

Dumping My Billionaire Ex Chapter 41

Irene tugged on Sharon's sleeve, trying to show her the phone screen. She pointed at it, saying, "I can only read some of the words in this comment. What does it mean! Is this person saying they want to learn from Grandpa?"

Sharon looked at the comment

It was a direct message from a viewer who said they wanted to meet Ethan and find out more about traditional shoemaking methods.

They didn't specifically say they wanted to become an apprentice, but it was a Mart.

Sharon immediately replied to the message and arranged a time and place to meet

The person would arrive the day after.

When Ethan found out that someone was interested in his craft, he was pleased. He went about polishing and oiling his tools, making sure they would make the best first impression.

He even rearranged the layout of his shelves.

Sharon noticed how eager Ethan was to find a potential apprentice, and secretly vowed to do everything in her power to convince the person to accept his training

The next day, Ethan took Sharon and Irene on a tour of the neighborhood.

Irene was naturally curious and she wanted to touch and feel and smell everything she could. When she saw the clear stream along the edge of the town, she jumped in without hesitation.

She had a blast making big and small splashes, running back and forth across the stream, and even trying to see how long she could hold her breath in the water. Her clothes were soaked through but she was completely unbothered.

Irene didn't get many opportunities to play with water, in a pool or otherwise, so she didn't know that spring water in a mountain was much colder than in a pool.

Her immune system was not exactly strong or robust either, so Sharon worried that she might catch a cold. Entrusting her to Ethan, she decided to walk home to fetch a change of clean, dry clothes for Irene to change into

She'd just turned the corner onto her street when she saw a slender figure standing at their gate

The man wore a neatly pressed white suit. His body was not perfect, but he was certainly eye-catching. He had long, wavy hair that was tied up in a ponytail, and with a center parting, he gave off an air of refined intellect.

Seemingly sensing movement behind him, the man turned back.

Their eyes met, and both were taken aback

“Sharon?” The man was the first to call out.

Sharon responded, “Mr. Galdon?”

The man standing in front of her was none o

was none other than one of Edwin’s friends, Ray Gildan

as at a loss.

“Why are you here? Sharon was at a

This

was only a small town, so it didn’t seem plausible that the Gildon family business expanded this far out.

Hay raised his eyebrows, but his eyes fell on the set of keys in her hand. “You live here?” He gestured to the house in front of him.

Sharon was unsure what to say. She wasn’t certain what he was up to. Maybe he had an ulterior motive.

Hay seemed to get an epiphany though, so he ventured a guess. “Could it be that you are, perhaps, Foxy Damon?”

Sharon looked at him in surprise.

Even though she did live there, it didn’t necessarily mean she was Foxy Daron. How could he tell

Ray seemed to read her mind, so he explained, “It’s just you sound exactly like her, and you both have a young child.

Even though Ray was a friend of Edwin’s, he had not been as unkind to her as Edric. She didn’t think badly of him.

Chapter 11

“Yes, you’re not wrong” She had never deliberately kept it a secret anyway, so she confirmed his guess.

“I knew it” Ray was pleased with himself.

He already had suspicions before that Foxy Damon was actually Sharon, but nobody entertained his theory

“In that case, don’t it mean that Edwin made a huge loss?”

Sharon wasn’t keen to discuss the topic of Edwin.

“Are you here for something. Mr. Gildon?”

Ray raised his phone towards her. “I’m the guy who sent you a direct message yesterday?”

“That was your” Sharon was surprised once again. “I thought you said you were coming tomorrow.”

*If I did that, I wouldn’t have found out the secret about your alternate identity.” He half-joked.

Sharon didn’t have a comeback as she lowered her head and tucked her hair behind her ear. It was true that she hadn’t intended to appear as Foxy Livestreamers had to be careful with their personal information as it could easily lead to unwelcome attention

“So, are you planning to learn my father’s shoemaking craft!” She didn’t quite believe it.

