

His kiss 1261

Chapter 1261

Gabriela had already given instructions in advance that Aubrey should be brought straight in whenever she arrived.

Knowing she was Gabriela's friend, the staff member led her to the lounge area and served her a fine cup of tea.

"Miss Zhao, please wait here a moment. Miss Gabriela is wrapping up some final details with our boss. It should take around forty to fifty minutes."

Aubrey thanked her.

She'd never been one to sit still for long. After two cups of tea, she got up and wandered around instead.

The staff had mentioned earlier she was free to explore the store.

Aubrey admired the various outfits on display throughout the boutique. The designs were understated, but it was obvious at a glance just how expensive they were.

She'd been familiar with SK Elite Boutique for a while, though only through glimpses in magazines and the occasional fashion article.

She'd never imagined she'd one day be strolling casually through this exclusive high-fashion space herself.

Before long, she found herself near the studio area.

Gabriela and Leo sat together, deep in discussion.

They were seated close, and Leo's gaze stayed fixed intently on Gabriela the whole time.

Suddenly, an odd thought crossed Aubrey's mind.

Gabriela and this fashion mogul actually seemed like a fitting match.

Beyond that, thanks to her husband Solomon's influence, Aubrey had developed a real weakness for people with warm, refined temperaments.

She caught herself, absurdly, comparing Leo to Mr. Moss...

But the thought passed as quickly as it came. She shook it off at once.

If Mr. Moss ever found out she'd entertained a thought like that, even for a second, she'd probably face some dire consequences.

Gabriela was too absorbed in her work to notice Aubrey had been standing outside for a while already.

Finally, once the last details were wrapped up, she stood to stretch.

She spotted Aubrey instantly.

"Leo, my friend's probably been waiting a while. I should head out now," Gabriela said quickly.

Leo smiled. "Thank you for all your hard work today."

Gabriela picked up her bag nearby and smiled back. "If anything else comes up, just call."

Leo walked her out and watched as she and Aubrey climbed into the car together. His gaze dropped, and he swallowed back a flicker of disappointment.

He'd been planning to use the project's completion as an excuse to invite her to dinner.

Oblivious to any of this, Gabriela started the car and asked, "You look upset. What's wrong?"

Aubrey nodded glumly. "A little."

Gabriela probed carefully. "Did the plan to test Solomon last night... fall flat?"

Or did you find out he really can't?

"No, it's not that," Aubrey mumbled dejectedly. "Gabriela, I followed everyone's advice from last night, and Solomon finally stopped sleeping in the study."

Gabriela let out a relieved breath on her behalf. "Then why the long face?"

Aubrey stayed quiet for a long moment before finally repeating what Solomon had told her.

Chapter 1262

The more she talked, the more frustrated she got. "Men, they always expect women to stay pure, but how many women have they been with before marriage, and they call it 'experience'?"

Gabriela was genuinely surprised.

Dr. Su had always seemed so gentle and reserved. She never would have guessed he could be this rigid when it came to matters between men and women.

She let Aubrey vent while keeping her attention on the road, occasionally chiming in.

“Hmph, your Dr. Su really shouldn’t have done that.”

“Acting that way, he doesn’t even deserve our Aubrey.”

Aubrey: ...

Why did this feel like being consoled the way you’d soothe a child? And Gabby was even younger than her.

Gabriela pulled up outside a bakery called Lotus Pastry Shop, ordered a few pastries, and got Aubrey a milk tea. “Eat your snacks and let it all out,” she said.

By the time they’d finished making their way through the treats, half of Aubrey’s frustration had already dissolved.

Her personality was actually a lot like Gabriela's, in that regard. Even in tough moments, she never let herself wallow in a bad mood for long.

Once she'd finished the fragrant pastries and sipped down the milk tea, she was mostly back to herself.

Still, a lingering thread of fear and frustration remained.

In her heart, Dr. Su had always been this perfect, untouchable figure. If he'd ever treated her coldly, she'd have blamed herself before ever suspecting he might be in the wrong.

But today, after his confession, her feelings had shifted from anger into a slower, dawning realization of just how unsettling his mindset really was.

If, if she'd actually slept with Kevin, even if Dr. Su never said a word about it outright, he would surely have carried that resentment somewhere inside him.

Just imagining that possibility made it hard for her to breathe.

No one would ever know this, but in the moment of his confession, she'd felt an overwhelming rush of gratitude toward her mother, of all people. Grateful for every single time her mother had insisted she not move in with Kevin before marriage.

