

## Chapter 81 A Perfect Match

"Holly, congratulations on the opening of your new studio. Now people won't have to travel to Paris to own one of your designs."

Holly should have been the focus in her stunning white strapless fishtail dress. However, Gabrielle couldn't tear her gaze away from the man at her side, Westley. <sup>5</sup>

He was a busy man but he still found time to attend the opening of Holly's studio. For Gabrielle, he hadn't even bothered to pick up the phone.

"Thank you for taking the time to come today. I know how busy you are."

"The pleasure is all ours, Holly. Do you have time for a few questions?"

"Of course." The woman smiled at the camera. Holly was well-liked by everyone who knew her, because of her grace and beauty.

"Mr. Morris is here to cut the ribbon for you. Can I ask about your relationship with him?"

A straightforward question.

Gabrielle was about to switch off the TV, but stopped when she heard the question, her



interest renewed.

"We're good friends. You're more than welcome to ask me about my studio. Mr. Morris is a private man and would like to keep it that way. I'm sure you understand." Holly smiled at the reporter.

She asked so politely and they nodded.

"Of course, questions for another time. I must say you both look perfect together."

Gabrielle took the time to study what they were both wore.

Holly's white dress was highlighted by the blue diamonds used for embellishment, and Westley wore a blue suit and matching tie, his white shirt pristine. Their choice of clothing complemented the other. They looked like a couple.

A match made in heaven.

Gabrielle's cold husband with another woman, it was ridiculous.

"Holly, will we see Mr. Morris by your side in the future?"

This reporter was experienced. Was their relationship as simple as he claimed? How was it possible they were just friends?

"Thank you for taking the time to attend the opening of my studio today. In the evening, we have a banquet planned at the Flando Hotel. Please attend it." Holly changed the topic with another smile.

Gabrielle switched off the television. She couldn't bear to see them together anymore tonight. It was time for her to go food shopping anyway. 4

Maybe that would lift her spirits?

When she finished shopping, she returned to the apartment. As she put the items away, the phone rang. She double-checked the caller id, Mr. Smith, the chairman of the department.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Smith. Is everything okay?"

She kept her tone respectful. After all, Mr. Smith was a very important man. It depended on him whether Gabrielle graduated or not.

"Gabrielle, you know why I've called, don't you?"

Three days had passed since the news had been exposed online. Though Micheal had removed the reports of the fight, it had spread fast. Now all the teachers and students at the university knew what

happened. Worse, Westley had seen it and they had ended up arguing.

But Mr. Smith hadn't talked to Gabrielle at the time. Why was he calling now?

"Mr. Smith, it was a misunderstanding."

"That's not for you to decide, now is it? Emily's and Cassie's parents came to the school today and asked us to expel you. I need you to come to my office with your parents."

Her heart tightened. Emily wasn't satisfied with Gabrielle getting scolded on the Internet. The girl only seemed happy when she gave Gabrielle a hard time.

Their families were not to be trifled with. If they went to the university to create a scene, the school would take their side.

She didn't dare to ask her parents to go with her. There had to be a way to hide her situation from them. At least for a little while. "Mr. Smith, I'll be there as soon as I can. Unfortunately, my parents are very busy. They won't be able to go with me."

The man sighed. "Okay, just get here as quickly as you can." After Gabrielle called for a taxi, she hung up the phone and went to find her bag. When she arrived she headed straight to Mr. Smith's office.

She knocked on the door. "Mr. Smith? It's Gabrielle." Her palms were sweaty and her heat raced in her chest. She knocked again.

Would Emily's and Cassie's parents be there as well? The thought terrified her. She was no match for them by herself.

The door opened and Mr. Smith smiled at her. A robust man with a kind face, Gabrielle had always liked him. As much as any student could like a teacher. "Come in and take a seat. Thank you for coming so promptly."

She nodded in greeting as she hurried in. It didn't take long for her to realize she was the only one there.

"Where are they?" Gabrielle asked. She took a deep breath but her heart still raced.

He locked the door and walked towards her.

"Please sit down, Gabrielle. The president knew they were coming, so he invited them to his office for tea first. He said they would come here after you arrived." Mr. Smith poured a glass of water for Gabrielle from the fountain.

"Take this." Mr. Smith offered it to her.

She took a sip but the act did little to calm

her. If anything, she was more nervous at the thought of being alone with a teacher.

"Gabrielle, I'm here to help you. How are you feeling after your time off?" Mr. Smith gestured back to the seat.

Gabrielle sat down and Mr. Smith joined her. He kept space between them but she was acutely aware she was alone with him, in a locked room. 4

"Thank you for your concern, Mr. Smith. I'm feeling much better, but I still need to rest before I return to school," Gabrielle informed him.

No one at school knew she had gotten married and she breathed a sigh of relief.

