

Chapter 557 A Mistress

The moment this topic was brought up the atmosphere in the car became very serious.

Westley patted gently on Gabrielle's shoulder and said softly, "Hey, don't be too sad, okay? We should be happy that he is still alive. As long as he is alive, there is hope."

At the moment, that was all Westley could think of to comfort his wife.

It was common for men from wealthy families to have mistresses and illegitimate children unknown to their wives. Most of these wealthy men led a life of deceit.

Some even had several mistresses and illegitimate children.

Westley had a deep contempt for these kinds of men. Why got married if it was to be so frivolous? Since he had tied the knot with Gabrielle and wanted to have several children with her, Westley knew he would have to take responsibility as a husband and as a father. If he was unable to do that, then he better not get married at all.

"It is therefore up to us to raise this child and ensure he lives a happy life." Gabrielle was truly sorry for this poor child who suddenly found himself an orphan. But on the other hand, she was really happy that he had crossed their path.

"Yeah, we will raise this child as our own. I have no doubt that you will be a good mother," Westley said in a comforting tone.

His words touched Gabrielle and she turned to look at him, a smile lighting up her face. "I also believe that you will be a good father," she said softly.

"Gabrielle, how about we had another child so the two could grow up together? Otherwise, he will be too lonely." You could call it selfishness, but Westley was pretty pragmatic. He had married Gabrielle, so it was normal that they had their own children. They couldn't just raise other people's children and never taste the joy of giving birth.

"Well, let's go back to Antawood first and then we can make a decision," Gabrielle replied. She and Westley had been married for a long time. Moreover, they had a pretty solid relationship. So, they could definitely consider having a child. ③

"Okay."

Westley was happy with Gabrielle's response. At least this time, she didn't refuse to have a baby with him. ②

Silence settled in the car. Gabrielle looked thoughtful for a moment when suddenly she stared at the man next to her and asked, "Westley... do you think that one day you too will have mistresses and several illegitimate children? Do you think you can hide such a heavy secret from me?" Gabrielle studied his face, eager to know his answer. After all, many men behaved like that, so she wondered if that would be the case for Westley too.

Since the dawn of time, men had all fantasized about having several wives. If they weren't polygamous, they at least had mistresses.

"A mistress?" Westley was utterly stunned. He didn't expect that Gabrielle would ask him such a question. However, he was really curious as to why she asked him that.

Westley smiled helplessly and asked, "Why do you think I would keep a mistress?"

"Come on, Westley. Almost every man dreams of having multiple wives. Do you really never think about that too?" Gabrielle couldn't believe Westley had never thought of such a thing. He was a man after all.

"Gabrielle, before I met you, I didn't even want to get married. Do you really think I want a mistress? Women are really difficult beings to deal with. They are very troublesome. One is enough for me. I don't have the energy to take care of many of them," Westley said sincerely.

However, Gabrielle understood Westley's words in an entirely different way.

"I know you well, Westley. You think I'm troublesome but you just won't say it directly, right? You see, you don't really love me anymore. I'm sure if you find another woman who isn't as troublesome as I am, I'm sure you'll go with her," Gabrielle said with a sad face. ①

Hearing what she just said, Westley sighed and then laughed. "Gabrielle, how could I no longer love you? I want you to know that there's only room for you in my heart."

It was only then that Gabrielle understood the true meaning of Westley's words earlier. He thought all women, no matter what, were annoying. Since he already had one, he wouldn't want another.

Thinking of that, Gabrielle's face immediately lit up and a sense of pride grew in her heart.

Westley's answer really made her happy. She now knew that he would never have a mistress.

It was not that he didn't have the guts. He just wouldn't even think of that.

Definitely, not all men were the same and Westley was the proof of that.

"My heart is so small. I tell you again, you are the only one in my heart. Do you really want to share my love with others?"

Westley asked with a faint smile on his face.

"No way. I would never let anyone take my husband away from me and I wouldn't share your love either. On this, I'm fiercely selfish," Gabrielle said seriously.

For sure Westley was delighted by Gabrielle's answer because the smile on his face became wider.

