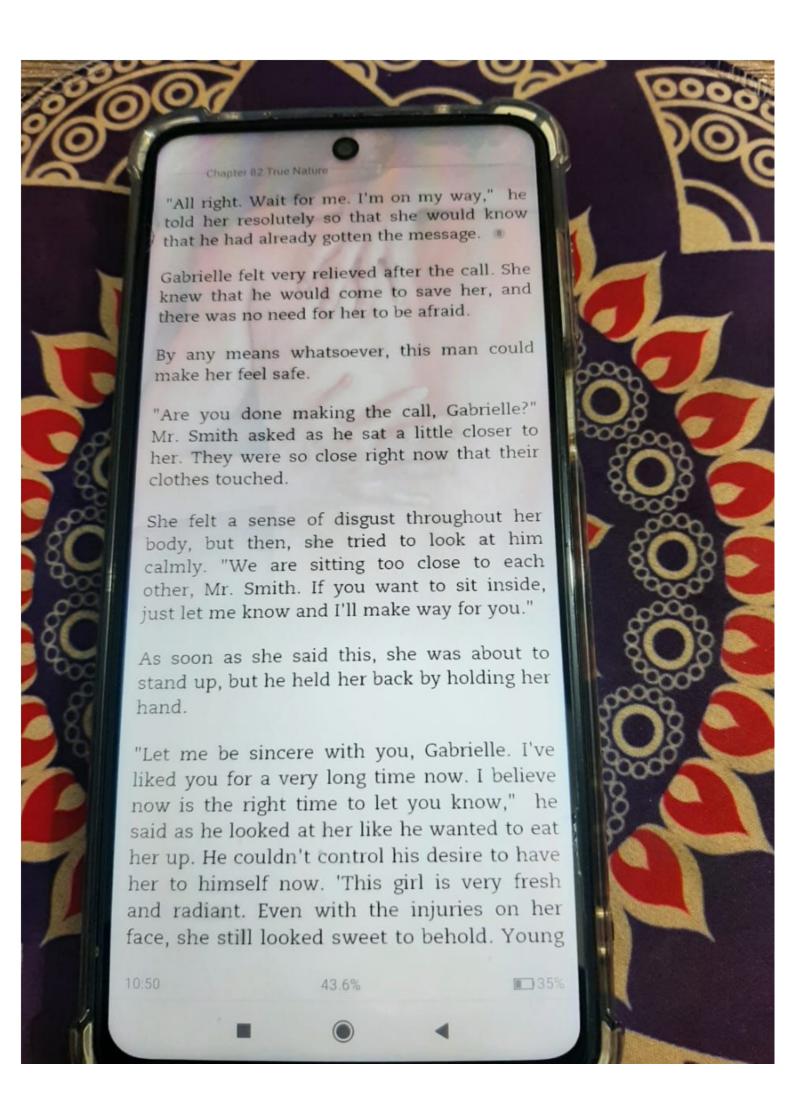


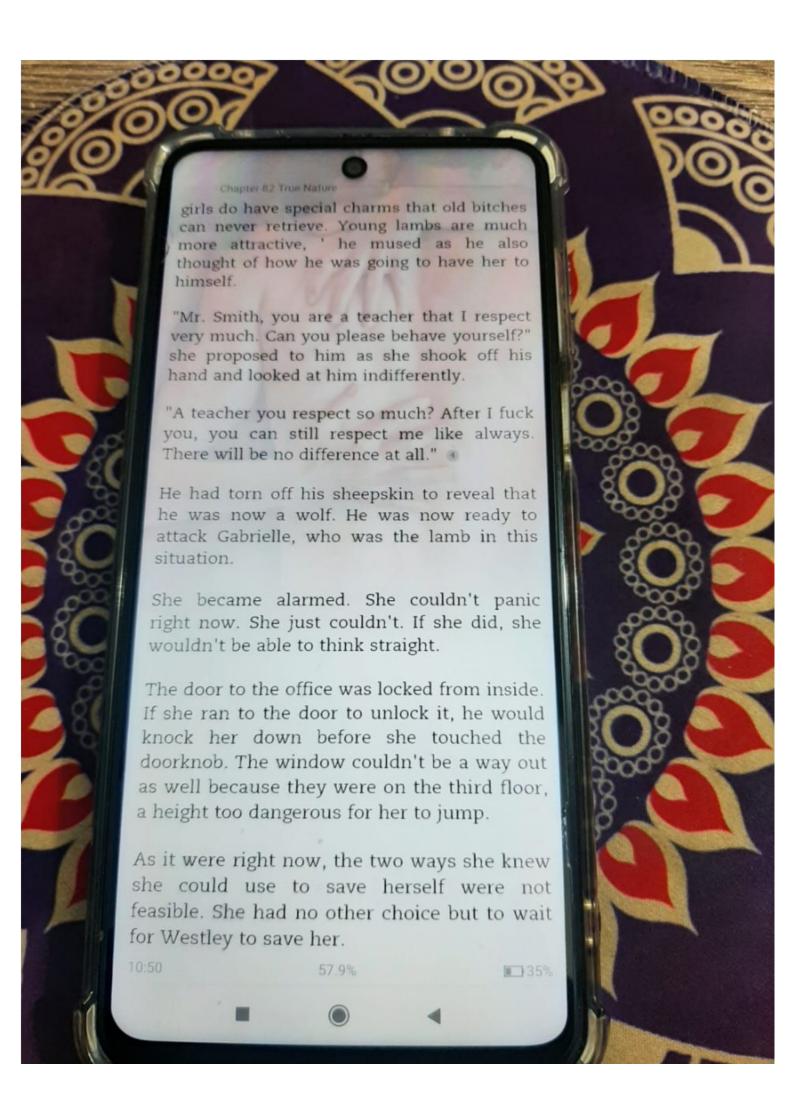
Chapter 82 True Nature 'Damn it! I thought I called Austin. Why is Westley answering the phone?' she asked herself silently as she peered closely at her phone before putting it back to her ear... But at that moment, she had no choice but to continue the conversation. If not, she was going to risk being 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

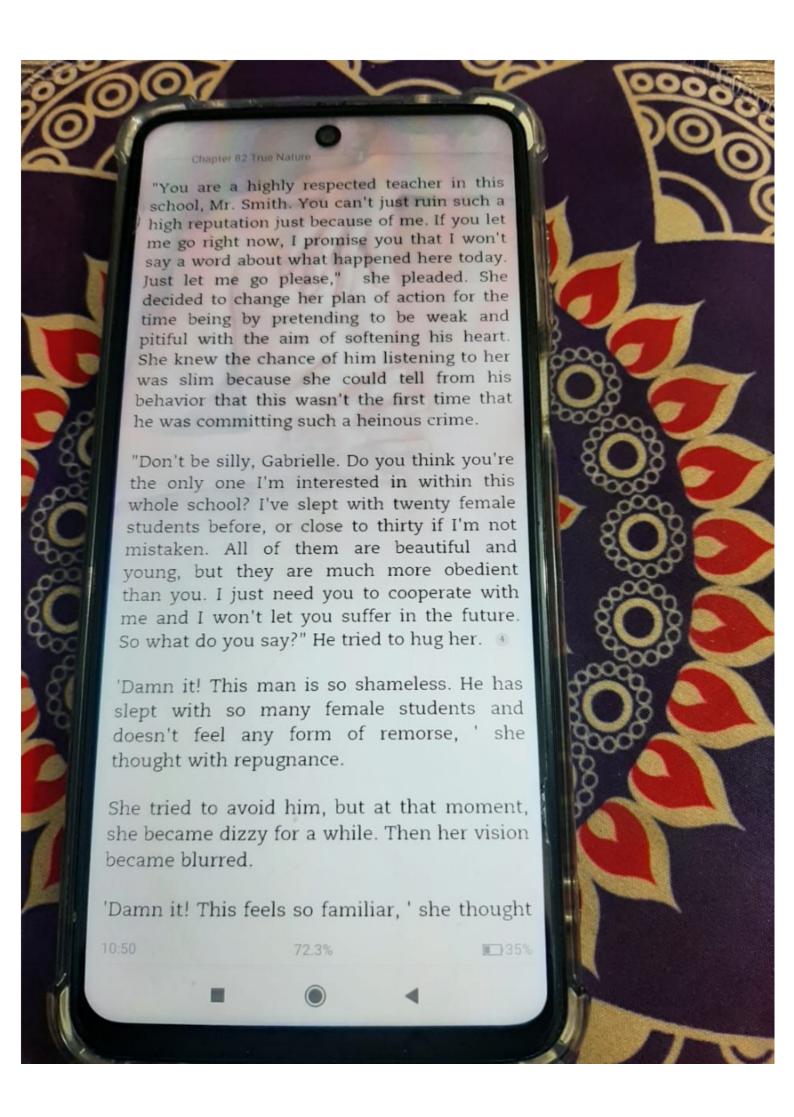
know where exactly she was.

