

Chapter 549 Same Blood Type

Westley didn't know how to narrate Nathan and Victor's story to Gabrielle. After all, he wasn't familiar with the Sanderson Family's affairs.

"They are siblings. However, I have no idea how their relationship works. I just know that there have been some misunderstandings within the Sanderson Family. I'll know more when Alvin figures it out," Westley said, spilling the beans.

The fights within their family put a wall between the Sandersons.

And Victor... Victor was the most capable and powerful man in the Sanderson Family. Because of that, everyone in the family saw him as their enemy.

Westley had no plans of picking a side. He didn't want to get roped into their family problems.

The moment Victor recovered, Westley would ask him to leave.

In order for Gabrielle and Westley to not be involved with their problems, Westley had decided to let Nathan fend for himself once he had woken up.

Thailand wasn't a good place for Westley and Gabrielle. Going home as soon as they could was the best option for the married couple.

"I understand. It's too dangerous for us to be involved with them. We have to keep our distance. How is Victor doing?" Gabrielle asked.

"It's not that bad anymore. He is almost fully recovered but he refuses to leave." Westley was upset at the mention of Victor's name.

The first thing Victor did the moment he woke up was to ask for Gabrielle. He wanted to see her.

However, Westley did not want to let him see Gabrielle. Westley tried to avoid bringing up Victor in his conversations with Gabrielle. He had hoped that his wife would forget about Victor.

But it was a different story, now that she met Nathan. 'Why the hell do the Sandersons keep on coming onto my wife?!' Westley thought.

"Why doesn't he want to leave? He has recovered, hasn't he? Does he need your men for protection? The day it happened, it really looked as if someone wanted him dead. I couldn't even begin to imagine how a family could possibly do this to one another." Gabrielle felt helpless.

It was the norm for wealthy families. Brothers turn against each other merely for the sake of their selfish interests or inheritance. Fathers may even despise their own sons. Anything was possible.

Gabrielle wanted nothing to do with such. Before she married Westley, she was worried that Westley would just be like any other rich man.

"Don't even think about the Sandersons. I'll take you to the ER," Westley said as he carried her in his arms and took her to the emergency room.

The moment they arrived, Slater came rushing from the outside. There was an air of anxiety around him. He shot Gabrielle and Westley a look. It appeared as if Slater wanted to say something but he held his tongue.

"Slater, what happened? Just say it. Gabrielle is my wife. I don't keep secrets from her." Westley knew Slater very well. He was usually a calm man. The disturbance in the air around him hinted that he had something urgent to talk about.

However, Gabrielle's presence caused him to hold his tongue.

"Mr. Morris... Ms. Glyn was shot. She lost a considerable amount of blood. Her blood type is O negative. However, the blood bank doesn't have stocks right now and that kind of blood type is difficult to find. She needs it as soon as possible. I've already sent someone to look for it," Slater blurted out.

"What did you just say? Ms. Glyn was shot?! But when I talked to her, she looked fine. There was only a scratch on her forehead." Gabrielle was in utter surprise.

'She was fine when we saw her. How is this possible? It's preposterous!' Gabrielle thought.

"Ms. Glyn tried to help others but she wasn't aware that one kidnapper still survived. When she did, he shot her on the chest. Luckily, he missed her heart. However, she still suffered a great deal of blood loss. Ms. Glyn was rushed into the emergency room just now." Slater gave the couple a brief explanation of what happened.

"What room is she in? Take me there now. I can donate. We have the same blood type," Gabrielle anxiously exclaimed.

"Gabrielle... Are you sure?" Westley asked as he stared intently at Gabrielle's face.

He felt how determined she was to help save Melissa.

"Of course I am. I'm sure of my blood type. Slater, take me to where she is," Gabrielle pleaded.

"She's upstairs." Slater led the two of them to the emergency room.

A few moments after Slater knocked on the door, a nurse came out.

"Hello, I have the same blood type as Ms. Glyn. I can help with the blood transfusion. O negative." Gabrielle was so agitated that all she wanted to do was barge into the room and give her blood to Melissa.

"Alright. Come with me. I have to test your blood first," the nurse replied. She had to be sure. After all, people with that blood type did not come that often. There was a great need for it. Especially now that a lot of injured people were rushed into the ER. It was almost as if

Gabrielle was sent from the heavens.

"Okay." Gabrielle felt uneasy.

