

Chapter 221 Becoming More Stupid

Gabrielle thought of herself as a bane disliked by her biological parents, but Remy had said the opposite. His word made her a blessing, which surprised her. Her gaze diverted towards Westley with expectation.

"What about you, Westley? Don't you think I would harm you like a bane?" What Gabrielle fancied was that Westley would say the same thing.

"Remy is a doctor, not a liar. You can trust, at least, most of his words," Westley calmly said, but he coldly looked at Remy's face.

'Remy is becoming more and more talkative lately.

Why does he not see the warning in my eyes?' Remy didn't want to talk to Westley anymore. He turned to Gabrielle and continued her treatment. "Gabby, are there any wounds on your body or, does it hurt somewhere? Lift your clothes and

let me have a look..."

"You don't need to worry about the wounds on her body. Give the ointment to me. I can handle it." Before Remy could finish his words, Westley interrupted him curtly.

Remy and Gabrielle both looked at him, shocked at his abruptness. "Westley, what is wrong with you? Oh, I remember, when I treat the patient, the family members should leave. You should go out, first, then I'll treat Gabby."

"You are the one who should leave, Remy. How can you even think of looking at Gabrielle's body? I told you that the injury on her back is not serious. So, you don't have to apply ointment for her when I can do it. Just give it to me." Westley didn't have a good temper and drove him straight away.

Initially, Remy had no intentions to check Gabrielle's wound on her body, thinking that, maybe, it was not serious. He just provoked Westley on purpose.

"Gabby, is the injury on your body serious? I'm afraid that I will be called a quack if I failed to help you recover from it," Remy specially asked Gabrielle again,

completely ignoring Westley.

His words amused Gabrielle. "I'm fine, Dr. Remy. I just got some scratches, nothing more to worry about."

"Okay, I should be off then. Let me know if you need anything." Finally, Remy gave the ointment to Westley.

"Remember, gently apply it with your fingertips. Spread the ointment evenly and massage in lighter motion for better absorption." After explaining to Westley, Remy left shortly.

Westley stood there, quietly gazing at Gabrielle's face with the ointment in his hand. His silent stare was enough to make Gabrielle feel a little flustered but scared.

Gabrielle hesitated for a while before explaining, "Westley, don't think too much about it. Dr. Remy is a doctor. He sees no gender, but only patients."

"Trying to take his side?" Westley had already sat down beside her.

His words made Gabrielle think that he would be angry, but judging from his tone, he didn't sound much offended.

Gabrielle felt relieved. "I am not speaking for him. I just..."

"Lift your clothes. Or, do you want me to take them off for you?" Westley asked, cutting her sentence, staring at her back.

Gabrielle was wearing a two-piece home-wear, and her injury was just under her shoulder. It was inconvenient for her to move her arm and lift her shirt up. So she just took it off. There was still a vest under it.

Westley watched her take it off. Noticing the red marks on her back, Westley was enraged so much that he wanted to slice those two men.

"It will hurt a little. Just bear it." He squeezed out the ointment on his fingertips and gently applied it to her wound.

The anti-inflammatory drug didn't hurt much. Gabrielle felt a little bit cool, making her more comfortable.

She had learned her lesson by asking him about his rubbing skills. So, Gabrielle didn't dare ask, just because he was skillful, that had he applied ointment

before for other people too?

Despite the fact that Westley's touch was insanely calming, Gabrielle didn't want him to be too nice to her since she was afraid she would get addicted to it. Gabrielle was aware that if someone was kind to her, she naturally wanted more from them, even though she knew she shouldn't.

"Well, it's okay. I'm not afraid of pain. Plus, I am not so delicate," Gabrielle seriously replied.

"I can see." Westley was earnest. The two slaps from Estelle must be heavy, but when he arrived, he didn't see Gabrielle cry out of pain.

Gabrielle didn't speak more, and neither did Westley. The room fell into a comforting silence.

In the past, Gabrielle hated to be alone with him. But now, she felt nice, silently staying together with him.

After a while, Westley stopped rubbing his hand at her wound. He covered the ointment and put it on the table.

"I have finished applying it. Get dressed

and have some rest on the bed. I am going to check if the dinner is ready or not."

Westley stood up to leave the room.

"Well, I don't want to eat anything right now. I don't feel much hungry. It doesn't matter if it's late. And, by the way, thank you for helping me with the ointment." On the contrary, Gabrielle felt uncomfortable.

