

## Chapter 760 Shitty Luck

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Introduce Abigail to them?

Alexis was completely relieved by what he heard. Right now, he felt grateful for his wits. If he hadn't told Wilton the lie that they all had girlfriends, he would've set Abigail up with them and choose one of them as her future husband.

Abigail had a nasty personality. Anyone who married her would have shitty luck. No matter how beautiful she was on the outside, she had a terrible character. Alexis had no interest in women like Abigail. Marrying a woman like her would be a call to disaster.

"We can go around and ask. Miss Schmidt is outstanding, and Snowland has many young talents around. She could find someone she likes." Alexis desperately changed the topic.

"Indeed, there are so many young and talented individuals in Snowland. But let's leave it all to fate. Anyway, enough about Abigail. We have to eat dinner first. After that, I'll let the butler show you around our backyard to rest or walk if you'd like. Sadly, the snow is too thick at the moment, and it's hard to walk outside. It would be nice if you could visit in the summer. You'll get to see the most stunning scenery." Wilton steered the conversation.

"You have a beautiful house. The sceneries would look stunning whatever season it is. Even when it's covered by snow, it's really pretty." Gabrielle turned to look out the window and smiled.

The large French window in front of the dining hall was a sight to behold. When the curtains were open, you could see the scenery outside. It was incredible.

It felt like the most magical place on Earth and people couldn't take their eyes off it.

"I'm very flattered to hear that, Gabrielle. You're always welcome to visit my humble home whenever you want." Wilton extended a heartfelt welcome to them.

Unlike the people that Abigail brought back home before, Wilton liked Gabrielle and the others better.

"That's wonderful to hear. When I come back to Snowland next time, I'll come to visit you." Gabrielle grinned.

She had no idea when she would return to Snowland.

So only time could tell when the next visit would be.

Since she had so much to do back in Antawood, she wasn't a hundred percent sure.

"Great! Please do visit when you're available. Come, let's have dinner first," Wilton excitedly said, urging everyone to eat the food.

The butler escorted them to the backyard to select rooms after dinner, but Abigail had not come down to join them.

Since it wasn't any of their business, they didn't ask anymore.

"After passing through this long corridor, we will reach the guestrooms in the backyard. There are a dozen of rooms in total for guests. You can choose any room you like." The butler explained the layout as of the Schmidt's estate. He described everything, including each corridor, house, man-made rocks, and the yard's summer splendor.

Everything was covered in snow for now, but when summer came, the place would become a yard filled with blooming flowers and lush green plants.

It was a vast courtyard that gave color to the seasons.

After strolling around the Schmidt family's beautiful courtyard, Gabrielle was greatly intrigued by its unique style.

The plum trees that bloomed in the winter yard added to its charm.

"Wow... Snowland is as beautiful as the pictures I've seen. I can't believe I'm finally here." Gabrielle was obsessed. She stood in the corridor with her hands around her cheeks, and reveled in the beautiful view that laid in front of her.

"I didn't expect you'd like the snow very much. What do you think about buying a house here? It would be our vacation house for the winter and we could enjoy the first snowfall of the year." Westley gently hugged her from behind.

The butler then excused himself, leaving all the guests to rest.

Gabrielle smiled and shook her head in response. "Honey, the people from the north go to the south to spend the winter season. But you're choosing to do the opposite? It would be freezing, I bet."

She thought it was sweet of Westley for considering such an idea. Gabrielle liked to see snow, but she kept in mind that doing all of these things for her was unnecessary.

Every time she would tell Westley about places she loved, he would instantly do things that would surprise her. What if Gabrielle told him that she liked the sea or the prairie? Would he buy houses there too?

All of it was possible because he was a filthy rich man. An ordinary girl like Gabrielle never thought of it even once.

She didn't want Westley to do all these things. It would be a waste to buy a house here since they weren't locals. They weren't even going to stay permanently. It was a better option to rent a villa or stay in a hotel if they ever planned on visiting in the winter season.

"There's a heating system here though. It won't be that cold. I know you love snow, so I want to take you here every winter."

Westley chuckled as he placed his head on top of Gabrielle's.

His little wife was so cute and straightforward.

"I know, but there's no need to buy a house. Some sceneries are only good to look at once or twice. Seeing the same thing would eventually be boring." Gabrielle breathed in the cold, crisp air.

Gabrielle was never arrogant nor impulsive, so Westley listened. She could thoroughly examine everything and exactly knew what she wanted. She was the boss.

"Okay, then. Now can you tell me the reason why you agreed to stay here?" Westley asked, gently pinching her earlobe.