Ray lets out a laugh but doesn’t answer. Even though he had guessed it, he was still beside himself with surprise that Sharon was really Foxy Damon.

“You’re a fantastic catch. If you didn’t marry Edwin, you would still be able to live comfortably. Why did you choose to do so then!” He asked point blank.

Sharon smiled softly. She knew, even if Ray had not been unkind to her, that he would also assume that she married Edwin for his money

“Why, indeed.” She repeated softly.

When she was fifteen years old, she learned by accident that her mother had died in labor while giving birth to her, and she was very upset. She was unwilling to confront her father about it, so she sneaked off alone to the hospital in town.

According to what she learned, her mother had passed away in that very hospital.

She grew up without even knowing where her mother's grave was, and every time she missed her mother, she ran to the hospital.

One time, as she sat moping and crying behind the flower beds at the hospital, feeling like she was to blame, she suddenly heard a piercing scream. It was a chilling sound of despair, helplessness, anger, and even self-loathing.

She was so startled and afraid that she had crossed paths with a psycho. She was planning her escape when she realized that she wasn't so different from the screaming boy

He was thin and pale, but it was easy to tell that he had handsome features. A well-groomed, princely boy, who was screaming in desperation. The pain that it expressed almost felt contagious.

Living in a small town, it was the first time she had ever seen a good-looking boy like that, and the first time she had witnessed such raw emotions. He ran and crashed everywhere as if he had no self-control, picking up and throwing anything he got his hands on. He seemed hell-bent on destroying everything around him. Finally he started running towards her, and she felt caught like a deer in headlights.

She expected him to attack her, but then he crashed into a door that had been left ajar. He fell to the ground in front of her, his hands and feet covered with bloody scratches

While on his back, he felt around with his fingers and picked up a stone. He held the stone in his hand extremely tightly, as if he was trying to crush it with his bare strength.

She was afraid to make any kind of movement, and it took her a moment to realize that he couldn't see

In his sorry state, she forgot about her own grief and tried to help him up. The boy refused to let her touch him, and even told her to get lost.

She had never experienced such rough treatment before, so she took it to heart and ran away.

When she made her way to the exit though, she turned back. She wouldn't be able to forgive herself if she left him there alone. When she returned, she held her breath and tried to be as quiet as possible. A nurse then came and escorted him away.

From that day on, the boy's sad and desperate look was etched into her mind, and she started going to the hospital every day.

She finally found an opportunity to talk with him, and they started exchanging stories. She learned of his tragic fate, and she told him about the guilt and grief that she carried

The two of them found a confidant in each other.

Sharon snapped back to reality and brought up a different topic. "Actually, I've been meaning to thank you. If it wasn't for you, who knows what might have happened to Irene and 17

Sharon was aware of the debt of gratitude that she owed him.

Ray tilted his head at her and smiled shyly.

"What if I asked you to do something for me to return the favor?"

Dumping My Billionaire Ex Chapter 42

Sharon was stunned. "You want me to help you convince the owner of Satisetion, Andrew Marcus, to work with you?"

It was something that Ray had asked about before, but at that time he didn't know the person he was asking for help from was Sharon,

It

up. "You know what, forget I mentioned it. Ray considered his request again and then spoke up."

For some reason, he was suddenly afraid that she would think less of him.

Sharon was about to answer when Ethan and Irene returned.

"Who's th

this?" Ethan asked. He wasn't familiar with the relations or associates of the Stanley family, so naturally he didn't recognize Ray.

"This is Mr. Gildon. He's come to learn about the traditional shoemaking methods" Sharon rushed to reply.

"Hi Sir, my name is Ray Gildon. He introduced himself as he walked up to Ethan to shake his hand.

"Nice to meet you." Ethan didn't say much else but sized him up quickly. Ray had a clean and tidy appearance, and a warm smile, but he was clearly not cut out for a technical craft like she making.

