

## Chapter 517 Victor Sanderson

Westley was right. Dewey Robles, the abbot, and other monks of the temple could only speak Thai. After all, the temple wasn't that large, so not many foreigners came here. Therefore, their English was not very good, and they could only use it for simple greetings.

Thus, when Dewey was asked to answer questions, he basically spoke all in Thai.

Gabrielle looked at Dewey, completely dumbfounded, as her brain couldn't figure out a single word he was saying.

It seemed that she had overestimated the English skill of the abbot. Now their communication didn't work out at all.

Sensing their failed communication plan, she decided to go and ask Westley for help. He was, after all, good at the Thai language. So, if she requested Westley to help her translate, she would be able to understand the abbot's words with ease.

"Excuse me. I don't understand Thai. I have to ask someone to translate for me. Please wait a moment." Gabrielle explained to the abbot in English and then got up to find Westley.

"Do you need my help?" Just when Gabrielle got up to find Westley, a low and cold voice came behind her.

Gabrielle looked up at the man standing behind her and slightly nodded her head in response. "Mr. Sanderson, are you feeling better?" Gabrielle asked, remembering what had happened in the hall.

She remembered the event of the tall man kneeling beside her suddenly fainted with nosebleeds when she was praying in the hall. She handed him a piece of tissue and helped him to a nearby place to get some rest. Along the process, she learned his name was Victor Sanderson and that he was from Ensfield. ❶

Ensfield was where Melissa lived, so Gabrielle had a few friendly feelings towards this man based on that fact. ❷

After that incident, a monk took him to rest to prevent him from experiencing abnormal things again.

"I'm much better. Thank you for your help just now," Victor said as his eyes fixed on Gabrielle's face.

His face showed an indifferent expression, and his eyes were as cold as ice, giving people the impression that they should not get close to him.

Of course, for Gabrielle, when the incident happened, she didn't even have the time

to look carefully at the person, let alone sense his indifferent impression or whatsoever. She just realized that someone besides her was probably about to faint, so she just gave him a hand out of an instinctive sense of the body.

"Don't mention it, Mr. Sanderson. I actually didn't do anything. Others would do the same if they were in that circumstance," Gabrielle said with a smile as she looked at Victor. Although this man didn't seem to be easy to get along with, Gabrielle didn't really care much. After all, it was just a coincidental encounter, and there was no way they could possibly meet again in the future. 2

So, naturally, she couldn't care less about this man or what he thought of her.

"I don't think anyone will be as kind as Miss Jones to help a man they've never seen before," Victor replied indifferently.

He was aware that no one dared to even get close to him, let alone assist him so boldly. After all, everyone in Ensfield thought he was terrible.

"I'm flattered, Mr. Sanderson." Gabrielle showed her content with a smile on her lips.

"Not at all. I'm just telling the truth. If you need anything, tell me, and I will try my best to meet your request no matter what," Victor added in earnest.

For Victor, owing people wasn't his thing, especially something like that.

"No need, thanks though, Mr. Sanderson. I really didn't do..."

"How about this, Miss Jones? I've realized that you can't speak Thai, which I'm familiar with. How about I help you translate it? Is that okay? Considered it as a favor I return for saving my life." Watching Victor abruptly turning a small act of kindness into a life-saving grace, Gabrielle was at a loss for words and didn't know how to respond.

"Well, since you insist, I accept. This time, I will trouble Mr. Sanderson to help me translate, and after that, I think we're even." Gabrielle finally gave in and made a request, understanding it was impolite to keep insisting when the other person was so eager.

Gabrielle didn't like owing others a favor, nor did she like being treated as a benefactor inexplicably.

Especially for a man like Victor, who wasn't as simple as he appeared, he must have a certain powerful background. 1

It could be that he had a lot of followers in Ensfield, but he didn't bring them along with him to Thailand. Or, to put it another way, it was safer here because of the low awareness of his identity.

Just like Westley.

"Miss Jones, may I ask what you are asking for? If it is too personal, I can't listen to it,



" Victor said, looking very serious.

As a person who worshiped Buddha, he naturally believed in these things. People prayed for almost everything, including many privacy wishes that they didn't want others to know about.

"I don't have any. I just came here to pray for my friends' safety. Something happened to my two friends, and they are in a coma now. I hope they can wake up earlier, so I came here to pray for them," Gabrielle replied earnestly.

She specifically came here for Sloane and Rose's sake, hoping that the two of them could wake up from the coma as soon as possible.

