

Chapter 579 Insane Mother

The villa Slater had rented temporarily for them was located in a high-end resort area, which had beautiful scenery.

There were many villas in Thailand that were open for rent for high-class tourists to spend their vacations conveniently. The environment here was not only friendly and beautiful but also there was a full set of security system. This way, one could both enjoy the vacation at ease and feel ensured about safety as they rested.

After a general tour around the place, Gabrielle was satisfied with the villa.

For a temporary stay, this place was more than nice enough.

After that, Gabrielle wrote down a list of what she needed and handed it to Slater. Then, Slater and Remy drove to the supermarket while Gabrielle was urged by Westley to go upstairs so that she could have a rest. She was forced to lie down on the bed, but she was not sleepy at all. With wide eyes, she said with a pout, "Westley, it's okay. I'm not very tired. In fact, I wanted to go to the supermarket by myself so that we can buy some clothes to change. After all, we left in a hurry and didn't bring anything with us."

Perhaps it was because she had been outside while going back and forth the whole day that she felt hyperactive. There was no way she could sleep like this.

"How could you not be tired? Be good. It's five o'clock now. You have to at least sleep for an hour. When Slater comes back with ingredients, I will wake you up so that we can cook dinner together. You need energy since Wilson and Bonnie will also come tonight to have dinner with us. Tomorrow night, they will go back to Antawood. After dinner, we can go to the mall nearby to buy things we need, okay?" Westley persuaded patiently.

Westley's attitude towards her now was as if he was coaxing a child, which amused Gabrielle.

"Wait, Wilson and Bonnie will come here tonight? But I thought they were still on their honeymoon trip." Gabrielle's expression looked curious.

She had thought that the two would go back to Antawood directly from their honeymoon trip for the national holiday. She didn't expect that they would come back here instead.

"Bonnie misses Tammy, so they ended their honeymoon trip early, just in time to have dinner with us tonight. We had planned that we would return to Antawood with them together, but now based on the situation here, it seems impossible. I'm sorry, Gabrielle, we may have to delay our return again." Westley really felt sorry for Gabrielle, thinking that she would be disappointed.

"Westley, don't say that. It's not your fault and it doesn't really matter. After all, who would have known that something like this would happen to Nellie? We can't predict what would happen in the future or change what had already happened. Since there's nothing we can do, we can only stay here a bit longer. We can go back any time when Nellie wakes up and her condition has stabilized." Gabrielle wasn't actually upset or disappointed at all. All she felt was concern for Nellie and the baby.

She had experienced a lot of things in her life, including the problems she had to deal with when she got to the Jones family. All of these experiences gave her a gentle, reasonable and tolerant temperament. She held the belief that "when life gives you lemon, you have no choice but to make lemonade."

"God sent you to my side and that's more than enough for me. For that, I will always be grateful to him and I

can endure whatever he has to offer in my life. I won't blame him," Westley muttered while looking at Gabrielle in the eye emotionally.

"It's the same for me, too." Gabrielle agreed and lay in his arms happily.

She really felt thankful towards God for sending this man to her. Due to this, she didn't feel much resentment about twenty years she spent while suffering.

"So, can you just close your eyes and have a good sleep now? Mrs. Morris?" Westley raised his eyebrows and asked in a gentle tone.

"On one condition though. I can take a nap if you sleep with me," Gabrielle said, put her arms around his waist and playfully trapped him before pressing her face closer to him, feeling the other's breathing brushed over her.

"Okay then, I'll sleep with you." Westley kissed her forehead and held her tighter, patting her head gently.

Perhaps it was because she was indeed too tired, or maybe she felt at ease in Westley's arms, Gabrielle fell asleep soon.

Never taking his eyes off of the woman who was sleeping soundly in his arms, Westley's heart softened.

Westley slept with her for an hour as he promised, then he carefully pried off her hands around his waist and got up. Seeing that she didn't seem to have been woken up by his movements, he felt relieved and went downstairs to prepare dinner.

Slater and Remy had come back from shopping. In addition to buying the things Gabrielle asked for, they also bought wine and some snacks for tonight.

"Is Gabrielle still sleeping?" taking a look at Westley, Remy asked. He was sitting in the living room with a cup of coffee in his hand.

He bought the coffee beans from the supermarket and made the coffee himself with the coffee machine in the villa. He didn't expect that the coffee machine would be quite productive since the coffee it made was good. However, he had to admit that it was not as good as what Gabrielle made.