It was almost ridiculous.

“So what are you going to do?” Gabriela asked. “Give him the silent treatment?”

They were already married, after all. What was done was done. It wasn’t as though she could divorce him over something like this.

“I don’t know either,” Aubrey admitted, her frustration reaching a peak.

She almost wished he’d never told her at all, that he’d kept it buried forever. She’d rather live in blissful ignorance than face this kind of brutal honesty.

“If you’re not looking to divorce him, then you’re going to have to find a way to understand where he’s coming from,” Gabriela said. “Conflicts like this are bound to happen in any relationship, once you get down to differing beliefs.”

Falling in love was easy. Sometimes all it took was a glance, or a rush of hormones, to spark something.

Staying together, though? That was the real test.

“Honestly, you should be grateful he came out and told you the truth right away, laid all his cards on the table instead of hiding it. The rest of your marriage is really just about slowly working through and forgiving each other.”

“If he’d chosen to hide it from you instead, sure, things might have felt sweeter and simpler at first. But secrets like that don’t stay buried forever. And by the time you found out on your own, it would’ve been so much harder to deal with.”

Aubrey listened quietly, lost in thought.

Gabriela had said her piece and didn’t push it further.

Once the pastries were gone, the two of them went shopping.

Aubrey bought herself a new outfit, and when they passed through the men’s section, she couldn’t resist picking up a white dress shirt as well.

Dr. Su carried himself with such calm, dignified grace. He always looked his best in a crisp white shirt.

Watching Aubrey carefully feel through the fabric options, Gabriela couldn’t help but laugh.

It seemed Aubrey was simply destined to be wrapped entirely around Dr. Su's finger.

Thankfully, aside from his rigid views on purity, the man didn't seem to have any other major flaws.

By the time they finished shopping, the sky outside had gone completely dark.

Gabriela drove Aubrey home.

It suddenly hit Aubrey just how much she'd imposed, and a flicker of embarrassment crept in.

"Gabriela, thank you for today. And for the ride home too."

Gabby was a genuine CEO, and yet she'd spent half the day playing chauffeur and shopping companion just to help her work through some petty emotional mess.

As a mere sales rep, Aubrey couldn't help but feel like she'd wasted her friend's time.

"It's nothing," Gabriela said with a smile, patting her on the head. "You welcomed me with open arms back when I had nothing and no one."

Aubrey thought back to when they'd first become friends, a wave of nostalgia washing over her.

So many years had slipped by without her noticing.

When she got home, she found Dr. Su sitting on the living room sofa, reading.

She paused a moment, pretending not to notice him, and headed straight for the stairs.

"Home already?" he asked, closing his book and standing.

Aubrey turned to look at him.

He was tall, with a long neck, broad shoulders, and legs that seemed to go on forever.

His features carried a quiet strength and traditional elegance, and though understated, his lips were undeniably attractive.

He was the very definition of a slow-burn kind of handsome, the kind that only grew more striking the longer you looked.

The more Aubrey stared, the more handsome he seemed.

And then, out of nowhere, she did something bold.

She let out a cold “hmpf” in his direction.

Sure, he was handsome. But his rigid ideas about purity felt hopelessly old-fashioned, completely out of step with the times.

Before she could finish her little display, though, her mother-in-law emerged from the kitchen, spatula in hand.

The “hmpf” caught in Aubrey’s throat, and she nearly choked on it.

“Oh, Aubrey, you’re back!” her mother-in-law said warmly. “Go wash up. Dinner’s almost ready.”

Chapter 1264

Aubrey’s cold front crumbled instantly. On reflex, she flashed her mother-in-law a sweet smile.

“Mom, what brings you here today?”

Her mother-in-law was the very picture of warmth and maternal wisdom. No matter how furious she was at Dr. Su, there was simply no way she could show any attitude toward his mother.

“Dr. Su noticed you’ve been working so hard lately and wanted to do something for you, something nourishing. But since his cooking isn’t great, I figured I’d step in,” she explained gently.

Hearing that, Aubrey felt a wave of warmth settle over her. “Thank you, Mom. You shouldn’t have gone to all this trouble.”

Even as she said it, though, a thought crossed her mind. Dr. Su was so sneaky.

He’d known perfectly well she was furious with him today, and had deliberately called his mother over to defuse the situation. How devious of him.

“You two sit and relax. His father should be here soon too,” her mother-in-law said, before heading back into the kitchen.

