

Chapter 733 They Certainly Know Each Other The Best

Gabrielle stuffed herself at dinner a little bit tonight. After dinner, she took a shower, brushed her teeth, and got ready for bed, but sleep eluded her. She decided to chat with Star and the others for a while and then sat by the window and gazed at the snowy sight outside.

The snow rendered the landscape all white, making it glow in the soft moonlight. Gabrielle felt like she was staring at a frozen dreamland, and she was at peace and content being its spectator.

Westley took a blanket and draped it over her shoulders. Then, he held her in his arms and watched the outside view with her. "Beautiful, isn't it?" putting his chin on her shoulder, Westley whispered in Gabrielle's ear.

"It is. It looks quite different during the daytime, but it's gorgeous all the same. I can barely drag my eyes away," Gabrielle sighed. Daylight and nighttime painted the scenery in different hues, but neither affected its beauty.

"Well, you don't plan on staring out the window all night, do you? You still need to sleep," Westley could not help teasing her.

"I don't. I'm just not sleepy yet. I was waiting for you to finish your work so that we could go to bed together. Are you quite done?" Gabrielle inquired.

Westley would have come for Gabrielle early if Alvin had not sent him some important documents to go through.

"So my wife has been here waiting for me. I'm so sorry I took such a long time." Westley truly felt guilty about it. He had told Gabrielle to go to bed and not to wait up for him as he left earlier. But she just could not fall asleep, and now she was sitting by the window and staring into the icy world outside, waiting for him to return.

He could not help feeling moved.

"It's okay. The beautiful icy scenery is here to keep me company anyway." Gabrielle smiled.

"So you're really here to watch the snow and just happen to wait for me to come back?" Westley asked on purpose.

"No, silly. I was really waiting for you and then decided to watch the snow while I did. It's so lovely that it kind of kept me wide awake." Sensing the awkwardness in the air, Gabrielle immediately changed her words.

"A little too late on that explanation, Mrs. Morris. Get ready for Mr. Morris' punishment." Westley stood up and carried Gabrielle toward the bed.

"Go easy on your wife, Mr. Morris. We're going skiing tomorrow." Flopping down on the bed, Gabrielle reminded him.

Tomorrow would be a full day of physical exercise. If she were to bear his punishment tonight, then she would not be able to go skiing tomorrow.

"What are you trying to tell me, Mrs. Morris?" Westley leaned over and confined her in his arms, teasing her.

"I'm just saying that we need to get some good night's sleep tonight so that we won't be too exhausted tomorrow to go skiing." Gabrielle was not folding to her husband's advances. She did not want him to get so spent doing it tonight and then be unable to go skiing tomorrow.

The reason she wanted to visit the snowy city in the first place was to experience skiing. Tomorrow was a chance, and she would not miss it.

"Actually, tomorrow isn't the only time we can go skiing. If we can't do it tomorrow, then we'll do it the day after."

"Well, I don't want to do it the day after tomorrow. We've discussed this. We're going skiing tomorrow, and that's final. I've been building my excitement toward it since our first day here, and I'm not going to let you ruin it." Realizing what Westley meant to happen, Gabrielle opposed him immediately.

Was this supposed to be a practical joke? They could go skiing the day after tomorrow if they could not make it tomorrow? What if they could not make it the day after tomorrow either? Should they just go skiing after that then? Gabrielle knew that there would not be an issue as long as the snow did not melt in three days.

But it certainly would not be the same for her without the hype and enthusiasm. She had been looking forward to the activity, and she and Westley could not stay in this city forever. She did not want to go back to Antawood without feeling the scrape of the snow beneath her feet and the cold burn of the icy wind in her cheeks.

"Gabrielle..." Westley called her name in a flirtatious voice deliberately.

Normally, she would have surrendered instantly, but tonight, she was particularly determined to have things her way.

"I'm going to sleep. If you disturb me, I'm going to have to kick you out," Gabrielle said firmly.

