

## Chapter 525 Blood All Over Victor's Face

It had rained for three consecutive days, but at dusk, the downpour finally calmed down a bit and then completely stopped. Westley and Gabrielle decided to go back to the villa tonight.

Westley went to check out while Gabrielle made her way to the ladies' room down the hall to wash her hands.

As soon as she walked out, somebody grabbed her and pulled her into a dark, unseen corner. She did not recognize the person right away. All she saw was a figure clad in all black. The smell of wet rust made her head swim, and she figured out moments later that whoever was in front of her was bleeding.

Gabrielle felt her heart start to race. When she looked at the person who grabbed her, she saw Victor's bloodied face. Her stomach flipped in horror.

"Mr... Mr. Sanderson? What happened to you?"

"Please help me, Miss Jones. Someone is hunting me," Victor grunted.

Someone was hunting him?

It seemed to be true, and it would have frightened Gabrielle out of her wits had she not stayed in the forest for a period of time. That ordeal taught her how to be less afraid in these kinds of situations.

"Who's hunting you? Where are your bodyguards?" Gabrielle asked curiously.

"Bad guys," Victor replied, ignoring the second question.

"I'll call the police for you, and then I'll take you to the hospital. I..."

"No! They're out there! You have to hide me! They're coming!" Victor refused in a fit of panic.

"Then..."

The sound of hurried footsteps interrupted Gabrielle. Victor was right. The people who wanted to kill him were right on his heels.

"Let's go to the ladies' room." Without waiting for Victor's response, Gabrielle dragged him to the ladies' room and shut the door. She shoved him into one of the cubicles and told him to stand on the toilet bowl and then crouch so that his feet could not be seen from the outside.

Gabrielle stood there and pressed her ear against the cubicle door. She had never huddled with a man in a public restroom cubicle before, and if Westley found out about it, he would be furious.

But she had no choice. If the people hunting Victor caught her with their target, she would surely end up as collateral damage.

There were certain things that Gabrielle was willing to die for, but Victor was not one of them. So if she was going to help him, she would make sure that they would completely escape the bad guys in one piece.

Victor, who was crouching on the toilet bowl, suddenly burst into laughter.

"What are you laughing at?" Gabrielle whipped her head to him and snapped. Was he trying to get them caught?

Was he insane?

"I'm just very happy..."

"What is there to be happy about? People are out to kill you and possibly me if they find me with you." Gabrielle heard the footsteps again. They were right outside the ladies' room. Once they came in and found them hiding inside, it would be all over.

"I'm not afraid anymore. At least I won't die alone. You'll be with me as they send me to hell." Victor's face twisted in pain.

"Did they hit you hard enough on the head to say outrageous things like that? Why should I help you now, huh? Since you're so eager to die in the hands of your pursuer, then I'm out. I'm not going to die here with you." Gabrielle did not want to stay with Victor any longer.

"My head hurts, Miss Jones. I'm in so much pain."

"Stop talking, or they will... They're coming." Gabrielle felt her heart leap to her throat as the footsteps approached. But the man behind her was not nervous at all. He even had a ridiculous smile on his face despite the pain he was obviously trying to tolerate.

He had really gone crazy.

"Gabrielle!

Gabrielle, where are you?"

When Gabrielle heard Westley's voice, she heaved a big sigh of relief.

"Westley, I'm here." Gabrielle began unlatching the door lock.

But then Victor grabbed her by the hand. She looked back at him and found that his face was bloodier now. It was terrible.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Sanderson. My husband's calling me. He can help you and keep us safe." Gabrielle pulled her hand out of Victor's.

Husband?

Westley was her husband?

This new piece of information made Victor feel even worse.

He had thought that Westley was, at the most, Gabrielle's boyfriend or sugar daddy and that this time, Westley was just on vacation with his mistress.

Victor did not mind robbing Westley of his lover. After all, he really liked Gabrielle.

"We don't need him," Victor groaned. He would rather be killed than ask his rival in love for help.