Especially for Sloane, who hadn't woken up yet, and it had been half a year.

"I'm not wrong. Miss Jones is really a kind-hearted girl. They must be very happy to be your friends." Victor's impression of Gabrielle improved even more after hearing it.

Gabrielle was a beautiful girl, but her beauty was not ostentatious. Instead, she was reserved and gentle, making people like her more each time they looked at her.

Victor had always believed in Buddhism and fate. So the fact that he met such a kind girl like Gabrielle in such a small temple made him think that fate had brought them together.

"You flattered me, Mr. Sanderson. I'm not as good as you said. Why don't we listen to Mr. Robles's explanation about it first?" Gabrielle was afraid that if she received another compliment, her brain would not be able to respond, so she anxiously changed the topic.

"Okay, let's see what Miss Jones got first. It should be the best one." Those words came out of Victor's lips naturally, and the corner of his mouth raised unconsciously that he might not even notice it.

He hadn't smiled genuinely in a long time, but today he actually laughed because of a girl he had just met. It was strange enough for him to believe, let alone others.

"Thank you for saying that, Mr. Sanderson." After saying that, Gabrielle shifted her gaze to the abbot, her eyes filled with anticipation.

"Master, please go ahead." Victor looked at the abbot and suggested in Thai.

The abbot began interpreting the oracle in the Thai language, and Victor helped in translating the words the abbot was saying for Gabrielle to listen.

According to the abbot, the two divination sticks Gabrielle had pulled were both good ones, implying that her prayers would work.

"Miss Jones, you've heard it. These are good ones, so you can rest assured. Your friends will wake up soon." Victor looked at Gabrielle and gave her words of comfort.

"Really? Mr. Sanderson, you didn't lie to me, right?" Gabrielle had never had much confidence in good luck, so hearing what Victor said, she got a little suspicious.

After all, she was a person with bad luck since birth. How could it be possible that she pulled two lucky divination sticks with her own hands?

Gabrielle couldn't help but doubt herself.

"Miss Jones, it just works when you stay sincere. It's your sincerity that touches the Buddha. It's not surprising that you got the best divination sticks, and I'm certainly not lying in front of the Buddha." With a light smile on his lips, Victor reaffirmed his words.

Gabrielle might not believe what he had said at first, but what he said later made her willing to believe that he didn't lie. After all, people who believed in Buddhism didn't speak lies in front of the Buddha.

"I trust you." Gabrielle happily took the two amulets handed over by the abbot so that when she returned, she could give those to her friends in the hope that they would bless her friends.

"Thank you, Dewey. I want to pray one more time." Gabrielle felt she was so lucky today that she decided to pray one more for Westley not to waste her good fortune.

"Of course, please," the abbot said as he kindly smiled at Gabrielle.

## Chapter 518 Double-edged Sword

When Westley arrived, Gabrielle had already finished praying and was waiting for him outside the hall.

"Sorry to keep you waiting. Are you done?" Westley asked, panting.

He had just helped a kid who fell down and felt guilty for not being able to show up on time.

"Yes, I'm done. The abbot monk even interpreted the oracle of all the divination sticks I pulled. You won't believe it. They were all bearing good fortune! I'm quite lucky, aren't I?" Gabrielle happily looked at him, opened her palms and showed him the three amulets. ①

"Take a look at these amulets I got. What do you think, Westley?" Ever since their trip started, Gabrielle's smile never faded. That was how happy she was.

"Wonderful! As I said, Mrs. Morris, you're bound to be the luckiest person in the world. It's only natural your divination sticks would bring you good favors. So, the abbot was speaking in English. Did you understand what he said?" Westley was surprised by this. ①

Gabrielle gulped, then smiled. It was actually thanks to the mysterious man named Victor, who translated for her. Gabrielle thought she shouldn't mention him anymore. ①

Westley would get jealous if he knew a man tried to approach her. Gabrielle didn't want that to happen.

In Gabrielle's defense, she was sure she wouldn't be able to see or meet Victor again in the future. It was only a one-time interaction. He was just a stranger passing by.

"I'm smart enough, you know. Anyway, I've heard the abbot monk's interpretation. Are you done walking around the temple?"

Gabrielle asked curiously. After all, Westley didn't seem to like going to temples very much.

"Yeah. It was as beautiful as you said it would be. I saw a little kid fall down while I was roaming around, so I helped him and tried to find his parents. That's why it took me so long. I feel bad because we had a deal that I would wait for you." Westley explained what happened.

