

Chapter 569 Do Not Wish To Make Friends

From the bottom of her heart, Gabrielle didn't want to have any interaction with Denton at all. Somehow, the frivolous look in his eyes as he looked at her annoyed her a lot. It was as if he could see right through her heart.

However, she couldn't bluntly express it or avoid him, which irritated her even more.

"Mr. Sanderson, what can I do for you?" Gabrielle willed herself to ask out of feigned politeness.

All she wanted to do was to end this encounter as soon as possible so that she could leave.

"Ms. Jones, you seem to be dissatisfied with me in some ways. Why do you act hostile to me?" Denton asked back in reply as he looked at Gabrielle with a cynical smile.

"Mr. Sanderson, you misunderstood. Why should I be hostile to you when there's no enmity between you and me?" Gabrielle retorted patiently.

"If you feel this way, then that's good. After all, I am really looking forward to making friends with you, Ms. Jones." Denton spread out his palm and gave her a friendly smile.

Hearing this, Gabrielle went silent. She didn't know what to say.

Denton said he wanted to make friends with her, but she had no intention to do so with the man in front of her at all. If she could choose, she would rather make friends with Nathan who saved her life. At least, that would be interesting since she could learn something about jewelry from him while the man in front of her didn't seem to know anything about jewelry.

Besides, how could she not know that Denton didn't really mean about making friends with her? He was probably just curious about her for a moment and would be tired of her soon.

"Mr. Sanderson, I am going to be blunt. Is there anything you need from me? If there is nothing else..."

Before she could finish her words, she was interrupted by Denton who covered his own chest and said pitifully, "Oh, Ms. Jones, it seems that you hate me so much. I am very sad." Denton's frivolous look really made Gabrielle speechless. 2

She had never met a man like him who made her suffer from headache. She wished she would never see him again.

She sighed helplessly. There was no need to be polite with a man like Denton anyway. Not to mention that her impression of him was not very good.

It was unnecessary for them to know each other, let alone making friends.

"Mr. Sanderson, we are not even familiar with each other. There's no reason for me to harbor animosity towards you. If you have anything to say, just say it." Not wanting to argue with him

any longer, Gabrielle went straight to the point, her tone curt and her words brief.

Moreover, she could sense that this guy had an ulterior motive, judging from the sinister look in his eyes.

"Alright, I just want to ask you what the relationship between you and my brother is. Can you elaborate?" With a faint smile on his face, Denton made a request.

Gabrielle didn't expect that Denton would insist upon such a matter.

She said impatiently, "Mr. Sanderson, didn't you hear clearly what I said just now? Your brother and I are just ordinary friends and nothing more. Why do you ask me such a question when it's so simple?" Gabrielle looked at Denton coldly, predicting what the real motive of this man could be.

She could understand if this was Wilma who asked this kind of question to her. After all, as a member of the Sanderson Family, it was natural for Wilma to have concern about her son's wife.

The Sanderson Family would try their best to protect its interests and so, Wilma's son would have to marry someone who was from family of equal status in the future.

Therefore, Wilma would be strict with her future daughter-in-law, which was fully understandable.

However, it was Denton who asked her this question now. She couldn't help feeling suspicious.

"Ms. Jones, I'm serious. I am just curious about the relationship between you and my brother. I care about you. After all, I liked you at the first sight and want to make friends with you." Denton convinced, smiling gently.

Instead of feeling welcomed by his smile, Gabrielle didn't feel any tenderness and only felt bad premonition in her heart.

"Mr. Sanderson, I am sure you can tell by my attitude. I don't wish to make friends with you," Gabrielle refused bluntly as she had had enough of this.

The man only exuded bad aura and made her feel uneasy throughout the interaction. It was unnecessary to make friends with such a person.

In fact, she should even stay far away from a man like him.

"Ms. Jones, you don't have to be so heartless like this. It's just making a friend..."

Gabrielle coldly interrupted, "Mr. Sanderson, it might not be a big deal for you, but it is for me. I am a woman who has a husband and it's not appropriate for me to make friends with the opposite sex for no reason. I don't want to make my husband jealous either." The look on her face became colder and colder as she refused more firmly.