"Yes, she is still sleeping. Maybe she is too tired. I want her to sleep a little longer. When the dinner is ready, help me call her to get up for dinner," Westley answered with a doting look on his face.

Remy observed this rare expression of his with an amused look on his face. He felt that as a man, it was natural for a husband to dote on his wife.

"Alright. Would you like to have some coffee? I just made it and it tastes good, although not as good as the coffee Gabrielle makes." Remy shook his head and raised his chin at Westley.

Scoffing, Westley said proudly, "If it's not as good as the coffee my wife makes, I will have to make a pass."

"Fine, don't drink then. You ungrateful bastard." Remy rolled his eyes at him as he felt a bit offended.

Westley ignored him and went straight to the kitchen to check the ingredients. He intended to get the ingredients prepared ahead.

After a while, he had finished and was washing his hands when Slater came in and informed, "Mr. Morris, just as we suspected, the maid met someone in private. I inquired about it and got the information that she was threatened by the Collins family a few days ago with the life of her family. That was why she agreed to do as they ordered. They also promised her that they would give her one million for this. I found it out through the maid's account, where there remained the receipt of Mrs. Collins's overseas account." Slater handed a file to Westley which included the evidence of the transaction.

"One million just for an unborn life? They are really generous." Westley chuckled and mocked sarcastically.

"Has the news of the miscarriage been released as we planned?" Westley asked coldly.

"Yes, we have let it out. The Collins family must have known by now because they already have released the maid's family from under their watch." Slater informed calmly.

"That's good. Now, we just need to wait for them to fall into our trap. How about the new place I asked you to look for Nellie?" Westley asked distractedly as he pondered about something silently.

"Yes, I have found it. It's an absolutely safe place since it's isolated. This time, I will personally find someone trustworthy to take care of Miss Collins." Slater promised determinedly. He knew how serious the accident was this time and he couldn't let such thing happen to Nellie again.

If something like this happened again, not only the child's life but also Nellie's life would be in danger.

"Slater, you have to be careful. No matter what, make sure both Nellie and the baby are safe before she's due," nodding, Westley said coldly.

Mrs. Collins went to the extreme this time. Not to mention that Nellie was her own daughter. Now that her first daughter had died, had she lost it and wanted to kill her only daughter to die?

This was simply ridiculous and insane. She wouldn't even let go of an unborn child, which was also her blood.

Westley was beyond frustrated as well as he had to involve in the matter he didn't want to care at all. However, he was a man of his word, so he would protect Nellie like he had promised to Helena. ①

He didn't really care about who wanted to murder whom or if the whole Collins family would go down due to their own animosity to each other. His only intention relied on protecting Nellie and the baby.

"I will, Mr. Morris. Don't worry. I will handle it properly."

Slater understood what he meant and took the task seriously.

"Assign more men to keep an eye on Nellie during her time in the hospital. Don't let anything happen to her." After Westley looked through the file, he handed it back to Slater.

"About Mrs. Collins's overseas bank account, find someone to hack into it. Check the money transfer records and see if they have been evading taxes. If they have, print it out and send it to the authority anonymously. It looks like they have nothing better to do than trying to harm somebody. So, I might as well find something to keep them occupied. They don't need to worry because this is just the start." With a faint sinister smile on his face, Westley instructed calmly. Everybody working for him knew that he was the most terrifying when he was annoyed.

"I'll do it right away, Mr. Morris." Slater acknowledged and left hurriedly with the file.

Chapter 580 Sweetness

Gabrielle slept quite well. It was dark out and the room was only illuminated by the measly light emanating from the bedside lamp. Despite the somber mood that the darkness usually brought about, Gabrielle was welcomed by the brightness of her mood when she woke up. She felt spectacular.

Westley was long gone when Gabrielle had awoken from her slumber. He had promised to sleep with her. Gabrielle assumed that he left after she had fallen asleep.

She shook the sleepiness out of her body, got out of bed, and turned the lights on. With steps as light as a feather, Gabrielle traversed the path to the bathroom.

After washing up, the intense, masculine figure that could only be brought to justice by Westley, filled the doorway leading to the loo.

"You're one big, fat liar!" Her words reflected the disdain in her heart. Gabrielle rolled her eyes and said, "You're such a liar."

