

## Chapter 583 I Will Only Marry The Woman I Love

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Westley answered the phone from the corridor, so Gabrielle entered the ward alone.

The nurse was leaving when Gabrielle walked in after she had cleaned Nellie. Nellie had woken up, and she looked pale as she lay on the bed. She whispered something as if she was talking to the baby while she touched her belly gently.

The moment Gabrielle walked in, Nellie turned around and glared at her subconsciously. Nellie was somehow bewildered by the strange face for a moment.

"Excuse me, are you looking for someone?" Nellie asked warily.

Noticing the alertness in her eyes, Gabrielle relaxed a little.

That meant Nellie was not a lovely but dumb woman.

"I'm certainly here to see you, Miss Collins." Gabrielle walked to her bedside, looking at Nellie casually and then at her belly. She had probably been pregnant for five months.

"Do I know you?" Nellie obviously wanted no one to gawk at her tummy like this, so she reflexively pulled over the comforter.

Gabrielle asked the nurse to give them a moment and then drew a chair to sit on.

"Don't get scared. I'm not here to do you harm. My name is Gabrielle Jones, and your baby will grow up knowing me as his aunt." She calmly introduced herself.

"You must be Bryce's sister, raised by the Jones family, right?" Nellie's aggression towards Gabrielle dissipated.

A life of always hiding had turned Nellie's insecurities into something else. She was never comfortable around every new person she met.

"I never thought that Bryce would mention me. I bet what he said about me wasn't something pleasing especially when you think of how much he hates me." Truly, there was no humor in that. Bryce despised her deeply. Hence, he couldn't have said anything positive. Gabrielle was certain.

The only surprise was Bryce's mention of her in front of Nellie.

Bryce hated her so much, and he should be indifferent about mentioning her ever in his life.

"Miss Jones, I beg to differ. Bryce might despise you to extremes but I didn't hear him say anything bad about you." More precisely, Nellie was meeting Gabrielle for the first time so they didn't like each other too extensively.

On top of that, Bryce greatly disliked her, meaning he must have said a lot of bad things about her to Nellie. That of course made Nellie dislike her.

"Well, from my point of view, you and Bryce have a good connection." Gabrielle sounded a little displeased from how she sounded, but facts were facts.

For a long time, Bryce had a crush on Nellie, and she was his Muse. Else, he wouldn't have risked offending the Morris family just like that. After all, a commoner would never have the guts to offend such a family.

"I wouldn't have kept the baby were it not for the love we have for each other," Nellie responded calmly. But on mentioning the baby, her face turned tender.

A woman had to be placid when she became a mother, which meant she already loved the baby in her belly immeasurably.

"Miss Collins, I can tell that you love this child so much. I also know that you want to use it to get rid of the Collins family. We can help you. The only thing you need to do is work with us." Gabrielle gave her a serious look.

The baby in Nellie's belly was really a jackpot. The baby was meant to change a lot of dynamics. Westley would finally and completely cut off the relationship with the Collins family. The baby was also Nellie's chip to get rid of the Collins family, and Gabrielle's reason to put a boundary between her and the Jones family in the future.

Overall, the child was key to a lot of things for them all, but Gabrielle was not about to tell Nellie too much now. They were rivals, but whenever something affected them all, then they'd come together.

The Collins and Jones family had done that, and so did Nellie and Gabrielle.

"Miss Jones, how you and Bryce relate doesn't matter to me. Just let me give birth safely, I love this child and the child might be my last and first. It's almost impossible that I can give birth again. It was a lucky shot this time, the doctor even saw it as a miracle. No matter what goes down, it's very essential that I give birth. Please." As a second young lady from the Collins family, Nellie had had her own sense of eagle and dignity since she was a toddler.

Hence, she rarely pleaded with anyone, but for the baby, Nellie would beg Gabrielle for anything.

"It's okay. Westley and I are working hard to make sure everything favors you," Gabrielle said calmly.

If the baby was born safely, many problems would be solved.

"Westley and you... Are you really married?" Nellie asked Gabrielle in disbelief.

Even though she'd heard Gabrielle was married to Westley, Nellie couldn't buy that. After all, Westley was a difficult man to get along with.