Irene, on the other hand, recognized Ray immediately. She knew he was a friend of her father, and timidly pressed herself behind Ethan. She looked at Ray warily and didn't offer a greeting:

Irene did not particularly like her father, and knew that his friends were always bullying her mother, so she didn't think Ray would be an exception.

Ethan found Irene's behavior a little out of character, but simply assumed she was not used to talking with strangers. He didn't think further of it.

"Dad, what are you guys doing back here?" Sharon asked.

Ethan looked at Irene, whose clothes were wet through and through. It's windy, so I was worried Irene might catch a cold"

He stroked Irene's head, not caring in the slightest that she was making him wet ton

Irene burrowed closer to Ethan, basking in his grandfatherly love.

"Mr. Gildon, please come inside Ethan politely invited.

Ethan prepared a bowl of oranges for Ray, picked directly from his backyard.

Ray was flattered and took an orange in his hand, unsure what to do.

He was used to having his servant peel and slice the fruit for him. Even the seeds would have been removed before they were served.

Then, Sharon and Irene walked out to the kitchen Trent had changed into a fresh set of clothes.

Realizing his embarrassment but choosing not to help him, Sharon took an orange for herself and started peeling it with ease

She had learned how to do it from her father, of course.

Irene ate the orange slices with relish as well, the juice squirting out in all directions.

Ray seemed a little surprised at the sight,

He could tell that Irene was much more lively than before. When she lived with the Stanley family, she kept to herself and tried to stay out of everyone's way.

Whenever he saw her, she would only make herself as invisible as possible, hiding behind Sharon and tagging along

Her eyes lacked luster and energy. The world seemed too big and scary for her to handle.

Now though, her eyes were wide and full of curiosity. She asked an abundance of questions and was quick to express her opinions too.

Ray wondered if he was actually looking at a completely person altogether.

Then he looked at Sharon, who sat gracefully in her chair, Eyes bright, lips turned slightly upwards in a smile. She seemed reserved, but she exuded an aura of vitality

Gone were the old-fashioned one piece dresses, plain white T-shirts and light colored jeans.

Her long hair was tied up casually, revealing a youthful face, almost like a high school student. It was impossible to associate this person with the person in his memory. The person in the Stanley family who always had a downward gaze, who lacked even the strength or will to defend herself

Chapter 42

when attacked.

Ray marveled to himself, ‘How can a divorce change someone so drastically? Maybe it’s true what people say, that marriage is a ball and chain’

Afterwards, Ethan gave a demonstration of his traditional shoemaking methods.

The process of making shoes that way was complicated, with many procedires, and it took half a day just to do the preparatory work.

Irene and Sharon surveyed the situation from a distance.

“Will Mr. Gildon really learn shoe making from Grandpa?” Irene asked with concern.

Sharon didn’t answer

She knew exactly what Ray Gildon was up to.

Learning about shoemaking was an excuse, and his real agenda was to discuss the matter about Andrew Marcus.

As the su

sun started to set, Ethan paused his training and busied himself with preparing dindter.

Sharon had planned to do it, and she had offered. Ethan was adamant about doing it himself though. He didn't want Sharon to even have to stand behind a stove.

Sharon could only stand in the doorway and watch as he got busy.

"Your father's a good man."

Ray had walked over next to her with both hands in his pockets. He sized her up again.

She had a reservation in her countenance, not at all like those gold-digging women out there who were so anxious and quick to please.

Even though her father was only a shoemaker, she treated him kindly and without any disrespect

Why did a person like this set Edwin up? What would cause her to be so irrational?

What's more, she's Foxy Damon. She has millions of followers and an enviable stream of income

The more he tried to figure her out, the more intrigued he became

With her qualities, it would have been so easy to find a man that was completely devoted to her. If only she hadn't done that stupid thing.

"Are you enjoying shoemaking!" Sharon turned to him and asked.

