

## Chapter 225 Changing For Her

Carefully rubbing ice on her face two more times, Westley felt that the swelling had subsided somewhat. He couldn't tell if it was the effect of his own heart.

"Well, it's finished, Gabrielle." Moving his hand away from her face, Westley also quickly diverted his eyes.

"Really? Is it done already?" Gabrielle asked him again with uncertainty.

"Yes, all done." Westley drew his eyes back to take another glimpse of her lovely face again.

The moment he looked at her, Gabrielle suddenly opened her eyes. A pair of bright black eyes looked straight into Westley's eyes.

When they looked at each other, even the air froze with their locked gazes. Gabrielle ducked shyly. Her ears turned red in an instant.

"Thank you, Westley. I..." Gabrielle had just started when her growling stomach interrupted her.

Being hungry made her stomach rumble. But what was more awkward was that it sounded loudly in front of Westley.

'Oh, God! It's so humiliating!' Gabrielle could feel that she always made a fool of herself when Westley was at sight. She was too shameful to face him anymore.

"Are you hungry?" Westley couldn't stop the chuckle that left his mouth, noticing her embarrassed look.

"Uhh... Yes, I'm hungry. Is breakfast ready?" Slowly getting out of embarrassment, Gabrielle looked up at him expectantly.

After all, she was beaten up yesterday afternoon, and she hadn't eaten since then. She was starving so much that she wouldn't mind eating a whole horse.

Under her gaze, Westley was a little startled. He slowly spoke, "Sophie has already finished making breakfast."

Gabrielle had checked the time on her phone before. It was eight o'clock when

she got up. 'Now, it should be around nine o'clock.'

"Have you had breakfast?" Gabrielle subconsciously glanced at Westley.

"I was too busy to eat. Get changed and come downstairs for breakfast." Westley didn't say anything more and went downstairs with that towel in his hand.

Without further delay, Gabrielle quickly got dressed and went downstairs.

Westley was quietly sitting in front of the table while Sophie served the breakfast. He kept looking at his phone, downing a cup of coffee.

Smelling the food, Gabrielle couldn't wait any longer. She ran over quickly, and while sitting down, she almost stumbled, bumping in the table. Shocked by her reaction, Westley spilled some coffee. He slowly put the cup down.

"Mr. Morris, are you okay?" Sophie hurried to wipe the table with a towel.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Morris. I alarmed you." Gabrielle looked at Westley with embarrassment. 'He must have been shocked by my clumsy behavior.'

Now, she was pretty sure that Westley must be thinking of her as a timid and stupid woman.

"Be careful next time. You are the one who will feel awkward if you fall in the dining room, not me." Picking up the cup again, Westley took a sip.

"Okay, I'll be careful next time." Gabrielle didn't wait to pick up a steamed bun and stuffing it into her mouth.

The steamed buns had a thin wrapping with a delicious aroma and juicy meat stuffing. They were delicious. Gabrielle ate three in a row, then only stopped for a second before picking up the fourth one.

"Gabrielle, no one will take them away from you. Don't act as if you're a refugee." Westley slightly knitted his eyebrows, not because Gabrielle gobbled the steam buns but because he was afraid that she would choke.

"Well, I... Hiccup!"

As expected, Gabrielle choked on her food. For a moment, Westley thought that he could be a fortuneteller.

"Here, have some water. You ate so fast and then stupidly choked." Westley handed her a glass of water, smiling inwardly at her clumsy acts.

Gabrielle didn't care a lot about choking. She took the glass of water from Westley and gulped it down, swallowing the bun stuck in her throat. She couldn't be more embarrassed in front of him.

"Thank you. I was starving too much. I'll eat slowly now." Gabrielle obediently nodded and slowly ate the bun.

"Doesn't your face hurt from chewing?" Westley became worried, looking at her cheek.

"Yes, it hurts a bit. But I'm too hungry. So, I'll satisfy my stomach first, and then my face," Gabrielle answered honestly, chewing on her steam bun.

