

Skeletons Of The Marital Closet

by Wen Tang

Chapter 8

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"Yeah, Paula, we should do it together. Don't just stand aside and watch," Jenny said. "Jenny, I'm already old..." Gale immediately interrupted, "Look, Paula doesn't want to do anything!" As she spoke, she secretly tried to break free of the rope. Jenny also felt that Gale had a point. She handed the knife to Paula and said, "So...you cut the left side, I'll cut the right side." Paula agreed, "Okay. You make the first cut, and I will hold her down!" "Alright." The two hit it off. Gale's wrists were all red with no luck from breaking loose. Paula came over and grabbed her head. "Stay still and it will hurt less. Jenny, come on!" "This face is really fair and tender. No wonder you can seduce Shawn... I have to make a mess of it today!" Jenny approached with a grin. The knife got closer and closer and finally stuck to Gale's cheek. "As long as I exert force, your beauty will be gone..." Gale swallowed nervously, "You are really not afraid of Shawn!" "He won't touch me with the Timothy family here." With that said, Jenny was about to make her first cut. At this critical moment, a deep and dignified familiar male voice came from afar. "Stop!" That

voice... Gale was overjoyed and shouted with all her strength, "Shawn, save me!" The sound of rubber burning around the ground rang out. Before the car stopped, Shawn had already jumped off. He walked fast, the hem of his suit was raised high, and his eyes were full of anger. "Timothy family? What do you think they are?" Shawn raised his thin lips and threatened, "Tomorrow, I can make the entire Timothy family disappear from Sea City!" "Shawn... ah!" Shawn kicked Jenny away without even looking at her. He went straight to Gale and picked her up. "Are you hurt?" She shook her head. "No, almost, but I was not." Shawn asked, "What are you running around for? You can't find a spot to sit in the entire Wood Group?" "I..." She kept quiet, not wanting to tell him she was looking for a job and bumped into Paula and Jenny. "Shawn, why are you here?" Paula smiled and said, "I'm playing with my daughter-in-law." Shawn raised his brows and replied, "Play?" "Yeah." He picked up the knife from the ground and threw it at Paula's feet. "Let's play with your face next." "What..." "Cut it!" "Shawn!" Jenny stomped her feet and said, "Why are you defending this woman!" "Because she's my wife!" Shawn's eyes were colder than a knife's. "If I don't protect her, who do you expect me to protect? Do you expect me to protect you instead?" Jenny looked at Gale with jealousy. Gale could not express how she really felt on the inside. The reason why Shawn was so angry was that... the only person who could bully and

humiliate her was him. No matter how much he hated her and wanted to torture her, he won't let others do it. He had to do it himself. Shawn sounded like he really cared about her, but she knew it was not true. Just as she was deep in thought, Shawn picked her up in his arms. Gale exclaimed and hooked her arms around his neck subconsciously. Realizing that this gesture was too intimate, she quickly let go. Shawn said coldly with an indifferent expression, "You should be glad she wasn't injured. Jenny, I'll punish you on behalf of your family! Go back home and think about what you have done for a month! You are grounded!" "Paula!" He said to Paula, "Don't even think about getting a cent of your living expenses this year!" For Paula, this was the most painful punishment. After she married Shawn's father, she lived a luxurious life. Even if Shawn's father died, she could receive an exorbitant living expense from the family fund every month. Shawn cut off her one year's funding all of a sudden. She was so used to spending money. How can she survive? "No, that's the money your dad gave me." "Two years!" "Shawn, y...you..." "Three years!" Shawn always kept to his word. Paula and Jenny's life was in ruins. After returning to Temperley Hall, the housekeeper saw Gale's disheveled appearance and asked, "Ms. Gale, you are..." "It's nothing. It looks bad, but I'm not hurt." Shawn sat on the sofa and tugged his tie. "You're not hurt? What's about the palm of your hand?" Gale was taken aback. It turned out that

he had discovered it long ago. "Apart from causing me trouble, what else can you do?" Shawn looked at her with deep eyes. "I punish Paula and Jenny for you. Are you proud?" She quickly waved her hand. "N...No." He sneered and said, "Gale, no one can touch your face. If it is to be scratched... it will only be done by me in person!" Shawn looked at the fruit knife on the coffee table. Gale shivered a little late. "What are you waiting for? You can't read the room?" She had to hand him the fruit knife with both hands and defended in a low voice, "I... did nothing wrong today." "It's your fault for running around." Gale bit her lower lip and lowered her gaze. Shawn is her god, and she can only obey his orders. He traced the cold blade on Gale's cheek. "Gale, look, once you leave me, there are so many people who mess with you." Shawn gently patted her face with the tip of a knife. "I'm the only one who can torture you." She closed her eyes tightly, not knowing when Shawn... would raise the knife in his hand. Probably because she had been oppressed for too long, Gale actually refuted him, "Anyone who bullies me, I can resist, I can fight back. However, I can't resist you!" "Because this is what you owe me!" "No, I never owed you, nor did my family owe you!" Gale cried silently in her heart. The knife pressed down little by little, and with a little more force, it could cut through the skin. Ring! The landline next to her suddenly rang rapidly. Shawn picked up the receiver and answered, "Hello, Grandpa."

Grandfather Wood shouted loudly, "Come over immediately! Now!" "What's up?" "Also, bring your newlywed wife!" The old man hung up the phone. Shawn looked at Gale. It was amusing that she was clearly panicked yet was trying her best to remain calm. "You're lucky." Shawn raised her chin with the tip of the knife. "I'll leave this face untouched for now, lest you scare my grandfather with blood." Grandfather? "Pack up and follow me." Shawn crossed his legs. "I will give you five minutes." Gale staggered up the stairs, changed her clothes and tied her hair as fast as she could. The old house of the Wood family. Compared with the luxurious castle style of Temperley Hall, the old house had a calm and atmospheric courtyard with a view of mountains and rivers. As soon as she entered the living room, Paula pointed at Gale and screamed, "Yes, Grandfather Wood, she is here! She is Dr. Peter's daughter! Shawn actually married her!"

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