"Gabrielle, there is no doubt that I love you. No matter what happens, I want you to never forget that you are the only woman I love!" Westley looked Gabrielle in the eye as he said that, hoping she would believe him.

Actually, Gabrielle had always known that Westley loved her. She was just had a whim just now. She trusted Westley. He was not the type of man who would betray her love and go with other women.

"Don't worry, Westley. I trust you completely. No matter what life throws at us, I know that my love for you will never change. We will be happy together." As she spoke, Gabrielle gently held Westley's hand.

"Alright. You don't ask such stupid questions anymore, okay?" Westley knew that she wasn't serious earlier when she asked him if he would have a mistress. He knew what kind of person Gabrielle was.

"I promise I won't ask such stupid questions again. Don't be mad at me, okay?" Gabrielle said seriously.

"How can I ever be mad at you?" Westley replied with an even bigger smile on his face.

"I'm the happiest woman. I have a husband who loves me more than anything! Hey, what are we going to eat tonight? How about I cook dinner for everyone tonight?" Gabrielle looked really radiant right now.

Westley was a little surprised by Gabrielle's sudden offer. He glanced at her and asked seriously, "Do you really want to do it?"

"Of course. I really want to cook dinner. Let's go to the supermarket now. I haven't been this happy in a long time. I want to transfer my happiness into dinner tonight." Gabrielle was definitely serious.

"Okay. We'll do as you say." Seeing Gabrielle so happy made Westley happy too.

He was always happier when he saw his wife happy.

The couple eventually drove to the largest supermarket in town. They had dinner to prepare!

While they were shopping, a thought crossed Gabrielle's mind. She suddenly glanced at her husband and asked, "Westley, it just dawned on me that we never went shopping together like this in Antawood, did we?"

The fact was Westley had a special identity back in Antawood. He was a popular figure there and almost everyone in the city could recognize him. Because of that, he couldn't go shopping with Gabrielle. ②

Westley was pushing the cart with one hand while holding Gabrielle's hand with the other. Hearing her remark, he smiled and asked, "So how do you like us finally going shopping together?" As for him, he really liked the feeling. They were an ordinary couple living a happy life.

Gabrielle looked Westley in the eye and replied, "I like it. It feels so good. This is how a couple should be. Go to the supermarket to buy food and then go home to cook together. This is the life I have always dreamed of." She was really happy right now.

Chapter 558 Marriage Life She Yearned For

Naturally, Gabrielle was like any other women who had beautiful dreams when it came to her marriage life.

However, when this all happened, it was like the reality had poured cold water on her, which left her pained and helpless. Contrary to her imagination and dream, there was no prince who loved her nor was she given an illusory fairytale wedding. She was forced to take part in a scapegoat marriage instead with a man that she did not love at all. What was more, she thought that her life was destined to be a living hell from then on since the man was the well-known living Yama in Antawood.

However, now, the Yama was no longer a cold and ruthless person and even became a love-struck fool towards his wife who couldn't live without her for even a moment.

That was why it was said that all people had good side in them even if they didn't display it. What you needed was more time to find out more about him or her, and then they would give you different surprises.

"What about now?" Westley asked curiously.

He wanted to know about how Gabrielle's ideal marriage life was like. He couldn't guess it since he was not the type of person who would fantasize things like that.

"Everything is fine now. After all, I have a husband who loves me very much, who is capable, strong and handsome. He can give me whatever I want and can make me feel very happy. Although my previous thoughts are different, people can never catch up with the God's way of creating life for us. We can't just escape from the fate's plan for us, right?" Gabrielle rambled on with her jokes.

Listening to this, Westley burst out laughing, saying that her words were confusing and illogical.

Gabrielle shook her head with the offended look. "Westley, you can't be so unreasonable. A man should be generous and ignore the trivial matters that don't matter much."

Gabrielle tried to use this method to dismiss his query, so as not to accidentally say something unpleasant to make him angry.

"I am generous, but it's not wrong for men to focus on such trivial things since they matter. Now, tell me. I want to know how you dreamt of your ideal husband at the very beginning. Is there any big difference between your ideal husband and me?" Westley questioned this way on purpose. Based on his words and tone, it was obvious that he was a little jealous.