Unable to storm off now, Aubrey settled onto the other end of the sofa instead.

Dr. Su glanced at the shopping bags in her hands. “Went out with a friend today?” he asked.

Aubrey straightened up, feigning indifference. "What's it to you? Are you going to start keeping tabs on who I shop with now, Dr. Su?"

He caught the jab easily enough.

He let out a soft sigh, then smiled. "Please don't be upset. I promise I'll explain everything, when the time's right."

Explain?

What was there left to explain?

However he tried to spin it, it would still just sound like an excuse.

Aubrey glanced toward the kitchen, let out a low, deliberate "hmpf," and refused to engage further.

Before long, Dr. Su's father arrived, and the smell of home cooking filled the house.

The family gathered around the dinner table, sharing laughter and stories over the meal.

Aubrey loved this kind of atmosphere. She never could have dreamed she'd end up marrying into a family this warm.

And just like that, half her anger toward Dr. Su melted away without her even noticing.

When he reached over to serve her food and gently told her to eat more, the rest of her resentment vanished completely.

After dinner, Aubrey brought out the new shirt she'd bought earlier and handed it to him.

"I saw this while I was out and thought it'd suit you. Try it on, see if it fits."

A smile tugged at the corner of Dr. Su's lips.

Even furious as she'd been, his little wife had still thought of him, still bought him a gift.

How had he gotten so lucky, finding a treasure like her?

He took the shirt and went to try it on.

Seizing the moment, his mother settled onto the sofa beside Aubrey and took her hand.

“Aubrey, I noticed the two of you seemed a little off with each other today. Did he give you a hard time?” she asked gently.

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Aubrey hadn't expected Mrs. Su to be quite this attentive, and it left her momentarily at a loss for words.

“No, not at all,” she said.

Mrs. Su patted the back of Aubrey's hand and let out a sigh. “Zhuo Ming's already at this age and still hadn't married before you. Do you know why?”

Aubrey had a vague guess, but asked anyway, “Why?”

“Zhuo Ming had two girlfriends back in college, but neither relationship lasted more than six months. After he started working, he dated someone else for over half a year. They seemed genuinely in love, and I really thought that one would last. But in the end, they broke up too.”

Aubrey listened closely.

“To me, every one of those girls was lovely. But I think they found Zhuo Ming’s mindset too old-fashioned, and in the end, it just didn’t work between them.”

Mrs. Su sighed again, a note of helplessness in her voice. “My Zhuo Ming is more traditional than even people my own age. No one’s ever managed to change his mind about it.”

“I really did think he’d end up alone forever. Thank goodness he finally brought you into our family.”

Though Mrs. Su never spelled it out directly, understanding suddenly dawned on Aubrey. She felt the pieces click together on their own.

Once she’d finished recounting the past, Mrs. Su looked at Aubrey with a soft, gentle gaze.

“Aubrey, Zhuo Ming may hold onto some old-fashioned ideas at times, but underneath it, he’s a reasonable, gentle man. If he ever does something wrong, don’t be afraid to tell him so directly.”

Finally, with a note of pleading in her voice, she added, “Aubrey, please take good care of him for me, won’t you?”

Aubrey nodded. “I will.”

Once their conversation ended, Zhuo Ming emerged from the bedroom, now fully dressed.

The white shirt fit him perfectly, the crisp fabric setting off his warm, refined bearing.

Aubrey found herself momentarily dazed at the sight.

Yet another day utterly smitten with her own handsome husband.

Zhuo Ming smiled at her, his voice gentle. "It's very comfortable. I really like it. Thank you."

Mrs. Su beamed at the harmony between them and pulled her husband along, leaving the young couple alone for the evening.

That night, after her shower, Aubrey lay in bed tossing and turning like a restless cat. Mrs. Su's words kept replaying in her mind.

Zhuo Ming, fresh from his own shower, noticed her fidgeting and reached out, pulling her gently from under the blanket.

"What's on your mind?"

Aubrey sat up quickly, facing him head-on. “Dr. Su, your mom mentioned those old girlfriends of yours. Why did you break things off with them? Was it for the same reason?”

Zhuo Ming understood exactly what she meant, and answered with a low, “Mm.”

He’d always firmly believed premarital intimacy was a kind of irresponsibility. Because of that conviction, the most he’d ever allowed himself with previous girlfriends was hand-holding, hugging, the occasional kiss.

