

His kiss 641

Chapter 641

Gabriela and Stewart disappeared into the elevator moments later.

Stewart had requested a leisurely stroll through the hospital garden, but he complained that even the smallest movements sent sharp pain racing through his injured nerves—he demanded physical support for every step.

Gabriela had no alternative but to locate a wheelchair and guide him outside.

Stewart savored these precious moments, exploiting his injury to its fullest potential, yet Gabriela never displayed the slightest irritation and instead grew more attentive in her care. The dynamic between them resembled that of devoted lovers, where no amount of trouble he created could ever drive her away.

The hospital's garden offered little visual appeal—a handful of frangipani trees, a modest stretch of grass, and a small pond dominated the space.

The flowers remained tightly closed in their buds, and the oppressive heat had rendered the fish in the pond so sluggish they barely moved through the water. The sun blazed mercilessly overhead.

After some time passed, Stewart grew concerned that Gabriela might suffer from the intense heat and suggested they retreat indoors.

Upon returning to his room, they discovered an unwelcome presence waiting for them.

Wesley had abandoned his hospital attire in favor of a crisp white shirt and dark trousers.

He stood outside the room with commanding height and perfect posture, his eyes sweeping toward them with calculated indifference.

Gabriela had been listening to Stewart's amusing stories, her lips still curved in genuine laughter. Wesley's sudden appearance sent an inexplicable wave of anxiety through her, and she immediately suppressed her smile.

Stewart felt a flash of irritation but maintained his polished facade. "Mr. Moss, what brings you to my humble quarters? Did you make this journey solely to visit me?"

"Mr. Williams, I learned of your injury and felt compelled to check on your condition," Wesley replied, though his gaze remained locked on Gabriela while his brow creased with unmistakable tension.

Stewart projected theatrical surprise. "Ah, merely a superficial wound. I never anticipated it would capture your valuable attention."

He extended a mockingly gracious invitation for Wesley to enter the room.

Once Stewart had settled back into his bed, he made his request. “Gabriela, my throat feels parched. I would appreciate some water.”

Gabriela collected the cup and stepped out to fulfill his wish, her movements fluid and practiced—clearly a task she had performed countless times before.

Wesley’s expression plunged into something far darker, his lips compressing into a severe line.

Stewart observed this reaction with satisfaction.

He shifted his bandaged arm with deliberate care and spoke with manufactured vulnerability. “Ever since that terrifying day when I protected Gabriela, this arm has become completely useless. She has remained constantly by my side, handling every detail of my care personally—she refuses to trust even the professional caregivers with my well-being.”

Wesley’s face became a mask of pure darkness.

Chapter 642

Stewart relished the flicker of frustration on Wesley’s face.

When Gabriela returned with a cup of water, he cradled his hand dramatically, groaning about the pain and insisting she feed him.

Gabriela suspected he was putting on an act, but the image of the knife slicing his arm still lingered, urging caution.

With a sigh, she propped him up and guided the cup carefully to his lips.

After a slow sip, Stewart leaned back, his voice almost casual. “Gabriela, the sunlight’s a bit too much. Could you shift those little succulents by the window? Just enough to soften the glare.”

Gabriela nodded and turned to adjust the plants.

With her back to them, Stewart lowered his voice to Wesley. “Notice the plants? Gabriela picked them herself. Even in a VIP ward, the air feels stale. She thought I wouldn’t settle, so she chose ones that match my taste. They’re beautiful, aren’t they? And practical, too—they help purify the air.”

Wesley’s hand curled into a fist.

His own room remained bare—no greenery, no warmth, no hint of her care.

Yet here, every corner breathed Gabriela’s presence.

By the time she returned, Stewart had already slipped back into his role as the considerate patient.

“Gabriela, you’ve been by my side all day. Why don’t you leave and attend to your own affairs? I’ll be fine on my own.”

Gabriela shook her head gently. “It’s fine. I cleared everything at work. I’m free today.”

A shadow flickered in Stewart’s gaze, the faintest curl of satisfaction. “If you insist. But at least... change the menu. That porridge you’ve been bringing every day? I can’t stand another bowl. Tomorrow, surprise me with something else.”