Instead of answering directly, Gabrielle turned around and asked him face to face, "You adore your grandfather so much, right, Westley?"

Westley's eyes widened in surprise. "Why are you asking me this all of a sudden?"

Gabrielle's curiosity kicked in. She had never seen his grandfather before, so it was natural for her to ask about him.

"Answer my question first." She playfully hooked her arms around his waist.

"My grandparents love their grandchildren very much. I can say our bond with them was deeper than our parents'. Why do you ask this?" Westley narrowed his eyes and smiled as he pinched her nose.

"Grandpa has been gone for a long time now. You must miss him terribly." Gabrielle felt sad as she said this.

"I do miss him a lot." Westley didn't try to mask his feelings for his grandfather at all. Gabrielle was the only person he could be vulnerable with.

Perhaps it was true for all couples. It was a nice feeling to love someone and be so open with them. They didn't need to keep any secrets from each other. Instead, they would always be open about emotions because they trusted each other.

## Chapter 761 A Direct Confrontation

As of now, Westley wasn't hesitant in showing his trust in his wife.

In the past, Westley hated Gabrielle because she was associated with Bryce. So, he had a deep grudge against her and even wanted to bully her because of his deep-rooted hatred for Bryce.

Who would have known that she would instead become his beloved wife in the future? Now, let alone hating her, he even wished he could take good care of her all his life.

He wanted to give her all the good things in the world, including his own heart.

If Gabrielle wanted to know something, he would answer her truthfully as long as it was within his knowledge capacity.

"I could see that you miss your grandpa very much. I heard from Mr. Schmidt that he and your grandpa used to be good friends. So, I guessed they must be somehow similar in attitude or belief since they had been friends for a long time. Besides, I noticed that you were staring at Mr. Schmidt all the time, so I reasoned that you couldn't help but be reminded of your grandpa at the sight of Mr. Schmidt. Am I right?" Gabrielle asked him gently, tenderness and expectation were evident in her eyes.

Upon hearing her thoughtful words, Westley's heart softened.

"So, you agreed to stay here according to Mr. Schmidt's wish so that I can spend more time with him?" Westley smiled slightly and asked. She had considered about him in every detail, so he was moved.

"Well, Mr. Schmidt looks like your grandpa, doesn't he? He must have reminded you of your grandpa," Gabrielle said seriously.

"Yes, you are right. I really got reminded of him." Westley didn't say this in order to agree with Gabrielle and make her happy. It was just that he really thought so.

"I just want you to spend more time with Mr. Schmidt so that you can have a peace of mind while remembering the good memories about grandpa," said Gabrielle with an encouraging smile on her face.

"Sure enough, you are my dearest wife." Westley pulled her into his arms and kissed her on the forehead.

"Why do you say so? Is it because I am very considerate of you?" Gabrielle asked while raising her head and looking up at him happily.

"Indeed, you are the most considerate wife in the world." Westley felt really touched by her deep cogitation of him. He lowered his head and kissed her on the lips.

"Okay, I am going to take a rest in my room and watch the snow. You go to talk with Mr. Schmidt. I can see that he likes you very much. He must be very happy to know that you like accompanying him." Gabrielle urged him to talk to Wilton.

"But I want to be with you more though," Westley muttered a bit solemnly as he held his wife tightly.

Gabrielle had expected that he would react this way. He would definitely not leave her in order to associate with someone else. That was why Gabrielle had to take the initiative to reassure him.

"Go ahead. You can accompany me at any time. You should take this chance to chat with Mr. Schmidt. I'll be fine," Gabrielle continued to urge him as she knew how much Westley missed his grandfather. ②

"Then, I'll go there. You just stay in the room and enjoy the snow, okay?" Westley said seriously. His manner and expression looked as if he was instructing a child not to open the door for any stranger.

"Oh God, I'm not a child. Rest assured, I won't wander off." Gabrielle laughed, thinking that she must be like an immature child in Westley's heart. Otherwise, he wouldn't be so worried about her wandering off to somewhere. ②

"I know you won't run around. I'm just warning you in case. I will really be worried if you go out in the snow by yourself. I'm afraid you'll fall into a pit and get hurt. So, don't go anywhere until I come back. Do you hear me?" Westley reminded her again and again, worrying that she would have the urge to play with snow in the courtyard which was covered with thick snow. He was not familiar with the terrain of it, and Gabrielle even more so. He was afraid that she might fall into a pit by accident.

"I know, I know. Go ahead. I won't play with the snow in the yard," Gabrielle chuckled and promised.

"Okay then, I'll be back soon." Westley nodded and stopped nagging. Even though he was still worried, he didn't want his wife to feel annoyed, so he kissed her on the cheek before leaving.

