

## Chapter 489 So Cruel

The moment Remy heard the shout, his heart pounded. 'Is there something wrong with the couple again?' he wondered.

"What's wrong? Did something happen to them?" Remy asked the bodyguard. Anxiety was apparent in the tone of his voice.

"No. Mr. Morris just wants to see you. They're fine," the bodyguard explained. The obvious look of concern on Remy's face urged the bodyguard to talk faster.

"Ah, I see. Hurry up, then. Why is Mr. Morris looking for me?" Relief washed over Remy the moment he heard that the two of them were fine.

When Remy walked back, he caught a glimpse of Westley sitting by the corridor in front of the house. He sat there. In silence, he basked under the warmth of the sun as if nothing happened.

"If you're fine, can you stop sending people to call me with urgency? I was afraid that something had happened to you," Remy said as he sat next to Westley with a look of disgust on his face.

"What could possibly happen to me? Do you want me to get into trouble?" Westley asked as he took two sips of water.

"Of course I don't! I just don't want to ruin my reputation because of you." Remy glanced at him.

"I asked you to come here because I was feeling lonely when I woke up alone. Keep me company." Westley tilted his head to gaze upon the sky. The white clouds against the blue horizon looked breathtaking. The bright luminescence of the sun made it even better.

"How about Gabrielle?" Remy took the glass Westley passed on to him and took a sip.

"Let her sleep. She hasn't woken up yet. When she was in a coma, she couldn't sleep comfortably. Her face always had a frown. It wasn't until now that she's finally sleeping better. Let her sleep a little longer," Westley said. There was concern in his voice.

He also slept quite well. He had not slept that good in days.

"Are you hungry? I saw the two of you sleeping around a while back so I didn't wake you up for lunch," Remy asked.

"It's fine. Gabrielle and I will be having dinner when she wakes up. You're a doctor. You should be responsible for her nutritious meal. Can you ask someone to have it prepared now?" Westley ordered.

Remy obliged. He had already come up with a meal plan for Gabrielle and Westley. He did not need Westley's reminder.

"I already told the cook what to make. Now that Gabrielle is up, what are you going to do?" He was talking about whether or not the couple were coming back to Antawood.

Now that the both of them had recovered, they could finally come home. Staying here wasn't a good idea.

"We can leave when Gabrielle gets better. We're not in a hurry," Westley calmly replied.

It had only been a day since Gabrielle had woken up. If they left hastily, it might aggravate her wounds. Westley did not want to risk it.

"Yeah, you're right. What are you going to do about Lance and Bryce?" Remy had been filled in about the situation in the forest and about what had happened between Bryce and Nellie.

Westley had kept the two of them in Bangkok. Nellie had to go see a doctor because of the odd feeling in her belly. Bryce took that opportunity to run away. Lance helped him seek refuge at the forest.

Nobody could have possibly anticipated for things to go this messy.

It was quite annoying.

"It's none of my business. I don't give a shit about them," Westley said coldly.

"That's just cruel!" Remy joked.

"Lance is capable of saving Bryce. Bain and Lance's relationship is unimaginable. Now that Gabrielle has left the place and no one from the Campbell Family was there, Bain wouldn't have a reason to kill them. They are not going to die in there," Westley calmly explained.

If Bain had the intention to kill the two of them, Westley would not hesitate to save them. After all, Lance was Gabrielle's cousin and Bryce was her adopted brother. He had to save them.

"I don't really care about them. What about Nellie? She was pregnant. Aren't you going to send her back? She wouldn't be able to do anything funny now anyway," Remy asked as he turned to look at Westley.

Nellie was Helena's sister. Helena used to have a good relationship with Westley. Their families were in good terms. However, because of the Collins family, they were now sworn enemies.

"Let's talk about it later." Westley was not in the mood to talk about the Collins

family.

"Alright. It's none of my business after all. I don't want to get into it. Do whatever you want." All Remy had to do was to fulfill his duty as a doctor. He couldn't care less about other things. Besides, what Westley wanted to do was out of their jurisdiction.

"Of course I will. Your only task is to tend to our well-being. You shouldn't worry about these things. Do you have something urgent to do in Antawood? If that's the case, I can arrange for someone to take you there," Westley asked.

Remy was his private doctor but he was also his friend. Remy had his own life to live as well.

Westley couldn't stop Remy from spending his time the way he wanted to.

Besides, Westley and Gabrielle had already woken up. Their recovery did not need much medical attention.