Westley's only intention was to wake her up. But alas, he was welcomed by her hasty accusation. He couldn't help but wonder what made her feel that way.

"What are you talking about? How am I a liar? Why are you trying to put me in the wrong like this?" Westley inquired, holding her hand.

"How dare you say I did you wrong! You promised to sleep with me. When I woke up, your side of the bed was empty!" Gabrielle did not take her hand away from his tight grip. Instead, she stared at her husband intently as her face donned a furious look.

Her words amused Westley deeply. He couldn't help himself from bursting into laughter because of how adorable his wife was acting.

"Gabrielle, I am a man of my words. I didn't lie. I slept next to you for an entire hour. I only left to make dinner," Westley answered.

"You should've woken me up. You didn't!" Gabrielle muttered, putting the blame on him.

"Please don't be upset. You were sleeping so soundly. I didn't have it in my heart to wake you up. Besides, you've been so exhausted these past couple of days and you haven't been sleeping well. Are you feeling better now?" Westley asked as he caressed her lovely face.

As if on cue, Gabrielle nodded obediently. "Yeah, I fell loads better. After all, I slept for quite some time. Have Wilson and Bonnie arrived?"

"Yes, they just got here. Dinner is ready. Bonnie and Michelle are making dessert." Westley held her hand as they descended the stairs.

Chatting on the sofa were Wilson and Remy. They greeted the couple with a smile the moment they saw the two of them alight the stairs.

"Wilson!" Gabrielle excitedly exclaimed. Her voice was as sweet as sugar.

"Gabrielle... Come join Bonnie and I in the kitchen!" The sound of Michelle's voice reverberated from the kitchen.

Before leaving, Gabrielle glanced at Westley.

"You guys are here early. I'm sorry I was asleep while you were baking. Don't worry, I'll help you out now,"

Gabrielle offered.

"Of course, come here you! We're a family. Food will be more delicious if we make it together. Thank you for working so hard. Go get some rest. We're almost finished anyway." Bonnie smiled.

She didn't want Gabrielle to waste her energy helping them out.

"I'm sure I've had plenty of rest. I want to help. Let me know what I can do," Gabrielle replied sincerely.

"Well, if you insist. You can brew a pot of coffee for us. We've had some rave reviews from Remy about your coffee," Bonnie said.

It was nothing but a simple task for Gabrielle.

Making coffee was her passion. It was why she was so great at it.

"I'm going to go ahead and make some coffee. Where are the beans?" Gabrielle was caught in a dilemma.

This place wasn't her home. Gabrielle was unfamiliar with the placement of things. There were only furniture and kitchenware in the villa. She had forgotten to ask Slater to buy her coffee beans.

"Don't worry. It's not just you who is obsessed with coffee in this place. There's also a coffee machine. Remy bought a bag of beans. It's in the cabinet. They're not the best quality but I'm sure you could do something about it," Bonnie said with a smile.

Since there was no dark chocolate available, Bonnie's original plan of making chocolate mousse was put on hold. She made coffee mousse instead.

"Alright. I'll go get it." Gabrielle walked to the cupboard in search for coffee beans.

The bag was ginormous. It was more than enough for all of them.

Gabrielle had no idea that Remy liked coffee so much that he bought a huge bag.

Now, she knew better.

After all, his love for coffee was to Gabrielle's advantage.

With gentle hands, Gabrielle poured some of the coffee beans into the grinder and ground them manually. She had just started when a tall figure suddenly towered over her side. He took the grinder from her hand.

"Westley, what are you doing?" Gabrielle was rendered speechless as she gazed into her husband's eyes. She thought it was rude of him to do that.

"From now on, let me do things for you," Westley insisted.

His words hit a spot on Gabrielle's heart. The two women in the room heard what he said as well.

"Gee... I can smell the sweetness from a mile away," Michelle said as she prepared the fruits.

Westley's sudden display of affection caught Bonnie and Michelle off-guard.

"Westley, just go chat with the boys. You're disturbing us!" Michelle helplessly said.

"I want to help my wife. Is there anything wrong with that? If you can't stand it, you can leave the kitchen," Westley replied.

"Holy hell! Gabrielle, did you hear what he just said? How could he bully his cousin like this?! You have to say something!" Michelle turned to Gabrielle for back up.

The hilarious scene in front of Gabrielle made her burst into laughter.

