

## Chapter 764 She Was Really Something!

Abigail tried to use this opportunity to teach Gabrielle a lesson. She needed to be taught to respect the Schmidt family and to be reminded that this was their territory.

She didn't imagine Gabrielle turned the tables around and set a big trap for her. Even if she took the bait or not, all the blame fell on her.

How could she be this cunning?

"Abigail, is this true?" Answer me!" Clifton raised his voice. He was getting pissed that Abigail kept quiet.

"Fine! She's right, Dad! I just can't bear to look at such an ugly snowman. Why should we even tolerate these kinds of things? It's an insult to our magnificent and noble mansion! I tore it down, alright?" Abigail had no choice but to admit what she had done.

She simply disliked Gabrielle. She felt like destroying everything she had. Did she need any reason? No.

"I will not tolerate you treating our guest this way, Abigail. Now, apologize to her. Mrs. Morris, if there's anything she could do to make it up to you, I'll ask her to do it." Clifton wanted to show Gabrielle how sorry the Schmidt family was. As long as she made a request, he would ask Abigail to reflect on her actions.

"Oh, Mr. Schmidt, it's not that serious. I guess Miss Schmidt just didn't like how ugly it was. Hmm, in that case, how about she build another snowman for me? Something bigger and more beautiful. I'd like to see that. What do you think? Or is my request too much?" Gabrielle gave them a serious look.

It didn't sound like an unreasonable request, but Abigail was fuming. It was obvious that Gabrielle was trying to retaliate against her. ●

Gabrielle was a truly ruthless woman. How dare she even make a servant out of her? She crossed the line.

"Of course not. Abigail has been making snowmen since she was three years old. She's really good at it." Clifton had thought that Gabrielle would take the opportunity to trick the Schmidt family again. Just like Westley, they owed him a favor and he might ask for a rather outrageous price in the future. After hearing Gabrielle's simple request, he naturally agreed without hesitation. He would be stupid if he didn't.

She only asked to see Abigail make a snowman for her. It was not a big deal for Clifton.

That was why he gladly agreed to her request.

"Dad, I refuse! I'm not some servant girl! Why should I make a snowman for the likes of her? She's gone too far!" Of course, Abigail couldn't agree to such an arrangement. Gabrielle was not her master. She had no reason to obey her wishes.

"I don't want to hear it, Abigail. Since you destroyed Mrs. Morris's snowman, you have to take responsibility. As long as you make it well, I won't be hard on you this time." Clifton urged her daughter to handle this maturely.

But since he had a soft spot for Abigail, he might get swayed and take his daughter's place instead.

"Abigail, I won't repeat myself again. Go make a snowman for Mrs. Morris," Clifton persisted, thinking he would not spoil his daughter this time.

"Dad!"

"If you don't want grandpa to be angry with you, just listen to me this time. Mrs. Morris's request isn't too hard, and you always loved making snowmen every year. Today, you can show it to Mrs. Morris and the rest of our guests." Clifton encouraged his daughter.

Abigail knew she had no other choice but to follow her father's instructions. If she still wanted to be the young lady of the Schmidt family, she had to make a snowman for Gabrielle.

It was the first time she felt like she had been duped. It was stupid of her to fall for Gabrielle's tricks.

The young lady of the Schmidt family was going to make a snowman for other people. If her friends knew, it would be a huge embarrassment.

"Abigail!" Clifton snarled at her.

Gabrielle kept quiet and stared at Abigail.

Because she was certain Clifton would find a way to make Abigail obey.

"Fine... I'll do it." Abigail eventually compromised. It would have been easier to make a snowman for others, but she hated the thought of doing it for Gabrielle.

"Thank you, Miss Schmidt. Please make it as big and as pretty as you can. After all, I'm from the south, and this is the first time

I've ever seen such a thick blanket of snow." Gabrielle smiled innocently amidst Abigail's raging expression.

The wealthy people in the south would travel to the north or to other nations just to ski. Gabrielle, who was a poor country girl, hadn't experienced a lot of things and had never seen snow before.

"Heh. You don't have to tell me. Watch how a pro builds a snowman," Abigail replied arrogantly.

Gabrielle really didn't know why Abigail was so proud. Building a snowman was hardly an achievement.

If she liked doing it so much, then...

"Miss Schmidt, it would be nice if you don't make it too big. Just make one that's as tall and as lovely as you are. I'm really looking forward to seeing your skills," Gabrielle said, smiling in satisfaction.

"Ah, yes. Mr. Schmidt, Miss Schmidt, please allow me to go back to change my shoes. They're a bit wet from the snow. I'll come out later to see the snowman that Miss Schmidt made especially for me. It's going to be a surprise, right?" Gabrielle remarked.

