

Chapter 593 Her Husband

Star was so exhausted that he fell asleep after Gabrielle and Westley had talked to him.

They knew that the boy needed to sleep and rest some more after his ordeal. Gabrielle kissed him on the forehead before they left him in the room.

"Star," Gabrielle whispered in his ears, "Mommy and Daddy are going now. We will come back tomorrow." She then kissed the boy on the forehead.

They went out of the hospital. In the car, Gabrielle couldn't contain her delight and excitement.

Before Westley inserted the car key into the ignition point, he turned sideways to look at Gabrielle. "Dear, you don't have to worry anymore. Star has come around," Westley said as he reached out and held her wife's hand.

"Oh Westley, it's just that I couldn't believe what's been happening. Star has awoken from his deep sleep. He can't remember a thing. He believes we are his parents so it has been easy for him to accept that he will go Antawood with us," uttered Gabrielle. She couldn't calm down. After all, she liked the boy at first sight. And then she was informed that he had lost his mother and become an orphan. The idea of taking him to Antawood and raising him came easily to her.

So for Gabrielle, it was a blessing in disguise that Star couldn't remember anything. He even believed that she was his mother so he was willing to go Antawood with them.

"You and Star are destined to meet," said Westley sincerely. "From this day on, we will be his parents. We will raise him together."

"Yeah, we will raise him together," said Gabrielle, nodding. "And you know what? I believe that we will be good parents."

"We'll come back here early tomorrow morning," said Westley. He reached up by her right shoulder and grasped the seat belt at the metal latch. He pulled it across her body and fastened it to belt latch. He then turned the key in the ignition to start the car.

"I'll get up early to cook breakfast for Star. I noticed that he didn't eat anything tonight. He'll get hungry, won't he?" Gabrielle was starting to worry again about Star.

Westley turned his head to look at his wife. "Don't worry. There are professional nurses taking care of him. He'll be fine," Westley said, reassuring his wife.

"Yes, you're right." Gabrielle nodded, smiling at her husband.

The following morning, Gabrielle woke up before the alarm went off at six o'clock. Westley felt her getting out of bed.

Yawning, Westley asked his wife, "Why are you up so early?" He typically woke up not earlier than six o'clock. So he knew that it must really be early in the morning.

Gabrielle turned around to look at Westley.

"I just woke up."

"Honey, it's still early. Come back to bed and get some more sleep." Westley held out his hand and pulled his wife back to bed. Gabrielle fell next to her husband who turned to his side and gathered her in his arms. "Let's go back to sleep."

Gabrielle tried to get out of her husband's embrace.

"Go back to sleep, Westley. I have to cook porridge for Star. We'll take it to the hospital so he can have it for breakfast." Gabrielle broke free and got out of bed.

Westley could only shake his head. He got up, too. He knew he wouldn't be able to go back to sleep.

"Go wash your face and change your clothes. I'll go downstairs to prepare the ingredients." Westley gently pushed her into the bathroom. Still in his pajamas, he then went downstairs.

He didn't want his wife to get tired but he knew she wanted to cook breakfast herself. For her part, Gabrielle didn't say anything as her husband headed down to the kitchen.

When she was done, she went downstairs. She heard the sound of knife cutting vegetables on the chopping board. Hearing this, Gabrielle smiled.

"Honey, thank you. It's your turn to wash your face and change your clothes," Gabrielle said as she entered the kitchen. "I'll take over from here." ④

"Okay," Westley said. "The porridge is already in the pot. You can cook some dishes." Westley took out an apron from a kitchen drawer. He helped her put on the apron and then turned around to go back to their bedroom.

It was nearly eight o'clock when Remy went out of his room to have his breakfast. He saw the couple in the kitchen. They were eating their breakfast.

"Good morning, Remy!" greeted Gabrielle. "Come and join us. We'll be going to the hospital to bring breakfast to Star. Do you want to go with us?" invited Gabrielle.

"I have to see Nellie later. We're going back to Antawood tomorrow. I have something to tell her," said Remy calmly.

He was not a gynecologist so he didn't know much about pregnancy. But Nellie also needed some advice other than pregnancy.

"We might not be able to go see her. Can you please say goodbye to her for us? We'll be going to Antawood tomorrow morning." Gabrielle had just met Nellie. They weren't even friends. It was all right that she didn't go to see Nellie.

