

## Chapter 533 They Were A Perfect Match

Gabrielle couldn't believe what they said.

However, she chose not to ask any more. Gabrielle knew that no matter how much she prodded, they would never tell her the truth. Asking them would just be a waste of time.

She turned to walk into the villa only to find Doctor Maniac and Rose sitting in the living room.

Rose had just gotten out of her coma yesterday. It was unbelievable that she was now here in the flesh.

"Rose, you shouldn't have gotten out of bed. You should be resting right now." Gabrielle was worried.

"Don't worry about me. My head gets painful sometimes but my limbs are doing just fine. I don't a wheelchair. Unlike Doctor Maniac. It's not as bad as you think it is," Rose complained as she pointed at the gauze wrapped around her head.

Doctor Maniac couldn't care less. After all, he had already known how sharp her tongue was. There had never been a time when she said anything nice to him. He had grown accustomed to her roughness. No matter how harsh her words were, he didn't take them to heart.

"Rose, Doctor Maniac only suffered from minimal injury in his legs. I'm sure he would recover and would be able to stand up in no time," Gabrielle explained.

Doctor Maniac was in grief when he found out that his legs had gotten injured. He looked calm on the outside but the truth was that it was a big deal to him. Nobody knew about it.

Long story short, it was wisest not to say such insensitive words in front of injured people.

"I'm hoping that he would recover sooner. It would be such a shame if someone as handsome as him would spend the rest of his life in a wheelchair," Rose said in a mocking voice.

"Rose... He helped you cure your wounds," Gabrielle said, trying to soften the blow for Doctor Maniac.

"I know he was the one who carried me out of the wolf's den. He saved me. But I don't give a shit about it. He did it voluntarily. It's not like I begged him or something," Rose insisted. She did not like the idea of being indebted.

The truth was that Rose felt helpless. After all, it couldn't be helped that she now

owed Doctor Maniac for saving her.

The day she entered the forest, Rose decided that she couldn't care less about her life anymore. However, what Gabrielle said last night made her value the life she had once again.

"She's right. I did it on my own will. She didn't force me to do it. I do not intend on asking her to repay me. I wouldn't subject her to be indebted to me," Doctor Maniac calmly replied.

That very moment, Gabrielle sensed that something was wrong. Rose and Doctor Maniac had always bickered. It was odd for Doctor Maniac to concede.

"Doctor Maniac... Rose... Are you two..."

"Gabrielle, why are you alone? Where's your husband?" Rose interrupted before Gabrielle could even finish her words.

"My husband is away for business. I'm bored to death at the villa so I came to visit you. It's much nicer when you have company. What do you want to eat? I can cook for you," Gabrielle offered. Eating lunch alone made her feel quite lonely.

Sharing a meal with the two of them brought her great joy. She had breakfast alone. It was depressing.

Westley used to keep her company. Gabrielle had been accustomed to sharing a meal with him every day. However, he was away for business. Eating alone saddened Gabrielle.

There used to be a time when Gabrielle had to do it alone but then, there was nothing wrong with it. She had gotten used to sharing a meal with Westley that it almost seemed impossible for her to eat a meal by herself now.

"You're going to make lunch for us?" Rose looked at Gabrielle in surprise.

"Yes. I'm quite talented when it comes to cooking. Just tell me what you want to eat. Let's eat together today." Gabrielle looked at the two of them expectantly.

"I'm good with anything. I'm excited to try your food!" Rose's voice was filled with anticipation.

"Yeah, me too," Doctor Maniac seconded. However, he wasn't as enthusiastic as Rose. After all, he was a man obsessed with the art of medicine. Food wasn't really in his list of interests.

Despite that, Gabrielle cooking for them piqued his interest.

"I'll go check the kitchen for ingredients. I'll have someone prepare everything," Gabrielle said as she hurried into the kitchen.

It was unusual for Rose and Doctor Maniac to look forward to lunch so much.

Gabrielle was determined to make something incredible so she wouldn't let the two of them down.

Soon, Gabrielle came out of the kitchen looking relaxed. "I just checked the fridge. There's enough food for the three of us. I don't think we need to get anything else."

