

## Chapter 758 No Rejection

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Gabrielle simply spoke it verbally. Abigail had, after all, been haughty for twenty years. Her transformation was almost impossible.

Wilton, on the other hand, believed what Gabrielle said. He believed Abigail would change. Otherwise, Abigail would incur losses regardless of her future location. She was fine now that she was safeguarded by the Schmidt family.

With the Schmidt family's protection, she could intimidate anybody.

"You are correct, Gabrielle. You and Abigail are almost the same age. I hope you two can become good friends. This way, you can connect with her more effectively, and Abigail may benefit from your knowledge." Wilton appeared to have sensed a spark of optimism when he saw Gabrielle.

Abigail had a nasty temper, which Wilton was well acquainted with for a long period of time. He would have a tough time inciting her to change her character.

However, if a girl like Gabrielle stayed with Abigail as a friend, it would assist in subconsciously altering Abigail's anger. After all, Abigail's friends were all females with the same temperament as her, and they would have no beneficial effect on her other than to exacerbate her nasty temper.

As a result, Wilton never counted on her friends to intervene in Abigail's outbursts. Gabrielle, on the other hand, was unique. She was an honorable and polite young lady.

If Gabrielle was Abigail's friend, she may have an effect on her temper, forcing her to repair it as soon as possible.

"Mr. Schmidt, I, too, wish to be friends with Miss Schmidt, but judging by her current attitude toward me, I doubt she does." Gabrielle gave a kind smile.

Gabrielle had deduced Wilton's meaning. He wanted Gabrielle's assistance in assisting Abigail in regaining her composure. Gabrielle, however, would be unable to change Abigail, regardless of how even-tempered Gabrielle was. Admittedly, Abigail had such a short fuse.

Furthermore, Abigail detested her. She would prefer to expel Gabrielle from Snowland than to become friends with her.

Wilton's thoughts were far too straightforward. Abigail would strongly disagree.

"Gabrielle, Abigail was only being fussy. Indeed, she is rather simple. The most critical aspect is that she makes the appropriate friends. Gabrielle, you are the type of girl who puts me at ease. If Abigail truly becomes a friend of yours, she will undoubtedly transform." Wilton knew that he was probably asking too much of Gabrielle.

Nonetheless, he liked such an exceptional person as Gabrielle. He hoped Abigail would grow up to be such a wonderful and loving girl.

"I will make every effort to befriend Miss Schmidt, but friendship, like love, requires reciprocal sentiments." Gabrielle reminded him in advance, in case she and Abigail would not get along.

"Gabrielle, I understand what you're saying. I will not be compelled to do anything. If you are unable to become friends with Abigail, that's also fate." Wilton was a rational man.

Wilton wished the younger generation happiness, but more importantly, he wished for them to remain optimistic.

Wilton stayed concerned about Abigail.

It was all their responsibility for choosing Abigail's pampering, which resulted in her nasty mood today. Every day, she caused havoc everywhere. Normally, Clifton would immediately assist her in resolving issues and concealing them from Wilton.

They couldn't cover up the truth that Abigail had harmed folks in the snow field from Wilton.

"I suppose you come to Snowland to have fun with Westley and your friends, Gabrielle. You can stay at my house for a few further days." Wilton thought they might stay at the Schmidt family's home a few more days. In that event, he would allow Abigail to have a better relationship with Gabrielle.

Gabrielle could sense Wilton's sincerity. She was powerless to resist.

"Then I apologize for bothering you." Gabrielle smiled.

"I will be quite glad if you can stay here for a few more days." Wilton invited them to reside here.

"Then how about we eat lunch first?" Wilton smiled and extended an invitation to everyone for lunch.

"Get Abigail down." Wilton directed the butler to call Abigail from upstairs.

The butler dashed upstairs in search of Abigail. Even though she indicated that she did not wish to eat before going upstairs, the butler followed Wilton's instructions to go upstairs and call Abigail.

Today, the Schmidt family cooked a particularly exquisite meal to delight them.

As it was shortly after the festival, the majority of the Schmidt family members were not in the house. As a result, just a few members sat at

Chapter 758 No Rejection

the table.

However, Wilton was delighted to speak with them. After all, he liked Westley.

"Gabrielle, have you chosen to spend a few days here?" Westley asked Gabrielle in a low voice. ②

They could immediately reject Wilton's idea, but Gabrielle accepted directly, surprising Westley.

"Sure, it's okay," Gabrielle answered calmly.

When she looked at Wilton, she was reminded of Kylo, who had been so kind to her. She couldn't explain why she couldn't reject Wilton's request.

In any case, Wilton had promised to do Westley a big favor. She did not believe that agreeing to Wilton's request was excessive.

"If you do not wish to agree, we can decline." Westley kept his composure.

Westley's approach was straightforward. If Gabrielle objected, he would allow her to do so.

Gabrielle felt a surge of warmth as she heard this. Her hubby was always thinking of her. He couldn't take the thought of her suffering in any way. ③

"I'm good." Gabrielle smiled as she shook her head. She was determined not to break an elderly man's heart. Additionally, she could tell how much Westley admired Wilton. Perhaps it was because Wilton and Zaid were close friends and he recognized some of Zaid's traits in him.