## Chapter 82 True Nature

The air in Mr. Smith's office was uncomfortable. Gabrielle sat on a chair in the office and Mr. Smith sat next to her. None of them spoke for some seconds before Mr. Smith finally broke the ice. "Well, I saw it. Your whole face is covered with scars, Gabrielle," he remarked as he looked at her face closely. "Did you get hurt in the fight that day? My heart aches badly on your behalf," he said as he still looked at her from head to toe.

Immediately, the alarm in her head sounded. She felt that the way he was talking to her was no longer on a teacher-to-student level. He was being unnecessarily kind which showed he wanted something else. She was not stupid enough not to know what he had in mind. ①

"Thank you for your kind words, Mr. Smith," she said as she bowed her head slightly. "It's getting late. Let me call my mother and let her know that I will not be back in time for dinner so that they won't wait for me." Although she was confused, she quickly took out her phone from her bag and pretended as if she wanted to call her mother. But who was she going to call? She couldn't face him all by herself. By the way, he is a well-built man since he graduated from the Physical

Education Institute, a sports university. He could easily overpower her if she tried to fight him on her own.

For this reason, she had to think fast and contact people who she knew could help her in this situation and wait for them to come quickly to save her. Other than that, she would die here today in the hands of Mr. Smith.

"Yes, you should do that fast. Call your mother and tell her. And as your teacher, I'll treat you to dinner. All bills on me," he agreed with her immediately. He thought that she didn't know what he was planning to do. <sup>3</sup>

As it were, this ravishing young girl was sitting right next to him. They were so close that he could smell the sweet fragrance coming from her.

Needless to say, the smell emanating her body was very pleasurable. The more he inhaled the smell from her, the more aroused he felt. All he wanted to do at that very moment was to pounce on her and ride her very hard.

Gabrielle wanted to call Austin to ask for his help but unknowingly, she called Westley.

"Hello! So do you admit your mistake now?" he sneered. When she heard Westley's mocking voice, she became startled.



'Damn it! I thought I called Austin. Why is Westley answering the phone?' she asked herself silently as she peered closely at her phone before putting it back to her ear...

But at that moment, she had no choice but to continue the conversation. If not, she was going to risk being found out by Mr. Smith and it wouldn't be good for her.

It was also too dangerous to hang up and call someone else since she had already lied that she was going to call her mother.

"Hello, mom..."

"What's wrong with you, Gabrielle? Did something happen to you?" Westley was shocked to the core when he heard her refer to him as "mom". Although he doubted the fact that she was injured in the head in the past few days, he was quick to realize that she was in grave danger.

"Oh, Dad. Is that you? It's me. Actually, I called to say that I won't be home for dinner tonight. I'm..." she paused for some seconds as she held her head in her other palm. "I'm in the office of Mr. Smith in school! He said he has something to talk about with me and it might end very late. So you don't have to wait for me." She intentionally stressed the words "Mr. Smith" so that Westley would know where exactly she was.

"All right. Wait for me. I'm on my way," he told her resolutely so that she would know that he had already gotten the message. ⑧

Gabrielle felt very relieved after the call. She knew that he would come to save her, and there was no need for her to be afraid.

By any means whatsoever, this man could make her feel safe.

"Are you done making the call, Gabrielle?" Mr. Smith asked as he sat a little closer to her. They were so close right now that their clothes touched.

She felt a sense of disgust throughout her body, but then, she tried to look at him calmly. "We are sitting too close to each other, Mr. Smith. If you want to sit inside, just let me know and I'll make way for you."

As soon as she said this, she was about to stand up, but he held her back by holding her hand.

"Let me be sincere with you, Gabrielle. I've liked you for a very long time now. I believe now is the right time to let you know," he said as he looked at her like he wanted to eat her up. He couldn't control his desire to have her to himself now. "This girl is very fresh and radiant. Even with the injuries on her face, she still looked sweet to behold. Young

girls do have special charms that old bitches can never retrieve. Young lambs are much more attractive, ' he mused as he also thought of how he was going to have her to himself.

"Mr. Smith, you are a teacher that I respect very much. Can you please behave yourself?" she proposed to him as she shook off his hand and looked at him indifferently.

"A teacher you respect so much? After I fuck you, you can still respect me like always. There will be no difference at all." ④

He had torn off his sheepskin to reveal that he was now a wolf. He was now ready to attack Gabrielle, who was the lamb in this situation.

She became alarmed. She couldn't panic right now. She just couldn't. If she did, she wouldn't be able to think straight.

The door to the office was locked from inside. If she ran to the door to unlock it, he would knock her down before she touched the doorknob. The window couldn't be a way out as well because they were on the third floor, a height too dangerous for her to jump.

As it were right now, the two ways she knew she could use to save herself were not feasible. She had no other choice but to wait for Westley to save her.

