

Chapter 768 I Can Do Anything For Her

Even though Gabrielle sounded apologetic, there was no trace of it on her face. She looked uninterested.

Obviously, she just pretended to apologize to her.

Abigail raised her arms holding the shovel with both her hands and threw it down forcefully on the snowy ground. "Take a good look, Gabrielle! I'll smash it to bits later."

Her words and reaction didn't surprise Gabrielle anymore. For Abigail, it was already shameful enough to make a snowman for her. She didn't want to acknowledge it, so she wanted to get rid of it as soon as possible.

Gabrielle quickly snapped two photographs and smiled at Abigail. "Miss Schmidt, I can see how big the difference is between your snowman and mine. You're the best at building snowmen. Since I already took photos of it, you can do what you want. It's a shame we'll be leaving soon... I won't be able to see it in the future, but it is such an honor to have you make me one."

Gabrielle's boastful tone freaked her out.

Abigail had intended to destroy the snowman to relieve her anger, but she no longer felt compelled to do so. Gabrielle had driven her insane to the point of murder.

"Are you satisfied now?!" Abigail yelled angrily.

Gabrielle could clearly hear Abigail's roar because the distance between the snowman and the corridor was only less than ten meters.

It was bothersome to face such an angry woman, but Gabrielle wasn't intimidated. Westley was there and she already achieved her goal. She could leave anytime.

If Abigail wanted to stay mad, then so be it. She had nothing to do with it anymore.

"Miss Schmidt, it doesn't matter how resentful you are. This is the nicest gift I've received in Snowland, and I appreciate that you poured your heart into it. I will save these photos for the rest of my life and I will remember your kindness forever." Gabrielle felt wonderful realizing that someone like Abigail hated her but absolutely could not do anything to harm her in any way.

Even if Abigail wanted to smash her like a snowball, she didn't have the guts to do that.

"Don't be so smug, Gabrielle!" Abigail swung the shovel up and hit the snowman in the head. Its round head rolled to the ground and shattered into fragments almost instantly.

"See that? This snowman wasn't made for you. I built it up so I could smash it myself. Got a problem with that? Go tell my father, then!" Abigail threw down the shovel and turned to leave.

Her footprints were left deep in the snow. She stomped her feet heavily. It was obvious she was so enraged by this.

"Hmm. Did I go too far this time, Westley?" Gabrielle looked at Westley, but there was no trace of guilt in her eyes.

Her husband was aware that she did everything on purpose. Westley didn't need to worry too much. He reached out and rubbed her head. "Not at all, don't worry. Abigail's just childish." ●

"It's such a shame to build something only to tear it down after mere seconds." Gabrielle gazed at the busted lumps of snow.

"Let's go inside. It's so chilly here."

"Yeah." Westley gave her a rub on the back and took her to their room.

It felt cozier inside because the heater was on. Since she was from the south and wasn't used to such weather, she was prone to get sick under this cold weather.

"I like this room a lot." As soon as Gabrielle stepped inside, she removed her thick jacket and pressed her feet onto the carpet.

"It's no surprise that northerners enjoy staying here in the winter. They could wear short sleeves and sit in the room to see the snow. The sight is breathtaking." Gabrielle tiptoed towards the window, sat on the sofa, and peeked outside.

"I told you we could buy a house here and I'd gladly take you to see the snow every winter." Westley smiled and sat down next to her. They looked outside the window, awed at the scene.

Snow began to fall heavily again like blessings from the sky.

"I understand, Westley. But I think it's more beautiful to see it once in a blue moon. Otherwise, it will lose its spark. Look at the people in the Schmidt family. They're used to the snow. It's not as meaningful to them as it is to me." Gabrielle shook her head in opposition.

She believed that if they bought a house here and visited every year, she would get used to the view and the snow, and that would make her lose interest in something so beautiful.

It would spoil her enthusiasm for the season.

"Alright, if you say so. Maybe we can buy a house someday when you change your mind." Westley kissed her hair gently.

"Look, Miss Schmidt is far better at building snowmen than I am, but it's a shame it was destroyed in this way. The snowman's body feels creepy to look at when left alone." Gabrielle pursed her lips.

"Don't look at it anymore. I'll fix it later for you." To make her avoid looking at the snowman in the yard, Westley covered her eyes and made her turn on the other side.

"You'll rebuild the snowman?" Gabrielle was surprised by his words.

After all, she had never seen Westley build a snowman before. The thought of it made her feel excited.

"Didn't you say that the snowman Abigail made for you was the best gift you received in Snowland? I'm going to set a new record. I must be the one to give you the best present. Do you understand, Mrs. Morris?" Westley stood proud and declared solemnly.