"Ms. Jones, I didn't expect that you would love your husband so much to the point that you

consider about him in whatever you do. It's making me more and more envious of that man. I wonder what kind of man he is for you to swoon over him like this. But one thing is sure and it's that he is so lucky to marry you. Could I have a chance to meet him in the future?" Denton raised his eyebrows and asked politely.

"Mr. Sanderson, I'm sorry I can't fulfill your request. My husband has a shy personality, so he doesn't like to meet with strangers. Now, I'm going to find my husband. If you'll excuse me, I'm leaving." Gabrielle rejected without any hesitation and went straight to the elevator.

Coincidentally, the elevator door opened once she arrived in front of it, allowing her to enter immediately.

She couldn't let out a sigh of relief until the elevator door was closed and her sight of Denton cut off. He made her feel very uneasy, but she couldn't pinpoint what the problem was. Anyhow, that made her feel even more worried and the strange feeling was beyond description.

Anyway, one thing she knew for sure was that Denton was a dangerous man. He seemed to be mysterious, more unfathomable and horrible than Nathan and Victor. She was on the verge of breaking down.

She just wanted to escape from him as soon as possible. She was unwilling to see him ever again.

Westley was stunned when he saw the frightened look on Gabrielle's face once she arrived.

"What's wrong with you, Gabrielle? Why do you look so scared?" Westley grabbed her shoulder and observed her face carefully. His eyes displayed concern for Gabrielle.

"I...I'm fine." Gabrielle stuttered as she wondered if she should tell him about the encounter with Denton.

"That's good. How are Ms. Glyn and others doing?" Westley wanted to know whether Melissa and others accepted their invitation to spend some time together tomorrow.

"Oh, about that, they won't come. Jonathan told me what happened between them and the Morris family before. He finds it inconvenient to have dinner with the Morris family and also, since their daughter has come, they will spend some time with her," Gabrielle explained.

Westley understood what was going on. He guessed that Jonathan would most likely disagree with the plan. After all, his sister had died because of the Morris family. There was no way he wouldn't bear the grudge.

Thus, it was reasonable for him to refuse to have dinner with the Morris family.

"Well, it doesn't matter. We can have a good time by ourselves. Besides, their family will be reunited during the holiday, so it would not be polite if we disturb them. It's all for the best. Later, let's go to the supermarket to buy more things in order to celebrate the holiday." Westley reached out and held her tightly in his arms while patting her back to comfort her. Of course, he knew how sad Gabrielle must be feeling in her heart.

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For her, Melissa was very special and so, she must want to spend some time together with her. However, since there were some circumstances, Gabrielle couldn't force it to happen.

"Okay, we will go to the supermarket later. How about him?" Gabrielle asked while walked towards the bed.

"The doctor just came to check on him and said that he is in a stable condition. The only thing we can do is to wait for him to wake up." Crossing his arms over his chest, Westley briefly explained the situation.

Over a matter of a person's life and death, a person could only hope for the best since it couldn't be controlled or be predicted what would happen.

"It's going to be okay. As long as his condition is stable, I believe that he will wake up soon enough. If we knew it earlier, we could have let Doctor Maniac stay here for a period of time for his treatment." Gabrielle sighed with regret.

"Gabrielle, don't worry too much. I am sure he will wake up early since a kind woman like you has been praying for him." Westley comforted her gently and kissed her forehead.

Chapter 570 The Seven Grandsons Of The Sanderson Family

Gabrielle and Westley bought a lot of different things from the market before stuffing their car with them. On the way back home, among many shops passing by them, Westley stopped the car in front of a flowers shop. When he emerged out of the shop, a bouquet of refreshing and lovely red roses smiled in his hands.

"Here," Westley said, getting inside the car, "11 roses for my lovely wife. Their quantity signifies that you're the treasure that I relish." Westley gave her the small bouquet, explaining the meaning of the 11 tied-up roses.

Gabrielle felt like she was dreaming as her hand gently grabbed hold of the symbol of love and romance.

"But... Why are you giving me roses all of a sudden?" she asked, tilting her head.

Even though their love life was getting brighter and richer with each passing day, Gabrielle wasn't going to believe that Westley just suddenly bought her roses because he saw a florist shop. 'That can't be the possible reason, duh.'

"Does your beauty require reasons to be appraised?" Admiration and love shone in Westley's eyes as he looked into Gabrielle's innocent orbs. He slowly leaned forward and pecked her forehead.

