

## Chapter 661 Aggressive

Although Gabrielle didn't give birth to Star, yet her maternal instincts were always at work when he was around. It was like an activated alarm within her.

She was careful about his schedule and diet. Even when she was shopping outside, she would worry if Star had eaten his lunch.

And Westley was a good support as well. He was happy when he saw her being so caring and responsible. Seeing Gabrielle being such a good mother to Star, he was certain about how she would care for their own children.

Observing Gabrielle, he'd often start thinking of their future together. He was looking forward to having their own child.

"Star and Tammy are such nice kids. They had lunch at home while I was there. And when I left home, they were taking their afternoon nap. I suppose by the time we get back, they will be awake!" Westley put the cup of coffee in Gabrielle's hand and started the car.

On their way, Gabrielle had seen a bakery which was nearly a century old. She wanted to buy some cakes for the kids. She thought they would definitely like it. Besides, she wanted Westley to have a taste as well. So, while returning on the same way, she decided to stop at the bakery.

"Westley, could you stop here for a while?" she said as she pointed towards the bakery. Westley was surprised when Gabrielle suddenly asked him to stop the car.

"What's wrong, honey?" Westley asked in a worried tone.

He thought there was something wrong or maybe she was feeling sick.

"Westley, have you tried the desserts and cakes from here?" Gabrielle asked in a jovial mood.

"The desserts from this place? Why?" Westley didn't understand what Gabrielle was trying to tell.

"Yes! Have you tried it before?"

"Not really. You know, I don't really have a sweet tooth!" Westley said honestly.

The fact was that when he was growing up, he had seen a lot of food. It didn't matter if the items were from abroad or prepared at home. He had seen it all on the Morris family's table.

Moreover, Westley hardly preferred any snacks.

"Well, while I was growing up, I always bought desserts from this place. I believe the desserts here are the best in Antawood. I want to buy some for Star and Tammy to try. You should give them a try as well, maybe you'll like them too." Gabrielle was very sure that Westley would fall in love with the desserts from the bakery.

"Okay. In that case, I'll park the car here. Come on, let's get some things," Westley said as he too wanted to check out the place and their items.

"Have you seen it? It's right there. Nothing about the bakery is very remarkable or extravagant. But look, there are so many people, waiting in a queue to buy the desserts made here." Gabrielle saw a long line of people waiting in front of the bakery. The line was visible even from a distance.

Surprisingly, this was not the busiest time of the day for the bakery. If it was a weekend or holidays, the customers waiting to buy desserts would probably be triple!

"I'll pull over the car here. Do you want me to come along with you?" Westley asked with concern as he

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parked the car.

"No! I can go alone. Just wait in the car for me. Drink up that coffee." Gabrielle gave him the cup of coffee which was in her hand.

While she had been talking, Westley took out his muffler and put it around her neck. "Here, put it on. It's too cold out there!"

"That's so sweet. Thank you, honey!" A smile came upon Gabrielle's face. She moved closer and kissed him on the cheek.

"Gabrielle, go!"

"Wait for me in the car. You will love the desserts. I promise!" Gabrielle got off the car quickly and went to join the queue. The line was long but the service was fast. Soon it was her turn.

Gabrielle bought the desserts and turned to head back to the car. Suddenly, her phone started ringing. Moving towards one side, she saw it was a call from Bryce.

When she saw the name flash on the screen of her phone, Gabrielle couldn't believe it at all. Why would he call her?

Without any hesitation, she picked up the call.

"What's the matter?" Gabrielle did not utter any greeting. She spoke so coldly.

"Is Nellie really fine? Will Westley really protect her?" Bryce never believed Westley. He had trouble trusting him.

He knew well that Westley probably hated Nellie and him. The question was, why would he protect Nellie?

He couldn't believe it, though he tried a lot to calm his nerves. Now that Nellie was pregnant with his child, he was more worried about her.

"Bryce, if this is what you have called to ask, trust me, it's not needed. Westley said he would protect Nellie and he will do what he said. Honestly, it doesn't matter whether you believe it or not. Right now, Westley is the only person who can keep her safe!" Gabrielle said in a calm manner. Her tone was serious and cold.