"Westley, she's joking. You didn't have to be so harsh. Besides, she was here first. If she leaves, are you going to take over?" Gabrielle turned to look at her husband.

"I'm not stealing her job. I'm here to help my wife out. How fine do you want the beans?" Westley looked at her and smiled. He opened the lid for Gabrielle to see.

"Finer." Gabrielle did not say anything more. His help saved her a lot of energy. After all, Westley was a man. He was much stronger than her.

"Sure, honey," Westley said as he went on with his task.

"Keep grinding. I'll check on their cakes." Gabrielle had been trying to learn how to bake from Macy's mother's bakery. It had been quite some time since she started studying for it so making cakes excited her.

Chapter 581 Gathering

Standing by Michelle, Gabrielle rectified how she placed the fruits and cream adding on the cake with lots of proficiency.

"Gabrielle has never struck me as a professional baker," Michelle said smiling.

Michelle once endorsed a dessert brand, and from then she became inexplicably obsessed with desserts. However, it was not a thing she had learned from a pro yet. She had purchased some recipe books and watched video tutorials on the same.

On the other side, Gabrielle had acquired the skill from a professional. She hadn't learned it for long and still needed a lot of practice. But she was way better than Michelle.

Hence, she dominated the session like a pro.

"My classmate's mom bakes. She has taught me a number of things over time, but I'm still a rookie here," Gabrielle said humbly.

"Gabrielle, what would you call me if you are the rookie here? I'm certainly making a fool of myself before you," Michelle said to Gabrielle seriously.

"Michelle, it's just a hobby. You don't work in the business, as a result, don't be too hard on yourself, and you don't have to adhere to professional bakers' standards," Gabrielle said gently.

"That's right. But your skill is nearly tangible!" Michelle gave her approval.

Gabrielle was dismayed. "You are flattering me, I know very little about cakes."

"I didn't mean that, I meant Westley, you got him under control. He was cold and brutal, now he is so compassionate and sweet with you. That must have been challenging. It's like you swapped him with a completely different man, who else could do that if not you? Gabrielle, there's a lot in you," Michelle said in total sincerity.

Gabrielle thought differently. She didn't think she had something anyone would recognize.

"Michelle, you are amplifying things." Gabrielle couldn't help laughing.

"It's probably in the Morris family. Westley has an obsession with his wife as well as Wilson," said Michelle, looking at Bonnie.

"Wilson is fine. He does not spoil me like Westley spoils Gabrielle. Westley is a far better spouse," said Bonnie calmly. She took out the mousse and cut it into pieces so that it would chill down.

"The coffee powder is ready, Gabrielle." Westley called Gabrielle.

Eagerly, Gabrielle quickly walked over and took a look. The powder was actually very fine and ready.

"Honey, I have to say that I am impressed. From now on, you'll be doing that work for me." Gabrielle lavished admiration on Westley.

Westley couldn't help but laugh as he rubbed her head tenderly. "I can do it for you every day if it's going to make you happy."

It wasn't such a huge promise, but Gabrielle felt delighted.

"Honey, I won't forget it."

"Remember that."

"Sure, I will."

"Bonnie, maybe we should take out the cake now and give those two some space first." Overlooking Gabrielle and Westley as they were romancing, Michelle walked out carrying the fruit cake and called Bonnie.

"My mousse cake is ready too. I can take it out as a dessert prior to dinner. You can lay the table now, Westley. Everyone is starving." Bonnie reminded Westley and took the mousse cake with her.

"Gabrielle, take your time making coffee. I'll ask them to come in and serve the plates. Dinner is ready." Westley went out of the kitchen and summoned Remy and Slater to go serve the food.

The three men came in with a dozen of dishes, and the coffee Gabrielle was making was nearly ready. Westley remained in the kitchen with her.

"I wish this would last to eternity, Westley," Gabrielle said, glaring at the coffee machine.

So much had transpired over time. They made some new friends and also got bruised. Peaceful life was not there yet. There still were a lot of inconveniences that lay ahead of them.

Gabrielle was at the edge. All she wanted was a simple and happy life. Why were things so hard? Was God always giving her all sorts of difficulties?

She was however lucky to have Westley by her side.

"Gabrielle, it's all on me. My being a bad husband has made you suffer a lot," Westley said full of guilt, touching her head lovingly.