"Well, I don't know, but it doesn't seem like a convincing reason to me. Tell me, why these roses all of a sudden?" Gabrielle touched the velvety rose petals and then deeply inhaled the 11 roses that made her feel like a treasure for real.

"Do they make you feel better?" Westley had his hands on the steering wheel, but he didn't start the car. He was just absorbing the beauty of his pretty wife as she filled her insides with the smell of roses.

From the hospital to the supermarket, Gabrielle's fretted silence worried Westley to such an extent that when he saw the florist shop, he hoped that buying a bunch of flowers may make her feel better. Flowers were at least a thousand rounds better than nothing.

And looking at the change in Gabrielle's mood, Westley felt the proudness of his fruitful plan.

"They..." Gabrielle looked at Westley with smiling eyes. "They sure make me feel more than just better. Thank you, Westley." Just like always, Gabrielle was sincere with her words.

Holding the bouquet of roses close to her heart, her face was gleaming with unrestrained joy.

"Gabrielle," Westley gently called her name, catching her attention. "I am your husband, and you know how much I care about you. Please, no matter what happens around you, tell me; share with me. You know, you can always rely on me. I'm always there when you need a shoulder to lean on and unburden your heart. Okay?"

Westley's words weren't something that Gabrielle didn't know. He cared about her the most. He was willing to do anything and that hindered her even more from troubling him with all her secrets.

"Yes. But... I am okay. I just don't want to disturb you." Gabrielle's voice was barely above a whisper.

"Hey." Westley nudged at her shoulder to make Gabrielle face him. "I'm yours only. It's my duty, being your husband to lighten up your life with as much happiness as I can, Gabrielle. If I can't merely do that, what other purpose do I have?" Westley's sincerity was evident.

Gabrielle smiled. She didn't want to, but she knew that if she wouldn't tell him, he would still be concerned. "You're right, but..." She sighed. "It's not that big a deal." Gabrielle slightly frowned before continuing, "I was curious to know something. How many grandsons does Denton's grandfather have in the Sanderson Family?"

"You're asking me about the Sanderson Family's grandsons?" Westley repeated, a bit in disbelief. He didn't expect that under her worried behavior would lie such a mere question.

"Hmm." Gabrielle nodded. "Tell me, how many grandsons does his grandfather have in the Sanderson Family?" Gabrielle repeated seriously.

She was honestly not interested in the Sanderson Family or their grandsons. Plus, she didn't want to indulge Westley in any matter that included them, for she knew how Sanderson's grandsons were his rivals in love. Westley didn't have a kind heart towards that whole family.

"What's with Sanderson's grandsons? Why do you suddenly want to know? Did someone pester you? Was it Nathan or Victor?" Suddenly, with the flow of questions, Westley was filled with rage.

'I am going to screw these bothersome bastards.' Westley clenched his teeth, feeling the need to punch those faces who repeatedly aggravated his wife.

"No, it's not that, Westley. You know Nathan is still in a coma, and you already have an eye on Victor. They both can't possibly do anything." Gabrielle furrowed her brows in displeasure remembering it. "It was Denton this time. He was being so wicked," Gabrielle hurriedly said before Westley would overthink, creating a murder plan.

"Denton?" Even only Denton's name brought a frown to Westley's features. "Uhh... Well, people know him for his licentiousness and wildness. He's also famous as a playboy in Ensfield, but... How did he meet you?"

'God! What's wrong with this family?! They are present everywhere in our lives!'

The scowl didn't leave Westley's face as he kept thinking, 'And... Why do they get attracted to my wife so much?'

Not just Westley, but Gabrielle was confused herself. What drew the Sanderson Family towards her was another puzzle baffling her brain.

The number of people who bothered her grew from two to three now.

Denton wasn't being hostile but curious. He wanted to know Gabrielle more, and she was sure that if she let him close, she'd have her head under a chopper.

She didn't let Westley know for the only reason; his wrecking anger.

"I... He's Nathan's brother..." Gabrielle stuttered, fidgeting her fingers. "And I went to see Nathan in his ward today. Look, Westley." Gabrielle turned herself fully towards him to explain her point. "I know you have every reason to be angry with me because I went without telling you. But... Nathan got shot by the bullet meant for me, and he's still in a coma for that, dwindling between life and death. I thought I should see him. I swear there isn't anything else related to the visit." Westley's irritation made Gabrielle keep this all a secret.