Before she could take another step, Westley stopped her. "Do you want me to come with?"

"No. I can do this alone. Wait for me outside. I'll be out soon," Gabrielle reassured as she held her husband's hand tightly. Only after giving him affirmation did she follow the nurse inside.

All that waiting and standing outside made Westley worry a great deal. Melissa was the one who was in grave danger. Gabrielle was merely there to donate blood. The worst that could happen was for her to faint. Still, Westley couldn't help but anxiously stare at the doors of the operating room.

"Don't worry about Mrs. Morris, she'll be fine," Slater tried to dispel his worries. He had never seen Westley so nervous.

It wasn't until then that he confirmed how much Westley cared about Gabrielle.

"How is the situation there?" Westley asked, trying to divert his attention.

"The local and international police force have intervened. Three of the robbers died in the shooting. Five were seriously injured. Seven escaped. The jewelry..."

"I don't care about the jewelry. It's none of my business. Look into Nathan and see what business he has in Thailand," Westley ordered.

"Understood, Mr. Morris. I'm on it." Slater left without another word.

Westley called Alvin as he sat on the chair outside the operating room. "Alvin, investigate about the current situation of the Sanderson Family for me. I want to know every little bit of information that you have on them. Send everything to me as soon as possible."

"Mr. Morris, why are you suddenly curious about the Sanderson Family?" Alvin asked, confused.

Prior to this, the Morris Group and the Sanderson Group had no business with each other. Westley did not bother with any of the Sandersons until now.

"I met them in Thailand." Those were Westley's final words before he hung up the phone.

Chapter 550 She Will Be Fine

When Remy arrived, he walked to Westley who was standing by the window. It could be seen that he had just finished smoking the cigarette in his hand.

"Westley, why are you smoking? Are things bad? I heard that Gabrielle just suffered some bruises. How come she is in the emergency room all of a sudden?" Remy looked at Westley and asked worriedly. He received a call from Slater who informed him that Gabrielle just got some bruises, so he thought she was fine. So many questions were in his mind. Why was she suddenly sent to the emergency room? Moreover, looking at Westley's worried expression, are things really bad?

Out of frustration, Remy nudged him slightly, urging him to talk. "Westley, say something. Is it serious? I thought you were going to a jewelry exhibition, why did it suddenly turn to a place of bloodshed?"

Originally, such jewelry exhibition should be a very happy event, but in the blink of an eye, it turned into a robbery and gunshot scene where many people died and were wounded. Remy wasn't there, but simply by watching the news, he had seen how horrible the scene was. It was akin to hell where everywhere was chaotic and people were screaming.

The terrified expression on the children and women were evident. The people who went to the exhibition were all from the rich and powerful families. Few of them had ever seen that kind of scene, and if they were not scared to death, they would lose half their lives.

"She's fine. She just went in there to transfuse blood to Melissa. It turned out they have same blood type and there isn't much of this type of blood in stock here, so Gabrielle volunteered to help. If possible, I am willing to transfuse my blood so that Gabrielle wouldn't have to suffer anymore. Her knees were hurt and she had already bled enough, but I couldn't help since mine doesn't match." Westley's eyes were full of concern as he talked about this. His eyes kept flickering to the entrance of the emergency room.

Hearing this, Remy was finally relieved. It was so fortunate. As long as Gabrielle was fine, nothing else mattered.

"Westley, don't worry too much. Gabrielle will be fine since it is just blood transfusion. Speaking of this, it's really a coincidence. How come she has the same blood type with Ms. Glyn? Not to mention that that blood type is rare. Maybe they are destined to meet each other, don't you think so? Gabrielle must be very happy since she could help Ms. Glyn. After all, she regards Ms. Glyn as her idol." Remy tried to comfort him while pointing out the bright side of this transfusion.

"I know she must be very happy." Westley agreed and looked out of the window with a distant look on his face.

Remy patted him on the shoulder and said, "Sometimes, I really think maybe fate does exist. That way, Gabrielle must be blessed since she is so kind."

About ten minutes later, the door of the operating room opened and Gabrielle, who was lying on the bed, was pushed out by a nurse.

"How did my wife pass out?" Westley asked in worry as he was stunned when he saw Gabrielle on the bed.

"Sir, your wife's fine. She is just in a temporary coma. It's normal for a person to become drowsy after the blood had been drawn. I will send her to the ward so that she could have a rest. She will wake up soon." The nurse explained to him before proceeding to push the bed to the ward.