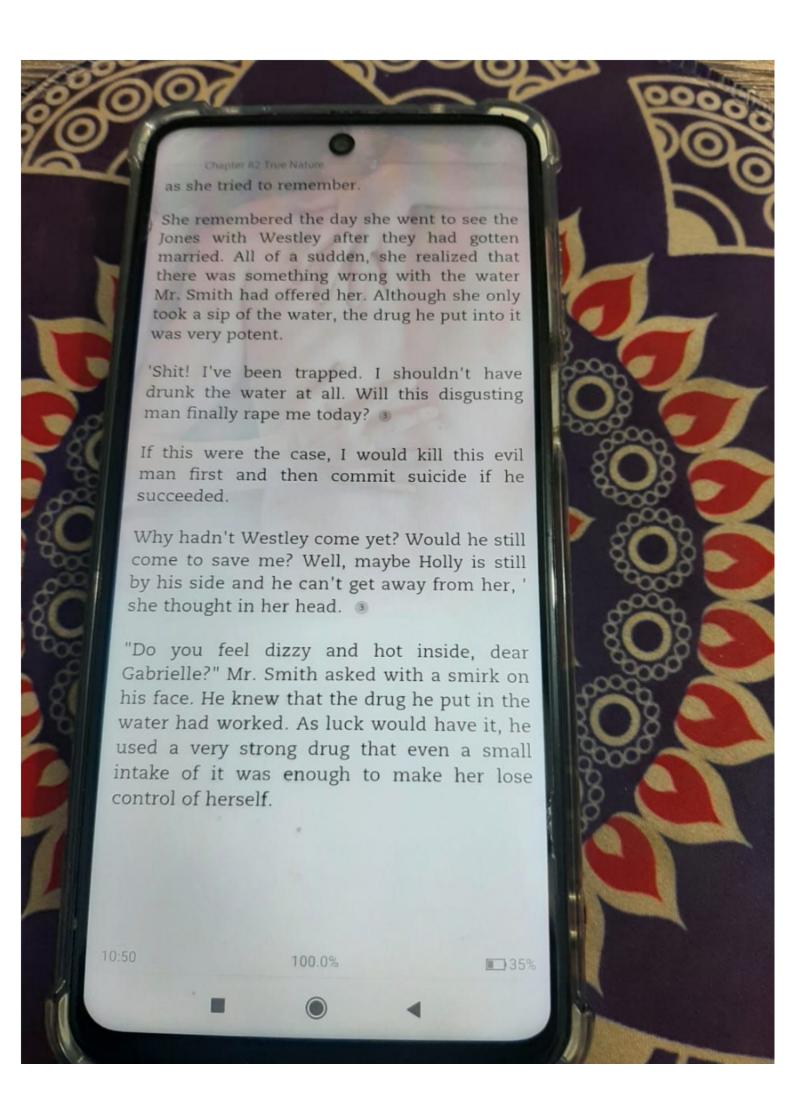
wait for me." She intentionally stressed the