But now, letting the truth slip from her tongue, she felt like a burden was lifted from her shoulders.

"It's fine. You know I trust you and your words, Gabrielle." There was a hint of sincerity and a smile on Westley's face.

There was no doubt that Gabrielle would go and see Nathan sooner or later, and Westley was aware of that. He knew Gabrielle's nature. She was hurt and felt guilty for the pain Nathan was going through.

Suddenly, a desire rose inside Westley's heart. He wished it was him who saved Gabrielle from that bullet and not Nathan.

That way, he would've been the only person Gabrielle's mind revolved around.

"Thank you, Westley. I know I am so annoying, and you continuously bear that." Westley's understanding moved Gabrielle so much that her eyes glistened with tears.

"Why won't I? You're the only one who's allowed to annoy me, and you're the only one I bear. I have taken the oath to love you till my last breath, Gabrielle. That makes you special," Westley said seriously.

Clearing her throat after some moments of awkward yet pleasing silence, Gabrielle changed the subject. "How much do you know about the Sanderson Family?"

Westley shrugged. "I told Alvin to see what's happening in that family."

Victor's appearance brought Westley to the surreal work of investigating the Sanderson Family.

His discovery was the chaos that devoured them because of their savage internal fray.

And Westley didn't know how to tell this all to Gabrielle.

"What did he get you?" Gabrielle leaned a bit forward, all ears. Other than the curiosity she had, she wanted to know the family who kept bothering her. It felt so weird, making her interested to know how hard it was to get rid of them or crush them down.

Her brain was swarming with such questions for good riddance.

"Well! Denton's grandfather has two wives, and they got him four sons and then, further, seven grandsons. Out of these seven, Victor is the eldest one, Nathan is the second grandson, and Denton is the fifth one. Also, Nathan and Denton have the same mother." Westley wasn't feeling much at ease, discussing the Sanderson Family, especially with Gabrielle. So, he ended the discussion, saying, "About the other four, I'll explain when and if you'll need to know."

Three of the seven grandsons of the Sanderson Family were already known by Gabrielle. Even if she happened to meet the other four in the future, Westley thought that what Gabrielle already knew was enough for now.

The death of Denton's grandfather brought his unconvinced four sons to fight over his will. Of course, when the fathers fought, the seven grandsons clashed with equal force.

It was such an eyesore to watch, making Westley resist getting involved with the Sanderson Family anymore.

Chapter 571 She Hoped That Her Concern Was Misplaced

The Sanderson Family in Ensfield had nothing to do with Westley. They had no relationship whatsoever, either personally or professionally.

The only reason Westley cared about this matter was because Gabrielle was involved. Otherwise, he would not have interfered in the affairs of this family.

Each member of this family was dangerous, from the four sons to the seven grandsons. It wouldn't be easy for Westley to deal with them.

Anyone with a modicum of common sense would keep their distance from this family. Messing with the Sandersons was like having a death wish.

"You said they have seven grandsons?" Gabrielle asked in shock.

She would never have believed that the Sanderson Family was so big. She thought there were at most five young men in this family and that Denton was the youngest.

Gabrielle was utterly stunned to discover that there were seven young gentlemen in the family.

"These are not people to mess with. You could see for yourself how tough these three guys were. Well, their four cousins are just as tough. I found out that it was the third grandson of the Sanderson Family who was the mastermind behind the plot to assassinate Victor. It is quite possible that Nathan was also involved in it to some extent. Some time ago he came to Bangkok to supposedly attend a jewelry show. However, I'm convinced he actually came for Victor. Luckily, we acted early and the Campbell Family took Victor. Nathan can't get Victor while he's with the Campbell Family," Westley said coldly.

They had been very lucky that the Campbell Family agreed to keep Victor. Otherwise, they would be in serious trouble now.

"I really feel sorry for Victor. How can brothers turn against one of their own like this? And the height is that they are trying to kill him... Is he at least still alive?" At this moment, Gabrielle was really concerned about Victor. After all, she was the one who asked Westley to save him.

