

Chapter 717 He Was Here For You

Gabrielle flung herself on the sofa and refused to move as soon as the two entered the room. Not only was her body afflicted but also her drained heart.

Gabrielle had no idea what all the fuss was about today. The first was Holly, who had already physically and psychologically exhausted her after putting up such a display. Then, Victor, the bastard arrived. She simply could not take any more.

"Are you tired, Gabrielle?" Westley approached her and took her tenderly in his arms. Seeing her fatigued face, he could see her exhaustion, which troubled him.

"Not so much." Gabrielle settled into a comfortable posture in his arms and had no intention of moving. She wished she could rest on his arms in that position forever.

"Then stay here and let me give you a little massage." Westley squeezed her shoulder gently.

"We haven't resolved anything about Holly, and then Victor appears out of nowhere. He must be mad. Feel no obligation to argue with him or anything. Why, after all, did he come to the resort at midnight?" Gabrielle felt uneasy at the mention of Victor and desired to tear him apart.

Certain people, like Victor, were born to be irritating, but this man lacked that level of self-awareness.

Regardless of how much Gabrielle despised him, he desired to appear in front of her and couldn't care less if others despised him or not as long as he was pleased.

People had absolutely no method of dealing with such a person. The most difficult aspect to eliminate was this person's complete lack of shame.

"He was here for you," Westley said placidly.

Indeed, Victor came to the resort for Gabrielle's sake, which was undeniable.

Gabrielle promptly explained on hearing this, "Westley, whatever reason that brings him here, it's irrelevant to me. I'm not interested in seeing him at all. Is Ensfield too little for him? He has come to Antawood and has even visited the resort."

"Because the resort is intended to be accessible to the public, we can't really comment on his presence as a visitor." Westley was only being truthful.

Joseph owned this establishment, which was now open for business. Guests were, of course, welcomed here. But who would have guessed Victor would make his way up the mountain in the dead of night?

"Westley, you are not mad at me, are you?" Gabrielle squinted her eyes at him and inquired.

"Why would I be mad at you, silly girl? Victor is responsible for his own actions, and you took no action. You did not invite him here. He only wishes to follow you. What are our options for him?" Westley rubbed her shoulders constantly.

He was all too familiar with Victor, a man who would go to any length, even criminal, to accomplish his objective.

Victor had his pick of ladies in Ensfield and Antawood, but he choose Gabrielle, merely because she had saved his life.

This was not to repay a favor; rather, it was to get retribution.

"He's pursued me in this manner just because I rescued him that time. I'd have done nothing if I knew that things would unfold in this manner." Gabrielle was genuinely regretful for saving his life. It was similar to saving a foe.

"Say nothing else of the kind. If you had another chance to relive that day, you would do the same thing. It is your kindness that prevents you from just ignoring it." Westley knew Gabrielle's personality very accurately. No matter how many times she returned to that time period, she would still do so.

"But..."

"You're a good girl, I'll take care of Victor. It is becoming dark. You must have gotten quite exhausted during the day. I'll take you to the bathroom and then we'll retire early. Let's discuss it tomorrow." Westley lifted her up and carried her up the stairs.

Perhaps Gabrielle was really touched by Westley's words of sympathy. That night, she slept soundly. However, when she awoke, she sensed something was awry.

This was not their building's bed but on the plane?

Gabrielle was baffled when she looked out the small window at the white clouds.

Her mind was rife with doubts. What transpired? Was it a dream or was she hallucinating from her prolonged sleep? She was on the aircraft, not in the bed.

Gabrielle's only consolation was that Westley was lying next to her.

Westley awoke promptly upon feeling Gabrielle's movements. He opened his eyes and gave her a tiny smile.

"You're up, Gabrielle? Guess where we are at the moment?" inquired Westley in hushed tones.

"Westley, Westley, what's going on? We are flying? We're on a plane, right?" Gabrielle looked at him blankly. She shifted her sight from the white clouds beyond the window to the man beside her.

This was Westley's personal aircraft. They had returned from Bangkok in it the previous time.

"Sure. Guess where we're headed?" Westley brushed a wisp of hair off her brow and kissed her on the forehead.

It was still early in the morning. The feeble light of the sky could be seen only from a distance.

"I'm not sure, but when did you manage to get me on the plane? How come I've forgotten?" Gabrielle claimed to have no recollection of it. She fell asleep last night after showering and slept comfortably. She had no reaction to everything Westley did to her.

Now, as she sat on the plane, she couldn't pinpoint precisely what had occurred.

