

## Chapter 553 A Lifelong Commitment

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Westley took Gabrielle to a restaurant in the sky this time. The restaurant sat on a cliff by the sea, where they could view the splendid scenery from the glass room.

It was possible for people to view the forest and sea depending on their rooms' locations. This was just the right place to eat and enjoy the scenery.

Westley had booked a table that stood in a glass room that had a view of the sea. The room delighted Gabrielle the moment she stepped into it.

"This place is just second to none, Westley," Gabrielle said filled with joy.

As she sat on the chair, her eyes could enjoy the beauty of the sea, as if she sat on the clouds. Her mood was very light without a doubt.

The depression that Gabrielle had been through for a long time would disappear before she even realized it. She felt rejuvenated at once.

"You are right, it's dazzling. This restaurant is very exceptional, I had to book this room many days in advance. That laugh tells me that all my efforts were worth the trouble,"

Westley said, holding her hand.

"I am so grateful for all the things that you do for me." Gabrielle's heart was quite moved. She felt her nose get sore, and her eyes glowed. However, she fought so hard to hold her tears. It would have been a shame if she cried before such a scene.

"You dummy, I'm up for anything so long as you stay happy. Do you like the sensation now?" Westley reassured her as he rubbed her head.

"Well, never better. My mind was shattered some time back, but now, I feel renewed. You are my cure." Gabrielle glanced at him, smiling.

Westley exhaled a sigh of relief at this. He then leaned forward to kiss her lips. "I'm and will always be your remedy. If a day finds you unhappy in the future, please let me treat you right, okay?"

Gabrielle softly stroked his hand as she blushed shyly. "Mr. Morris, are you serious right now?"

"You win, from now no more teasing you. Are you scared? Or do you wish to close the bottom?" Westley asked Gabrielle.

There existed a button in the glass room. If he pressed it, he could change the glass into a non-transparent white wall. In so doing, some timid guests wouldn't be so afraid.

"It's fine." Gabrielle shook her head to emphasize.

She could still appreciate the beauty beneath her feet this way. Furthermore, she had never been the type that was afraid of heights. Again, with Westley beside her, there was nothing to be afraid of.

"Then I think it's only right if the dishes came in now." Westley rang the bell and requested the waiter to serve the meal.

Before long, the dishes were set on the table.

The French food was nothing short of delectable and romantic, right from the previous dishes down to the main ones and the dessert.

The delicious food and viewing the sea from a high point made Gabrielle feel like she was living the moment.

"Hey Gabrielle, eat up, lately you've been so tired. You haven't eaten much over time and you've noticeably lost weight." Westley took the nicely chopped Foie Gras and put it on Gabrielle's plate.

"Westley, I never lost weight. In fact, you are the one who should eat more. You don't have to pick up food for me on regular basis. You work harder than I do hence you should eat more," Gabrielle said, looking at that pretty face.

He had been with her for days, caught up with everything. If she got tired, then Westley would get tired twice as much.

Being a man, Westley would choose to be silent and just bore everything.

"Gabrielle, please don't trouble yourself. I'll handle it as best as I can. All things will fall into place, is that alright?" Gabrielle reached for a piece of tissue and wiped her lips with it.

"I trust you. It's all going to be alright." Gabrielle, with a firm expression on her face, would entirely believe everything Westley said unquestionably.

Why so? He always kept his word. He did everything he ever said he would do.

She was well aware of that fact.

"Eat up." Westley smiled at her.

As soon as lunch was over, Westley gave Gabrielle drinks and of course, the desserts, trying to make her stay there for longer so she could enjoy the view and feel the wind as she eased more.

"Westley, do you have limits over what you can do? To me staying with you might come with a lot of surprises." As she took coffee, Gabrielle looked up at the sky and was distracted for a while. That was the end of the world, and she would reach their lives' end with Westley by her side.