Gabriela considered it for a moment, then nodded. By tomorrow, he would be allowed more nourishing food.

“How about I make some soup for you tomorrow?” she offered.

Stewart’s face lit up like a child promised a toy. “Borscht! Yours is the best I’ve ever had!”

Gabriela froze, remembering that Wesley had praised her borscht in the past. She pushed the thought aside and gave a small nod. “Alright.”

Stewart grinned widely. “You spoil me, Gabriela. I don’t deserve it.”

She brushed it off as nothing, though their laughter carried the easy warmth of friends who'd known each other for years.

Witnessing their interaction, Wesley's expression darkened into something sharper than anger.

He sat there like an intruder at a gathering never meant for him.

Gabriela felt the storm in his gaze, but she didn't dare meet it. She lowered her eyes instead.

Stewart made a few more small requests, and Gabriela agreed without hesitation.

Wesley's lips curved into a humorless smile.

Even after he had warned her again and again to keep her distance from Stewart, she defied him.

Was she ignoring him?

At last, his voice cut through, low and edged. "Gabriela. I need a private word with Mr. Williams."

Her eyes flicked to Wesley.

His handsome face was shadowed, and she was left to wonder what had troubled him.

She rose quietly. "Then I'll go. See you tomorrow, Stewart."

"I'll be waiting with an empty stomach and high expectations," Stewart replied, smiling after her until the door closed.

But the moment Gabriela was gone, his fond expression dissolved. His eyes hardened, and the smile he turned on Wesley was smug and deliberate. "Mr. Moss, I'm in no condition for weighty talks. Whatever urgent business you've brought, my assistant will handle it."

"Stay away from Gabriela." Wesley's voice was like ice, each word clipped and final. "She's not someone you can have."

Stewart leaned back, amusement flickering in his eyes. "And why not? Because you say so? Tell me, are you planning to chase her yourself now that your engagement to Rebecca is over? Do you expect Gabriela to celebrate your freedom and come running into your arms? From where I stood, she couldn't wait to turn away from you."

Wesley's stare sharpened, his silence heavier than anger.

"You're clever. Don't make me spell it out."

Stewart chuckled, the sound deliberately light. “Clever? Hardly. If I were half as brilliant as you think, Gabriela would already be mine. Maybe you should enlighten me.”

Chapter 643

Wesley’s patience snapped. Seeing that words were useless against Stewart’s smug defiance, he resolved to target Stewart’s company.

His jaw set, Wesley turned on his heel and strode back into his ward.

Inside, Billy hurried to him, worry etched across his face. “Mr. Moss, where have you been? The doctor insisted that you get proper rest...”

A sudden crack split the air, silencing Billy mid-sentence. He spun around, pulse spiking.

Glass?

No—the call bell lay mangled in Wesley’s hand, its metal crushed as though it were nothing.

Billy’s throat went dry. Wesley lifted his head slowly, his face shadowed and thunderous.

“Mr. Moss, is something wrong?” Billy asked cautiously, almost whispering.

“Stewart’s been admitted. How long were you planning to keep that from me?”

The question froze Billy where he stood. A cold dread coiled in his stomach.

Trying to steady himself, Billy stammered, “The doctor said you shouldn’t overexert yourself. I... I was worried it would upset you—”

“Have they caught the attacker?” Wesley’s interruption was low and dangerous.

“It was Dustin,” Billy replied, lowering his voice. “I’ve already sent men to dig deeper.”

Wesley’s eyes narrowed. “He vanished for half a year. His sudden return isn’t chance. Look into the Howard family.”

“Yes, sir.” Billy nodded quickly, his heart racing.

The Howards were Gabriela’s fiercest enemy.

If they had dragged Dustin back into play, then everything was already far messier than expected.

Billy turned to leave, but Wesley's voice halted him. "Hire some caregivers."

Billy blinked, unsure. "For you?"

"Not for me. For Stewart." Wesley's tone was flat, almost casual. "Gabriela worked for us once. He saved her. Showing gratitude is the least I can do."