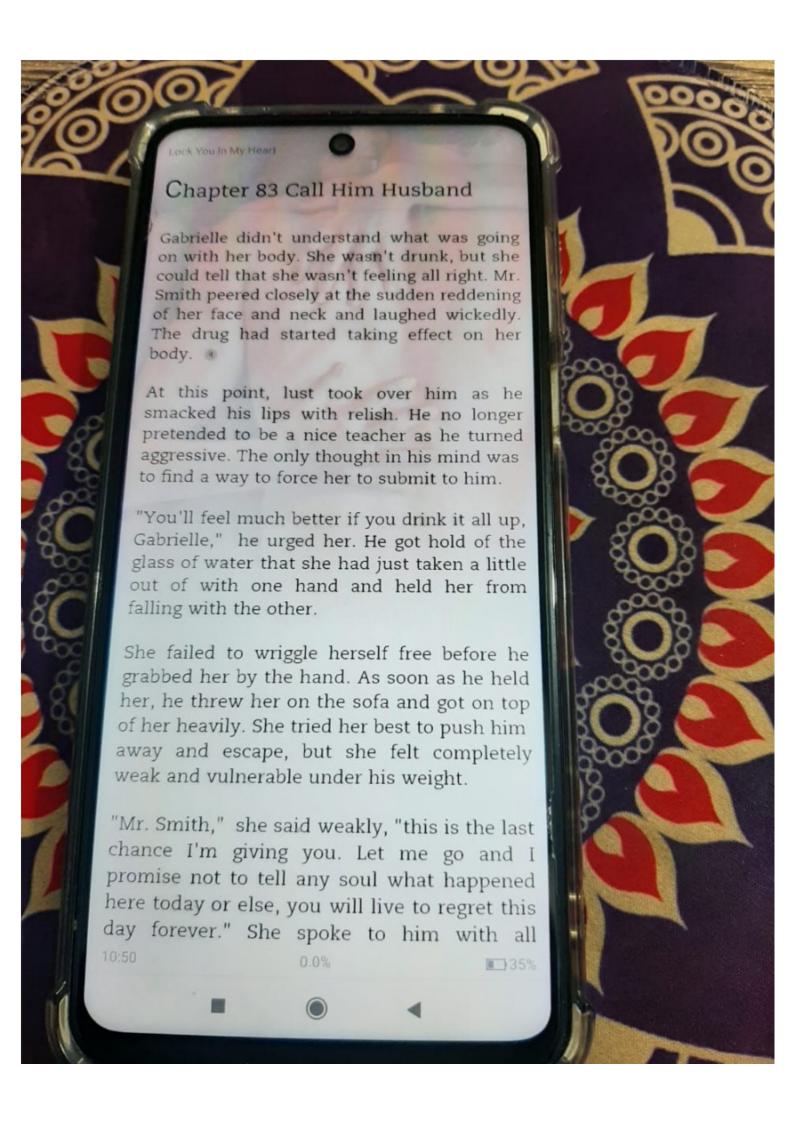
words "Mr. Smith" so that Westley would

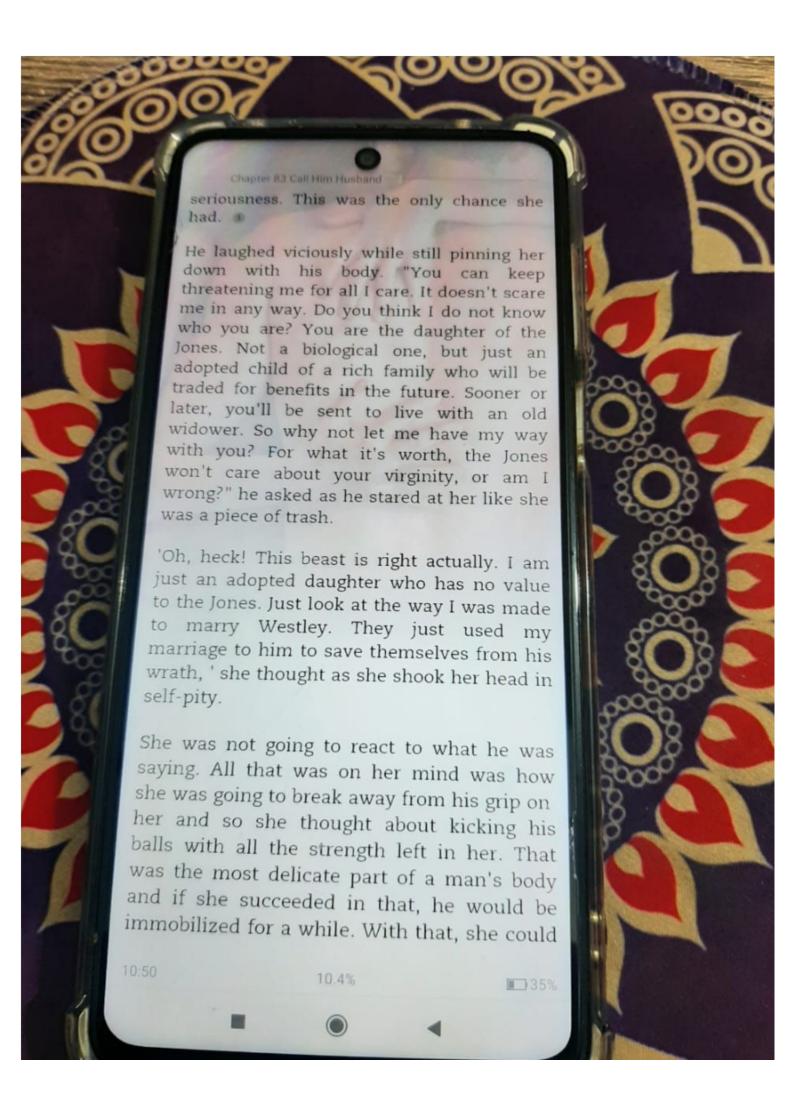


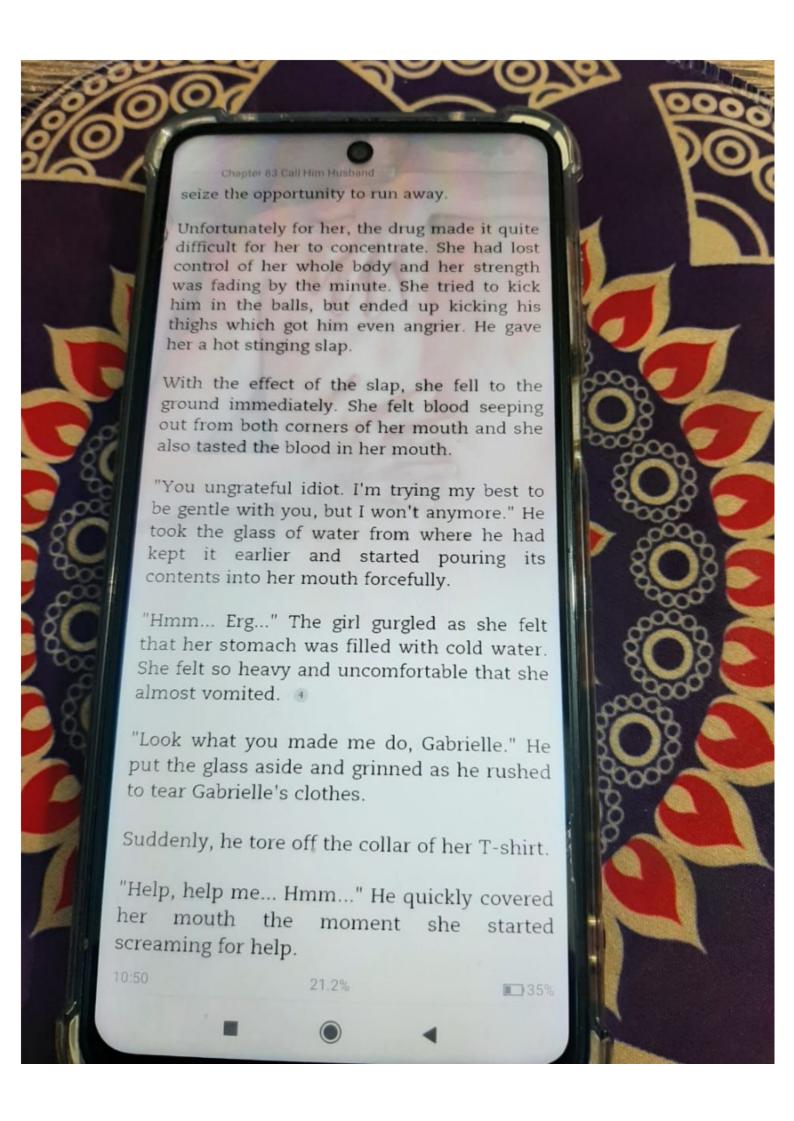


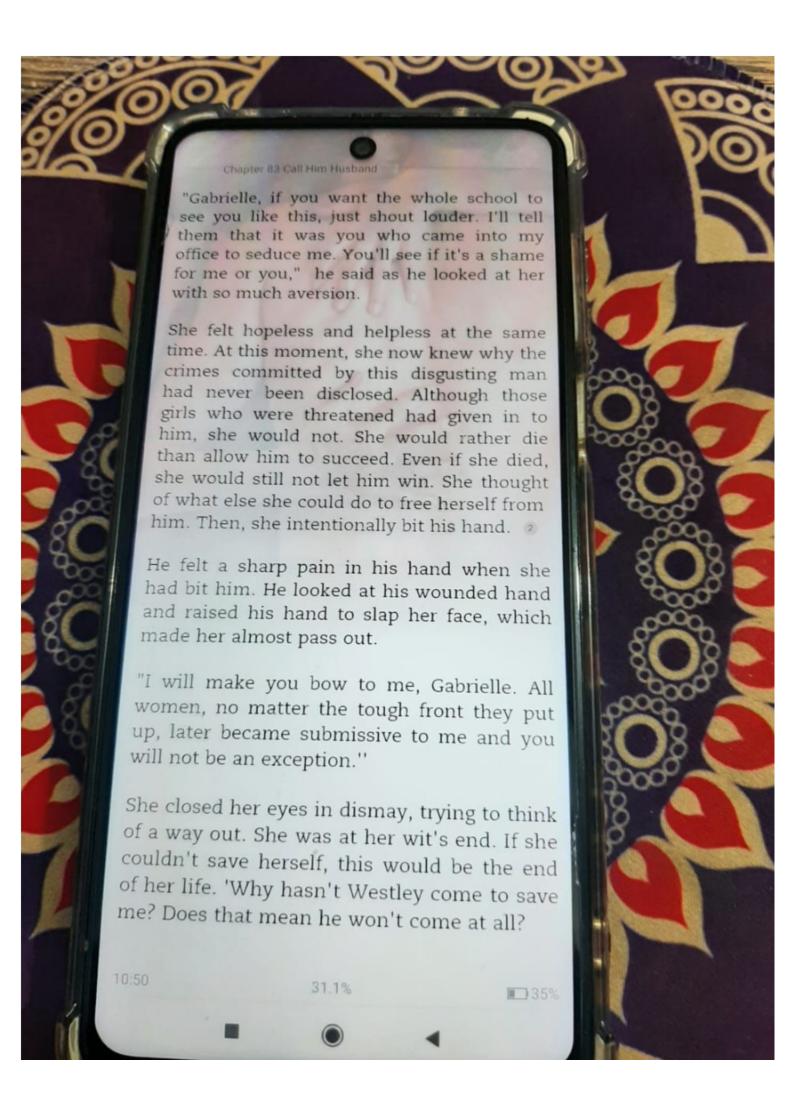


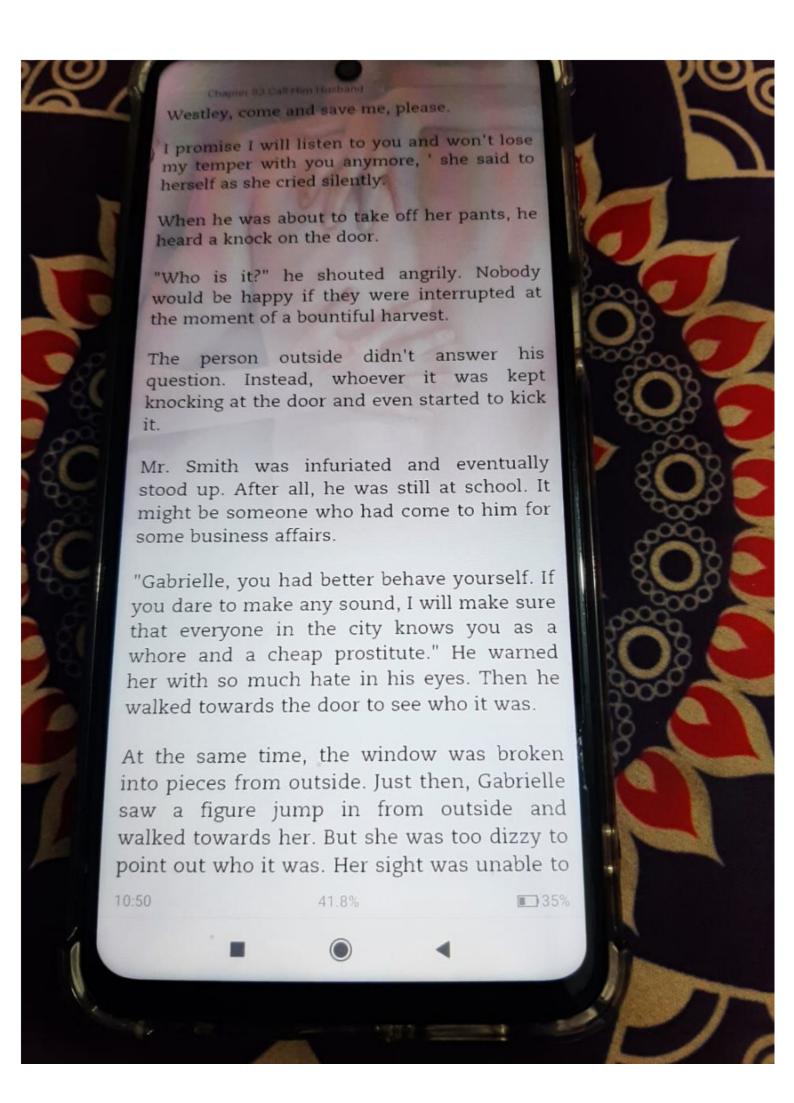


