

# Chapter 737 Her First Ski

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Things, however, were usually more difficult to do than they seemed. Gabrielle exemplified this saying perfectly.

She slumped hard as soon as Westley took her hand and tumbled down the first hill.

It was so horrifying and frightening that it almost made Gabrielle doubt her own abilities.

Although she was inexperienced with skiing and it was her first time wearing a professional ski outfit, she was so pleased with her trial skiing that she assumed it would be a piece of cake for her.

However, it appeared as though what happened hit her hard in the face.

"Gabrielle, are you good?" Westley had been carefully protecting her, but he had failed to prevent her from falling just now.

Westley held himself accountable for this. He felt confident in his ability to protect her, yet she fell.

"Westley, I'm fine. So much snow has piled up that I don't feel any pain." Gabrielle was not lying; she felt no pain, only embarrassment.

"Are you sure you're all right?" Westley lifted her off the ground and locked his eyes on her.

"I'm perfectly okay, see." When she got up, Gabrielle grabbed a handful of snow and smashed it on Westley's face.

Despite the fact that Westley was wearing sunglasses and a scarf, the snow hit his face. Gabrielle must have been a cheeky one.

However, Gabrielle's happiness indicated that she was still in good shape.

Westley was happy.

"Gabrielle, are you having a snowball fight, or are you skiing?" Westley asked, seeing her happiness at the moment. They could forego the skiing if she desired a snowball battle.

"Not at all. I want to ski instead. That, after all, is why we're here." Gabrielle quickly declined.

In snowy areas, they could always have a snowball battle. However, they were on the country's largest ski run, and this was most certainly their only visit.

As a result, she believed she needed to live the moment.

"Let's ski, then. Now, follow my lead and proceed with caution and slowness. I'll be ahead of you, leading you; don't be afraid, all right?" Westley said to Gabrielle.

This made Gabrielle happy. "Okay. Alexis was correct; I must fall in order to learn. Anyway, it won't hurt much if I fall into the snow, so don't worry."

Gabrielle was energized and was about to resume skiing.

Westley calmed somewhat when he saw how eager and dedicated she was about this.

"All right, let's ski." Westley gently guided Gabrielle away from the skiers. In this manner, she would avoid being struck by others or being in the path of others.

Obviously, Westley would not want her to get hurt. After all, this was a huge ski run with a large volume of visitors. If she did not become careful, she would be struck.

Accidents occur often in this type of environment. It was quite frightening.

"How am I doing, Westley?" Gabrielle skied slowly onward and felt much happier.

After all, this was her first time skiing, and even the tiniest improvement would brighten her face.

"You are doing an excellent job. Maintain this level of performance and you will improve." Westley comforted her.

He didn't speak these words to make her happy; she was doing rather well. Although she fell a few times in the beginning, she gradually improved. Even if she skied a little slowly, she had her bearings.

In Westley's opinion, she learned well from him.

"Indeed, I agree. I believe I can accelerate slightly." Gabrielle desired to accelerate and ski down the mountain immediately.

She imagined how nice that must feel.

"Do not, Gabrielle. We should proceed slowly; once we reach the bottom of the ski run, we can take the cable car up, and then you may speed, all right?" Westley spoke softly to her.

Clearly, Gabrielle bought it. She gave a firm nod without hesitation.

"That is acceptable. We must ski the next time; I want to experience how it feels." Gabrielle cheerfully agreed.

"Let's go. Let us begin by descending." Westley continued to lead the pace, while Gabrielle skied slowly in his wake. With him

leading her, she was completely safe; even if she fell, she would land on him. Westley was always there to protect her, regardless of where they were.

She loved this sensation.

"All right, honey. Let us expedite." Gabrielle was pleased with the prospect of speeding up the next time.

"Come on, Gabrielle! Gabrielle, you are exceptional!" Alexis and the others awaited them and cheered Gabrielle on.

This made Gabrielle feel a bit proud of herself as if she were about to win the Olympic gold medal for her nation.

"Gabrielle, come on!"

"Gabrielle, you are doing an excellent job!"

Alexis continued to yell for her as a cheerleader, giving Gabrielle the impression that she was actually participating in a game.