Billy kept his head lowered, though inwardly he scoffed.

Gratitude? This didn't feel like kindness at all.

"Mr. Moss... how many should I hire?" he asked carefully.

"Eighteen should be enough."

The next morning, eighteen elite caregivers marched into Room 609.

With the two Gabriela had already arranged, the ward looked more like a crowded command post than a hospital room.

Stewart blinked, bewildered, then his jaw tightened. "Billy! What the hell is going on?"

Billy kept his tone respectful, though the weight of Wesley's order pressed heavily. "Mr. Moss instructed it. He said you're gravely injured, unable to move a hand or take a step. He thought you'd need more care."

Stewart's expression soured. His voice sharpened. "More care? Why does he care about what I need?"

"Mr. Moss mentioned that Gabriela had previously been an important employee with Apex Group. You saved her, so this is his gesture of appreciation."

Stewart's face darkened, his hands curling into fists despite the pain.

Why was Wesley so concerned about Gabriela?

She had only ever been an employee at Apex Group, yet he was acting as if she were someone important to him.

Wesley's brazenness knew no bounds.

Stewart's expression hardened, his voice slicing through the crowded ward. "I don't want them here. Clear them out."

Billy didn't so much as flinch. "Perhaps you should ask Gabriela first. After all, Mr. Moss arranged this for her peace of mind as much as yours."

At that moment, Gabriela stepped in with the soup she had prepared for Stewart. Her brows knit as she took in the sight of twenty uniformed caregivers crammed into the room. "Stewart, what on earth is all this?"

Stewart opened his mouth, but Billy was quicker. "Gabriela, these are Mr. Moss's arrangements. As business partners, he worried about Mr. Williams's condition. He said that if you were ever too busy to visit, Mr. Williams might not even manage a sip of water."

From a velvet case, Billy produced a gleaming golden straw, the metal glinting like a challenge. "This, Gabriela, was specially commissioned overnight. Pure gold. Exclusively crafted for Mr. Williams's use. Mr. Moss said it suits his distinguished status."

Stewart ground his teeth, knowing it was all part of Wesley's plan to make him look like an idiot.

His face shadowed completely.

The elegance of his features twisted under the weight of fury.

Chapter 644

Stewart's anger burned beneath the surface, yet he forced himself to maintain composure and spoke with practiced courtesy. "Billy, please express my gratitude to Mr. Moss. However, the two caregivers Gabriela has already arranged will suffice."

"That won't be adequate, Mr. Williams. Your injuries are severe—you can't even lift a glass of water independently. Mr. Moss believes that hiring eighteen additional caregivers is reasonable," Billy replied with unwavering politeness. "This represents Mr. Moss's genuine concern. I implore you not to decline his generosity."

Billy turned toward Gabriela, silently requesting her input.

Gabriela recognized that eighteen caregivers seemed excessive, though on further consideration, the physician had indeed recommended additional support staff.

She offered gentle guidance. "Stewart, allow them to assist you for one week."

Seven days surrounded by an army of attentive caregivers monitoring his every breath?

Stewart doubted he could endure even twenty-four hours of such suffocating attention.

With Gabriela's approval secured, Billy positioned the eighteen caregivers throughout the room and departed swiftly.

Later that day, when Stewart mentioned his thirst, a caregiver instantly prepared water for him.

When Stewart complained about the harsh sunlight streaming through the windows, two sturdy caregivers positioned themselves as human shields, blocking every offensive ray.

When Stewart expressed hunger, the response proved equally swift. Among the eighteen-person team, two professional chefs had been strategically placed to craft nutritious, delectable meals. They promised seven days of culinary variety without a single repeated dish.

Within forty-eight hours, Gabriela concluded that her presence had become superfluous. The caregivers operated with such efficiency that she felt like an intruder disrupting their choreographed routine.

She reduced her visits to brief noon appearances, checking his progress before departing.

Stewart's jaw clenched with mounting frustration.

Wesley had orchestrated this torture with diabolical precision. Seeking revenge, Stewart summoned his assistant on the third morning and demanded immediate discharge arrangements.