However, Westley didn't care. If he was jealous of a man who might not exist, so be it because he just wanted to know what kind of quality that imaginary man had yet he didn't have.

"Westley, what on earth do you want? I'm telling you that he is definitely not as good as you

and it's the truth." Gabrielle held his hand and stroke it in an attempt to coax him.

Westley was a man who was easy to be coaxed when it came to Gabrielle. He only needed to listen to some nice words and any grievance he had would dissipate. After all, there was always a little boy in the heart of a man. He would lose his temper and be angry if things didn't go his way, but all he needed was comfort from her.

"Is it really the truth?" Westley asked again in disbelief.

Gabrielle was becoming more and more naughty. Westley knew that his wife was an intelligent little fox who was as scheming as him. She knew what to do to make him believe her.

"In my heart, I have always thought that you are my perfect husband. Do you want me to think of another man to answer that question then?" As expected, Gabrielle took out a trick up her sleeve.

She really regretted bringing up such an unpleasant topic in the first place. Now, she had to try hard to divert the topic.

"No, you must only have me in your heart and only think about me. You don't need to think about other men," Westley retorted unhappily.

He didn't want any other men to be in Gabrielle's mind. He had to be the only one occupying her pretty head!

"Then, let's stop talking about this. We have to go to buy something so that we can cook dinner as soon as possible." Gabrielle was secretly overjoyed in her heart. As expected, Westley just needed a little coaxing to distract him.

"Gabrielle, once we go back, we will make our relationship public. That way, whenever we go out, I can hold your hand legitimately and proudly, okay?" Westley raised his eyebrows and persuaded her softly.

"Of course, it's a good idea. But like I said, it's best to discuss about it after we go back." Even though Gabrielle wanted to agree and compromise instantly, she was still worried that something bad would happen after they returned to Antawood. 3

The more she thought about it, the more uneasy she felt for some unknown reason.

Nevertheless, she didn't let Westley notice her concerns for the time being, in case he would worry about her.

"Okay then. We will talk about it once we get back to Antawood." Westley finally gave in, held her hand with a smile and walked forward.

They had planned to go back earlier at first, but now, since they couldn't just leave the child in that condition, they had to delay.

When the two of them went back to the villa from the supermarket, they called Rose and Doctor Maniac and invited them to come over for dinner.

When Gabrielle was cooking in the kitchen, the two arrived as Rose pushed Doctor Maniac over. Recently, Doctor Maniac was starting to slowly make some exercises in order to regain energy and stability in his legs. He was about to go crazy if he stayed like this in a wheelchair any longer. It seriously made him feel like he was going to be a loser.

Therefore, when his injury was almost recovered, he forced himself to start the rehabilitation.

Rose went into the kitchen to look for Gabrielle and clapped her hands, exclaiming enthusiastically, "Gabrielle, I'm so happy you are cooking dinner for us tonight. I've been eating nutritious food these days and I feel like I'm going crazy. By the way, can you cook spicy cuisine?"

"Spicy cuisine?" Gabrielle looked at Rose in surprise as she didn't expect her to fancy spicy food.

Light and healthy food was more advocated worldwide, after all.

"Yes. Do you know how to cook it? I am craving for something spicy. My wound is almost fully healed. I can eat it!" Rose firmly said with desperation in her eyes.

"Then, I'll make some boiled beef later. I think it will suit your taste since it's a little spicy, okay? I didn't know that you are craving for spicy food, so I haven't prepared much." Gabrielle also understood how Rose was feeling. If one had to eat only nutritious food for several days, they might feel empty and discontent. What was more, it would feel as if they were losing their sense of taste. Gabrielle knew that people, who had experienced this feeling, particularly wanted to eat something with heavy taste.

"Okay, I'll wait for it then! You have no idea how happy I am feeling right now. I'll wait for you outside. Oh, wait, do you need my help?" Rose offered to help as she could also cook.

"No, it's fine. You can go out and wait for the food. I can cook by myself." Gabrielle waved her hand and dismissed her quickly in case she would insist.

How could she make the guest cook when she invited them? "Thank you for tonight. If you need any help, just let me know."

However, Gabrielle really didn't need Rose's help because her real assistant had already changed his clothes and came in.