"So long as something pleases you, then I'll make sure you have it. Gabrielle, we have a lot of life left. Just stick by my side, I can't even begin to imagine how many more surprises are in

store for you." Westley had made a lifetime engagement.

He always prayed that Gabrielle would be forever his.

"Westley, I'll spend the rest of my life with you. We are inseparable. Only death can separate us..."

"Death can't separate us. Our hearts belong together. Even after this life, another one awaits us." Westley was hardly a sweet talker. But then, somehow he was so proficient at it.

"Westley, you must be a natural flirt." Gabrielle couldn't let that pass her mind without saying it.

"I'm not a wordsmith. My true feelings just come to life the moment I see you," Westley said sincerely. He wasn't a man with luscious lips, and to him, men with sweet words were playboys with little seriousness in their relationships. More action than words sounded like the right thing to do in order to keep his love happy.

But it wasn't until then that he realized that he needed to do more than give sweet things to his lover. He also ought to let her know about the love he had for her. Only then would she realize how much she was loved.

Westley wanted to let Gabrielle know how much he loved her and express his desire to spend the rest of his life with her.

Regardless of how many sweet words existed. So long as he told them to the right person, they would sound as beautiful as one could ever imagine.

"So, are you telling me that your love words only belong to me?" Gabrielle was a little proud. No woman would ever be unhappy if a man loved back with all his heart and soul.

"I don't think I can come up with sweet words in front of other women," Westley told her, holding her hand affectionately.

Without question, Gabrielle believed him.

"Westley, look! That's the edge of the sea, just like the world's edge," Gabrielle said blissfully, pointing to the meeting point of the sky and the sea.

Westley clasped her hand gently in his big palm, and she felt the warmth of his palm travel through her nerves.

"That's where the sea ends. One day I'll certainly take you to the end of the world." Westley truthfully wanted to take her to see the whole world.

"Okay, I'll wait for you." Gabrielle's happiness was written all over her face. She became overjoyed at the thought of going across the world with Westley in the future and appreciate every sight of God's planet.

## Chapter 554 Jonathan Walker

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As the two were happily chatting while enjoying the view of the sea, Gabrielle's phone rang. When she saw it was from an unknown caller, she hesitated before picking it up.

"Hello, who is speaking?"

"Is this Ms. Jones? I'm Jonathan Walker, Melissa's husband." A deep and serious middle-aged male voice came from the other end of the line.

As soon as Gabrielle knew it was Melissa's husband, she immediately composed herself and greeted him back seriously.

"Hello, Mr. Walker. Yes, this is Gabrielle speaking." This time, the tone of her voice carried deep seriousness.

Gabrielle felt a little nervous talking with a middle-aged man right now because he reminded her of her primary school's director, Mr. Green. Likewise, Mr. Green was a serious middle-aged man who never smiled at any of the students and was very strict with all the students. Once he got angry, he would punish the students very severely. Of course, Gabrielle was afraid of him because she was also one of the students who got punished. He once punished her for being late by making her stand in the sun for a long period, in which she ended up fainting. That incident cast a deep shadow on her that she couldn't help but feel nervous whenever she saw middle-aged men or even simply heard their voices. Even after all these years, she still couldn't get away with it.

"Ms. Jones. Nice to talk with you on the phone. Did I scare you by calling you so rashly?" Jonathan's voice softened.

This made Gabrielle feel less nervous. She reasoned that since Jonathan was supposed to be a very decent person, it was normal for him to sound serious.

Although Gabrielle didn't know much about Jonathan, she was aware that he was the ruler of the Walker family in Ensfield and the current CEO of the Walker Group. So, it was completely understandable that such a person like him had an upright and serious personality.

"Mr. Walker, you didn't scare me. I was just surprised that you called me. Is Ms. Glyn awake? How is she? I'm afraid I might disturb her, so I haven't visited her so far. I'm sorry." Gabrielle spoke earnestly.

Melissa was her mentor, and since she left the operating room, Gabrielle hadn't visited her. So speaking of this, Gabrielle felt bad.