"Really now, Mr. Morris? Are you serious?" Gabrielle's eyes sparkled with expectation.

"Of course, I am. Are you excited?" Westley asked, holding her cheeks.

"I am! I'm really looking forward to it. Are you going to make it now?" Gabrielle couldn't help but feel enthusiastic about this. She wanted to do it with him together, but unfortunately, she didn't have any boots to wear.

"You bet. Stay here and watch me through the window." Westley grabbed his coat and put it on, changed into his boots, and set to work.

In the past, he only enjoyed skiing and he thought making snowmen was too childish. But for Gabrielle, he was willing to do childish things.

As long as it was for her happiness, Westley would do anything.

"I want to go with you," Gabrielle pleaded, puppy eyes peering into Westley's.

"Honey, stay here. If you go out on those slippers, you'll definitely get sick right after. Leave this one to me. When we go back to the villa, we can do it together," Westley promised.

Chapter 769 We Are Friends

After hearing Westley's words, Gabrielle was looking forward to it. After all, the snowman they made together as husband and wife would be more meaningful.

"Okay. When we get back to the villa, we will make snowmen together. We can name them Daddy Snowman and Mommy Snowman, and then we will also make one of Star. In this way, they can be a happy family like us," Gabrielle said, full of excitement and joy.

"Yes, let's make a snowman family together. For now, I will help you make this one first so that you can enjoy it," Westley grabbed Gabrielle's hand and said.

"Okay, I'll be watching you from the room. I can't help you this time. You have to do it alone." Gabrielle was moved by Westley's earnestness and felt bad for not being able to help him. She could see and feel how much Westley loved her from everything he did and had done for her. Indeed, if a man truly loved you, he would be willing to give everything for you and do anything that made you happy. ①

He would do anything for you, even if it was something as childish as making a snowman. After all, in the eyes of most of the men, especially those with domineering personalities, doing such things was nothing more than being childish. So not every man of such character was willing to do things that did not suit their image. Thus, the fact that Westley put out his best effort even when doing things that went against his image showed how much he cherished Gabrielle.

His effort like this was what moved Gabrielle the most. This man spoiled her not just in terms of material satisfaction but also in terms of doing everything for her personally.

After all, it was not necessary for Westley to build a snowman personally.

"Just stay in the room and watch me through the window. Don't open the window or come out. Do you understand?" Westley said in earnest. ②

Hearing this, Gabrielle's lips raised into a smile. She then stood up on tiptoe and kissed the corner of his lips with a bright smile.

"Mr. Morris, this is the reward for you. If you make a good snowman, you will receive a bigger reward when you come back." Gabrielle raised her eyebrows and smiled at him.

Her smile was so bright and refreshing, like a spring breeze, that it nearly gave Westley a heart attack. Westley's mood brightened up, and his mind was suddenly charged with a burst of motivation.

"Just stay in the room. I'm going to make a snowman. For your next bigger reward, I will also build a super good snowman." Westley kissed Gabrielle on the forehead before turning around and leaving the scene. As he walked out, he made sure to close the door firmly to prevent the cold wind from entering the room.

Gabrielle sat by the window and shifted her eyes to the scene outside the window. Her focus was immediately settled on Westley, who was continuously shoving the snow with a shovel. He looked very serious with his process of making snowmen, and his movements were pretty fast and skillful. Gabrielle thought that Westley would continue to build half of Abigail's snowman, but he didn't. Instead, he made a new big snowman by himself. Every movement was done very carefully and seriously, as if he was frightened of making a mistake.

But that was how Westley was. He had been a boss for a long time, so he naturally strived for perfection in everything he did.

Being serious in everything was second nature to Westley. Sure enough, Gabrielle also liked that serious side of him.

With the phone in her hand, Gabrielle started to take pictures of Westley like a crazy fan. After that, she recorded a short video and sent it to Star.

Star was excited after watching the video and immediately made a video call.

"Star, are you feeling better?" The second Gabrielle accepted the call, the appearance of the beautiful little boy greeted her on the screen. Indeed, it was her dear son, Star.

She never got tired of looking at that beautiful little face. Instead, the more she looked at it, the stronger her love grew. No wonder it was completely believable when he was disguised as a little girl before.

"Mommy, I'm much better now. I saw the video of Daddy making a snowman. The snow is so white. I really like it," Star said with his tone full of excitement. But he didn't dare to shout too loudly because of the wound.