"Gabrielle, I'm here." Announcing his arrival, Westley walked to the side of Gabrielle and washed vegetables as if he was used to behaving like this.

After all, Gabrielle had said that what she wanted was for them to go out and buy food as a couple, and then return home to cook together.

"Mr. Morris, Gabrielle, take your time. I'm leaving here now." Rose who realized that she was being the third wheel here, quickly slipped out. No wonder Gabrielle insisted that she didn't need her help. She was waiting for her husband to help her!

Chapter 559 Back To Antawood

A man and woman would never get tired of working with each other -- especially if they were a couple. It was indeed a pleasant sight.

Gabrielle served the fancy dishes one after the other. Rose took a bite of the food and moaned in appreciation.

"Oh my God! Gabrielle, you're amazing! Did you cook all the dishes? I wish I could eat these every day," she said with her mouth full.

"Thank you. But I can't take all the credit, though. Westley helped me with it. Well, if you like, I can cook for you every day when you move to Antawood. Besides, every street there sells local delicacies. I am sure you will love it." Gabrielle shrugged nonchalantly.

"Oh, don't listen to her, Rose! She promised me the same thing before, but she seldom cooks for me -- not even when we are in Bangkok. The hell she will cook for you every day." Westley broke Rose's fantasy.

He didn't want Gabrielle to exhaust herself by cooking for Rose every day.

"Come on, Westley. What are you saying? I did cook for you. It's just the time..."

"I don't blame you. I don't want you to exhaust yourself." Westley reached out and rubbed her head.

"Whoa! Whoa! Too much PDA!" Rose rolled her eyes at the couple.

Westley couldn't help but smile at her. He felt happy and relaxed.

"I don't think I'll come here often. I mean, it hurts to watch you love birds flirting with each other all day." Although Rose complained, she enjoyed the food.

"Well, since you two are here, I have something important to tell," Westley said, shifting his gaze between Rose and Doctor Maniac.

"Go ahead, Mr. Morris." Rose put down her chopsticks and looked at him.

Although she didn't know much about Westley, she figured he was a reliable man.

"I need to reschedule our trip to Antawood. Rose, Doctor Maniac, are you guys willing to join us?" Westley asked, studying their faces.

Gabrielle also eyed them with curiosity.

She had been worried if the two would come with them to Antawood or not. If they didn't and continued to stay in Bangkok, they had no one else to count on.

"Yes, I do."

"Yes, I will come to Antawood."

Gabrielle's face lit up with joy when she heard their answers.

"Great. I'll ask my assistant, Alvin, to arrange everything in Antawood for you two. And don't worry about the kid. Gabrielle and I are going to take care of him for a few days; we'll be back before the end of this month." Westley breathed a sigh of relief.

After all, he and Gabrielle would be at ease if they agreed to come to Antawood.

"You can rest assured, Rose. We've prepared everything you guys might need in Antawood," Gabrielle chimed in as excitement bubbled up in her heart.

Their decision meant a lot to her.

She couldn't wait for them to come back to Antawood. Moreover, she didn't have to break her head, worrying if they would get hurt in Bangkok again.

"Well, I believe you and Mr. Morris." Rose smiled.

"We'll certainly make things right."

"By the way, how is the child?" Rose sounded anxious.

"I haven't got any news yet, but it doesn't matter. I believe he'll wake up soon." Gabrielle was positive the kid would recover soon.

"Me too. I'm confident that he will regain his consciousness. He is an angel, destined to stay around you, and I'm sure he isn't vulnerable. Anyway, are you sure about the decision? Are you really going to adopt the kid after he wakes up?" Rose was aware of Gabrielle's adoration toward the child. She felt her friend had made the right decision.

"It's still too early for me to decide though. If he regains consciousness and doesn't want to be with us, we will respect his decision. We don't want to force him in any way." Gabrielle smiled. She wished to adopt the child. However, if things didn't go according to plan, and the child didn't want them as parents, she would respectfully step back. After all, relationships couldn't be forced.

"You are right."

