

Chapter 561 Planning Without Permission

Gabrielle had wanted to see Nathan for a while now, but guards had constantly been standing guard outside his ward. No one was allowed to enter, so she had no choice but to just continue down the hall.

Judging by this alone, it was clear that Nathan was held in high regard within the Sanderson Family. The excessive security they had provided for him was a stark contrast to Victor's situation.

No wonder they had turned against each other and ended up as enemies.

"I just wanted to see him," Gabrielle told Melissa awkwardly. "He did save my life, and now he's in a coma. It's only right that I pay him a visit, but the Sanderson Family sent people to guard his room. There's no way I can get in."

Melissa knew that she was a sentimental person. Since Nathan had taken a bullet for her, it was inevitable for Gabrielle to take it as a lifetime debt.

"Don't get too upset about this, Gabrielle. And don't feel guilty, either. I watched Nathan grow up, so I know him very well. If there was something he didn't want to do, then no one can force him to. When he saved you, he did so by his own free will." She wanted to comfort the younger girl and ease some of her remorse.

"I know, I know." Gabrielle took a deep breath and resolved not to show Melissa any more of her weakness and anxiety. She could tell that Melissa didn't want her to worry too much.

"Well, in any case. I'll ask Jonathan to take you to see Nathan tomorrow." Melissa looked at her.

"Thank you," Gabrielle replied sincerely. "It's getting late, so I should be getting back. I'll talk to Westley later about the plan to spend some days with you. You can ask Mr. Walker, too, if he'd like to join us."

She was already looking forward to it, and hoped that the plan would push through.

"Sure, I'll mention it to him. Now, be careful on the road," Melissa warned her.

"Then, please have a good rest. I'll be taking my leave now. I'll come and see you again tomorrow." Gabrielle stood up and gave Melissa a small vow.

Westley was on the phone when Gabrielle came up to his car. The moment he saw her, he ended his call and opened the door for her.

"Have you finished talking with Ms. Glyn?" he asked.

"Yes. Were you taking a call from Antawood?" Gabrielle said as she settled into the passenger seat.

"That's right. Alvin said that Rose and Doctor Maniac are adapting very well."

Westley reached over to the back seat and took out a cup of milk tea, then handed it to Gabrielle.

The beverage was still quite warm. He must have just bought it. She took a sip happily, and her mood instantly lifted.

"Thank you for this. I love you." Gabrielle beamed at him.

"You're welcome. I'm happy that you're happy." Westley smiled and ruffled her hair.

"I already knew that they got used to the place quickly. They're both powerhouses who managed to survive in the forest, after all. But it's still a relief to hear that." Gabrielle took another sip of her drink and sighed contentedly. It was so warm and sweet. It was bliss.

"Indeed. Their time back at the forest probably played a part in helping them adjust to new surroundings. You shouldn't worry about this anymore. I bought them a villa in Half Moon Bay so that they can live in the same neighborhood as us. This way, it would be easier to look after them in the future." It seemed that Westley had taken everything into consideration before executing his plans.

"So we can be neighbors? That's great! By the way, do you really think it's all right for Rose to stay with Doctor Maniac under the same roof?"

Gabrielle was still worried.

She knew very well that the two were always bickering every time they were together. She couldn't even imagine how worse it would get if Rose and Doctor Maniac were forced to cohabit.

"We'll have to let them live together for the time being. We can consult with them when we go and see them again, and if they're against it, then we'll give them separate residences." Westley would respect their decision on the matter.

"They've known each other for so many years. I personally think it would be better for them to be together, it's more lively and fun. I hope things work out fine," Gabrielle said worriedly.

"Don't worry. I'm sure they will." He stroked her hair soothingly.

Despite their fights, it was true that Rose and Doctor Maniac had experienced a lot of ups and downs together. Westley was convinced that they wouldn't cause any trouble.

"I'm not worried about them. The two of them are very rational and won't cause any trouble," Gabrielle said calmly, hoping that the two of them wouldn't make trouble.