"Okay," Remy said in between bites of his breakfast.

After their breakfast, they left into two different ways. Remy set out to see Nellie. Gabrielle and Westley drove to the hospital to visit Star. Gabrielle held tightly the thermos containing the porridge.

"Gabrielle, it's okay. The thermos will keep the porridge warm." Westley saw what she was doing. He thought his wife looked adorable.

"I... Don't mind me. I guess it has been a habit of mine. I'm just afraid the food will get cold. I don't want Star to have cold breakfast," Gabrielle said, sounding like a worried mother.

Westley understood so he didn't say anything more.

They arrived at the hospital. Gabrielle got off the car as soon as the car stopped. Holding the thermos in her arms, she walked fast to the hospital.

"Hurry up, Westley." Gabrielle called after her husband. She was hurrying as if Star would have starved to death if they were too slow.

"Gabrielle, we don't have to rush," said Westley, shaking his head as he followed his wife.

"Good morning, Ms. Jones," Jasmine greeted Gabrielle when they met at the corridor.

The last time they met, Gabrielle told her that she didn't take the ten million dollars that Jonathan had offered her. Jasmine asked her father about it and he confirmed it.

If she could say no to ten million, why would she take three million dollars?

When Jasmine saw the man next to Gabrielle, she understood why Gabrielle could resist such a large sum of money.

The man was Westley, the CEO of the Morris Group. It was the biggest company in Antawood.

Jasmine didn't expect that he was married. He had been keeping his wife well hidden from many people.

Westley was extremely wealthy. It was no wonder that his wife would not be tempted by thirteen million dollars.

Jasmine now understood that Gabrielle didn't really need money.

"Ms. Walker, are you here to see Mr. Sanderson?" Gabrielle smiled at her. She was holding Westley's hand.

"Yes, I'm here to see Nathan. I'm going back to Ensfield this afternoon," Jasmine said and then looked at Westley. "Ms. Jones, this should be your husband."

"Yes, Ms. Walker." Then, Gabrielle introduced the two of them to each other. "This is my husband, Westley Morris. Westley, this is Jasmine. She's the daughter of Ms. Glyn."

"I didn't know that your husband is the CEO of the Morris Group, Ms. Jones. It's nice to meet you, Mr. Morris." Jasmine smiled and then held out her hand to Westley.

Westley looked askance. He didn't shake hands with her. He wasn't comfortable being around other women.

"Now that you know me, may I ask you, Ms. Walker, to keep my marriage hush-hush? I don't want other people bothering my wife," asked Westley directly. ②

Chapter 594 Mommy

Jasmine was stunned when she heard what Westley said. No wonder she had never heard any news about his marriage. He had been keeping it a secret.

Gabrielle, on the other hand, was probably not well-known in Antawood. Otherwise, she would have heard her name already.

If she was from a rich family, the news of their marriage should have spread all over the country.

"Mr. Morris, please rest assured. I won't tell anyone about your marriage, I'm not a reporter." Jasmine said calmly.

No one wanted to offend such a powerful man like Westley. She didn't want to get on his bad side, neither did she want to gossip about his personal affairs.

"Thank you, Ms. Walker," Westley replied calmly.

Gabrielle handed him the thermos. "Westley, could you send the breakfast to Star? I need to have a few words with Ms. Walker."

"Alright." Westley kissed her forehead, paying no mind to their surroundings. Then he carried the thermos into the corridor afterward.

It was the first time that Jasmine had ever seen someone show off their emotions so freely.

"Ms. Jones, how long have you been married to Mr. Morris? I'm sorry, I don't mean to pry into your private affairs. You two look very much in love," Jasmine asked directly.

"It's been more than six months." Gabrielle thought it wouldn't be too bad to tell Jasmine.

Although they didn't announce their marriage in public, people close to them knew.

"You two look so great together. I can see that Mr. Morris adores you very much. You must be very happy, Ms. Jones,"

Jasmine said.

Even if Jasmine was saying it to be polite, Gabrielle was still happy to hear it.

After all, everyone liked to hear compliments, more so because Jasmine was praising their marriage.

"Thank you. We do cherish each other very much,"

Gabrielle answered with a smile. She had always known how much Westley loved her.