Westley's eagerness was extinguished in the blink of an eye. He knew Gabrielle's temper. If she were willing to sleep with him

tonight, then she would not have refused so fiercely.

She really, really wanted to go skiing tomorrow, and she was not going to let anyone rob her of a good night's rest. ②

Once again, Mr. Morris' self-esteem was hurt. Apparently at this time, skiing was more important than him in Mrs. Morris' heart.

He could not believe that even skiing made him jealous now.

He really did not know what to say.

"Very well. Let's get some sleep so that we can get up early to go skiing tomorrow." Westley finally decided to give in and let Gabrielle win. He spooned her, snaked his arm around her waist, and shut his eyes. Then, they went to sleep.

Gabrielle slept soundly through the night. The next morning, she woke up happy and excited.

When she awakened, Westley was still asleep beside her. When she shifted to face him, he opened his eyes and stared at her for a few moments. Then, he leaned in and gave her a kiss on the forehead. "Good morning, Mrs. Morris."

"Good morning, Mr. Morris. Let's go get ready. It's ski time after breakfast." Truthfully, if she could, Gabrielle would just skip breakfast altogether and go straight to the skiing grounds.

"Okay, calm down. We'll go downstairs, have some breakfast, and then head to the skiing grounds. You just can't wait to go there, can you?" Westley chuckled and tapped her nose with his finger.

Gabrielle grinned sheepishly. "You really do know me well, honey. I'm so excited that I'm considering skipping breakfast and just going to the field. I can't wait to experience skiing."

"In that case, let's get cleaned up and ready, Mrs. Morris." Westley helped Gabrielle get up and went to the bathroom.

After they tidied up, dressed up, and went downstairs, they found their three companions already having breakfast at the table and waiting for them.

"Westley, Gabrielle, good morning."

"Come. The food's just been served."

Gabrielle hurried to sit down and started filling her plate. She ate her breakfast in a bit of a rush. She was not even that hungry, but she was so ridiculously excited to get to the skiing grounds that she wanted to finish breakfast as fast as she could. ③

"Slow down, Gabrielle. If you keep eating like that, you'll end up with a stomachache and you won't be able to go skiing," Westley reminded her. He was beginning to get worried about her.

"All right. I'll take it slow." At this point, Gabrielle would do anything to go skiing.

"You're this thrilled to go skiing, Gabrielle? Please don't tell me you haven't slept all night because of the excitement," Alexis teased.

"You're wrong about that, Alexis. I've had a wonderful night's sleep, just dreaming the entire time." Gabrielle had actually slept well all night.

"Westley is right to bring you here. He truly knows what you love most," Alexis conceded.

"Of course he does. They're a couple, remember? They know and accept each other enough to choose to be together." Jonas rolled his eyes at Alexis.

Chapter 734 The Super Awfulness

After breakfast, they immediately grabbed a cab to the city's major ski resort, which was also the largest in the country.

Apparently, the resort was obviously very big. Westley had always given Gabrielle the best and largest gifts, just like he had done this time.

"Oh, my goodness! What a massive ski resort! Beautiful and amazing, it's hard to put into words." Gabrielle exclaimed joyfully as she stood there, looking up at the infinite resort.

Her entire enthusiastic mood was painted all over her face as if she were a primary school child embarking on her first spring excursion.

Seeing Gabrielle's happiness, everyone around her caught the bug and became excited.

"Gabrielle, you tend to love your time here." Alexis was ecstatic as well. Although he had visited locations like that before, he felt as though everything was original after witnessing Gabrielle's delight. The sensation was simply incredible.

"Absolutely. The sight of the densely packed snow calms the nerves at the sight of it. Additionally, the mood improves." Gabrielle freely expressed her thoughts. She was happy to witness such a lovely snow landscape.

"That is true. It has a positive effect on individuals." Alexis took a big breath at the summit and felt instantly lighter.

As it turned out, regardless of how implausible it may sound, the gorgeous snow scene was genuinely capable of curing the mood. Individuals, though, had their own unique perspectives.