"Of course, Mrs. Morris. You might catch a cold, so please change your shoes immediately. There are slippers and some clothes in your room. If you need anything else, just ask the butler." Clifton had to cater to Gabrielle's whims. He didn't want the Schmidt family to be held responsible for anything that might happen to her.

"Alright, thank you, Mr. Schmidt. I'll see you in a bit, Miss Schmidt!" Gabrielle gestured to cheer for Abigail before going back to her room.

Abigail was more furious than ever.

Gabrielle just made a mockery of her in their own home.

"Dad, did you see that? Gabrielle was literally doing it on purpose! Why should I even waste my energy making a snowman for her? Who does she think she is to boss me around? Why do I need to please her?" The more she thought about it, the angrier she became. She kicked the snow and stomped on it heavily.

She wouldn't let Gabrielle get away with this.

# Chapter 765 Scold Her Harshly

A worried look was pasted on his face as Clifton turned to look at his daughter. Normally, Abigail was a clever woman. However, whenever she faced a confrontation with Gabrielle, she always appeared to look inferior.

It wasn't until now that Abigail realized that Gabrielle played her at the palm of her hands. It was a wake-up call for Abigail. She thought that it was time for a change. This might be her opportunity to improve her temper and outlook. In several aspects, she was much superior but when it boiled down to a battle of abilities and wits, Abigail always seemed to be lacking against her.

That was what took them apart. It was the reason behind how Gabrielle, a simple woman, managed to marry a catch while Abigail was left with men that did not deserve her. There were quite a number of eligible bachelors in Snowland but none of them could bear Abigail's personality.

"Dad, are you also taking her side?" The look on her father's face made Abigail feel unhinged. The feeling of uneasiness in her guts was emphasized when she felt like her father was taking Gabrielle's side.

"You are my daughter. How could I possibly be in the favor of a stranger? However, Gabrielle is Westley's wife. She's our guest. I could never drive her out. What would people think of me?" Clifton comforted Abigail.

Abigail had always been willful and had never experienced being on the losing end. Everyone in Snowland acknowledged the aristocracy of the Schmidt family. Nobody had the guts to speak ill of her, let alone castigate her behavior and faults.

Gabrielle was the first woman who stood up to her. If one were to look into it, what Gabrielle had done did Abigail some good. Gabrielle's criticism helped Abigail realize that she should do something about her behavior. After all, she should be aware of the fact that there would always be someone better than her.

"Dad, is that the truth? Are you really on my side?" Clifton's words sent relief to Abigail's thoughts.

"Of course I am. You are my most prized possession. Where else would I be if not on your side?" Without a tinge of doubt, Clifton, indeed, stood up for his beloved daughter.

"I know you love me. Gabrielle is a horrible woman, dad. She asked me to be her servant and even asked for my help with making a snowman. Eventually, she made up a stupid reason so she could slack off. I am the lady of the Schmidt family. Nobody could do that to me. That bitch really gets on my nerves!" The anger in Abigail's heart grew every second she spent thinking about it.

"You should always keep what happened in mind. That way, you won't forget what kind of woman she is. You know how difficult she could be. Why do you keep on getting on her bad side? You just gave her a free pass to play you. Don't let yourself be fooled again." Clifton felt sorry for his daughter but he also wanted her to learn from her mistakes.

"Why would you say that, dad?" Her mood turned sour. 'How could he lecture me like this? Is he really even my dad? I knew he was on her side!' Abigail thought to herself.

"Please be wiser, Abigail. You have to set your boundaries. Be smart with who you can cross and who you can't. If you chanced upon someone who you shouldn't have, you would suffer the consequences. Do you understand?" Tough love was difficult but Clifton was convinced that it was time for her daughter to learn her lesson.

"I see. You have to go. It's time to make a snowman. I guess I'll have to make it all by myself," Abigail exclaimed, her voice teeming with sarcasm. Evidently, her mood had turned for the worse.

Clifton knew very well that his daughter had an insanely horrible temper. Staying would only make Abigail even more irate than she already was. That was why he opted for his best option. He left.

"I hope your snowman turns out nice. I'm going to leave you to it. Make it as good as you promised. Don't forget to behave well for the next couple of days. We have guests. You should control your temper. Don't get on your grandfather's nerves, okay?" Clifton warned.

Abigail was left feeling furious from her father's words. Hearing what he said put her into an even worse mood.

"Dad, do you really think that I'm good for nothing?!" she screamed.