He was only tender to her sister, Helena. Even if Westley got engaged to Nellie later, he dealt with her as if she was an alien, not as his fiancée. Definitely, Nellie couldn't consider him her fiancé. From her perspective, this man was merely her future brother-in-law.

Nellie got engaged to Westley forcefully. These were the doings of the Collins family.

"Westley is my husband. All the feuds that you ever had in the past should be left in the past. There is no need to revisit it," Gabrielle said coolly.

She was proclaiming her marriage to Westley. They were husband and wife. From then on, anything to do with Westley would be their private affairs, and no one else would meddle with it.

"It never occurred to me that he'd get married. I thought Helena took his heart and soul with her when she died, so he wouldn't marry ever again." Nellie didn't intend to piss off Gabrielle, but to say what she thought was true.

When she was forced to marry Westley despite her objections, it hit her that she was just an accessory and no substitute. She had never dreamt of such a marriage.

"I will only marry the woman I love the most in my life, and that woman is Gabrielle," Westley declared calmly and coldly as he opened the door. 2



## Chapter 584 What Am I

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'I will only marry the woman I love!' ❶

Nellie thought about what he just said over and over again with a stunned look on her face. It never occurred to her that Westley could say something like that, so dominant yet sweet.

After all, when Westley and Helena were together, the two seldom said anything sweet to each other. She had never heard anything like that coming out of his mouth.

She had been under the impression that a cold and aloof man like Westley would never say such sweet words in his life. So, the moment she heard this, she was totally shocked.

She had to double check if the man in front of her was actually Westley Morris.

"Wes... I mean, Mr. Morris." She had been used to considering him as her future brother-in-law that she almost blurted out Westley's name in a familiar term.

Westley only glanced at her indifferently, walked up to Gabrielle and held her in his arms as if this kind of gesture was so natural to him.

Indeed, his movements were so natural, which did not seem possible to fake. This proved that the relationship between the two was very close. One look at them and Nellie could tell that they were meant for each other.

The two of them seemed so in love.

And the most tender look in Westley's eyes, as he looked at Gabrielle, further proved the point.

When one was in love, you could clearly tell just from the look in his eyes and Westley exactly had that kind of look.

"Gabrielle is my wife, the only woman I love in my life." It was obvious that Westley's sentence was ultimatum as he expressed his feelings to Nellie.

He wanted Nellie to know that he would let no one hurt Gabrielle, the woman he loved.

"But Mr. Morris, Helena..." Nellie mentioned her sister's name as she intended to ask Westley whether he had forgotten about her sister. However, before she could finish her words, her sentence was cut off by the cold and warning look she received from Westley.

What he meant was clear. He didn't want her to mention Helena's name in front of Gabrielle. Never.

Nellie couldn't help feeling slightly unfair that Westley had forgotten about her sister now and married another woman. Then again, she also knew that it was unfair for Westley to constantly be in sorrow due to the death of Helena when it had been years since she died by now. It was natural that Westley would meet someone else sooner or later after all.

"I just want to say that Helena will be very happy to see you so happy like this now." Nellie swallowed back her words and quickly said something else.

Hearing this, the cold expression on Westley's face softened a little.

"How do you feel now that you have woken up?" Westley asked in a soft voice.

It was not until now that Nellie realized that no matter how cold and serious Westley's personality was, he would naturally become gentle in the presence of Gabrielle.

"I'm fine. Fortunately, nothing serious happened to the baby. Otherwise, I really don't know what to do," Nellie answered as she gently touched her protruding belly. A faint smile bloomed on her face as she immersed in her imagination of becoming a mother.

"That's a relief. You should be careful in order to protect the child well. Besides from that, I want to tell you something. What happened to you lately are, in fact, not the accidents. Your family had already found you." Of course, Westley was aware that it was not a good time for Nellie to know this.

However, such a serious matter, which was completely related to her, had to be known by herself.

"My family?" Nellie was stunned and she gasped as she couldn't believe what she had just heard.

She had thought that since Westley was protecting her, she would be safe for the time being. She thought that at least, there was no chance for the Collins family to find her. However, it seemed she was wrong.

"So, you are saying what happened to me recently weren't just accidents. Does that mean my family had done these to me?" Nellie finally realized the situation.