The same thing didn't always taste good to everyone.

"Gabrielle, I'm ready to change clothes. We're heading up the mountain to ski." Westley walked over and took her hand to help her get changed.

"Excellent. Let's do it quickly." Gabrielle could no longer wait.

She was on the verge of rushing up and skiing immediately upon their arrival at the spot.

"Off we go."

Westley took her hand in his and escorted her inside the changing room. The woman was super excited as if she were a kid. While putting on the costume, she was still murmuring with joy.

Westley was initially put off by things like donning a ski suit or skiing, but after being accompanied by Gabrielle, who constantly talked about it, he came to like it.

Gabrielle was, in fact, a priceless treasure to him. She had the ability to influence his way of life and emotions, transforming him from an uncaring and gruff guy into one who was easily pleased.

The two had cheerfully changed their suits and were about to board a cable car that would carry them to the summit of the mountain.

They intended to ski down from the summit. The entire trek took around two kilometers, making it the country's longest natural ski route.

"Consider the resort below, Westley. It's breathtaking. Everyone is extremely skilled at skiing here. Am I going to eventually roll all the way down as a newbie?" Gabrielle began to feel defeated as she looked down at the folks skiing effortlessly.

She was now in the early stage. It was inevitable that she would come across those who were truly excellent at it, similar to the circumstance she was in now. A professional skier stood beside her.

If a beginner got mixed up with a group of expert skiers, she would undoubtedly be embarrassed.

"This is not an ice skating rink. Even if you fall, you will not always roll down. After one circle, the snow's buffering capacity will be exhausted, and you will be halted. As a result, you need not fear rolling to the base of the mountain." Westley reassuringly consoled her.

Indeed, it was Westley's style which Gabrielle found completely acceptable.

"I'm not sure I should be affected by your manner of consoling." Gabrielle smiled as she locked her gaze on his face. She was truly unable to be moved by his sincerity while discussing such things.

"I don't require you to be moved, since you can rest confident that you will not fall or roll down as long as I am by your side." Westley massaged her temples in consolation.

His statements included an undercurrent of fondness. That was the spirit, in contrast to the prior conversation, which was only an explanation devoid of feeling. That would have no effect on her.

"Do not fear, Westley. May I take your hands in case I fall?" Gabrielle smiled at him, her eyes glistening with a naughty look.

"Of course. I'm here to assist you if you trip and fall. While we're rolling down, I'll protect you," Westley uttered.

He would undoubtedly follow Gabrielle wherever she went, as long as she was happy.

"Westley, you've pampered me. I'm not sure what I'll become if you continue to treat me in this manner." Gabrielle couldn't help laughing. She was in a fantastic mood.

"People lack the courage to say so. My wife is independent and does not need to be concerned about what others think of her. All you need to do is be happy." Westley's principle was predicated only on Gabrielle's happiness or dissatisfaction. He would almost do anything for his wife as long as she was in a good mood.

He bestowed such authority on Gabrielle since he was well convinced that she was not a wicked lady. She was kind and would not hurt others.

"As your wife, I am glad. Mr. Morris, I appreciate you allowing me to do as I like." Gabrielle beamed at him.

Gabrielle was once a girl who existed solely to envy other people's happiness. She lacked that type of smile and lacked confident expressions. However, after marrying Westley, she had no feelings of inferiority or insecurity, and she also had a cheerful face that she had never had before.

"I'm even happier as your spouse. Mrs. Morris, shall we proceed?" Westley exited first and then extended his hand to hold her hand as the cable car came to a halt.

Gabrielle was now wearing a ski, which was extremely difficult for rookies to control. Without assistance, she would immediately fall.

As a result, Gabrielle became extremely cautious, securely clutching Westley in one hand.

It was scary!