Heavy snow was something he had never seen before as a child who had spent most of his life in a tropical country like Thailand. So it could be said that his circumstance was similar to Gabrielle's.

The place where Star grew up was even hotter than Antawood. In Antawood, the temperature could drop to one or two degrees

below zero during the coldest months of the year, and icicles could be seen hanging from the eaves. But Star had never seen anything like that before.

Star appeared to be more excited than Gabrielle when he saw the heavy snow. It was a pity that she didn't bring him here.

"Star, do you like snow very much and want to make snowmen?" Gabrielle asked him softly.

In fact, there was no need for her to ask. Just by looking at Star's reaction, it was enough to know that his yearning for snow was no less than Gabrielle.

"Mom, I really want to see the snow. I have never seen real snow before, let alone make a snowman or have a snowball fight." As Star said, his face was shining with expectation.

Gabrielle felt happy and a little distressed at the same time when she saw such a look of wonderment on his face.

"Star, you can't go to a place that is too cold this year because you are injured. But next winter, we will bring you over to see the snow. Let's make snowmen together then, okay?" Gabrielle coaxed Star, which was also a promise.

"Okay, mom. Let's go together next year. I want to make a snowman." Hearing Gabrielle's words, Star's mood brightened even more, and he was already looking forward to next year's winter.

"Star, I want to go with you too." Tammy on the side happily requested permission to participate.

"Let's go together," Star answered happily.

"Then you should listen to Rose and the others at home. When things are over here, we will come back as soon as possible." Gabrielle didn't know when she would be able to go back, so she could only say those words to coax them first.

"Mom, we can take care of ourselves. It's more important for you to deal with things. You and dad should do your things well, and don't worry about us," Star said very wisely.

Hearing those heart-warming words, Gabrielle's heart softened all of a sudden. Sure enough, her son was a warm-hearted young fellow. When he grew up, there would undoubtedly be a lot of girls lining up to get close to him.

"Gabrielle, just have fun with Mr. Morris outside. It doesn't matter when you come back. We will take good care of the children." Rose took the phone and spoke to Gabrielle.

"Rose, I'm very relieved to have you. Thank you for taking care of them these days." Gabrielle was genuinely grateful to Rose and Doctor Maniac.

"Don't be so formal with me. You saved our lives and provided food and shelter for us. What we are doing right now is just something simple. You don't need to be very polite with us, Gabrielle. We don't need to be like this. Also, I do everything willingly," Rose said seriously.

Rose's words made Gabrielle unable to refute, and she couldn't help but give Rose a smile. "Okay, we don't need to be so polite to each other. But don't always think of us as saviors. We are friends, and there is no need for this between friends."

In Gabrielle's heart, she always felt they were friends. Also, she was not their savior, so being given such a noble title made her feel a little uncomfortable.

Chapter 770 It's Hard Not To Love

The most natural way for individuals to get along was through friendship. Individuals who were friends might be close but not obligated to one another.

Gabrielle had always seen her as Rose's and others' friend. She believed she was not required to save them.

Even though she accidentally saved Rose, she felt like she owed her. It was a life for a life.

"Yes, we are friends, and I am happy to have these two youngsters in my care. You have no idea how beautiful and popular Star is. If he matures, he will undoubtedly be a sweet and lovely young man. Numerous females will be captivated by him." Rose became concerned for Star's future.

Star was just but a child when she became concerned about this. It was a case of excessive thought.

Other males were quite popular with girls simply for their appearance. Star, on the other hand, was not only attractive but also extremely gentle and compassionate. Such a lovely and nice man must have been more well-known.

"Star is only a child, Rose. Why are you worried about this particular scenario?" Hearing that, Gabrielle giggled.

"I genuinely think that. Star is really attractive and kind. When he matures, he will undoubtedly become a highly popular and gorgeous man. You, as his mother, must be aware of this," Rose remarked solemnly.

Gabrielle first refused to consider it, but after hearing what Rose stated, she became immediately interested.

Star would undoubtedly develop into a lovely young man as he got older. He was so handsome and thoughtful that he would undoubtedly be popular with females. By that time, he would have attracted a large number of females. Which option should he choose?

However, as soon as she became aware of this possibility, she instantly rejected it. The future was fraught with possibilities, and no one could predict what would occur.

Furthermore, she was still unaware of Star's identity. Although she couldn't ascertain his identity at the time, what if Star recalled it one day and wanted to return? How was she to stop him?

If Star truly recalled what occurred in the past and wanted to go to locate his family, Gabrielle would most certainly not intervene and would allow him to do so.

Star would then mature and fall in love with someone else, which had nothing to do with her.