The gentler Westley was to her, the more scared she felt. Because Gabrielle was worried, she wouldn't be able to hold herself back from falling in love with him. It was fatal for her to fall in love with someone she shouldn't love and receive kindness from people she shouldn't be close to.

"Go back to bed and get some rest. I hope you don't want me to carry you to bed, do you?" Raising an eyebrow, Westley stared at her swollen face, worrying about her. 'Will she be fine?'

Estelle's two wild slaps could have damaged Gabrielle's face.

"No need, I can go by myself." Gabrielle hurried towards the bed to rest, afraid

that Westley would carry her without even a warning.

Westley left after she cuddled up on the bed. When he came downstairs, he saw Remy drinking coffee in front of the French windows. Although Remy seldom smoked, coffee was his addiction.

"How's it? Have you finished applying the ointment on Gabby? Is her wound not severe?" Without even looking behind him, Remy was aware that Westley was coming.

"It's just a little bruise. Not too serious. I've applied the ointment and asked Gabrielle to rest." Standing next to him, Westley also raised his head and looked out of the glass window. It was a small yard in Half Moon Bay. A month ago, it was full of weeds. Now, it looked like a beautiful little garden.

"This place really needed a hostess. After she came here, everything has changed. This house felt much more vibrant than your luxurious and spacious Vineyard Villa, and it's comfortable to live here too. No wonder Gabby wants to stay," Remy wasn't wrong when he stated that.

Half Moon Bay was not as big as

Vineyard Villa. Nevertheless, the garden and interior decorations of Half Moon Bay made it a livable small home.

After Gabrielle took care of it, Half Moon Bay had become completely different now.

"Sometimes, only personal care can give life to things. I can already feel that the flowers and plants that Gabby had planted will be more lively and beautiful." Remy smiled.

"I think it's useless to praise Gabrielle when she's not around." Westley wasn't very pleased to listen to Remy continuously praise Gabrielle. Neither did he want to hear him talk about her anymore.

"I was just telling you that you have a good wife. If you don't want to hear it, then forget about it." Ignoring Westley's anger, Remy waved his hand and took a sip from his cup of coffee.

"There's a thing to coffee beans. The same beans brewed by different people taste differently. When Gabby made it last time, it tasted much better. My skills are far from hers." Continuing to praise Gabrielle, Remy kind of disliked the

coffee he made.

"What do you mean?" Westley vaguely heard, unable to tell something.

"What I mean is very simple. Gabby made the delicious coffee I talked about. She's so good she could be a barista. I remember that you were offered a cup of coffee. Didn't you drink it?" Remy curiously looked at Westley's face.

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Westley didn't say anything. He just indifferently glanced at Remy. 'Remy asked Gabrielle freely to make him coffee. Does he take Gabrielle as a servant?'

"Of course, I didn't say anything. Next time, I'll ask Gabby to brew for you too. And I bet you, once you taste it, you won't want to drink anyone else's coffee. " Remy certainly saw the warning in Westley's eyes, but he didn't get bothered by it. Gabrielle's coffee was the best in taste, and that was a fact. ②

It was Westley's fault for not realizing he had such a skilled wife. ①

"But, what happened to Gabby this time? How did she get hurt?" Remy changed the topic, wanting to know how Gabrielle ended up in such a condition.

Westley looked at the darkness out of the window. The darkness on his face matched the shadow outside. His serious

expressions indicated his bad mood.

"Does it have anything to do with Holly?" Remy tried to guess.

Holly's hostility towards Gabrielle made Remy think this way. Otherwise, he wouldn't have thought randomly about Holly being the cause of all of this.

"It has nothing to do with Holly. It was Estelle from the Johnson family." Westley's voice was so cold that every word could send shivers.

"That swanky lady from the Johnson family? How did she become an enemy of Gabby? She has badly hurt Gabby. It was insane. Sure enough, it is hard to bear the results once a woman becomes heartless." Remy had heard about Estelle.

After all, she was the daughter of the Davis family, and people from the upper class were not strangers to each other. So naturally, there were some gossips that even though Remy didn't want to hear, he still occasionally heard. 4

Remy remembered Estelle, but his impression of her was already quite negative. And the fact that she injured Gabrielle grievously worsened Estelle's

opinion in his eyes.

