

Chapter 751 I'm Not Jealous

Abigail disapproved of the questions. The aggressiveness of it all did not please her. Perhaps it was because the Schmidt family failed to discuss the matter with the reporters in advance or maybe, it was a tad too late for such a discourse.

"What made you say that the incident was intentional? I'm not insane! Of course I didn't mean it. Who the hell would want to hurt them? Don't ruin my reputation without concrete evidence. Do you understand?" Abigail warned.

"You should apologize, Abigail." Abigail's harsh words gave her father Clifton a terrible headache. Abigail had no regard for other people despite the severity of the situation. She cared about her personal affairs.

"Dad, they've gone too far. Why would I admit something I did not do? They are insinuating that I hurt people just because I want to. It's defamation of character. I can take this to court if I wanted to!" Abigail sulked. She was unwilling to subject herself to such atrocity, especially not when other people seemed to be against her.

She often misunderstood people but hated it when they did the same thing to her.

"Abigail, say you're sorry!" Clifton said in a whisper. Despite his low voice, his words sounded firm, much like a command. At this point, he was already angry.

Abigail's anger matched her father's. Darkness filled her eyes as her gaze shifted to him. "Why would I do that?"

"You don't have to answer their questions. Just apologize to the injured and their families so we can get this over and done with!" Clifton exclaimed and grabbed her to force her into saying sorry.

With her best efforts, Abigail tried her hardest to repress her vexation. She did not want to do so but in the end, Abigail gave in to her father's incessant command. "I'm sorry."

As if on cue, Abigail hastily left upon saying those words. Gerry chased after her. She was a lot to deal with but he did not have it in him to ignore her.

Her dramatic exit took Clifton by surprise but it was not out of his expectations.

He knew exactly how short his daughter's temper was so Clifton did not ask for anything more.

Gerry had always been a reliable man. Knowing that he chased after his daughter, Clifton could rest assured that Abigail would be fine. After all, Gerry was one of her closest childhood friends.

"I apologize for my daughter's behavior. She must have been feeling guilty because Abigail is overwhelmed with emotions right now. A few hours ago, she went to the hospital and visit the injured." Clifton quickly explained his daughter's hasty departure. He was determined to protect her by all means. It did not matter to him how awful her actions were. After all, she was his favorite daughter.

This aroused a sense of jealousy in Gabrielle's heart. Perhaps it was because of his paternal love that Abigail grew up spoiled and happy.

Despite her unruly behavior, Gabrielle envied Abigail for having such a loving father. It was something Gabrielle never had growing up.

Her biological parents abandoned her when she was just a child. Gabrielle was left to live in an orphanage until she turned two years old. She never had the chance to bask under the love and affection of her parents. When the Jones family adopted her, she lived a better life. However, her foster parents never treated her like their real daughter.

It was a clear segregation between how she and Abigail were brought up. Abigail was spoiled while she grew up deprived of parental love.

"Is something the matter?" Westley asked. He couldn't help but worry when he saw the serious expression on Gabrielle's face.

"Nothing. I'm fine," Gabrielle responded as she shook her head.

She did not want to admit that she was jealous of Abigail. Putting this feeling into words would put her to shame.

"Are you sure? What can you say about Abigail's apology?" Westley asked. His eyes gazed at her intently.

"I'm not surprised. This is really how Abigail is. She's selfish and couldn't take even just an ounce of criticism. Her ears are always shut towards other people's opinions and grievances. Making such a ruckus is not so surprising coming from her. Besides, the reporters were too aggressive. How could she possibly just let them go?" Gabrielle understood where Abigail was coming from.

"You seem to really know her. How could you forgive her even after what she did to you?" Westley couldn't help but pinch her cheek.

"It has nothing to do about forgiveness. I don't hold anything against her. Except maybe the fact that she's into you," Gabrielle

answered with calmness in her voice.

"You're too kind. I don't understand how you could forgive someone just like that." Westley adored her attitude. She never let other people's mistakes get into her head.

"I just don't want to stress myself out with other people's affairs. Letting go sets you free. Why do I have to invest so much time and effort on people who did me wrong? Besides, I don't know Abigail too well. Why would I care about what she thinks?" For twenty years, Gabrielle had been with the Jones family. In that long span of time, she learned how to be patient and indifferent. Perhaps it was why people took her as a person who didn't care at all.

However, the reality was that Gabrielle cared. She just did not want to go through the hassle of putting herself in trouble so she never initiated misunderstandings. If there was a choice to avoid a conflict, she would gladly take that path without regrets.