"Ms. Jones, Melissa woke up at noon, but she is asleep now. She told me about you. Thank you for your blood transfusion during the operation, so I want to see you personally to thank you. Are you feel free today, Ms. Jones?" Jonathan asked Gabrielle in his serious tone.

As soon as he arrived at the hospital, he learned about Gabrielle's blood transfusion to

Melissa. Since then, he thought about seeing Gabrielle and thanking her in person.

However, because Melissa hadn't woken up yet, Jonathan ended up staying by her side all the time and missed out on contacting Gabrielle.

Today, at noon, Melissa finally woke up, and the situation remained very optimistic that Jonathan could finally let down his weight of worries, making him feel much more relieved. Then, he remembered Gabrielle that he decided to contact her.

"Really? Is Ms. Glyn really awake? Mr. Walker, can I come to see Ms. Glyn later?" hearing the news, Gabrielle said in excitement.

"Of course, you can. Then, I'll wait for you at the hospital." Jonathan naturally accepted her request.

"See you later, Mr. Walker." Her heart had not yet calmed down from the excitement.

"Okay, see you later."

Gabrielle's face was still bright with excitement even after she hung up the phone.

"Westley, let's go to the hospital now. Ms. Glyn woke up at noon. Her husband called me just now," Gabrielle immediately turned to face Westley and said.

Her mind was so eager to see Melissa right away.

"It's good that she wakes up. Let's go to the hospital now." Seeing the face of Gabrielle beaming with excitement, Westley didn't spare any time and left the restaurant hand in hand with her.

Even on the way to the hospital, Gabrielle was always in a state of excitement, and from time to time, she would even urge Westley to drive faster.

"Gabrielle, we're already driving fast. We can't go any faster. Don't worry. You'll meet Ms. Glyn as soon as possible," Westley said as he knew how she was feeling but couldn't help but remind her of the importance of safety.

"I know, but I'm too excited now, so I always feel that the speed is very slow. Westley, you must calm down. Safety first!" Gabrielle came back to her senses and looked at Westley with a serious face.

After all, safety came first when driving, so she decided to stop nagging Westley to speed up. If he exceeded the speed limit, it would be too dangerous.

"Sit down obediently! I'll go there as quickly as possible." Westley knew how anxious Gabrielle was, but he couldn't listen to her.

"Westley, I was too anxious. If Ms. Glyn woke up, would the child and Nathan also wake up?" Gabrielle asked as she looked at Westley expectantly.

"Generally speaking, the situation of the child and Nathan is not too serious. A week has

passed, so they should also wake up soon." Westley didn't say much more as he refocused his attention on driving.

He didn't care much about what happened to Nathan. He hoped that Nathan would not wake up or let the Sanderson Family take him away directly. It would be best if he never appeared in front of their lives again for a lifetime.

"I think so. As long as the child wakes up, we will ask for his opinion. If he is willing to be raised by us, we can take him back to Antawood," Gabrielle said as she looked forward to taking care of the child. 5

"Yes. He will definitely like you very much." Westley reached out and rubbed Gabrielle's head.

He knew that Gabrielle always put other people's business first, but seeing her so happy, he couldn't object.

Before they arrived at the hospital, they passed by a florist shop and specially bought a bunch of beautiful flowers for Melissa.

Gabrielle stood alone at the door of Melissa's ward with flowers in her arms. There were two bodyguards guarding the door. When they saw Gabrielle coming over, they looked at her coldly through their sunglasses, making Gabrielle feel a little nervous.

Westley didn't come with her because he didn't want to have such direct contact with the Walker family.

Besides, Jonathan probably wouldn't like to see people from the Morris family.

Gabrielle didn't know much about the grudge between the Walker family and the Morris family. She didn't ask the reason why Westley didn't come to visit Melissa with her since she didn't mind coming alone.