"You are a highly respected teacher in this school, Mr. Smith. You can't just ruin such a high reputation just because of me. If you let me go right now, I promise you that I won't say a word about what happened here today. Just let me go please," she pleaded. She decided to change her plan of action for the time being by pretending to be weak and pitiful with the aim of softening his heart. She knew the chance of him listening to her was slim because she could tell from his behavior that this wasn't the first time that he was committing such a heinous crime.

"Don't be silly, Gabrielle. Do you think you're the only one I'm interested in within this whole school? I've slept with twenty female students before, or close to thirty if I'm not mistaken. All of them are beautiful and young, but they are much more obedient than you. I just need you to cooperate with me and I won't let you suffer in the future. So what do you say?" He tried to hug her. 4

'Damn it! This man is so shameless. He has slept with so many female students and doesn't feel any form of remorse, ' she thought with repugnance.

She tried to avoid him, but at that moment, she became dizzy for a while. Then her vision became blurred.

'Damn it! This feels so familiar, ' she thought

as she tried to remember.

She remembered the day she went to see the Jones with Westley after they had gotten married. All of a sudden, she realized that there was something wrong with the water Mr. Smith had offered her. Although she only took a sip of the water, the drug he put into it was very potent.

'Shit! I've been trapped. I shouldn't have drunk the water at all. Will this disgusting man finally rape me today?' ③

If this were the case, I would kill this evil man first and then commit suicide if he succeeded.

Why hadn't Westley come yet? Would he still come to save me? Well, maybe Holly is still by his side and he can't get away from her, ' she thought in her head. ③

"Do you feel dizzy and hot inside, dear Gabrielle?" Mr. Smith asked with a smirk on his face. He knew that the drug he put in the water had worked. As luck would have it, he used a very strong drug that even a small intake of it was enough to make her lose control of herself.

## Chapter 83 Call Him Husband

Gabrielle didn't understand what was going on with her body. She wasn't drunk, but she could tell that she wasn't feeling all right. Mr. Smith peered closely at the sudden reddening of her face and neck and laughed wickedly. The drug had started taking effect on her body. 4

At this point, lust took over him as he smacked his lips with relish. He no longer pretended to be a nice teacher as he turned aggressive. The only thought in his mind was to find a way to force her to submit to him.

"You'll feel much better if you drink it all up, Gabrielle," he urged her. He got hold of the glass of water that she had just taken a little out of with one hand and held her from falling with the other.

She failed to wriggle herself free before he grabbed her by the hand. As soon as he held her, he threw her on the sofa and got on top of her heavily. She tried her best to push him away and escape, but she felt completely weak and vulnerable under his weight.

"Mr. Smith," she said weakly, "this is the last chance I'm giving you. Let me go and I promise not to tell any soul what happened here today or else, you will live to regret this day forever." She spoke to him with all

seriousness. This was the only chance she had. ③

He laughed viciously while still pinning her down with his body. "You can keep threatening me for all I care. It doesn't scare me in any way. Do you think I do not know who you are? You are the daughter of the Jones. Not a biological one, but just an adopted child of a rich family who will be traded for benefits in the future. Sooner or later, you'll be sent to live with an old widower. So why not let me have my way with you? For what it's worth, the Jones won't care about your virginity, or am I wrong?" he asked as he stared at her like she was a piece of trash.

'Oh, heck! This beast is right actually. I am just an adopted daughter who has no value to the Jones. Just look at the way I was made to marry Westley. They just used my marriage to him to save themselves from his wrath,' she thought as she shook her head in self-pity.

She was not going to react to what he was saying. All that was on her mind was how she was going to break away from his grip on her and so she thought about kicking his balls with all the strength left in her. That was the most delicate part of a man's body and if she succeeded in that, he would be immobilized for a while. With that, she could

seize the opportunity to run away.

Unfortunately for her, the drug made it quite difficult for her to concentrate. She had lost control of her whole body and her strength was fading by the minute. She tried to kick him in the balls, but ended up kicking his thighs which got him even angrier. He gave her a hot stinging slap.

With the effect of the slap, she fell to the ground immediately. She felt blood seeping out from both corners of her mouth and she also tasted the blood in her mouth.

"You ungrateful idiot. I'm trying my best to be gentle with you, but I won't anymore." He took the glass of water from where he had kept it earlier and started pouring its contents into her mouth forcefully.

"Hmm... Erg..." The girl gurgled as she felt that her stomach was filled with cold water. She felt so heavy and uncomfortable that she almost vomited. 4

"Look what you made me do, Gabrielle." He put the glass aside and grinned as he rushed to tear Gabrielle's clothes.

Suddenly, he tore off the collar of her T-shirt.

"Help, help me... Hmm..." He quickly covered her mouth the moment she started screaming for help.



"Gabrielle, if you want the whole school to see you like this, just shout louder. I'll tell them that it was you who came into my office to seduce me. You'll see if it's a shame for me or you," he said as he looked at her with so much aversion.