Erik shifted nervously. "Mr. Williams, didn't the physician recommend a month-long stay?"

Furthermore, judging by Stewart's earlier enthusiasm, he had seemed prepared to extend his hospitalization indefinitely.

How much time had actually passed? Only ten days.

"Execute my instructions without question."

Stewart's piercing glare sent Erik scrambling toward the administrative offices.

While processing the paperwork, Erik contacted Gabriela directly.

His employer's dramatic gesture aimed solely at capturing Gabriela's undivided attention.

This situation demanded immediate intervention.

"Miss Haynes, I'm begging you—please come and reason with Mr. Williams."

Gabriela was conducting final inspections on the hotel project when Erik called her.

She stepped into a secluded corridor. “What’s the situation?”

Erik exhaled heavily. “Mr. Williams can’t adapt to hospital life. He’s demanding discharge today, and I’m currently handling the documentation.”

When Gabriela reached the hospital, the discharge forms bore Stewart’s signature, and he had dismissed the doctor’s passionate protests.

Gabriela had no alternative but to escort him home.

Inside Stewart’s villa, worry clouded Gabriela’s expression.

“Are your domestic staff properly trained? Your wounds remain vulnerable—you must prevent exposure to contaminated water. Should we consider hiring additional household help?”

That cherished sensation of being genuinely cared for washed through Stewart, leaving him deeply satisfied.

“Gabriela, if my well-being concerns you, perhaps you could visit daily to monitor my condition and remind me? Otherwise, I might neglect proper care while working.”

Gabriela regarded him with weary resignation. "Stewart, maintaining your health is your personal responsibility..."

"But I sustained these injuries protecting you."

Stewart's emotional manipulation bordered on shameless, yet since his statement contained undeniable truth, Gabriela found herself unable to argue effectively.

She conceded reluctantly. "Very well. I'll check on you each day."

"How about you take me to lunch today?" Stewart suggested smoothly. "To celebrate my homecoming."

Such a reasonable request left Gabriela with no graceful escape. "Agreed."

Chapter 645

She then selected Grace Robuchon for their lunch. The restaurant's robust security protocols would prevent any repetition of Dustin's unwelcome intrusion.

Stewart manufactured an excuse about purchasing something essential and separated from Gabriela temporarily.

He changed into an impeccably tailored white suit and, despite his injured arm, carried a stunning bouquet of crimson roses.

Erik couldn't suppress his admiration. "Mr. Williams, you look absolutely magnificent today."

The perfect combination of sophisticated charm and vulnerable appeal—his employer's courtship strategy defied conventional approaches.

The pair arrived at the restaurant well ahead of schedule.

Erik had previously coordinated with the manager to arrange a violinist, intimate lighting, aromatic candles, and delicate fruit wine, all according to Stewart's detailed specifications.

"Have confidence, Mr. Williams—no woman could resist such an enchanting atmosphere."

The proper strategy conquered hearts. If Gabriela harbored even minimal romantic interest in Stewart, this arrangement would certainly secure her affections.

Stewart wrestled with lingering uncertainty.

After all, Gabriela was far from an ordinary woman.

At the hospital, Billy had already discovered Stewart's abrupt departure.

Wesley absorbed the report with a measured nod. "His injury wasn't particularly grave—he can heal just as effectively at home."

He couldn't care less where Stewart went, as long as Gabriela wasn't planted by his side.

Billy leaned closer, lowering his voice. "Mr. Moss, to commemorate the discharge, Gabriela secured reservations at Grace Robuchon for lunch. I learned that Mr. Williams has prepared an elaborate bouquet of roses."

Wesley's expression grew noticeably darker.

Billy ventured cautiously. "Should we dispatch someone to monitor their activities?"

"That won't be necessary."

Billy assumed his employer had reached a state of acceptance—until Wesley's next words shattered that illusion. "Ready the car. I intend to observe personally."

Billy immediately regretted sharing this intelligence. “Mr. Moss, the physician specifically ordered complete bed rest...”