"It's nothing serious. It's not that the hospital cannot seem to function without me," Remy said lightly.

"Alright, then. Go to the kitchen and tell them to prepare the meal. I'll check on Gabrielle. If you have something to deal with, don't hesitate to tell me. We are best friends, after all." Westley gave him a pat on the shoulder before leaving to go to the room.

When dinner was ready, Westley woke Gabrielle up.

"Gabrielle, it's time for dinner." Westley sat by the edge of the bed and gently gave Gabrielle's face a pat.

It did not take long for Gabrielle to wake up. She opened her eyes and gazed at him. Then she turned to look at the window. It was getting dark.

She had slept for quite some time.

"It's getting dark," Gabrielle murmured.

"It's almost eight o'clock. Get up and eat. Aren't you hungry?" Westley couldn't help himself from getting worried when he saw how pale her face was.

"I wasn't hungry earlier but now I am. I could smell the aroma of the chicken soup from here. Is there chicken soup?" Gabrielle asked as she looked around to follow the aroma. Her eyes landed on the food perched on the small table nearby.

"Your nose is just as good as Blackboo's isn't it? More sensitive even. Soup is your best option since you still shouldn't eat solid food," Westley reminded as he stood up and moved the table closer to her.



## Chapter 490 Asking For Help

Gabrielle's eyes lit up the moment she saw the dishes laid on the table.

She was quite famished. Her mouth watered when the smell of the sumptuous food drifted into her nostrils. After all, she was in a coma for days.

"Westley... Did you just scold me for being like a dog?" Gabrielle realized something.

Westley was a scheming man. 'How could he put me in comparison to a dog?'

Speaking of the dog, Gabrielle had not seen Blackboo for days. Gabrielle couldn't help but wonder how he was doing. She missed him terribly.

"I'm not scolding you. It was a compliment! You're just as cute as Blackboo." Westley stroked her head.

"I don't believe a word you say. You always do that to coax me. How's Blackboo doing?" Gabrielle anxiously asked.

"Sophie takes care of him. Blackboo had been a good boy. He's waiting for you to come home. You need to take good care of yourself so we could come back and finally see him," Westley said with a soft voice.

The moment she heard Westley's words, Gabrielle breathed out a sigh of relief. She was glad that Sophie was there to look after Blackboo. The puppy was growing so fast that Gabrielle didn't even know how big it had gotten since she last saw him.

"Eat something first," Westley ordered as he helped Gabrielle up.

He was grateful that none of Gabrielle's internal organs were injured. It was their silver lining.

"I'm starving to death." Gabrielle couldn't wait any longer.

Westley fed her carefully. His hands were gentle as he scooped up the food little by little. He was afraid that he would spill food on Gabrielle.

Gabrielle was moved by his actions. She suddenly had the urge to burst into laughter when she saw that he was just as injured as her.

"Westley, you're also injured quite badly and yet, you're feeding me. That's interesting." Although Gabrielle's face was adorned with a smile, there were tears streaming down from her gorgeous eyes.

She was so moved by his efforts that she couldn't help herself from crying.

"Silly girl, why are you crying? There's nothing to cry about." Westley raised his hand to gently wipe the tears away from the corner of her eyes.

"My life is full of misery and yet, I am blessed to have you by my side." Gabrielle couldn't help but put her reverence into words.

"I'm the one who's lucky to have you by my side," Westley replied. The tone of his voice was serious and gentle at the same time. ①

After their life and death crisis, Westley would willingly trade anything just for Gabrielle to stay by his side, healthy and alive.

"Westley, I wouldn't be able to keep eating if you keep saying words like that. I'm so touched," Gabrielle complained.

"Finish your food. Then have some rest afterwards," Westley said as he continued to feed her.

Gabrielle obediently lay down after finishing her meal. Westley slept next to her.

When Gabrielle had fallen asleep, Westley got up and left the room. He walked to the yard and gazed at the bright moon before calling Wilson.

He was in a hurry when he left for Bangkok. To keep them safe, Westley did not ask Wilson and Bonnie to come. All he did was to ask Wilson to find some people from the Campbell Family for him.

"Wilson... Gabrielle had woken up but she's still seriously injured. We have to stay here until she recuperates. We'll go back to Antawood after a couple of days."

"That's great news! Bonnie was worried that Gabrielle had gotten hurt. I'm glad she's awake now."

"It's my fault. It's all my fault that she's hurt. The people from the Campbell Family ..."

"Don't worry about them. Bain hurt the Campbell Family's men. He would be the one paying for it." Wilson's words were cold and straight to the point.