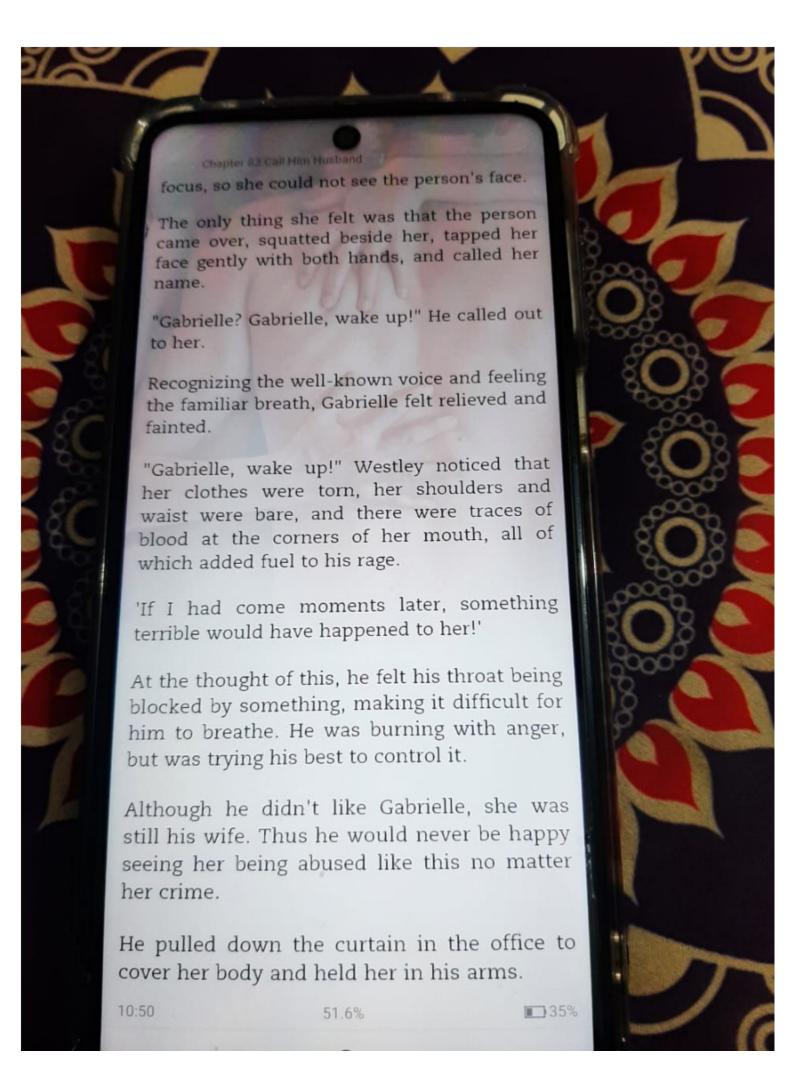


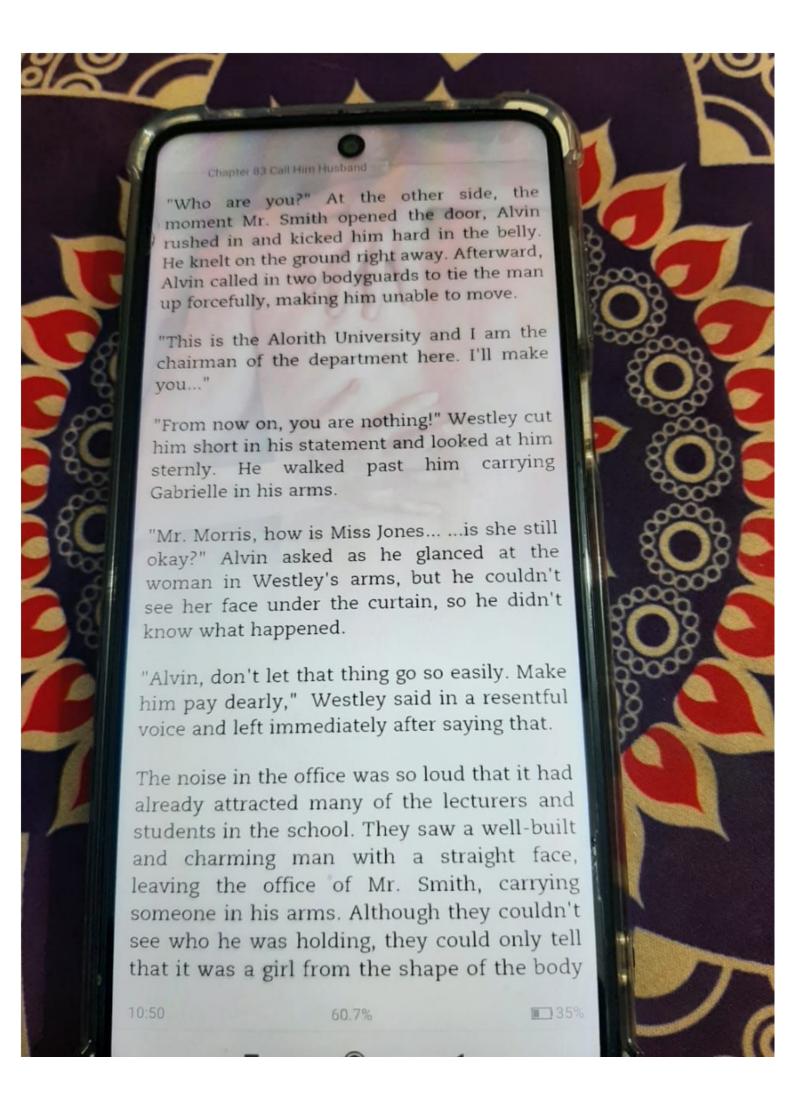


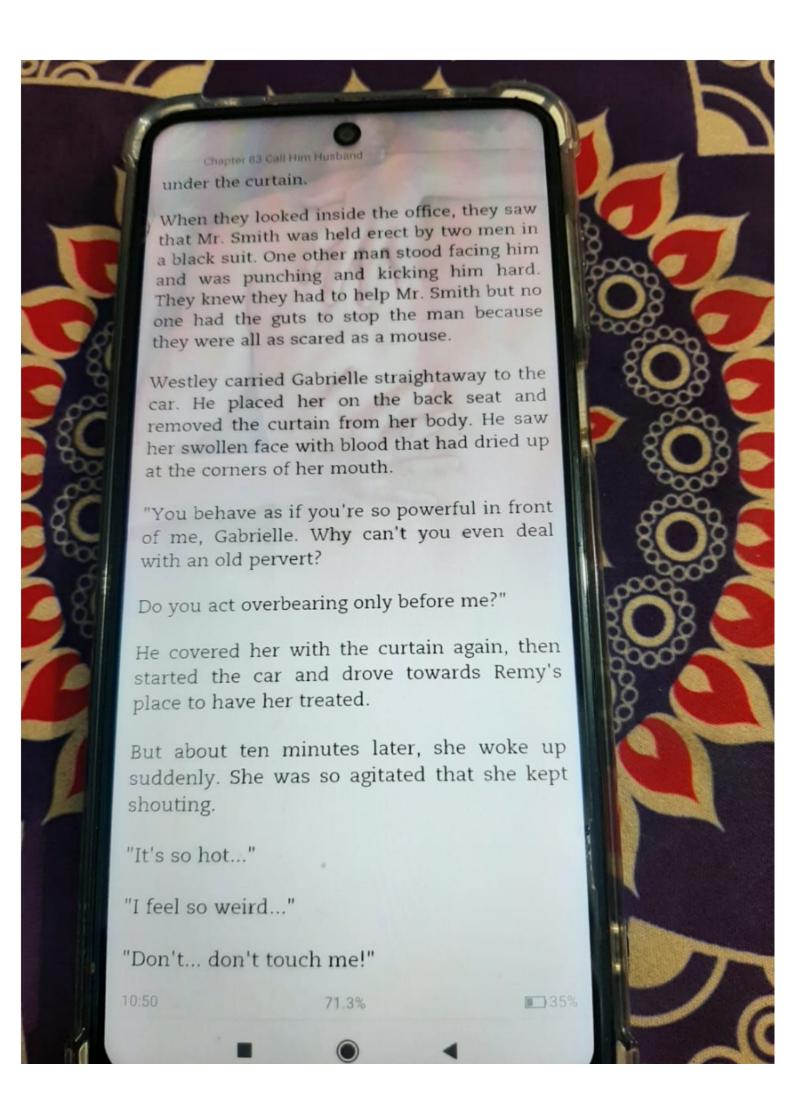


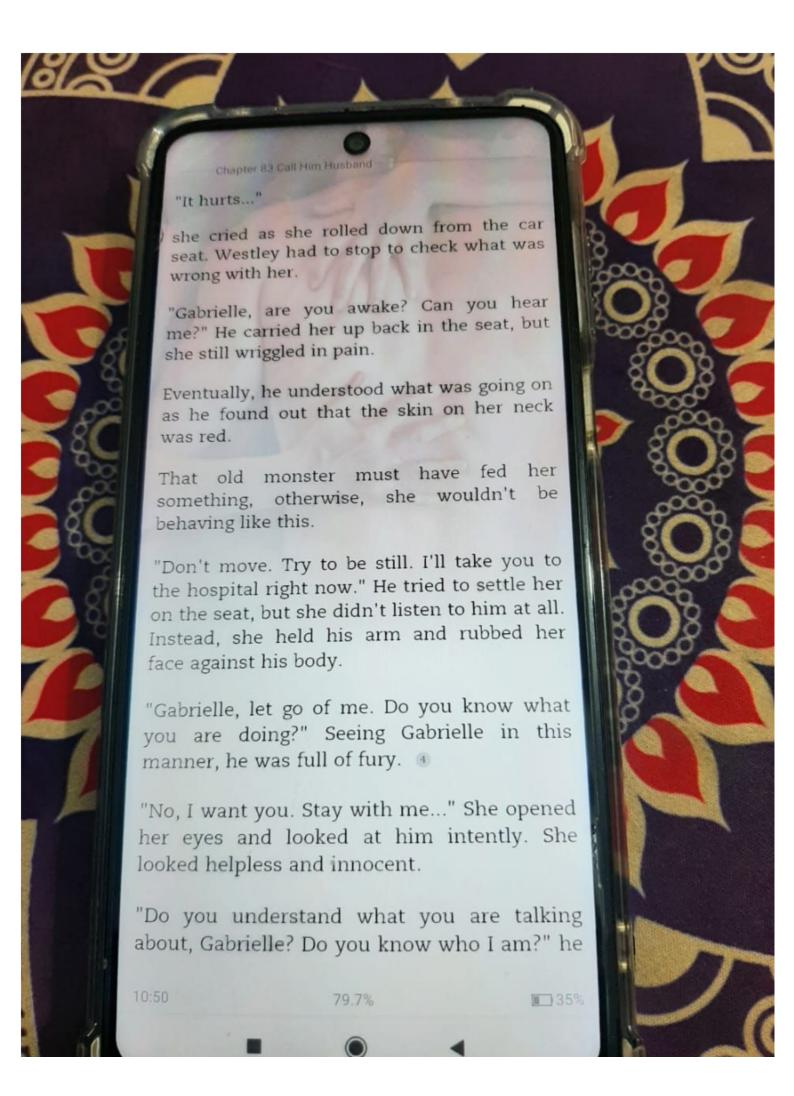


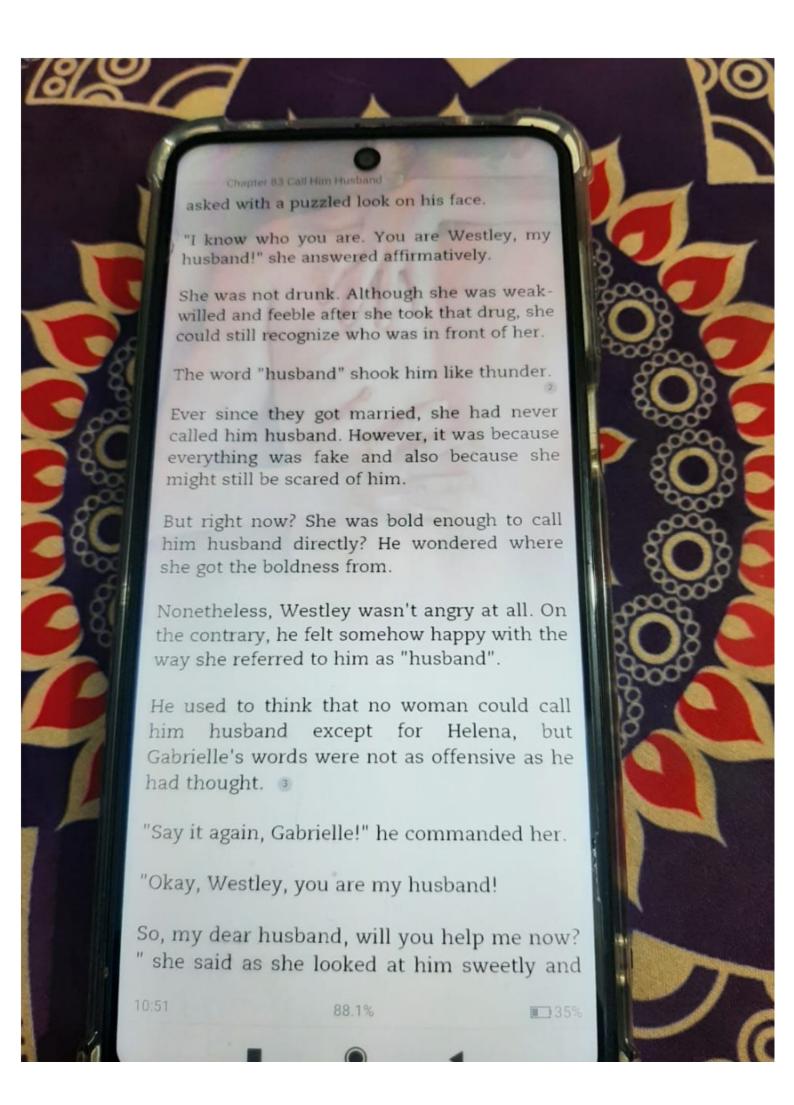