Wesley dismissed the concern entirely. “Ready the car.”

Unable to deter his determined employer, Billy withdrew reluctantly to make arrangements.

While Wesley and Billy traveled toward Grace Robuchon, Gabriela and Stewart were already settling into their reserved private dining room.

Gabriela’s brow creased slightly at the overtly romantic staging. She prepared to voice her discomfort.

Stewart smoothly pulled out her chair with his uninjured hand, gesturing for her to be seated.

Gabriela found herself with little choice but to comply.

Once she was seated, a young musician appeared carrying a violin, drawing forth a hauntingly beautiful melody that filled the intimate space.

Gabriela felt entirely out of place amid such refined elegance. Survival had been her life’s greatest triumph. Every day demanded focus on honing practical skills—she had no experience with such sophisticated courtship rituals.

Before she could articulate her objections, Stewart approached bearing the carefully selected bouquet.

“I’m genuinely drawn to you. I’ve had my share of relationships, yet no one has ever left a mark on me the way you have. Gabriela, grant me an opportunity, even if only for a single day. At least try to explore what we might share.”

Stewart’s gaze burned with raw emotion, his voice roughened by vulnerability, his right arm suspended helplessly in its sling.

Gabriela wavered momentarily before preparing her refusal.

Stewart pressed the flowers into her reluctant embrace. “Gabriela, sleep has become elusive lately.”

He had always regarded love as an abstract concept, something beyond his practical understanding.

Yet he had never anticipated surrendering to what he once dismissed as trivial—particularly with a woman nearly a decade his junior.

Recent nights stretched endlessly as he lay awake contemplating Gabriela, tormented by questions of why she remained immune to his advances.

The realization created a physical ache in his chest.

“Gabriela, please consider allowing us this chance...”

Chapter 646

Just as Stewart was pouring out his heart, Gabriela’s phone cut in with a sudden ring.

The caller ID made her breath hitch—it was Myah.

“Gabriela, I can see blurry lights now!” Myah burst out, her voice trembling.

The announcement left Gabriela stunned, then a surge of joy rushed through her. “When did this start happening?” she asked quickly.

“A few days ago,” Myah admitted, her tone thick with tears. “At first, I thought it was just my imagination, so I didn’t dare tell you. But today, I’m certain—my sight really is coming back.”

Emotion welled in Gabriela’s chest, her eyes misting as a laugh of pure relief slipped out. “That’s incredible news!”

Allan had carried the weight of Myah's condition with him every day of his life. If he were still here, knowing Myah's vision was returning would have filled him with immeasurable happiness.

"Gabriela, I miss you so much," Myah whispered, her voice shaking. "I want to see you."

Left alone without family or close friends, she often felt frightened and adrift, even though Fred treated her kindly. Now that faint lights had begun to pierce her darkness, she longed to share the miracle face-to-face with Gabriela.

Gabriela's lips curved in a tender smile. "Alright. I'll come right away."

Once the call ended, she turned apologetically. "Stewart, I'm sorry, but I need to go see Myah."

A knot of frustration rose in Stewart's chest.

Silvermoon Village lay far off, its narrow mountain roads making travel best at daybreak, yet she wanted to rush off now—clearly eager to avoid him.

He curled his hand into a silent fist before forcing a gentle smile. "Then I'll go with you."

But Gabriela could never agree to that.

“You’re still hurt,” she insisted firmly. “You can’t make the trip.”

He answered with breezy ease. “It’s only my arm, and it’s mending on its own. Once we reach Silvermoon Village, Fred can take another look.”

With an excuse like that, Gabriela found it nearly impossible to turn him down.

They walked out of the hotel together, only to cross paths with Wesley.

The moment he stepped from his car, his gaze landed on Gabriela and Stewart climbing into the vehicle side by side—her hands cradling a bouquet of scarlet roses.

A hollow ache gripped Wesley’s chest.

Had he arrived too late?

Had she already agreed to be Stewart’s girlfriend?

His breath caught, and his hand pressed hard against his chest. Alarmed, Billy leaned closer. “Mr. Moss, do you want us to tail them?”