How couldn't she have suspected that she was being targeted all this time? The repetitive accidents were the enough proof that someone had been using tricks to kill her child.

Fortunately, the baby survived, or else, Nellie didn't dare to imagine what would happen. She would hate the Collins family forever.

"Yes, the maid, who's been taking care of you, was bribed by the Collins family to harm the baby in any way, so she put sleeping pills in your food. That's why you went unconscious in the bathroom. Fortunately, the dosage is not high, so the impact when you fell down was not very harsh." Westley explained briefly.

Nellie suddenly understood how it happened. When she was about to go out of the bathroom, she suddenly felt dizzy and wanted to sleep so much that she couldn't control herself and fell down directly.

Now that she remembered it again, she felt sick to the stomach.

She couldn't help thinking about all the scenarios and the consequences they would have served. If she had been on the stairs instead of in the bathroom at that time, she would have rolled down the stairs, causing her to lose her child.

That way, the Collins family would have gotten what they wanted.

Nellie knew why they used this kind of dirty method. They didn't think Bryce was good enough to be the son-in-law of the Collins family. Besides, if Nellie couldn't marry Westley, they would just force her to marry someone from another rich family. Nothing mattered as long as her marriage could be of help for the Collins family's business. No matter whom she married, it couldn't be Bryce and they were determined to make sure of that. After all, the Jones family wouldn't be of much help to the Collins family.

"No wonder I felt so sleepy before I fell down. My head was dizzy, my visions became blurry and I couldn't focus at all. Now, I know why it happened. Even the most vile people on earth wouldn't kill their children. So, what am I to the Collins family? A daughter or just a tool they can dispose of whenever they want?" A bitter smile appeared on Nellie's pale face as she mocked herself.

"Put aside those negative thoughts for now. What you need to do now is to protect the baby until it is born safely. I have arranged a new place for you to stay. You will move there tonight. In a few days, we have to move you out of Bangkok for your safety, but I'm not certain where to send you yet. I need your agreement first." Westley told her about his plan without hesitation.

"As long as the baby and I can be safe, I will do whatever you say." Nellie looked at him in determination. It was clear that she had made up her mind about not letting any harm come to the baby.



"Okay, we'll talk about it later. I've released the news that you had the miscarriage. So, the Collins family wouldn't do anything in a short while as they believed it, but they will be anxious to see you to make sure the baby is gone. So, just listen to me about what you need to do. Besides, the Collins family and the Jones family are allies now. Both sides are searching for you, so you need to be prepared." Westley didn't want to burden Nellie with all these information, but she needed to know.

"Huh? They are allies? What about Bryce?" Nellie remembered Bryce telling her that he would love her all his life and would never leave her. However, she couldn't help wondering if he broke his promise and gave up first.

Westley answered her question, "Currently, he is recuperating in the Jones family since he was seriously injured. I don't think he was involved in this whole matter. Well, I can't be sure. When I go back to Antawood with Gabrielle in a few days, we'll know by then."

"Okay, I'll wait for your news. I'm tired now. I want to have a rest." Hearing all these news, Nellie felt exhausted mentally.

"Okay, have a good rest. Call someone if you need anything. There are guards outside." Knowing that it was too much for Nellie to take it all in, Westley didn't say anything more. He grabbed Gabrielle's hand and left.

At this time, Nellie said in a low voice, "Mr. Morris, thank you."

## Chapter 585 The Apple Of His Eye

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Gabrielle felt so drained after returning to the villa that she slumped her body on the sofa, not wanting to move a single limb.

"Gabrielle, what's the matter? Are you tired?" Westley, who was watching Gabrielle's whole behavior, sat down beside her and asked in a low voice.

"Yes, I'm very tired. I feel like all my energy has run out," Gabrielle murmured as she leaned even more against the sofa, still unwilling to move. At the moment, she wished she could stick to the sofa forever.

While she was still drifting in her thoughts, a warm embrace reached out to her, and the next thing she knew, she was on Westley's laps, embracing her in a tight hug quietly.

"Gabrielle, it will all be over soon. Thank you for these days. Believe me, everything will be fine soon. I've arranged everything. We'll go back to Antawood in a couple of days." Westley spoke to Gabrielle in a serious tone. Although he felt a sense of helplessness deep down in his heart, he didn't show it as he didn't want to make Gabrielle worry too much.