"Abigail, calm down. I have never thought of you that way. You will always be the best daughter I've ever had. I'm sure your grandfather would be ecstatic if your snowman turns out great. Trust me," Clifton encouraged Abigail despite her sudden outburst.

"Sure. Leave. I don't want to hear any more from you." Abigail urged her father to leave her alone.

Not a word left Clifton's lips when he turned to leave. The moment he departed, Abigail started making snowballs and threw them against Gabrielle's window.

## Chapter 765 Scold Her Harshly

Gabrielle's shoes were soaking wet from being submerged in the snow. She was in the bathroom, soaking her cold feet in hot water when the sound of breaking glass caught her attention.

Without having to take a second guess, Gabrielle knew exactly what was going on. It was Abigail throwing snowballs at her window to vent her anger.

In an instant, she wiped her moist feet, put her slippers on and gracefully strode to the window. Gabrielle stood by the glass window as her eyes darted to Abigail who was standing in the snow outside.

"Miss Schmidt, do you want me to watch you make a snowman for me?" she asked as she pushed the window open so Abigail could hear. It was clear that she wanted to let Abigail know her dominance through emphasizing the fact that she had given her a job.

"Gabrielle, what are so you proud of?"

"What do you mean? Nothing. I just couldn't help but feel happy. It's my first time coming to the Schmidt's mansion and here you are, generous enough to make a snowman for me. How could I possibly not beam with joy? It's awful that my shoes got wet so I can't stay outside to help you with that. But hey, I will appreciate your masterpiece when you're done with it." With those final words, Gabrielle closed the window and plopped herself onto the sofa, relieved. Abigail's insane screaming could be heard from outside her room but Gabrielle couldn't care less. She began browsing through her phone like she never heard anything.

Gabrielle couldn't care less about Abigail's attitude. Now that she had managed to teach her a lesson, Gabrielle's irritation towards Abigail was considerably less.

While swiping through her phone, Gabrielle saw a text from Melissa. She was asking when Gabrielle would visit her in Ensfield. Gabrielle had promised Melissa that she would drop by but they were in Snowland now. She had no idea when she would be coming back. She didn't even know when she could come visit Ensfield.

It was a headache.

"Ms. Glyn, there's something urgent in Snowland that my husband and I have to deal with. We can't really tell when we could go back. I'm afraid that we may have to delay our trip to Ensfield. I deeply apologize for this, Ms. Glyn. I hope you're not upset," Gabrielle edited her text multiple times before she finally sent it to Melissa in hopes that she would not be angry.

As if on cue, Gabrielle's phone rang. It was Melissa. After hesitating for a couple of seconds, Gabrielle picked up. "Hi, Ms. Glyn!"

"Gabrielle, what happened?"

"We're not in any trouble, Ms. Glyn. We're currently staying at someone's house. I think we might not be able to leave until a couple of days later." Gabrielle could not tell her that they came here for leisure in fear that Melissa would find it disrespectful.

Who would have thought that she would end up with so much trouble? 🍷

"Alright. That's a relief. You should stay there for a few more days. It's the biggest natural snow resort in the country. You should go skiing." The anxiety in Gabrielle's heart dissipated into nothing when Melissa encouraged her to enjoy her time in Snowland rather than being upset for her not showing up.

## Chapter 766 Ask For Help

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Gabrielle was unprepared for Melissa to persuade her to take up skiing. She felt more at ease now.

"Yes, Ms. Glyn. How are you now feeling?" Gabrielle expressed concern about Melissa's health.

"There is no cause for concern. I'm presently in terrific health. I'm now a homebody. Jonathan got the services of the top physician to care for me during my recuperation. I'm improving daily. Perhaps half a month later, I'll be able to walk again," Melissa said calmly.

"I'm happy to hear that, Ms. Glyn. For you, the most critical thing is to recover. We will surely make time to visit you and Mr. Walker once we return from Snowland." Gabrielle was glad to learn Melissa was recovering and desired to visit her even more. ②

"Given your location in Snowland, I wish you a pleasant holiday. You may visit me later, or you may avoid Ensfield entirely. In any case, I'll be traveling to Antawood to instruct pupils. We will then meet." Melissa took her time inviting Gabrielle to meet her in Ensfield. Despite her desire to meet Gabrielle, Gabrielle and her husband were now on holiday in Snowland. She didn't want to ruin their good time.

"Okay, Ms. Glyn. We can discuss more the next time. If you are bored, you may contact me at any moment," Gabrielle said seriously.

"Good idea, bye." Melissa promptly hung up.

Gabrielle checked her phone and was about to look at Abigail's snowman outdoors. Westley entered as soon as she stood.