Gabrielle eventually came to a halt in front of them.

"I did it! I truly did do a good job!" Gabrielle exclaimed joyfully.

"Of course you did; you are the greatest, Gabrielle." Although Gabrielle took three or four times as long as they did, she performed an excellent job for a newbie. Some rookies were forced to descend all the way down.

"Yes, I did an outstanding job! I imagined that I would continue to fall, which would be embarrassing!" Gabrielle said timidly.

Fortunately, with the exception of two falls at the start, she completed the remainder of the skiing effortlessly and safely. She was really proud of herself.

"This is your first visit. It's incredible." Alexis lavished admiration on her.

# Chapter 738 You Are My Home

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Gabrielle had never been complimented in this manner but had been despised from the time she was a child. She felt a little uneasy upon hearing Alexis' remarks, despite the fact that he meant them.

However, Alexis' compliments made Gabrielle feel utterly shy.

"You are flattering me, Alexis. I excelled because Westley was my teacher. He has been an excellent instructor, and it is all due to him." Gabrielle made a point of praising Westley.

After all, having a great teacher was important. Gabrielle knew that if it weren't for Westley, she wouldn't have learned it so fast. Standing aside, Westley was delighted to hear it.

"It didn't require much time or effort on my part. Gabrielle is really smart." Westley extolled the virtues of his wife.

Alexis felt as though he was third-wheeling here, watching the two of them lavishly compliment one another.

He couldn't bear the sweetness in the air.

"Hey, how about you show mercy on us single folks?" Alexis just had to complain.

"You requested it. You are aware of it. That is simply how Westley and Gabrielle are." Jonas reassured him by patting him on the shoulder.

Of course, Alexis was sure that Gabrielle and Westley never intended to offend him. They were truly in love.

"I was making a joke. I'm glad they're happy, and I wish you all could be as content as Westley is right now," Alexis said.

"How lovely was that, Alexis? Then I wish it were possible for your dream to come true. Let's make our way up the mountain."

As Joseph said, he walked to the cable car with his skis.

They had previously completed three circuits, and Joseph intended to ski the final round with Westley and the others.

"Let's go. Westley, you promised we'd speed up this time!" Fearful that Westley might break his promise, Gabrielle warned him sternly.

Westley couldn't stop himself from giggling when he heard her. It looked like he couldn't go back and change what he said. He genuinely didn't want Gabrielle to accelerate; he was afraid she might tumble and injure herself.

Westley was only worried about her safety.

"What are you thinking, Westley? You made a promise to me just now; you cannot break your word. You stated that a guy should always be truthful and follow his promises; did you hear me correctly?" Gabrielle was concerned that Westley's silence indicated he would retract his words.

He could not do such a thing to her.

"All right, all right. I am not going to retract my words." While Westley did not wish for her to ski too fast, he also did not wish to disappoint her. He would fulfill his promise to her. Because she was so intrigued about skiing faster, he let her; she would be alright with his guarding her in any case.

As a husband, it was his responsibility to safeguard his wife.

"Let us expedite. I'm so ecstatic." Gabrielle walked to the cable car with her skis. She was desperate to accelerate and sprint down the mountain right then.

However, she was aware that Westley was concerned about her, and so she needed to proceed cautiously.

However, Gabrielle desired to experience the sensation of skiing downslope much faster.

"Are you certain you're prepared?" Westley took Gabrielle to the cable car. He was still worried about her, afraid that she would get hurt.

"Indeed, I am prepared. I was prepared just now, but I made sure to not make you worry about me." Gabrielle's only thought at the time was to ski down the hill, like a child eager to play.

Westley smiled and felt at ease as he looked at her. Gabrielle was a courageous lady who was dogged when she set her mind to anything, which was admirable. As her spouse, he owed her support.

"Okay. Simply enjoy yourself, and I will protect you." Westley extended his hand and took her hand in his.

Gabrielle was his wife. He desired to provide her with the maximum amount of liberty and pleasure possible. While he was concerned about her, he recognized that he could not prevent her from doing what made her happy. As her spouse, his only responsibility was to protect her.

"It's wonderful to have you, honey," Gabrielle said cheerfully as she kissed him on the scarf.