"Even if they encounter any problems, Alvin will be there to deal with it." Westley straightened in his seat and changed the topic. "What did you talk about with Ms. Glyn? You look pleased when you came out earlier."

"Not much, really." Then Gabrielle thought of something, and she turned to him with a serious

expression. "Now that you've brought it up, though, I have something to ask you."

"What is it?" Westley didn't start the car just yet. Instead, he leaned back and waited for her question.

"Ms. Glyn and Mr. Walker happen to be here, and the national holiday is just a few days away. I was thinking of inviting them to the villa to celebrate with us. What do you think?" Gabrielle's eyes were wide with a mix of hope and unease.

"You want them to celebrate with us?" he repeated, looking surprised and annoyed at the same time.

If it were just Melissa, Westley might be able to tolerate it. She was Gabrielle's favorite teacher. Jonathan, on the other hand, was a member of the Walker family. That meant that he was one of the people the Morris family didn't want to have anything to do with.

"Yes. The more, the merrier, right? Besides, Ms. Glyn is injured. She would be delighted if she had someone to celebrate with. Don't you think so, Westley? Well, if you don't approve, then we can just forget about it. It's my fault. I'm sorry I made plans without asking you first." Seeing the serious and hesitant look on Westley's face, Gabrielle wondered if she telling this to Melissa without asking him first made Westley unhappy.

All things considered, Melissa was from her circle, not Westley's. There was no reason for him to openly welcome her teacher, no matter how much she liked her.

"That's not what I meant at all," Westley rushed to explain, struggling to mask his reluctance. "It was just so sudden, and I haven't made any preparations. Ms. Glyn is someone you are fond of. I wouldn't want to be remiss with my hospitality."

Gabrielle burst into gleeful laughter. "I knew you won't refuse! Ms. Glyn and Mr. Walker are good people. We can spend some days together. Now, let's just wait for the child to wake up."

Chapter 562 Self-indulgence

Westley noticed the worried expression on Gabrielle's face. She was getting too anxious.

"Don't worry, Gabrielle. I've called the best brain doctor to treat the child. I'm hopeful, he'll wake up soon." Westley tried to comfort her. He didn't want to see her so disturbed and upset.

"I know you're doing your best. Come on then. Let's go back." Gabrielle was aware that she was becoming more and more sentimental in recent time. It was not what she wanted. She wanted to become a more rational and practical person.

Sometimes she wanted to be cold and cruel like the others. In the past, Gabrielle could face everything rationally, but now she had changed and become more irrational. Besides, she knew that she had already caused a lot of trouble to Westley. She realized it was time for her to reflect on herself. ③

As his wife, she always ended up creating chaos or trouble for Westley. It was like she had never done anything right. ⑤

"I think I'm too useless for anything," Gabrielle whispered. She thought she had said it softly but it was loud enough to be heard by Westley.

Upon hearing her words, Westley immediately realized that she was blaming herself for everything.

"You're my wife. You don't need to be perfect or be capable of handling everything. There should be few things you can't do. If my wife can do everything and is a strong woman, I will not get a chance to do anything for her. In that case, I will end up thinking that I'm useless!" Westley said gently, trying to explain the situation. He wanted her to realize that she was just a woman. ③

And he wanted her to know that as a man, he wanted to be the one person on whom his wife could rely. He'd have loved it, if she would rely on him for everything. Only then he would feel that he was more useful. He wanted to be the permanent problem-solver in his wife's life. He wanted her to reach out to him for anything in future.

Whenever Westley coaxed and comforted her, Gabrielle's mood would change. She would feel happy that he cared so much about her feelings.

"I understand that now. Shall we go back now?" Gabrielle calmed down. She smiled softly and seemed happier.

"Okay. Let's go back now. So, tell me, what do you want to eat tonight? I'll prepare it for you!" They felt a bit lighter and Westley started the car.

"Well, I want to eat lamb kebabs. Westley, let's have some drinks and a barbecue tonight. What do you say?" Gabrielle wanted to just forget everything and have a little peaceful time eating and drinking with Westley.