"I feel the same way." Gabrielle's attitude really put Westley in awe. He sided with her a hundred percent. It made sense that Gabrielle would act that way. Especially because she grew up in such an unconventional setting.

The Jones family never saw her as a real member of their family. They never treated her like a real daughter. Gabrielle had to learn how to be indifferent to protect herself.

"Don't you think I'm selfish?" Gabrielle did not expect Westley to be on her side just because she was his wife.

"Anyone who claims that he is selfless is a liar. Being selfish is human nature," Westley explained.

He really agreed with Gabrielle. Moreover, she was never one to put other people in jeopardy with her interests.

"You're right my love. It's never my intention to cause harm to others. I just don't want to cause trouble. All I long for is a quiet and simple life." Gabrielle's outlook was easy and uncomplicated. All she wanted was a peaceful life.

"I guess that's great. I wouldn't have to worry about you being with other men. If that happened, dealing with them every single day would be a pain in the ass." The corners of Westley's lips spread with a handsome grin.

Gabrielle was stunned by the sudden change in topic.

"You're one to talk! I'm not as popular as you are. My rival's face is all over the country," Gabrielle said as she returned his smile. Her words put a smile on his face. Westley couldn't believe that his wife would mention Abigail again. Without a word, his eyes intently stared at her.

For Westley, everything his wife did was adorable. He always found her quite charming even when she was jealous.

"My love, I've told you so many times that you are your only rival. There is nobody else who could possibly take your place. Stop overthinking," Westley comforted.

"Mr. Morris, don't think too much. I'm not jealous," Gabrielle said, putting emphasis on every word.

"Sure you're not," Westley replied, not wanting to start an argument.

"What are you going to do about the Schmidts?" Gabrielle asked, changing the topic.

Chapter 752 Show His Sincerity

They were now in Snowland, and on top of that, they were having some problems with the Schmidt family. So the first and most important thing they needed to focus on right now was to solve the problem.

Their original intention for visiting Snowland was to have a good time together. But then a series of unexpected events happened, as they got into conflict with Abigail, and now the Schmidt family became involved. Obviously, this was not a good thing.

"No worries. You just need to stay in the hospital these two days to recover. Then we can go to visit the Schmidt family together." Westley, on the other hand, looked calm. After all, he already had a plan about what to do next, so he was confident to visit the Schmidt family. He had nothing to worry about.

Gabrielle naturally stopped herself from fretting too much when she saw Westley's calm demeanor. She believed that Westley had the ability to deal with everything.

"Is the Schmidt family ruthless?" Still, this was what Gabrielle was most concerned about.

It was true that the Morris family was the most powerful family in Antawood. But now they were in Snowland, and this was the Schmidt family's territory. So, they needed to be careful with everything.

"Don't worry. We have nothing to be afraid of. Not everyone in the Schmidt family is like Abigail. You'll know when you meet Wilton." Westley had met Wilton before, so he knew how reasonable he was. Unlike Abigail, he was the type of person who would take full responsibility. Abigail's father Clifton should take the blame for Abigail's stubbornness and unreasonableness.

"Then, I'm relieved. It seems that you know what to do." Gabrielle knew that Westley was used to taking control of everything. If he was not confident enough, he would not agree to visit the Schmidt family.

"Well, I have nothing to worry about."

Gabrielle looked at him with a smile on her face.

"Have a good rest and think about what to have for dinner. I'll ask Alexis to order the food for us." Westley immediately changed the topic.

Gabrielle's attention was quickly switched to what to eat. She took out her phone and started looking for food to eat in Snowland. Her mood completely brightened as she swiped across the phone, looking at various images of delicious-looking foods.

Gabrielle selected a bunch of foods she would like to try and showed them to Westley. "Westley, I want to eat this, this, and this one, okay?"

Westley took her phone over and checked on them. They were all snacks and drinks. So, he picked up a couple of them and rejected the rest. He then sent those to Alexis and instructed him to order more nutritious foods.

Gabrielle needed to eat more nutritious foods to help her recover. Of course, she couldn't just have snacks and drinks.

"Westley, have you told Alexis?" Gabrielle looked at Westley with her eyes full of expectancy.

"Yes," Westley answered with a smile.

"I want to drink milk tea." A smile formed on her lips at the thought of the milk tea.

"I've ordered it for you. It will be sent here later. But you can't drink too much." Westley could indulge her, but only to a certain degree.