Gabrielle gazed at him leaving until his tall back disappeared at the end of the corridor. After checking and confirming that he had really left, she turned to look at the thick snow in front of her with her heart filled with joy and excitement. She was eager to rush into the snow and build a snowman.

Just like that, she completely disregarded her promise to Westley just now and happily walked out of the corridor. Then, she

plunged into the snow directly. ②

It was snowing for a while, and now, it just stopped. This was the best time to play with the snow on the ground.

Even though she wanted to have a snowball fight, it was impossible for the time being, so she settled with building a snowman. Gabrielle had been in the Snowland for so many days, but she hadn't made a snowman yet, which she had been lamenting all this time.

Fortunately, there was still a chance to make one.

Gabrielle eagerly rolled up her sleeves and began to make snowman. This was the first time she had ever tried making a snowman, but she found that it was easy to make one after all.

She started with making a big and a small snowballs with the intention to combine them after.

The bigger one would be the body of the snowman, and the smaller one would be the head of it. Some branches were used as nose and eyes and so, a simple snowman was built successfully.

Gabrielle clapped her hands and was satisfied of her own work in front of her. She was about to take a picture of it as a souvenir, but a ball of snow, which came from afar, directly smashed her snowman's head. The snowman was incapacitated as the head fell and broke, along with the branches scattering on the ground. ①

This was the first snowman she had ever made. It was inevitable for Gabrielle to be shocked and unhappy when her hard work was ruined before she could admire it. She looked back and saw the culprit, Abigail, standing in the corridor with a mocking sneer on her face.

"Sure enough, you must really come from the south since you seem to have never seen the snow. I can't believe that you are so excited to see a little snow. You made a palm sized snowman and even admired it for a long time. How pitiful..." Abigail's words were really unpleasant to hear as it was obvious that she was looking down on Gabrielle.

How could there be someone who liked to look down on people because they had never seen the snow before?

"Miss Schmidt, I don't think I have offended you during my stay here. Why did you smash my snowman rudely?" Gabrielle squinted and questioned her directly. She was really angry with Abigail for what she did. It was obvious that Abigail was purposefully trying to ridicule her. What was more, she didn't respect the fruit of others' work. ①

Even if the snowman Gabrielle made was ugly, Abigail had no right to humiliate her like this.

"Hm, I smashed your snowman? Well, did you see it with your own eyes? Where's the proof? Who knows, maybe something from the outer space smashed it. Moreover, even if I did so, this is the Schmidt family, and I am the lady here. All the things in here are our property, including the snow in the court. I can do whatever I want. You are an outsider who touched the snow in our yard without the consent of the Schmidt family. Don't I have the right to smash your snowman? Don't be ridiculous. Besides, how ugly your snowman is!" With a sneer on her face, Abigail mocked and ridiculed her to no end. ①

"Miss Schmidt, that's not true. I have got Mr. Schmidt's permission to build a snowman here. I wonder if you have more power than Mr. Schmidt in this family?" Gabrielle retorted fearlessly as she looked at Abigail coldly. There was no reason for Gabrielle to endure such insult from an unreasonable and arrogant person like her. ③

# Chapter 762 Arrogance

Gabrielle's comments surprised Abigail. Her grandpa was the Schmidt family's most prominent man; even her father submitted to him. As a result, Wilton remained the Schmidt family's leader.

No one was able to stand in his way.

Regardless of how rebellious and snooty Abigail was, she was obligated to listen to her grandfather. Otherwise, how could she receive such favorable treatment if her grandfather was angry?

"Gabrielle, I'm not satisfied even if my grandfather agrees to let you play in the snow. I simply do not want you to come into contact with the snow in our house. What are you going to do with me? Are you going to tell my grandfather?" Abigail swiftly altered her mood and fixed an uninterested look on Gabrielle.

This was the Schmidt family's mansion, and she had the privilege to forbid Gabrielle from touching the snow.

"I'm done arguing with you, Miss Schmidt. Do you honestly believe I am sorry to inform Mr. Schmidt?" Gabrielle hissed, her sharp black eyes darted on Abigail.

She was only conveying one point to Abigail. She was completely fearless regardless of where she was in Snowland or in the Schmidt family's turf.

She knew that Wilton idolized her.

"Gabrielle, try not to be too arrogant. At the end of the day, I am still his grandchild. Do you suppose he will really be on your side?" Abigail was skeptical that her grandfather would end up favoring Gabrielle.

Gabrielle, after all, was an outsider, and this was her first meeting with her grandpa. Her grandfather always referred to her as the apple of his eye. He would never allow her to suffer any harm.