"Gabrielle... Is everything fine?" She looked at Gabrielle's face carefully. Rose could sense that there was something wrong with her even though Gabrielle tried hard to hide her sadness from them.

"It's not that big of a deal. I'm just worried about Westley. I feel weird because he left without a word," Gabrielle blurted. She was worried.

Being concerned about one's husband was nothing to be ashamed of.

"Don't worry, Gabrielle. Your husband is a grown man. I'm sure he'll be fine," Rose reassured her. She had only met Westley once but the air of dominance around him impressed Rose.

In front of Westley, she felt an unparalleled sense of being little. Rose had never felt that way towards Bain.

She could tell that Westley was a powerful and ruthless man.

Having him as Gabrielle's husband put Rose at ease.

"He is powerful, I guess. You'll see when you go back home with us. Antawood is his turf. Staying here would be too dangerous." Gabrielle's voice trailed off.

"Don't be too worried. I've only met him once but I know Westley isn't an ordinary man. You should have more faith in him," Rose whispered as she held Gabrielle's hand in hers.

Rose's words made sense. After all, Westley was Gabrielle's husband. It was her sworn duty to believe in him.

"You're right. Thank you, Rose. I know he'll come back safe and sound."

After their chat, Gabrielle returned to the kitchen to make lunch. She had planned on making four dishes and a soup.

It was quite simple. However, the fact that it was cooked at home was comforting. Everything she made was delicious and looked sumptuous.

"Lunch is ready. Come, let's eat!" Gabrielle placed the soup on the table and called Rose and Doctor Maniac.

Rose pushed Doctor Maniac's wheelchair into the living room. One of them had some gauze wrapped around her head. The other was sitting on his wheelchair with his injured legs.

'These two are a perfect match,' Gabrielle thought to herself. However, she did not dare utter a word about it. Gabrielle was terrified that Rose would beat her up for it.

"Damn, Gabrielle. These look so delicious. I could tell just by looking at the dishes!" Rose praised.

A shy smile adorned Gabrielle's lips as she put a bowl of soup in front of them. "You should try it out first."

"Gabrielle... I've had a lot of delicious food in my lifetime. This is by far the best I've had!" Rose exclaimed right after she took a bite of Gabrielle's food.

## Chapter 534 Got Used To Her

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Originally, Gabrielle didn't have much confidence in her cooking skill, especially when she was cooking for someone else for the first time. Nevertheless, after hearing the encouraging words of Rose, Gabrielle's confidence greatly increased.

"Rose, you are not just praising me because you feel bad, right? You must eat more if it really suits your taste." Gabrielle clapped her hands and looked at Rose happily, encouraging her to eat more.

Rose's praise lifted her spirit and dispelled her worries.

"I didn't think you would be so good at cooking. After all, you are just a pampered daughter of a rich family. Also, you have a husband who loves and spoils you like a princess now. So, I thought he wouldn't let you do any work at home." Rose shrugged innocently after explaining her thoughts.

Not to mention that Westley's love for Gabrielle was written all over his face and he didn't even try to put any disguise. Not only Rose but also anyone could tell how much he loved his wife.

Hearing this, Gabrielle chuckled and didn't deny. "It's true that Westley doesn't want me to do any housework, but cooking and making desserts are my hobbies, so he lets me do it." When she talked about Westley, there were tenderness and happiness blooming in her eyes.

"Gabrielle, I'm overjoyed to see you so happy like this," Rose said softly, her words coming out from the bottom of her heart. There was unrestrained joy on her face as she watched the relaxed and happy expression on her face. After all, she really treated Gabrielle as her sister.

However, the joy on her face was mixed with a hint of sadness. Of course, Rose also wanted to have such a kind of happiness as a woman. Being loved and doted on by a man whom you loved and who loved you was the dream of every woman.

However, Rose couldn't help thinking that she would never be able to get such chance and happiness in her life, and it was impossible for anyone to love her as deeply as Westley did to Gabrielle.

It seemed that she had lost such kind of happiness since she entered the forest.

Noticing the envy and disappointment in Rose's eyes, Gabrielle tried to comfort her. "Rose, trust me. You will be very happy in the future as well. When it's time, there will be a man by your side, who loves you and treats you like you are a treasure."