"Are you listening to me, Gabrielle?" observing Gabrielle's prolonged silence, Rose inquired immediately.

"Yes, I hear you, but Star is still a kid, and it will be a long time before he matures. I'm trying to avoid overthinking. Additionally, Star is a bright boy with his own opinions. He is entirely self-sufficient and does not require our concern." Gabrielle had a lot of faith in Star.

"I understand what you're thinking. In any case, I adore Star and wish him a simple and happy life. If he runs into difficulties in the future and is unable to resolve them, I will assist him. After all, I am not an insignificant person in his life." Rose possessed a strong sense of mission.

"Okay, okay. I'm confident you'll safeguard Star. As a result, I'm relieved to trust you with his care." Gabrielle had a great deal of faith in Rose. After all, they were like sisters prepared to make sacrifices for each other.

"Have a pleasant time there with Mr. Morris. Have a wonderful holiday. You may count on my assurance," Rose said sincerely. She wanted to ensure Gabrielle had a fantastic time in the Snowland with Westley.

"Bye." Gabrielle hung up and stared out the window after saying that. When she noticed Westley had created a fresh snowman, she snapped a shot.

Gabrielle photographed him making the snowman with a comforting grin. Westley placed the snowman's nose and eyes on his head, then removed his own scarf and tied it around the snowman's neck. The snowman was already complete.

He waved cheerfully at Gabrielle in the room and entered the house.

"Gabrielle, what are your thoughts on the snowman?" Westley entered the room with a blast of chilly air and walked over to Gabrielle, his eyes wide with anticipation. He was only curious as to whether she would be pleased with the snowman he had created.

After all, he built the snowman specifically for her, and he was curious as to how she felt.

"You're truly amazing, Mr. Morris. Your snowman is far superior to Miss Schmidt's. Nothing in the world is insurmountable for you." Gabrielle praised him cheerfully and without a trace of flattery.

"That is excellent. I crafted this snowman entirely by hand for you. As long as you enjoy it, I'm content." Westley felt immediate satisfaction.

"Of course I like it."

"Is this the finest present you've gotten since you arrived in Snowland?" Westley asked seriously. He was slightly concerned about what she had previously stated. Although he was aware that she was taunting Abigail on purpose, he desired to be the most important guy in her heart.

"Of course. Your snowman is the most thoughtful present I've received since I arrived in Snowland. Nobody else's gift is superior to yours," Gabrielle responded solemnly and with genuine thinking.

Each present from Westley was the finest for her.

Even if the present he offered was not the most valuable, it was the most precious thing in the world to Gabrielle.

"I'm relieved you're loving it so much." Westley was ecstatic as he held her in his arms.

He could do anything as long as he could keep Gabrielle smiling.

"Of course I like it. I appreciate all you've done for me. I've given Star your images and videos of you building the snowman. He likes the snow. I assured him that next year when it would snow hard, we will come here to see the snow. He was delighted to hear that," said Gabrielle seriously.

Westley stroked her temples in acknowledgment of what she was thinking. "Okay. We're coming to Snowland with Star next year to build snowmen. We can do anything as long as you are satisfied."

"Great! I knew you'd concur." Gabrielle excitedly hugged him and flung herself into his arms.

It was difficult for her not to fall in love with such a devoted husband.

Chapter 771 An Ulterior Motive To Uncover

The butler arrived with two other servants in tow. Each was carrying a big box, which it turned out was for the two of them. Westley, however, was surprised to see two boxes of his stuff.

"Something is wrong here. We didn't ask for so many things," said Westley, his eyebrows knitted.

"Mr. Morris, one of the boxes contains your stuff. The other one has things you will need to dispel the outdoor cold. Mr. Schmidt has asked us to prepare them for the two of you. And all your friends received theirs, too," the butler said summarily.

"It's a gift from Cowan?" Westley asked, feeling uncomfortable about Cowan giving them things. "When did he arrive here?"

They hadn't seen Cowan. He must have come back. Yet, he was not with the Schmidt family earlier that day.

It was odd for him to be giving them gifts, especially when he had just come back. It was an atypical gesture. He had no particular reason to do that.

"Mr. Schmidt didn't tell me his reasons," the butler answered honestly. "He had just arrived. He will have dinner with everyone. Maybe he will tell you why he gave you these gifts, Mr. Morris. I'm sorry that I don't know much about it."

As a housekeeper, he was not privy to the inner thoughts of his master.

"That's okay. And thank you for bringing these boxes." Westley didn't ask any more questions. It was useless to pursue the topic. He understood that the butler only knew so much and he had already told him that.