"Mr. Sanderson, you... No! Stay awake! Stay with me!" Gabrielle started screaming when she saw Victor's eyelids slowly grow heavy. She was afraid that he had lost a lot of blood and that was why he was starting to lose consciousness.

"Westley, come in here!" Gabrielle ran outside, grabbed Westley, and dragged him into the ladies' room.

Westley's face darkened when he saw Victor sitting like a bloodied rag doll on the toilet bowl in one of the cubicles.

"What's going on in here, Gabrielle? Are you okay? Are you hurt?" Westley looked at Gabrielle and checked her for cuts and bruises.

"I'm fine. I ran into Mr. Sanderson when I was leaving the restroom earlier. I found him injured and bleeding. He told me that someone was trying to kill him. I think he's lost a lot of blood. Can you help him?" Gabrielle anxiously told Westley, darting her eyes to the door from time to time.

"Mr. Sanderson? Do you know him?" Westley was quite surprised because he really did not expect that Gabrielle would know Victor.

The two of them only walked past each other that one time when Westley took Gabrielle to the restaurant to get some breakfast. Gabrielle and Victor did not have any other interaction at that time. Why was Gabrielle addressing Victor like she had known him for some time?

"I bumped into him at the temple before. He's in grave danger now. Can you..."

"Do you really want me to save him?" Although Westley understood that Victor's life was hanging in the balance, he wanted to make sure first that if he did help him, he would not paint a target on his back and on Gabrielle's in the process.

Westley was sure that Victor's predicament now stemmed from the strife in Victor's own family. He was probably being hunted by his own flesh and blood. If Westley helped him now, then Westley would get involved in the war the Sanderson family was waging among themselves. That was the last thing that Westley wanted.



Moreover, he did not want Gabrielle to get dragged into the mess, either.

"Of course I do. We can't just stand here and watch him die, can we? We have to help him," Gabrielle replied. ⑥

"All right, fine." Westley finally caved. He fished his phone out of his pocket and called one of the Campbell Family's men who had helped him before with the investigation. He asked the man to send someone to deal with the situation as soon as possible.

After hanging up, Westley quickly checked Victor and made sure that he would make it in time for help to arrive.

"Are you and this guy close?" Westley asked as he held Gabrielle in his arms.

"No, not really. I just know his surname is Sanderson. Do you know him?" Gabrielle looked at Westley uneasily.

"Yes, and we don't have a good relationship. Are you really okay?" Westley kissed her on the forehead.

Gabrielle nodded. "I was just a little startled when I saw his face earlier. I've never seen anyone in that kind of state."

"Well, it's all right now. I'm here." Westley held her tightly.

"I know. Thank you. I feel much, much better now." Leaning against Westley's chest, Gabrielle was glad that she could breathe easily again. As long as Westley was there, there was no reason for her to be scared.

Soon, the Campbell Family's men arrived and took care of everything.

"We'll take it from here, Mr. Morris. I assigned some people to escort you back to the villa," the person in charge told Westley.

"Okay. Don't let him die, but I won't mind him suffering a little." Westley put his hand on the small of Gabrielle's back and ushered her out.

## Chapter 526 Take Caution When Saving An Ungrateful Man

Remy was in the living room and reading a book. He heard a car pull up in the driveway. He put down his book when he saw Westley and Gabrielle enter the room. He looked at them questioningly.

"I thought you would set out for the villa at five o'clock in the afternoon. It's already nine," he said, glancing at the wall clock. "It's only a two-hour drive. What took you so long to get here?" asked Remy in a worried tone, belying the unpleasant way he had welcomed them.

"Something urgent turned up and we needed to deal with it. And so, we were delayed in getting back here," explained Westley nonchalantly. He then took Gabrielle's hand and they went to the kitchen.

"Dinner was hours ago. The food has gone cold. Just heat it up. Has something gone wrong?" Remy asked worriedly.

Something serious must have happened. Otherwise, Westley and Gabrielle would not delay that long. But Westley was a capable man, he would have solved any problem.

As a businessman, Westley had a reputation for getting whatever he wanted because he was ruthless and scheming. He had proven this time and again. So even in Bangkok, nothing could happen to him.