Another thing was that she didn't want to be nice to Bryce at all. He certainly didn't deserve it.

"Gabrielle, I miss her and the baby. Can I talk to her on the phone?" Bryce knew that his opinion meant nothing at this moment. Westley was a powerful man. Bryce knew that whatever Gabrielle said was true. Westley was the only person, who could protect Nellie in the situation they were in.

There was nothing he could do to take Nellie away from Westley's men, he got nothing to fight him now. He had heard how people in Antawood called Westley. They called him "Satan himself". He should have known it, but now he had to accept what had been done.

"Hmm. I need to ask Westley about it, I will call you later." Of course, Gabrielle couldn't argue much on this, because Westley was the only one who could decide this.

"Okay, I'll wait for your news. Just be fast, okay?" Bryce was a little anxious.

If Gabrielle had been able to see him, she would know that Bryce really cared about Nellie.

After all, he had been in love with her for so many years, Gabrielle had heard Nellie's name from Bryce thousands of times.

Back then, when she had a crush on Bryce, she had even cursed Nellie in her heart.

But things were always so dramatic in real life. Bryce took Nellie away before the wedding and she had

to get married to Nellie's fiancé.

"Got it. Bye!" Gabrielle hung up the phone.

She was about to walk to the car when her phone rang again. It was an unknown number. She thought it was a crank and didn't want to answer it. But when she saw that it was a selected number, which was expensive, she knew that whoever owned it was a big shot.

She thought maybe it was from someone related to Ms. Glyn, so she answered immediately.

"Hello, who is this?"

"Miss Jones, it's me. Happy holiday!" a familiar male's voice came through.

Gabrielle was quick to recognize that it was Victor from the Sanderson Family.

The Sanderson Family was also in Ensfield. Of course she knew that too.

Victor Sanderson and his brother Nathan Sanderson.

The two of them kept showing up in her life. Gabrielle really wanted to hang up on him.

"Mr. Sanderson, happy holiday. How can I help you?" Her voice was unfriendly.

"Miss Jones, don't hang up in a hurry. I really have something to tell you!" He could tell that she wasn't friendly to him. He thought Gabrielle may be born aggressive.



# Chapter 662 Westley's Territory

Victor's words didn't sound like a joke at all but instead sounded very serious. So Gabrielle knew that he must have something to tell her.

"Mr. Sanderson, you can say things directly. Just tell me what you want from me." Although Gabrielle didn't hang up his call, she obviously didn't have a particularly good temper. She wasn't in the best of moods and wanted to end the talk as soon as possible. ①

On the other hand, Victor was fully aware of Gabrielle's temper. Though she looked like a harmless little white rabbit, her character was more like a cat that would flash its claws at any time.

However, that side of her was exactly what he liked. He felt that it would be too boring if she were just a simple little white rabbit.

"Happy Holiday, Gabrielle..." Victor deliberately said in a frivolously cheerful tone.

The fact that Victor continued to speak to Gabrielle in such a tone while knowing that her patience was limited plainly showed that he had no intention of talking to her nicely.

"Mr. Sanderson, apparently, you don't really have anything else to say to me. So I'll hang up."

Gabrielle's attitude was very blunt. She was about to hang up since she had no intention of going along with Victor's attitude.

When Victor heard this, he knew the other person had reached the end of her patience. So he put aside his playful attitude and became serious. "Gabrielle, do you still remember the agreement we made in Bangkok?"

"What agreement?" Gabrielle asked. She wasn't acting as if she forgot on purpose. It was just that she didn't really remember anything at all.

Victor was not someone important to her, so she had never expected to meet him again. Therefore it was just normal for her to forget what he had said.

Anyway, in her impression, Victor was just an insignificant person. She certainly would not keep what he had said to her in mind during her stay in Bangkok.

"Never mind. I knew you won't remember. We've agreed that when we meet in Antawood, you will have dinner with me." Victor spoke very firmly. ②

Hearing this, Gabrielle was stunned for a while. Although she had a vague memory of saying such a thing, she couldn't recall whether she spoke to Victor or Nathan.