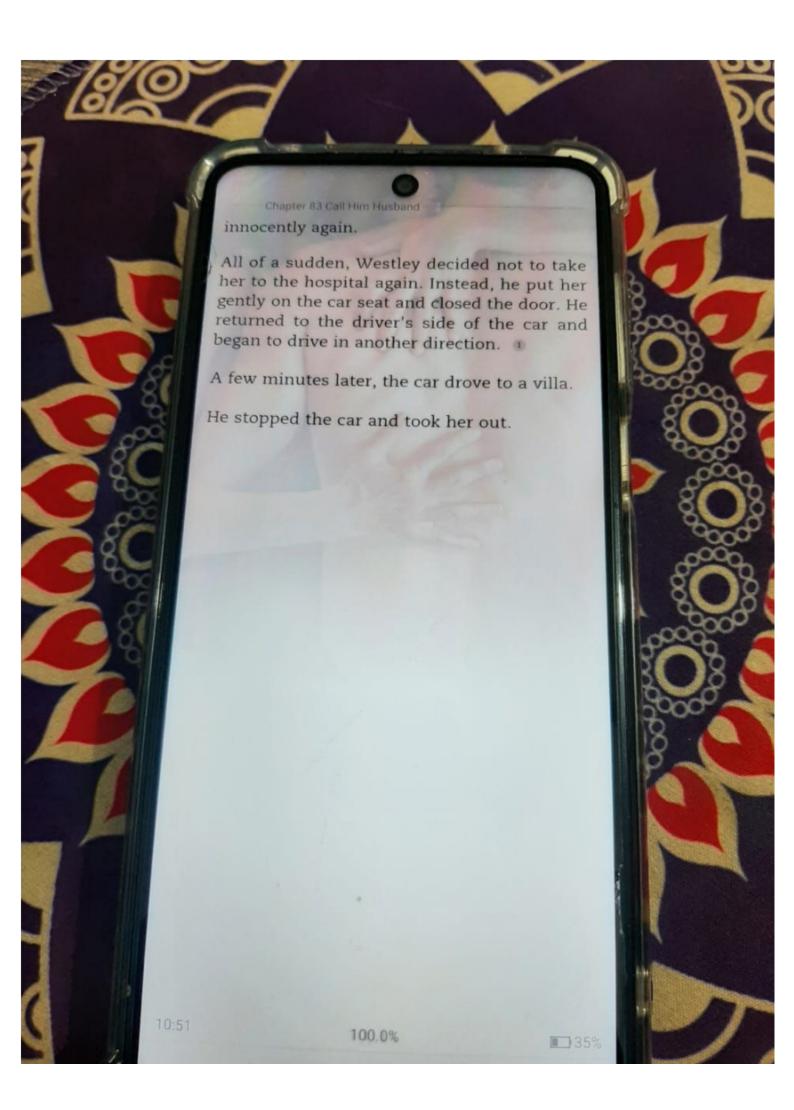


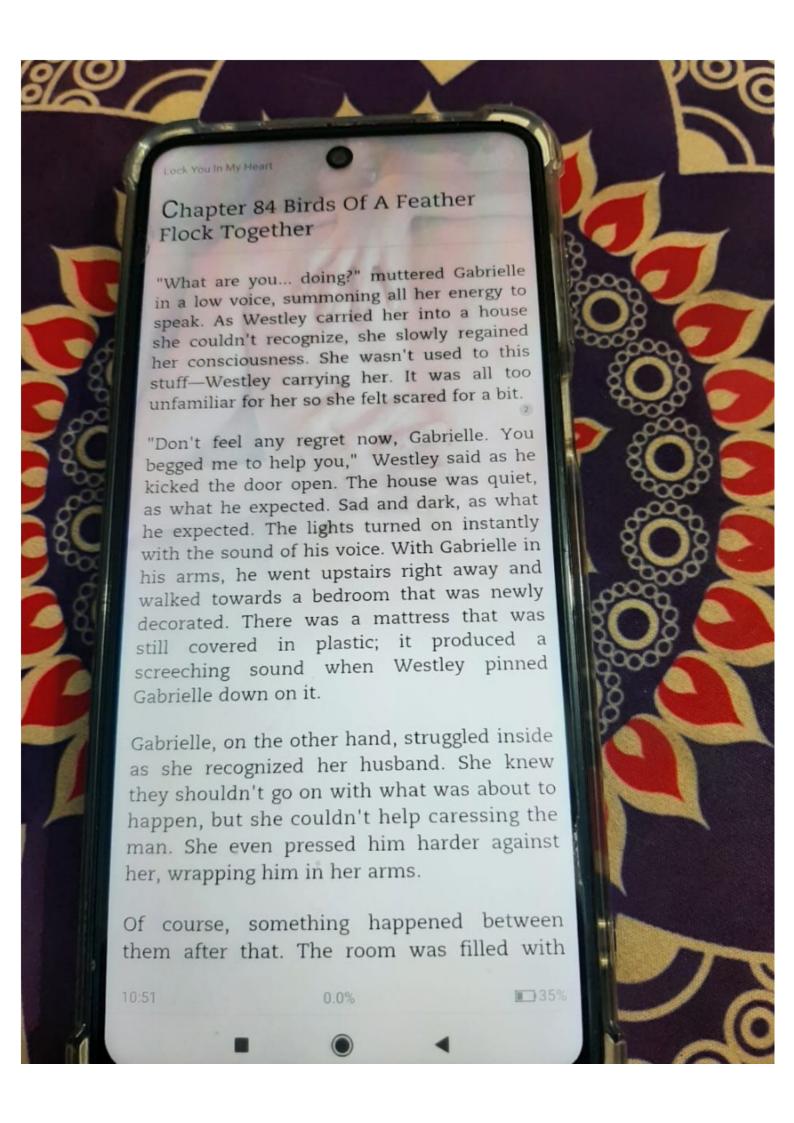


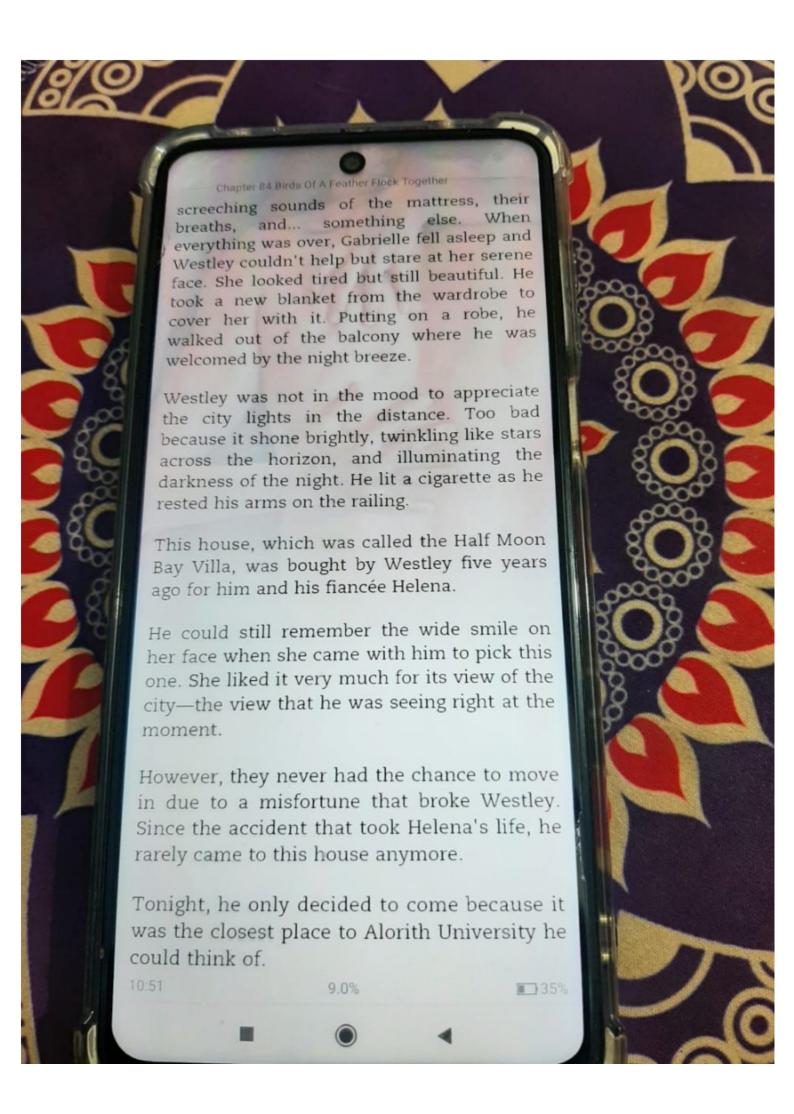


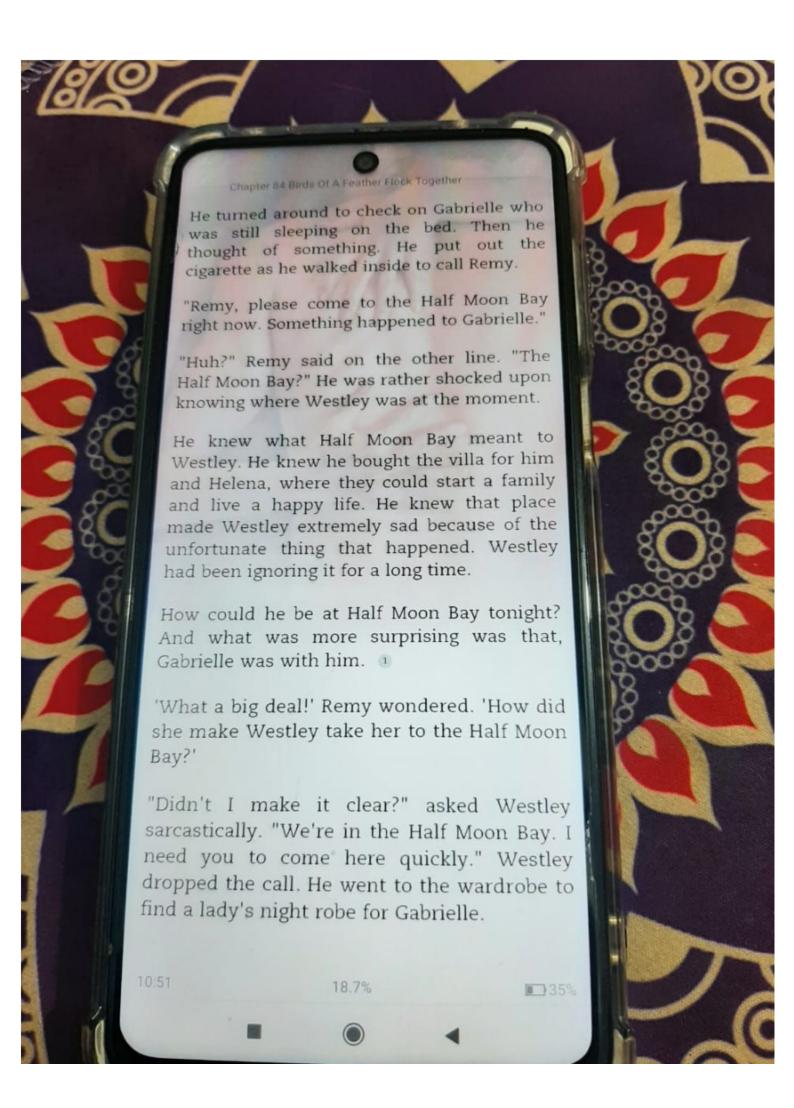


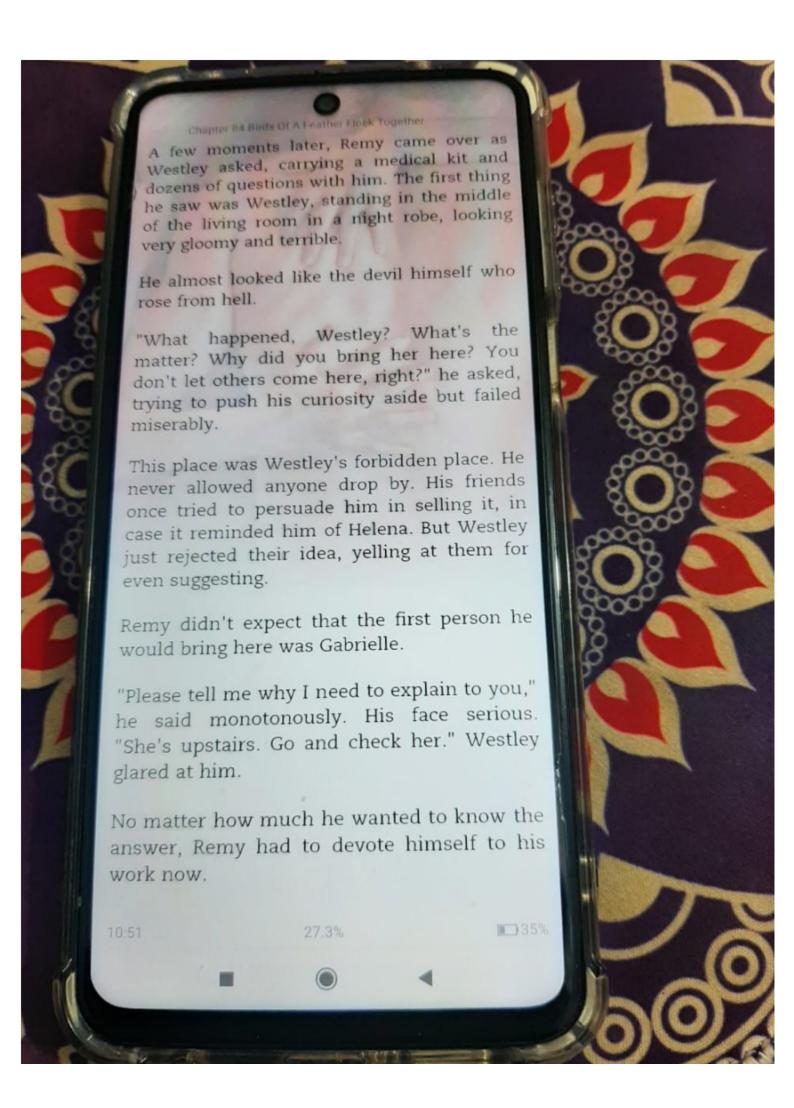