"Miss Jones, are you okay?" Westley's question made Sophie remember what happened yesterday. Concern was written all over her face when she asked Gabrielle.

After all, Sophie was quite frightened when she saw that Gabrielle was carried

back by Westley yesterday.

She could feel that Gabrielle was seriously injured. Now, even though Gabrielle's face was a little swollen and red, Sophie could see that Gabrielle had recovered a lot, which made her feel relieved.

"I'm fine, Sophie. Sorry for scaring you yesterday." Gabrielle felt guilty.

"Don't be sorry, Miss Jones, as long as you are fine. I was scared for what happened yesterday, worrying that what if your wound was too bad. I am relieved, now, that you have recovered." Sophie smiled at Gabrielle.

"Thanks for your concern, Sophie, but I'm fine. There are just small bruises on my body. And my red and swollen face will get healed soon, too, so don't worry. I'm strong like an insect that can't be killed." Gabrielle smiled back at Sophie.

Her smile was as bright as the sunshine in early spring, gentle and soft but warm.

"Sophie, please give me another cup of hot coffee. This one has gotten cold." Westley interrupted their conversation timely.

'Can Gabrielle be more reckless? What nonsense about an insect that can't be killed? How can she compare herself to an insect?'

"Okay, Mr. Morris."

"Hold on, Sophie." Gabrielle stopped Sophie and turned to look at Westley. "Mr. Morris, it's not good for your stomach to drink so much coffee in the morning. Would you like some milk? It will be better."

"Miss Jones, our Mr. Morris..." Sophie started telling Gabrielle that Westley didn't drink milk.

But, before she could finish her words, Westley said flatly, interrupting and startling her. "Sophie, bring me a cup of hot milk with sugar." ③

"Sophie, what were you saying?" Gabrielle wasn't thoroughly curious to know when she asked Sophie.

Glancing at Westley, Sophie smiled kindly. "Miss Jones, I was saying that Mr. Morris prefers milk but with sugar."

'Mr. Morris didn't drink milk since he was a child. He would be pissed off if

anyone asked him to drink milk, ' Sophie thought and smiled inwardly.

'Miss Jones probably doesn't know that her opinion has changed one of Mr. Morris's habits. It is quite impressive. Maybe, she didn't realize it herself.'

"Oh, I also like to add a lot of sugar. Otherwise, the pure milk smells so unpleasant. We can switch to soybean milk in the future. Westley, what do you think?" Gabrielle didn't notice the uneasy but happy look on Sophie's face when she casually asked Westley. 1

'Mr. Morris has really changed a lot for Miss Jones.' Sophie couldn't stop her thoughts.

"Well, it's better than the pure milk." Westley could barely accept the smell of soybean milk. Still, it was better than the obnoxious smell of pure milk for him.

"Okay, let's drink Soybean milk for breakfast, starting from tomorrow. Sophie, we can change to soybean milk for breakfast, right?" Gabrielle gently looked at Sophie.

"Of course, you can, Miss Jones. You are the madam of the family. You can tell



me what you want to eat in the future. I will humbly prepare it for you." Sophie smiled. Then she went back to the kitchen to warm the milk for Westley.

## Chapter 226 You Are The Madam Of The Family

Gabrielle didn't realize what Sophie meant by saying 'You are the madam of the family.'

After all, she had never been treated nicely. The statement made her feel a little insecure.

In the Jones family, she didn't have much power to express her personal preferences because she didn't want Wendy and others to think that she was too picky. If that happened, they'd disliked her more. With the exception of seafood, she ate whatever was prepared for her.

She didn't ask for favors either. Her principle was to avoid making trouble for others.

"Gabrielle, just let Sophie know what you want to eat in the future. You have the right to make requests in this house. If you don't like it, you don't have to force yourself to eat it." Noticing the conflicted

expression on her face, Westley guessed what she was thinking.

Gabrielle stared at him in surprise and disbelief. "Really?"

"Of course. If you can't even choose what you want, what's the point of being my wife?" Westley frowned.

"I'm not your real wife anyway, ," Gabrielle murmured.