"Really? Will everything be fine?" leaning her head on Westley's shoulder, Gabrielle murmured. Because of the series of events that had occurred until now, she had no more expectations and had already given up hope of living a peaceful life.

After all, she had experienced a lot of things here, and she had grown a lot.

Her only expectation right now was to be safe and sound.

"It will be fine. I'll take you back to the room to have a rest. And then shall we go out to have lunch?" As he patted her on the back, Westley asked.

"No, just hold me like this. Let's just stay like this for a few minutes. It will be like recharging my energy." Gabrielle wrapped her arms around Westley's neck as she didn't show a slight intent to let him go.

Westley was so happy by Gabrielle's action, and he enjoyed every second of this moment.

"You want to recharge your energy? I have a more efficient method. Do you want to try it?" Westley put his hands around her waist and asked seriously. ❶

Gabrielle had a guess in her heart when she heard this. Yet she didn't say it out loud and instead looked at Westley with a set of curious eyes as if she didn't understand what he said.

"What? What can be so effective?" Gabrielle put her hands on Westley's shoulders and asked playfully.

"I will show you now." As soon as those words left his mouth, Westley lowered his head and locked their lips.

Gabrielle, who had correctly foreseen this moment, responded to his kiss passionately without hesitation.

Just like that, the two of them kissed passionately on the sofa, thinking that no one was around. The scene was romantic and warm until it was interrupted by a sound of exclamation.

"Wow, I just got up and saw this? I guess it's true what they say about not to live under the same roof with a couple, or else you'll witness a lot of public displays of affection and showing-off of their love."

Although Michelle said so, she was not jealous in the least. On the contrary, she was happy to see Gabrielle and Westley being so happy together.

She would be happy as long as she could see that their marriage was truly blissful.



However, she was still surprised to see how her cold and heartless cousin acted differently and changed into an entirely different person after marriage and how he spoiled his wife.

It was very obvious that he was obsessed with his wife. As a result of witnessing this, Michelle's standard of love became higher, making it difficult for her to find a boyfriend in the future. Both of her two cousins were such excellent husband material. She felt that if she kept their standards in mind, she would inevitably end up comparing the men she met in the future to the two of them.

"Michelle... We are sorry." As soon as Gabrielle saw the presence of Michelle, she jumped out in shock, and her face immediately turned red.

It was normal for Westley and her to hug and kiss each other since they were husband and wife.

However, Gabrielle still felt embarrassed and shy when their action was seen by Michelle.

"Gabrielle, why did you say sorry to me? I should be sorry. I'm really sorry that I suddenly appeared and disturbed your sweet moment. Just ignore me. Please continue." As soon as she finished speaking, Michelle went straight to the kitchen.

She drank too much alcohol last night, so she couldn't wake up until it was noon. Gabrielle and Westley had gone to the hospital while she was still sleeping.

Gabrielle could feel her cheeks still burning with blush. After seeing Michelle entering the kitchen, Gabrielle hurriedly got off Westley's arms and glared at him angrily.

"Westley, it's all your fault. We are embarrassed now." The heat on her cheeks rose as she spoke. In fact, she was caught up in the moment as well, and Westley could not be blamed alone.

But now, all she wanted to do was vent her anger on him.

"Why should we be embarrassed? We are married," Westley said as he didn't feel anything wrong with the situation.

"Anyway, it's all your fault. You shouldn't have kissed me back then." Gabrielle protested seriously.

When Westley heard this, a smile formed on his lips, and he accepted her blame wholeheartedly.

After all, she was his beloved wife, so no matter what she said or how spoiled she acted, he would accept it unconditionally.

"You are my wife. I can kiss you anytime I want, can't I?" Westley asked as he looked into Gabrielle's eyes seriously.

He was determined about what he thought. What he felt about this whole thing was that he didn't care and would never care about what others thought of him kissing his wife.

"Yes, you can kiss your wife whenever you want. But at the same time, I can refuse your kiss anytime I want." Gabrielle smiled at Westley with an evil look on her face.

"Where are you going?" Westley grabbed her hand and asked.