It was incredible. Indeed, Westley was capable of anything.

"We've been in the air for almost an hour. When I attempted to awaken you previously, I was unable to do so. At the time, you slept like a lovely sleeping pig. I decided to let you sleep. I didn't want to awaken you, so I escorted you straight to the plane."

Westley pinched her nose with a smile.

"I am not a pig; you, on the other hand, are." Gabrielle shook his hand and feigned anger.

"Okay, okay. I am the pig. You are my baby, right?" Westley cradled her in his arms and assisted her in pulling up the quilt. Then he wrapped his arms around her and they gazed out the window at the scenery.

"Westley, where are we headed?" Gabrielle was nevertheless curious about their destination.

"Guess. Or do you have a destination in mind?" With his fingers, Westley fiddled with a strand of her hair.

"Am I free to choose wherever I please?" Gabrielle inquired curiously.

"Without a doubt, where do you wish to go? Tell me." Westley proceeded in a casual manner.

Gabrielle seemed ecstatic at hearing this and did not feel drowsy at all. "Can we visit Paris, Hawaii, and Rome?"

Chapter 718 One Jealous Guy

Westley sat quietly as he looked at Gabrielle. She was counting the places she had been yearning to go. Listening to her made him smile.

Gabrielle looked like she enjoyed being on the plane.

"Hey, what's with the smile? Did I say something wrong? Or are you going to tell me that we can't go to any of the places that I mentioned?" asked Gabrielle. She felt her face turn red as she became self-conscious. Seeing that Westley was staring at her always made her feel that way.

"You know that I can take you anywhere you want to go. But I won't tell you our destination just now." Westley wanted to surprise her. "Where we're going is a place you really want to see. So, relax. We'll be there soon."

Gabrielle knew that he was just building up the suspense. She felt she should stop fishing for answers.

She was however looking forward to his surprise. He would always give her the best surprise.

Furthermore, it would lift her spirit. She wasn't in the best of her mood these days because of Holly and Victor.

"How long do you think before we get there?" Gabrielle couldn't help it. She had to ask another question.

She wanted to know the expected time of their arrival at the destination.

In this way, she could make an intelligent guess as to where they were going. Gabrielle smiled and thought she was smart enough to think about this.

"We'll be there in two hours," Westley answered as he pulled up the quilt over Gabrielle so she wouldn't feel cold. "Keep the quilt on you. It's getting cold."

"It is a bit cold. Why is it getting colder and colder?" It then dawned on Gabrielle.

"Westley, are we going to the north? I remember telling you that I've wanted to see the snow. So, are you taking me to a place where there's snow?" Gabrielle had always been smart that she could guess something even with a simple clue.

The plane was heading north. So, that must be it—Westley was taking her to see the snow.

Gabrielle squealed with excitement.

She was ecstatic.

"You are the smartest woman in the world," said Westley as he pinched the bridge of her nose.

"I am right, am I not?" Gabrielle looked at him and smiled smugly.

She was giddy with delight at the prospect of seeing the snow for the first time. The heavy feeling she had suddenly evaporated and she began feeling light.

"You are correct in thinking that. You told me that you'd want to see snow and that's what you'll do," said Westley as he lovingly tousled up Gabrielle's hair.

"I grew up in the south where it seldom snows. I can be likened to an inlander who dreams to see the sea. One always dreams of something that he or she has seldom or never seen," Gabrielle said philosophically. Her smiling face lit up in anticipation. Westley could see her looking forward to his surprise.

"Now, don't get overly excited," Westley said and he held her tighter.

"Oh, Westley, I'm over the moon." Gabrielle's face lit up with a broad smile. If she could jump off the plane, she would. "See, I'm not feeling cold anymore. I can't wait to see the snow." ❄️

"We will see the snow when the plane lands," Westley said as he looked at his watch.

"The snow spread out on the ground must look dreamy from above." Gabrielle then looked out of the window of the plane.

"Be patient, honey. You'll see the snow soon," said Westley as he again glanced at his watch. "The plane will land in about an hour."

Gabrielle couldn't sit still. She kept looking out of the window. Her face was glowing with excitement.

The look on Gabrielle's face made Westley feel somewhat insanely jealous. He resented that she seemed to be more excited about seeing the snow than having him by her side. ❄️

He felt Gabrielle's eyes on him. She was looking straight at him. "Tell me the truth, Westley," she said. "Are we here because you want me to see snow for the first time? Or we are here to avoid Victor?"

Westley was caught off-guard. Yet, he couldn't lie to Gabrielle.