Chapter 738 You Are My Home

"You're such a blessing to me," Westley said calmly.

"Honey, guess what! I used to lack the courage to undertake a lot of things since I was aware that no one could protect me. It's different now that I've got you. With you by my side, I can accomplish anything without fear. You're always going to be there, right?" Gabrielle was serious as she said this.

That was just how she felt before meeting him. Without anybody to support and defend her, she was fearful and hesitant to take chances.

Because no one would assist her if she did anything wrong or got hurt. It would simply result in an endless stream of allegations and assaults.

However, it was different now. She had Westley, who would be there to defend her at all times. Whatever she desired, he was always the one place she could return.

With him there, she knew she could accomplish anything. Even if she was hurt, she could return to Westley.

He was her sanctuary.

This was the life she had been anticipating the entire time. When she met him, her fantasy came true.

"Yes, I will always be there to defend you. You are free to do whatever you desire, and I will always be available to assist you."

With one hand, Westley cradled her.

He had no idea how much injustice Gabrielle had endured previously. She had been bullied her whole life, developing sensitivity, fragility, and an inability to express herself. She had become accustomed to swallowing all her frustrations a long time ago. ①

## Chapter 739 Ninety-nine Points

Westley was already aware of Gabrielle's affliction inside the Jones household. Gabrielle was an adopted daughter, and he had little reason to blame the Jones family.

Gabrielle's upbringing owed the Jones family a profound debt of gratitude.

As a result, Westley did not harshly penalize Bryce in the end. He allowed Bryce to go in order to compensate the Jones family for parenting Gabrielle.

Without this, it was still questionable if Bryce would be able to escape Bangkok alive, considering his provocation of Westley.

The Jones family owed Gabrielle gratitude in this sense. Without her, Westley would not have let the Jones family go so readily.

"I know. That is why I have become so arrogant and stubborn. I am free to do whatever I choose. Aren't you concerned that I go too far?" Gabrielle couldn't stop herself from mocking herself.

Previously, she would not have dared to be so arrogant and obstinate. One may argue that she lacked the confidence to do anything extravagant. Now she accomplished it effortlessly.

Indeed, after marrying Westley, she developed an increasing arrogance and willfulness. She could be described as exuberant.

"This is how Westley's wife is supposed to be handled. It makes no difference. You are free to do anything you want," Westley said seriously.

Although Westley appeared to be a spoilt child's dad, he enjoyed pampering Gabrielle, given his power and ability.

"Westley, if you continue to indulge me in this manner, I will become a wicked woman. In the future, I shall look down my nose at everyone. I'm going to do anything I want. Isn't that a shame?" Gabrielle gave Westley a wink.

"You will always be the best woman in my heart. Who has the audacity to call you bad?" Westley feigned anger.

Gabrielle laughed out loud. "No surprise they predicted that every spoilt brat would have a spoiled parent. Now that I'm a pampered woman, there is a spoilt husband in my background."

"You are right. We're just the match." Westley said that intentionally.

Gabrielle was able to make sense of the implication. He deliberated in his misinterpretation of her words.

"You are, after all, a spoilt husband." Gabrielle patted him on the shoulder to indicate that she had accepted his identity.

Westley laughed upon hearing this. "If that is the case, we are a spoilt pair. It's amazing."

Westley, on the other hand, was a big shot. He was free to do anything he pleased.

"Excuse me if I ski down the mountain swiftly, all right?" Gabrielle reminded Westley once more as they ascended the peak.

She feared Westley would prevent her from skiing fast. He as well could just eat his words.

"That I understand. I will not obstruct you." Westley gave a weak smile.

"That is good. What do you think? I'll ski ahead, and you may trail behind." Gabrielle's mind settled on that.

She needed to prevent Westley from skiing ahead of her. In any case, he would be able to regulate her speed. That was not a nice thing, to say the least.

As a result, she needed to remain ahead of him in order to maintain control of the speed.

"All right, I promise." Of course, Westley was aware of her thoughts.

How could she believe she could control the pace in front?

Nonetheless, he respected her. After all, he had sworn to her that he would give her everything.