"I can heat up the food. Have you eaten?" Westley asked Remy.

"Yes, I already had dinner," answered Remy. "I'm just waiting for you two. Now, I am relieved that you've both returned." He felt anxious waiting for them in the past hours. He knew that they would return but it took them longer than the estimated time of arrival. ❶

So seeing them here, looking okay, he let out a sigh of relief.

"I'll warm up the food. Gabrielle, why don't you rest a while?" Westley said as he pointed to a chair at the table.

Gabrielle reached for the pitcher on the table and poured a glass of water for herself. She slowly drank up the water, delighted at its refreshing coolness. When she was done, she walked up to Remy.

"How is Rose?" asked Gabrielle. She hadn't had the time to see Rose. ❶

Remy assured her that Rose was doing okay. "But what about the two of you? Had something happened to you? Your body smells like blood." Being a doctor, Remy was sensitive to the smell of blood.

He could tell that coppery scent on Gabrielle. He had to ask her about it.

Gabrielle's eyes automatically turned to a dark spot on her shirt. Victor had leaned on her shoulder so he could have stained her with blood. She couldn't smell it but Remy could tell.

Was it because he was a doctor that he had this heightened sense of smell? ①

It was unbelievable that even the faint metallic smell of blood could seize his attention.

"Don't worry. It's nothing serious. We met an injured man who was being taken away by the people of the Campbell Family. Westley and I are fine. We're not hurt," Gabrielle explained, seeing that Remy was worrying a bit too much.

"Then I'm glad that you are both okay," Remy said, his face relaxing again. "Gabrielle, why don't you go to your room and freshen up before dinner?" Remy reminded her, smiling at her.

She nodded at him and went upstairs to do his bidding.

She took a shower and changed into clean clothes. Downstairs, Westley had heated up their food and was already setting the table.

"Gabrielle," said Westley, waving at her when he saw her enter the dining room. "Let's have our dinner."

"Oh, good! I'm so hungry," said Gabrielle as she sat down. The food looked so appetizing.

"Now, be careful. The food is steaming hot," Westley cautioned Gabrielle.

"Okay."

"We'll visit Rose after we had our dinner. I have this amulet and I want to put it on her. The amulet gives the wearer protection against evil, danger, or disease. Who knows? Wearing it, she might wake up sooner than we expected. What do you think?" Gabrielle looked at Westley with resoluteness and calm.

"If you're not yet tired, yes, we'll go and see Rose." Westley gave her a worried look.

"Well ... I'm not," Gabrielle said as she turned her head to look out the window. "It's a good thing it isn't raining." It had not rained for some time. The night was beautiful. A silver moon hanged in the sky, illuminating the yard. The silvery light created pearly water ripples on the swimming pool.

She was thankful that it stopped raining. She was already having cabin fever. The rain kept her and Westley cooped up in the resort villa for three days.

"That's nice to hear. You know that I only want to make you happy," Westley said in a most caring voice.

He was in a good mood that anything he said was pleasant to the ears.



After dinner, they cleared the table, put the leftover food away in the fridge, and washed the dishes. They then set out to visit Rose.

"Remy, do you want to go with us?" Gabrielle asked Remy.

"No, but thanks for asking," he replied. "I was with the two of them the whole day today. But it will be good for you two to see them. I'll just turn myself in for the night." Remy then picked up the medical book he was reading and walked to his bedroom.

Holding each other's hands, Gabrielle and Westley started walking to the villa. It was only a few hundred meters to where Rose lived. Walking would be helpful to speed up digestion. It was a hearty—and satisfying—meal that they just had.

"Westley, have you asked the people of the Campbell Family about Mr. Sanderson?" Gabrielle was a bit wary asking her husband about Victor. But she felt she had to know how he was faring now. He passed out in front of her. And she saved him.

"Well, he's not dead." Westley's response was cold.

His answer stopped Gabrielle in her tracks. He sounded angry. She could feel it. And she understood the reason.