After expressing her choice instantly, she regretted it. She felt she shouldn't have made such a request. After all, a rich man like Westley often ate in the Michelin restaurants or five-star hotels. Why would he like to eat kebabs?

"Of course! Let's go to the supermarket. We'll need to buy some ingredients." Westley instantly nodded in agreement, which surprised Gabrielle. She had expected that her suggestion would be downrightly rejected by Westley. She didn't expect him to agree without any second thoughts or hesitation.

"Okay! Let's go shopping then." Gabrielle's face completely lit up. She was suddenly filled with excitement.

They went to the supermarket and bought a lot of meat for making kebabs. They invited the chef of a restaurant to cook for them while they rested. Gabrielle and Westley just wanted to eat peacefully.

"Gabrielle, the food is ready. Come now." Westley handed the roasted meat to Gabrielle once she settled down at the table.

Gabrielle took it and had a big bite. Though it was hot, she couldn't stop herself.

Westley took a small bite. He was surprised as it tasted really good.

"So? Is it delicious?" Gabrielle looked at Westley. She was feeling proud at her suggestion.

Looking at the way he was enjoying the food, Gabrielle was sure that he was liking it. Soon enough, she felt that she did the right thing by suggesting a barbecue tonight.

"Mmm. It tastes really good." Westley seldom ate such food, but he was enjoying it now. He never knew it tasted so good.

"I don't think there is anyone in the world who doesn't like barbecue. If he doesn't like it even after eating it once, then it means that he hasn't tasted a good barbecued food." Without any hesitation, Gabrielle opened a can of beer and handed it to Westley.

"Westley, you must drink this while you eat. It'll enhance the flavor of the barbecued meat." Gabrielle handed over the can and urged him to drink it while he ate.

On her insistence, Westley took the can of beer and had a sip. He felt that the taste of beer was too strong.

He was not used to drinking beer. However, on seeing Gabrielle drinking it so happily, he too started to drink.

"Westley, have you tried it earlier? Now, have a sip and take a bite of the meat. A sip of beer and a bite of meat together are the best combination." Gabrielle started guiding him to enjoy the barbecue in the best way.

Westley obediently did as he was told. The fact was that he hadn't drunk beer or eaten kebabs like this ever.

"So, do you like it?" Gabrielle asked seriously. She was eagerly waiting to know his opinion.

Westley took a sip of beer and ate some meat. Then he looked at Gabrielle whose eyes were fixed on him. "Wow! Honestly, it's delicious, Gabrielle!"

"That's a relief to know! It's good that you like it. I thought you'd hate drinking beer and eating kebabs. After all, a rich man like you does not really fit in with these things." Gabrielle had a smile on her face as she clinked her can against his in joy.

"Hmm. Do you think I'm that kind of person? So, your heart and mind have this opinion about me!" Westley seemed to be curious now. He wanted to know what she really thought of him.

"Yes! Well, you are from the Morris family. You were born with a silver spoon in your mouth. Being a member of such a wealthy family, you must have often eaten in five-star Michelin restaurants. How could you eat food like this? Isn't this food of street stalls for ordinary people?" Neither was Gabrielle being sarcastic, nor did she mean to belittle herself. She had become aware that their lives were different from each other since they were born. Westley was born in a rich family with a silver spoon in his mouth, while Gabrielle was an orphan who had been abandoned in the welfare house as soon as she was born. Therefore, there was stark contrast between the things in their lives, including the food they had eaten. ①

But seeing Westley eating it easily and comfortably, Gabrielle was amazed. There was a hint of suspicion too in her mind.

"Gabrielle, I am an ordinary person. I hardly consider my identity as the second son of the Morris family. I also prefer and live a normal life. Not all rich people are extravagant. I also have some habits which are quite ordinary. I know you like this, but I just don't get the chance to eat such things often." Westley spoke his heart out calmly. He wanted her to think he was not like any other rich man.

He had come to know that Gabrielle liked drinking beer and eating kebabs with her friends.