"I know. I won't drink milk tea all the time. I'll eat other nutritious foods too. By the way, let's not make a video call with Star tonight. I don't want to let him see that we are in hospital. He will be very worried about us. Okay?"

Gabrielle said as she suddenly thought of Star.

They had made an agreement with Star that they would make a video call with him every night.

Gabrielle had no intention of letting Star see her like that now that she was in the hospital.

"It's okay. I'll call him later and explain that it's not convenient for us to make a video call. He will understand. Star is so smart and well-behaved. He won't have any psychological burden." Westley comforted Gabrielle to put her at ease.

"Okay," Gabrielle said. After all, what Westley said was right. Although Star was still a child, he was very sharp and could adapt well.

The news that Abigail had hurt more than dozen people in the snowfield was still making headlines and had not faded. Although Clifton held a press conference and made Abigail officially apologize in front of the cameras, the public was still unsatisfied. After all, Abigail's attitude during the conference was appalling, and she showed no repentance for her actions.

Therefore, the outcome of the press conference was not so good, and it failed to sway the public's opinion.

At that time, Alexis came in with the cup of milk tea and handed it to Gabrielle. He then sat beside Gabrielle. "I don't think Abigail is willful. What a brainless girl! It's such a good opportunity to make an explanation and restore her image. Still, she ruined it," looking at his phone screen, Alexis couldn't help but complain.

"The Schmidt family aimed to make Abigail admit her mistakes. However, the reporters' words hurt her so much. How could a spoiled and arrogant girl like Abigail tolerate the criticism of the public? So, she ran away," Joseph said lightly.

He had spent a few hours in the car with Abigail and Gerry before. Although it wasn't a long time, it was enough for him to understand Abigail's violent temper.

She could be unreasonable, but she would never let others misunderstand her. She was not someone who would bear some unwarranted charges. This was the crime of intentional harming, a very serious crime.

How could a woman like Abigail be guilty? So she naturally left everyone behind and ran away. She was well aware that she would be questioned and humiliated by the media if she did not run away.

"Abigail has such high self-esteem, so it's normal for her to run away. I guess the Schmidt family didn't discuss with her in advance when they held the press conference, and they directly brought her to the scene. That's why Abigail was so conflicted and even left on the spot. It is rude, but that's her character." Gabrielle told her analysis of the matter from the perspective of a bystander.

"It's her family's business. It has nothing to do with us." Westley showed his disinterest in the situation.

After all, whatever happened was the business of the Schmidt family, and it had nothing to do with him.

"Clifton held a press conference so suddenly. Does it really have nothing to do with you?" Gabrielle turned her head and looked at Westley. She didn't fully believe the fact that it had nothing to do with him.

Clifton specially came to visit them, but Westley directly shut him out. After that, Clifton went back and held the press conference.

After all these happenings, how could Westley still say that it had nothing to do with him?

Perhaps, could it be that Clifton held the press conference in such a hurry to show it to Westley rather than to apologize to the injured sincerely?

"What made you think so?" Westley knew that Gabrielle was smart enough to guess something out of the situation, so he just gave her a try.

"It must have to do with you. When Clifton came to see us before, you shut him out and told him to show his sincerity. Clifton immediately held a press conference this afternoon. Isn't it too obvious that this press conference was not for those injured people but you?" Gabrielle asked seriously.

"Am I right?" Her eyes fixed on Westley.

"Indeed, you are very smart. Your guess is right. Clifton indeed held the press conference for me to see. Since I refused his visit, he would naturally have other ways to show me his sincerity," Westley said indifferently.

"So, he held a press conference without talking with Abigail, and then he asked her to apologize in front of the camera. The press conference was doomed to be screwed over," Gabrielle couldn't help but complain.

Chapter 753 A Friend Of His Grandpa

Gabrielle could now tell that Clifton was really averse of offending Westley. If that was not the case, he wouldn't be holding the conference.

However, it was ineffective.

Clifton called while they were discussing him. Because Alexis had been dealing with this, Clifton contacted him.

"It's Clifton, boss. Should we answer?" Alexis asked Westley.

Clifton had just concluded his news conference. Given that he made it for Westley, he would naturally want to know if Westley bought it.

"Sure, Alexis," Westley said coldly.

"Greetings, Mr. Schmidt." Alexis answered the phone and spoke in a pleasant tone.

"Mr. Williams, is Mr. Morris available at the moment? I need to speak with him about something." Clifton was direct.

