

Chapter 132 Gabrielle's Complicated Background

Gabrielle was still in a daze considering what she had just discovered concerning the legal marriage between her and Westley. With all that Miley had revealed to her, it would be a blatant lie to say that she wasn't angry at all. 1

The main reason why she was angry was that she was kept in the dark about this. It was as if everyone else knew about this arrangement except for her. How could she not be angry?

But when she saw Miley's ever kind face and remembered how she spoke to her, Gabrielle decided to forgive her, although she still felt some sort of resentment towards her because she was the one who planned the whole thing right from time. 6

"Grandma, I don't blame you. Since you've explained everything to me, it's fine. Let's go and cook first," she said to Miley closing the matter. She didn't want to think about it anymore because the more she thought about it, the sadder

she felt.

Perhaps if she thought about how grandma had treated her ever since she came into the Morris family, she wouldn't feel so sad about the whole issue again.

Miley took her to the big and spacious kitchen, took out the meat from the fridge, and afterward, picked up a basket to pluck vegetables from the garden.

Westley went back to his room on the third floor and decided to take a shower. After taking a shower, he went to the balcony to make a phone call and saw Gabrielle and Miley plucking vegetables from the garden.

Miley patiently told Gabrielle how to recognize every plant and then tell her how to pluck and also cook them.

Miley taught her very carefully, and Gabrielle listened carefully as well. Under the sunlight, the two women, one old and one young were picking vegetables and chatting happily in the garden. Seeing the way his wife and grandma bonded made him softhearted.

He couldn't help but stand there and stare at Gabrielle lovingly. 19

This woman had a magic power that he couldn't help but look at her a few more times. Was it because she had a beautiful face? Her charm was very obvious to everyone around her.

"Mr. Morris, Miss Jones was sent to the orphanage when she was about half a year old. There was no information of any sort on her. She was wrapped in a very common blanket and put in a cardboard box. After that, she was placed at the gate of the orphanage one night.

At about five o'clock in the morning, the Dean heard a baby crying and went out to have a look. She saw the baby girl lying in the broken cardboard box as if she was deliberately abandoned there." Alvin told Westley, what he had found out during his investigation little by little.

This information was as good as useless.

"Haven't you found anything that can be used to trace her biological parents?" Westley asked coldly as he rubbed his forehead with his palm.

"No. Miss Jones didn't have anything with her to prove her identity. We can't find her biological parents as it is now. I've been investigating, but the information before she was sent to the orphanage seems to have been completely erased by someone. It's impossible to investigate when there are no facts. She is just like a child who fell from the sky all of a sudden,"

Alvin said uncomfortably.

With his investigative ability, he could easily find out the information of a person from birth till now within a short period.

But his wife's information about her birth was wiped clean without any trace. What was going on?

"Alvin, have you been watching too many science fiction movies? Babies falling from the sky? Then make one yourself for me so that I can believe you. " 'What kind of personal assistant is he? How could he utter such absurd words?' Westley pondered seriously. 5

"Mr. Morris, I didn't mean it that way.

What I mean is this: Miss Jones's previous information had been wiped extremely clean. It was as if someone had deliberately wanted her to disappear from this world, preventing her from finding her parents in the future. But then, maybe in a bid to protect her, her biological parents tried every means to keep her away from enemies who wanted to take her life or maybe the enemies actually stole her, but instead of killing her, they put her in an orphanage unknown to any other person, thereby making her real father and mother pained, miserable and desperate. And so because of this, they made sure that they wiped her life slate clean so that she wouldn't be reunited with her real parents." Alvin quickly explained what he had in mind so that his boss could understand his point of view.

This time, Westley thought that what he said made sense. He had thought that finding out Gabrielle's background would be pretty straightforward for Alvin but now it was clear that her background was more complex than he had imagined.

"Alvin, the blanket and the box that

wrapped Gabrielle as a baby, is it still there?" Westley asked as he twisted his eyebrows. His eyes were still fixed on Gabrielle in the garden.

'What kind of secret hides behind this little girl's identity? What could it be?' he pondered seriously.

Miley had planted many and different kinds of vegetables, so the both of them plucked a large basket full of vegetables from the garden. After that, they both left the garden and went back to the kitchen to prepare dinner.

"Mr. Morris, I have asked the Dean of the orphanage. The blanket is still there for Miss Jones, hoping that one day her family could find her. But the cardboard box is no longer available because it rained heavily the night before the Dean picked her up. The carton was wet, and the blanket was also wet. If they didn't hear baby's crying in the morning in the compound, maybe she wouldn't have made it alive to dawn," Alvin said solemnly.

He just felt that no matter what the reason was, it was very pitiful that she was abandoned at the gate of an

orphanage at such a young age and almost frozen to death by the rain. Who could be so heartless to do such a wicked thing to a baby?

"Keep the blanket, Alvin. Continue with your investigation and let me know how things turn out." Immediately Westley said that he hung up the phone.

At the same time, someone knocked on his door.

"Who is that?" he asked.

"It's me," Gabrielle replied outside the door. "Grandma asked me to come up and ask you..." Before she could finish her words, he opened the door and stood in front of her.

At that moment, she saw that he was wrapped in a towel. His collarbone, chest, and abs were all exposed.

As soon as she saw him, she subconsciously swallowed hard and then looked at him uncomfortably. The way his body looked had some kind of effect on her that she couldn't explain. "Why don't you put on your clothes? Instead of walking around in a towel."

"Actually, I just got out of my shower," he said confidently.

Does that mean that he didn't have to wear any clothes after taking a shower? 'Is there anything you want to do about it?' she asked herself silently.

She knew she had no power to make him do what he didn't want to, so she just asked casually.

"So, why are you here? What did grandma ask you to tell me?" he asked as he changed the subject.

"Well, she wanted to know if you wanted braised fish or boiled fish?" she asked as she looked at him.

At that instant, Gabrielle felt that Miley had asked her to come up and ask him the kind of fish he wanted on purpose. What Miley had in mind was already so obvious. She wanted to create several opportunities for both of them to be alone.

"Can you eat fish?" Instead of answering her question, he asked her his question.



She looked at him in surprise and wondered why he was asking her such a question. "But I'm the one asking you," she protested.

"I know, I'm not disputing that. Now I'm asking you, just answer me already." He contorted his face in a frown, showing that he was a bit pissed off by her incessant questions.

"Well, as you know, I'm allergic to seafood. Although I can eat some freshwater fish, but to prevent something serious from happening, I usually don't eat fish and shrimps," she answered honestly.

"All right, then. Go downstairs and tell Grandma that I don't want to eat fish today. Maybe some other time," he said directly. ③

"But why?" she asked in bewilderment. ①

"Just tell her that, I'm sure she will understand. I'm going to change into my clothes now and come downstairs." Then he closed the door.

Gabrielle was shut outside. But after a while, she realized that not that he

didn't want to eat fish, but he didn't want her to be allergic.

Somehow, she felt touched because he was avoiding fish because of her.

Westley was always looking cold, unfriendly, and unpredictable, but right now, this was not the case.