Therefore, Gabrielle desired that Westley spend more time with Wilton.

## Chapter 759 We All Have Girlfriends

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The butler came shortly thereafter, but Abigail did not. It appeared as though she was not going to eat at all.

Gabrielle was now astounded by Abigail's fury.

"Mr. Schmidt, Miss Abigail..."

"Let her be. She will descend when she becomes hungry." While Wilton loved his granddaughter, he was enraged by Abigail's obstinacy.

He had hoped that Abigail and Gabrielle would get to know one another better over lunch, but Abigail was suddenly adamant about not showing up.

Wilton decided to let her be because she was resolute about not coming down.

"Westley, Gabrielle I apologize. Abigail does not appear to be coming down for lunch today. Take no notice of her. Let us now eat." Wilton's cheeks flushed with embarrassment.

However, he quickly recovered and retained his composure.

"This wraps our list of Snowland's unique cuisine. Have you ever visited Snowland, Gabrielle?" Wilton asked Gabrielle, with a nice smile on his face.

"No, Mr. Schmidt, this is my first visit to Snowland. Westley saw my want to experience snow and brought me here on vacation. I had not anticipated meeting Miss Schmidt by chance; perhaps it was part of God's plan," Gabrielle said with a weak smirk.

Gabrielle disliked Abigail completely, despite what she claimed.

"Perhaps you two would make excellent buddies." Wilton was pleased to hear her remarks.

The older man sincerely hoped Gabrielle and Abigail could become friends.

"Lord knows," Gabrielle said with a smile.

Gabrielle was not fond of making new acquaintances, and it was clear that Abigail was not someone she wished to befriend.

Simply put, she could never be friends with Abigail. ②

"Maintain your presence here for a few more days. I feel you two are compatible. By the way, you should all be buddies with Westley; have any of you boys ever come to Snowland before?" Wilton asked, looking at the other three young guys.

"We have come here several times before, Mr. Schmidt, but this is the first time we have visited the Schmidt family. Your home is stunning; if I didn't know better, I would have assumed it was a castle." Wilton was delighted by Alexis's remarks.

Undoubtedly, he would be pleased if someone described his home as a castle.

"Then you must spend a few days here. On the back, there are various houses; you may choose one and stay there. I want each and every one of you to feel at ease here." Wilton hoped that they had a pleasant visit.

Numerous residences?

Everyone exchanged glances.

Indeed, the Schmidt family was the wealthiest in Snowland. They reasoned that their forebears may have been members of a royal family in ancient times.

From the look of things, they couldn't afford to offend the Schmidt family.

In any case, except for Westley, none of them dared.

"How many houses are back there?" Gabrielle asked, astonished.

They were only able to see the main building when they entered just now. However, they were unaware of what was lurking in the rear.

The houses were joined by bridges and corridors, creating an atmosphere reminiscent of a castle.

Gabrielle was, for some reason, a bit excited. While she majored in jewelry design, she also had an interest in architecture. When she first entered the Schmidt family home, she was captivated by the architectural style.

"According to what I've heard, the Schmidt family has a dozen homes. Are you intrigued?" Westley could tell Gabrielle was captivated by the questioning expression on her face.

"That I am. Are you uninterested?" Gabrielle asked quietly.

She truly had no idea. There were a dozen homes behind this property; it was truly a castle. She was giddy with anticipation to view the houses.

"I'm interested in what you're interested in; thus, did you agree to spend a few days here appreciating the houses?" Westley made fun of her. Gabrielle shook her head in denial. "No, that's just the tip of the iceberg."



## Chapter 759 We All Have Girlfriends

"Gabrielle, are you not enjoying the dishes? These are local Snowland delicacies that I thought you would enjoy. If you're not a fan of the local cuisine, I can ask the chef to prepare some Antawood meals for you. Is there anything else you'd want to eat?" When Wilton noticed Gabrielle was not eating much and only shaking her head, he assumed she disliked the dish.

"That's not the case, Mr. Schmidt. The meal is excellent. I am not a picky eater, save for the fact that I avoid seafood." Gabrielle emphasized, to avoid making an unwanted impression on Wilton.

Fortunately, no seafood was on the menu. The meal was mostly comprised of various cuts of meat, which northerners enjoyed.

And the food was absolutely excellent.

Gabrielle loved it.

"It's great that you're enjoying yourself, Gabrielle." Wilton appeared to be quite content.

"You three are all Westley's buddies. Are any of you engaged?" Wilton examined the young men and inquired.

It appeared to be a casual query, but he was actually checking to see if they were married yet.

"Mr. Schmidt, everyone has a girlfriend in Antawood." Alexis detected danger in Wilton's words and spoke quickly.

He was quite informed about the elders. If he revealed that he was still single, the elders would take note and arrange for him to meet someone.

They would pair him up with someone he had never met and then ask them to get engaged.

Alexis was fully aware of this, which is why he lied about them already having girlfriends.

"I assumed you were single. If you have a single outstanding buddy, I'd want to introduce him to my granddaughter." Wilton was uncomplicated about what he was planning.