"Mr. Walker, this is Gabrielle. I'm here." Gabrielle took a deep breath before knocking on the door lightly.

Jonathan came to open the door in person. When he saw Gabrielle, he was a little stunned and couldn't help but think she was very amicable. "Ms. Jones, thank you for coming here."

"Mr. Walker, I should have come to visit Ms. Glyn earlier," Gabrielle looked at Jonathan and said.

Although Jonathan was in his middle age, he had a tall and slender figure, showing that he took good care of himself. In short, he looked young and handsome. He had the popular style of a charming mature man, which many women nowadays liked.

However, Gabrielle didn't like men of such style, especially Jonathan, who looked dignified and unapproachable.

"Ms. Jones, come in." Jonathan stepped back to let Gabrielle in.

## Chapter 555 A Reward Of Eight-figures

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Gabrielle carefully walked in, carrying the flowers in her arms. She saw Melissa lying on the bed, sleeping soundly and looking healthier.

"Mr. Walker, since Ms. Glyn is still sleeping, shall we go out and have a chat? I don't want to disturb her." Gabrielle had always been considerate. She wanted Melissa to keep resting and get a good sleep.

"Ms. Jones, if it's convenient, let's go to the coffee shop near the hospital. I have something to discuss with you," Jonathan asked, looking at Gabrielle.

After considering it, Gabrielle nodded. "It's alright with me, Mr. Walker. But I have to tell my husband first."

"Take your time. I'll go to the washroom first." Jonathan signaled Gabrielle that he was going to the washroom. Gabrielle immediately let Westley know and asked him to wait for her in the child's ward. She would be back after talking with Jonathan.

Westley replied to her message soon after, telling her he would wait for her.

Gabrielle was relieved and waited for Jonathan.

"Ms. Jones, have you told your husband?" Jonathan came out, looking at Gabrielle calmly.

Although it was their first meeting, Jonathan had a good impression of Gabrielle. His wife had always mentioned her name many times. After Melissa had returned to Ensfield, she told him there was a very talented designer and a kind-hearted girl she met.

Perhaps it was because of Melissa's words that left him a good impression of Gabrielle. After all, Melissa didn't often praise newcomers in the field.

Gabrielle even donated blood to Melissa and Jonathan felt grateful for it.

"I've already told him, Mr. Walker. I'll go meet him once we've finished talking." Gabrielle smiled at Jonathan.

At first, Gabrielle thought she would be afraid of such a dignified middle-aged man, but she didn't feel scared of Jonathan at all.

Maybe because he was Melissa's husband. Since Gabrielle liked Melissa so much, the people around her gave off the same feeling.

Birds of a feather flock together, after all.

"Great. Shall we go, Ms. Jones?" Jonathan moved in front of Gabrielle and gently opened the ward door for her. He leaned to spare a few words to his bodyguard before riding the elevator.

When they arrived at the coffee shop outside the hospital, Gabrielle felt a little nervous.

"Ms. Jones, please have a seat." Jonathan noticed the expression on Gabrielle's face.

She looked very anxious.

"Thank you, Mr. Walker." Gabrielle only felt relieved after sitting down.

"What would you like to drink, Ms. Jones?"

"Mocha would be great, thank you very much."

Jonathan ordered two cups of Mocha then looked towards Gabrielle.

"Ms. Jones, are you uncomfortable?" Jonathan asked her directly.

Gabrielle was taken aback when Jonathan asked her such a question out of the blue. She was at a loss for words. Her cheeks went rosy in shyness, and she gave him an apprehensive look.

"What do you mean, Mr. Walker?" Gabrielle asked uneasily.

Just then, the coffee was served. Jonathan lifted the cup and took a sip. "I hope you don't mind me asking. I'm the boss of the Walker Group and I'm usually very strict with my employees, so I scare them off. I kind of noticed you were nervous, so I felt bad. I'm not that scary in private, so please don't be afraid. You are one of Melissa's students, so I'd like to be friendly."