"So that's why. You did the right thing helping the kid. What a good husband I have, Mr. Morris." Gabrielle held Westley's hand and placed an amulet onto his palm with a fond smile.

"What's this...? Did you get this for me?" Westley was surprised when he saw the red



and golden amulet. He hadn't expected Gabrielle to ask one for him.

"Of course, it's for you. I got some for Sloane and Rose and prayed for their recovery. This one specifically, I hope will protect you and keep you safe so we can be together for the rest of our lives. Do you feel the same way?" Gabrielle looked him in the eye.

It was such a beautiful wish. How could he resist?

They felt the same and he agreed without hesitation.

"Don't worry. I'm your lifetime partner and I'll make sure to give you the happy life you deserve,"

Westley said, holding her hand then interlocking their fingers.

"Don't ever go back on your words, dear husband. Remember what you promised." Gabrielle reminded him in a serious tone.

"As long as you choose to stay with me, I will be with you for the rest of my life." Westley leaned to kiss her forehead.

"I could never leave you, you know." Gabrielle giggled.

"It's good that you don't think of such things." Westley only wanted Gabrielle to say that she would never leave his side for the rest of their lives.

"I promised you in front of the Buddha and I wouldn't dare to break that promise. You believe me, don't you?" Gabrielle pouted.

"I do believe you. Come, let's explore the place. I'll be your tour guide." Westley smiled warmly.

"Alright then, Mr. Morris, please show me around." Gabrielle happily took his invitation. She was in a very good mood.

After all, she did draw three favorable divination sticks.

At first, she wanted to draw one about her marriage with Westley but she thought about it for a while and dropped the idea. She believed their marriage would continue to get better and the two of them would grow to love each other even more. She had no reason to draw for it now.

"Let's go. You're going to love it." Westley took the lead and they walked around the vicinity. However, the sky was suddenly changing. The clouds turned dark and the wind blew heavily. It was about to rain.

"Westley, it looks like it's going to pour. Should we head back now? I don't want us to get caught in the rain. It's going to be hard to drive on the road if we don't make it in time," Gabrielle anxiously said.

"You're right, we should." Westley felt uneasy looking at the sky. If they didn't go

back right away, they might get stranded.

"Let's hurry up." Gabrielle pulled Westley's arm and walked out of the temple fast.

Even though Westley drove quickly enough, they still got caught in the rain not long after leaving the temple.

"Westley, it's raining so hard! I don't think it's safe for you to drive in this weather. The sky is darker too... it seems it won't stop anytime soon. How about we find a hotel nearby?" Gabrielle looked at the gloomy sky.

It was almost zero visibility and the rain showed no signs of stopping.

It was a challenge for the person driving. Westley couldn't see much of the road and Gabrielle couldn't help but feel worried for him. They didn't have to rush back, there was no need to drive in these conditions.

"Wait, I'm going to check for nearby hotels." Westley pulled the car over and checked on his phone to book them a place to stay for the night.

"Alright, I've booked us a hotel. There's a resort hotel ten minutes away with a cozy ambiance. We're going there right now." Westley said, smiled.

"Thank goodness. I'm fine staying anywhere. I just want to get out of this storm." Gabrielle only wanted them to have a safe place to stay overnight. She was someone who could adapt to anything and did not care about the setting.

As long as it was safe enough, be it the woods or the cave in the wild, she wouldn't mind.

"Sit tight, we'll be there soon." Westley stepped on the pedal.

"Don't drive too fast, okay? It's dangerous. We can take it slow." Gabrielle reminded him.

"When you're in the car, I'm always more careful." Westley knew he shouldn't drive so fast. There were no fences or barriers in the road. Something could happen if he didn't drive carefully.

"Even when I'm not in the car, you still need to be careful. Safety is important for both of us." Gabrielle lectured him. She thought Westley only cared if she was in the car. Did he not care about his own safety when he drove alone? ①

"You're right, Mrs. Morris. I'm sorry. I'll keep it in mind. I'll pay attention and drive safely." Westley immediately agreed.

"You're very important to me, Westley. I don't want anything bad to happen to you," Gabrielle said sincerely.

"I know, sweetheart. I'm so lucky to have you worry about me, though. But from now on, I'll listen to you." Westley had never cared so much about his own life before. But

when Gabrielle came, he had come to realize that he was afraid of death. He wanted to be with her for a long time.