"What did you say?" Westley heard something, but Gabrielle's voice was too low for him to catch it.

"Oh, nothing. I just want to say that since you like coffee so much, I can make it for you next time." Gabrielle offered. "Dr. Remy has tried the coffee I made and he liked it, and our colleagues in studio also said it was delicious."

Gabrielle wasn't boasting. She was just telling the truth.

Westley recalled that Remy said the same thing. They used the same coffee beans and the same machine, but Gabrielle's was more delicious.

But when he heard that she has made

coffee for Remy and her colleagues in the studio, Westley was a little unhappy.

Was Gabrielle going to be an intern or a barista?

"I thought you work in the jewelry designer's studio as an intern. Why did you make coffee for others? Do you want to be a jewelry designer or an errand girl?"

Westley asked coldly.

Hearing this, Gabrielle was stunned. Then, she realized that she had gone too far, so she explained herself calmly. "I just wanted to help when I was free. I'm really confident about making coffee, so I made it for my colleagues. My biggest dream is to be a jewelry designer!"

"Well, then work hard. If you don't want to stay in Jason's small studio, I can hire top jewelry designers in the world to teach you..." ①

"Oh, no, no, no. I'm fine. I'm sure I can learn a lot from Jason. I'm still a newbie in jewelry design field, and I need more time to study hard to enrich myself." Gabrielle started to panic. "Even if you hire a top jewelry designer to teach me, I

don't deserve it. I don't have the abilities to be their apprentice."

Every fresh jewelry designer had the dream to become the top jewelry designer in the world, including Gabrielle.

However, she was more motivated to improve herself. She would study with a top jewelry designer when she was qualified enough, only then she would deserve the honor.

She didn't have the guts to do that now.

"Why are you such a coward?" Westley commented.

It was a light-hearted comment, but he understood. This woman would never blindly ask for something she couldn't take control of. He liked her for being determined and down-to-earth, always willing to learn from the grassroots.

In today's impulsive society, few young people were as calm and steady as her.

"I'm not a coward. I just know myself well." Gabrielle pouted.

Westley was such a mean man. How was

she a coward? That wasn't the case at all. But Gabrielle would admit that she did get a little bit nervous in front of Westley.

"When you go back to the studio, don't make coffee for them anymore. If I catch you doing it one more time, I won't ever let you set foot in that place again. Westley eyed her seriously. 2

This was not a negotiation but an order.

Jason was Austin's cousin and he would frequently visit. Westley was worried that he had no reason to ask Gabrielle to leave the studio, but now he had one.

"You... you're so unreasonable! As a new member, I'm just trying--"

"Gabrielle, I'm not discussing with you. What I say is final." Westley narrowed his eyes.

Sophie came over with hot milk. Noticing the tension in the air, she immediately set the cup down. "Mr. Morris, I added two spoons of sugar in it. Try it and see if it's sweet enough."

Westley lifted the cup and took a sip. He frowned, not because of the taste, but

because it still smelled unpleasant.

"Okay, it's fine."

Gabrielle ignored him and continued to eat her breakfast.

Westley didn't think he was wrong. He pictured Gabrielle to be an easy-going and friendly person at work. Everyone would ask her for help when they had trifles. She'd make coffee for them if they asked. Why couldn't people just order coffee take-outs nowadays?

He was only thinking of her, but Gabrielle was a little upset about it. It was really unreasonable.

"Drink it." Westley pushed the cup towards Gabrielle.

"Ah, why should I help you to finish it? I don't want to drink it." Gabrielle took a look at the drink and refused directly. She was still angry. This man said something wrong, but he didn't even apologize. He was such a bully.

"Sophie gave me a lot, I can't drink it all. You suggested I drink some milk, so let's share," Westley reminded. "Don't waste food, Gabrielle. Money doesn't grow on

trees."

"I won't..."

"Sophie, watch after her, alright? Take care of her wounds, too. I'm off to work." Regardless of Gabrielle's protests, Westley stood up and left the dining room.

'Damn it! He left on purpose!'

She hadn't even finished her own glass of milk yet.