This was not the first time that Westley had shown his jealous nature. She should have known better than to ask him about another man.

"Oh, Westley! Don't tell me that you are angry again. I am only concerned about Mr. Sanderson's safety. There's nothing more to it," Gabrielle assured her husband. "After all, the benefits we will receive from saving his life will be beyond measure," she reminded him.

Westley could only shake his head. Gabrielle, only her, could say such nonsense and he'd believe it.

"There's no one as kind-hearted as you are. You would help anyone, especially a dying person. But we are talking about Victor. Are you sure you had saved a person? He could be the devil, you know. I just hope you won't regret helping that ingrate!" said Westley emphatically.

It was Gabrielle's nature to be kind. But Westley thought she was being kind to a fault. Didn't she know that the bad guy was taking advantage of her good heart? How could she help someone who hurt her?

"What are you talking about? Is he an ingrate? And what about me? Is being kind a bad thing?" Gabrielle said, laughing softly.

She thought her husband was worrying a bit too much.

"Well, I'll be with you always. Nothing bad will happen to you," Westley promised her.

After all, he had said something too serious that it frightened Gabrielle.

"Do you know who Victor is and what kind of a man he is?" she said as she looked straight at him. Their faces were lit by the moonlight.

Westley wouldn't have helped Victor if he didn't know anything about the man.

Even if Victor had died, Westley had nothing to do with it.

People like them wouldn't like to get in trouble.

"Well, I know a few things about him," Westley told her truthfully.

"So, what kind of a man is he? Will he get you in trouble?" Gabrielle was a bit edgy as she waited for Westley's reply. Seeing her husband's expression made her think that Victor was definitely not an ordinary person. He must be someone influential.

"Silly girl, you don't have to worry too much. There's no big trouble for your husband. If I can't solve matters as trivial as this, I won't deserve you at all." Westley gently rubbed his wife's head to reassure her.

"No man can compare to you. You're simply the best and most powerful," Gabrielle said, heaving a sigh of comfort after hearing her husband's words.

When she saw Victor passing out, his face bloodied, the first thought that entered her mind was to urge Westley to save him.

At the same time, she felt ambivalent about asking her husband to save someone who had caused them anguish.



## Chapter 527 Westley's Worries

They had talked to Doctor Maniac before they came, so he didn't go back to his room to rest. Instead, he sat on a wheelchair in the living room waiting for them.

"Mr. Morris, Gabrielle, you're back." Doctor Maniac called out to them.

"Doctor Maniac, we're really sorry to bother you at this hour. I wanted to see Rose so we decided to drop by. I went to the temple to pray and asked for an amulet. I want to give it to her," Gabrielle explained.

"It's no bother at all. All I do is rest here all the time anyway," Doctor Maniac answered with a smile.

"How are you these days?"

"I'm doing fine. I'll be able to start my rehabilitation training soon." Doctor Maniac sounded happy.

After all, who liked being in a wheelchair for a long time? It was surely not a pleasant experience.

He used to walk around freely, but now he was stuck in a wheelchair. His injury was taking time to heal. It would be an unhappy situation for anyone.

"That's good to hear. I'll go see Rose first." Gabrielle hurried to the room.

Rose remained motionless and dependent on the respirator. Gabrielle felt a sting in her heart when she saw Rose like this.

"Rose, I'm back. I went to the temple and prayed for you. I also drew a divination stick about your condition. Look, it's a favorable one. I especially got you this amulet. I hope it will bless you and that you wake up soon," Gabrielle said, putting the amulet under Rose's pillow.

"Rose, I'll wait for you to wake up. Then, if you'd like to, we can be sisters for life. I have a brother, but I never knew the feeling of having a sister. You have to wake up soon, okay? We have a lot to catch up on." Gabrielle talked to Rose for a while, then she left the room.

"Thank you for looking after Rose, Doctor Maniac. Don't forget to take care as well. We're leaving now." After expressing her gratitude to Doctor Maniac, Gabrielle and Westley went back to the villa hand in hand.

"Are you feeling better?" Westley gripped her hand gently and walked away. He noticed that she looked so much more relaxed.