Love was a double-edged sword. One's armored strength and one's weakness.



## Chapter 519 Felt Vaguely Uneasy

Ten minutes later, they arrived at the Caria Resort Hotel. The rain was getting so heavy that it was starting to make daylight look like nighttime. It appeared that it would rain all night.

Gabrielle felt that they were lucky to have a nearby hotel to check in. The weather was unfavorable, and it would be too dangerous for them to drive back.

"Let's go, Gabrielle." Westley opened the door and asked Gabrielle to get off the car. Then, he gave his car keys to the doorman.

After checking in, Westley took Gabrielle to their room.

The resort was inspired by the charm of Southeast Asian architecture and aesthetic. They had beautiful villas of different sizes.

Westley and Gabrielle were not able to get one of the small ones. They could only book a big, luxurious villa that included a housekeeper, a swimming pool, and a small yard. It was quite magnificent.

It was expensive, but for Westley, money was no object. All he cared about was a safe place for himself and Gabrielle to spend the night out of the pouring rain.

The big villa was not an issue. In fact, Westley could have rented the entire resort if he wanted to.

The housekeeper greeted them, gave them a quick tour of the villa, and then ushered them into the master bedroom on the third floor. The master bedroom had the best view. From there, they could see the whole resort and a vast forest.

The place was built near a mountain, and its best-known feature was its naturopathic projects. There were specialized recuperation areas like hot spring baths and a massage parlor.

All guests were welcome to enjoy the resort's well-equipped and fully staffed wellness centers for free, but Gabrielle did not care for them. She just wanted to stay the night and get some rest.

"Do you like it here, Gabrielle?" Westley asked. Standing in front of the French window of the master bedroom, Westley and Gabrielle looked at the sprawling resort and forest in front of them.

It was still raining pretty heavily, and it made the leaves on the trees ripple. During this season in Antawood, such rainstorms were a drag. They only became tolerable, even enjoyable, in the beginning of spring.

"This place is beautiful, and it makes me feel like we're enjoying spring ahead of

time." Gabrielle smiled.

Although the weather in Bangkok was like spring all year round, she grew up in Antawood, and she could better adapt to the weather in Antawood.

"It's spring here every day. I just didn't expect that it would rain so heavily today. I just checked the weather forecast. It's going to rain for two to three more days," Westley said, knitting his brows.

The weather surely messed up his plans, and that was the last thing he wanted.

Westley liked to be in control of everything, and he did not relish it when things went out of track. Fortunately, he was able to book a villa with a good environment, which was his biggest comfort at the moment.

"If it really rains in the next two or three days, we can spend those days here. Unless you don't want to of course." On the other hand, Gabrielle was more flexible and open-minded. When facing unexpected events, she preferred riding the tides instead of trying to control them.

'If you can't change the environment, then change your attitude toward it. That way, your circumstances will never have control over you.' It was a saying that helped her face tough situations.

Gabrielle had always done well in this respect. She adapted to whatever happened around her, so she was rarely shaken or panicked by anything.

"I don't mind. I like it here. If you want to stay, then we'll stay." Westley had no objection as long as Gabrielle was willing to stay.

The only thing that he worried about was their complete safety. The resort was not in the domain of the Campbell Family. No one on the Campbell Family's payroll was guarding the area. If something bad happened, any sort of help from the Campbell Family would never get to them in time.

The best they could do was to be extremely careful.

"What's wrong, Westley? Are you worried that we're not safe here or that we may run into some trouble?" Gabrielle could guess what Westley was worried about, so she asked him gently.

Westley was a little surprised. He curled his lips and held Gabrielle in his arms. "You know, it scares me how you can read me so easily sometimes. Yes, that's exactly what I'm worried about. We can only be one hundred percent safe with the help of the Campbell Family. This place isn't in their territory. If we encounter any problems, I'm afraid I won't be able to protect you, and if you get hurt, I won't ever be able to forgive myself."

Westley had always lived in the future. He had always been three to five steps ahead of anyone. He never only considered what was in front of him.

"We'll be fine, Westley. As far as everyone in this resort is concerned, you and I are just ordinary tourists here. We have no direct connection to the Campbell Family, and their enemies won't target us. We'd be in more danger if we had taken the Campbell Family's men with us," Gabrielle reasoned, trying to comfort Westley and calm him down.

Gabrielle had thought about what Westley was worried about, especially after what happened in the forest. They had completely stirred up conflict between Bain and the Campbell Family.