When the men of the Campbell Family entered the forest, they still had some conflict with Bain's people. Nobody died. However, a few of them were seriously injured.

Bain had to pay for it. After all, it was his men who hurt them.

It wasn't a matter of reason. It all boiled down to the people they had to face. The Campbell Family could reason out with some people, but they had exceptions.

"Wilson, if you need anything, just tell me. I will do whatever you ask for as long as I can," Westley said seriously.

The Campbell Family did not have any business in the forest. However, Westley was too worried about Gabrielle. He did not have the time to recruit people himself. The most convenient way to have some backup was to borrow some men from the Campbell Family.

After all, their gang had members all over the world. The moment their boss said the word, his men would go on any mission.

"I don't need your help now. You just have to get some rest with Gabrielle. When she gets a little better, I will book the best hospital for the both of you. It's not a good idea to stay in that village for too long. If they don't have good medical equipment, it will affect your recovery." Wilson had done everything for them.

The Campbell Family had people in Bangkok. Wilson had arranged a hospital for them. However, getting there was a long drive from the village. Westley didn't want to go there while Gabrielle was unconscious. He was afraid that travelling that far would aggravate her wounds.

That was why Wilson had arranged for a medical team to go there. The rest had been handed over to Remy. Wilson had nothing to worry about because Remy was there.

"I know. I'm leaving to go there in two days. I'll take Gabrielle with me." Westley had no other choice but to agree with his brother.

Gabrielle was eager to go back to Antawood so Westley wasn't sure if he could persuade Gabrielle to stay in Bangkok for treatment. The place that Wilson had arranged for them was even equipped with a spa. It was perfect for a woman's recovery. They would be able to heal Gabrielle's injured skin and get rid of all her scars. If she agreed to have her treatment there, she would be back to her old, healthy self.

"You can ask the Campbell's men to take you there whenever you wish. You don't have anything to worry about in Antawood. Mom and dad have no idea that you guys had an accident. They think you're on vacation. Bonnie and I are home to take care of them. I've designated Alvin to look after the company. Everything is fine. You can take your time to rest and heal," Wilson updated Westley about the situation in Antawood. He was worried that not knowing would stress Westley out.

"I know. Alvin reports to me every single day." Westley had nothing to worry about in the company. After all, he had personally trained all of his senior executives. They were capable and loyal.

As for the Morris family, he wasn't worried at all because Wilson was there to take over.

"By the way, I really need your help with something," Westley asked. He was a little embarrassed.

After all, Westley very rarely asked for help. It put him to great shame even if it was his brother doing the favor for him.

He had already asked his brother for help by borrowing some men from the Campbell Family. Now he felt shameful for asking for another favor. ①



## Chapter 491 Ask His Brother For Help

Wilson knew that his brother was a proud man. Westley would never ask for anybody's help as long as he could solve it himself.

He never succumbed to asking for a favor. Even if it were his closest relative.

What he was asking for must be very important. Otherwise, he wouldn't have asked Wilson for help. If Wilson's assumption was right, it had something to do with Gabrielle.

There were a lot of things that Westley had done for her. He even let go of his pride and asked someone for help.

"What is it? Tell me. Of course I'm willing to help you," Wilson uttered calmly.

"Can you please get in touch with Jason? He's Gabrielle's boss. Recently, Gabrielle had been recommended for advanced training for jewelry design. It's important to her. Please have the opening of the training postponed until next month. It doesn't matter how you do it. She will be upset if she misses it. I don't want her to be sad," Westley said.

Gabrielle's eagerness to go back to Antawood led Westley to believe that she didn't want to miss her training.

"Alright. I'll see what I can do," Wilson replied without hesitation.

His guess was right. It was because of Gabrielle.

"Thank you, Wilson."

"We're brothers, aren't we? It's not that big of a deal. You don't have to be so polite. As a matter of fact, I owe you more. You've been staying home to run the business. You took care of the family for years. I am the eldest son. That should've been my responsibility," Wilson said. It sounded as if he was blaming himself.

As the eldest son of the Morris family, he was supposed to manage both the family and their business. However, Wilson gave up everything to be with Bonnie in Italy.

Westley was supportive of him. He promised that as long as Wilson and Bonnie lived a happy life, he would be glad to take over.

That was why the responsibility had been passed over to Westley. Wilson felt gravely indebted to him.

When it came to paying it forward to his family, Wilson couldn't refuse.