"Don't tell me it's your fault again? Recently, you are really favored by ladies. But, pitifully, they are all unwanted suitors." A faint smile appeared on Remy's face. ①

"What the hell, Remy. Don't think ridiculous." Westley sighed. "It's a long story to be summed up. But for you to know, Estelle likes Benny. Westley was unwilling to say anything else.

As for the grudge between Gabrielle and Estelle, Sloane and Benny were involved as well. Westley could only explain everything clearly, after mentioning all the partakers.

It was a long and complicated matter, difficult to be explained clearly in a short time. ①

It wasn't easy for Westley to say anything.

"Well, it's a good thing it didn't happen because of you. Anyway, what are you going to do now?" Remy understood that Westley didn't say much, not because he was unwilling to, but because it was too complicated to explain quickly.

"Since the Johnson family are seeking their destruction, I'll satisfy them." Although Westley's voice was very calm, Remy knew that the more indifferent he sounded, the more frightening he was. When Westley became enraged and firm, he would never give the enemy a chance to rest or breathe freely.

"Westley, you will surely have my support here. They must taste the consequences of bullying Gabby. How could Estelle even dare bully someone like that?" Remy was furious too.

The two slaps on Gabrielle's face were enough to make anyone angry, let alone Westley. Physically, it was his wife whom Estelle had slapped, but actually, he felt it on his face.

Westley was regretful for being too merciful to the Johnson family, which made Estelle dare to take such a step.

"Will the swelling on Gabrielle's face subside in a day or two?" Westley asked Remy thoughtfully.

"It should. But, why are you concerned?" After saying that, it suddenly clicked, and Remy understood the reason for

Westley's concern.

"I get it. Kylo's birthday party is on the day after tomorrow, and Gabby will surely attend it. So, you will have to accompany her. Are you going to the public as his grandson-in-law? Kylo enjoyed boisterous and exciting events. He holds grand birthday parties every year and invites many people. He said that because he's old now, he should enjoy life to the fullest. I like this mentality. And I guess the Davis family also got the invitation," Remy said comfortably.

"Who said that I am going there as his grandson-in-law? I won't mix up with Gabrielle." Westley immediately differentiated himself from Gabrielle. ①

'Well, how arrogant he is! ④

Now that he gets along well with Gabrielle, why did he deliberately clarify their relationship there? What's the whole point in it?' Remy thought to himself. ①

"In any way, you can do whatever you want as long as you stay happy." Remy didn't care about what Westley was thinking. 'This man always put on a

show.

He won't die if he admits it for once, would he?'

"I asked you how to reduce swelling quicker. What nonsense have you started talking about?" Westley was annoyed. 'Why is it so tiring to talk to Remy and keep him on one point?'

"I gave Gabby the best anti-inflammatory ointment, Westley. If you want to reduce the swelling faster, you can apply ice to her face. It should work." Remy didn't have any other remedies for helping Gabrielle.

But, if the swelling didn't go down the day after tomorrow, it would be annoying to go to Kylo's birthday party with two red palm prints on her face.

"Well, if there is nothing else, then you can go." Westley bluntly asked him to leave.

Remy parted his lips. He was heartbroken. "You, ungrateful man!"

Ignoring him, Westley went straight to the kitchen to get some ice cubes from the fridge.

"Mr. Morris, is Miss Jones okay now?" Sophie, who was in the kitchen, looked at Westley's movements. "Are you going to put ice on her face? I'll get you a towel because directly applying ice can freeze her face." Sophie fetched a clean towel and put all the ice cubes on it.

After Westley returned to his room with ice wrapped in a towel, he found Gabrielle sound asleep on her side. She was clenching onto the corner of the quilt, restlessly sleeping, as if she was scared and insecure.

Watching Gabrielle in a state like this, he didn't want to wake her up for icing her face. He put the ice-wrapped towel aside.

"No, don't come closer..."

"It hurts..."

Even while sleeping, Gabrielle couldn't rest well. She had nightmares. She was crying out of horror and frowned as if she was in pain.

Westley walked to her bedside and sat down. He reached out and gently caressed Gabrielle's eyebrows, trying to relax them.

Westley was clearly aware of one thing that intense shock led to sleeplessness. And even if Gabrielle would succeed in falling asleep, she would definitely have recurrent nightmares resulting from stress, anxiety, and overthinking.

So, Westley could understand Gabrielle's state.

If he wouldn't have arrived on time, the scissors would have stabbed her body. Westley even dreaded imagining it, not to mention if it really had happened. ⑥

"Gabrielle, don't be afraid." ③