

Skeletons Of The Marital Closet

by Wen Tang

Chapter 16

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The ice-cold water made Gale shudder. He was crazy! Shawn pulled off her clothes with the other hand and scrubbed her. Soon, several red patches appeared on Gale's body! "Shawn!" Gale could not hold back his anger any longer and yelled at him with water dripping down from her face. "What are you doing!" "Why did you allow Sam to touch you? No one can touch you, not even on your your shoulders!"

Comment by Eunice Low: I dont understand this. Not on her shoulders? Comment by Rachel Lee: Sam touched her shoulders, so Shawn is saying nobody can touch her, not even a light touch on the shoulders. Shoulders is meant to be like menial. Shawn's possessiveness was so strong that it terrified her. She belonged to him, and no one else could touch her! Gale's eyes welled up as she said, "I pushed him away. He only touched me for one second!" "It doesn't matter how long he touched you. No one is allowed to touch you, regardless of the duration!" Shawn scrubbed Gale's shoulders fiercely, wishing to peel off all her skin. Gale resisted fiercely at first and finally stood still, like a puppet. She was soaked all over,

and the tips of her hair were dripping with water. Shawn felt no better. He looked at her ashen face, and a crazy idea came to him. He wanted her! "Damn!" Shawn threw away the showerhead, pinched her chin, lowered her head, and kissed her hard! It was more of a bite rather than a kiss. Both of them were soaked wet, and Gale was forced to raise her head. She could not resist his kiss. Her rare obedience caused the fire in Shawn's body to burn more and more for her. He almost could not restrain himself! Her body had a long-lost sense of familiarity! Suddenly, Gale shuddered. She placed her arms around his neck, lowered her gaze, and asked, "Shawn... can you give me some money?" She was really desperate. She wanted to treat her father's burns. She also wanted to bribe the prisoners so that they would not be too hard on her father. That required money. Shawn sneered deeply and growled, "Heh, I was wondering why you didn't push me away this time. It turns out you want money. Gale, you know, it's a good thing I have money to spare." Comment by Eunice Low: Did she push him? Comment by Rachel Lee: Sorry, this phrase I think we can change it to "this time you didn't push me away, turns out you want money" "Yes, so can you give it to me?" Gale clenched her fists and forced herself to look at him. He stared at the corner of her lips and asked, "How much?" "Twenty thousand dollars." Comment by Eunice Low: Did you convert this amount to USD? Comment by Rachel Lee: _Marked as

resolved_ No conversion, I did 1:1, I use "dollars" later on in the story. Comment by Rachel Lee:

Re-opened Opening it up again to reply Gale dared not be greedy to ask for too much. That amount should be enough. She would solve the problem at hand and think of a solution for the rest later. To Shawn, this number was a drop in the bucket. However... "What gave you the right to ask for money from me?" Gale bit her lips tightly and mumbled, "I am your wife." He shook her off in disgust and said, "Gale, know your place!" Shawn lost all interest, turned around, and walked out. Gale's back was leaning on the bathroom tiled wall, looking at his back. "Shawn, if you don't give it to me... I'll find Sam!" She deliberately threatened him! Actually, she knew Shawn very well. Gale knew what made him tick... Only by understanding his temperament could she survive in his hands! Sure enough, Shawn roared, "How dare you!" "You are pushing me to desperation!" Gale said desperately. He narrowed his eyes and asked, "What do you want the money for?" Gale gritted her teeth and answered, "I...I have my own reasons." She was afraid that if Shawn knew she would use the money to treat her father's wounds, he would not give it anymore. After all, he asked Susan to do it! Gale said again, "It's just that I want my salary in advance. In the future, I will draw jewelry designs every day to pay off my debts!" She used to be the best student in the design department of Sea City University. Countless brands want to hire

her to work for them, and her manuscript was used as an example for her schoolmates! Shawn hooked his lips deeply and said, "Yes." Comment by Eunice Low: Did he hook her lips or his?

Comment by Rachel Lee: Sorry, he hooked his lips He was a businessman and had never lost money in any business he entered. Seeing that he agreed, Gale let out a long sigh of relief.

Shawn transferred the money to her on the spot. "Remember what you said!" She wept with joy.

Dad can finally get treatment! Gale had not cared how Shawn looked at her at all. She wiped a handful of water from her face and went out. Shawn stood by the window, smoking one cigarette after another. In the beginning, he married Gale, but because he could not find Susan.

He temporarily made her his wife to prevent Paula and Jenny from pestering him. The position of his beloved Mrs. Wood will be given to the woman he loves. That night, Susan really touched his

heart. Moreover, Susan used herself to prevent him from going crazy from the drug. Shawn has always had clear grievances. It was already early morning when he finally put out the cigarette

butt and was about to go to bed. Just as Shawn laid down, there were fits of cough coming from outside. The coughs sounded every three or five minutes and were accompanied by sniffing,

coughing, and tossing sounds. It was more punctual than an alarm clock. He has always been a light sleeper and needs an extremely quiet environment. How could he sleep if Gale continued

to cough like that? Shawn rolled over, got out of bed, and opened the door angrily. "Gale." No movement. He raised his voice and yelled, "Gale!" "Well..." She responded weakly, trying her best to open her eyes, but she could not. Only then had Shawn realized that her cheeks were red, but her lips were pale. He reached out and touched it to find her burning up. Gale had a fever late at night. This woman's body... was really weak! Shawn said with a cold face, "Get up. Don't die at my door." She turned over, and tugged on his trouser legs, acting like a small kitten. "Dizzy, uncomfortable..." She coughed violently again. She murmured again, "Hug me. I don't wanna take medicine... bitter... very bitter." Gale was so sick that she imagined she was a child. Every time she caught a cold, her mother would hold her and coax her to drink the medicine one by one. Shawn looked at her deeply. After a few seconds, he bent over to pick her up and walked into the bedroom. He carelessly placed a fever-reducing patch on her and threw her on the sofa. Gale's mouth was talking in her sleep, but Shawn could not hear it clearly, so he shouted in annoyance, "Shut up!" She shook her shoulders and slowly became quiet. Shawn took a deep breath and left. A thud came from behind him. Gale fell straight off the sofa. "Stupid woman!" The next day, Gale turned over and hugged the pillow habitually but found that the pillow seemed to be... A little hard? She reached out and pressed it and found it was quite elastic. Wait,

this does not seem to be her pillow. Who is it? Gale was about to open her eyes in a daze when she heard Shawn's voice coming from above her head. "Have you touched enough?" God, was this a dream? She raised her head and was met with that handsome face. "What..." Gale screamed and almost rolled off the bed in fright. Shawn's face was ashen. He stretched out his hand and pulled her back into his arms. "Stupid woman, do you want to fall again!" Gale's face was full of doubts. "I... how did I end up sleeping in your bed?" "You were sleepwalking."

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