Westley and Remy followed inside. Looking at Gabrielle who was sleeping soundly on the bed, Westley sat next to her and gently held her hand.

"Gabrielle, have a good sleep. I'll be here with you. Don't worry about anything," Westley murmured gently, touching the hair on her forehead.

"Don't worry, she will be fine. God will bless such a kind woman. Besides, it's just blood transfusion. She will regain energy when she wakes up." Remy stood beside Westley and patted his shoulder.

He knew very well what kind of existence Gabrielle was to Westley and how much he cared about her.

Nevertheless, Remy couldn't say that he understood how Westley felt as he had never felt this kind of strong sentiment for someone else.

"Remy, you can go back first. I'll stay here with Gabrielle." Westley spoke as he urged him to return to the villa.

Remy refused as he said, "I want to see if I can be of any help here. Apart from Ms. Glyn, is there anyone else who got injured?" How could he go back like that when he witnessed the local news which mentioned that there was a robbery in the jewelry exhibition held in the Royal Hotel. The robbers were armed and had a round of shooting with the police. Many people were killed and some were injured, while the hotel was in a mess with blood and all kinds of fragments on the ground.

At the sight of that heartbreaking scene, Remy was anxious and he called Westley immediately, but Westley didn't answer, so he called Slater.

He heard from Slater that Gabrielle was fine as she only suffered minor bruises. If something serious happened to her, he was really worried that Westley would go crazy on the spot.

"None." After thinking for a moment, Westley gave him a curt answer, his tone slightly cold.

"That's a relief. I was worrying about it." Remy shook his head at himself and breathed a sigh of relief.

"If you want to help, you can go to the operating room to see how a child is doing. It's a girl about four or five years old. There are wounds all over her body and she has lost a lot of

blood. Gabrielle was injured for saving that child, so she holds importance for that child in her heart. Help me take care of her," Westley requested as he rubbed his eyes tiredly.

Remy immediately understood what he meant and he could get a glimpse about how the things unfolded. "Alright, you stay here with Gabrielle. I will go check on that little girl."

As soon as Remy rushed out, the ward fell silent as there were only Westley and Gabrielle left. Westley silently sat there and gazed at Gabrielle without letting go of her hand at all.

After a while, someone knocked on the door followed by a voice.

"Westley, it's me." The door was pushed open, revealing Michelle who came in with a worried look on her face.

"Why did you come?" Even though Westley was glad to see her, he didn't show much joy on his face. Instead, he was worried.

"Westley, I ran here as soon as I saw the news. I didn't know Gabrielle would come to the exhibition until I saw her face in the video. What exactly happened? How did she get hurt?" Seeing Gabrielle lying on the bed, Michelle became even more concerned.

The jewelry exhibition had been on livestream hosted by the local TV. As a fashion star, Michelle was naturally interested in this kind of exhibition, so she waited for the livestream to air and happened to see Gabrielle there. She wanted to call Gabrielle, however, before she could, the robbery took place.

Amidst the chaos, the livestream was cut off. Later, they saw the news about the robbery which showed the state of the exhibition hall. It had been seriously damaged as if a disaster had just happened, which was terrifying.

"It's not serious. She just suffered some cuts on her knees." Westley briefly explained the situation.

"Thank god. Seeing how important and significant the jewelry exhibition is, the security system should be the best. What's the use of all the guards there?" Michelle complained angrily.

"Seeing how it happened on that exact moment, it's obvious the robbery is premeditated. Needless to say, there must be someone from the inside helping them. This is the matter the local police and the international police should be concerned about. It's none of our business. They will take care of it. Shouldn't you be working by now? Has it already ended?" Westley inquired, looking at her.

"Yeah, it's over. Besides, even if I am not free, I would have rushed over since Gabrielle is more important than work. You have no idea how worried I was." Michelle breathed a sigh of relief.

"She will be fine. You can go back first. When Gabrielle wakes up, I am taking her home," Westley said, urging her to return to the hotel.

There was no need to affect her work schedule because of this. After all, Gabrielle was only slightly injured.

A frown appeared on Michelle's face since she didn't want to return yet. So, she blinked and begged him, "But I don't want to go back yet. I just arrived and I still want to wait for Gabrielle to wake up."

"Fine then. You can sit on the sofa and wait there." Glancing at her, Westley didn't refuse and allowed her to do what she wanted.