Anyway, it was not a big deal since they were both from the Sanderson Family. Whether they were brothers or enemies was their own business. This was not something Gabrielle would care about as she had nothing to do with them.

"Gabrielle, you remember now?" Victor reasoned that because Gabrielle hadn't said anything in a long time, she must have recalled it.

"So, what do you mean, Mr. Sanderson?" Gabrielle questioned Victor calmly. She knew what he had in mind and that there was nothing to escape from such a situation. So she thought that it was better to talk it through and make things clear earlier.

It didn't matter if it was a dinner or whatsoever.

"That's great. I'm now in Antawood, and I saw you before," Victor said with a deep smile.

As those words came from the other end of the line, Gabrielle couldn't help but feel shivers go down her spine. She began to feel a little creepy.

Sure enough, this man came prepared. He didn't call her until he arrived in Antawood.

'He saw me?' Concerns formed in Gabrielle's mind as she recalled certain words.

Subconsciously, Gabrielle turned her head and looked around, intending to find out where Victor's men were.

Then she couldn't help but wonder whether this man came to Antawood with the intention of courting death or something. This place was Westley's territory, and there was no way Victor would not be aware of it. The last time he sent her so many gifts in Bangkok, it made Westley really furious.

'And still, he came to Antawood boldly. What is this? Is he going to provoke Westley head-on or something?' Gabrielle's head was immediately filled with a series of thoughts and questions.

The Sanderson Family's internal strife was probably yet unresolved, but he still had time to visit Antawood.

"Mr. Sanderson, what are you doing in Antawood?" Gabrielle questioned indifferently as she withdrew her eyes from looking around.

Anyway, she totally believed that even if Victor was in Antawood, he would not dare to come to her openly. After all, this was Westley's territory, and there was no need for him to do such stupid things.

Thinking of this, Gabrielle grew firm in her belief that Victor didn't have the nerve to do anything to her in Antawood. Her uneasiness vanished almost instantly, and her overall mood improved significantly.

Sure enough, knowing she had Westley made her feel at ease.

"What else can I do? Come and see the girl I like, and then ask you for a treat. Coming over to celebrate the festival is not a crime, is it?" Victor uttered in a low voice.

His words really made Gabrielle unable to refute.

Gabrielle didn't care or wouldn't care why Victor came to Antawood or what plan he had. After all, it was his business, not hers. Gabrielle boldly showed her disinterest and said, "Mr. Sanderson, it's your business, though. Just have fun by yourself. My husband is waiting for me. I'm going to see him." She emphasized the word 'husband' in particular.

The meaning behind what Gabrielle said was very simple. She just reminded Victor that they were now in Antawood, which was Westley's territory. That basically meant he had to restrain himself, or else nothing good would happen to him if he offended Westley.

Gabrielle believed that Victor would understand what she meant without her having to say it directly.

Victor, of course, was well aware of the situation. Even in Bangkok, Westley was so arrogant, let alone in Antawood. Victor knew he couldn't just do whatever he wanted recklessly since this was Westley's territory.

However, he was not a coward. Thus, he was not scared to take risks, and the last thing he was afraid of was death.

"Gabrielle, don't you want to have dinner with me tonight?" Victor questioned deliberately.

'Who wants to go to dinner with him at night?' Hearing Victor's question, Gabrielle couldn't help but laugh off in her head. Anyway, she had something else to do tonight.

"No, thanks. We're going to have dinner with the Morris family, so I don't have any time to spare for you. As for the dinner I owe you, I'll make it up later," Gabrielle addressed in an indifferent tone.

Hearing this, Victor's heart sank slightly, and there was no surprise at all.

After all, Gabrielle didn't like him from the beginning, so he didn't expect her to have any feelings for him in the future.

"I see. Then how about tomorrow? I'll stay in Antawood for a few more days anyway. If you don't have time tomorrow or the day after tomorrow, I can wait. Call me when you're free. I will make time for you," Victor responded in earnest.

'Make time for me?'

Gabrielle really didn't need it. She just hoped for this man to hurry back to Ensfield as soon as possible.

"By the way, do you like the gifts I gave you?" Victor brought up the topic of the gifts he had given to her before.