"When Victor came to the resort, he had no intentions of leaving. If he isn't leaving, then we'll have to go someplace else,"

Westley explained, smiling. "Yes, you can say that we are avoiding him. But I also know how you love to see the snow. So, I thought we might as well go here and spend some time here." ❶

He wanted them to avoid Victor. He was doing it because he loved Gabrielle.

He would do anything for Gabrielle.

"Okay, I'd be glad to stay away from him. He is an annoying man. I don't like seeing him." Gabrielle was starting to feel good and then, she thought of Star.

"We left in a huff. Did Star and the others know that we're gone?" Although not the real mother, Gabrielle had treated Star like her own son. She was feeling a little guilty that she and Westley had left him in the villa, especially that he was still recovering. ❷

"You have nothing to worry about. Remy and Doctor Maniac are there to take care of him. I've also arranged everything so I don't think anything bad will happen." Westley saw to it that everything would be in order so he and Gabrielle could leave right away.

"That's good to know." Gabrielle let out a sigh of relief.

Westley however felt that she didn't trust him enough. He cupped her face with his hands and said, "I am here...with you. You don't have to worry about a thing."

Westley took care of everything. He would not act or do things quickly and without thought or care.

"You're not an impetuous person. I know that. But I feel like we had ditched Star so we can go on this trip." Gabrielle sounded guilty but there was also a hint of amusement in her voice.

"It was fortuitous for Star that he met you. But you think too much of him. Now, this is our time together. You should stop thinking about Star. Think only of me...and the snow," said Westley arrogantly. He could be overbearing sometimes. ❸

Gabrielle gazed at Westley intently. She knew why he was saying those things. He was jealous again—this time, of Star.

"Do you know what they call you at Antawood? They say that you are Satan himself because of your ruthlessness. But I don't agree. You are like a jealous cat. You hiss and growl and swat the thing or person you're jealous of. For goodness' sake, Star is our son! And you're jealous of him." Gabrielle playfully punched him on the arm. She knew that Westley was deeply in love with her.

But his love could sometimes be overbearing for her.

"I know, I know. Star is my son, but he's getting too much of your love and attention. I am your husband. Shouldn't I be the first in your heart?" Westley said imperiously.

"Honey, you are first in my heart. Always you will be." Gabrielle wrapped her arms around his neck and then kissed him hard on his lips. ❹

Chapter 719 Double The Happiness

Westley took delight in Gabrielle's words. After all, Gabrielle knew him the best and she knew how to tug on his heartstrings.

"Aren't you sweet? Let me tell you this as well. You will always come first in my heart and nothing can change that. No matter if it's Star or our future children.

They could never replace you in my heart," Westley said wholeheartedly.

Gabrielle saw something boyish in him. Westley had always been a bossy CEO in front of others, but when he was with Gabrielle, he would change into the nicest husband in the world. ①

Gabrielle would sometimes wonder if she married the wrong Westley Morris. Everyone in Antawood called him the devil, but this man in front of her appeared to be different.

"Westley, what if we had a daughter someday?" Gabrielle teasingly asked.

"Oh, you're trying to make me choose, aren't you? Even if we did have a daughter, I will always put you first." Westley had become so good at saying sweet things, but Gabrielle had toughened up her defenses. ②

"You won't like a daughter?" Gabrielle giggled teasingly again and pinched his face.

"A daughter? Why? Are we pregnant?" Westley gulped and subconsciously eyed her tummy, thinking that maybe they were expecting.

"What are you looking at? I'm not pregnant." Gabrielle knew what Westley was thinking about, so she interrupted abruptly.

Why would he think she was pregnant? Gabrielle thought it was funny.

"You're not? Then, why did you say that?" Westley's leaned and bit her lips gently as a small punishment.

"I was asking about how you'd feel if I was pregnant with a girl," she replied, curious.

It was something the two of them were going to face in the future, so Gabrielle brought up the conversation.

Although they had Star now, they thought it would be great to give him siblings.

"Of course, I'd be happy. If we have a daughter someday, I would have two princesses to spoil. But don't you worry, you will still be the one I love the most." Westley warmly smiled as he held her in his arms and reached out to touch her tummy.

He imagined how Gabrielle would look if she was pregnant.

"Oh, how sweet. I'm almost embarrassed to interrupt." Someone's voice could be heard from outside the curtain.

Gabrielle then realized that they weren't the only ones on the plane. There were other people on board and she had no idea.

"Westley, are the guys here too?" she whispered in Westley's ear in a hushed tone.