"Mr. Morris, Mrs. Morris, after you've changed your clothes, kindly go to the dining room to join the Schmidts for dinner," the butler reminded them.

"We will," Gabrielle told the butler, smiling at him. "Thank you for reminding us."

"You're welcome, Mrs. Morris. We'll see you all later." The butler then left their room.

The butler had not left long when Alexis came to see them.

"Westley, did you get Cowan's gift?" he asked without a preamble.

"Those gears that dispel outdoor cold?"

Westley glanced at the carton the butler had placed on one side of the room. "Over there," he answered Alexis.

The box contained all kinds of cold-weather gears—sweaters, jackets, ear muffs, balaclavas, scarves, safety glasses, wool socks, heat-trapping footwear. Some of them were worn indoors; others, for outdoor.

"Cowan is engaged in the business of warming cold-weather clothing. Maybe they are just souvenirs for us. Don't think too much about it," said Jonas. He had a general idea of the business of the four young masters in the Schmidt family.

The Schmidt Group was a huge business managed by Cowan Schmidt, Sheldon Schmidt, Vernon Schmidt, and Travis Schmidt.

Cowan was the eldest. He was in charge of all kinds of things related to dispelling cold—from cold-weather clothing to large heating equipment.

"Do you know of anyone who would give all these things for souvenirs?" Alexis said, shaking his head in disbelief. "I think this Cowan is up to something malicious. I don't know but these gifts are kind of suspicious to me." Alexis had his reasons to think otherwise of Cowan. He read a dossier about this man. As the eldest son of the Schmidt family, he had always been unpredictable and ruthless in his dealings. He would take over the Schmidt Group and he would be even more powerful than Clifton and Chaz.

"You're overthinking, Alexis," Jonas said in a near-exasperated tone. "This is the Schmidt family. We are guests of the Schmidts. If Cowan has some untoward plans, well, he will have to deal with the old man Schmidt. Besides, Cowan has no reason to be hostile to us. We haven't made an enemy of him, after all."

Alexis let out a heavy sigh. "Whether I'm putting much on his actions or not, we'll know about it after dinner." Alexis firmly believed that Cowan was flexing his strength. He wanted to impress them that as the eldest son of the Schmidt family, he was someone to reckon with. That in itself would be enough to discipline them while they were in the Schmidt mansion.

"Well, then, let's go to the dining room and meet this big gift-giver Cowan." Westley took Gabrielle's hand and they walked out of their room.

They walked through the long corridor that led to the living room of the main house. Wilton was seated in a big chintz armchair. He was chatting with Clifton and Chaz. The four young masters and Miss Schmidt were not there. They might be still in their own rooms.

"Good evening, Mr. Schmidt!" said Westley, more like announcing their presence.

"Good evening to all of you," Wilton replied in a welcoming tone. "Shall we have dinner now?" Wilton liked Westley a great deal.

He stood up and then led his guests to the dining room.

"Mr. Schmidt, I heard that Cowan has arrived. He sent us a big gift," Westley said in a casual tone that could easily be taken as small talk. "I would like to thank him personally."

Westley thought that since Cowan had given them a generous gift as soon as he was back at the mansion, the gesture would be hard to miss by any of the family.

"Cowan has arrived. He is in his room to take a shower and change his clothes. He should be here now. Did he really give you a gift?" Wilton looked bewildered.

So, Wilton didn't know anything about it.

Naturally, Westley became more curious about the reason behind Cowan's action.

Did he just want them to try out his products? Or did he want them to leave?

The answer would come from Cowan himself.

"I'm sorry to keep you all waiting," Cowan said as he walked downstairs. Looking down at the people in the living room, he had this disingenuous look on his face.

"I have some personal affairs to deal with first. My apologies, again."

Westley and his group could see through Cowan's self-importance attitude.

"Mr. Schmidt, do attend to your personal affairs first. We are not distinguished guests after all," Alexis said in a somewhat apathetically tone.

Alexis was not grateful for the gifts from Cowan. He was not even impressed. He knew that Cowan had an ulterior motive.

"Now, you've made me feel like our family was neglecting all of you. Is that why you looked angry? What is it that we did wrong?" Cowan goaded Alexis into answering his question.

"Come on. I just want to know why you gave us a box of cold-weather gears. Are they simply gifts? Or you'd like us to try your new products," Alexis said flatly.

Cowan had already reached the dining table. Before he sat down, he greeted Wilton and the other members of his family. He then looked at Westley and his party. He greeted them, smiling. And yet his smile did not reach his eyes.