In fact, he had eaten it in the same way when he was in college. However during those days too he had eaten it only a few times. Of course, that time he was not as happy as he was now. It meant a lot more as he sat eating it with Gabrielle.

Food was not the most important thing for Westley. The most important thing for him was the person with whom he ate. As long as he was with Gabrielle, he would be happy. It did not matter what he ate.

"Wow! So, you think you are an ordinary person. But you know what, in my heart, you are not ordinary at all. You are my hero, my handsome and brave hero. Come on! Let's have a toast to that!" Gabrielle raised the can and clinked it against Westley's in a celebratory manner.

Westley realized that beer and kebabs were the best combination for Gabrielle to relax. After getting drunk, she was completely self-indulgent and expressive.

Her mood had changed considerably. There was not a worry on her mind. She hugged Westley, kept talking aloud and even started singing happily. "Westley, I'm very happy today. I've been

here for so long but today is my happiest day here!"

"That's good! I'm also very happy. Let's go back to our room now. You should take a shower and go to bed. You're completely drunk." Westley held her in his arms and took her into the room.

"Noo! I'm not drunk. See, I'm still sober!" Gabrielle said coquettishly and tried to break away from Westley's grip.

"Okay! You're right. You're not drunk. Let's take a shower first. It's getting late." Westley coaxed his wife gently to walk inside the room.

"Hmm. In that case, I want to take a shower with you. Okay?" Gabrielle stared at Westley's face and asked. She blinked her eyes and waited for his reply innocently.

"Okay! As you say! Come on now. Let's take a shower together."

Chapter 563 Beauty Was In The Eye Of The Beholder

By the time Gabrielle woke up, it was already noon. She had been too drunk and hadn't slept till late.

In a daze, she sat on the bed, her eyes fixed to the ceiling. She was confused and had no idea what transpired after she got drunk the previous night.

Drinking was a typical source of problems.

Getting drunk was a very annoying and awful thing to do.

She was lucky since she was with Westley that night, and she was in their room. Else, there was no telling what world-shattering things she would have done last night. That imagination made her blood run cold a little.

"Gabrielle, you're up. Do you feel better? Do you feel uncomfortable somewhere on your body?" Westley pushed the door open, and his eyes first saw his beautiful spouse. She sat on the bed in a daze, looking all lovely.

"My head is heavy, Westley. Did I do some dumb stuff last night?" She turned to face her husband. She seemed bothered, which made Westley's heart ache.

"Your head feeling heavy is normal. You had too much to drink yesterday night, but you didn't misbehave. I'd say you were more vigorous than I am used to." He walked to her and sat with her. He explained to her about the enthusiasm and craze she had shown him that night.

She felt so mortified by that.

"Come on, are you being shy?" She almost buried her head in the quilt. That in turn made Westley fear that she would suffocate in the quilt.

"No. Would you please stop talking in such absurdity? There is no way I was like what you say." Her head was still in the quilt, not intending to admit what Westley was telling her about her behavior that night.

"Is it that you have forgotten, or are you trying your best not to admit it?" The shyness she was showing Westley made him quite happy. He couldn't stop himself from taunting her again.

She was enthusiastic but she caused no trouble. In the end, she even had no strength to do it.

"Westley, don't talk about it again. Just walk away. I'm about to go wash my face," Gabrielle said sulkily.

She did not feel very okay seeing Westley.

"Gabrielle, we are together. Being affectionate is normal for any couple. So you have no reason to feel shy. In fact, I enjoyed last night. I wish we could re-do that someday," Westley

said, without seeming to play around.

Hearing this, Gabrielle saw it clever to be silent.

What was that? She was unknowingly wild last night since she was drunk. She felt guilty.

The fun he made of her was definitely intended, and he was crossing a line.

"Westley, I can't tell a thing about last night. You were not completely drunk, but you didn't stop me. Why? Then you mock me in my face?" Gabrielle glared fiercely at him.

Her bright black eyes were almost popping out of her little face, which was engulfed in anger. She probably had never been that displeased.