Wesley shook his head, his voice low and tight. "No. Let them go."

Time was slipping through his fingers, and even if he managed to keep Gabriela from choosing Stewart, did he have the right to expect her to remain alone forever?

How could he selfishly want her to carry him in her heart for the rest of her life when he had never given her any promises? Once he was out of her life, her memories of him might fade to nothing in a matter of months.

Sinking back against the leather seat, Wesley's expression turned to stone. "Back to the company." His voice was flat, stripped of warmth.

At that moment, he decided to let go.

Chapter 647

Whoever Gabriela chose in the days ahead, he would no longer stand in her way.

Billy's head jerked up in surprise. "Mr. Moss, shouldn't we be returning to the hospital?"

"Back to the company," Wesley repeated, this time his tone like steel. "Bring Brenden over. He's coming with me to discuss the project with Jaycob today."

His lips were bloodless, his eyes unreadable, yet the oppressive pressure of his presence filled the car. Billy swallowed hard, not daring to argue again, and quickly started the engine.

As soon as they stepped into the company, Billy summoned Brenden to join Wesley for the client meeting.

Wesley told himself that bringing Brenden into the negotiations might help him shift his focus, even if only a little.

At The Gilded Fork, while the clients spoke animatedly over their meal, Wesley's attention strayed again and again. His thoughts circled back to Gabriela—what was she doing with Stewart at this very moment?

She had accepted Stewart's roses. Was she holding his hand now, or letting him pull her into an embrace?

Stewart never struck him as a man of restraint. Would he dare steal a kiss from her?

The more Wesley replayed it in his mind, the harder it became to endure.

The vow he had made to let go crumbled under the pressure of his jealousy. All at once, he slammed his palm onto the table with such force the dishes rattled.

She belonged to him. How could he possibly allow another man's touch?

Jaycob, who had been chatting amiably with Brenden, froze mid-sentence, his brow furrowing. "Mr. Moss, is there an issue with the project details?"

"Nothing like that," Wesley said curtly. His voice was low, but a sharp edge cut through it. "I just remembered something urgent at home."

Without another word, he rose to his feet. "Carry on without me."

Billy leaned closer and spoke in a low voice. "Mr. Stanley, Mr. Moss has something urgent going on—something personal. I hope you can understand."

Jaycob froze for a beat, suspicion flickering in his eyes.

What pressing personal matter could he possibly have now?

The thought nagged at him, but Jaycob knew better than to dig into Wesley's private life. Forcing his curiosity down, he shifted his focus back to Brenden and continued their discussion of the project.

Meanwhile, Wesley strode out of the restaurant toward the parking lot, pulling out his phone to call Gabriela.

At that very moment, Gabriela was driving out of the crowded city streets and into a long, echoing tunnel that stretched nearly a kilometer. The signal vanished almost instantly.

Wesley tried again and again, each call dropping before it connected. His frustration mounted until he nearly hurled the phone against the ground.

Billy, unnerved by seeing his usually composed and refined boss unravel like this, ventured cautiously, "Mr. Moss, do you want me to send someone to track down Gabriela?"

"There's no need," Wesley said flatly, his voice drained of its usual authority.

A wave of defeat washed over him.

What he truly needed was time—time to teach himself how to stop caring, how to live with the hollow ache of letting Gabriela slip away.

His own days were numbered. A handful of months at most, and then every attachment, every longing, would dissolve with him.

Chapter 648

With a weary motion, Wesley pressed at his temples and waved his hand. "Back to the estate."

Billy hesitated before asking, "And Mr. Saunders?"

"Let him manage it on his own," Wesley replied, his tone clipped but steady. "However it ends, it'll be his lesson to learn."

As long as he stood beside him, Brenden still had the freedom to stumble.

When Gabriela finally reached Silvermoon Village, night had already settled in.

Patrick, patient as ever, took up a flashlight to lead the way, and with his steady guidance they eventually reached his home without mishap.

Fred, always disciplined about his health, had gone to bed early. Neither Gabriela nor Stewart dared disturb him. The next morning, they rose early and called on him.