"You're back, Westley." Gabrielle was surprised when she saw Westley enter. She assumed he would have a lengthy chat with Wilton and would not return before night. She had not imagined his return so soon.

"Are you startled or happy to see me come back?" Gabrielle was taken into Westley's arms. Gabrielle shrank somewhat as a result of the coldness of his body, but she clutched him even more.

"Of course I am happy. You returned so quickly. I assumed you would not return until night." Gabrielle tenderly buried her head in his chest and gladly placed her arms around his waist. She was in a good mood. On one side, it was due to Westley; on the other side, it was due to Melissa's healing.

"You appear to be quite cheerful. Why is Miss Schmidt building a snowman in this yard?" Westley was surprised when he saw Abigail in the yard, building a snowman.

Abigail's creation of a snowman was not peculiar. It was not peculiar for her to construct a snowman in any part of the estate, but it was very strange for her to construct one in the yard where they stayed.

It was also odd that Gabrielle did not venture out to build a snowman.

Why Abigail? Gabrielle should have been building a snowman in the yard at this time, as Gabrielle was a major fan of heavy snow.

"To demonstrate her hospitality, Miss Schmidt wanted to create a magnificent snowman for me which would be the same height as she is. Don't you think she is extremely hospitable?" Gabrielle smiled.

"Yes, she must be." Following her words, Westley softly caressed Gabrielle's temples with his large palm.

"So, you don't want to build a snowman that you like?" Westley asked seriously.

After all, he was all too aware of her interest. How could she have missed the opportunity to build a snowman outside when she saw the snow?

"Of course, I do." Gabrielle was reluctant to tell him she had constructed a snowman in the beginning, and as a result, her shoes were wet. ①

That would undoubtedly enrage Westley. He was afraid she might get a cold from wetting her shoes in the snow.

"How about doing it later?" Westley excitedly asked.

"I'd like to build one, but I suppose I'd best wait till Miss Schmidt completes it. I'm curious to see what she can create in the way of a snowman. We will not produce one if she makes it too good out of embarrassment." Gabrielle devised an entirely plausible justification.

Westley erupted into laughter as he heard her explanation. He had not anticipated Gabrielle's lack of confidence, as she had always been confident.

"To be honest, you have the last say. When Miss Schmidt is finished, let us go have a look. We shall then determine whether or not to proceed," Westley said.

He would agree to everything Gabrielle desired to say or do as long as she was content. ①

"I'm curious to know how Miss Schmidt creates the snowman now. I'm so intrigued." Gabrielle was desperate to see Abigail's snowman in its current state.

After all, she had not anticipated Abigail's ability to create a lovely snowman. Abigail was, admittedly, coerced into it. From the bottom of her heart, she despised Gabrielle. Who could tell what she'd create?

"Where have you left your boots?" Westley looked down and examined her slippers. They were slippers for indoor use, although she had previously worn snow boots.

"My boots were damp. I soaked my feet in hot water and put on slippers. Outside, I am unable to create snowmen." Gabrielle occurred to come up with an explanation for her inability to leave the house.

"Your boots have become wet and are no longer suitable for wearing. I'll request that Alexis purchase you a new pair. What else do you require? I'll ask him to purchase together." Westley was preoccupied with Gabrielle's well-being. If they were wet, she couldn't wear them.

"Mr. Morris, Mrs. Morris. It's me." It was the butler's voice. He was the one knocking.

"Well, come in." Gabrielle was accompanied to the door by Westley to meet the butler.

"Here's the deal, Mr. and Mrs. Morris. Mr. Schmidt dispatched me here to ascertain your requirements. Kindly do not hesitate to inform me," the butler enquired, his gaze fixed on them.

Westley was on the verge of asking Alexis to purchase something. Given the butler's request, he would bug him with errands.

"To be very candid, I truly do require your assistance. My wife's boots are dripping wet. I'm asking for your assistance in purchasing a pair of winter boots, thick socks, and other necessary items." Westley was direct. He wouldn't hesitate to seek assistance for Gabrielle's sake.

"Mr. Morris, could you please compile a list for me? You'd better carefully label the color and size. I'll send someone to purchase them," the butler said courteously.

This caused Gabrielle embarrassment.

"Okay, just wait a moment."

## Chapter 767 I'm Sorry

Westley quickly wrote down a detailed list of what they needed, noting the colors and sizes.

"Here you go. Thank you" Westley handed it over.

"You're welcome, Mr. Morris. If there's anything else, please don't hesitate to call me." The butler made sure to double-check the list with Westley before leaving.