How could Gabrielle, a stranger, feel faith in her grandfather's support?

"Really? In comparison to his capricious and greedy granddaughter, who has wreaked chaos across the Schmidt family, your grandpa appears to prefer me, a rational outsider," Gabrielle said calmly, despite her embarrassment.

However, Gabrielle did not say anything incorrectly. She asserted this confidently. After all, Wilton expressed his admiration for Gabrielle on several occasions. He even requested her to befriend Abigail in order for her to exert influence over her. It would assist Abigail in developing into a better person.

If Abigail knew this, she would very certainly spew blood.

"Be less self-confident, Gabrielle. My granddad has always been an admirer of capable individuals." Abigail carelessly let out a snort.

"Miss Schmidt acknowledged that I am wonderful," Gabrielle said calmly. She felt pleased, in some strange way, to confront Abigail with such comments. Gabrielle was thrilled to see her furious and pissed off.

According to legend, everyone around Abigail attempted to please her, and as a result, she was taught to be self-centered. Every single person on the planet had to be on her side. As a result, when Abigail heard other voices, particularly when someone was speaking against her, she was automatically in a foul mood.

Gabrielle, in particular, a lady like her, increased Abigail's hatred towards her. After all, she was the one who stole the thunder in front of her grandfather.

Abigail felt humiliated. She needed to devise a plan to save her face from Gabrielle.

"Wonderful? A woman like you is a wonderful actor. What makes you so extraordinary? Did you truly believe that marrying Westley would transform you into a great person?" Abigail did not go downstairs for lunch, so she sought the assistance of someone to do an investigation on Gabrielle's past. She was shocked when she discovered the truth.

The Jones family was a typical American family, and she was a typically adopted daughter. Such a lady was incapable of competing with her, nevertheless, she married Westley. She had no idea how Gabrielle had won Westley's heart. She must have been rather shrewd.

That was why Abigail felt angry and delighted at the same time. She was so assured of herself.

How could such an opportunistic lady dare to question her? Did she honestly believe that she improved as a woman after marrying Westley?

This was Abigail's domain, the Schmidt family. If Gabrielle did not exercise self-control, she would give her a valuable lesson.

Smashing her snowman was the least severe penalty.

"So, Miss Schmidt, do you assume your grandfather exaggerated my abilities?" Gabrielle made that statement on purpose.

Abigail refused to acknowledge her misgivings about her grandfather.

"How can you ridicule my grandfather, Gabrielle? As is to be expected, you come from a modest household. What motivates you to be so proud of your adopted daughter's status?" Abigail's remarks were vexing.

In terms of moral character, Abigail's comment was the most illiterate.

"Miss Schmidt, it appears as though you have conducted an investigation of me?" Gabrielle was unsurprised that Abigail was conducting an investigation into her. ①

"Do you believe I'm interested in investigating you? I was only curious about the type of lady that married Westley, but I was taken aback by your humility. It's absurd. If you hadn't married Westley, a lady like you would be unable to join the Schmidt family." Abigail immediately felt superior.

"Really? Even if I didn't marry Westley, I wouldn't be interested in coming here. This time, your father and grandfather insisted on asking us over; it is for this reason that we have come here," Gabrielle said calmly.

Gabrielle was not obligated to visit the Schmidt family to begin with.

She desired to inform Abigail that the Schmidt family had pleaded with them to visit. They would not have come here if they had not taken the initiative.

They came to Snowland only for skiing. They had no desire to become involved in such a matter.

"We are waiting for you to apologize in person, Miss Schmidt. You haven't offered an apology yet, have you?" Gabrielle's eyes grew icier.

She fixed a hard glare on Abigail. Abigail experienced a shiver go down her spine. Indeed, she couldn't look down on Gabrielle.

"I am unable to apologize. A lady like you is unworthy of my apologies, Gabrielle. You should be grateful that I did not kill you!" Abigail said vehemently.

Gabrielle had assumed Abigail was privileged with a rebellious and haughty attitude, but now it appeared as though she was truly evil.

Gabrielle despised this type of woman.

## Chapter 763 Falling Into Gabrielle's Trap

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A person might have a bad character, yet he was not regarded as a bad person because he had a kind heart. But a person with a bad conscience was mostly likely a bad person.

Abigail was a vicious woman. Since she said that she was going to hurt Gabrielle, she must have thought about doing that in her heart. Had Abigail known who she was when they were in the ski resort, would she have killed Gabrielle?

Gabrielle felt disgusted and scared. She felt she was wrong to agree to stay in the mansion. ①

"Look at you, Gabrielle! You're scared now, aren't you? You don't have guts. You dare to stay here! I guess you'll have to wait and see what happens. Oh, I'll kick you out of this house," Abigail ranted.