"Great! I've assumed the position of speed commander. You must pay attention to me." Gabrielle enthusiastically exited the cable car, swiftly hopped on her ski board, and was ready to go.

Her smile did not go. She was becoming increasingly happy.

"Gabrielle, take a look at the length and steepness of the drop! Have you made your decision?" Westley wanted to persuade her one more time.

"Of course, I know. Have you seen the children who just skied in the safety zone? They were all rapidly descending. Why am I unable to? I am incapable of losing to a gathering of youngsters. It's very humiliating." Gabrielle examined the safety zone and discovered a fresh set of youngsters. All of the youngsters who had previously skied with her had done so on the snow track.

It would be humiliating if she were unable to compete against a group of children.

"It is entirely up to you. I'll do everything you wish." Naturally, Westley did not dare to intervene. Gabrielle seemed determined

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since she had compared herself to children.

"I know that you adore me the most. Let us prepare and accelerate." She was really nervous, her hands clenched. She had no idea how to avoid the difficulties, given the lengthy and steep hill and a large number of skiers if she rushed down quickly. Gabrielle was truly nervous.

If the children were not afraid of falling and colliding with others, what was she afraid of?

They had all learnt to ski through chance encounters, and all she needed to do was summon up the confidence to ski.

"Gabrielle, you are free to slide as you want. We will protect you from the rear." Alexis and the others made their appearance. They were all prepared to protect Gabrielle once she began.

Gabrielle, who had not been under too much pressure previously, was suddenly subjected to considerable pressure.

However, only under duress could she be driven to improve her skiing. Gabrielle, of course, was not afraid of such pressure.

"I'll then begin. You simply follow my lead." Gabrielle inhaled deeply, clutched her ski poles, and sped down the slope.

This was the first time she felt this way. Gabrielle resembled an eagle soaring through the sky, free and content.

No wonder so many people enjoyed skiing at peak speeds; the sensation was truly great.

"Wow, everyone, after me!" After flying in a high arc, Gabrielle plunged to the ground and rushed forward, splashing the snow.

To be honest, Westley was worriedly trailing behind her. His heart leaped into his throat, especially following the leap and landing. He feared she would crash severely. Fortunately, she landed securely and wonderfully and then ran down with an absolutely stunning stance.

This time, he had the option of awarding her ninety-nine points. He feared she was overconfident.

Gabrielle was a truly remarkable woman.

# Chapter 740 Like A Killing Machine

This time around, Gabrielle felt that she had really grasped the trick of ski as she managed to complete the first half of the journey smoothly. Seeing this, it could be assumed that although she couldn't compare with professional ski players, she was definitely a great amateur ski player.

Even Westley was a little surprised and he chuckled lowly. After all, he taught her the first steps of it personally and didn't expect for her to come this far.

He wanted her to enjoy it, but he didn't expect that she could ski so much better than the normal amateurs could.

Westley was glad to see her happy as he followed Gabrielle in a distance he could protect her in case she fell.

"Hurry up. It's more fun if you speed up!" Gabrielle shouted at her behind as she sped up even more. She was like a wild horse which was finally freed from the rein. She was fast, brave and adventurous.

Even some men didn't dare to ski at her speed, which was why Westley became so worried about her.

He even started to regret agreeing to let her speed up skiing. No matter how fun it was, it was a dangerous sport after all.

"Slow down a bit, Gabrielle. You might fall." Westley also sped up a bit in order to catch up with her, protecting her from the safest distance all while.

"Honey, don't worry. I can control it. Hurry up!" Gabrielle turned around and smiled at Westley. Then, she waved at him, indicating him to catch up to her.

She knew that Westley was staying behind so that he could protect her. However, she wanted to ski shoulder to shoulder with him.

"Slow down, Gabrielle. There is a slope ahead." Westley raised his voice and reminded her seriously. He was so worried about her, seeing that she was skiing faster and faster.

"Okay, don't worry. It's fun. Hurry up, Westley. Come beside me," Gabrielle repeated.

"Get out of the way!"

"Hey, hurry up and get out of my way!"

"Get out of the way. Hurry up now!!!"

At this time, an anxious scream sounded from behind. Westley looked back and saw a woman in pink skiing suit rushing down from the hill and skiing towards them directly in a high speed, like a car without brake. Seeing that she couldn't control it, he could guess that many people must have been hit along the way.