Gabrielle quickly understood what Jonathan meant after hearing his explanation. He didn't want her to misunderstand him.

"Oh, it's nothing like that, Mr. Walker. I don't think you're scary at all." Gabrielle was a little embarrassed. She admitted having been intimidated by Jonathan, but it didn't last that long.

"I'm glad to hear that Ms. Jones. If Melissa knew I scared her student away, she'd get mad at me," Jonathan replied calmly.

The girl in front of him was his wife's student and her junior. Gabrielle was not his employee, so he wouldn't treat her like one. He just couldn't hide his expression.

"I was just very nervous since it's my first time meeting you in person, Mr. Walker. You're such a distinguished individual," Gabrielle explained, sipping her coffee.

"I'm not that great, but I'm honored, Ms. Jones." Jonathan smiled and sat back in his chair.

"Mr. Walker, what did you want to talk to me about?" Gabrielle didn't waste any more time and asked bluntly.

Since the CEO of the Walker Group wanted to talk with her, she was very curious.

"My wife's blood type is very rare. If you didn't transfuse blood to her last time, she could've been in a more critical condition because of excessive blood loss. You have saved my wife's life, and it's the reason why I wanted this talk. I wanted to thank you personally, Ms. Jones," Jonathan explained seriously.



Gabrielle smiled gently. She thought it was something more serious, but it was something she least expected. "Mr. Walker, you didn't have to. It's an honor for me to have the opportunity to donate blood to Ms. Glyn. I'm sure other people would have done the same thing. Besides, Ms. Glyn has helped me a lot. She recognizes my talent and provides me with numerous opportunities. I'm very grateful to her."

Gabrielle's words left Jonathan in a daze. Although he had heard from Melissa many times that Gabrielle was a good girl, he didn't know her personally. But now, he believed what Melissa said was true.

Gabrielle seemed to be very honest and kind-hearted. She wouldn't exchange kindness for benefits.

"I understand, Ms. Jones. But because you saved my wife, I'm indebted to you, and I wish to give you this gift. Please accept it." Jonathan took out a check.

Gabrielle examined the check and realized that the gift was in the eight-figure range. Jonathan was the Walker Group's CEO for a reason. He was extraordinarily generous.

If Gabrielle had ten million, she wouldn't have to worry about her future.

However, she had never thought of accepting such a reward. She didn't donate her blood for money.

"Mr. Walker, I appreciate it, but I can't accept the money. Even if Ms. Glyn isn't a family member, I would still give her my blood. I didn't help her because I expected something in return." Gabrielle worded her rejection politely.

## Chapter 556 A Secret Relationship

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Gabrielle sounded sincere. She wanted Jonathan to understand that she wasn't someone who would sell her morals for money.

Money wasn't the only thing in the world, and she didn't want to accept his rewards.

"Ms. Jones, I'm surprised to hear that. Melissa was right about you. But I hope you understand how much I love my wife; she is everything to me. You saved her, which means you've saved my life as well. I want to give this reward as a token of my gratitude. If you don't think it's enough, I don't mind giving you more," Jonathan said intently.

Judging from his attitude, Gabrielle could tell he was not joking.

"Mr. Walker, you have misunderstood me. This is too much. I can't accept it. Since you love Ms. Glyn so much, you should also know what kind of person she is. She wouldn't thank me this way," Gabrielle said sternly.

Gabrielle and Melissa shared a good relationship. She felt humiliated to accept a check for helping her. She felt the money would change the dynamic of their relationship. 2

"I'm sorry, Ms. Jones. That was very impolite of me. I just wanted to thank you, but I should have considered your feelings as well. It's my fault. Please pardon me." Jonathan viewed the world with a business mind; he didn't take Gabrielle's feelings into account.

"Don't worry, Mr. Walker. I understand your intention. You don't have to apologize to me.

I know you are doing this because you love Ms. Glyn a lot. I don't blame you. I am willing to donate more blood and help in every way possible to make sure Ms. Glyn is fine," Gabrielle said solemnly.