Because the Sanderson Family's situation was so chaotic at the time, he had to rush back to Ensfield after sending the gifts to Gabrielle. The whole situation was in a mess, so he didn't have a choice but to go back and clean up.

"I'll send all of the gifts to charities and ask them to sell them and donate the profits on behalf of Mr. Sanderson. Don't give me any gifts in the future. I don't need them. If I want anything, my husband can buy it for me," Gabrielle proclaimed in earnest.

Someone snatched her phone away from her as soon as the words were spoken, which shocked Gabrielle. She never thought that someone would be bold enough to come out and rob in such broad daylight. But when she turned around, she saw Westley standing behind her, and she felt a sense of relief.

"Westley, why are you here?" Gabrielle was both excited and happy.

Westley didn't respond to her question. Instead, he lowered his head and kissed her on the cheek. He then placed the phone to his ear and said, "Victor, this is Antawood, my territory. You need to restrain yourself." ①



## Chapter 663 The First Impression

Westley's warning was direct and cold, without leaving any room for discussion. In fact, he wanted Victor to know how serious he was.

Westley was indeed a man of his word.

Hearing Westley's warning, Victor wasn't surprised at all. Instead, he even laughed.

In a frivolous voice, Victor said, "Mr. Morris, of course I know that Antawood is your place. But I am still your guest, right? Is this how you treat your guests? Do you always threaten your guests like this?"

"If you are a good guest, you are always welcomed in Antawood. But if you are a guest with impure motive, then you are certainly not the guest we want to have." Westley's voice was even colder than the frosty weather in winter. As Gabrielle was in his arms, she could feel his anger.

Every part in Gabrielle could feel that Westley was irritated.

Obviously, he was extremely furious just by a mere sight of Victor.

If Victor were standing in front of him right now, he would definitely rush up to him and beat him up.

Anyway, he deserved to be beaten up, just from the way he addressed.

"Mr. Morris, I'm a little scared now. But you know I never was a good man and I don't think I can pretend to be one. So, I'm afraid I won't become your kind guest in Antawood." Obviously, Victor was not scared at all.

Even though there were so many people in the Sanderson Family who wanted to kill him, he was still standing there without being harmed. He literally wasn't scared of Westley.

"Well, you are the one who chose to be a bad guy. As long as you don't disturb our lives, it'll be fine. Otherwise, I can't promise you that you can leave Antawood alive or not." After saying that, Westley hung up the phone straightforwardly.

Seeing Westley like this, Gabrielle couldn't help but think he was so impressive.

Looking at Westley cautiously, Gabrielle asked uneasily, "You okay, Westley? Are you mad?"

Before, Westley hated Victor very much. Because of the confrontation just now, he got even more irritated.

In a calm voice, Westley replied, "I am."

Hearing his words, Gabrielle fell silent immediately as she knew that he was indeed angry right now.

Fearing that he might be angry with her, Gabrielle said quickly, "Westley, I've made it clear to him that..."

Before she could continue, Westley shook his head and said, "I'm not mad at you. I'm just mad at him."

Raising her eyebrows, Gabrielle said in disbelief, "Really? You aren't mad at me?"

"You are my wife, honey. Why would I be upset with you? If Victor wants to see you, he would definitely find a way to meet you. I have never doubted that." In fact, Westley kind of knew Victor.

Even he, himself said that he wasn't a good man and he was telling the truth. He had always been cruel and merciless. If there was something he wanted, he would obtain it by all means and Westley was sure about it.

Therefore, Westley wasn't surprised that Victor called Gabrielle.

"Let's go back now. The ice cream on the desserts is going to thaw. It's better to eat as soon as possible."

Holding her slim waist, Westley led her towards the car.

The two of them sat in the car in silence. Although Gabrielle was still a bit uneasy, she felt better when she saw that Westley didn't say anything and drove calmly.

Holding the desserts in her arms, Gabrielle looked at Westley and asked, "Westley, Victor said that he is now in Antawood and he is asking me to invite him to dinner. Actually, that's what I've promised him in Bangkok. Do you think I should do this?"