Remy couldn't be more right. He probably was a menace. Gabrielle might have been unlucky meeting him and marrying him. Gabrielle had been hurt both psychologically and physically throughout their marriage, and he didn't think of himself as a decent husband.

"Westley, listen to me. You are mine, my good husband, who adores me beyond measure. Don't feel so despondent about yourself ever again, okay?" Gabrielle emphasized to him like any other lover would do. They were in a good position now, but he spoke such things unexpectedly, which hurt more to hear for Gabrielle than for Westley.

"Okay, you will not hear that from me again." Westley did not intend to ruin the moment. He was just opening up to her about how he felt about himself.

"The coffee is about ready. Let's go out." Gabrielle carefully set the hot coffee pot on the tray, then the coffee cups, milk, and sugar container.

Westley took it up on his own. This type of work was his.

The five of them had already sat waiting for them when they came out of the kitchen. They had anticipated that it would be just the two of them today, but not that they would be able to eat supper as a family.

"Join us Westley and your princess, sit down," Bonnie said to them.

"The coffee must be sweet, it's just been made. We'll pour for everyone." Gabrielle and Westley served everyone coffee before sitting down.

"Today is our get-together. Let's forget about what occurred previously and enjoy the moment."

Wilson raised his glass, offering a toast.

Everyone raised their glasses and clinked them.

"Happy gathering, everyone!"

"Let's forget about all our troubles and have a happy meal together." Bonnie embraced the fact that Westley and Gabrielle were stressed at the moment. She uttered the words to make them feel more comfortable.

"Bonnie, our future will be full of merry and happiness." Gabrielle was positive about the coming days. She wanted a simple and happy life, but it seemed impossible since things were not working in their favor.

Chapter 582 Heavy Atmosphere

They arrived at the hospital the next day only to find out that Nellie was still fast asleep. Although she had woken up feeling better in the early hours of the morning.

"Wilson and Bonnie! It's nice to have you here." Remy confirmed the condition of Nellie's health after she was finally awake. He was with the attending doctor.

Bonnie became quite worried when she saw how pale her thin face had become. "Is she alright?" she asked expressing her concern.

'I don't like the idea of Nellie marrying Westley. But that doesn't not make her a bad person. Maybe a little work needs to be done as regards the rich lady's bad temper though.' Bonnie disliked the members of the Collins family so much. This was because they couldn't just lead simple lives.

Despite being a mother herself, Bonnie could only imagine what Nellie was going through. The sight of such a pregnant woman naturally unsettled her.

"Her condition is stable. But she needs to stay in bed for two very important reasons. Firstly, she needs to recover from the severe injuries her body has incurred these past two days. Finally, the baby ought to be nurtured till it is born." Remy briefly explained the situation.

"Nellie's condition is a little serious. If she isn't properly taken care of, then the baby's life may just be in grave danger," Remy added.

"Well, every cloud has a silver lining. So there is still a blessing attached to this predicament after all. As long as both mother and child are safe. Nellie can still take solace in the birth of her new baby." Bonnie knew how difficult it was for a woman to go through the rigors of pregnancy.

'Nellie will have to be bed ridden for less than half a year. That ought to be very tiring,' she thought.

"You're right, Bonnie. It may not seem like it, but Nellie has got luck on her side. It is good enough to keep the baby," Remy retorted emotionally.

It was indeed a miracle that Nellie's condition was so stable right now. She had to pay more attention to it in the future.

"Thanks a lot Remy for putting in so much effort these past few days. You have proven to be very skillful and trustworthy."

"I am very elated. But it won't be right to take all the credit. As a matter of fact, I didn't do much since I was not an obstetrician nor a gynecologist," Remy replied.

"You are simply being modest. We are truly relieved to have someone like you around here. I ought to go back with Wilson today. But if any need arises, do not hesitate to ask the Campbell Family for help." Bonnie always put her household first and she regarded them as being part of it.

"It is getting late. So Wilson and I have got to leave right now." Bonnie took a look at her wrist watch.

They had to take a private plane back to Antawood in the evening. But there was also something that needed to be attended to at the branch office in Bangkok before making a return.

From the look of things, it was most likely that they wouldn't come back after the national holiday. Instead, going to Italy was more certain for them.

"If you do not mind, let us proceed downstairs together."

They accompanied Bonnie and Wilson to take a taxi.

"You two ought to be careful on the way, alright?"