Jasmine had only recently learned about their marriage and had no way of knowing how they were doing as a couple. That was why she could only say flattering words.

But Gabrielle didn't feel there was anything wrong with it.

"Mrs. Morris, I'm sorry I misunderstood you before. I asked my father and he told me you turned down his offer. After I met your husband, I feel terrible that we did that to you. It's clear you don't need the money, you are Mrs. Morris after all. I sincerely apologize for our rude behavior." Jasmine apologized wholeheartedly, feeling ashamed of her actions.

She felt her cheeks burn up from embarrassment when she thought of how she had insulted the Morris Group CEO's wife with such a small sum of money.

"Ms. Walker, it's alright. You didn't know I was married to Westley, I won't blame you. It's not a big deal anyway, please don't worry about it,"

Gabrielle replied calmly. She didn't want people to fuss over their marriage.

"It's really kind of you, Mrs. Morris. Didn't you want to tell me something else?" Jasmine changed the topic.

She wasn't truly interested in Westley or Gabrielle's marriage to him.

"Oh, yes. You just said you're going back to Ensfield today. Right, Ms. Walker?" Gabrielle looked at her and asked.

"Yes, tomorrow is the national holiday. Although Nathan is still in a coma, I have to go back to celebrate with my parents," Jasmine replied.

Although Gabrielle was her mother's favorite student, Jasmine was somehow indifferent.

"I was going to ask you a favor. I have prepared some gifts for Ms. Glyn and Mr. Walker. I bought them yesterday when we went to buy gifts for our family. I don't know if your parents will like them, but would you please take them?" Gabrielle asked, fidgeting.

"Gifts for my parents? Sure, give them to me and I'll bring them back." Jasmine agreed without hesitation.

"Okay, Ms. Walker, please wait a minute." Gabrielle quickly went to the car and brought out the gifts.

"Here they are." Gabrielle handed them to Jasmine.

"I'll make sure they receive these gifts. Thank you, Mrs. Morris." Jasmine smiled.

"You're welcome. I hope they will like the gifts." Gabrielle smiled back.

"I think they'll love these a lot." Jasmine assured.

"Thank you once again, Ms. Walker. I'll take my leave now."

"Okay, Mrs. Morris. Take care."

Gabrielle turned around and went upstairs.

Star got up very early, waking up before six o'clock. He didn't cry and just waited for the nurse to take care of his medicines and injection. He was such a good kid that even the nurse felt sorry for him. All her other patients weren't as calm and obedient as him.

When Gabrielle walked into the room, Star was getting an injection. Westley was sitting next to him and feeding him porridge. The child ate his food in silence. If she hadn't heard him speak, she would probably think he was mute.

"Westley, I'm here. How's Star?" Gabrielle walked to the bed and looked at Star eating the porridge quietly.

"He's good. Have you finished talking to Ms. Walker?" Westley asked. Then he took another spoon of porridge and put it in front of Star's mouth.

Star ate slowly.

"Yes. I asked her to bring the gifts I bought for Ms. Glyn and Mr. Walker. Let me." Gabrielle sat down, asking for the chance to feed the boy.

"Go ahead, be careful." Westley handed the bowl and spoon to her.

"Star, can I?" Gabrielle asked, and then Westley translated it for Star.

After a pause, Star looked at Gabrielle with his beautiful blue eyes and nodded obediently.

"Star, I'm your mommy. Can I feed you?" Gabrielle spoke English, Star understood it when he heard the word "mommy". He stared at Gabrielle for a while before he nodded.

"Westley, he wants me to feed him!" Gabrielle looked at Star and smiled excitedly.

Chapter 595 Growing Up Together

Women were naturally much more attentive and careful than men in general, especially when it came to taking care of children. Even though it was the first time that Gabrielle had taken care of a child, she was succeeding in doing it so well.

"Star, take your time to chew. Careful not to choke. If you feel uncomfortable in any way, don't hesitate to tell me, alright?" Gabrielle couldn't help rambling on worriedly as she fed Star carefully. Nonetheless, Westley helped with the translation. Star nodded obediently.

After eating a bowl of porridge, he was full. He shook his head at Gabrielle, indicating he couldn't eat anymore.

"Are you full?" Seeing this, Gabrielle looked at him and asked.