Hearing her comforting words, the corners of Rose's mouth tilted upward slightly. She responded, "Gabrielle, it's fortunate that I am alive right now. For me to attain such kind of happiness, it's nothing more than the extravagant hope."

"Let's eat first. We'd better drop this kind of subject before the food gets cold." With a frown

on his face, Doctor Maniac couldn't help interrupting them.

The atmosphere was so depressing that he had the urge to throw his chopsticks away. In fact, there were so many interesting subjects they could talk about, but they just had to choose this kind of sensitive subject to converse with each other and made themselves emotional instead.

He continued, "Rose, we have already left the forest now. Your life is no longer under the control of others and you are free to search your life once again. But if you still want to go back to the forest and work for Bain, I won't stop you." Doctor Maniac's tone was very calm, but Rose could tell that he was unhappy as this matter was related to life and death situation.

Rose thought that he was being ridiculous as he should be calm in the face of death as a doctor.

"What do you mean by that?" Rose asked as he stared at Doctor Maniac unhappily.

"An argument is going to break out if this goes on. Both of you are injured. It's not good for your wounds if you lose your temper. Just eat, okay?" Gabrielle dispelled the tension in the air between the two people in a hurry. She was really afraid that the two of them would start quarrelling.

One was still sitting on the wheelchair while the other was just out of the coma with gauze wrapped around the head. If these two people fought, she was really afraid that none of them would make out unscathed. Both of them would get injured more and that would be the terrible ending.

"Fine. For the sake of Gabrielle, I won't argue with you, or I would be held responsible if you pass out because of rage." Rose gave a side glare at Doctor Maniac and didn't want to talk to him anymore.

Just like that, the three of them ended their lunch in a peacefully despite the tense atmosphere between the two particular people.

After Rose went into her room to take a rest, Gabrielle planned to go back to the villa to wait for Westley.

He told her that he would come back tonight, so she believed that he would keep his words.

However, there was a bad premonition in her heart as she felt a little uneasy somehow.

"Gabrielle, what's wrong? You look restless." Doctor Maniac asked as he observed her expression.

"Oh, everything's fine. You should have a rest now. I'll go back first." Although Gabrielle knew that Doctor Maniac was concerned about her, she didn't want to burden him with her troubles, lest he would be worried. She didn't want to affect his health in any way.

"Well, then. You can go back first."

"Doctor Maniac, we both know that Rose has a short temper. You should give in and tolerate her instead of quarreling against her. But if you think you can't live with her under the same

roof, you guys can live separately. There are other empty houses for you if there's a need for that." Gabrielle reminded seriously. She was a little worried since she noticed that the two were in bad terms at noon.

Doctor Maniac shook his head and declined. "There's no need for that. I've already been used to the bad temper of this woman. It doesn't even matter anymore. There's nothing to worry about." There was no need for him to move out and live separately with Rose in fear of her harsh words towards him. He was used to living with a sharp-tongued woman like Rose. What was more, it was already more than enough for the two of them to live in such a big villa. They had to be considerate.

"Okay, if you say so. I'll go back first." After saying her goodbye, Gabrielle left directly.

When she went out, she saw a tall man, who had a cold and detached expression on his face, standing in front of the villa. Gabrielle felt a little strange as she felt that this man seemed familiar.

However, she would have remembered if it was someone she knew. She shook that thought and guessed that he might just be a new bodyguard of the Campbell Family.

"Mrs. Morris, nice to meet you. I'm Slater Burke, the captain of Mr. Morris's bodyguards. From now on, I'll be guarding for your safety in a closer proximity." The man walked straight to Gabrielle and briefly introduced himself.

'So, he's the captain of Westley's bodyguards,' she thought.

No wonder he looked a bit familiar. She must have seen him in Antawood once or twice before. But unlike Alvin whom she could see occasionally as he protected her, Slater seemed to protect her in the shadows.

Therefore, he kept a low profile. It was reasonable that Gabrielle didn't have a deep impression of him.

However, being the captain of the bodyguards meant that he was in a very important position. Generally speaking, he should be in Antawood or at Westley's side right now.

Why did he show up in front of her, saying he would protect her?