Gabrielle felt it was all her fault. If she hadn't asked Westley to save Victor, she wouldn't have gotten into trouble with the Sanderson Family and they wouldn't be pursued so much by members of this sinister family. ③

Anyways, it was no use regretting now.

"He's alive. Don't worry about him. He is safe with the Campbell Family. Victor is smart and he knows that the best for him right now is to stay at the Campbell Family's place to heal his wounds. However, the Sanderson Family won't give up until they have found and killed him. The fact is Victor is the only one at the head of the Sanderson Group. As long as he's alive, no one else can get control of the business. So, he's still in danger. At least six prominent members of his own family want him dead. But Victor is a cunning businessman and there's

no way he would risk his own life." Westley's face was expressionless as he spoke.

For her part, Gabrielle was rather uncomfortable. By now, she had understood the full extent of the threat hovering over them. "This place is safe for Victor, but it's too dangerous for me. Let's go back early, okay? No one knows what could happen tomorrow," she said to Westley.

The last thing she would want would be to run into any young son of the Sanderson Family. She would not tolerate it if each of these brutes was after her.

She had no intention of waiting to ask them what they wanted from her.

She just didn't want to have anything to do with the Sanderson Family, especially after her encounter with Denton.

"We'll go back to Antawood in two days. Soon, this whole town will be full of members of the Sanderson Family. We definitely can't stay here any longer." After saying that, Westley started the car and drove back to the villa.

Gabrielle was really nervous now. She had been wondering why the Sanderson Family was after her. Now she had her answer.

What was this family where brothers turned against each other? Gabrielle realized that she would have to be careful about who she got close to in the future.

However, she also had this feeling that it was fate that caused her and the Sanderson Family's paths to cross.

Perhaps God felt that since she married Westley, she was too happy, so he decided to put her into trouble. ③

Westley noticed Gabrielle's uneasiness and tried to comfort her. "Don't worry. When we go back to Antawood, we won't have anything to do with the Sanderson Family anymore. Everything will be fine then," he said gently.

Westley said this both for Gabrielle and for himself. In reality, he wasn't sure that things would return to normal once they returned to Antawood.

The fact was that too many things had happened during their stay in Bangkok. Even though they wouldn't admit it, some things had changed.

"I know that, Westley. I believe everything will be fine when we go back to Antawood," Gabrielle said in earnest, holding Westley's hand tightly.

By the time they reached the villa, Gabrielle was in a much better mood. Westley had managed to make her relax and forget the dire situation in which they found themselves. Feeling better, Gabrielle went to their room to arrange the roses. After that, she took a long shower and changed her clothes. It was only then that she finally went downstairs.

Westley was in the kitchen, cooking. Remy was also there.

Remy hadn't come to the villa very often these past few days. Gabrielle figured he was

probably busy, so she didn't ask.

However, she was really excited to see that he was back. "Remy, you're back," Gabrielle said happily.

"Yeah, I'm back at last." Remy smiled at her.

"I hope you'll stay for dinner. It's been a while since we had you over for dinner," Gabrielle said, looking expectantly at the man sitting on the kitchen chair.

Remy was a good friend of Westley, but with time, he managed to make a place for himself in Gabrielle's heart too. She really considered him a friend now.

After all, they had been living together in Bangkok for a while. Gabrielle felt that they were now more like family.

"Of course I'll stay for dinner. Just let me go to my room and take a shower. I think the dinner will be soon ready. It's a real pleasure to have a good ready-made food." After saying that, Remy stood up and walked out of the kitchen happily. ①

Just as he walked past her, Gabrielle smelled a faint odor of blood covered by disinfectant.

However, she didn't think much. As a doctor, he definitely met many injured patients very often. So it was but normal for him to be exposed to blood.

After Remy left, Gabrielle walked to Westley and said in a relaxed tone, "Westley, I've arranged the flowers in our room. It's so beautiful now."

"You are a hundred times more beautiful than any flowers,"

Westley said in a sweet voice.

He was really honey-tongued.

"You'll make me blush if you keep on praising me like this all the time." Gabrielle hit Westley playfully on the shoulder as she spoke.

She knew she was just fairly pretty. However, Westley showered her with praise each time as if she were a goddess.

His constant praise made Gabrielle feel like she was a fairy.

"I meant every word, Gabrielle. You are really beautiful. Now, go out and wait. The food will be ready soon." Westley wanted her to wait outside so he could serve her as the queen she was.