"Gabrielle, take a deep breath. It is not frightening in the least. Maintain a firm grip on my hand and take a few steps aside." Westley gripped Gabrielle's hand and took a few steps to the side to reposition himself. It was the appropriate way to go, otherwise, she would most likely fall, as she had previously stated, if she slid down abruptly.

That would be awful.

Chapter 735 It Was Actually Embarrassing

What people strive to achieve is altogether different from what reality tries to teach them.

Gabrielle found this to be true when she was learning how to ski. It looked easy to do but all she had been doing was tumble and fall. It was a good thing that Westley was very patient in teaching her to stand and balance on skis. He would take her to a nearby easy slope where she could try and practice skiing.

Skiing was not as easy as roller skating or ice skating. It was more challenging.

"Westley, let's take a rest," Gabrielle said, panting and sweating under her heavy suit. "I'm exhausted. Let me catch my breath for a while."

Alexis and the others had returned from their skiing. They felt sorry for Gabrielle, seeing that she was still practicing on this safe slope.

"Gabrielle, you may be ready to join us on the downhill slope. Don't be scared to stumble and fall. All new skiers do. You'll learn faster that way," Alexis said with a cheery smile. "The snow is thick. Besides, your ski suit will cushion your fall when you land on your back and your helmet will protect your head."

Gabrielle nodded thoughtfully as she listened to Alexis.

She had been on the easy slope for a long time, skiing with children of seven or eight years old. She found this embarrassing.

She would rather fall and roll down the mountain slope than continue skiing on the easy slope with the children.

Surrounded by the children, Gabrielle felt she was one of them. It was like swimming in the children's pool and she was the only adult among the others.

She blushed, embarrassed by this thought.

"Gabrielle, every beginner falls on skis. It is like when you are new to biking. You will fall a few times before you get the hang of it. When you're learning to swim, you'll sometimes get to swallow water. The same is true with skiing. Falling is an inevitable right of passage," Alexis said to further encourage Gabrielle.

Westley picked some snow and packed them together to make a snowball, which he threw directly at Alexis' face.

He knew that Alexis was trouble.

Gabrielle had been practicing quite well on this easy and gentle slope. And here was Alexis encouraging her to go to a steep slope where she might fall and hurt herself.

"Westley! What the hell are you doing?" Alexis almost fell to the ground when he was hit hard by the snowball.

Westley was gentle only towards Gabrielle. With other people, he showed no mercy. They were nothing but punch bags for him when he was enraged.

"You're asking me what the hell am I doing? This is Gabrielle's first time going to a ski resort. She's just learning to ski. And here you are, encouraging her to ski down from such a high place and telling her that it is okay to trip a few times. If that is not a big deal for you, why don't you roll down from the top of the mountain? Then, tell me if that is okay or not!" hissed Westley. It was very cold in the ski resort but it didn't do anything to subdue his anger. He was so angry like a raging bull.

Alexis realized it was him who had enraged Westley. He ran away as fast as he could. He got scared by Westley's darkened face.

Westley might skin him if he stayed a minute longer. He knew that Westley could be a beast when he was enraged. The snowball was just a gentle nudge. It could have been a huge rock had he lingered longer.

"Westley, Alexis may be right. I've been practicing on the easy slope. Maybe I'm ready to ski on the mountain. Will you let me try it?" said Gabrielle in a pleading tone, looking at Westley like a spoiled child.

Westley would not listen to Gabrielle. Her safety was far more important to him. So, it was easy for him to turn down her request.

"Gabrielle, maybe you should try a couple more times before I take you to the downhill slope." Westley tried to dissuade Gabrielle. He took her safety seriously.

The snow track was deemed safe. But one might get off course and fall down the cliffs. There were dangerous areas that were covered by woods and rocks. Other dangerous elements were lurking in those areas as well.

Anyone who would fall into these dangerous places would certainly be injured. Westley didn't want any mishap to happen to Gabrielle.

That was why he wanted Gabrielle to improve her skills and learn to control her movements before he let her ski on the downhill.

He wouldn't know what to do should Gabrielle fall down a cliff or hit a rock.