She felt hopeless and helpless at the same time. At this moment, she now knew why the crimes committed by this disgusting man had never been disclosed. Although those girls who were threatened had given in to him, she would not. She would rather die than allow him to succeed. Even if she died, she would still not let him win. She thought of what else she could do to free herself from him. Then, she intentionally bit his hand. 2

He felt a sharp pain in his hand when she had bit him. He looked at his wounded hand and raised his hand to slap her face, which made her almost pass out.

"I will make you bow to me, Gabrielle. All women, no matter the tough front they put up, later became submissive to me and you will not be an exception."

She closed her eyes in dismay, trying to think of a way out. She was at her wit's end. If she couldn't save herself, this would be the end of her life. 'Why hasn't Westley come to save me? Does that mean he won't come at all?

Westley, come and save me, please.

I promise I will listen to you and won't lose my temper with you anymore,' she said to herself as she cried silently.

When he was about to take off her pants, he heard a knock on the door.

"Who is it?" he shouted angrily. Nobody would be happy if they were interrupted at the moment of a bountiful harvest.

The person outside didn't answer his question. Instead, whoever it was kept knocking at the door and even started to kick it.

Mr. Smith was infuriated and eventually stood up. After all, he was still at school. It might be someone who had come to him for some business affairs.

"Gabrielle, you had better behave yourself. If you dare to make any sound, I will make sure that everyone in the city knows you as a whore and a cheap prostitute." He warned her with so much hate in his eyes. Then he walked towards the door to see who it was.

At the same time, the window was broken into pieces from outside. Just then, Gabrielle saw a figure jump in from outside and walked towards her. But she was too dizzy to point out who it was. Her sight was unable to

focus, so she could not see the person's face.

The only thing she felt was that the person came over, squatted beside her, tapped her face gently with both hands, and called her name.

"Gabrielle? Gabrielle, wake up!" He called out to her.

Recognizing the well-known voice and feeling the familiar breath, Gabrielle felt relieved and fainted.

"Gabrielle, wake up!" Westley noticed that her clothes were torn, her shoulders and waist were bare, and there were traces of blood at the corners of her mouth, all of which added fuel to his rage.

'If I had come moments later, something terrible would have happened to her!'

At the thought of this, he felt his throat being blocked by something, making it difficult for him to breathe. He was burning with anger, but was trying his best to control it.

Although he didn't like Gabrielle, she was still his wife. Thus he would never be happy seeing her being abused like this no matter her crime.

He pulled down the curtain in the office to cover her body and held her in his arms.

"Who are you?" At the other side, the moment Mr. Smith opened the door, Alvin rushed in and kicked him hard in the belly. He knelt on the ground right away. Afterward, Alvin called in two bodyguards to tie the man up forcefully, making him unable to move.

"This is the Alorith University and I am the chairman of the department here. I'll make you..."

"From now on, you are nothing!" Westley cut him short in his statement and looked at him sternly. He walked past him carrying Gabrielle in his arms.

"Mr. Morris, how is Miss Jones... ..is she still okay?" Alvin asked as he glanced at the woman in Westley's arms, but he couldn't see her face under the curtain, so he didn't know what happened.

"Alvin, don't let that thing go so easily. Make him pay dearly," Westley said in a resentful voice and left immediately after saying that.

The noise in the office was so loud that it had already attracted many of the lecturers and students in the school. They saw a well-built and charming man with a straight face, leaving the office of Mr. Smith, carrying someone in his arms. Although they couldn't see who he was holding, they could only tell that it was a girl from the shape of the body

under the curtain.

When they looked inside the office, they saw that Mr. Smith was held erect by two men in a black suit. One other man stood facing him and was punching and kicking him hard. They knew they had to help Mr. Smith but no one had the guts to stop the man because they were all as scared as a mouse.

Westley carried Gabrielle straightaway to the car. He placed her on the back seat and removed the curtain from her body. He saw her swollen face with blood that had dried up at the corners of her mouth.

"You behave as if you're so powerful in front of me, Gabrielle. Why can't you even deal with an old pervert?"

Do you act overbearing only before me?"

He covered her with the curtain again, then started the car and drove towards Remy's place to have her treated.

But about ten minutes later, she woke up suddenly. She was so agitated that she kept shouting.

"It's so hot..."

"I feel so weird..."

"Don't... don't touch me!"



"It hurts..."

she cried as she rolled down from the car seat. Westley had to stop to check what was wrong with her.

"Gabrielle, are you awake? Can you hear me?" He carried her up back in the seat, but she still wriggled in pain.

Eventually, he understood what was going on as he found out that the skin on her neck was red.

That old monster must have fed her something, otherwise, she wouldn't be behaving like this.

"Don't move. Try to be still. I'll take you to the hospital right now." He tried to settle her on the seat, but she didn't listen to him at all. Instead, she held his arm and rubbed her face against his body.