It was hard to say whether or not they would be implicated, but if they would, she would understand.

Even if there had been a feud between the Campbell Family and Bain from the very beginning, the accident still started because of them.

Anyway, however the situation changed, they would come up with countermeasures to deal with it.

"I'm not worried about the Campbell Family. I'm worried about other things, and the rain isn't helping my anxiety. I really hope it's just that I'm thinking too much." Westley's expression wandered between dejected and afraid.

Gabrielle reached out and rubbed his eyebrows, trying to smooth them. "Well, you are definitely thinking too much. We'll be fine. Just relax and take this as our little vacation, okay?"

You are Westley Morris, and your elder brother and sister-in-law are the heads of the Campbell Family. What do you have to be afraid of?" Gabrielle held his hand and squeezed it.

The light and airy atmosphere was replaced by a dark and heavy one because of Westley's mood and words.

"Did I just dampen your spirits?" Westley squeezed back her hand and looked at her uneasily.

"No, but I'm thinking about getting a scrumptious dinner with you. I'm sure they serve delicious food here at this lovely hotel. What do you say? We had a long trip, and I'm starving." Gabrielle did not want to burden Westley with more worries, so she decided to change the subject.

It was almost time for dinner. Westley called the housekeeper and asked him to prepare their meal.

"What do you want to eat, Gabrielle?" Westley asked while looking through the menu.

The selection was quite extensive. There was western food, Chinese food, authentic Thai food, seafood combo, vegetarian combo, and other kinds of combos on the set



menus.

Basically, they could order any dishes they could think of here.

"Let's have authentic Thai food." After going through the menu, Gabrielle decided to have some Thai food for dinner.

She thought that she had to eat some authentic local dishes in Thailand just as she would try the cuisine of other countries locally.

"Okay. Thai food it is." Westley asked the housekeeper to replace all the seafood ingredients with meat. 2

## Chapter 520 The Cutest Gluttonous Idiot

After placing their dinner orders, Gabrielle and Westley went back to their room to take a bath. Inside the big, spacious bathroom was a shower area with walls of frosted glass, twin sinks, and a bathtub huge enough to accommodate two people. The bathtub was sitting beside a large window that allowed a view of the beautiful outside scenery but not of the bathroom from the outside. Gabrielle and Westley soaked in the tub as they enjoyed their terrific view.

For the first time since they arrived at the resort, they were able to breathe easily. They enjoyed the peace and comfort of each other's company as the warm, soapy water of their bath washed their worries away.

"Can you believe that view? It's so beautiful. It's like we're in a dream," Gabrielle commented, looking out the window.

Outside, there were no tall trees or buildings. It was just a carpet of forest that stretched for miles shrouded with rain and mist under a dark, starless sky. It was its own kind of divine.

"Yes, it is beautiful." Sitting in the bathtub beside Gabrielle, Westley followed her gaze.

The stunning view outside began to melt away his woes.

Of course Gabrielle's company had also contributed significantly. After all, Gabrielle had always been his calm in the storm.

"Let's just rest and take our stay here as our holiday, okay? Don't be so nervous now, Westley. Nothing will happen to us." Gabrielle leaned over and kissed him.

"Okay. Didn't you say you were starving? Let's finish up so that we can go eat." Westley heard some noise downstairs, so he guessed that the housekeeper was already done preparing their dinner.

"Well, I do smell something delicious." Gabrielle took a deep breath through her nose.

"We're three floors up from the dining area. How could you smell the food?" Westley teased, pinching her nose.

"Are you trying to say that I have the same keen sense of smell as Blackboo's?" Gabrielle shook off his hand and narrowed her eyes at him.

"No. I'm saying your sense of smell is keener than Blackboo's." Before Gabrielle could slap him on the shoulder, Westley gave her a peck on the lips, got up, and grabbed some towels. He tossed one to her and then patted himself dry with another one.

Then, they put on bathrobes and went downstairs. The housekeeper had already set

the table, and the food looked amazing.

"Mr. and Mrs. Morris, dinner is ready. Enjoy," the housekeeper said warmly when he saw Gabrielle and Westley coming.

Westley pulled out a chair for Gabrielle. "Thank you, Mr. Morris."

"This is everything you ordered. If you need anything else, just call me. I'm leaving now. You two enjoy your meal."

After that, the housekeeper turned on his heel and left.

"Have some soup first." Westley filled a bowl of tom yum soup for Gabrielle.

