



Chapter 188: There's Something About Doris

Once they were alone, Westley examined Doris from head to toe. "Are you sure that you're okay?" he asked.

"I'm fine," Doris replied. "I think that I'd like to go for a walk, though."

Westley took her hand into his own. He smiled tenderly and said that he would join her, but she pushed him away. He frowned and asked, "Why did you do that?"

"I want to be alone," she replied.

"But it's not safe."

"I don't care. This villa feels like a prison, and it's not like I'm any safer in here than I would be out there, as today has shown us."

"Why do you feel like this place is a prison?"

Doris sighed and wordlessly turned away. She had thought that once she was a permanent resident of the villa, everything would be fine. After Helen and Elma moved in, though, everything changed, and now that there was Crystal to contend with - not to mention the death traps - she felt overwhelmed. And if she couldn't leave, then was the villa any better than a Hellish prison? She didn't think so.

Doris opened her mouth, and she was just about to explain all of this to Westley, but then the doctor interrupted them. He gave her a full examination, and then he said, "Other than the scrapes on your knees, it looks like you are fine. Young lady, I hope you know how lucky you are." Doris nodded sheepishly. She knew that things could have ended much worse for her, but she didn't feel lucky.

Meanwhile, Helen and Crystal were sitting at the dining room table, and servants were standing all around them. The two girls were like old friends who had reunited after being apart for a long time. They were holding each other's hands, gossiping, laughing, and whispering.

"I know a brilliant Chinese doctor," Crystal was saying. "I can ask him to look at your eyes. He is also a licensed acupuncturist, and he is famous for his skills. He even fixed my mother's lumbar disc, so she didn't need to have surgery."

"Really? That's great! Thank you, Crystal."

Hellen touched Crystal's arm and said, "You are such a good friend. But let's talk about something else..."

Crystal smiled and nodded. "Can you feel the baby moving yet?" she asked.

"Not yet. The fetus is only a month old..."

"What will the baby call me?"

"Aunt, of course! Aunt Crystal!"

Crystal pursed her lips, smiled, and said, "I like that."

"Do you truly believe that I will get Westley in the end?" Helen wondered. "I love him, but he barely knows I exist."

"I don't know," Crystal admitted. "It is impossible to guess who he'll choose, but it's hard for me to imagine him choosing Doris."

"I don't know about that. Hellen sighed and said, "There's something about Doris that only men can see. Even Eric, who is typically difficult to deal with, fell in love with her at first sight. I don't get it..."

Crystal covered her mouth, nodded in the direction of the hallway, and whispered, "Speak of the devil..."

Helen turned, and they watched as Westley and Doris emerged. The couple came into the dining room, and much to the girls' surprise, Westley put Doris at the head of the table. Typically, the seat was reserved for him, and by putting Doris there, he confirmed her status as the *Queen of the Castle*.

I should report this to my Grandfather - thought Crystal - Not only is this man crazy, but he is acting like he's on drugs. She gave Westley a dirty look, but he either didn't notice, or he didn't care.

Wesley sat down next to Doris and spread a napkin on her lap. "What do you want to eat?" he asked her.

"I want to eat the noodles that you sometimes make," Doris replied. As she was saying this, she noticed Crystal watching them, but she wasn't concerned.

She didn't know what Crystal's relationship with Wesley was, but she did not recognize her as a rival. After all, if she were a rival, she would not be a friend of Hellen.

When Crystal saw that Wesley was about to stand up and make noodles for Doris, she chuckled. "Do you even know how to make noodles?" she asked. "Why don't we make them together?"

Doris' face sank, and she grabbed Westley's arm. "I don't want to eat now," she said.

Wesley sighed and said, "I will ask the maid to prepare the noodles." He knew why she had changed her mind. She wanted him to make the noodles, and she wanted them all to herself.

Crystal looked at Doris and asked, "When do you want to eat?"

Doris's cheeks turned pink. She didn't know how to answer the question. Luckily, Westley spoke up for her. He scowled at Crystal and said, "You are too nosey."

"That is because I'm jealous on Hellen's behalf," Crystal explained. "I didn't expect that you would put your mistress above the mother of your child..."

"I don't need this," Westley hissed. "And neither does Doris." He nodded to one of his bodyguards and said, "Get Miss Laurent out of here."

"Are you trying to drive me away?" Crystal whined.

"I'm surprised that you can't figure it out for yourself!" Westley hissed. "If you can't keep quiet, then there is no place for you at this table. If you want to eat, you need to stop talking."