"He seems to be full now, Gabrielle. He can't eat too much since he's still a child. Besides, he just woke up not long ago, so it's better to eat as light as possible." Westley took the bowl and helped Gabrielle put it on the sink.

"Okay, Star. Drink some water." Gabrielle poured a glass of water for Star, and then carefully wiped his mouth with a tissue.

"Star, do you want to eat some dessert? What do you want to eat? Tell mommy. I'll buy it for you." Gabrielle smiled at him and asked gently.

"Yeah, Star, if you want to eat something, tell mom and dad. We will buy it for you," Westley also asked as he looked at Star calmly.

Star's eyes wandered from Gabrielle to Westley before he thought for a while. Then, he whispered, "Ice cream."

"Ice cream?" Westley raised his eyebrows as he didn't expect that ice cream would be the first thing Star would ask.

There was no doubt that ice cream was the delicacy which was really enjoyed by almost all children. Even for a child like Star, who just experienced an accident, the first thing he craved was ice cream.

However, Westley had to turn him down despite his wish to fulfill his need.

"Star, you are just recovering now. You can't eat anything cold or spicy in the meantime." Westley gently persuaded.

"Okay, if so, can I have a cake?" with wide eyes, Star asked again as he changed his mind.

"Gabrielle, our son wants to eat cake. Let's go out and buy some for him later." Westley told Gabrielle what Star wanted to eat.

Hearing this, Gabrielle said, "Oh." She then nodded immediately and stood up, saying, "Then, let's go buy a cake for Star right away. Also, we have to buy him some clothes on the way so that he can wear new clothes tomorrow when we return to Antawood. But I'm not sure if we can change his clothes for him. What if the fabric affects his wounds, or should we just change him into another patient's clothes?" Biting her lip, Gabrielle looked at Star in worry, unsure of what to do.

The boy lay back down silently after eating breakfast. He had a really quiet and sensible character.

"Don't worry. We can buy a night robe for him instead. Since it's big and the texture is soft and smooth, it's suitable for him." Westley suggested and patted her on the back to calm her down.

Hearing this, Gabrielle nodded in agreement. "Right, Westley, that's a good idea. Let's pick two beautiful night robes for him. They are easy to change any time and they are also large enough not to hurt his wounds. That's perfect!"

After they explained to Star that they were going out to buy things, they went to the mall. Gabrielle chose two nice night robes for Star before they both went to the bakery on the first floor to buy a cake.

Only then did Gabrielle realize that she forgot to ask which flavor Star wanted. Nonetheless, she bought a strawberry cake and a chocolate cake for him to choose the flavor he liked.

Gabrielle glanced at the cakes in the separate packages and smiled happily. She asked, "Westley, do you think Star would like the cakes?"

"Of course. After all, you personally bought the cakes for him. He will definitely like them," Westley responded softly, rubbing her head.

"By the way, Westley. How is Victor doing these days?" For some reason, the thought of Victor flashed through her mind. It had been a long time since the incident happened. She thought she should ask Westley about him.

"He's all right. I heard that he left the Campbell Family's territory a few days ago. I don't know where he went and I don't really care. Maybe he had gone back to Ensfield." Westley indifferently answered her question. Indeed, he was not interested in Victor's whereabouts or how he was doing. Frankly, he didn't want to mention any man who had anything to do with his wife.

"I see. Speaking of, are Nathan and Victor enemies?" Gabrielle asked curiously. In fact, she didn't really care about the Sanderson Family's business. She was just making a conversation.

"Yeah, they are enemies. Enough about them. Even though you were saved by one, you saved another as well. It can be considered settled, so you owe the Sanderson Family nothing now. Don't meddle in their business. It's dangerous." Westley warned Gabrielle in a serious tone. His opinion on Sanderson Family was quite bad, so he thought that it was the best for Gabrielle to refrain from any interaction with them.

However, things just wouldn't go as he wished sometimes as the two parties had to deal with each other in one way or another from time to time.

"Westley, don't be so worried. I know what I should do." Gabrielle took his hand and squeezed it as a gesture of reassurance.

"Of course, I trust you. But the Sanderson Family is too messy and complicated. It's hard to tell if they are actually our friends or enemies, so don't get too close to any of them. I don't want you to get hurt, okay? I just can't let anything happen to you." Westley put his arm around Gabrielle's shoulder and embraced her for a moment.