"Slater, may I ask why you are here?" Gabrielle spoke out her thoughts.

"I just came to Bangkok today from Antawood. I am assigned to protect you well, Mrs. Morris. Just like his introduction, Slater's explanation was curt and direct to the point.

"Westley ordered you to protect me?" Gabrielle asked in surprise.

"Yes, Mr. Morris asked me to come here. Mrs. Morris, will you be heading back to the villa now?" Slater asked expressionlessly.

"Yes. I understand. Let's go back." Then, Gabrielle got into the car.

This time, it was Slater who drove while two other bodyguards were sitting in the backseat.

Naturally, Gabrielle could sense the sudden strictness in her security. She had a vague feeling that something serious must have happened.

Unable to endure it any longer, Gabrielle asked directly, "Slater, since you said that Westley ordered you to come here, you should know where he is now, right?"

She had asked Jenna and other bodyguards, but they all said they didn't know where Westley was. Now that Slater was here, he would most likely know the answer. Thinking this way, Gabrielle tried to sound Slater out.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Morris. Since I just arrived in Bangkok, I don't know where Mr. Morris is for the time being. I am afraid I can't tell you his exact whereabouts," Slater responded calmly, devoid of any nervousness, so Gabrielle couldn't detect if he was saying the truth or not.

Hearing this, she just lowered her head and didn't ask any more questions. Instead, she turned to look out of the window. Staring up into the sky, there were many thoughts in her head.

The sky looked as if it was going to rain again. Gabrielle always felt depressed when it rained as she didn't like the dull atmosphere of it.



## Chapter 535 You Can Punish Me As You Like

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That night, Westley didn't return, nor did Gabrielle get any news about his whereabouts.

Gabrielle had been waiting from afternoon. It was past midnight and she didn't feel sleepy at all. Westley wasn't back, and she had no information about him. It started to worry her, as he had never been so late. If he had some work, he'd make it a point to inform her about it.

"Mrs. Morris, please have some food. I'll heat it up for you. You can have some later too. Shall I bring it for you?" Jenna had tried to convince Gabrielle to eat but it was in vain. She heated up the dishes three times since the dinner was served. However, Gabrielle didn't seem to have any appetite at all. She was too anxious to even feel the pangs of hunger.

Gabrielle was restless because of Westley's absence. She couldn't calm herself down. So, quite naturally she had no appetite or wish to eat.

"Jenna, I told you already, I don't want to eat anything. I'll have my meal after Westley comes back," Gabrielle said calmly. She was trying to look composed and relaxed, but she looked extremely melancholic.

Jenna was starting to get worried about Gabrielle. But she couldn't force her to eat. She could only keep reminding and requesting her to have her meal.

She felt helpless. Being a maid, there was nothing much she could do.

"Alright, Mrs. Morris. Whenever you want to eat something, please tell me. I'll heat up when you want it. Till then, shall I bring you some desserts and fruits?" Jenna decided not to force Gabrielle to have dinner. She decided to at least make Gabrielle have some fruits.

"Okay, Jenna!" Gabrielle said helplessly. She sat still on the sofa, and kept staring outside.

The concern and worry in Gabrielle's eyes, started to trouble Jenna. She too started to get anxious.

Quietly, she went into the kitchen and brought some fruits and drinks for Gabrielle.

"Mrs. Morris, please eat something first. Mr. Morris told you that he will come back today, then he will definitely keep his words. I'm sure he won't lie to you." Jenna tried her best to comfort Gabrielle. She didn't know where Westley was. Thus, she didn't know what to tell Gabrielle.

"Hmm. Thank you, Jenna." Gabrielle nodded at Jenna and smiled. She was able to understand what the maid was trying to do and was touched by her concern.

Jenna didn't say anything more. She placed the fruits and drinks on the table and left.

Gabrielle drank some water but couldn't bring herself to eat anything. She just sat there quietly, with her eyes fixed at the window. She was only waiting for Westley to come back.

Sitting there idly and waiting for him, she didn't even realize when she fell asleep on the sofa.

When Gabrielle woke up a few hours later, she quickly looked around in the room. No one was there. She took a quick look at her watch. It was already four o'clock, but Westley hadn't come back yet.