"All right, hang on." Alexis then handed the phone to Westley.

"Mr. Schmidt."

"Have you seen the news, Mr. Morris?" Clifton inquired plainly. He attempted to be courteous to Westley, but he couldn't afford to be too modest in his presence. After all, he was the CEO and elder of the Schmidt Group.

Although he was mortified when Westley drove him away a few hours ago.

He did believe Westley was a capable individual.

As a result, he endured the embarrassment just now.

"Yes, Mr. Schmidt, I have seen it," Westley answered readily.

"We sincerely apologize. I hope you could allow Abigail to make amends to you and your wife," Clifton said with a much more comfortable tone.

Clearly, Westley was aware that his true goal was to invite him to see the Schmidt family.

"When my wife gets better, we'll go see Wilton together, and then we'll be able to talk." Westley disliked conversing with new people; he was only attempting to be pleasant.

"All well, then I'll wait for you at home," Clifton said, smiling.

"I'll see you then, Mr. Schmidt." Then Westley hung up and returned the phone to Alexis.

"Are you sure you're going to the Schmidt family, boss?" Alexis picked up the phone and asked.

"Obviously. Why would I not? It is not a risky place. In any case, I'd want to meet Mr. Wilton Schmidt," Westley said gently.

"But, it may be quite risky. The Schmidt family was humiliated this time; perhaps he has ill will against you." Alexis was absolutely correct.

The Schmidt family was the wealthiest and most powerful in Snowland, implying that they were all intelligent individuals.

People at the top were frequently like this; Westley was no exception. Individuals like him were frequently viewed as cunning and brutal, which was the only way to maintain their positions.

Naturally, this was also true for the Schmidt family. Given that the Schmidt and Morris families were equally wealthy and powerful, it would be preferable if they did not become rivals.

"Do not be afraid. It's not significant. After all, Mr. Wilton Schmidt is the Schmidt family's last decider," Westley said resolutely.

"Are you familiar with Wilton, Westley?" Gabrielle had a distinct impression that he knew Wilton after hearing Westley speak.

"Mr. Schmidt is a friend of my grandfather's; we've met numerous times previously. Wilton is a reasonable man; we will not be in danger with him in the Schmidt family. You can drink your milk tea now." Westley patted her head to appease her.

Gabrielle exhaled a sigh of relief and offered him the milk tea. "I'm unable to drink it all, Westley. Can you help me?"

Westley had never been fond of sweets, but he sipped the milk tea Gabrielle offered him.

"Just a little." When the three guys witnessed this scene, they felt compelled to leave.

"We need to return immediately. We do not want to be third wheels in this situation." Alexis rose to his feet and was about to depart.

"Leave. In any case, there is nothing here." Westley wanted alone time with Gabrielle as well.

"Then we're leaving. Contact us immediately in case of anything." They then departed.

Gabrielle intended to depart as well once they went. She hated her time in the hospital.

While they were not at their own house, it was preferable to being in the hospital.

"Let us go, Westley. I'm not interested in staying in the hospital; my injury is not significant in any case," Gabrielle said softly.

"But, Clifton and the others believe your injury was severe. Stay for a few days. Anyway, with Clifton's men around, we are unable to move around," Westley said briefly.

"You mean the Schmidt family is keeping an eye on us? Then they should have realized that we are all right." Gabrielle was not dumb; she saw how simple it would be for Clifton to learn about it.

"Of course he is aware, but it's irrelevant. What matters is what I said," Westley said with a slight smile.

So he singled him out? But Westley had justifications.

"Will his men take us to the Schmidt family if we go out now?" Gabrielle conjured up the scene of the kidnapping.

"Something along those lines. Therefore, remain here; they will not attempt to capture us," Westley said calmly.

"Have you anticipated everything?" Gabrielle received the impression, from the look on his face, that he had everything all under control.

"Gabrielle, I am incapable of foreseeing events. I am a common man." Westley guessed what Gabrielle was thinking by the expression on her face.

"To me, you are a wonderful man," Gabrielle said proudly.

"All I'm going to do is be your hero and protect you." Westley put the milk tea back in her hand.

"You are my idol, and I adore you. You just said that Mr. Wilton Schmidt is a friend of your grandfather; thus, he should not harm us, right?" with a questioning gaze, Gabrielle asked.

"You don't have to worry. He will not. In any case, we did no wrong. Drink your milk tea, honey." Westley massaged her head gently, not wanting her to panic too much.