Noticing that the anger in his little wife was due to explode, he knew that he had to entice her immediately.

"My love, I didn't mean to laugh at you. I was just happy that you were so wild in front of me. Didn't you see that? If you want, I can help you recollect." He sounded quite serious when he said the first words, but sounded evil as he said the rest of them.

"But you actually laughed at me..."

"Don't be mad, I just love to see you happy. Only one thing has to remain clear on a serious note," Westley said, looking into her eyes.

"What one thing?" Gabrielle looked back seriously.

Whenever Westley meant business, she would mean the same subconsciously.

"Sweetheart, you can't drink like that anymore. You might hurt yourself, and you can't drink with other men. Only with me," Westley stated seriously.

This made Gabrielle stunned and smile. "Mr. Morris, I've never met someone so tyrannical."

"You should have seen how adorable you looked while drunk, hence I have no choice. Others will easily vanish into thin air with you if I don't control you," Westley said, pinching Gabrielle's face.

Hearing this, she melted even more.

"I'm not that easy to get to. Anyway, who else will find me cute apart from you?"

Gabrielle never seemed to realize how beautiful she was. That aside, it was only Westley who thought she was the most beautiful and lovely woman in the whole universe.

Before people's eyes, she was a vexing nuisance. She had been rebuked by Bryce for causing trouble.

Maybe that was due to the fact that beauty was in the eye of the beholder. Assuming she was the ugliest woman on the planet, Westley would still see her as the most beautiful woman.

Somehow, she felt content with that. As long as Westley gave her the title, the most beautiful woman in the world, others' opinions would not count.

She didn't care about what anyone else had to say about her.

"I've never met a woman more beautiful than you. Don't be hard on yourself. Give me your word that you will never go drinking with other men. I'm the only one who should see you get drunk," Westley warned her again.

"I'll drink only with you, are we good? Can I get up now? A cold shower will certainly take out the hangover and help me sober up. I can't be like this all day!" Gabrielle was not in the mood to argue with him any longer.

His childishness was more compared to hers. Maybe there existed a childish and wayward boy in his heart.

"Your obedience just earned you a free ride to the bathroom." Westley then grabbed her off the bed and took her into the bathroom.

"Might you be in need of my thoughtful service next?" Westley asked as he placed her on the chair and rose tall.

He looked at her like a considerate steward who really wanted to leave her fully served.

"Not really. I'll bring myself. Westley, you go out!" Her embarrassment turned into anger.

Westley could only laugh and walk out. "Well, I'm done messing with you. I'll leave now. In case you need something, just call me."

"Okay, out you go now." She couldn't wait to send him off.

Westley went out straight and shut the door behind him.

Chapter 564 Joanne's Suicide

Gabrielle sat there, poking the food in her bowl with chopsticks.

"What's wrong, Gabrielle? You don't like the food? I can cook something else if you like. What do you want to eat right now?" Westley was deeply concerned about her after noticing she didn't have an appetite.

Gabrielle was spacing out and he couldn't help but worry. If she didn't eat, she might get sick.

"No, it's okay. My mind was just going into places. It felt like something was going to happen. By the way, did Ms. Glyn call this morning, Westley?" Gabrielle had checked her phone, but no one called.

She told Melissa she was supposed to visit Nathan with Jonathan today. Gabrielle was worried she wouldn't be able to come to the hospital because Melissa hadn't informed her of anything yet.

She wondered if Ms. Glyn had asked Mr. Walker about spending some days with them. She would love for them to come over to the villa.

"No. Is there anything wrong? If you have any worries, you can call Ms. Glyn directly, or I can ask Slater and let him check." Westley offered to help.

Gabrielle shook her head. "It's okay. I just have a weird feeling in my chest. Maybe I've slept for too long. I got drunk last night too so I probably haven't sobered up yet. I might feel better after relaxing and eating more."

"Great, have more of this." Westley continued to put food in her bowl.

After dinner, Westley took Gabrielle out for a walk. He thought the air would help clear her mind.