Although she was at the Schmidt's mansion, Gabrielle was no longer afraid because she believed Wilton to be a sensible man. Abigail might want to do something crazy. But then again, with the presence of Wilton, Gabrielle thought that Abigail couldn't make any trouble at home.

"If it were up to me, we'd leave. It's just that your grandpa has asked us to stay here for a few more days. We don't have the heart to refuse him," Gabrielle said. She looked at Abigail, daring her to contradict her. "But if you don't want us around, why don't you go tell your grandpa? Westley and I can leave immediately."

Gabrielle knew that Abigail wouldn't tell Wilton. She wouldn't want to disappoint her grandfather.

"Are you sure that I won't do that, Gabrielle?" Abigail was furious at Gabrielle, seeing her be so confident like she had everything under control.

"Be my guest. Go ahead and tell him," said Gabrielle, sounding composed and not bothered by Abigail.

"If there's nothing else, I'll continue making my snowman."

Abigail hated Gabrielle for acting the way she did. She rushed over, grabbed a spade, and smashed the snowman that Gabrielle was making.

This made Gabrielle angry but she thought she had to contain herself. So, she stepped back and watched Abigail vent her anger on the snowman.

"Miss Schmidt, you can smash it to smithereens. But you must know that I do hold a grudge. You destroyed what I made so you'll have to build a new one to replace the snowman you have shattered." Gabrielle maintained her cool countenance, still looking at Abigail.

"Are you trying to be funny? Look at me, smashing your snowman. What else can you do?" With a smug look on her face, Abigail continued hitting Gabrielle's snowman with the spade.

The snowman was finally smashed into pieces.

"I think that Mr. Clifton Schmidt is a fair person, just like his father. He won't show any favoritism since he is free from self-interest," Gabrielle said as she glanced at Clinton who was walking down the corridor.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Schmidt!" Gabrielle greeted Clifton, sounding cheerful.

"Abigail, your grandfather has asked you to accompany Gabrielle," Clifton said as he passed by the two women. "So what are you doing?" he shouted at her when he saw his daughter smashing a snowman. He immediately realized that it was Gabrielle's.

Abigail had been doing things out of hand. What a troublemaker!

Clifton felt humiliated he was her father. He had lost face because of Abigail's shameful ways. If his father knew about this, he would surely scold him for not teaching his daughter well.

Abigail was utterly careless this time.

"Dad, I didn't do anything wrong!" Abigail denied what she did, even as she threw the spade aside.

In any case, she believed she didn't do anything wrong!

It was Gabrielle's fault. She had provoked her into doing such a thing.

"I couldn't believe you! You even have the gall to deny what you just did." Clifton glared at Abigail. "Your grandfather has asked you to accompany Mrs. Morris as he chatted with Mr. Morris. And what did you do? You get a spade and smash the snowman she made. How do I explain this to your grandfather and Mr. Morris? Why do you have to embarrass me all the time?"

Abigail had made him look bad. When would she stop making trouble for him?

It was really fortunate that he saw what Abigail did before his father or Westley found out about it. Otherwise, she would be doomed!

"Dad, she started it! I wouldn't have done such a thing had she not irritated me." At any rate, Abigail would never admit her fault.

Clifton was enraged that he decided he was going to teach his daughter a lesson.

"Abigail, I want you to apologize to Mrs. Morris for the wrongs you have done to her. Do it now," he sternly said. His angry eyes were focused on his daughter.

"Are you serious, Dad? I didn't do anything wrong. I won't apologize to her," Abigail retorted haughtily. She would never apologize to Gabrielle. That would be admitting that she was inferior to her.

She was a Schmidt woman. That adopted daughter of a lowly family would never be an equal to her.

"Mr. Schmidt, may I say something?" Gabrielle felt that the situation was getting out of hand. She had to do something about it.

"Yes, please," Clifton replied kindly.

"Mr. Schmidt, this is my first time to visit Snowland. I also don't know anything about making a snowman. Miss Schmidt found the one I made awful so she smashed it." Gabrielle's tone was calm. She sounded honest.

Abigail would have believed what she said if they didn't have the conversation before.

Gabrielle was cunning. She spoke so convincingly that one would think she wasn't just making an empty point.

"Abigail, is that true?" Clifton asked, looking at his daughter with doubt.

If Abigail denied it, it would mean that she admitted she was just being her flippant self. On the other hand, if she admitted it, she would be caught in Gabrielle's scheme.

It was a no-win situation. Abigail knew that whatever she said, Gabrielle had the upper hand. She had fallen into her trap.