"Gabrielle, let go of me. Do you know what you are doing?" Seeing Gabrielle in this manner, he was full of fury. 4

"No, I want you. Stay with me..." She opened her eyes and looked at him intently. She looked helpless and innocent.

"Do you understand what you are talking about, Gabrielle? Do you know who I am?" he

asked with a puzzled look on his face.

"I know who you are. You are Westley, my husband!" she answered affirmatively.

She was not drunk. Although she was weak-willed and feeble after she took that drug, she could still recognize who was in front of her.

The word "husband" shook him like thunder. <sup>2</sup>

Ever since they got married, she had never called him husband. However, it was because everything was fake and also because she might still be scared of him.

But right now? She was bold enough to call him husband directly? He wondered where she got the boldness from.

Nonetheless, Westley wasn't angry at all. On the contrary, he felt somehow happy with the way she referred to him as "husband".

He used to think that no woman could call him husband except for Helena, but Gabrielle's words were not as offensive as he had thought. <sup>3</sup>

"Say it again, Gabrielle!" he commanded her.

"Okay, Westley, you are my husband!

So, my dear husband, will you help me now?" she said as she looked at him sweetly and

innocently again.

All of a sudden, Westley decided not to take her to the hospital again. Instead, he put her gently on the car seat and closed the door. He returned to the driver's side of the car and began to drive in another direction. 1

A few minutes later, the car drove to a villa.

He stopped the car and took her out.



## Chapter 84 Birds Of A Feather Flock Together

"What are you... doing?" muttered Gabrielle in a low voice, summoning all her energy to speak. As Westley carried her into a house she couldn't recognize, she slowly regained her consciousness. She wasn't used to this stuff—Westley carrying her. It was all too unfamiliar for her so she felt scared for a bit.

"Don't feel any regret now, Gabrielle. You begged me to help you," Westley said as he kicked the door open. The house was quiet, as what he expected. Sad and dark, as what he expected. The lights turned on instantly with the sound of his voice. With Gabrielle in his arms, he went upstairs right away and walked towards a bedroom that was newly decorated. There was a mattress that was still covered in plastic; it produced a screeching sound when Westley pinned Gabrielle down on it.

Gabrielle, on the other hand, struggled inside as she recognized her husband. She knew they shouldn't go on with what was about to happen, but she couldn't help caressing the man. She even pressed him harder against her, wrapping him in her arms.

Of course, something happened between them after that. The room was filled with

screaming sounds of the mattress, their breaths, and... something else. When everything was over, Gabrielle fell asleep and Westley couldn't help but stare at her serene face. She looked tired but still beautiful. He took a new blanket from the wardrobe to cover her with it. Putting on a robe, he walked out of the balcony where he was welcomed by the night breeze.

Westley was not in the mood to appreciate the city lights in the distance. Too bad because it shone brightly, twinkling like stars across the horizon, and illuminating the darkness of the night. He lit a cigarette as he rested his arms on the railing.

This house, which was called the Half Moon Bay Villa, was bought by Westley five years ago for him and his fiancée Helena.

He could still remember the wide smile on her face when she came with him to pick this one. She liked it very much for its view of the city—the view that he was seeing right at the moment.

However, they never had the chance to move in due to a misfortune that broke Westley. Since the accident that took Helena's life, he rarely came to this house anymore.

Tonight, he only decided to come because it was the closest place to Alorith University he could think of.

He turned around to check on Gabrielle who was still sleeping on the bed. Then he thought of something. He put out the cigarette as he walked inside to call Remy.

"Remy, please come to the Half Moon Bay right now. Something happened to Gabrielle."

"Huh?" Remy said on the other line. "The Half Moon Bay?" He was rather shocked upon knowing where Westley was at the moment.

He knew what Half Moon Bay meant to Westley. He knew he bought the villa for him and Helena, where they could start a family and live a happy life. He knew that place made Westley extremely sad because of the unfortunate thing that happened. Westley had been ignoring it for a long time.

How could he be at Half Moon Bay tonight? And what was more surprising was that, Gabrielle was with him. ①

'What a big deal!' Remy wondered. 'How did she make Westley take her to the Half Moon Bay?'

"Didn't I make it clear?" asked Westley sarcastically. "We're in the Half Moon Bay. I need you to come here quickly." Westley dropped the call. He went to the wardrobe to find a lady's night robe for Gabrielle.

A few moments later, Remy came over as Westley asked, carrying a medical kit and dozens of questions with him. The first thing he saw was Westley, standing in the middle of the living room in a night robe, looking very gloomy and terrible.

He almost looked like the devil himself who rose from hell.

"What happened, Westley? What's the matter? Why did you bring her here? You don't let others come here, right?" he asked, trying to push his curiosity aside but failed miserably.

This place was Westley's forbidden place. He never allowed anyone drop by. His friends once tried to persuade him in selling it, in case it reminded him of Helena. But Westley just rejected their idea, yelling at them for even suggesting.