But he’d always stopped short of that final line.

Chapter 1266

Aubrey was stunned by the confession. “So, Dr. Su... you’re still a...?”

A virgin?

Zhuo Ming nodded, a little helplessly. “You’ve caught me.”

Aubrey was utterly floored. In this day and age, she never imagined a man this innocent still existed.

Her curiosity got the better of her. “When you broke up, what did they say to you?”

“What kind of wife interrogates her husband about his exes like this?”

Zhuo Ming flicked her forehead lightly, seemingly at a loss for how else to respond.

But after a beat, he admitted reluctantly, “They thought I was too different from them. There was a lot of resentment when things ended.”

Hearing that, a wave of tenderness swept over Aubrey.

She threw herself into his arms and murmured, “You’re amazing. If they couldn’t appreciate that, that’s on them, not you.”

Thank goodness those exes had let him go. Otherwise, how would she ever have found a gem of a man like this?

Zhuo Ming’s eyes lit with quiet joy. “So you’re not upset with me anymore?”

“Not upset.” Aubrey looked up at him from within his arms, pride radiating from every word. “I promise I won’t get worked up over silly things like this again.”

Zhuo Ming pressed a gentle kiss to her forehead. “Does it still hurt? Tonight... would that be all right?”

Though he was well past the age of youthful impulsiveness, he was still very much a man eager to explore this new chapter of their life together.

Aubrey blushed at the low, husky note in his voice. “Just... be gentle.”

Thrilled by her consent, Zhuo Ming kissed the corner of her lips, then leaned in, pressing her gently back onto the bed.

By now, they understood each other on a much deeper level. Their connection resonated in a way that made the intimacy between them feel thrilling, unlike anything either had experienced before.

That night, Aubrey finally understood exactly what Tessa had meant about the intensity of it all.

It wasn’t an exaggeration. It hurt.

But being a doctor, Zhuo Ming took careful care of her afterward, applying ointment to help her recover quickly.

Unpleasant as the process was, there was no mistaking how thoughtful he’d been through it.

The next day, Aubrey couldn't wait to see Gabriela.

After what she'd said about Zhuo Ming in front of her friends the day before, she felt an urgent need to set the record straight.

Gabriela was home that day, spending time with her son.

The moment she caught sight of Aubrey's radiant, unmistakably post-bliss glow, she couldn't help but laugh.

Just yesterday, Aubrey had looked like the world was ending.

And today? Apparently everything had sorted itself out.

With her experience, Gabriela could tell just from the slight stiffness in Aubrey's walk exactly how intense last night must have been.

Gabriela took Truett out to the garden to play, handing him off to Farley for the swings.

Then she pulled Aubrey into the pavilion for tea and conversation.

“Not mad at Dr. Su anymore, then?”

Chapter 1267

“Not mad at all.” Aubrey’s face was practically glowing with pride as she recounted Zhuo Ming’s past relationships and explained his principles.

“Honestly, my Dr. Su really is one of a kind.”

Aubrey despised the kind of hypocrites who demanded purity from their partners while never holding themselves to the same standard.

But Zhuo Ming, stubbornly old-fashioned as he was, held himself to the very same standard he expected of her, while still being remarkably understanding toward her past.

Even when they’d first gotten their marriage license, he’d assumed she’d already lived with Kevin before him. And yet he’d never once said anything hurtful or judgmental about it.

After the wedding, he’d chosen to sleep in the study, not out of disdain or neglect, but simply because he hadn’t been emotionally ready yet.

And most importantly, once they'd finally been intimate, there hadn't been a trace of disgust in him. If anything, he'd been utterly delighted to discover her innocence.

"It just goes to show, Dr. Su actually practices what he preaches."

By now, Aubrey's tone whenever she talked about him had shifted entirely. Every sentence started and ended with "my Dr. Su."

"There are people out there who judge everyone else by saintly standards while living like scoundrels themselves. My Dr. Su is the exact opposite of that."

Gabriela was genuinely surprised by the whole story.

If Zhuo Ming had never dated anyone at all, his commitment to staying a virgin might not have seemed so remarkable.

But the fact that he'd dated three different women and still held firm to his principles, in a world as permissive as this one, made him something of a rarity.

Like some rare gem, practically extinct in the modern world.

She patted Aubrey's shoulder and, doing her best impression of Alissa's tone, teased, "You really hit the jackpot marrying that man."

Aubrey's pride was unmistakable, practically radiating off her.