"By the way, after you go back, can you go to the hospital to see my friend Sloane, Doctor Maniac? She is my best friend and has been in a coma for over six months. I'm desperately hoping she could wake up soon." Gabrielle's heart broke every time she thought about Sloane. She prayed for her friend to get better every day.

"Okay, I'll go and check on her. Don't worry," Doctor Maniac promised.

"One of my men will send you back to Antawood in a private plane the day after tomorrow. You'd better get ready," said Westley.

"You can rest assured, Mr. Morris. We'll do as you say. There is not much for us to pack. You

have arranged everything for us anyway." Rose smiled gratefully.

Westley had done a lot for her. He had given her a new identity and secured her future.

"All right. If you need anything, Alvin will help you out. Make yourselves at home," Westley reminded them.

"Don't worry, Mr. Morris. We wouldn't need anything." Rose grinned.

"I wish you a fresh start in Antawood." Westley smiled sincerely.

"Thank you, Mr. Morris and Gabrielle. We don't have a future without you guys. I will always be at your service. You can call me anytime." Hearing that, Gabrielle shook her head fiercely.

"Oh, come on, Rose. Westley and I have always treated you as friends, not..."

"Gabrielle, I know you and Mr. Morris are being nice to us. No matter what you say, we will forever be indebted to you guys." Rose smiled as she gently nudged Doctor Maniac's arm.

"Yes, Gabrielle. Rose is right. We will never forget what you guys have done for us. So if there is anything we can do for you, don't hesitate to ask." Doctor Maniac smiled earnestly.

"Well, I do need a favor from you guys." Gabrielle smiled.

"What is it?"

"You two have to finish all the dishes on the table. That's it," she said, trying to sound stern.

Hearing this, both Doctor Maniac and Rose burst out laughing and began hogging the food.

On the day of departure, Westley's men arrived to pick up Rose and Doctor Maniac. The plane was located at the Campbell Family's private airport, so they had to drive there.

"Gabrielle, Mr. Morris, we are leaving now. We'll wait for you at Antawood." Rose nodded at them.

"Okay. We'll be back in a couple of days. If you need anything, call Alvin." Gabrielle hugged Rose.

"Okay. See you soon."

Rose and Doctor Maniac got into the van and left.

Chapter 560 Our Lives Are Connected Together

The Walker family hired the best medical team for Melissa. So her recovery was noticeable. Had it not been for the serious injury she suffered, Jonathan would have taken her back to Ensfield.

Gabrielle frequented the hospital on a daily basis. Each time she paid the child a visit, she always went to see Melissa.

"Ms. Glyn, when are you going back with Mr. Walker, the public holiday is fast approaching?" Gabrielle asked as she peeled an apple for Melissa. The public holiday was a time of reunion. People were supposed to spend it with their families.

The past few days witnessed a drastic change in Gabrielle's attitude towards Jonathan. Both of them talked little every time they met. He always appeared unwelcoming and insouciant. His enthusiasm lost its fervor, especially when it pertained to her. Notwithstanding, she really treated him as an elder.

This was because, despite everything, he remained Mr. Glyn's decent and dignified husband in her sight.

While Jonathan was taking care of his wife, he also had to control his company remotely. This made him very busy. Normally, whenever Gabrielle was around, he would make an excuse to walk away and deal with his own affairs so that she could be given the opportunity to chat with Melissa.

"In two days. But Jonathan doesn't like the idea of taking the plane because of my wounds. He wants to spend the holiday in Bangkok with me," Melissa replied. "What about you? If you don't have any plans, we can spend the holiday here together," Melissa said and waited eagerly.

Somehow, she fascinated Gabrielle for no reason in particular. Therefore, she wanted both of them to become closer.

"Well, I'm not exactly sure yet. We may probably go back. But plans can be made to spend some days with you," Gabrielle said. "Come and live in our villa. There are spare rooms. Mr. Walker is also very welcome. You could stay together." Gabrielle looked at Melissa excitedly. 1

"I have got to discuss it with Jonathan before reaching a conclusion. Don't you need to do the same with Mr. Morris?" Melissa's heart skipped as she thought about the grudge between the Morris and Walker families.

She wouldn't mind sharing a meal with Gabrielle or living under her roof. But it was just unimaginable for Jonathan and Westley to have dinner together.