Gabrielle couldn't stop herself. It had started to make her more worried. She lifted the blanket and wrapped it around her body. Huddled in the warm blanket, she walked out of the house.

Slater had been standing outside the villa all the time. He was extremely vigilant. When he saw Gabrielle coming out, he instinctively stopped her. "Mrs. Morris, why are you coming out at such a late hour?"

"Slater, Westley hasn't come back yet. Can you contact him? Or at least tell me where he has gone? Then, I will be relieved and feel at peace," Gabrielle said to Slater. She decided to directly put across her worries.

Saying nothing, Slater just looked at Gabrielle, coldly and seriously. "Mrs. Morris, I do not know anything. Rather, we have no right to enquire about Mr. Morris' whereabouts. If he doesn't tell us, then we do not ask. But you can rest assured that Mr. Morris will be fine."

"What do you mean that he will be fine? It's so late, and he still hasn't come back yet. How can I not worry about him? Call him now, please. I want to know where he is!" Gabrielle was already anxious. She started to urge Slater to make a phone call.

"Please, Mrs. Morris. I..."

Before Slater could finish his words, several cars drove past the gate from outside. They all lined up near the villa.

Once the cars stopped, Gabrielle ran over towards them. She knew Westley must be in one of them.

Sure enough, the door of one of the cars opened and Westley got out of that car.

As a wave of relief passed over her, Gabrielle rushed ahead. Without thinking anything, she just threw herself at him and held him tightly in an embrace.

"Westley! Damn it! Where have you been? You were away for a day and a night, and I knew nothing about your whereabouts. No update or information about your safety! Didn't you know I'll be so worried about you?" Gabrielle started scolding him.

Westley's heart felt a bittersweet ache when he heard her.

"Sorry! I'm so sorry for leaving you like that. Sorry for making you worry!" Westley slowly pulled himself away from her arms. One look at her worried and aggrieved face made him feel guilty.

Before leaving, he had thought that the problem would be solved soon. He hadn't expected it to take so long.

"You know that I get worried about you. Then why didn't you tell me? Where had you gone for so long?" Gabrielle asked angrily.

"Something important had come up and I had to deal with. I'll tell you everything but first let's go inside. It's raining!" Westley immediately took her hand in his and rushed into the villa.

It had started with a drizzle but again it began to rain heavily outside. Gabrielle's mood worsened when she heard the rain hammering against the window.

Looking closely at him, she said, "Westley, are you hurt?" Gabrielle was so mad at him that she didn't realize it earlier. But now when she held him close, a faint smell of blood filled her nose.

As she came closer to him and sniffed, the smell of blood seemed to have got stronger.

She looked at him with a raised eyebrow. Westley was dressed in black, so Gabrielle couldn't see anything. But she could smell it!

"No, there's nothing. I'm not hurt. Don't worry now, Gabrielle," Westley tried to comfort her by his words.

"Really? I don't believe you. Take off your clothes quickly. Let me have a look." Gabrielle wasn't able to convince herself to believe his words. The smell of blood was too strong and she could feel that something was wrong.

She waited for him to start undressing, but Westley seemed unbothered. Seeing him being reluctant to take off his clothes, Gabrielle decided she had to take action by herself.

"Wait a minute, Gabrielle. We're in the living room. Let's go back to our room. I'll take my clothes off for you. Okay?" Westley grabbed her hands quickly before she could touch his clothes.

He didn't expect that his wife would be such an open-minded person. Although only the two of them were staying in the villa, it was improper for her to take off his clothes in public. There were a lot of bodyguards outside and they could see him.

"Oh! Come on now. Why do you have to take off your clothes in your room? It's the same if you take off your clothes here. You are a man. There is nothing to be afraid of or feel shy!" Gabrielle was a little angry. Her worry was increasing by each passing moment.

The more he hesitated to take off his clothes, the more suspicious she felt. Gabrielle was unwilling to give up. She immediately tried to squirm her hands free from his grip. She knew he was making excuses, so she had to take off his clothes.

Westley felt helpless but he tried to laugh it away when he saw her being so stubborn and adamant like that.