Remy didn't expect that the first person he would bring here was Gabrielle.

"Please tell me why I need to explain to you," he said monotonously. His face serious. "She's upstairs. Go and check her." Westley glared at him.

No matter how much he wanted to know the answer, Remy had to devote himself to his work now.

"Westley, your hand is also hurt. What happened?" He noticed that there were small cuts on the back of Westley's hands. He thought that although it didn't look serious and didn't bleed, he still needed to attend to the injury.

"I'm fine, don't worry about it. Check Gabrielle first. Upstairs, please." Westley strode upstairs when he finished talking.

His hand was probably wounded when he broke the glass window of the office earlier. He paid no attention to it before as it didn't really hurt. But now that Remy pointed it out, he started to feel a little pain.

When Remy followed Westley to the room, he saw Gabrielle sleeping on the bed. 'The two didn't even remove the plastic covering? What's so urgent? Maybe Westley hurt her accidentally when in a hurry, ' Remy thought and looked at the other man subconsciously.

"Why are you looking at me?" Westley asked annoyingly. "Look at her. Her face is swollen and there's something wrong with the corner of her mouth. Look." Remy found the angry look on Westley's face a bit terrifying.

Only then did Remy saw Gabrielle's face clearly. There were scars on her face that hadn't been completely healed, and yet she looked as if she was slapped again. Now both

sides of her face were swollen and flushed.

"Did you really beat her up this time?" Remy asked curiously, his voice sounded worried. "I didn't expect you to have such a strange hobby in bed. Aren't you too cruel?" He pictured scenes of abuse in his mind. He thought it was horrible and unsightly. He was even disgusted at the thought.

Westley felt that he made a wrong decision in calling Remy.

"If you don't know how to make her better, you can get out now. Maybe make an appointment with a neurologist or ophthalmologist to have your brain and eyes checked. It seems that you are really getting blind and stupid." He sneered at Remy. 6

Dr. Remy responded immediately, "It does look like that, Westley. I'm telling you, this room smells like sex. Didn't you two make love?" 4

"Remy!" Westley called out. He wanted to kill him now.

"It was the head of her department that hit her on the face," Westley said through gritted teeth, finally telling Remy what really happened. "That old man drugged her and planned to rape her. He hit her hard when she resisted. Gabrielle already looked like that when I brought her here." Resisting his

urge to kill the old man, Westley explained everything. His was just clenching her jaw all throughout. 4

"Then you were used as the antidote. Oh, I see..." Remy said, nodding his head in amusement. "Great job, Westley! I didn't expect that one day, our superior Mr. Westley would be used as the antidote." Remy was bold and brainless enough to be the only person who dared to tease Westley like this. 2

'Damn it! She used me as an antidote, ' Westley thought. 4

How could Remy just tell the truth like that? It made him so embarrassed.

"Gabrielle is still my wife, Remy. Should I ask another doctor to help her? Treat her right now and do it quickly. Stop thinking about me and whatever happened here." Westley left the room straightaway. He was afraid that if he stayed one more second, he would have the courage to choke Remy to death.

"Well, someone who values his face too high will make a rod for his own back. Why can't he just admit that he has fallen for this girl?" Remy muttered to himself as Westley left the room seeming angry. He leaned down on Gabrielle and began checking the wound on her face carefully. 2

Remy saw that the wounds looked really

terrible. It was so strong of Gabrielle to have survived that kind of attack. It looked as if the person who did this was trying to kill her instantly.

It didn't take too long for Remy to finish dressing Gabrielle's wounds. When he was done, he packed his things up and went downstairs.

Westley, with his black hair still dripping wet, stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling glass wall with a glass of red wine in his hand. Perhaps he just finished taking a shower in the bathroom downstairs. He stared at the swing in the yard, seeming very lonely and astonished.

There was a big beautiful greenhouse in the yard made out of glass. It was a shame that it had no flower planted in it... because there was no one to take care of it.

Next to it was a grape rack built with white shelves which was left uncultivated for the same reason. It stood there, bare, surrounded by unwanted wild plants as no one had weeded them out.

If Remy didn't know that someone owned the house, he would think it was a deserted one.

"Have you planned on taking care of this courtyard? It could've been really beautiful, but it looks so empty now," Remy said in a



soft serious tone as he walked towards Westley.

"Take care of it?" asked Westley solemnly without looking at Remy. He didn't even seem to get surprised by the doctor's presence and sudden speech.

"Yes. Perhaps employ a gardener? It's time to plant flowers in the garden and grapes on the rack," he sincerely proposed.

Remy really wanted him to walk out of the shadow of Helena's death. It seemed that for so many years, his soul had been imprisoned in this deserted garden. 3

If he could restore this place, then he could finally recover from Helena's death. Maybe.

"Maybe you're right, Remy. Maybe it's time to do it," said Westley ambiguously as he drank up all the wine in his glass in one gulp.