Jonathan was aware of the fact that Gabrielle married Westley in Antawood. So, he had been deliberately avoiding anything that would have him mention the Morris family.

"Of course, I'll discuss it with Westley later. It will really be exciting if you and Mr. Walker can spend some days in our villa," Gabrielle said to her. "Oh, poor boy!" She heaved a depressing sigh.

It had been more than a week. Yet, there was no certainty with respect to the child's waking up or not.

"Do not worry yourself so much, Gabrielle. He will wake up. Remember that you also saved me and now I'm recovering well," Melissa said. "You've brought so much good luck into our lives." She regarded Gabrielle as a very kind and lovely girl.

"Thanks for your kind words, Ms. Glyn. But you don't have to comfort me. I am just as capable of bringing disaster to people. Anyone who gets close to me usually gets implicated somehow." She tried to give an instance to buttress her claim but Melissa interrupted her.

"How can someone be this naive? I got you into trouble. It was simply because we went to the jewelry exhibition together. If you had not associated with me, none of these would have happened." Melissa felt like she owed Gabrielle her life. "I am not the victim here. It is you who lost so much blood for me." Melissa spoke with so much gratitude.

Had it not been for the blood Gabrielle donated, the transfusion would not have been possible and Melissa would have been in grave danger.

"Say no more, Ms. Glyn. Your husband has thanked me enough." In that moment, Gabrielle couldn't refrain from laughing. It was when she remembered that Jonathan had given her a ten million check.

"Gabrielle, Jonathan belongs to a weird school of thought. He tries using money to solve everything. This isn't an excuse to defend his wrong deed towards you. But please, do not take it to heart. I know how unique a person you are."

Melissa never had a reason to be worried about Gabrielle's nature.

"Mr. Walker didn't do anything wrong. I think he is a nice and kind man, Ms. Glyn."

Gabrielle respected Jonathan. To her, he was a good elder.

"Did you say that he is kind?" Melissa smiled at her.

"Gabrielle, you are the first person to say that he is kind. But given your nature, it is quite expected. You should know that many people in Ensfield are terrified by him. They don't see him in the same light as you," she explained. It was rare for her to talk about him. "Therefore, when the people of Ensfield comment on him, they won't say many good words. He fits the stereotype of a narcissist who doesn't care about the opinions of others. He is disliked by everyone." Melissa described her husband using harsh words.

"But I have a different opinion of him. At least he made me feel safe around him," Gabrielle retorted. 'Jonathan is more amiable than Tobias,' she said in her mind. "Your husband is indeed a good man."

"If Jonathan is here to hear these words you've said, he would be rapturous for a long time." Melissa held her hand. "But from now on, our lives have become connected. Having said so, if you need any help, please don't hesitate to inform us about it," she said with a particularly stern look on her face.

"We were just fortunate enough to have providence on our side. If things were otherwise and my blood type was not the same as yours, then I wouldn't have been of any help to you," Gabrielle replied gladly.

"Gabrielle, I just want you to know that if I can wake up because of the good luck you bring me, then be rest assured that child you saved will also do the same," Melissa remarked seriously.

Her kind words greatly encouraged Gabrielle. It helped strengthen her hope and conviction.

"I appreciate your kind words. They encourage me.

If it is possible, I am very willing to give all the good luck within my power in order to see the boy awake," Gabrielle remarked sincerely.

"Don't say that, alright? You and the child will be fine." Melissa couldn't make much sense of Gabrielle's previous statement. 'Why is she suddenly saying that she would give her good luck to the child?'

Although Melissa also liked the child and felt sorry for him being without his mother, she was not familiar with the boy. Therefore, she was more obliged to demonstrate her concern for Gabrielle.

"It is okay, Ms. Glyn. I will be fine. By the way, Nathan's family is with him even if he hasn't woken up yet. I just want to go and see him. Can you help me?" Gabrielle hadn't taken a look at Nathan yet. She blamed herself for the hurt that had befallen him.

A member of the Sanderson Family had been guarding Nathan's ward. No one was allowed to get close to it. So, Gabrielle was unable to see him.

"Do you really want to see him?" Melissa asked Gabrielle earnestly.