

Chapter 137 An Act Of Kindness

Westley had gone downstairs to have coffee while Gabrielle took her bath. He was kind enough to even give her one of his shirts to change into. Looking at Westley, Miley felt sorry for him because he had a clear distinction between love and hate. He calculated everything so clearly that he lived such a hard life.

To her, she believed that love should never be calculated but felt.

"Westley, if you didn't like Gabrielle at all, why did you choose to marry her at that time?" Miley asked him. There were so many girls in Antawood who would have gladly married him and be grateful for it.

"It's late already, grandma. You need to rest so that you can be strong enough by tomorrow morning." He didn't want to answer any of her questions as he wasn't ready for it. By the way, Gabrielle should be done with changing her clothes by now.

Thinking about it right now, he had just

a simple reason for marrying Gabrielle. Bryce, her brother, had taken Nellie away from him and for this reason, it was not a big deal for him to marry the daughter of the Jones family. 1

"Listen to me, Westley. I know you can't stop thinking about Helena after all these years, but you know she..."

"Please, grandma. It's been many years since Helena's death. Please let's not talk about this anymore. Please, grandma," he interrupted her immediately.

Everyone close to Westley knew that it took him a long time to get over Helena's death. And as a result of this, he didn't like talking about it with anyone at all.

"I know this is a very sensitive topic that you don't want to talk about, but I need you to know that she has been gone for so many years, and no one can determine when an accident can happen or when life will be lost. So do your best to love and cherish the person you have right now in your life. Do you understand?" Miley had always known him to be a smart man and she didn't need to say much about the matter at hand.

"I know, grandma. Thank you," he replied as he bowed his head slightly. Certainly, he knew what his grandmother meant.

Even though it was an accident from other people's perspectives, he couldn't get over it just like that. He kept thinking about it for a very long time.

"I know you got married to Gabrielle because of me, Westley. If you know you don't like her, please don't make her pay the cost for you. She is not the reason for your pain. She is a good wife and will also make a good mother. I do like her." As soon as Miley said this, she turned around and went into her room. ①

Westley still leaned against the bar counter and drank his coffee absentmindedly. He drank two cups and went upstairs with one more cup.

When he pushed open the door to the bedroom, he discovered that Gabrielle had changed her clothes and had also washed all the dirty clothes including the ones he had just changed. She was busy hanging what she had washed on the balcony so that the night wind could dry

them up.

She had to squeeze the clothes hard to get rid of the excess water in them so that they could dry faster before carefully placing them on the hanger. From Westley's point of view, it seemed like she did this quite often.

He just stared at her and didn't want to disturb what she was doing. He just stood and watched her quietly and saw how she was trying to dry the clothes on the balcony.

As he watched her, he felt moved and warm in his heart. The words his grandmother told him flashed into his mind, "she is a good wife and will also make a good mother". These days, there were very few women who could be as diligent and as dutiful as his wife.

Growing up, there were servants in the Morris family and Westley had been constantly served by them. For this reason, he had never washed clothes before, since there were several hands to do it.

Even if he was here, his clothes would have been collected for dry-cleaning by

someone; he didn't need to do it by himself.

Gabrielle was a strong woman and this showed in the way she carried herself. There was nothing that she couldn't do.

This girl could survive anywhere it was she found herself, even in the wilderness.

He couldn't help but wonder the kind of life she had lived while she was with the Jones family. Though she was an adopted daughter, it seemed like she lived worse than a servant.

As soon as this thought came to his mind, his brows furrowed in a frown. This clearly showed that he was not in a good mood.

She was so focused on the work that she was doing that she didn't hear when the door opened and he came in. All of a sudden, she just felt that someone was staring at her. As if on impulse, she turned around and saw Westley standing there, looking at her.

When she saw him looking at her like that, she became nonplussed. At first,

Chapter 137 An Act Of Kindness

she just wanted to wash her clothes, but when she saw the clothes that he had just changed in the basket, she decided to wash them all.

This was the only way she felt she could express her thanks to him for lending her a shirt to wear for the night. She just wanted to do something for him to make herself feel better. She didn't want him to look at her like someone who liked receiving without giving in return also.

"Oh, Westley, you're back. I... I can explain it to you," she stuttered as she looked down on the underwear that she was holding.

Obviously, it belonged to him.

She felt so embarrassed that she didn't know what to do. She was at a loss. It wasn't just underwear, but a big bag full of problems.

To her, she felt it was not a big deal to help him wash his trousers and shirts. By the way, she had worn one of his shirts and so it wasn't strange to wash another one of his.

However, before she washed the boxers,

she hesitated for quite a long time before she finally decided to help him wash them.

This was the first time in her whole life that she helped a man wash his boxers and this particular one belonged to her husband.

Now that she was hanging the clothes on the balcony, she had been caught red-handed by him. As she felt guilty, she thought that this man must be disgusted by her because she touched his things.

If she had known about this earlier, she would have done her best to resist the urge to help him wash his clothes, especially his underwear. At most, she would have just washed his trousers and shirts only.

"Honestly, I never expected you to be so happy doing housework. You can come into the bedroom when you're done hanging the clothes," he said and walked straight to the sofa in the room and sat down, and then he watched her as she hung the remaining clothes.

Before now, she had helped to wash clothes and also dry them in both the

Jones family and also at Sloane's. But right now, she was so edgy and agitated. Westley's eyes were like a thorn in her flesh which made her unable to calm down.

Since she was edgy, she couldn't hang the clothes anymore. She stood there on her toes with her bare feet, which drew his attention.

When he saw that she was struggling to hang up his boxers, he couldn't just stay there and do nothing to help her. He stood up, walked over to her side and took the underwear from her, and hung them easily.

"Why are you here, Westley? I could have hung it myself," she said to him in confusion as she stared at her husband in front of her.

"So if I didn't come to help you, you would have held it for the whole night on your toes, right? Is that how much you like my underwear? I could give you more if you want. Do you want more?" he asked her with a smirk on his face. Her face became red with anger. 6

What he said made her so angry. 'Why

couldn't he choose his words carefully instead of always talking trash?' she asked herself silently.

If there was anything that she knew, it was not liking his underwear. 'Who would like such ugly boxers anyway,' she thought to herself.

Besides, she was not a pervert.

"I don't like your boxers, Westley. By the way, there's nothing to like about it," she remarked and was about to pass him and enter the room.

She washed his clothes out of kindness, but this damn man was hell-bent on insulting her all the time. She just couldn't take it.

She would make sure that she never washed anything for him in the future. 'What rubbish!' she thought silently as she gritted her teeth.

He quickly grabbed her hand to prevent her from moving any further. "Why are you always in such a hurry? We are not done talking," he said to her.

"We have nothing to talk about. Just let

me go." She frowned at him and tried to get rid of his hand on her, but she found out that she was unable to do so because he was much stronger than she was.

"You said you don't like my clothes, but you still helped me to wash them. That's so contradictory if you ask me, don't you think?" His low and relaxed voice made her body tremble a little bit.