Out in the yard, Myah lingered expectantly. The moment she heard approaching footsteps, she hurried forward.

She no longer needed to grope the air with her hands; though her steps were cautious, she moved with the poise of someone regaining a normal life.

Gabriela's eyes stung with sudden tears, and she quickened her pace to close the distance.

The thought pierced her—if only Allan could see this. Myah's eyes could truly be healed.

Myah caught hold of Gabriela's hand, her eyes shining as she choked back sobs. "Gabriela."

"Don't cry." Gabriela immediately pulled out a crisp handkerchief, dabbing at her tears with firm tenderness. "Your eyes are finally getting better—you have to hold back the tears now."

"I can't help it. I'm just so happy." Myah sniffled, a shaky smile breaking through. "If Allan were still here..."

The moment his name slipped out, Gabriela's throat tightened, her own eyes stinging. She squeezed Myah's hand, her voice gentle. "There's hope for you now. Allan would be smiling for you, if he were still with us."

Myah nodded hard, clutching her hand tighter before tugging Gabriela aside. The two of them sank into a long, hushed conversation.

Stewart, thoughtful enough not to intrude, kept his distance with Erik, watching quietly.

When the talk finally ended, Gabriela went to find Fred, bowing her head in gratitude as she presented him with two boxes of aged wine.

Patrick had mentioned his fondness for a good drink, so she had chosen the finest vintage she could get her hands on.

Fred's face stayed stern, yet his expression eased as he accepted the gift, a flicker of warmth softening his usual reserve.

Gabriela spent nearly half an hour talking with Fred, relieved to hear that Myah's eyesight was steadily improving, though a full recovery would take at least six more months.

As noon approached, she prepared to excuse herself, mindful that Fred disliked long visits. Just as she rose, he halted her.

"That young man who came with you last time... the one named Wesley."

Hearing Wesley's name caught Gabriela off guard.

Even Stewart and Myah turned their heads curiously. Gabriela regained her composure and replied, "Things are busy at his company, so he couldn't be here today."

Fred's brows pinched together. "Busy? Didn't I tell him to get proper rest?"

The weight in his voice made her uneasy. Gabriela's pulse quickened as she pressed, "Dr. Hill, is something wrong with him?"

The lines on Fred's forehead deepened as he asked, "You don't know?"

Chapter 649

Fred's grave tone sent fear coursing through Gabriela's veins.

She murmured, "I know Wesley's heart has never been strong..."

"His heart condition is much more serious than that!" Fred erupted with anger and regret whenever patients ignored their health. "I warned him during our last meeting—abandon all work and focus entirely on healing his body!"

Gabriela's heart plummeted. "Dr. Hill, what's happening to him?"

"First, tell me something. Is Wesley your boyfriend?" Fred's keen eyes had caught Wesley's profound devotion to Gabriela that day.

Gabriela wavered for a heartbeat, then lifted her chin with determination. "Yes!"

That single word shattered Stewart's heart into fragments. Myah's hands curled into rigid fists, irritation blazing across her features.

Gabriela had been sneaking around with Wesley behind her back?

How could she betray her brother like this?

Upon hearing Gabriela's confession, Fred released a weary sigh.

"Tell me, did Wesley receive a heart transplant?"

Gabriela nodded quickly. "Yes, five years ago!"

"Transplant recipients must guard their health fiercely. But when I examined his condition that day, I discovered he had barely allowed himself proper rest. His stress and restlessness have devastated his heart condition."

Fred's ominous declaration sent tremors through Gabriela's hands. "I'll contact him immediately and bring him to you, all right?"

Fred had healed Myah's chronic eye condition—Gabriela believed he could rescue Wesley's failing heart too.

Fred exhaled another defeated sigh and shook his head. "He has been refusing proper rest after major surgery—there's nothing I can do to help his deteriorating health! Return home and persuade him to abandon work and concentrate on recovery. Each additional day carries weight."

Fred's words sent Gabriela's heart spiraling deeper into despair. She gazed up at the merciless sun and felt arctic coldness sweep from her scalp to her toes. Thoughts crashed through her mind.