However, Gabrielle refused. "I want to stay with you," she said firmly. She then took a large red apple and took a big bite. Then she brought the apple to Westley's lips.

Smiling, Westley also took a big bite of the apple. "Hey, what have you done to this apple? It's so delicious," Westley said with a serious look on his face.

"Stop kidding! Apples all taste the same. It's not any better just because I gave it to you!" Of

course, Gabrielle wouldn't believe each of Westley's sweet words.

Suddenly, the look on Gabrielle's face became serious and she asked, "Westley, where has Remy been these days?" In fact, the reason she stayed in the kitchen was to find out where Remy had been lately. Gabrielle knew it was not appropriate to ask about other people's private affairs, but she really cared about Remy.

"He had been busy with his work. Actually he has been at a medical seminar in Chiang Mai for two days." Westley didn't find anything wrong with Gabrielle asking him about Remy's whereabouts and he readily told her what she wanted to know.

"Oh, I see. It's amazing to see how dedicated Remy is to his profession. He must be really passionate about saving lives." As she spoke, Gabrielle took another bite of the apple and then brought it to Westley's mouth again.

In fact, she didn't believe that Remy was at a medical seminar. She had clearly smelled blood on Remy just now. Westley was definitely hiding the truth from her.

Gabrielle could only hope that she was wrong and that it was just a seminar as Westley said.

Chapter 572 The Most Touching Threat

After taking a shower, Remy quickly dressed up in dark gray pajamas. He went downstairs and was welcomed by the aroma of food. The dinner that Westley had prepared was just set on the table.

"Remy, just in time! Come on, we can have dinner now." Gabrielle greeted him with a smile and invited him over for the dinner.

Remy sat down and looked at the dishes that were placed on the table.

"Damn, man! You have a sharp nose. You came down just when the dishes got ready," Westley teased with a smirk.

"Well, what choice do I have? The aroma of the food pulled me here. And look at the dishes you've cooked. They seem so delicious. How can I stop?" Remy replied with his eyes wide and kept sniffing the food.

Though Westley was really good at cooking, he seldom cooked anything for Remy.

"Gabrielle, I should thank you. It's because of you that I will be able to eat these delicious dishes cooked by Westley." Remy looked at Gabrielle. There was a broad smile on his face as he looked at her gratefully.

"Oh, Remy! Eat as much as you want. Westley has cooked a lot tonight!" Gabrielle passed the big bowl of soup to him and urged him to start.

"You don't have to worry about him, Gabrielle. If he wants to have soup, he'll take it. You don't need to help him. He's not a guest here!" Westley said with a bit of annoyance. He just could not bear to see Gabrielle paying attention to any other man. It filled him with jealousy.

"It's alright. Remy's hands are precious. He has to use his hands to save people from illness. And it's not a big deal if I pass around some soup to him. Thank you for cooking so many dishes tonight, Westley. Now you too have some soup and replenish yourself!" Gabrielle started to fill a bowl of soup for Westley.

"Gabrielle, you are my wife! For me, your hands are more precious than anyone else's," Westley said with a serious expression.

"Come on guys! Can we eat now? I've no wish to witness this public display of affection between the two of you. I just want to eat peacefully!" Remy was getting restless and hungry. He didn't want to be there while the couple kept showing off their love.

He hadn't been aware that Westley was a man who liked to show off his love in front of others. Remy always thought Westley didn't like public display of affection. But he realized that after marriage Westley had changed a lot.

He had often heard people say that men change after they get married. Now Remy too

believed in it because he was seeing a drastic change in Westley since he got married.

Now one look at Westley, and a man could learn ways to spoil his wife. He was literally obsessing over her.

However weird those changes seemed, Remy liked them a lot. Nowadays, Westley looked much more sentimental and considerate.

The next thought that came up in his mind was whether he too would change after he got married.

"Just eat your food and stop worrying about us. If you still feel uncomfortable, you may finish your meal as soon as possible and go back to your room!" Westley said as he looked at him with a smirk.

They had been friends from a long time, and knew each other very well. Therefore, Westley didn't worry that Remy would get angry by his blatant replies.

"Of course not! I want to have dinner with you!" Remy smiled and sat back comfortably.

