

Read Novel Ex-Husband Wants Badly To Resume Their Marriage Chapter 5

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Please Save Me

That was why he rarely took her out. William had only seen Sharon twice.

The first time was because Jameson forgot to take the documents.

Sharon was afraid that it might affect his work, so she sent the documents to the company.

Facing Jameson's cold gaze, there was a flash of disappointment on Sharon's face, but she didn't complain at all.

She looked obedient and sensible.

The second time was at the birthday banquet of Albert Proctor, Jameson's father, which was at the second year of their marriage.

Everyone in the Proctor family did not like her and did not introduce her to anyone.

That night, Sharon was like a volunteer servant for the Proctor family.

She was busy, but she didn't get anything good.

On the contrary, she was disliked by them.

Afterward, she stayed in the corner all the time.

Facing the mockery of someone, she did not refute.

She only lowered her head silently and moved a little further away.

In William's memories, Jameson's wife was but a punching bag who could endure the bullying from others and did not retaliate.

Tonight, this aggressive woman with killing intent was definitely not her.

Jameson looked in the direction where Sharon had left and did not say anything.

William coughed and changed the subject, "I met Lance at the door when I came just now."

Jameson casually asked, "Who?"

"Editor-in-chief of Lumiere Jewelry."

"I have some impression."

Proctor Group and Lumiere Jewelry had worked together, and Jameson had seen their editor-in-chief several times.

William sighed emotionally, "Lance just told me that he found Ally, and if nothing unexpected happens, she will become the contracted designer of their magazine. Ally, do you remember?"

"I don't remember."

Why would he remember these irrelevant people? William said, "Do you remember sponsoring the 7th Emerging Designer Competition three years ago? Back then, Ally won first place in the competition and could have gotten the Proctor Group's financial support to study in Paris. But for some reason, she gave up this opportunity."

"However, I heard that she seemed to have looked for the person in charge of the competition and asked if she could get the cash instead of studying abroad. The person in charge asked you for instructions, but you refused. I haven't heard from her since. She is a spiritual designer. It's a pity."

Jameson slowly withdrew his gaze.

He didn't know what he was thinking, nor did he know if he had heard what William just said.

"Is that so?"

"I don't remember."

On the way back, Lance could clearly feel that Sharon was in a much worse mood than when she was having dinner.

He didn't want to ask directly.

He glanced at Tiffany and raised his eyebrows to ask.

Tiffany gently shook her head, expressing that it was complicated.

The car stopped downstairs, and Lance said, "Ms. Allyson, look forward to your work and look forward to our cooperation."

At this moment, Sharon's emotions had calmed down a lot.

She withdrew her thoughts and nodded, "Thank you, Mr. Carter. I will try my best."

"Then I will not keep you any longer. See you next week." Lance smiled.

Returning home, Tiffany said, "Sharon, are you still angry about that shameless couple?"

Sharon was a little distracted.

She subconsciously said yes and reacted for two seconds before saying, "No, I was thinking about the work."

According to Tiffany, the theme Lance gave her was "First Love", which would be the first series their magazine would be launching after signing a new designer.

They focused on the younger market.

Therefore, the work this time was crucial to them.

But for Sharon, her first love was too long ago.

It was already very vague.

That kind of beautiful feeling only happened when she was with someone she liked, and it had disappeared after the three years she had been married to Jameson.

Tiffany said, "Speaking of which, I just wanted to ask you, have you not been in contact with Martin Morton?"

Sharon shook her head gently.

Three years ago, she won first place in the Emerging Designer Competition.

She could have gotten the chance to study in Paris, but she refused.

Martin looked for her several times and asked her why she didn't go. His expression was filled with doubt, loneliness, and disappointment.

However, she still did not have the courage to tell him the truth and deleted all his contact information.

What could she say? When she was enjoying herself for getting first place in the competition that night, she received the news that Josh Allyson owed a million usury.

Was she supposed to tell him that? She still hadn't got over it till now.

Tiffany sighed and leaned back on the sofa.

"I still feel sorry for you and Martin. You were such a talented couple in school at that time. Everyone could tell that you liked each other and almost fell in love. I thought you would be together once you went to Paris, but how would I know that something like that would happen later. What a tragedy!"

Sharon was silent for a long time before she said, "It's all in the past."

"Hey, don't mention that sad thing. You know what, I suddenly remembered a gossip about Sheila. When she first entered the industry, she went to do a photoshoot for a magazine and didn't even know what a fill light was."

Tiffany told several jokes to Sharon, and after making her laugh, she passionately insulted the shameless couple all night.

However, when Sharon was lying on the bed, Sheila's words in the bathroom still unconsciously echoed in her mind.

Although those vulgar words would never come out of Jameson's mouth, the meaning conveyed wasn't the slightest bit off.

Sharon knew that she had implicated Jameson, so she had tried her best to play the role of a good wife in the past three years of marriage.

She had never complained about the malicious remarks from him or the sarcasm of the Proctors.

She also knew how much he hated her.

However, when she heard Sheila's words, she still felt pain, as if a poisonous knife stabbed her and her breath was gradually taken away.

Sharon buried her head under the quilt and thought of something while she was half asleep.

Three years ago, after learning that Josh owed a million usury, she went around raising money and even lowered her head to ask the person in charge of the competition if they could give her cash instead of studying in Paris.

She still remembered what the person in charge said.

“Miss Ally, I’m sorry. Our boss said that this opportunity is for a designer who has dreams of designing, instead of those who take this competition as a business opportunity and want to make a profit from it.”

After hearing this, Sharon was stunned for a long time.

She went back crying and scolded the boss for the whole night.

The boss looked down on her, but on the contrary, she had a pure designing dream.

A few days later, Josh ran away.

The creditor came to her and asked her to make a choice.

Either cut off one of her younger brother’s hands or left with them on her own initiative.

Sharon had no other choice.

Ignoring Ruben’s hoarse shouts, she followed them out of the house without saying a word.

Those people sold her to Twilight Club, a place for the wealthy to drink, eat, and have fun.

They drugged her wine.

Although she was ready to die, when the fat-faced middle-aged man in his forties or fifties came in, she suddenly thought of Martin and their unfinished date of Paris.

She didn’t know where the strength came from, but she pushed the middle-aged man away and stumbled away.

Someone had been chasing after her.

After running for an unknown amount of time, she finally saw a tall and blurry figure in front of her.

She fell to the ground and pulled on the cuff of his suit that was filled with texture.

“Please, save me...”