"I'm going to the kitchen to see Michelle and see what else is left. We can just make lunch ourselves." Gabrielle broke free from his grip and strode towards the kitchen.

As soon as she walked into the kitchen, she saw Michelle frying an egg while biting a piece of bread in her mouth. It seemed that she was really hungry.

"Michelle, are you hungry? Let me do it." Gabrielle took the spade from Michelle's grasp upon noticing her starving expression.

Michelle took the bread from her mouth as her hands were freed, leaned against the refrigerator, and looked

at Gabrielle.

"Gabrielle, why are you here? Westley is finally willing to let you go?" Michelle playfully teased her.

"What can he do if he doesn't let me go, tie me up?" As Gabrielle said, she couldn't help but smile.

"He won't tie you. To be more precise, he can't bear to do that to you. You are the apple of his eye and his precious sweetheart. Why would he do that to you?" Although Michelle's words were a bit exaggerated, they were still true. Especially the fact that Gabrielle was very important to Westley.

She was indeed the apple of his eye, and he didn't want to hurt her at all.



## Chapter 586 The Third Wheel

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Gabrielle had fried two sunny eggs, some bacon and ham for Michelle. Then, she put them on a plate and handed it to Michelle, saying with a soft smile, "Michelle, have a taste." Gabrielle gave her a fork and went to open the fridge to see what ingredients they had left in order to prepare lunch.

Since there were only four people this noon, making lunch would be easy.

Fortunately, there were more ingredients than she had expected, which was more than enough for the four of them. Gabrielle silently muttered to herself, "Oh, great."

"Gabrielle, do you know this? You are not only a good wife but also an excellent house wife. No, wait. You are even better than those." Michelle complimented as she watched Gabrielle take out the ingredients with an admiring gaze in her eyes.

Michelle lived in a wealthy family since she was a child and there were servants for every trivial work, so she had never done anything like cooking before. So far, she had never seen anyone equal to Gabrielle's status doing everything by herself like her either.

So, it was all new to her to see someone like Gabrielle, who was raised up in a rich family like her, so keen on cooking by herself. This trait of her made Michelle more and more fond of Gabrielle.

Gabrielle had such a unique temperament that made her stand out in a crowd.

No wonder Westley treasured her and loved her so much.

What kind of man wouldn't like such an outstanding woman whose attitude surpassed others'?

"Oh, really? Michelle, what should I be called then?" Gabrielle was in a mood to chat with her while busying herself with preparing the ingredients.

"I think you should be called as a universal talent. Seriously, there is nothing that you can't do. Speaking of, are you making lunch today?" Michelle asked smilingly.

"Yes, I'm making lunch today. Do you ask me because you are looking forward to it, or is it because you don't like my cooking?" Gabrielle raised her eyebrows teasingly as she looked at her with a smile.

"How could that be? I love your cooking. I'm just afraid that Westley might not want you exhausted." Michelle replied, teasing her back with a raise of her eyebrows.

Gabrielle waved her hand, chuckling. "It's okay. It's just making lunch. Michelle, when are you planning to go back to Antawood? Bonnie and Wilson said that they will go back today. Will you leave with them?" Gabrielle asked curiously.

Michelle was a star and came to Bangkok for work. So, she had her work schedule to abide here.

Needless to say, if she still had work left here, she couldn't go back to Antawood with Bonnie and Wilson.

As expected, Michelle shook her head. "I can't go back to Antawood for some time now. I am going to Paris the day after tomorrow in order to visit my parents. Since I have the most days off at this time of the year, I might as well spend the holiday with them." Michelle shrugged and explained.

Only then, Gabrielle remembered that Michelle was actually French and all her family lived in Paris. Of course, she would go back and spend the holiday with her family.

"Well, that's good, too. You can come back to Antawood after that. I'll cook for you at that time," Gabrielle said with a smile.

"That's great. I'm looking forward to the meal you will cook for me. Well, I really want to spend the holiday with you guys, but I promised my mom that I would come back," Michelle said with a pout. She looked like a child who wanted both sweets when she could only take one.

"It's okay. It's more of a pleasure to be with your family. We can meet any time after the holiday." Gabrielle suggested while washing the ingredients.