"So, what are you going to do tomorrow? Any plans? Are you going outside?" Gabrielle didn't care about the manner in which the two men communicated. After all, it was the common way between Westley and his friends.

Therefore, she didn't have worry about its effect on their relationship.

"Hmm. Tomorrow? Well, I don't have any plan. I came back to spend some time with you. After that, if there is nothing else to be done here, I will return to Antawood. What are your plans?" Remy looked at them and asked casually.

"We are also going back to Antawood in two days. Too many things have happened in Bangkok, and it has been a long period that we have been away from Antawood. It's time to return. We have to go back to spend the holiday." Gabrielle shared their plans with him.

They had discussed about it earlier and reached the decision. And Westley had agreed that it was time to return.

"That's good! Let's go back together." It was already in Remy's mind that they would choose to go back. Her reply was exactly what he expected.

After all, the holiday was approaching. People preferred to go back home to spend some time with their families.

And it was also a fact that Gabrielle and Westley were forced to come to Bangkok. Too many things had happened around them during this period of time. It was bound to make them a little tired and homesick. Returning to Antawood during the holiday season would also help them have a good rest.

"So, Remy, what do you want to eat tomorrow?" Gabrielle asked. Suddenly everyone had been lost in their thoughts so she tried to make the atmosphere lively.

"Nothing special in mind. Anything works for me, as long as the food is cooked by Westley." Remy was not a picky food eater. He didn't pay much attention to food. As long as there was something to eat before him, he wouldn't mind.

"Ahaa! It seems like Remy likes the dishes cooked by you, Westley. How about you cook something for us tomorrow too, Westley?" Gabrielle looked at Westley with a soft smile on her face.

"It's always a pleasure to cook for you!" Westley replied in a low voice. He was willing to do everything for Gabrielle. He'd do anything to see her happy.

"That's great! Be ready, Remy! You will have a great feast, now that Westley has agreed to cook for us tomorrow." Gabrielle looked at Remy with a smile.

"That's good! Thank you so much, Gabrielle. If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have got the chance to eat these delicious dishes prepared by Westley." Indeed, what Remy said was true. Normally, Westley didn't like to cook. He hardly prepared any meal for others.

If someone could make him cook, that person would be extremely lucky. It was like winning a jackpot or a lottery.

After dinner, Westley went out with Gabrielle for a walk. They returned a short while later. He wanted her to rest and sent her back to the room.

"Gabrielle, take a shower and relax yourself. I'll be downstairs. Just need to talk to Remy about a few things. I'll be back soon," Westley said gently.

"Sure. He might like that too. Go ahead. Don't worry about me!" In fact, Gabrielle was aware that the two men wanted to be alone and discuss about something. After all, she had seen them talk secretly in the kitchen when Remy had arrived. But they diverted the talk like they didn't want to discuss it in front of her.

She didn't want to be nosy and interfere between them. It was better if she did not get involved in the affairs of the men, especially if they didn't want her to know.

"Alright dear. You go ahead and take a bath. I'll join you in some time. Do you want something? A fruit or any juice?" Westley asked. He gently held her face and kissed on her forehead.

"Hmm. Please bring me some fruits. And thank you, honey." Gabrielle smiled at him.

"Sure, I'll bring them when I return."

Saying that, Westley left the room.

Gabrielle went to the bathroom and relaxed for a few minutes in the bath tub. After about ten minutes of lying peacefully, she had a quick shower. She stepped back into the bedroom, dressed in a bathrobe. Sitting on the sofa, she waited for Westley.

Gabrielle didn't know what the two men were discussing about and how long they would talk. She didn't want to disturb them, so she took out her mobile phone to check the domestic news

or if there were any messages for her.

She logged in her account on WhatsApp and scrolled through the messages. She started reading a few of them. It was all so crazy.

All this time, while she was away, she had cut off contact with her family and friends. Since they couldn't get in touch with her on the phone, they left messages for her, on various social apps.

Glancing at the messages randomly, she picked out one from Mia. Her last message was sent one day ago. Mia even sent one message to Gabrielle every two days, 'Where are you, Gabrielle? If you don't respond to my messages, I will have to ask Micheal to look for you.'

Gabrielle was touched by the sweet threat of her friend. She considered herself lucky to have a good friend who cared so much about her.