How could Gabrielle not know that he just cared about her too much? He wouldn't stop her from doing anything as long as it was safe for her.

"I understand. I won't be too close to them. Don't worry about it. I don't have anything to do with them anyway. But you know, Jasmine has a crush on Nathan." Gabrielle looked at Westley and broke the news in a low voice. ③

"That's hardly a surprise. After all, the Walker family and the Sanderson Family have been partners for generations. Although Nathan is the second son of the Sanderson Family, I know that he is a capable man. Not to mention that his mother is the current Mrs. Sanderson. Anyhow, it's complicated. We are outsiders and we don't know what's going on inside the Sanderson Family. It's best to stay out of it." Based on his tone, Gabrielle could see that Westley was not interested in the Sanderson Family's affairs at all.

"I guess so, too. In rich families, marriage-for-benefit is common, let alone the fact that they grew up together." Gabrielle smiled at the mention of the fact that the two were childhood friends.

She really envied the couples who grew up together and were able to watch how the other changed. They knew everything about each other, which was incredible.

"Do you want that type of relationship?" Noticing the envious look on her face, Westley raised his eyebrows and asked.

"Yes. You know what? It was once my imagination to grow up with someone you love. That type of relationship must be really incomparable." Gabrielle admitted honestly.

Westley's face darkened in an instant. He looked at her unhappily and retorted, "So, you are still thinking about how you grew up with Bryce?"

Hearing his words, Gabrielle realized that her husband was jealous again. She heartily laughed and couldn't help cupping his face in her hands. "Mr. Morris, don't tell me you are jealous about the same thing again. There is nothing between Bryce and me at all. You know that. The past is in the past, nothing more.

As I said, it was once my dream. But now, everything's different and for the best. I would never want to change how things are with us. We love each other, got married, and now, we are very happy together. This is the kind of life I have ever wanted." Gabrielle appeased him as she looked at him with a bright smile.

Of course, Westley was instantly coaxed and he felt happy upon hearing her words. With a smile on his face, he lowered his head and kissed her on the lips.

Chapter 596 Strawberry Garden

When Westley and Gabrielle arrived at the hospital, Star wasn't asleep yet. Instead, he lay on the bed, staring at the ceiling while the nurse read to him.

The book was in Thai, which was the only language Star could understand for now.

The first thing they planned to do once they were all back in Antawood was to teach the child English.

Later, Westley would reinforce his knowledge in Thai. They didn't want Star to forget his mother tongue, after all.

In the future, their little boy would be able to communicate in two languages. Given his aptitude despite his young age, this should be an easy feat to pull.

"Star, Mom and Dad brought you cakes," Gabrielle crooned as she walked over to the bed. She held up the two cake boxes she was carrying in either hand. "Can you guess which flavors we got?"

Star instantly grinned, his eyes darting back and forth between the treats presented to him.

The child was injured at his waist, so he couldn't sit up just yet. They had to raise the bed to prop him up, and Gabrielle set the boxes in front of him, letting the boy inspect the cakes.

Star sniffed carefully before raising his hands in delight. "This one is strawberry, and that one is chocolate!"

Gabrielle blinked, surprised that her child had guessed correctly, and so quickly, too.

"Our honey is so smart. You're absolutely right. This is strawberry, and this one is chocolate. I wasn't sure what your favorite was, so I bought two flavors. Which one would you like to eat first, Star?" she asked in a soft voice.

"Strawberry! Mom, do we have a strawberry garden in our house?" Star stared up at them as he calmly shot her the question.

Westley glanced at Gabrielle and hesitated. "Star just asked if we had a strawberry garden at home?"

"Strawberry garden? Do you think Star had one before?" Gabrielle turned to him and frowned.

They were clueless about Star's previous life, so they naturally had no idea what to make of his query.

"It's likely," Gabrielle said slowly. "People suffering from amnesia tend to forget the events and details that are painful or traumatic. Yet at the same time, they hold on to long-buried, happy memories. It's possible that Star lived in a place surrounded by a strawberry garden in the past. It must have left quite an impression on him if he's bringing it up now. He did nothing more than smell the scent of the fruit." It was just a guess on her part, but the more she talked, the more convinced she was of the possibility.

Westley agreed as well. All things considered, this seemed to be the most reasonable analysis of Star's situation.