Chapter 551 Raising The Child

Gabrielle didn't come around until 11 o'clock in the evening. When she opened her eyes, she found herself lying in the hospital.

"Gabrielle! You're finally awake!" exclaimed Westley as he came out of the bathroom. He was so happy to see she had awakened.

Gabrielle had been in deep sleep for several hours, which made Westley so anxious.

Remy and the doctor assured him that Gabrielle would be okay. She would wake up in a few hours, they told him.

Still, Westley was worried.

Thank God, she finally woke up.

"Have I slept for a long time? How is Ms. Glyn?" asked Gabrielle anxiously.

Melissa should be getting better. She just underwent a blood transfusion, receiving the blood that Gabrielle had donated.

"The operation is over. Her life is no longer in danger. She will be transferred to the ward for her recuperation. The Walker family are here so they are taking care of her," Westley said, keeping her up to date with the situation.

Gabrielle knew that Melissa married into the Walker family. Hearing Westley's news had calmed her worry over Melissa.

"I'm glad that her family is here. How about the child? And Nathan?" Gabrielle was getting worried again.

She had to ask about them. She had risked her life to save the child. And Nathan had taken the bullet for her. She owed him a lot.

"They are still in a coma. Someone from the Sanderson Family has already come so you do not have to worry about Nathan. And the child ... poor child! We found out that his mother brought him here to Thailand. Sadly, she died on the scene. The police had taken custody of the body. They couldn't find anything about his mother, not even her name. They think that it had just been the child and mother living together. Now, his mother is dead. Poor child, he's now an orphan." Westley knew that his wife would feel pitifully sad but he had to tell her the truth. 3

He found it strange that the police couldn't find any information about the child's mother. He could only think of one explanation. Someone deliberately hid her identity.

Westley didn't want Gabrielle to think too much, especially now in her condition. He would ask Slater to find anything about the child. If he couldn't despite all efforts, they would have to figure out what to do with him.

"An orphan ... she's now an orphan?" Gabrielle said softly. "The girl appears to be almost the same age as Tammy. How could God treat her like this?" She then spoke aloud as she looked at Westley. "Wait ... why are you referring to her as a 'he'?"

"Because the child is actually a boy," Westley answered. "I think his mother dressed him as a girl. Probably she wanted to conceal something, or maybe she wanted a daughter so much that she dressed her son like that. He is a beautiful little boy. No wonder you thought he is a girl," he said. He knew he had to explain as his wife had a bewildered expression on her face.

"A little boy?" Gabrielle couldn't believe it. The child's face had soft features. His long hair was tied in ponytails. And he was wearing a dress. Anyone could mistake him for a girl.

"He is a boy. We don't really know much about him. But don't worry. I'll ask Slater to investigate his background,"

Westley said, reaching out to hold Gabrielle's hands.

That was just the best that he could do at the moment. But if Slater's efforts proved futile, he wouldn't spend any more time and resources to find out who the strange boy was.

If no one would come out as the boy's family, perhaps he could be considered an orphan. Then it would be the governor who would handle the custody issue.

"What are you going to do if you can't really find anything about him?"

Gabrielle looked at him, anxiously waiting for his answer.

"If that's the case, I'll have to send him to the orphanage. That's the best place for him, considering the circumstances. He will be taken care of in the orphanage," said Westley. He was very careful with his words.

"Westley, I ..." Gabrielle said tentatively.

She knew how her idea would sound to her husband. She wasn't sure if he would agree.

She didn't want the child to be sent to an orphanage. For goodness' sake, he just lost his mother!

"Gabrielle, you can tell me. I am your husband. You don't have to worry about telling me anything," Westley said in all seriousness.

The way she spoke made Westley realize that she wanted to tell him something important. He clasped his hands in hers.

"Westley, is it possible ... well, I'd want us to adopt the boy and take him with us to Antawood. When he finds his family, he can go with them," Gabrielle said earnestly as she looked her husband in the eye. She felt terribly sorry for the boy and she wanted to do something for him.

"I know you are kind-hearted. And it is hard for you to see him end up in an orphanage. But Gabrielle, it's not easy to raise a child, let alone someone else's child. Do you understand what I mean?" said Westley as he now lovingly rubbed his wife's shoulders.

How could she not understand what he meant?

Of course, she understood. She knew that it was difficult enough to raise one's own child. Raising another's child would be harder.