"Really? Just a couple more times? And then you will take me to the ski on the downhill! Is that right?" said Gabrielle excitedly. She looked like a child looking forward to her gifts on Christmas morning.

"Have I lied to you?" asked Westley as he looked Gabrielle in the eye. He had this gentle smile on his face.

"Okay, I'm counting on your promise. If you break it, I'll go outside this area and ski alone," Gabrielle said, somewhat threatening in her tone.

"I promise," Westley said seriously. "And I don't make promises lightly, you know that. So, focus on your practice now."

"Let's get going."

"Let the practice begin."

"Show him that you're getting better."

One after another, the children cheered on Gabrielle. She got inspired by their encouragement.

"Thank you, boys and girls," Gabrielle said, ready and raring to start her practice. She felt this burst of energy that showed keenness to get the new rounds of skiing done.

She was about to start her first round when she heard a woman speaking.

"Look, I am not a child anymore! I don't want to ski like this. When I asked you to take me to ski, I didn't mean doing with children on this easy slope. For goodness' sake, I am an adult! What would people think of me when they see me here?

If you don't want me to ski here, you shouldn't have brought me here. Do you know that you're hurting my self-esteem?

I don't want to ski here. I want to ski on the snow track. It doesn't matter if you refuse to teach me. I'll ask someone else to teach me. At any rate, there are a lot of handsome men who can ski here."

The woman was talking aloud and straightforward. She was saying what Gabrielle had in mind. Like any adult, she sounded self-conscious.

Gabrielle turned around to find the speaker. She saw two figures at the entrance of the easy slope. One was wearing a black ski suit. The other one, who was in pink, must be the speaker she was hearing.

"I'm doing this for your own good. If you can't ski well, you might bump into others. If you can't avoid them, they can't either."

The man was trying his best to control his voice that sounded worried about the woman by his side.

He cared for her, no doubt about this. And Westley felt the same way about Gabrielle. For this reason, Gabrielle was willing to obey his bidding.

"For my own good? Come on, you say things like that but you're actually telling me to do something that I don't like. Enough is enough! I can ski on my own. You don't have to accompany me. You can go wherever you like. I really don't care just as long as you leave me alone. I'll find someone else to ski with me," sternly said the woman in pink as she walked towards Westley.

Chapter 736 Being Accosted

Gabrielle felt nervous as soon as the woman in pink danced her way towards Westley.

What did she want with him?

The place was filled with men. Some of them were with their friends and children, and others were alone. Since they all wore protective equipment and cold-proof hats, it was hard to tell what they looked like at first glance.

Gabrielle could easily recognize Westley by the color of his clothes. They had worn a matching set, after all. Their hats were red and black, and anyone could tell that they were a couple.

"Hey handsome, can you ski?" the woman in pink asked in a flirtatious tone.

Gabrielle observed them from a short distance. She was a few meters away from where Westley stood, so she could easily rush over and stop the interaction. But she decided not to intervene and wanted to see how Westley would deal with such a beautiful woman who came onto him willingly.

He was always popular with women, even since he was a child, receiving countless confessions since his youth.

Gabrielle thought he must be experienced in dealing with this kind of situation.

It wasn't too worrisome.

Westley clicked his tongue. He didn't want this woman around him at all. His eyes were fixed on Gabrielle who was by the slope. She stood there, staring at them with an amused grin on her face as if she was watching a play.

Did she find it amusing to see her husband getting accosted like this?

Usually, other wives would already rush over and make a scene to teach this kind of woman a lesson. But Gabrielle stood still, not daring to announce herself yet.

Westley grew quiet and observed how Gabrielle was going to react to this. It seemed like she was waiting for something as she watched them quietly.

Sure enough, his wife's nature was different, and how she would handle things was different from other women.

"Handsome, didn't you hear me? Or did you understand what I said?" The woman in pink felt embarrassed at Westley's indifference. She had a quarrel with her boyfriend just now, and this time another man had refused her approach. She flicked her hair to the side, letting out a sigh.