Remy softened a little knowing that Westley considered his suggestion.

"How's Gabrielle?" asked Westley, finally glancing at Remy for the first time since the doctor opened a conversation. He looked curious and worried.

"That old bastard is so cruel. The slap broke the inner wall of Gabrielle's mouth," said Remy, seeming mad and concerned. "She

needs a few days to rest. She has to take a soft diet, only water and porridge," he added. "Marrying you came with a lot of disasters for her. Since you wed her, she always get hurt. Be it emotionally or physically. What did she do to deserve this?" Pulling Westley's chain was probably a bad idea, but Remy didn't care. He walked to pick up his medical kit.

Westley was stunned. Not by Remy's mockery but with what he heard about Gabrielle's injury. Did he hear it right, though? The inner wall of her mouth was broken?

Westley didn't expect that she would be seriously hurt. When they were in bed, he deliberately avoided her lips. He didn't kiss her, so he didn't find out about the blood.

Remy handed two prescriptions to Westley and told him how to use them. "Use this one to spray in her mouth," he said, showing Westley a small spray bottle. He presented another bottle, a smaller one. "Apply this one on her skin until swelling was relieved."

"Sure, I'll do that," Westley said in a whisper, nodding.

"Her face will swell even worse for the succeeding days because of the wounds in her mouth. Don't worry, it's normal. But poor thing, she's really unlucky for meeting such a ruthless old pervert." Remy wanted to kill

that man.

"I won't let him escape with what he did to my wife without putting a fight." Fury was written all over Westley's face. How dare that old pervert hurt his wife?

He would teach that old man a lesson so he would know who he messed with.

"What are you going to do, Westley?" Remy asked curiously. He knew that Westley, as the president of the Morris Group, had always been brutal, strong and, decisive. Anyone who dared to provoke him would come to no good end.

"Whatever he did to Gabrielle, I will give it back ten times. He likes sleeping with women, huh? Then I'll satisfy his needs." Westley's cruelty and silent fury were written all over his face. Just looking at him would make everyone fear him. That person he aimed for revenge could only die or be overwhelmed with pain.

"If you need me to offer you anything, don't hesitate to tell me. You must torture him to make him regret being born." Remy showed no mercy as well.

After all, birds of a feather flock together. There must be some similar characteristics that brought the two to be as close as brothers.

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As Gabrielle came around, she felt a shock wave of pain throughout her body. It seemed like no parts of her body were spared from the pain. Regaining a clearer consciousness, she discovered that her face, mouth and even her lower body were in pain too. 3

Trying her best to fight her consciousness, Gabrielle looked around to observe where she was; however, everything was foreign to her. She could not recognize where she was and neither did she have any recollection of this place.

Her eyes darted left and right as she frantically tried to piece up the puzzles in her head. Moving her hands around, she noticed that she was lying on a wide bed with nothing between her skin and the sheets. Knowing that she was not wearing anything, she flushed and started panicking.

Taking in deep breaths, Gabrielle thought to herself, 'Where am I? What am I doing here?'

Allowing her thoughts to wander away, her pupils constricted as she remembered what occurred yesterday. Pulling in her thoughts, she remembered that she answered Mr. Smith's call asking her to return to school. However, when she returned to school, she was drugged by that beast and was almost

violated by him.

Recalling the aches on her body, Gabrielle sighed. 'I must have been raped by that bastard,' she thought dejectedly. However, just as she thought of this, the scene of someone jumping in through the window flashed through her mind. 'Hold on, it seemed like someone saved me from that bastard yesterday.' She paused, bewildered by this new memory in her head.

Thinking harder, she realized that it was actually Westley that has heroically saved her from that bastard and was the one that slept with her instead.

Gabrielle immediately flipped the blanket off her body and realized that the night robe was wide open and her body was filled with obvious marks of their deed last night.

By now, she came to terms that something unspoken happened between the two of them.

Utterly ashamed by what had happened, Gabrielle scratched her head as she screamed internally.

At this exact moment, Westley walked into the room and witnessed the erratic state that Gabrielle was in. She sat by the bed with her delicate shoulders and curvy chest exposed, grasping her hair struggling desperately.

'Was she in so much pain as she woke up earlier on?' Westley thought.

"Gabrielle, what's wrong with you?" Westley asked concernedly.

As soon as Gabrielle raised her head and noticed Westley standing by the bed, she immediately pulled the blanket over her head to cover herself up, ready to hide from this embarrassing moment.

Westley frowned at her reaction when their eyes met. Why was she hiding? She didn't want to see him, or was she dispirited that the person who slept with her last night was him?

This stupid woman! She would rather be violated by that old bastard than let him touch her? 6

"Gabrielle, take down the blanket. Let's have a talk," Westley ordered in an icy tone. He specially came to the room to see how Gabrielle was feeling once she woke up.