But she couldn't bear to see the boy being sent to the orphanage.

She risked her life to save him. He meant that much to her.

She had to take care of him. She wanted to take care of him.

"I know what you meant, Westley. I am an orphan myself. Had it not been for the Jones family who took care of me, I would not have led a comfortable life. If it were not for them, I would not have met and married you," Gabrielle said sincerely.

"Gabrielle, I don't think so. No matter where you were born and raised, you would still be my wife and we would end up together. We are destined to be with each other. It is our fate. Nothing can change it," said Westley with conviction.

Gabrielle was speechless. What could she say to Westley's words?

She was deeply touched by her husband's pronouncement of his love for her. However, she didn't mean to say that they were destined to be together.

"Westley, that is not what I meant. There is a big difference between growing up in a real family and being in an orphanage," Gabrielle gently said.

Westley sighed. Of course, that would be his wife's thinking. "Gabrielle, if you have firmly decided to adopt him, I will support you. We will take him back to Antawood. We will raise him as our own. But there is one condition," said Westley. "When the boy wakes up, we will ask him if he wants to go with us."

"Okay. We'll wait for him to wake up," Gabrielle said, smiling at her husband.

The boy looked like he was four or five years old. He should be able to make such a decision by himself.

Chapter 552 It Will Be Better If He Loses His Memory

The hospital was located at nearly an hour's drive from the villa. Gabrielle was taken back by Westley that night. He did it without telling Rose and others about their return.

The robbery in Royal Hotel was a shocking incident. And due to the high profile guests who came there, instantly the news was sensationalized on many television channels. Most of the countries reported this matter, apart from Thailand.

Rose had read the news about the incident, so she was extremely worried about Gabrielle.

Gabrielle and Westley rested for the night. The very next day they went to see Rose. After meeting her, they planned to go to the hospital.

They had to go and see Melissa, Nathan and the child, who were still in the hospital. Gabrielle was quite worried about them.

"Gabrielle!" Rose exclaimed on seeing her. "I saw the news about the jewelry robbery in the Royal Hotel. I'm so relieved to see you safe." Seeing and knowing that Gabrielle was unhurt, Rose felt like a burden had been lifted off her. It was a relief to see her.

"I'm fine. There's just a bruise. We came back last night, but it was too late. We didn't feel it was right to disturb you so we didn't visit at night. Now I am here to show you and Doctor Maniac that I'm fine!" Gabrielle said with a serious look on her face.

"Oh Gabrielle! You have no idea, how relieved I am to see that you're all right. There are so many victims this time. I was really frightened when I saw the news." Indeed, Rose was very worried about them and was getting anxious.

But now that she had met them, she was happy. She relaxed and felt comforted on seeing Gabrielle and Westley.

"Honestly, Rose! We're fine. Now you have a good rest today. We'll leave now. We've got to go to the hospital too." Gabrielle and Westley had already planned to go to the hospital. She didn't want to tell it to Rose, but ended up blurting it out before her.

"What? Why? Gabrielle, just now you said you're not hurt. Then, why are you going to the hospital? Is your wound..."

"No...No! I'm absolutely fine. It's just that one of my teachers got injured and is in the hospital. I have to go and visit her." Gabrielle tried to wriggle herself out of the situation.

"Oh! Okay. Go on then. If you go early, you can come back early!" Rose suggested to her.

"Right! Okay then. We'll leave now. You take care!"

Gabrielle and Westley left and drove away. On arriving at the hospital, they came to know that the child and Nathan were still in a coma. Although Melissa had woken up, she was still in a critical condition as she had been in a coma since she entered the ward. Besides, she was

being taken care of by the people of the Walker family. So Gabrielle and Westley felt it was better if they didn't disturb her.

Days slowly passed. Gabrielle and Westley came to the hospital every day to check on the condition of several people. Then, by the afternoon they would go back to the villa. They had been busy like this for a week.

Gabrielle went to check on the child in the ward every day. He had been such a beautiful and lovely little boy, like an angel. But now he lay only on the bed. Seeing his angelic face and silent demeanor, Gabrielle felt very sad. ②

"Westley, it's been a week. Why hasn't he woken up yet? When will he wake up?" Gabrielle held the boy's hand softly and looked at Westley anxiously, when he stepped in the room.

Westley gently placed his hand on her head and comforted her. Every day, he said things to comfort her. But as he watched the little boy, he too didn't know what to say next. He wondered what could be said that would comfort Gabrielle.