It seemed that this visit had put her in a lighter mood. As long as Gabrielle was in a good mood, he would be relieved.

"I feel so relieved after seeing Rose. I placed the amulet under her pillow, hoping it would help her regain consciousness soon. Do you think the Buddha will hear my prayers?" Gabrielle looked at him and asked uneasily.

She knew she wouldn't get an answer even if she asked Westley. He couldn't tell the future and he didn't know the answer either. But, she just wanted to be assured, even if he told a lie.

"Of course, you've always been sincere with your prayers. How could the Buddha not hear it? About the three divination sticks you drew, did the Dewey tell you about them personally?" Westley asked, feeling doubtful all of a sudden.

For a small temple like Baycrum, the abbot or the monks were usually not fluent in English. Gabrielle didn't know Thai at all, how could she have understood the explanation of the divination sticks?

"Of course, I was lucky enough to receive three favorable divination sticks, but the truth is, Dewey only knows Thai." Gabrielle felt a little guilty at the mention of this.

Because she had assumed that she would never see Victor ever again.

She didn't expect they'd be able to meet in the hotel. He eventually passed out in front of her with blood all over his face.

This was kind of cliché and she had to doubt something.

"So, Mrs. Morris, could you please explain to me how you could understand Dewey's explanation in Thai?" Westley narrowed his eyes and his face darkened.

He had a sneaking suspicion. How did Dewey manage to be so fluent in English? Turned out, this wasn't the case.

"Someone happened to be there and he understood Thai, so he translated them for me." The more Gabrielle said, the smaller she felt.

"If I'm not mistaken, the person who translated for you should be Victor, right?" Westley guessed right.

No wonder when they were in the restaurant, he felt that Victor knew Gabrielle.

It turned out there was something going on that he didn't know.

"Wow, Westley, you nailed that. The one who interpreted for me for free is Victor!" Gabrielle knew that he was getting angrier and angrier, so she held his hand to coax him.

"Mrs. Morris, I remember telling you clearly when you entered the hall that if you had any problems, call me. But you would rather ask someone else to translate for you than ask me for help. You couldn't tell if a person was suspicious or kind. Why did you ask someone else? Do you mean to make me angry?" Westley was visibly upset.

Jealousy was one thing. But more importantly, he was worried that Gabrielle would be deceived. His little wife was so innocent and kind-hearted that she could always be deceived by a few pleasant words. In her eyes, there were always more good people in this world.

"Westley, I didn't ask him personally. When I was about to look for you, he offered to help. I helped him up because he fainted with a nosebleed before that, so he insisted on thanking me with a free interpretation. So I... agreed." Gabrielle looked at Westley nervously and explained everything.

"So, don't be angry, okay? And don't be jealous. It was just a friendly gesture." Gabrielle rubbed his hand and pouted.

"I'm not jealous. I'm just worried that you'll get tricked easily. Victor is a member of the Sanderson Family in Ensfield. None of them is easy to deal with. Especially Victor. He's very sophisticated, scheming, and good at plotting. If you are really targeted by him, how will you handle it?" Westley really felt sorry for the pure and innocent girl. She was easily tricked by Victor's facade.

"I have you by my side. As long as you're with me, nothing bad will happen, right?" Gabrielle smiled at him.

Westley immediately felt weak. "You... what am I going to do with you? I won't let you down as long as I'm here. I'll make anyone who dares to deceive you regret being born into this world."

"I know. Mr. Morris is the best." Gabrielle tiptoed to give him a kiss.

"Let's go back since it's getting late. You should rest well today. You haven't had good sleep the past days." Looking at her tired face, Westley was worried.

Maybe because it didn't rain again, or perhaps because she felt safe being protected by the Campbell Family here, Gabrielle slept comfortably till dawn, without being disturbed by nightmares.

When she opened her eyes, it was already ten o'clock. There was no sign of Westley by her side.

This man never had the habit of sleeping in, so he always got up early every day. By now, he probably had finished exercising.