"Well, I'm not so bad myself, you know. Dr. Su didn't exactly lose out marrying me either."

Gabriela laughed. "True enough. You two really are a perfect match."

"What's got the two of you so cheerful?"

A deep, warm voice cut into their conversation.

They both turned to see Wesley approaching with a smile.

He came to a stop in front of Gabriela and asked, "What fairy tale were you two telling each other?"

"About Dr. Su..."

Gabriela had only just started speaking when Aubrey's face flushed bright red.

As close as she was to Gabriela, none of this felt embarrassing between the two of them. But Wesley, a man, and her former boss no less, was right there. She was terrified Gabriela might let something slip in front of him.

Aubrey tugged urgently at Gabriela's sleeve, her expression pleading.

Gabriela laughed and smoothly changed course. "Dr. Su's gentle, handsome, and incredibly skilled at what he does. Honestly, he's like the perfect romantic hero straight out of a storybook."

Aubrey let out a relieved breath, nodding silently in agreement.

Her Dr. Su really was a storybook hero.

Wesley let out a soft laugh and settled into the seat beside Gabriela.

Chapter 1268

She poured him a cup of tea without needing to be asked.

Having quietly accomplished her mission of defending her husband's honor, Aubrey noticed Mr. Moss's arrival and, not wanting to intrude, quickly found an excuse to slip away.

Gabriela offered to have the driver take her home, but Aubrey waved it off, saying it was easy enough to catch a cab right outside Rosemont Gardens.

Once Aubrey had gone, Wesley took a sip of his tea and teased, "Since when did you learn to make tea this well?"

Gabriela smiled. "Mr. Guzman taught me the art of preparing and serving it properly. Even impressed the household."

Ever since Gabriela's apprenticeship had wrapped up, Mrs. Presley had grown considerably more relaxed. She no longer designed or embroidered much, spending her days instead arranging flowers, blending teas, and simply enjoying the quieter pleasures of life.

As Mrs. Presley liked to put it, "Ever since I took Gabby under my wing, my whole life's gotten so much brighter."

Whenever Gabriela had free time, she'd sometimes join her mentor in preparing tea.

Quick to learn and naturally gifted, she'd picked up even the most intricate pouring techniques after only a handful of tries.

Impressed, Mrs. Presley had taken to insisting Gabriela handle the tea whenever she visited the estate.

Just last month, when a distinguished guest had come to visit, Gabriela had brewed a fruit-infused tea that delighted her thoroughly. For a while after that, Gabriela found herself at the estate nearly every day, preparing tea just for that guest.

Wesley seemed lost in thought for a moment. "Was Leo there too?"

Gabriela caught his meaning at once and laughed. "Whenever that particular guest visits, Leo's almost always there."

The guest, after all, shared a closer bond with Leo than with Mrs. Presley.

"And yet you two are just business partners. Do you really need to be brewing his tea too?"

Catching the faint edge of displeasure in his voice, Gabriela scooted closer and wrapped her arms around him.

"Leo just happens to benefit from my mentor and her guest being close. But this tea right here, this one's made especially for you."

Her words and closeness quickly smoothed away his flicker of jealousy. His eyes softened, and a smile crept across his face.

She was right, Gabriela was his now. No one could take that away.

His usual playful jealousy spent, Wesley turned to asking about her recent days.

“How’s the Eventide Forest project coming along?”

Since returning to the country, he’d been fully consumed by the development. Over half a year had passed already since he’d first taken it on.

Just a few days earlier, a worker had fallen from height and badly injured his back. The hospital had managed to save his life, but he’d been left paralyzed and bedridden.

His family had made several scenes at the construction site since, drawing considerable public attention and stirring up controversy online.

Worried his team might mishandle the fallout, Wesley had stepped in personally.

Chapter 1269

He’d arranged substantial compensation, secured the worker a room at the best hospital available, and eventually managed to calm both the worker and his family.

“Until he’s discharged, I’ll need to keep checking in regularly.”

It was only because Wesley himself, as the company's top executive, had gotten personally involved that the family felt reassured enough not to escalate things further.

"Be careful," Gabriela said softly.

Although the accident had technically been caused by the worker failing to secure his own safety harness, Moss Group had still taken on full responsibility for the compensation.

Even so, Gabriela worried about the possibility of some overwrought family member doing something reckless.

"Don't worry."

As they talked, Truett came running over.

"Daddy, you're back!"