The three of them still stood there while they watched the car leave.

"It was just past midnight when you made your arrival. Therefore, go back to the villa and get some sleep. Just let Westley and I stay here," Gabrielle opined looking at Remy.

Despite being already tired, Remy came alone on getting the doctor's call during the very early hours of the day. It was three o'clock and Nellie had just woken up.

"Okay, I'll go back and catch some sleep. Let me know if anything that needs my presence arises," a stressed out Remy answered.

He had been working around the clock in Bangkok for a long time, without any rules!

Gabrielle was unrelentingly persuasive. She did her best to make Remy relax a bit in order to gather some strength. So she was very pleased when he finally agreed.

At long last, Remy left for a more comfortable place to have a rest.

But the two of them maintained their positions. Instead of hurrying back to the ward, they looked at the distance holding each other's hand.

"Westley, I always have a weird feeling that someone is following us. It has to be an illusion playing out in my mind, right?" Gabrielle whispered to him in anticipation of a response.

But he didn't think that it was an illusion, having been feeling the same way for a long time. Westley refused to tell Gabrielle about it in order not to make her worried. Once, he had asked Slater to carry out an investigation on his behalf in private. Yet, the result wasn't what was expected.

In this case, it was either the stalkers were too powerful, or they were really unimportant. Maybe Westley was overthinking things.

But on hearing what Gabrielle said, something told him that he hadn't been wrong all along. Everything was turning out to be true.

"When did you start having this feeling?" Westley asked her.

"A few days ago. But I didn't want to sound ridiculous, that's why I didn't mention anything to you. But the feeling won't just go away. Perhaps, we are being followed secretly," Gabrielle replied imperturbably.

Although she had mustered a lot of strength within herself to keep calm all the while, it was always different when she was with Westley.

There was something about his presence that readily made her feel at ease.

"It doesn't matter now, does it? I have asked Slater to investigate them before. But the stalkers are so powerful and dexterous that we didn't find any information about their whereabouts. They didn't leave a single trace. As long as these individuals don't pose any threat or harm to us, we can just choose to ignore their existence. Don't take them too seriously. I'm afraid it will cause you more trouble," Westley replied sternly.

"I also didn't want to give you any reason to be afraid. So I decided to keep it a secret until the matter was clearer."

"The fact that they've chosen to lurk in the shadows means that they are not stronger than us. So I don't need to bother myself too much about this. It's advisable that we should tread with caution though," Gabrielle added.

"Gabrielle, it is very commendable of you to think in such a manner. Honestly, I thought you would become really fretful on getting to know about this. I guess my assumption was unfounded," Westley replied looking pleasantly surprised.

'She does not cease to amaze me. How would I have known that Gabrielle would be so bold and rational? I have been restless for no reason,' he thought.

"Westley, maybe we aren't their prime target. I think they are after Nellie. Don't you think so too?" Gabrielle asked him.

"Isn't it suspicious enough that two accidents happened to Nellie in a row? There's also a woman who was bribed by Mrs. Collins. All these are glaring proofs to back my narration with respect to how things got so complicated."

"That's very logical. But there is yet another possibility that they are coming for us." It was no news to Westley that the Collins and Jones families were now close.

These two households had earned themselves a reputation for being troublesome. If they worked together, then nobody knew what mischief both of them could cause.

"It's fine. Nellie has woken up, hasn't she? Let's just make sure that she recovers enough to be discharged. Then we will get a place for her as soon as possible. After all, private residences are safer than hospitals," Gabrielle answered him. She was a very prudent person.

They had to deal with them tactfully, no matter who these individuals were. These stalkers were expected to work toward their own goals and strategy. Therefore, it would be counteractive to alert the enemy. So whatever had to be done must be precisely and accurately done without raising any suspicion.

"Slater was able to find a place some time ago but it was not safe. As a result, I have asked the Campbell Family to help out with looking for another one as soon as possible. When the moment is right, just let Nellie go there. I will arrange for the best nurses and caregivers. We really can't afford to make any mistakes again," Westley said, maintaining his calm demeanor. 'There's no disputing the fact that compared to the Campbells, Slater was less familiar with Bangkok,' he thought.

"We can't afford to make any mistakes," Gabrielle said, holding his hand tightly. It was a little gray outside which made people feel gloomy.

"Let us proceed to the ward." Gabrielle took his hand and they walked to the elevator.