Westley didn't exercise much after his injury. But he had a routine of working out for an hour in the morning to aid in his recovery.

Gabrielle went downstairs as soon as she tidied up. She was surprised to see Michelle sitting in the living room.

"Michelle?"

"Oh, Gabrielle, you're finally up." Michelle ran to Gabrielle happily and held Gabrielle



in her arms.

## Chapter 528 Rose Finally Woke Up

Michelle was hugging Gabrielle so tightly that Gabrielle was having trouble breathing.

"Hey, Michelle, let go of me now. Are you trying to choke me?" Gabrielle asked in a weak voice.

Michelle ultimately let go of Gabrielle. She then looked Gabrielle intently and said, "It's true that a woman is much more beautiful when she lives a beautiful life filled with love alongside her husband. You are really radiant, Gabrielle! Do you and my cousin have a pleasant holiday here?"

Michelle's words instantly made Gabrielle blush and she unconsciously turned her head to look at the man in the kitchen.

Gabrielle wondered what Westley was busy with. Perhaps he was preparing breakfast for her.

"Well, I must admit that our stay so far has not been bad at all. So, why are you in Thailand?" Gabrielle just didn't want Michelle to know what happened to them, so she chose to give a rather vague answer. It could be said that they had a narrow escape.

"I came here to shoot an advertisement. We're just done. I knew you were here, so I decide to pay you a visit. Tell me, what happened to you? Why do you have the scar on your face?" Michelle asked, pointing at the scar on Gabrielle's face.

"Don't worry. It's just a small bruise," Gabrielle explained quickly.

"Alright. Wilson and Bonnie are also in Bangkok, right? I heard they went to Chiang Mai. Why didn't you go with them?" Michelle asked again with a smile.

In fact, Michelle was very fond of Bonnie and Gabrielle. However, Bonnie had this strong aura since she was a child, which made her seem like someone who wasn't easy to get along with. Maybe it was just because she was the eldest daughter of the Campbell Family!

Gabrielle, on the other hand, was very different from Bonnie. She was nice and easy-going. Michelle really enjoyed spending time with Gabrielle.

With a nice smile, Gabrielle replied, "Wilson and Bonnie seldom have the time to be alone. I think we should let them enjoy some time together."

Michelle agreed with Gabrielle on this. "You are right. Well, you and Westley will like it here. This place is peaceful and really nice. Where will you be going next? You said you were here just for your honeymoon, right?" Michelle's gaze had suddenly become serious and she stared at Gabrielle.

Hearing Michelle's question, Gabrielle guessed that everyone she knew must know about her supposed honeymoon.

Just to cover up a lie, she was forced to tell countless lies to her friends and family. At this point, Gabrielle was tired of lying.

However, she didn't really have a choice. Besides, it wasn't that difficult. She just had to react according to the circumstances.

"Well, we didn't really have a plan. I think we'll just stay here for a few more days. We'll go back to Antawood not long after." Gabrielle said the first thing that came to her mind.

"Okay. Westley and you should have a great time. As for me, I'm going to stay and bother you for a few days. You and me let's take a walk through the streets of Bangkok. I'll bring you back to Westley afterwards." As she spoke, Michelle pulled Gabrielle's hand happily.

At this moment, Westley walked out of the kitchen with the breakfast in hand. He gave Michelle a disdainful look and snapped, "Gabrielle is mine! What right do you have to take her without my permission?"

He really didn't want Michelle to come. She'd just arrived and yet, she already wanted to take Gabrielle away.

"Westley, you see you're jealous again. I wonder how I could have missed that aspect of your personality before. Just married, you've turned into another man. Don't worry, I'm not here to take your wife away from you. She'll get back to you when we're done!" Michelle was really stunned by Westley's attitude.

He wanted to protect his wife so badly that he almost seemed crazy.

Westley ignored Michelle and ultimately turned to Gabrielle. "Gabrielle, come and have breakfast. I made you some delicious pancakes." Westley's tone had completely changed when he was talking to Gabrielle.