Each additional day carried weight?

What did Fred mean?

Was death coming for Wesley?

Hearing Fred's assessment, Myah's hands formed brutal fists, her eyebrows knitting with tension.

Wesley had claimed her brother's heart yet neglected his health, and now he had stolen her brother's cherished woman.

She had known it all along—the Moss family was despicable and shameless!

After concluding their conversation with Fred, Gabriela bid farewell to Myah and returned to Okburg in a trance. Stewart observed her distracted state and spoke gently. “Wesley’s condition isn’t something you caused.”

“I understand,” Gabriela responded before stepping out of the vehicle.

Stewart watched her disappear into the residential complex, then instructed Erik, “Take me to the hospital.”

The wound on his arm remained severe. After two scorching days without fresh bandaging, infection had likely set in again. Throughout the entire journey, he had forced himself to endure the relentless pain.

Upon reaching the hospital, Stewart endured a lecture from the attending physician and received immediate treatment from the nurse—fresh dressing and an anti-inflammatory injection. Despite the sharp sting of the treatment, Stewart released a chuckle.

People claimed love could transform you into a fool. Once entangled, escape became impossible.

Chapter 650

He had once found such notions ridiculous, but now he embraced their truth completely.

He had aggravated his own injury by insisting on accompanying Gabriela to see Myah. Yet Gabriela had carried only Wesley in her thoughts from beginning to end.

Here he sat, drowning in sentiment over that woman—if this wasn't complete stupidity, what could it be?

Gabriela remained oblivious to Stewart's thoughts.

She returned to the villa, collapsing onto the sofa in a stupor.

Truett had begun learning to walk, and with Farley's support, he could manage several unsteady steps.

The little one stumbled toward Gabriela's feet, wrapped his arms around her leg, and gazed up at her while making sounds.

His eyes sparkled with brightness and innocence.

Gabriela felt her nose burn with emotion.

This was Wesley's child, yet he remained unaware. He was dying.

Gabriela shot to her feet suddenly.

No. She had to locate him and demand answers immediately!

“Farley, I’m stepping out briefly.” Gabriela spoke curtly to Farley, pressed a kiss to her son’s forehead, and marched outside.

Soon, she arrived at Wesley’s apartment.

Gabriela paused at the entrance before extending her hand toward the biometric scanner.

The door clicked open.

He had once sworn to remove her fingerprints, but that promise had proven to be another deception.

Gabriela pushed the door wide and entered slowly. She stepped into the living room.

Wesley was absent, undoubtedly consumed with work again.

Gabriela drifted through the apartment, remembering how she had once spent most of her time preparing meals for Wesley when they were together.

Wesley, a man who lacked romance, possessed a fierce temper and never articulated his feelings clearly, frequently wearing a frigid expression.

Yet, despite all those flaws, she had adored him completely.

Suddenly, Gabriela's attention landed on the kitchen counter, where a hospital discharge document detailing critical health conditions rested.

The hospital had diagnosed Wesley with merely three months remaining to live. If Wesley insisted on leaving against medical advice, he had to sign a waiver accepting complete responsibility for the consequences.

The date was yesterday.

Gabriela read those few lines again and again, as though she couldn't process their meaning.

She lost track of how much time elapsed.

The silent living room suddenly filled with approaching footsteps, and Wesley's voice cut through the stillness.

“Why are you here?”

Still clutching the discharge papers, Gabriela whirled around at the sound of his voice.

Tears had already drenched her face, her emotions spilling over uncontrollably.

“You...” Wesley began, but his words got stuck in his throat.

Gabriela moved toward him slowly and lifted her arms to hold him. “Why didn’t you tell me you were dying?”

Wesley heard her anguished sobs, and pain flickered through his chest. But he hardened his expression and thrust her away without mercy.

His words cut like shards of glass. “Why would I burden you with that knowledge? What significance do you hold in my life?”

Gabriela stepped toward him again, her voice raw from weeping. “Wesley, regardless of what’s coming, I want to face it beside you.”