"You just said that we are brothers. There's no need for us to keep accounts. I will do anything for our family. You don't have to thank me," Westley said earnestly.

As the Campbell Family's vice general manager, Wilson had a lot of responsibilities over his shoulders. It was way more compared to Westley's. On top of that, due to the Campbell Family's support, the Morris Group thrived even more.

"I will take care of the training class. Stay in Bangkok with Gabrielle. Take your time recuperating. If you two come back in that state, grandma will be furious. That's why we told her that you're on honeymoon. I bet she's ecstatic." Wilson did what was best for everybody.

When he saw a photo of Westley's injuries, he was shocked. If Miley saw how he was, she would be worried sick.

Everyone in Antawood would be frightened to death if they went back with wounds all over their bodies.

"Okay. I'll do what you want," Westley obediently replied. He didn't mind doing it.

Besides, he agreed with Wilson. If he went back looking like a battered fugitive, his grandmother would be upset.

"I think Gabrielle would be willing to stay as well. I'm coming to Bangkok with Bonnie in two days," Wilson said calmly.

"Why? Is it because of us?" Westley asked.

If they came here because of them, Westley would blame himself.

"No. It has something to do with the Campbell Family. Anyway, we're in Antawood now. We can come visit the two of you. After the New Year's Day, we're going back to Italy. I have no idea when we can come back to Antawood after that." Wilson was even busier than the Campbell Family's president.

After all, over the years, his prowess had been recognized by the veterans of the Campbell Family. The president intended to gradually give his power to him.

As a matter of fact, it was his job to visit the branches all over the world.

"Okay. Let me know when you're coming," Westley replied.

"Alright. I'll tell you when I'm ready. It's getting quite late. Rest early. Let your men fetch whatever you need," Wilson reminded.

"Good night, Wilson."

"Good night."

After hanging up the phone, Westley went back to his room. Gabrielle was fast asleep. He lay on the bed and rested his body against hers.

Gabrielle wasn't having a good sleep at all. She started having nightmares after midnight. Westley had to comfort her so she could fall back to sleep.



It was ten o'clock when she woke up the next day. Slowly, she lifted herself up and stretched her body. She felt better than she did yesterday.

"Gabrielle, you're up. Did you sleep well? Are you feeling better?" Westley was by the corridor. He came in to check up on her.

"Why didn't you wake me up? I overslept," Gabrielle asked as she looked at him.

"You were sleeping so soundly. I didn't have it in me to wake you up. Let me carry you to the bathroom," Westley offered.

"Your hands are injured. I can go there myself." 'His entire body is hurt. How could he offer to do that for me?' Gabrielle thought as she stared at him.

Yesterday, she was able to walk to the bathroom. Gabrielle did not need his help today.

"I'll help you." As her husband, Westley wanted to be of service to her.

"No, thank you. You can wait for me here. Fetch me the phone. I'll call Jason later." Those were her final words before she left for the bathroom.

Westley knew that she wasn't only proud. Gabrielle was stubborn as well. That was why he let her do what she wanted.

Sweat dripped from her body the moment she came out. Walking was hard work.

Westley had been waiting for her by the bathroom door. He was hoping that he could help her even though it wouldn't be of much use.

"Are you alright?" Westley asked when he saw her sweating bullets.

"I'm fine. Don't worry." Gabrielle casually walked to the sofa. When she sat down, she couldn't help but burst into laughter.

"What are you laughing at?" Westley asked curiously.

## Chapter 492 A Quack

Gabrielle stared at Westley's face and giggled. It took a while before she came to her senses and wiped the sweat off her forehead.

"Westley, I feel like I can imagine what we will look like when we are old. Maybe at that time, we will look exactly like this. We won't be able to walk without any support. Are we going to annoy people in that way?" Gabrielle joked.

But Westley took it seriously. Everything Gabrielle said would be taken seriously by him.

"Don't worry, Gabrielle. When we get old, we won't annoy anyone. I'll hire the best nurse there is. And if our kids would dare to hate us, I won't give them a single penny! I'll also kick them out of the house," said Westley.

Gabrielle was amused by his words. She was only kidding, but Westley's remarks made her laugh. When did he start becoming so humorous?

"I was only talking about us. What children? You don't even have any." Gabrielle couldn't help but tease him more. ①

"I know we don't have a child right now, but we will prepare for one in the future." Westley squeezed her hand.

"Gabrielle, would you like a daughter or a son?" he asked.