"Melissa is lucky to have a student like you. Well... since you don't want to accept my gift, can you at least accept my business card?" Jonathan stretched out his business card to Gabrielle and looked at her expectantly.

"Mr. Walker, I..."

"Ms. Jones, please don't refuse it. If at all you need anything, don't hesitate to call me. I will always be happy to help you." Jonathan meant every word he said.

After a moment's thought, Gabrielle accepted the card and slid it into her pocket.

"Thank you for the business card, Mr. Walker. It's getting late, and I have to leave. If you need anything else, please contact me." Gabrielle didn't want to waste any more time. She wanted to go home with Westley.

They didn't plan to stay at the hospital that night. It was time to go back.

"Ms. Jones, you can leave now. Remember what I said. If you need any help, just call me. I

will absolutely help you with anything you need. Please don't hesitate." Jonathan wanted Gabrielle to understand that he would keep his promise.

"Thank you, Mr. Walker. Goodbye." Gabrielle stood up and left.

Jonathan sat there quietly and watched Gabrielle walk out of the cafe and get into a black car parked outside.

"Westley, why are you waiting for me here?"

Gabrielle shot a quizzical look at him. She had thought that Westley would wait for her in the child's ward, but he had parked his car in front of the coffee shop.

"I wanted to see you earlier. So how did it go?" Westley asked as he planted a soft kiss on her forehead.

"Mr. Walker just wanted to thank me for donating blood to Ms. Glyn. Do you know how much reward he is going to give me?" she asked, trying to keep a straight face.

"How much?" Judging from Jonathan's status, Westley guessed it must have been a generous amount.

"Ten million! Well, I should accept it. Then, I'll start my own studio, or travel around the world," she joked.

"Do you regret it?" Westley arched an eyebrow and studied her face. He knew Gabrielle well enough to know that she wouldn't care about the ten million. If she wanted money, she would have already asked him a long time ago. He had enough money to make her dreams come true.

"Well, I would regret it only if I took the money. Ms. Glyn has helped me a lot. The least I could do was donate my blood. If I took Mr. Walker's money, I would be no different from a robber." Gabrielle leaned back and heaved a sigh of relief.

"Gabrielle, if you want to start a studio, I'll help you with it. If you want to travel around the world, I don't mind accompanying you. I'm willing to follow you to the end of the world. We don't need anyone else to sponsor," Westley promised, staring into her eyes.

He believed he was capable of fulfilling all her needs without relying on anyone.

"Westley, I'm not competent enough to start a studio now. I was kidding. I'll start one when I have the skills and expertise. Let's go home." Gabrielle didn't think Westley would take it seriously.

She almost forgot how much Westley cared about her. If Gabrielle joked about something, he would assume it was true and help her realize her dream.

Therefore, she had stopped joking around him because he took her every word to heart.

"Okay. Back to our sweet home." Westley started the car.

"But Mr. Walker has given me his business card. He said I could ask him for help but I don't think it's necessary. I don't want to bother anyone." Gabrielle shrugged dismissively.

"You don't have to bother others but you can always bother me. Do you understand?" Westley smiled.

"Of course, I know. I'm going to bother you all my life. You can't escape from me." Gabrielle glanced in the direction of the hospital. ①

"It's my pleasure."

"Westley, is the kid still in a coma? What did the doctor say? How's the investigation going?" Gabrielle quickly changed the topic.

"Slater has done a lot of research. Apparently, the child lives with his mother in Bangkok. Although they live a wealthy life, the child's father is still unknown. His mother is probably the mistress of a big shot, and the boy is an illegitimate child. There is no information about his father. We have tried every way possible, but it looks like we have hit the dead end. No clue at all." Westley summarized the information Slater had shared with him.

After a moment's silence, Gabrielle blew out a loud breath. "I guessed it. The identity of the child and his mother remains a secret."