"Gabrielle, he has lost too much blood and had a brain injury. It's not easy for him to wake up so soon. Since you saved this child, probably you can pass on some good luck to him. With you by his side, I'm sure he will be fine soon. Don't worry too much." Westley was concerned when he saw Gabrielle so worried and disturbed.

As each day passed, she was getting more and more anxious. He was afraid that if it went on in the same manner, she would get sick before the child woke up.

Under no circumstances could he let such a thing happen.

"But, Westley..."

"No more 'ifs' and 'buts'. Gabrielle, listen to me carefully now. You are worried because you care too much about the child. But such anxiety isn't good for you too. You need to relax. Come on now. There is a good restaurant around here. Let's go and have lunch. We'll come back after the meal. What do you say?" Westley gently took her hand and tried to make her move.

Gabrielle had listened to Westley quietly and slowly realized that Westley was right. He was reasonable. She had been under too much mental pressure in the last few days. It was so much that sometimes she would awaken at midnight, and would not be able to go back to sleep for hours.

"Okay. Let's go and have lunch." Gabrielle stood up. She slowly bent down and kissed the boy on the forehead softly.

"Baby, we're going now to have lunch. We'll be back soon. I'll be by your side. Be good and wake up early, please," Gabrielle slowly whispered to the boy. Half-heartedly, she left with Westley, hand in hand.

The two got into the car and strapped the seatbelts. Suddenly Gabrielle sighed heavily.

"What's wrong, Gabrielle?" Westley asked with concern.

"Westley, we don't even know the child's name yet!" Gabrielle said and looked at Westley helplessly.

They had decided to take care of the child till he recovered. But they hardly knew anything about him. How could they not know his name?

"I understand your concern, Gabrielle. But I haven't been able to collect any information about the child and his parents. I don't know the child's name either. So, the only thing to do now is to ask the child, when he wakes up." Westley spoke in a gentle tone and tried to comfort Gabrielle.

As a matter of fact, he didn't know how to make her feel better.

"Will he be able to tell his name to me, in person? Honestly, Westley, I'm actually worried about one thing. The boy has hurt the back of his head. He saw his mother being shot. Will he remember anything? Can he suffer from amnesia because of the injury? What if he forgets who he is and everything about his past?"

Gabrielle asked in a serious tone. Though it didn't happen all the time, yet such things did really happen a lot.

"Amnesia?" Westley said after a moment's silence. He had been lost in his thoughts. "Well, it's possible."

"Yes. However, considering the things around him, I really think it will not be such a bad thing if he loses his memory. We can't find out his identity. Sadly, his mother has passed away. When he wakes, it won't be a good thing for the child to have such a painful memory. As a matter of fact, I think it's better for him if he forgets it." Gabrielle felt that losing memory would be better for the child.

"Well, losing memory may be a good thing for him, but he hasn't woken up yet. It's out of our control if he loses his memory or not," Westley said calmly.

It was one of the rare occasions when he didn't know how to handle the situation. There was nothing he could do to control the things around him.

"Westley, isn't there a kind of hypnosis skill or therapy that makes people lose their memories? I'm thinking that if he doesn't lose his memory, we'll reach out to the most powerful hypnotist. We'll ask him to hypnotize the child and make him forget this painful memory," Gabrielle said in a calm and composed manner. She was so serious about the whole thing.

"Gabrielle, let's talk about it when the child wakes up. You're getting extremely anxious and stressing yourself, physically and emotionally." Westley tried to make her relax. Looking at her, he knew that there was so much running in her mind. ③

Gabrielle was aware that she was getting more and more anxious as days passed. But she couldn't control herself. She started to feel sad too.

"Westley, believe me, even I don't want to believe this!" Gabrielle was filled with a feeling of helplessness. She didn't want to be like this, but most of the time, when it was concerned with the boy, she couldn't control her emotions.

"Then, let go of all the uneasiness first. Listen to me carefully. Don't think about anything else. We can discuss everything later on. The most important thing is that the child wakes up," Westley suggested. He was correct because things could become clear only after he woke up from the coma.

"I know that everything depends on his waking up. Okay, Westley. I will listen to you. I will not think about the child for now. Let's take the decision when he wakes up." Gabrielle took a deep breath. She had finally decided to listen and follow what Westley had said.

'There's no point getting hyper about it. Let nature take its course.'