The little boy sprinted with surprising speed, his short legs propelling him forward like a small rocket, straight into his father's arms.

Wesley scooped him up effortlessly, settling him onto his lap.

It was a hot day, and Truett was drenched in sweat from playing outside, his hair plastered to his forehead, the small towel on his back soaked through.

Gabriela fetched a fresh towel and carefully wiped him down.

Still overheated, Truett asked for something to drink.

Wesley poured him a cup of fruit tea and flicked his forehead playfully.

“Why can’t you sit still, even in this heat?”

“That mischievous streak definitely doesn’t come from me,” Gabriela teased, glancing over at Wesley.
“Were you this restless as a kid?”

It was hard to picture a young Wesley as anything but perfectly composed.

Wesley paused mid-pour, a faint smile tugging at his lips. “Boys are supposed to be a little rowdy.”

Just then, Farley approached.

Truett slid down off his father's lap at once and handed the fruit tea over to him.

"Mr. Farley, come have some!" the boy chirped.

"Thank you, Truett," Farley said warmly, accepting the cup and drinking it down in one go.

Truett tugged at his hand. "Mr. Farley, let's go inside. It's too hot to play today."

The boy's earnest concern for him brought a smile to Gabriela's face. "Our Truett's really growing up. Starting to look after Mr. Farley now too."

"Of course! I'm already a big man!" Truett declared, puffing out his chest. He grabbed Farley's hand again and tugged him toward the house.

Once inside, Truett noticed Farley's eyes had gone red.

Worried, he asked, "Mr. Farley, why are you crying? Is it the heat? I'll turn the AC up really cold for you!"

Farley quickly wiped his eyes and crouched down to the boy's level. "Mr. Farley isn't crying. Just something in my eye, that's all."

Truett patted him on the back, his little voice full of gravity. "Mr. Farley, you need to be happy."

"I saw on TV that if you're happy every single day, you'll live to be a hundred!"

"When I grow up, I'll buy you a big house and a big car," he went on, his gaze drifting down to Farley's legs.

Chapter 1270

With all the earnestness a child could muster, he added, "And I'll become a great doctor and fix your legs, so you can run as fast as me!"

Farley's eyes welled up again as he looked down at the round, sweet little face in front of him. "As long as I see you healthy and happy, Truett, that's more than enough for me."

"Then I'll be sure to eat well and sleep well!"

From the doorway, Gabriela and Wesley watched the scene unfold, quietly touched.

Moved, Wesley reached over and took her hand.

“Gabriela, you’ve raised him so well,” he said, his voice full of admiration.

Truett was bright, polite, and thoughtful, the kind of child anyone would be proud to call their own.

Wesley knew that through all the years he hadn’t even known Truett existed, Gabriela had raised him entirely on her own.

And even after he’d found out he had a son, he’d left again for treatment abroad, leaving her to carry the weight alone once more.

Gabriela smiled gently. “You’ve had a part in it too.”

She wasn’t one to dwell on old grievances. What was done was done, and there was little point revisiting old wounds.

Life was hard enough as it was. Reliving the difficult parts over and over would only make moving forward that much harder.

Understanding what she meant, Wesley smiled back and let the moment be, without adding anything overly sentimental.

That day, Wesley allowed himself a rare day off, spending the whole of it at home with Gabriela.

They watched movies, cooked together, and let the day pass in quiet, easy contentment.

Later that evening, Farley returned to his room.

He opened a drawer and pulled out a medical report.

The words advanced liver cancer stared back at him.

His heart ached at the sight of them.

Gabriela treated him like her own father, and Truett, with his sweet “Mr. Farley,” adored him even more, it sometimes seemed, than his own grandfather would have.

If it were possible, Farley wished he could live to a hundred, just to watch Truett grow up, go off to college, get married someday...

Gabriela had no idea Farley was ill. At that moment, she was in the bedroom, talking with Wesley about Lauren.

Rebecca had been unusually quiet lately, which meant Lauren hadn't made any bold moves either.

Randall, sent back as he was, had become little more than a useless pawn, but handing him over to the police now would only tip off the enemy.

As for Alanna's attending physician from back then, even after his retirement, Wesley had managed to track him down and question him in detail about her condition.

"According to Dr. Tian, your mother had always been in good health, careful about her diet. It was genuinely shocking when she was diagnosed with esophageal cancer. She underwent active treatment starting from the mid-stage of the illness, but the results were poor."

Gabriela's mind drifted back to her childhood.