"Really? I'm coming right away!" Gabrielle eagerly ran to him. However, she stopped midway and turned to Michelle to ask whether Michelle would join them for breakfast.

"No, it's fine. I had breakfast before coming. Besides, I'm pretty sure I wasn't the one breakfast was made for." Michelle cast a scornful glance at Westley as she spoke.

Of course, knowing how jealous Westley could be, she knew he certainly wouldn't want her at their table.

Westley turned to Gabrielle and said calmly, "You shouldn't worry about her. She has a team to take care of her, so she can't go hungry. However, they won't allow her to overeat. The hardest thing for female celebrities is to constantly check their calories because gaining weight is unforgivable."



Westley's words really hurt Michelle. Why did she have to have such a sharp-tongued cousin? She hated him!

"It's not like I get fat easily, okay?" Michelle shouted in anger.

However, Westley simply ignored her and handed the food to Gabrielle.

After breakfast, Westley went to the study to discuss business with Alvin. On the other hand, Gabrielle and Michelle were enjoying the sun and the beautiful sea view from the yard.

"Michelle, you shouldn't let Westley's words get to you every time. You know as well as I how saucy he is. But he's a good guy!" As she spoke, Gabrielle handed a cup of coffee to Michelle.

Michelle took the cup of coffee and brought it to her lips. It was lukewarm. "Yeah, I know that. I don't like arguing with that jealous guy. However, I really admire the fact that he loves and protects you so much," Michelle said in earnest. She wasn't angry at all.

After taking another sip of her coffee, she added, "I really hope that you and Westley can live a happy life forever. You know, there was a time when Westley had lost his happiness. He looked gloomy that we wondered whether he would ever smile again. You're really a blessing that God sent him." Michelle's eyes shone with joy as she looked at Gabrielle.

There was a dark period in Westley's life when it seemed that happiness had forever left him. Gabrielle too had been through a similar situation, though hers was more extreme. For twenty years she didn't know how to be happy. Her life would have remained like that if not for Westley.

Ever since she met him, her life had become brighter. She would definitely cherish this relationship with all her heart.

"Don't worry. Westley and I will be happy for the rest of our lives." Gabrielle's words were meant for both Michelle and herself.

She knew that Westley was all she had now.

"I also believe that you both will be happy as long as you are together. I've never seen Westley care about someone this much. You are definitely very special to him." Michelle gently patted on Gabrielle's hand as she spoke.

The two women chatted again for a while. Suddenly, a bodyguard came over. "Mrs. Morris, Rose is awake," the man said.

Hearing that, Gabrielle stood up immediately, her eyes shining with excitement. "Did you just say that Rose woke up?" she asked enthusiastically.

"Yes, she just woke up. Doctor Maniac asked me to inform you." Gabrielle quickly ran

into the house. When she reached the study, she saw that the door was closed. Knowing that Westley was definitely busy, she didn't want to disturb him. So, she turned around and ran out again.

"Gabrielle, why are you so excited? Who's this 'Rose'?" Michelle was completely stunned by Gabrielle's behavior.

"Rose is one of my friends. She's been in a coma for days. I'm so happy to know that she finally woke up." Without further ado, Gabrielle grabbed Michelle's hand and took her to see Rose.

It seemed that the amulet Gabrielle had procured was really effective. She had put it under Rose's pillow yesterday and today Rose had woken up.

What they said was true. Often, it just took faith.

When the car arrived at the villa where Rose lived, Gabrielle quickly opened the door and got off the car. Then she began to run towards the house.

In the room, Rose was still lying on the bed, but her eyes were open. The moment Gabrielle entered, Rose's face immediately lit up as she recognized her friend.

"Rose! I'm so glad that, you finally woke up. You can't fathom how much I have been looking forward to this day." Standing beside the bed, Gabrielle held her friend's hand affectionately and her eyes were shining with joy.

"You didn't lose your memory, did you? Do you still remember me?" Gabrielle was very nervous all of a sudden. She knew that very often, people who woke up from a coma suffered from partial or total amnesia. This was even more common among those who had suffered a traumatic brain injury.