It was impolite to say such words out loud, so she had to pipe down.

"We came here together. They want to ski. If you don't want to hang out with them, we can ditch them and be alone," Westley said in a relaxed tone.

The other three came together, except for Remy who had to go back to Half Moon Bay to take care of Star.

It would be fun to travel with the guys.

"No, I didn't mean that. Your friends are a great company. I was just surprised," Gabrielle said, smiling.

"Well, I'd prefer if it were just the two of us. That would be more romantic." Having friends around would mean he'd have to split his attention.

"You wound me, boss. I even brought you breakfast." Alexis clearly heard every word he said. The curtain wasn't like a soundproof glass. Even though Gabrielle lowered her voice just now, Alexis could faintly hear what she said.

Gabrielle felt a little bit awkward knowing Alexis apparently heard everything.

She was too ashamed to say anything and she knew it would be embarrassing to face him later.

"It's only the truth. Come in." Westley huffed.

Alexis pulled up the curtain and came in. He grinned broadly as soon as he saw the two of them. "Good morning, boss, Gabrielle."

"Good morning, Alexis." Gabrielle greeted shyly.

"You must have felt so shocked when you woke up on a plane, Gabrielle. Anyway, the food's here." Alexis smiled at her as he placed the meal on the table.

"I really was. I'm totally excited about the snow!" Gabrielle happily smiled, but she felt a little shy when she remembered how Westley had carried her to the plane while she was sleeping.

The guys must've seen it.

"You should eat breakfast now. The plane will land in about twenty minutes. You can't eat anything by then, or you'll get choked."

Alexis reminded Gabrielle.

"I got it. Thank you, Alexis." Gabrielle nodded in response.

"Is there anything else? You may leave now if you have nothing else you want to say." Westley wanted him to hurry it up.

Alexis chuckled, not taking any offense. He didn't want to be a third wheel between them anyway.

"Eat well. If you need anything, just call me. I'm the waiter on the plane for now. The most handsome one." Alexis smiled.

Gabrielle burst into laughter in amusement. "I see, Mr. Williams. I'll call you if I need anything."

"Okay, Mrs. Morris."

Gabrielle went to the bathroom after Alexis left and had a peaceful breakfast with Westley. Gabrielle was in a good mood. She hadn't been this jolly since they returned from Bangkok.

Although the breakfast was simple, having only milk and sandwiches, Gabrielle enjoyed it a lot.

"It's my first time to have breakfast so leisurely in a private plane," Gabrielle said after eating the sandwich.

"How are you feeling? Are you satisfied?" Seeing that she looked so delighted, Westley also felt happy.

He was willing to do anything just to see her smile like this.

"Are you kidding me? This is something not many people will be able to experience in their lives. I'm so lucky! Besides, I'm having breakfast here with you. It's double the happiness." Gabrielle stared at him sweetly and Westley's heart melted.

"Gabrielle, don't look at me like that." Westley took a sip of coffee to calm himself down.

"Huh? What's wrong? Can't I look at my husband?" Gabrielle had no idea what he was talking about. She assumed Westley didn't want her to stare at him.

"I'm beautiful enough to wow the eyes, amn't I? You look like you want to eat me instead," Westley said, clicking his tongue playfully. 'He's flirting again.' Gabrielle was rendered speechless.

Chapter 720 I'm So Happy To Have You Around

'Be beautiful enough to wow the eyes?'

Gabrielle eventually realized he was referring to her, not to him.

He desired to tell her how cute she was, so why were his words so subdued? When did he develop such a reserved disposition?

"You mean beautiful? Of course, you are beautiful, but you should be talking about me." Gabrielle purposefully flirted with him.

As a result of her time with Westley, she was now more affected by him than she had previously been.

As a result, she spoke it boldly and without blushing.

Westley wished he could bring the subject to an end, but he didn't have the opportunity. Gabrielle instantly attacked him.

Westley had never experienced such humiliation before. Since meeting his wife, he began to experience regular embarrassment, although he was obviously quite fine with that.

"Naturally, you are the most gorgeous, Gabrielle. If you do not have breakfast in an obedient manner, I will deny you the opportunity to have breakfast later. Do you get what I'm saying?" Westley warned her obnoxiously.

How could Gabrielle have missed the implication included in his words? However, his threat had always been ineffective against her. As long as there was no genuine threat, it would be Westley who ultimately compromised to her in the end.

"Do you wish to bully me on the aircraft, honey? All of them are outside," Gabrielle told him seriously.