Star had probably loved the strawberry garden near his house, so much so that he kept the memory even after all he had been through.

Gabrielle turned back to the child and took his hand. "You're right, we have a garden. But there are

no strawberries at this time of the year, because it's winter. When spring comes, we'll plant more strawberries, and all the other fruits Star likes. Once they are ripe for harvesting, Star will come and help us pick the strawberries, right?" She smiled at the boy and tried to express the promise through her eyes.

Westley, on the other hand, had to translate everything to Star, so he didn't have quite the same emotional moment. He couldn't help but think how tiring and troublesome it was.

With his mixed background, Star was supposed to know how to speak English besides his native Thai.

If they continued to communicate in this manner, throwing sentences back and forth, it would certainly be exhausting.

"Okay!" Star nodded obediently after Westley finished speaking.

"All right, let's have some cake now, Star." Gabrielle moved to the side table to slice a piece of cake.

Then she sat on the edge of the bed and fed the little boy small bites of the dessert. Every time the spoon lifted from the plate, his eyes would brighten with anticipation. Though he didn't eat much, Star's high spirits never diminished.

And of course, he quickly fell asleep after eating.

This was probably for the best. They would be leaving the hospital tomorrow morning, and would fly back to Antawood through a private plane. Neither Westley nor Gabrielle could tell if Star would be able to endure several hours of flying.

In truth, the doctor had advised them to keep the child in the hospital for a couple more days for further observation, but Gabrielle didn't want Star to spend the holiday all by himself. More importantly, they didn't know when they'd be back in Bangkok again after the holiday.

They hadn't dared to take him away while he was in a coma, but he was awake now, and so full of life. His injuries were no longer severe, either. There was no need to leave him alone in this place.

The child had no means to navigate his situation aside from bits and pieces of his memory. It broke Gabrielle's heart just to think about it.

Thankfully, the doctor hadn't protested when she had insisted on flying Star back to Antawood. They had Remy with them, after all, so there should be no cause for any real worry.

After leaving the hospital, Westley and Gabrielle headed straight to the villa to pack their belongings. They were finally leaving.

Gabrielle had been in Bangkok for more than two months. Frankly, she couldn't wait to go home.

"I can't believe we're really returning to Antawood tomorrow. I can't wait! I'm shaking with excitement." Gabrielle took a glance of the outside and questioned Westley.

"I know, I'm excited, too." Westley smiled at her. "But don't you feel sad at all?" He watched her carefully, noting the slight changes on her expression. She was visibly elated, but her eyes looked a little somber.

She must be torn between warring emotions right now. Westley understood perfectly. Gabrielle had been through hell and back these last two months, and her experiences probably surpassed everything else she had been through in the past twenty years.

He would be more worried if she was calm about leaving.

"Not at all," Gabrielle finally said. "I can finally return to Antawood, what's there to be sad about? We almost died here!" She ended her answer with a sigh.

"Don't be silly, that's all behind us now. From now on, we're going to be just fine." Westley didn't care for talk of death, especially coming from Gabrielle.

Granted, he hadn't cared much about life and death in the past. People died sooner or later. There was no point worrying over the inevitable.

But now that he had her, any death was the last thing he wanted to discuss. It gave him an ominous feeling, like he might lose her before long.

"Well, let's not talk about that anymore." Then something occurred to Gabrielle, and she turned to cock her head at Westley. "What do you think about the strawberry garden Star mentioned?"

"I'll send someone to look into it. We don't know if he's talking about his family home, or just somewhere his mother took him to. It won't be easy verifying it. For all we know, this may be the only memory Star has of his past." It seemed like he had already thought this through.

Gabrielle sighed again, then nodded.

If what he said was true, then this little fragment of memory would be incredibly valuable. At the same time, it would only make things more difficult in the future.

"If we can't find the garden, let's just plant one for Star. The yard in Half Moon Bay is massive, and so is the one in Vineyard Villa. If not, then we can use Grandma's land in Isido." Now that they had a plan, Gabrielle was eager to put it into action.

She was determined to bring this garden into life, if only to relieve Star of whatever longing he might be feeling. It might also trigger other memories to surface.

"Sure," Westley nodded approvingly. "Then, let's plant it together with Star after the holiday."

"Great! I'm sure Star will be thrilled!" Gabrielle cheered.