"Okay, okay. I'll let you take them off. But you have to answer my question first. Why didn't you eat your meals properly and sleep well? You didn't have your dinner and went to sleep on the sofa. My heart aches when you don't take care of yourself." Westley still held her hand

firmly and looked at her reproachfully.

He rushed back as soon as he heard Slater's report about Gabrielle's restlessness and anxiety.

The problem at hand hadn't been solved yet. He still needed a little bit more time, but he had to rush back.

As soon as he heard that Gabrielle had fallen asleep on the sofa and didn't have dinner, he couldn't stop himself. He had no choice but to return.

Though glad to see her being so concerned and worried about him, he was a little angry at her too. He wasn't pleased to know that she hadn't slept or eaten anything.

"Really? Now you will go ahead and blame me! You left without telling me where you were going. You didn't even tell me when you'd come back. So, quite naturally I was going to be worried about you. I had no appetite at all and couldn't sleep in your absence," Gabrielle shouted at him angrily. She was really mad at him now.

Westley knew that he was wrong, so he kept quiet. Though she yelled at him, he didn't dare to say anything more. He silently admitted his mistake. "Well, you're right Gabrielle! Indeed it's my fault this time. I shouldn't have left without telling you in advance. It's quite natural for you to keep waiting for me day and night in fear. I'll accept whatever punishment you want to give me."

Gabrielle squinted and looked at him with a snicker. She couldn't believe that Westley was accepting his fault and was ready for punishment. "Really? Then take off your clothes now," she said without losing a moment.

## Chapter 536 Got Into A Big Trouble

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Gabrielle told Westley to take off his clothes. She had asked him to do so prior to this time. But it was to no avail.

A slight headache had been bothering Westley. Gabrielle seemed to be of the opinion that he must have hurt himself somehow. So she was determined to take off his clothes there and then in order to ascertain what really happened to him.

However long he wanted to go on refusing to take off his clothes, she had decided to keep on being persistent. In due time, he would have little or no option but to become obedient. Then she would carry on with the needful.

"Alright, I'll take it off." He stopped being hesitant. Westley undressed himself and showed her his body.

He knew how stubborn his wife could be. She would go the extra mile to get whatever she wanted.

So it was a wild goose chase trying to go against her anymore.

She had been rather sorrowful for a day. So he didn't want to further aggravate the situation.

After checking his body both lovingly and dutifully, Gabrielle did not discover any new wound. Only some old ones were found. She heaved a deep sigh of relief. But she could perceive the strong smell of blood on his clothes.

It was definitely not his blood. Therefore it must be someone else's. She feared that something serious and dangerous must have happened that night.

"Gabrielle, I hope that you have seen it clearly. What's the point in disbelieving my words? I am fine." Westley was about to get dressed when Gabrielle stopped him.

"Hold on! Don't put on your clothes now," Gabrielle stopped him.

"You must be kidding me, right? Gabrielle, I'm not hurt. You have checked my body yourself. Why don't you want me to put on some clothes?" Westley looked at her awkwardly. He didn't know what to do.

'Gabrielle doesn't have any plan of letting me walk around the house naked, does she?' He looked at his wife wondering what she had in mind.

'It doesn't matter. I am a man. But what is it that has aroused Gabrielle's curiosity?'

"I perceived the smell of blood on your clothes. Let us go upstairs for a proper check of your entire body. Maybe you have been injured." Gabrielle pulled Westley.

As soon as he heard what she said, Westley became a little worried. He had injured his leg but it was treated in the car when he came back. So there was really nothing serious.

Notwithstanding, Gabrielle would be very worried if she saw it. To make matters worse, he had long refused to admit the fact that he had any wound or cut.

"Gabrielle my darling, it's already getting late. Can we just go to bed, please? You have been up all night waiting for me. Aren't you tired now? Let us catch some sleep." Westley held her hand while he tactfully dragged her towards the bed. He was eager to go to bed with her.

Something within her refused to be convinced. The more Gabrielle listened to him, the level of her suspicion increased. 'There must be something wrong with Westley and he doesn't want me to know about it.'

"Westley!" Gabrielle called out to him.

"Gabrielle, I'm right here. Is everything okay?"