As Westley confidently walked down the stairs, Gabrielle shouted at him angrily, "Westley, you're going too far!"

Westley just glanced at her quietly. "Sophie, watch her finish her meal. If she doesn't finish all of it, you can go back to the Morris Mansion."

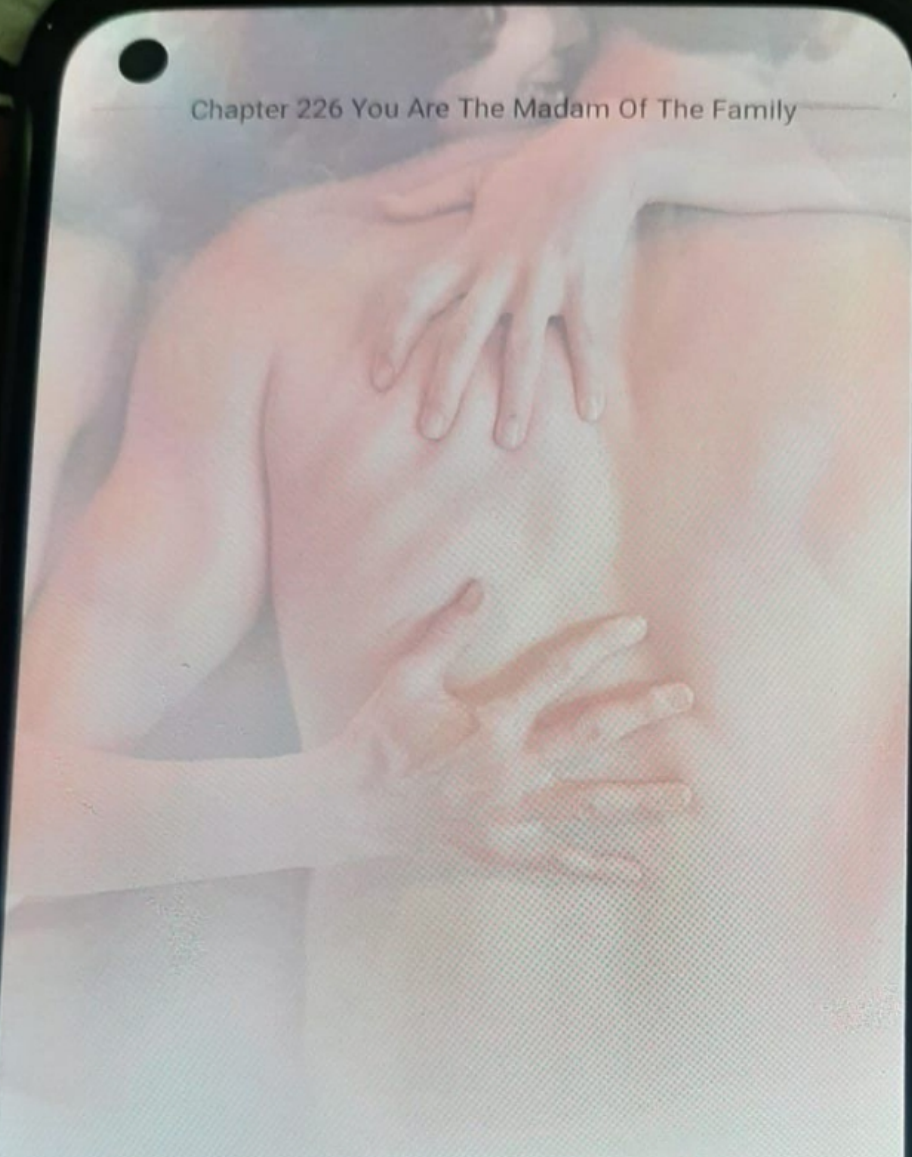
"Okay, Mr. Morris. Be careful on the road." Sophie nodded.

Flames of anger grew in Gabrielle's heart as she watched Westley drive away.

"Sophie, don't you think Westley has gone too far? How could he treat an injured patient like this?" Gabrielle looked at Sophie with resentment.



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