In a placid manner, Westley uttered, "Of course, we have to keep our words. Or else others might think that we are very stingy. Let's invite him to dinner together and see if he has guts to come."

Obviously, Gabrielle heard a hint of vicious warning in his tone, which was indeed Westley's style.

If Westley went there with her, she would surely be at ease. Well, as long as he was there, she didn't need to worry about anything and just let him take care of all the problems.

Looking at him, Gabrielle asked in surprise, "Westley, are you really going with me?" ②

Hearing it, Westley cast a glance at her and asked, "Of course, or you don't want me to?"

Immediately, Gabrielle shook her head. Of course, she hoped that Westley would accompany her.

Biting her lip, Gabrielle said hesitantly, "I want you to go. I just don't want to have dinner with him in the first place. That man just looks so evil."

When Westley heard her words, he burst into laughter. "Indeed, he is not a good man, so you should try to avoid him as best as you can."

Furrowing her eyebrows, Gabrielle said it simply from her point of view. "Actually, he is not just bad, I suppose he is evil."

Westley had the same thought with her. Victor was not only bad, but also evil.

Not to mention that women didn't favor him, it was even more impossible for men to get in touch with him.

However, some women didn't like good men, they preferred someone as evil as Victor.

In Ensfield, he was so popular.

Many women wanted to marry him in Ensfield.

In a serious voice, Westley warned, "Stay away from him from now on, Gabrielle. Don't get close to that man."

In earnest voice, Gabrielle said, "You don't have to worry about it. I know it even if you don't tell me."

Hearing it, Westley was a little relieved. However, he knew that Victor was attracted by his Gabrielle and they wouldn't be able to get rid of him easily.

Of course, he was well aware of it.

After thinking for a while, Westley questioned with great interest, "What kind of man do you think I am, Gabrielle?"

If she could see the evil spirit of Victor with just a glance, there might be an evaluation for him too.

Without hesitation, Gabrielle replied, "Obviously, you are the greatest guy in the world. Is that even necessary to ask?"

Hearing it, Westley's smile softened.

At that time, Westley continued, "What was your first impression on me then?" ①

Suddenly, he wanted to know what kind of impression he had on Gabrielle when they met for the first time.

In the past, he took people to Jones family furiously and at that time, he looked as if he was going to



tear down the house.

If he didn't leave a deep impression on Gabrielle on that day, he surely left one on their wedding night. After all, she was his helpless wife whom he deliberately ignored.

If only he had known that he would love this woman so much, he wouldn't have abused her that way. Now, he was pretty regretful.

Nonetheless, what had done was done. There was no such thing as regret now.

Staring at his side face, Gabrielle asked, "Really? Do you want to hear it?"

## Chapter 664 Cunning Wife

Truth be told, Gabrielle didn't want to recall their first encounter. At that time, she was forced to marry him.

Therefore, she hated this man from the bottom of her heart. The fact that he was cold and didn't treat her as a wife at all made her even angrier at that time. So, there was literally no good impression between them at the beginning.

Which was why, Gabrielle didn't want to recall her first impression towards him. She just wanted to fill her mind with the beautiful and happy things like present.

However, since Westley was so curious, she had to talk a little.

"Of course, I just really want to know how you thought of me back then. I know it wasn't very good though." While talking, Westley felt as if his heart was stabbed by a sharp knife.

Now, he wondered why he was so terrible to her back then to frighten Gabrielle like that.

Looking at him with a wide grin on her face, Gabrielle said, "Then, I suggest you to be mentally prepared." After that, she stretched her hand out to feed him some cake.

The way she was smiling and feeding made Westley realize that he would not be pleased to hear whatever she was going to say. He regretted for bringing it up.

In fact, he just set up the trap for himself.

After having some herself, Gabrielle chewed it happily as she said, "Westley, how does it taste? Isn't it very delicious?"

Giving her the same smile, Westley replied genuinely and sincerely, "Yeah, it's great."

It was indeed tender, rich and chewy.

Especially since it was chosen and fed by his beloved wife.

Of course, it was certainly delicious.

It was rare for Westley to eat snacks like this. However, he felt that this cake tasted wonderful.

