

# Skeletons Of The Marital Closet

## by Wen Tang

### Chapter 13

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Her footsteps stopped slowly, but she still dared not turn to face that person. Sam Carson walked behind her and said, "I saw you at the time, but I wasn't sure if it was you. However, it's really you, Gale." She was picking up trash. Moreover, her movements are proficient, like it was not her first time. Sam asked, "Gale...how did you fall to such a level? What have you been through all these years?" She used to be so bright, radiant and polite. She was his dream girl. Now, she has a layer of fatigue and vicissitudes on her body. "You recognized the wrong person." Gale lowered her head. "No, it's you, I recognize you even if you turn to ashes!" She laughed mockingly and turned around abruptly. "Yes, I'm Gale, your former fiancée! But now, we have nothing to do with each other, please continue to walk on your sunny path, and I will walk on my own!" Once, Sam and Gale had a marriage contract. However, after everything that had happened to the Warm family, the Carson family immediately unilaterally destroyed the marriage contract. In order to cut all ties between them, they quickly sent Sam abroad. That was

the most difficult period in Gale's life. She was going back and forth to the prisons, hospitals, and police stations. She needed someone to help her. That person should have been Sam. However, she could not get through to his phone and could not find him. The door of Sam's family home was closed tightly, and the security guard chased her away... everyone closed themselves off from her. "No, Gale, listen to my explanation." Sam stretched out his hand to hold her shoulders. "It was my father's decision to send me abroad. He asked me to experience it before I marry you. He wanted me to build a successful career so I can give you a good life. To be the best husband I can be, I agreed to go abroad!" "Could you not answer the phone when you go abroad? It's like you disappeared from the world. You don't even have time to talk to me?" "The situation at that time..." Gale interrupted him, "Enough, I don't want to hear it anymore. It's all over." She was utterly disappointed with Sam long ago. Gale waved his hand away and turned to leave. "Hey!" She yelled, "Don't follow me! The last person I want to see right now is you!" Sam stood there in a daze, watching her disappear from his sight. "Mr. Carson, it's almost time for your appointment with Mr. Wood," the assistant reminded beside him. "Okay. Go and find out for me what Gale has experienced in the past two years." "Yes, Mr. Carson." When Gale arrived at the Warm Group late, she heard Fiona say, "Mrs. Gale, you finally showed up, and

Mr. Wood is looking for you!" "I'll go in right away." In the president's office, Shawn leaned back lazily on the back of the chair and kept looking at her. Gale felt uncomfortable by his gaze. "Is something wrong..." "Undress." She was startled and said, "Wait... what?" "Do you want me to repeat myself? Or, do I take it off myself?" Not sure what he was going to do, Gale bit her lip, unbuttoned her clothes, and slowly took off her shirt. "Turn around." She did so. On her soft, tender back, a long scar snaked from her shoulders to her waist, looking rather frightening. Gale trembled involuntarily, and thin goose bumps appeared on her skin. "You choose to suffer?" Shawn came over and put his fingers on her wound, feeling the thin calluses. "You don't know what is good for you?" "The upright can be killed, but not insulted." He sneered, "Really strongwilled. You can survive this time, but what about next?" Gale replied, "Shawn, rather than abusing my body, you actually want to put my self-esteem and pride under your feet..." "That's right! Mental torture is torture!" His fingertips sank into the freshly scabbed wound, causing Gale to shudder in pain. Shawn warned, "Don't provoke Susan, or you will suffer her punishment at her will. Did you hear me!" "Heard it." There was a knock at the door, "Mr. Wood, the client you asked about has arrived." "Enter." He grabbed his clothes and threw them on Gale's face. "Go in and get dressed." She hurried into the lounge. The lounge was a private place connected to the

office. It was very private and had everything. Gale looked around and found the medicine box. She was overjoyed. She can use medicine without spending a dime. Outside, Shawn sat on the sofa with his legs crossed, looking at Sam who walked in. Sam said politely, "Mr. Wood, I've admired you for a long time." "Sit." The Warm Group has many industries, and gemstones are one of them, which brings tens of billions of profits to the Warm Group every year. The top raw materials for gemstones in the country all come from the Warm Family. Shawn wanted to expand his company to include jewelry to supply to consumers directly. Carson's company owns a wellknown jewelry brand called Fantastic Jewels, Sam took out a stack of drawings. "Mr. Wood, since you want to use your own resources to establish a jewelry brand, you must need top jewelry designers. This is the best-selling jewelry style of Fantastic Jewels every year. Please take a look at it." He wanted to cooperate with Shawn. He would create designs and brand influence, while Shawn provides resources, traffic and raw materials. Everyone wanted to cooperate with the Wood Group. Once partnerships were signed and sealed, their profits would double! Sam just returned to the country to take over the Carson Group, hoping to impress and start his career with a bang, so that his father and the board of directors will recognize him. Shawn took it. The office is very quiet, only the sound of paper flipping. In the lounge, Gale, who had finished

applying the medicine, picked up the medicine box and was about to put it back in place, but she slipped and the box fell. Bang! Things were scattered all over the place. Sam also heard such a loud crash. Shawn, looking indifferent, continued to look at the jewelry design. Sam could not help but ask, "Mr. Wood, what was that sound?" He replied calmly, "It's nothing, it's just a mouse." Gale was stunned for two seconds, then quickly crouched down and started to clean up, creating another rustling sound. "Rats are a bit wild." Sam coughed and said, "Mr. Wood can buy a mousetrap." Shawn raised his eyebrows and replied, "Good idea." Gale placed the medicine box back, covering her pounding heart. After more than ten minutes, she could not hear any sound outside. She said to herself, 'It should be possible to go out...Just take a peek at the situation.' Gale walked to the door lightly, slowly pushed open a crack in the door and looked out. The reception area cannot be seen from this angle. She pushed the door open a little further, stuck her head out halfway, and looked to the right. There was no one there. She looked to the left... A black suit came into view. Gale slowly raised her head and saw Shawn looking down at her with a smirk. "What are you looking at?"

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