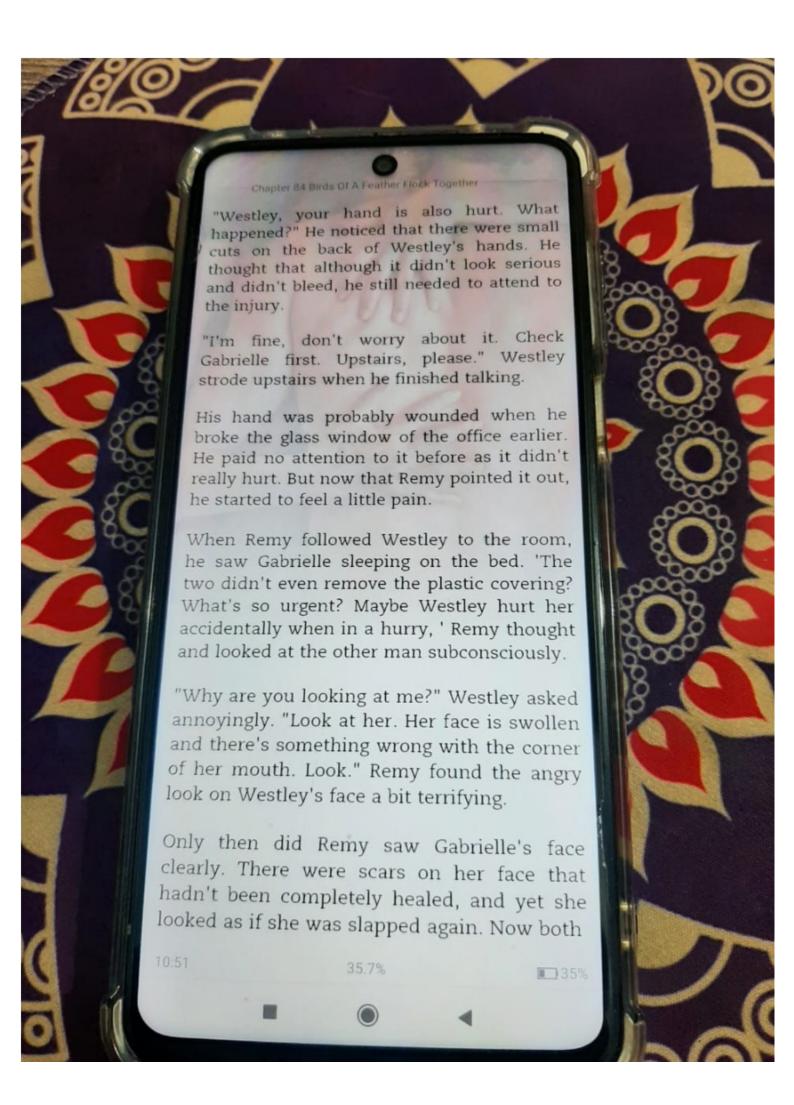


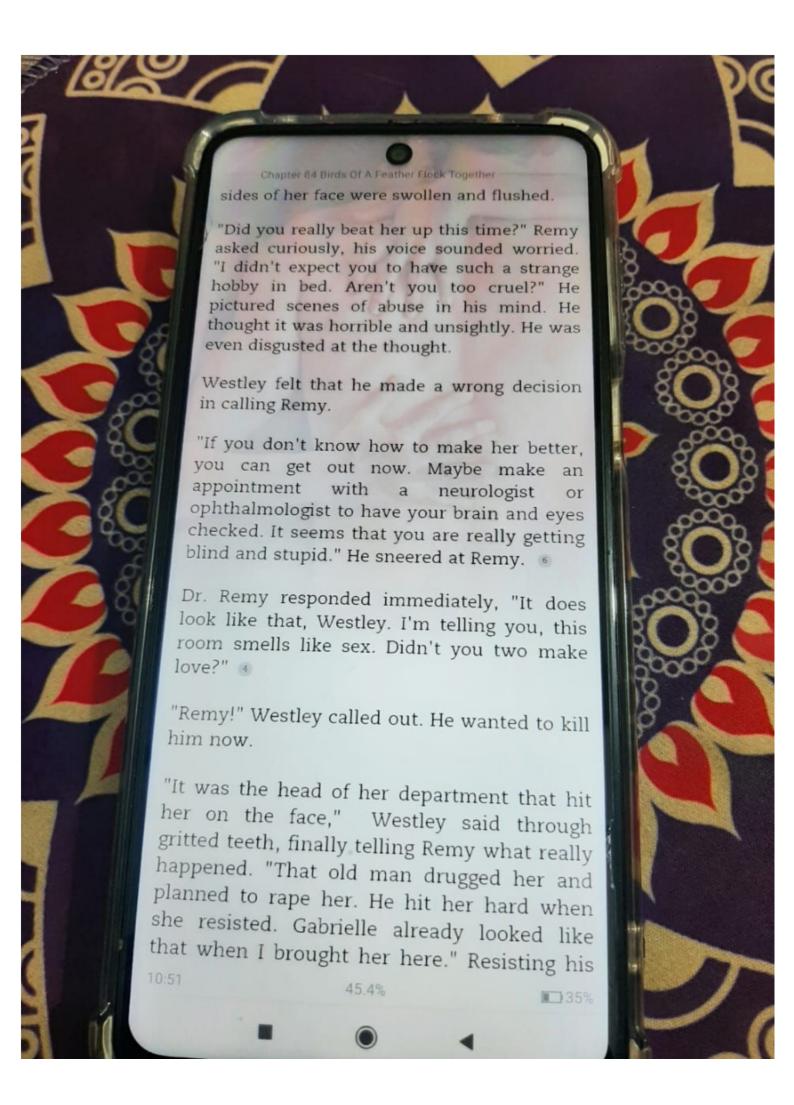


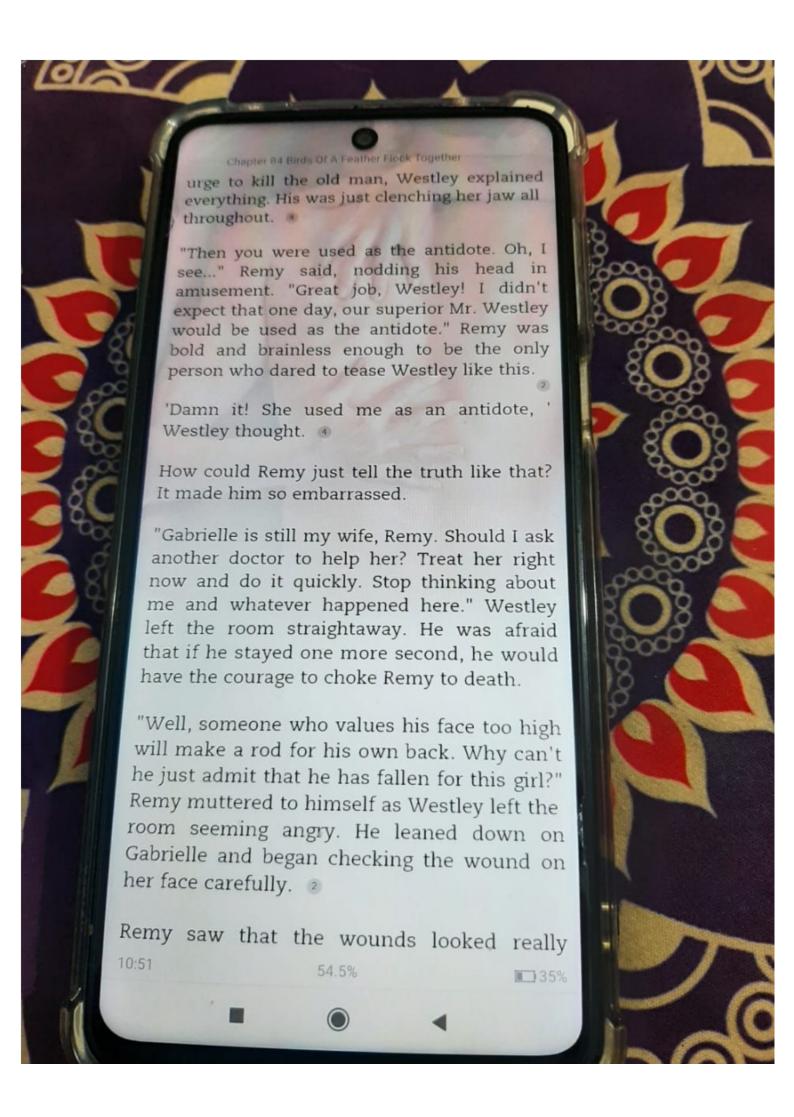


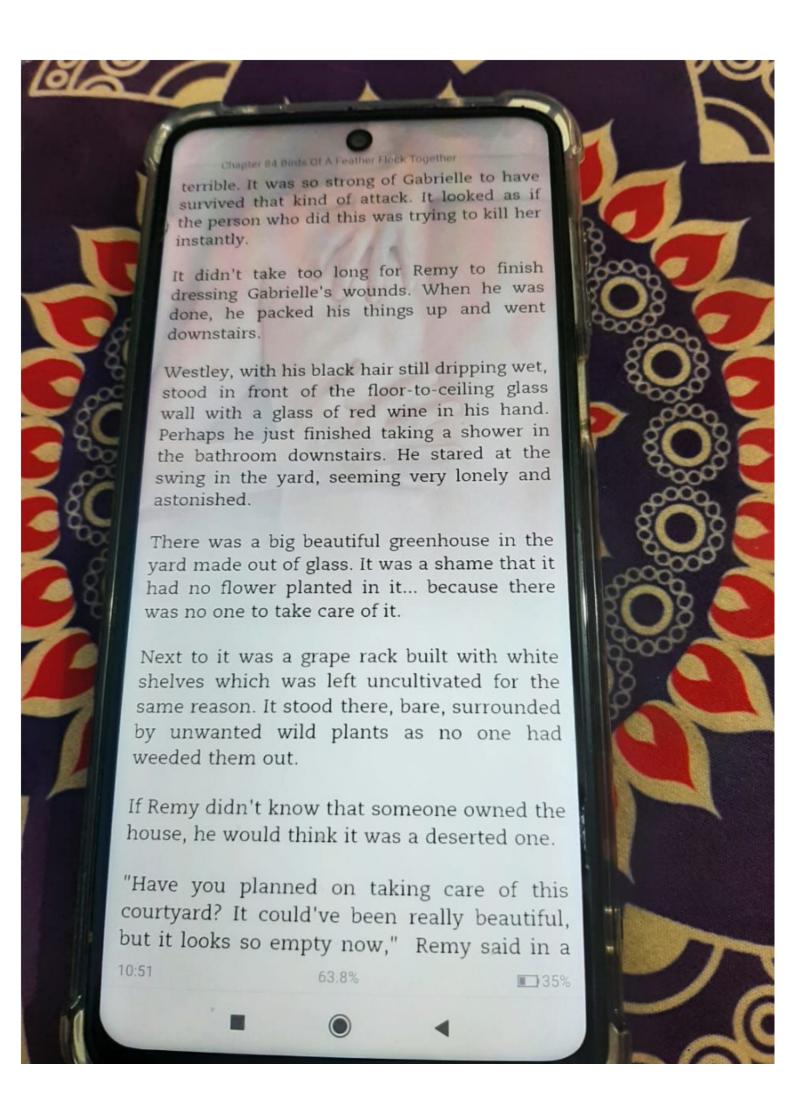












soft serious tone as he walked towards Westley.

"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.

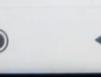
"How's Gabrielle?" asked Westley, finally glancing at Remy for the first time since the doctor opened a conversation. He looked curious and worried.