Westley was successfully intimidated by her words. He burst out laughing. "I didn't mention anything about doing something to you on the plane. Is there anything I can do for you?"

Gabrielle was unsuccessful in flirting with him, but was taunted by him, making her hesitant to proceed. The man in front of her was the old clever cunning fox.

Gabrielle was a newbie. She was in no way a match for him.

"Let us eat breakfast. I'm starving." Gabrielle began eating breakfast obediently this time.

The plane began to descend after they had finished eating and packing.

Gabrielle stared out the window at the snow below once the plane passed through the clouds. What appeared in her vision was a wide expanse blanketed in white snow. The huge white expanse had no end.

The northerners were overjoyed to see significant snow each year, especially in the northernmost snow city.

Each year, the temperature here could drop to twenty or thirty degrees below zero, and the piled snow probably reached dozens of centimeters in thickness. It was quite fascinating.

"Look, Westley, Westley! The snow outside is so dense and heavy. It looks like cotton. I'm tempted to jump down," Gabrielle exclaimed joyfully.

She was giddy with joy, and it was written all over her face.

"Yes, it is lovely. You may seize it as soon as you get off the plane." Westley agreed.

Gabrielle was thrilled at hearing this. She held his face and kissed him passionately. "Thank you, honey, for taking me to see such lovely snow. It's very stunning."

"As I promised, I'll take you everywhere you want to go as long as you enjoy it." Westley clasped her waist and smiled.

Prior to meeting Gabrielle, Westley believed that a man's success required him to reach the summit of his work. However, nothing made him happier than seeing her joyful face after meeting her.

Seeing her smile was equivalent to possessing the entire universe.

"Really? I'm really grateful to you for bringing me to view this lovely snow. I'm delighted," Gabrielle said excitedly.

At the conclusion of her series of exclamations, the jet landed on the territory of snow city.

"Let's get off the plane as quickly as possible, Westley. I'm eager to dive into the snow." Gabrielle desired to exit the plane as quickly as possible. She could see the snow from her window but was unable to play with it, which made her so eager to alight.

"If you don't put on your down jacket first, you'll freeze to death afterward." Westley took her back and forced her to put on a heavy red down jacket that had been prepared prior to their flight.

"Why does it have so much red?" Gabrielle didn't want to wear the red down jacket. She had never worn such vibrantly colored clothing before.

"There is snow everywhere, and you look absolutely stunning in this outfit. If you become lost, I can locate you fast." Westley

stated his objective simply.

Among the pristine snow, the brightest colored coat stood out the most, and he could easily locate her. If she were to wear a white coat, it would blend in with the snow.

"This justification was effective. I want to wear it. I appreciate you preparing clothes for me." Gabrielle gladly accepted his idea. Westley eventually let her go after she put on her clothing, gloves, hat, scarf, and heavy snow boots.

Gabrielle saw a large mound of snow nearby and flung herself into it as a content child would.

"Ah! I've been waiting like all year to finally lie down on the snow."

By seeing Gabrielle's childlike behavior, some men concluded that she was just too adorable. Why was there ever such a lovely young lady in the world?

Actually, they thought Westley had found a treasure. How wonderful it was to spend time with such a girl.

"Happy now?" Westley approached Gabrielle and watched her hurl herself into the snow. He couldn't keep himself from laughing. He used to think it was really dumb and filthy for someone to do such a thing, but it would turn adorable if Gabrielle did it.

Why was his wife so innocent and adorable?

"Yes, I am happy. This is what I wanted to do the most in the past. I wanted to find a lot of thick snow and throw myself into it like now." Gabrielle lay there looking at him, her limbs scraping the snow. She seemed to be rather attractive.

"It's great that you're content. However, it is rather chilly in the snow. You will become unwell if you lie in the snow for an extended period of time," reminded Westley.

"I simply lay down for a while, honey. Can I stay this way a bit longer?" Gabrielle acted childishly.

"Five more minutes." Westley was aware of her fondness for snow and decided to let her lie in it for longer.

Gabrielle was not reconciled, but five minutes was sufficient for her.

She was ecstatic and exclaimed as she scraped the snow.

When Westley checked the time on his phone, he captured her in a joyous moment. It was priceless footage worth saving for the rest of his life. ①

"I used to have a lot of desires, Westley. You brought them to life one by one. I'm happy. Thank you for bringing such joy to my life." Gabrielle expressed her gratitude. ①

"Then you may simply stay with me for the remainder of your years. I'll take you to other locations so that you can fulfill each of your fantasies one by one," Westley said seriously.