Gabrielle took a sip. The taste was a perfect balance of sweet and sour, and it was really good.

"Wow, this is some authentic Thai soup. You should try it," Gabrielle said excitedly.

Although she had eaten Thai food before, she had never had such a delicious bowl of tom yum. She was so thrilled that she could not wait for Westley to try.

Westley took a sip of the soup and found that Gabrielle was right. It really was good. No wonder Gabrielle was so satisfied.

"It's amazing, isn't it? Is it better than the one we had before?" Gabrielle looked at Westley with joy in her eyes.

It had to be said that the soup was really good, and it was indeed better than what they had had before.

"Yes, it's better than what we had before. Like your sense of smell, your sense of taste is also keen," Westley replied.

"Oh, thank you. It's not a big deal, though. I'm just voicing out what I think," Gabrielle said modestly.

"Well, what you think is true. In fact, I think this food is better than any Thai food we've had so far. Eat some more. You've lost a lot of weight since you were injured." Westley served her a lot of food.

Gabrielle had a hearty appetite, so she really ate a lot until she felt bloated.

"Westley, I think I've eaten way too much." Gabrielle stood up and rubbed her belly, which was now big and round.

She could not believe that she had eaten way more than she usually did. Now she felt like she was a few months pregnant because of her distended belly. She felt awful and a little ashamed.

"Are you okay? Are you feeling uncomfortable?" Westley asked and flashed her a worried look. He was happy to see her eat with so much gusto. Like he said, she had



some weight to gain back. As much as he was delighted to see her be her normal self again when it came to food, he did not expect that she would eat too much.

"Well, I feel a little uncomfortable, but it's nothing to worry about. I'll feel better after I walk it off." Gabrielle was feeling very pleased with herself. She ate too much but came up with an idea to help her body digest and that was to walk around. She did not think that there was another person in the world who would think of such a solution.

"I'll walk with you. Watch your pace. Don't walk too fast, or it will make you more uncomfortable. I'll also ask the housekeeper to bring you some digestion pills." Westley went to dial the internal line and asked the housekeeper to bring some digestion pills for Gabrielle.

The housekeeper would need to come and clean up the table anyway. Upon hearing Westley's request, he immediately came with the pills.

"How is Mrs. Morris? Do you need me to call a doctor?" the housekeeper asked, looking at Gabrielle.

The housekeeper spoke fluent English, so Gabrielle could understand him. She shook her head and assured the housekeeper that she did not need to see a doctor.

"No, thank you. I just need to take some digestion pills and take a walk. Your food was so delicious that I ate too much. I was bloated before I knew it," Gabrielle replied sheepishly.

If a doctor came to the villa to attend to her because she ate too much, then the rumors would spread. That would be too humiliating. She did not want news of her overeating to come out.

Even though she was not home, she still had to save face.

"Are you really okay, Mrs. Morris?" The housekeeper was still worried.

After all, Gabrielle and Westley were very distinguished guests. As the one in charge of serving them, he should always make sure that they were well taken care of.

"Yes, I am. Thank you for bringing me the digestion pills. I'll go upstairs now and take them." Gabrielle rose from her seat, took the bottle of pills, and climbed the stairs to the master bedroom. She hoped that going up the stairs would aid her digestion.

"Very well. If you don't feel better in half an hour after taking the pills, please call me, and I'll send a doctor to you," the housekeeper said seriously.

"Okay."

"Also, if you two want to do any physical therapy, you can tell me. I'll make an appointment with the masseuse for you. We offer a variety of wellness services

outlined in the villa guidebook. Feel free to check them out," the housekeeper added with sincerity.

"Okay. We'll go back to our room now." After that, Westley left the table and hurried to Gabrielle's side. They returned to their room together.

"Oh, Westley, I feel so embarrassed. I can't believe I just made myself look like a total glutton in a foreign land. Do you think the housekeeper sees me as such? I don't think I can look him in the eye ever again." Gabrielle could not help feeling so ashamed.

"I think the housekeeper was more worried about your well-being than your eating habits. He takes his job seriously, which is an excellent quality in a hotel employee. You have nothing to be embarrassed about. You ate too much because the food was great, that's it. I'm sure they're glad that you enjoyed yourself. Besides, even if they think that you're a gluttonous idiot, you're still the cutest gluttonous idiot to me." Westley held her hand and helped her go upstairs.

So, was he praising her or mocking her?