Sure enough, the woman who rushed down was not good at skiing at all. She couldn't control the speed and the ski board and her expression was frightened. Many people had been hit by her along the way. At this point, she was like a killing machine to others.

The woman could only scream endlessly as she rushed towards Westley and Gabrielle, "If you don't want to die, get out of my way. Hurry up!"

All of you, get out of the way! Hurry up!"

At the sight of the woman who was getting closer and closer, and Gabrielle who was getting farther and farther away from him, Westley couldn't think anything else as he just rushed after Gabrielle.

"Gabrielle, slow down and get out of the path you are on!" Westley shouted at her urgently. Gabrielle also knew what was going on and she wanted to do as he said, but she found that she couldn't control her snowboard anymore. It turned out that she had reached the slope which was too steep for her to ski sideways. ①

After all, she was still a newbie. Even if she was better at skiing than most of the other amateurs, when she was met with urgent and dangerous situations like this, she became flustered and panicked.

The more anxious she was, the more she was at a loss what to do as she couldn't control the ski board under her feet any longer. Dreadful feeling surged over her heart and she really felt that she had completely lost control and was about to tumble down.

"Honey, honey, I can't control it anymore!"

Gabrielle shouted in a panic.

The slope was really steep, not to mention that her speed was very fast. There were curves as well, causing Gabrielle to lose her balance from time to time, but fortunately, she didn't fall down. Luckily, people managed to get out of her path and there weren't many people from the start, or else she would have hit someone already.

It was simply terrifying.

"Gabrielle, I'm here!" Westley tried his best to catch up to her. However, Gabrielle's speed was too fast for him to reach to her. Besides, the woman behind them was even faster than Gabrielle.

In the end, they couldn't dodge and were hit violently.

At least, before they were hit, Westley hugged Gabrielle and they lost balance altogether. The woman in pink suit had already knocked down a lot of people behind Westley and then hit his back. Due to the inertia, she rolled on the ground for several times before she stopped.

Gabrielle was protected by Westley when they fell onto the ground and rolled. The only pain she felt was when her forehead hit the direction sign while they were falling. Since there was thick snow under her, she didn't feel much impact.

For a moment, the sound of children crying and the women crying in pain came.

Since most of the men managed to dodge, there were mostly children and women that the woman in pink suit hit. Westley would have managed to dodge as well if it weren't for the fact that he had to protect Gabrielle.

"Westley, honey, are you okay?" Gabrielle anxiously asked. She was so frightened at the sight of Westley holding her in his arms with his eyes closed. Her heart almost stopped, thinking that he fell into a coma. Fortunately, his eyelashes fluttered a second later and he opened his eyes.

"I'm fine, Gabrielle. What about you? Are you hurt anywhere?" Even though Westley was hit on the back by the woman, he was wearing a thick skiing suit after all. So, the damage wasn't very serious.

It was lucky that he managed to hold Gabrielle in the end. Otherwise, if that woman hit her, the result would have been unimaginable.

"I...I'm fine. Are you sure you are okay?" Gabrielle looked at him worriedly. When Westley held her in his arms, she could even feel the impact caused by the hit just now. It was so scary.

"Gabrielle, don't worry. I'm fine. The ski suit is thick enough, so I will be fine." In fact, Westley wasn't sure of it as he only felt numb in the moment. After all, the woman rushed down too fast and all this happened too suddenly.

He knew that he was hit very violently just now. He looked over and saw the woman buried in the snow while a man was trying to carry her.

"Boss, Gabrielle, are you okay?" Alexis and the others reached to them and asked. They were skiing in front of them before, but they hurried over here as soon as they saw the accident.

"It's not very serious. I was hit on the back and Gabrielle's forehead was injured. Let's go down the hill now." Even at this moment, Westley was honestly more worried about Gabrielle than himself. He wanted to treat her forehead injury as soon as possible.

"Alexis, many people got hurt because of that woman just now. This is huge. Don't let her get away without any charge," Westley said seriously after he glanced at the woman.

The action of that woman had affected so many people. It could be said that she was not skiing, but killing instead.