Due to the aphrodisiac in Gabrielle's body, she was exceptionally passionate last night. She was fervent in her movements as they were embedded together. Responding to her actions, Westley's desires were like a ravaging fire in his heart. He spared no means in loving her passionately. He worked

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her hard relentlessly until she passed out from exhaustion.

Recalling the amorous night, Westley was displeased to see her attitude towards their intimacy now.

Despite having a sheet between the two of them, Gabrielle could feel shivers behind her back from the hints of the coldness of his voice. Thinking that he must be enraged, she meekly pulled down the sheets slowly and carefully. She revealed only her dainty black clear eyes with a hint of uneasiness, looking at Westley jittery.

"What do you want to talk about?" Gabrielle asked valiantly as she tried to sound as normal as she could. She did not want Westley to think that she was afraid or guilty about what has happened last night.

"What do I want to talk about? Don't you remember what happened last night?" Westley smirked. He stared at Gabrielle from above.

Hearing what he said, Gabrielle shrank her neck. She was not able to meet Westley's dreadful face. Indeed, she was very uneasy because she could exactly recall what happened between the two of them last night.

"Do you recall what I said before? We are

legally bounded by marriage and we are no longer kids. Sleeping together is no big deal. I would not blame you. Therefore, you do not need to be concerned about taking any responsibility." Gabrielle racked her brains to find the words to express her thoughts. What came to her mind at that moment was to assure Westley that she would not bring any burdens to him and she would not ask for any responsibility. However, she noticed that Westley's expression was turning darker and darker with every word she said.

Did she say something wrong again?

She intended to assure Westley that he did not need to be troubled with taking responsibility for her. Generally speaking, after sex, men were most afraid of having to take responsibility for the women. Although it was not the first time that they had been intimate, she still wanted to assure him that she was not thinking about that.

"Gabrielle, this is all you have to say to me?" said Westley, gritting his teeth. How he wished he could strangle her or pry open her head to see what went on in her brain. What kind of person was she to say such irresponsible words so easily?

"Well, isn't that what you wanted? Or... you can think about whatever compensation you want. I'll try my best to fulfil it." Gabrielle



tried to suppress the fear in her heart. As she spoke, her voice turned meeker, and her eyes drew lower and lower. Knowing that Westley was displeased, she lost her courage to look at his face.

She realized that she seemed to have said the wrong thing again.

"Gabrielle, you really are a pea-brained woman! You went to school and offered yourself to get drugged. And then, you used me as an antidote. Now that you're done with using me, you're in such a hurry to draw the line and get rid of me. What are you trying to convey?" Westley said angrily. 7

Did she use him as some sort of pharmacy antidote!? 5

No way! Gabrielle had never thought like this. Where would she get the courage to use Westley as an antidote? She thought as a man, Westley would be satisfied to get intimate in such a situation, without needing to be responsible. Could it be that he actually minded it?

"Westley, why are you so angry? Are you angry because the person you had sex with is me, and you felt aggrieved about it?" Gabrielle could not understand the main point of Westley's words. It seemed like they were on a different frequency. Therefore, she took the chance to change the subject and



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asked him another strange question instead.

Gabrielle stated at Westley timidly. She knew that the woman he loved was never her. Perhaps doing such a thing with someone he didn't love would make him feel bitter.

"Indeed Gabrielle, it makes me feel extremely sick and unpleasant to do this with a woman like you. Therefore you can forget about making me letting you off so easily. In the future, if you were so stupid to be drugged again, I would not even try to save you even if you were to be tortured to death by another man!" 9

Driven by his anger, Westley spoke without filtering his words and thoughts through his head.

Gabrielle was stunned by his words. Her face turned colorless.

What did he say? Having sex with her made him feel extremely sick and unpleasant?

Sure enough, she was indeed such a woman. She was the type of woman that Westley hated the most.

Mortified by his words, Gabrielle's mind was completely crumbled. She had no words left to say.

It turned out that in Westley's heart, she was

10:52

76.1%

35%

deemed as such a detestable woman. She originally wanted to draw a line and clear the misunderstandings with him; however, was there a need to do so? After all, there was no need to solve any misunderstanding when she had no place in his heart at all.

As she thought of that, she felt a sharp pain in her heart. It hurt so much that she felt that she couldn't breathe.

"Westley, am I such a despicable and ignorant person in your eyes?" Gabrielle slowly raised her head and gazed into his eye woefully. The rims of her eyes were red and tears were threatening to fall. Looking at her despondent expression, Westley felt his heart sink.

"Gabrielle, I..." 5

"Mr. Morris, I understand. Do not worry and you do not need to repeat yourself. I fully comprehend how disgusting and repulsive I am. I am someone who has a sense of consciousness. In the future, you do not need to be concerned with any matters related to me and I would not cause you any trouble as well." Gabrielle gazed at him seriously while trying hard to hold back the tears that were trying to fall off her eyes. She was sobbing a little as she finished her words.