Raising her head proudly, Gabrielle said, "It is, isn't it? I've been buying it from this store for more than ten years. So, I'm sure it won't taste bad. Anyway, they are the best cakes I and Sloane have ever eaten in Antawood. Of course, I won't tell it to anyone else."

Seeing the wide smile on Gabrielle's face instantly brought out a smile on Westley's face.

For him, there was no reason to be upset, unless his wife was upset.

After listening to her words, Westley continued to praise his wife, concerning with the cake, "Then, I have to thank you for buying me this kind of delicious cake and feeding me because that just makes the flavor superior."

Hearing it, Gabrielle couldn't help but burst out laughing.

"Well then, you might as well say that you've married an excellent woman, Westley." The smile on Gabrielle's face was never too bright for Westley.

In an earnest voice, Westley addressed, "Of course, I did have a good wife. I am so lucky to eat this kind of tasty cake."

Then, in a soft voice, Gabrielle uttered softly, "Well, now you can tell me about your first impression of your dear wife."

The way she was smiling demonstrated that she was questioning him in a good mood.

However, Westley didn't think that way. It was obvious that Gabrielle was setting the trap for him and waiting for him to jump right into it.

His wife was becoming more and more shrewd. Now, she was even trying to set the trap for him. At this point, he didn't really know whether it was a good thing for him or not.

Before, his dearest wife was quite simple and kind, but now she had become so cunning.

Westley concluded that it wasn't good because he might fall into it one day.

After thinking for a while, Westley replied, "Of course, Gabrielle. You were gentle, kind, beautiful and lovely back then too. You are so perfect no matter what."

As a woman, it didn't matter if it was true or not. Even if they were all sweet words, she loved to hear it. Apparently, he sugarcoated and unfortunately for Westley, it didn't sound sincere.

So of course, Gabrielle didn't believe it at all.

In the past, this man treated her as if she was just a foe to him. He certainly didn't think of her as beautiful, cute, gentle or kind. ❶

At that time, he thought that she was scheming and cunning. He didn't see anything good in her at all.

Tilting her head, Gabrielle looked at him as if she wasn't convinced and said, "Honey, are you sure you are telling the truth?" ❶

Of course, she didn't buy his words.

After all, she wasn't a fool. The two of them had been married and hated each other that much for quite some time. How could they ever have a good impression mutually?

It was completely impossible.

Not wanting his lie to be exposed, Westley continued to praise her as he said, "Of course, you are my goddess, the most beautiful and best wife in the whole world." ❶

At this point, Gabrielle didn't know what to say anymore. This man was indeed a bad liar.

Knowing that Westley wouldn't talk unless she forced him to, Gabrielle said, "I know. But you're talking about what I'm like to you at present. What I want to know is... What did you think of me when we first met? Don't coax me with sweet words. I want to know that truth. Since you are the one who asked me about that, you should answer it first."

The truth was, Westley didn't want to tell her about his first impression towards Gabrielle because that would be displeasing for her.

Besides, he was afraid that once he said the words, Gabrielle would want to stop the car and leave him.

Westley proceeded driving while answering calmly, "Gabrielle, I really had a good impression of you that time. But I don't really remember it because it has been a long time."

This was totally nonsense. It hadn't been long since they had begun the marriage. Even for the couple who had been together for ten years, they would still remember the time they first met.

In a serious voice, Gabrielle addressed, "Westley, I'm sure you don't have a bad memory. Just tell me the truth. It's better to confess and be lenient. I can assure you that it's not wise to escape from the question."

Sighing slightly, Westley said, "I am not trying to avoid it, Gabrielle. I just..."

"Just what, Westley? You just don't want to tell me because you didn't have a good impression of me. At that time, you thought of me as a very scheming bad woman and an enemy, didn't you?" Gabrielle



uttered everything in calmness.

Every single word was like a stab to his heart which made him very distressed.

Although he did think of her that way before, he would never think of her that way now since he had known what kind of person she really was.

"Gabrielle, where do all these things come from?" The only thing Westley wanted to do right now was to make her feel less upset.

Indeed, the first impression was truly heartbreaking and he felt painful just by thinking about it.

Hence, he didn't want to recall at all!