Westley behaved like a child in the kindergarten. He stood very erect and listened attentively.

"Take off your pants. I want to carry out a more thorough search." Gabrielle gazed at his face for a while before speaking directly.

Westley noticed her ravishing charisma. He was intimidated by her domineering aura. She was more decisive than most women.

He wanted to say something to Gabrielle but Westley stammered.

"You can either take it off by yourself or I'll do it for you?" Gabrielle looked at him. She sneered while he struggled to make a choice.

He tried to say something again. But Gabrielle interrupted his speech.

"Westley, are you still trying to deny the fact that you didn't get hurt? It bothers me a great deal when you refuse to tell the truth. I am your loving wife who cares about your well-being. Do I have to force you to open up?" Gabrielle's domineering aura disappeared without a trace. Then, she looked worried for her husband.

"My beloved Gabrielle, I'm deeply sorry that I made you worry. You are my precious wife and I detest seeing you suffer like this. Actually, a bullet grazed my leg, but I'm okay now. It's only a minor scratch." Westley held her tightly in his arms in an attempt to comfort her.

"Did you just call that a minor scratch? I do not enjoy talking to you in an aggressive tone. If you had mentioned it earlier, I wouldn't have forced you like I have just done. Please, let me see the wound." Gabrielle broke free from his arms and paid rapt attention.

A remorseful Westley quickly surrendered. It displeased him that he made his wife experience so much pain as a result of the denial.

"Don't worry too much. I'll roll up my trousers and let you see." Westley let her sit down on the edge of the bed.

"You do not have to do that anymore. Go and take a refreshing bath. There is a faint smell of blood all over you which makes me feel a little uncomfortable." Gabrielle pushed him gently

into the bathroom.

She then started to unfasten his belt. Westley was left with no other choice but let her be.

At last, she took off his pants. Westley noticed that blood had oozed out of the bandage around the wound on his left leg.

Gabrielle squatted down. She looked at it meticulously albeit with so much care. "Westley, please do not play any game of words with me now. Kindly tell me how deep and long the wound is! Else, I will rip off the bandage myself."

Gabrielle was not making idle threats. Her word was her bond! She would waste no time in tearing off the bandage like she promised if Westley tried to be economical with the truth.

"Okay, just calm down. I'll tell you everything. It has not gotten to that extent. By the way, Remy has been called upon to wrap it up properly." Westley tried to make light of the situation. But he was really afraid of her and didn't dare to show any dissatisfaction. He raised his wife up from the floor.

"It's only about half the length of a finger and two centimeters deep. I told you there's nothing to worry about. Can you please excuse me, I have to take a shower?" Westley asked with a stern tone.

"No, that is not happening tonight. I'll bathe you myself." Gabrielle filled the bathtub with water.

He was pleased by her demonstration of affection. The fact that she took the initiative to run some water for him was really soothing. Westley neither resisted nor spoke. He walked up to her and waited. Then she bathed him tenderly.

It was very pleasurable to be pampered by someone. Although Westley was still injured, he felt that it was worth it.

"Sit in the bathtub," Gabrielle said lovingly. She didn't allow his shin to get into the water.

"Westley, what is the cause of the injury?" Gabrielle asked while she sat behind him scrubbing his back.

"Darling, do you really want to get into the nitty-gritty of everything?" Westley was not exactly sure about telling Gabrielle.

"Of course, I want to! What do you think?" Gabrielle replied while she pinched his back.

"They came after Victor," Westley said to her.

When the other members of the Sanderson Family arrived, they found out that the Campbell Family had taken away Victor. They saw it as an opportunity to break in by force and kill him. In this way, his death could be successfully pinned on the Campbell Family. They were so naive!

It was extremely difficult for anyone to kill a person in the territory of the Campbell Family in

Bangkok.

Westley went to save Victor. He had planned to strike a deal with the Sanderson Family. But the negotiation failed! Those scheming villains began to shoot at him. The scene became quite chaotic. Westley had a minor cut. But the people from the Sanderson Family lost their lives.

"It's my fault. I shouldn't have saved Victor in the first place." Gabrielle felt that she had caused a huge problem for both Westley and the Campbell Family. ③