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

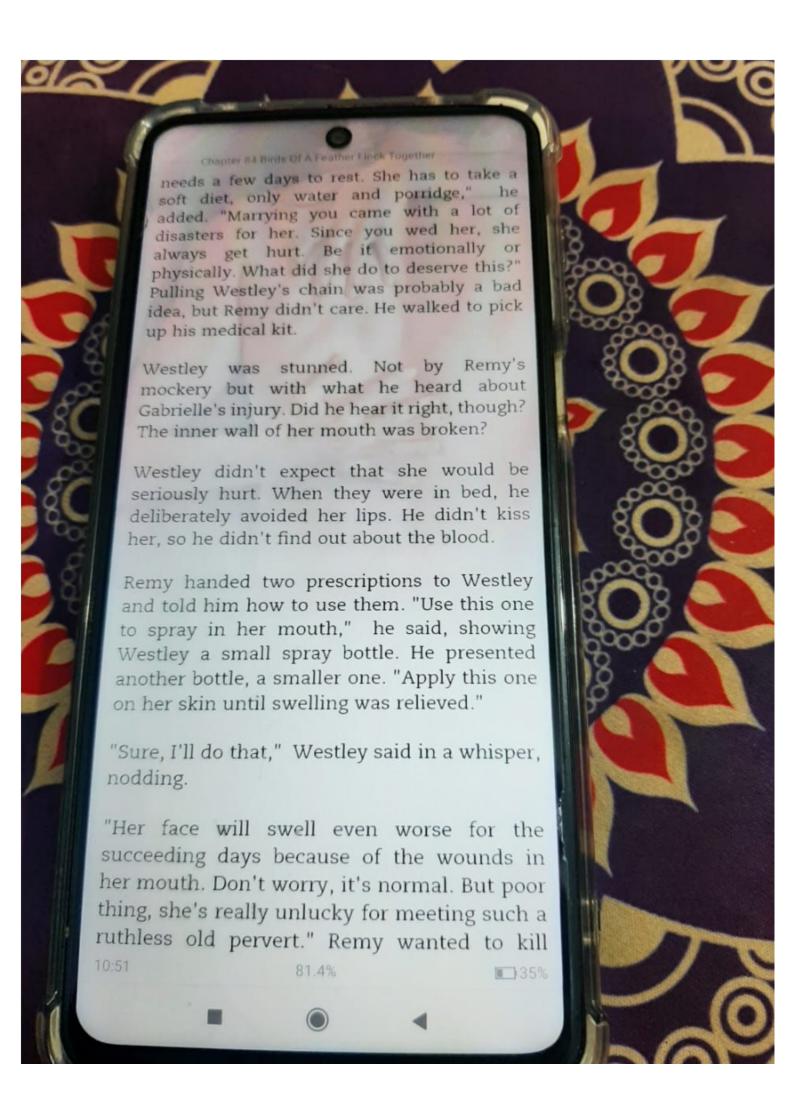
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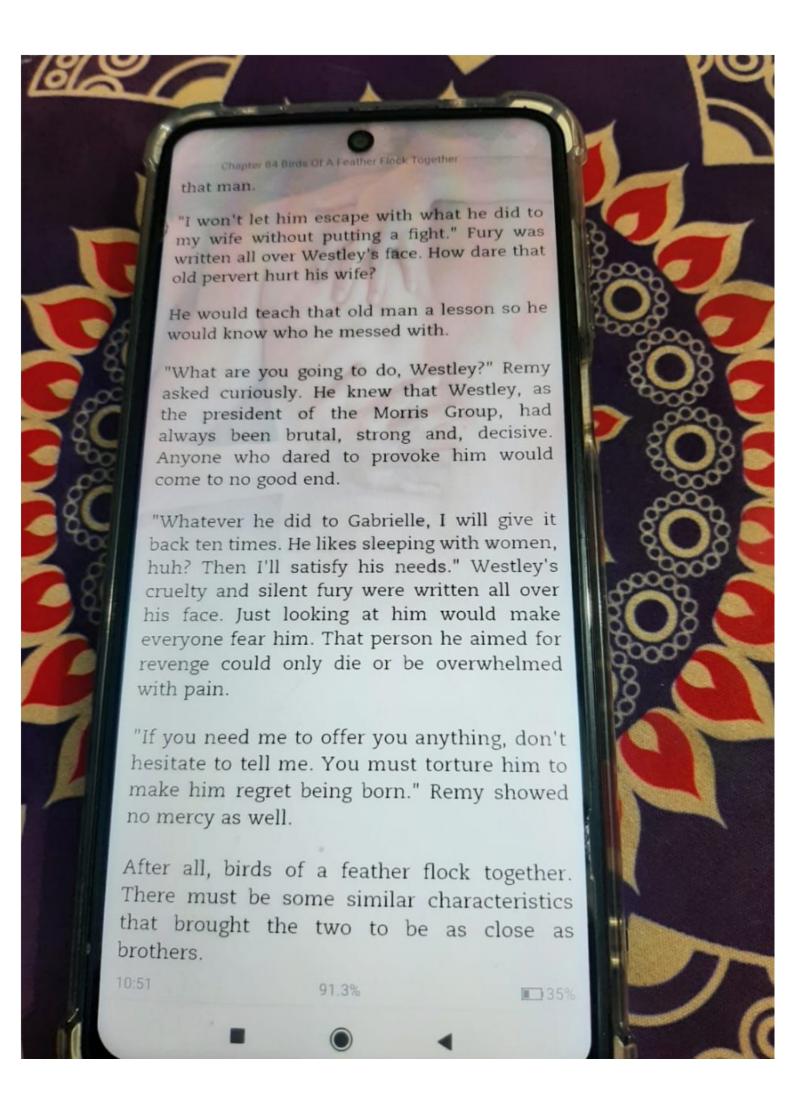
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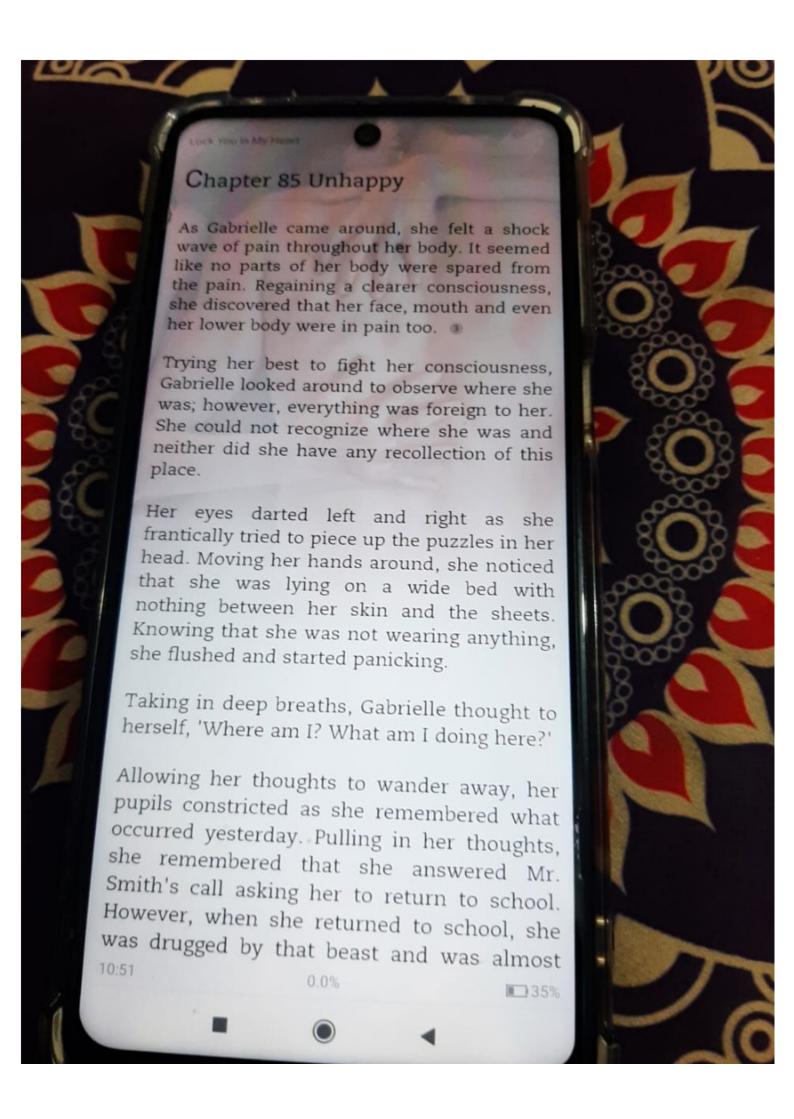
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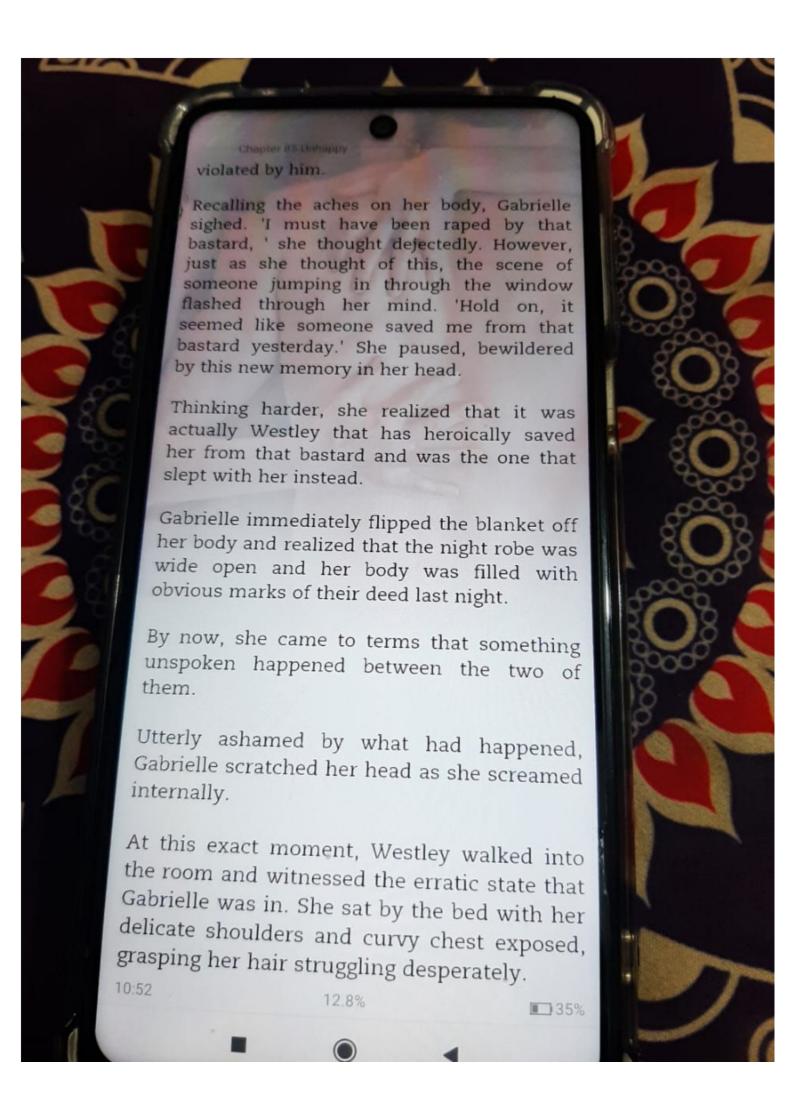












'Was she in so much pain as she woke up earlier on?' Westley thought.

"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?

"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

her hard relentlessly until she passed out from exhaustion.

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

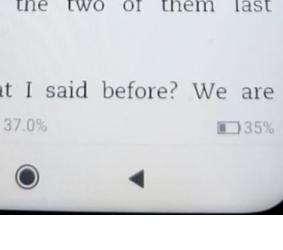
Despite having a sheet between the two of them, Gabrielle could feel shivers behind her back from the hints of the coldness of his voice. Thinking that he must be enraged, she meekly pulled down the sheets slowly and carefully. She revealed only her dainty black clear eyes with a hint of uneasiness, 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 10:52



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 10:52 49.0% 35%

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. 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 10:52 35%