"Gabrielle, let me help you." After finishing her meal, Michelle came to her side to help her wash the vegetables.

"Michelle, it's truly rewarding to be able to spend time with one's family, especially when I know how busy you stars are. You have to shoot all kinds of commercials and you are always on planes, flying everywhere. It must be such a rare chance for you to finally have some time to go back to your home. Besides, knowing that the holiday's coming, your family must be expecting you," Gabrielle said to her gently, emphasizing the importance of family.

Michelle chuckled and said, "Of course I know. That's why I am going to Paris." According to the words of her fans, every time she smiled, it was like a gentle breeze, pure and refreshing.

Gabrielle felt that they were right. The smile on Michelle's face was really sweet.

"Well, you don't need to help me here. You should go out now. I am going to start cooking and I don't want you to be suffocated by the smell." Gabrielle didn't want to let her stay in the kitchen any longer as she didn't want the oil to splash on her.

"I am fine with it though. Do you really not need me to help you here? I can chat with you so that you don't get bored." Michelle suggested as she wanted to stay in the kitchen to keep her company.

After all, she liked Gabrielle so much that she wanted to chat with her a little longer.

"Nope, you can leave. I'll help her here." At this time, Westley came in and drove her out bluntly.

His attitude was clear. Gabrielle just needed him here and no one else.

Michelle rolled her eyes and said to Gabrielle, "Fine, since Westley is here to keep you company, I will be outside." Nonetheless, she was a sensible woman who was aware that if she stayed here, she would be interrupting the sweet couple having their moments here in the kitchen.

"Just leave. Leave us alone." Westley glanced at her and drove her out again.

Michelle grabbed a big apple and walked out of the kitchen. On the way, she happened to meet Remy who was heading towards the kitchen. It seemed that he had just woken up, judging from the way his hair was in a mess and his eyes were somewhat tired.

"Hi, Dr. Davis. You got up even later than me." Michelle walked up to him and greeted, effectively blocking his path.

"That's not true. In fact, I got up at three o'clock in the morning. I went to the hospital before coming back for some more rest, alright?" With an annoyed look on his face, he denied her statement.

"I see. But don't go into the kitchen because Westley and Gabrielle are in there. I am sure you don't want to be the third wheel." Michelle warned him with a serious look on her face.

After processing her words for a while in his slightly muddled brain, Remy nodded and thought what she said was true.

However, Remy's stomach rumbled at this time. Hearing the sound, Michelle subconsciously looked down at his belly and asked, "Dr. Davis, are you hungry?"



"Yes, a little. I haven't eaten anything yet since last night. It seems like I woke up from hunger."

"You can eat this apple." She handed the big apple in her hand to him.

"This apple will at least help you ease the hunger for the time being. Anyway, the lunch will be ready soon. You just need to wait a few more minutes," Michelle said as she stared at him with a smile on her face.

Remy rolled the apple in his hand and asked, "How about you?" ②

"Oh, Gabrielle cooked breakfast for me just now. I'm already full," Michelle answered simply.

Remy had seen Michelle's face on the posters everywhere and it was obvious that she was beautiful. However, now that she was standing before him without makeup on, he somehow felt that she looked even more beautiful.

Michelle's appearance was one of interracial beauty. Her skin was tender and fair, and she looked incredibly beautiful with or without makeup.

At the sight of him zoning out, Michelle waved her hand in front of his eyes, calling out, "Dr. Davis?"

"Huh? Yeah... What's the matter?"

She shook her head nonchalantly as she replied, "Nothing. Just eat the apple. I'm going back to my room to take a shower, and then I will come down in time to have lunch later. I still have a shooting for a cover of a magazine, and then I'll go back to Paris in two days."

"You are going to Paris? I thought you were going back to Antawood with us," Remy asked subconsciously.

"No, I am spending this holiday with my family. Besides, I don't have a home in Antawood, so it's not convenient for me. After the vacation, I will go back though. At that time, you will have to give me a gift, okay?" Michelle demanded teasingly.

"Okay, I'll keep that in mind." Remy nodded. Even though Michelle was joking, he seemed to take it very seriously.

"Really? That's great. I will remember your words. You can't forget your promise. I'm going back to my room now." Waving goodbye with a smile on her face, she went upstairs. ①