As soon as he left, Gabrielle slightly frowned. It made her feel bad. She thought it wasn't a good thing to cause trouble for other people, especially that they were staying in someone else's place. ●

Their luggage was brought to the hotel and they were temporarily staying at the Schmidt mansion. Because of the heavy snow, they couldn't go out and get their essentials. It was not safe for them to drive recklessly in an unfamiliar city. What's more, the place was all covered with thick snow.

So, the safest option was to ask the butler for help.

"Westley, is this really okay? It must be troublesome for him." Gabrielle asked him uneasily, hands clasped together.

"It's okay, Gabrielle. If we don't bother them with anything, they'll assume we're not comfortable enough. Wilton's going to overthink." Westley gently pinched Gabrielle's nose, trying to comfort her. This would always work when she felt distraught.

"It seems the two of you had a great chat earlier, right?" Gabrielle could tell from his face that he had a wonderful time chatting with Wilton.

"You know me well. It felt like I was having a conversation with my grandpa." Wilton greatly reminded him of his grandfather. After all, they were old friends who had a lot in common.

"You should've talked to him for a while longer. Isn't it a shame you came back early?" Gabrielle curiously asked.

"I was worried you'd be bored alone. Your boots got wet and you couldn't make a snowman outside. It would have been lonely to stay indoors all by yourself, so I came back early to accompany my dear wife," Westley replied in a sweet tone, pulling her closer towards him. ●

"I wasn't too bad. Watching Miss Schmidt build a snowman for me is quite entertaining." Gabrielle walked towards the window and gazed at Abigail. She'd already made a huge lump of snow for the body. After that, she hammered the snowball hard with a spade, as if she was venting her anger. Abigail probably imagined beating down on Gabrielle.

Still, Gabrielle was amused.

"Gabrielle, tell me the truth. Did something happen between you and Abigail?" Westley asked her seriously. Their bouts had been non-stop. Abigail had been completely rude, unreasonable, and arrogant. If Gabrielle did something to offend her, she might try to get her back.

He didn't want anything bad to happen to his wife.

"Don't worry, it all worked out in the end. Abigail conceded. That's why she's making me a snowman over there. See?" Gabrielle smiled, pushing the curtain to give Westley a better view.

Seeing the sly look on her face, Westley gasped lightly.

"Alright, I believe you won't get bullied." Westley couldn't stop himself from laughing. Gabrielle was intelligent and definitely capable. She wasn't going to let Abigail intimidate her like that.

She had tricked Abigail before. Even as the lady of the house, she refused to join them for the lunch out of embarrassment.

That was why Westley was keen on coming back early to protect her. Abigail had a nasty temper and would surely get revenge on Gabrielle.

"So did you chat with her on your way back? It seems that she likes you, Westley. She thinks I don't deserve you at all and that I shouldn't have married you because of my humble background," Gabrielle joked.

Hearing her words, Westley burst into laughter. "What's this? Are you jealous?"

Gabrielle slapped him on the arm. "Jealous? What are you on about?"

"Come on, admit it." Westley was adamant about her being jealous. How childish!

"Hypothetical. Like you said, there's only me in your heart, so why should I be jealous? Do you like Miss Schmidt?" Gabrielle asked, raising a brow.

"No. Never. In this world, you're the only woman I'd choose as my wife. You're better than anyone else and you don't need to feel inferior. Even I feel that I'm not good enough for you." Westley's eyes narrowed, looking serious.

Gabrielle giggled. "Don't say that, Mr. Morris. You are the best husband in the world."

"Gabrielle!" Their bubbly mood was interrupted by Abigail's voice from outside.

Abigail felt like a complete moron. While Gabrielle and Westley flaunted their love from across the room, she was sinking her feet in the snow.

The scene made her furious. She hurriedly sat down a snowball at the top of the body and called it a day.

"Oh, looks like she's done! Let's go see the snowman." Still, Gabrielle noticed the urgency in her tone. There must've been a problem.

Westley wrapped her in a heavy cotton coat then opened the door. "Gabrielle, let's just take a quick look and then go back inside. It's cold out there and I don't want you to get sick." ●

"It'll be fine, Westley. Miss Schmidt put in a lot of effort into this. It would be such a waste not to admire it." Gabrielle was intrigued, despite the fact that she knew Abigail couldn't make a good one.

"Come on, hurry up." Gabrielle excitedly grabbed Westley's hand and went out.

They stopped right at the corridor, not wanting to walk down the snowy path.

"Miss Schmidt, are you done? Wow! Look at that height! It's too bad I'm wearing slippers now, so I can't get closer. I don't want to get wet." Gabrielle sighed regretfully.