gabrielle asked herself a series of questions without finding appropriate answers to them.

Thinking of how Miley had drugged them before, Gabrielle felt a chill run through

her spine and looked at the food in front of her in horror.

Was there anything else in the food that she didn't know about?

'Of course not, there couldn't be, ' she thought as she shook her head. By the way, she was with Miley in the kitchen when she was cooking. Even if she wanted to add something to the food, she would have noticed it. She didn't see Miley put anything foreign in the food.

Westley looked at Gabrielle and understood why she looked horrified. She had gained a lot of wisdom from her experience. The last time they were here, Miley had put something in the food which made the both of them unable to control their passions for each other and they ended up having sex. 'Could that be what is making her afraid right now?' he asked himself silently.

Gabrielle didn't expect that Miley would do anything to hurt her. She even guessed that Miley would feel bad and unhappy if she found out what she was thinking about.

But then, everyone knew Miley for her

tactical intelligence and insight. How could Gabrielle guard against it? As far as Miley had things in her mind that she wanted to do, Westley would fall for it as his hands were tied.

"It's all right, grandma. After dinner, I'll go with Westley to his room to take a shower," Gabrielle said that to quickly end the dinner and go back to his room so that she could save her life.

Westley felt that she was too cautious which made her look so stupid.

So immediately after dinner, Gabrielle hurried back to the room with her husband.

After she entered the room, she closed the door as quickly as possible and leaned against it. She stared at the man who was also looking closely at her as he stood in front of her.

He stared straight at her face with his dark eyes. A faint smile appeared on his face.

"Why are you looking at me like that? Or is there anything smeared on my face that I don't know about?" he asked her

without affection. As he stared at her in this way, she felt a chill down her spine.

"You are so shy, Gabrielle. What are you afraid of?" he asked her in a cold voice with a hint of sarcasm in his tone. He still stared at her as if he was trying to bore holes into her face with his eyes.

She didn't understand what he was trying to say. 'What is he insinuating by uttering such a useless statement?' she pondered.

"What do you mean by that, Westley?" she asked boldly.

Before he could give her an answer, his phone rang. He took a look at the phone and walked briskly to the balcony. Before he went out, he said to her, "There are clean clothes in the wardrobe. Take a shower yourself. There are also new toiletries in the bathroom cabinet. Help yourself if you need them." As soon as he spoke these words, he went to receive his call.