"Westley, do you think Mr. Walker and Ms. Glyn would accept our invitation to spend some days with us? I mean, the days before the national holiday," Gabrielle asked curiously.

"Well, I'm not sure. I don't think they would though." Westley thought Jonathan wouldn't want to come.

After all, he was a member of the Morris family. That would be enough for Jonathan to get uncomfortable even though he had never been a part of both families' personal affairs.

A person dying made everything tense. Because of this unfortunate matter, the two families had been at odds.

So when they sent the invitation to the famed couple, there was a possibility that Jonathan would not accept.

"Westley, why do I get the feeling that you don't want Mr. Walker to come here? Did something

happen between the Morris family and the Walker family?" Gabrielle asked him with a serious stare.

Westley didn't expect Gabrielle to have caught on quickly. He looked at her and smiled. "They do have some grudges, but as to how serious, that depends on how you look at it."

"So, what is it?" Gabrielle pursued. Apparently she guessed it right.

Turned out the Walker family indeed had a mysterious past with the Morris family, probably to a severe degree according to what Westley hinted, and maybe not just about the rivalry between their companies.

"Jonathan had a sister named Joanne. She fell in love with my father thirty years ago, and then they broke up. After my father married my mother, she committed suicide. People from the Walker family blamed it on my father, even on our entire family. Because of that, the two families had a clear break and never spoke to each other ever since."

Westley never wanted to tell Gabrielle about it, but she deserved to know as the Morris family's daughter-in-law. More importantly, Gabrielle was on good terms with Mrs. Walker, Melissa.

Hearing this, Gabrielle frowned. She wasn't expecting such a tragic story.

So that was what happened.

Although Joanne killed herself right after she broke up with Westley's father, there might be some other connections. It was understandable why the Walker family hated the Morris family so much.

"It appears that your father played a role in Joanne's death. They may have ended their relationship peacefully, but she never stopped loving him or perhaps they were forced to leave each other, and she couldn't take it when your father married. But we'll never know what exactly happened between them, and why she committed suicide." Gabrielle's heart sank.

In most cases, debts and favors can be repaid. But this time, blood was spilled. The Morris family owed the Walker family in death.

What kind of strange curse did the Morris family suffer? The father's ex-girlfriend committed suicide and married a different woman, his son's ex-girlfriend died in an accident, and he married another woman.

Gabrielle realized that no matter how much you believed in something or not, reality was unpredictable.

"It's hard to say. After that, the Walker family and Morris family never contacted each other again. Even if they met in business, they would deliberately avoid it. My father used to be polite to them, but now after I took over Morris Group, I would always keep away from any transactions when I know that the Walker family is involved in the project. I don't want to cause any conflict," Westley explained calmly.

Sometimes he intended to know whether it was true that Joanne died because of his father and end the grudge held by the two clans for thirty years.

Considering the two families were in different cities, it was even difficult to meet each other once a year.

Moreover, if the truth was revealed, it wouldn't be a good thing for his father.

"It's normal to avoid it, but there will always be times when you can't. Like now, you have to see them because of me." Gabrielle felt uneasy.

"That's fate. Sometimes, the harder you try to get away from it, the more it chases after you. When you're destined to meet someone, even if you're from two different worlds, you're still intended to be with each other in the end. Just like us, no matter what happens or how long it takes."

Westley held Gabrielle's hand tight. He would never let it go for the rest of his life.

"Yes. It's really a magical thing. You have to believe it because sometimes it's unpredictable. People destined to be together can be reunited no matter how long they separate." Gabrielle totally agreed with Westley.

"Since we've found each other now, we'll never be apart. Promise me that no matter what happens, you'll never leave me, okay?" Westley asked seriously.

"I would never leave you. Why did you have to bring up such a sad thought again? Don't say any more. We've already promised each other." Gabrielle gave him a coquettish glance.

"Alright, I won't bring it up anymore, or else my girl will be upset." Westley kissed her forehead happily.

"Will Jonathan come though?" Westley gazed at her hesitantly.