It made her feel uncomfortable, but she tried to be confident.

"I heard you. But it's none of your business whether I can ski or not, is it?" Westley answered in such a sharp tone that it felt colder than the weather. He had always acted like this towards other women. Even Alexis could sometimes get his cold attitude.

He was all set to go to Gabrielle and complain.

Although Westley's voice was cold and ruthless, the woman in pink found it quite attractive.

It was oddly pleasant to hear.

Not to mention, he sounded so cold and unapproachable. He also had this mean aura surrounding him, like he was the bad boy type. It excited her.

"How cold. Don't you think it's impolite? I just hoped we could ski together, that's all. It's not too much to ask, is it?" The woman in pink took off her head gear, revealing a beautiful and delicate face.

There was no way this man wouldn't be fascinated by her beauty.

Westley locked his gaze on the woman's face for a second before turning around in disgust.

His gaze fell on his wife's face from the distance. The stranger was indeed beautiful, but she couldn't compare to Gabrielle.

Gabrielle was the most beautiful in his eyes.

"Sorry, I'm not interested in other people, so go find someone else." Westley used his ski stick to support himself and then slipped away towards Gabrielle's direction.

Gabrielle smiled as soon as she saw that Westley was coming her way. He stopped in front of her a few seconds later, panting after a struggle with the snow.

"Let's go, Gabrielle. I'll take you out to ski," Westley calmly said.

"Honey, there are still two more times. What's the matter? Did that girl scare you off? She's gorgeous and was being friendly, but you ran away. You don't know how to take care of a woman's pride." Gabrielle chuckled teasingly.

Westley couldn't help but pat her hat when he heard this. "How could you say that, Gabrielle? Your husband was accosted.

"Shouldn't you have gone to me and stopped that girl? I was waiting for you to reveal yourself as my wife."

"I don't blame her. My husband is just too handsome and attractive, which means people have good taste when they flock to you. And I know that my husband is the biggest gentleman there is, and he wouldn't do anything to upset me, right?" Gabrielle tilted her head to one side and smiled.

"Of course. I would never make my princess sad," Westley firmly said and patted her head.

"So, I don't have any reason to worry, right? I'm a particularly reasonable wife, after all." Gabrielle proudly grinned, indicating that she was being mature.

"You are the greatest wife." Westley couldn't help but be amused by her mischievous grin. She didn't appear to be enraged by what she had just witnessed.

After all, he didn't do anything with that strange woman and flatly denied her request.

How dare she even come up to him like that? Gabrielle was the only one he wanted. He didn't have the energy to look or talk to other people, especially for that kind of woman.

"Besides, I know you have high standards: You can't just fall in love with someone so easily, can you?" Gabrielle gently held his hand and asked.

"Never in a million years. You're the only one for me. How could I even fall in love with someone else now that you've made me this happy? You can rest assured that I won't look at other girls except you." Westley met her eyes and kissed her hand.

"But really, Mr. Morris, how did you feel when someone that beautiful approached you? I want to know your answer." Gabrielle's eyes sparkled with curiosity.

"Normal, I guess? I don't feel anything. No one else could light a fire in my heart but you," Westley answered honestly.

"Would you like to go skiing on the snow track? It's amazing out there." Westley didn't want to stay there any longer because some other women might come to him again.

Skiing was such an exciting sport, but some people just didn't commit their hearts to it. They used the ski resort as a blind date location.

Westley didn't like this sort of thing. He didn't want random men flocking Gabrielle either.

"Okay, but you said you were scared I'd fall out of the snow track and get into an accident, and now you're asking me to do it? Do you think I can?" Gabrielle giggled.

"I trust you and I'm there to protect you. So, shall we?" Westley held her hand and led her away from the slope.

Gabrielle's heart was burning with anticipation. How she wished she could fly down like an eagle, slide all the way from the top to the bottom, and ski in perfect form.