"I would love to have a daughter. Boys are too naughty," Gabrielle answered without hesitation, then she realized it was a trap. ①

She blushed and thought it wasn't supposed to slip out.

"I'd like to have a daughter too. If we get a naughty son, I will teach him well." Westley was already thinking far ahead.

Gabrielle found it cute and couldn't help but laugh. "Let's talk about that if you really get a son in the future. Can I borrow your phone for a moment? I want to call Jason."

Westley dialed Jason's number and handed her the phone. The call was picked up soon.

"Hello?"

"Jason, hi... it's Gabrielle." Gabrielle was shy, but a little excited. She had been gone for days without saying anything. She felt bad for not contacting Jason sooner.

Since Jason was so good to her, it made her feel guilty.

"Gabrielle! I'm so glad you called. I heard you got into an accident in Bangkok. How

are you doing now?" Jason asked worriedly.

When Wilson came to him in the morning, he was informed of what happened to Gabrielle and Westley.

"I'm still recovering from minor injuries, but I'm okay now. Don't worry too much, Jason. I called to ask about the starting date of the training class so I can go back in time," Gabrielle explained.

She wanted to know because it was important for her to attend the class.

If Gabrielle ever missed Melissa's class, she would regret it her whole life.

After all, there might not be any opportunity after this.

"The class was postponed and re-scheduled around the end of month or after the new year. The teachers are still discussing the arrangements. You are injured, so make use of your time to recover in Bangkok. If there are changes, I will inform you right away," Jason promised.

Gabrielle was speechless and had mixed feelings about it.

What made her excited was that the class was postponed so that she would not miss it. However, it was weird that it happened just when she was unable to attend the class because of her injuries.

It was too much of a coincidence. Gabrielle slowly turned her head towards Westley. She had a feeling he had something to do with this.

"Oh, I see. Thank you so much, Jason, I have to go now." Gabrielle didn't say anything more and hung up.

She stared at Westley's face, eyes squinted.

"What's with that look, Gabrielle? If you have something to tell me, then go ahead." Westley knew why she stared at him so intently.

"Jason said the opening of training class was postponed and got moved. It will either be at the end of the month or after the new year. That's in two months... Westley, did you..." Gabrielle leaned closer.

Westley could have done it. She wouldn't believe him even if he denied it.

"What? Maybe the organizers made adjustments, you know. I can't interfere with those kinds of affairs. Even if I wanted to, I can't. What did Jason say?" Westley kept it calm as if he had nothing to do with it.

"He told me the teachers had to discuss some matters. I just have to wait for his update," Gabrielle answered in disbelief.

"See? I didn't meddle with anything. Do you really think of me as someone who's



capable and powerful?" Westley chuckled, pinching her nose.

"No, don't flatter yourself. I'm hungry, can we eat something?" Gabrielle quickly changed the topic.

"Alright, wait a moment. I'll ask someone to bring in food." Westley stood up and headed for the door.

"Can I go with you instead? I really want to have breakfast in the yard today." Gabrielle grabbed his hand.

When Gabrielle saw the beautiful green scenery outside the bathroom window, she thought it was great to see it up close.

Today was a good day to enjoy some fresh air.

"Okay, let's go in the yard together." Westley held her hand.

They both walked slowly and supported each other.

After reaching the yard, Westley pulled the chair for Gabrielle and asked her to sit. He then asked someone to bring breakfast from the kitchen.

Remy had just come back from taking a walk and saw the two of them in the yard, eating breakfast and looking so happy. Seeing how much they loved each other, Remy was envious.

In the past, Westley disliked the idea of getting married. But now, after he married Gabrielle, he would always show off.

That made Remy want to fall in love and get married.

"Having breakfast? It's good to bask in the sun." Remy pushed the door of the courtyard open and went in. He sat on the swing next to them, being the third wheel.

"Remy, have you eaten yet?" Gabrielle looked at him and asked.

As someone who had a regular schedule, Remy woke up and ate breakfast earlier than the others. ①

"Yes, I have. I roamed around the village and came back to wait for lunch. Once you're done eating, I will clean your wounds and change the medicine for you." Earlier, Remy already tended to Westley's injuries. Since Gabrielle was still asleep, he decided to wait until she got up.

"Thank you, Remy. I feel much better today." Gabrielle smiled.

"I'm relieved that you feel much better now. If you weren't, I would have to deal with someone's death glares. He looks at me every day like I'm a quack, which kind of forces me to almost admit it," Remy joked.

Westley quietly sat aside and continued eating. Gabrielle couldn't hold her giggles.