The tenderness in her eyes was

gone when she looked at him, and she addressed him politely.

Ray knew the reason behind her formality. It was only on account that he had saved her twice. She must have already known his true intention for coming here.

He had used shoemaking as an excuse to look for Foxy Damon, so he would have a chance to convince her in person.

After spending a day learning about Ethan's shoe making processes, he couldn't deny that he had developed an intense interest in it

"It's fascinating" He answered truthfully, "It's unlikely that I'll go into shoemaking, but I've already thought of a good solution

"What's that?"

Sharon's curiosity had just been piqued when Ethan announced that dinner was ready.

They broke off their conversation and walked toward the dining table.

Irene had set the table, but there were only place settings for three.

“This is Grandpa Ethan’s, this is Mommy’s, and this is mine! She said, intentionally leaving Ray out

She already thought the worst of Ray because of his friendship with Edwin, and she wasn’t about to be nice to him.

Ray was a little embarrassed at this display of pettiness.

Sharon couldn’t decide if she should laugh or cry.

She walked over and added an extra place setting. “Mr. Gildon is a guest, and we must treat him as such.

“He’s not our guest, he’s a bad guyf Irene puffed our her cheeks.

She had no idea that Ray saved her life.

“And he’s definitely not going to learn shoemaking from Grandpa Ethan Irene revealed the true reason why she was mad at Ray. She believed Ray was just pretending to be interested in shoemaking so he could waste Ethan’s time on purpose and set him up for disappointment.

In her mind, anyone who makes her grandfather sad is a bad person.

Sharon was about to correct Irene when Ray stopped her. “Don’t worry. Even though I won’t learn the traditional shoemaking methods, I know someone else who will

“Who!”

Dumping My Billionaire Ex Chapter 43

friends.

After dinner, Irene went over to the neighbors’ to play with her new f

Irene was from the city, and with her big, inquisitive eyes, she was proving to be very popular with the kids in the neighborhood. She had no airs about her so everyone was curious and wanted to be her friend.

Irene was excited to play with her friends and forgot all about her unwelcome guest.

She laughed in excitement as she ran over to the neighbors. Sharon reminded her to be safe but did not impose any particular restrictions,

The three adults remained in the house. The lights were on dimly and it created a warm and peaceful atmosphere.

Ray continued to enjoy the cozy environment without any hint of disdain or disapproval.

“Mr. Gildon, can you explain what you meant earlier?” Sharon got right to the point.

Ray cleared his throat and broke into a warm smile. The traditional shoemaking method is very exquisite, and it would indeed be a pity if it were lost, so I’m thinking.....”

“Oh, everyone’s here.”

Before Ray could finish his sentence, he was interrupted by a loud voice from the doorway.

The three of them were taken by surprise and looked in the direction as the voice.

It was Sophic. She wasn’t dressed as casually as before, and had made a point of combing her hair neatly.

She strode in with a basket of fruit in her hand, smiling broadly. “My son picked some fruits from the garden, so I chose the best ones and decided to bring them here for you all.”

Her lips were spread wide open in an exaggerated grin. She took an orange from the basket and waved it around. This is a top-quality navel orange, there aren’t many of these sold in the market so not everyone has a chance to taste it

Sophie had an ingratiating look on her face, there was no doubt she was trying to get into Sharon’s good books. She had done the math, after all. After renting the house for years, the money she owed was in the thousands,

Sharon watched Sophie.

Sophie was gossipy and she could talk your ear off, but she couldn’t deny there was a warm side to her. She was the one who told her about her father buying a knife, and she also helped to keep an eye on Irene at that time.

Sharon wasn’t a cold-blooded person, of course she wasn’t really planning to get back every penny that was owed.

She thanked Sophie for the fruit and inquired about the cost.

Sophie immediately declined to be paid, and as her eyes darted between the people in the room, she turned to Ray and said. “Oh, you must be Sophie’s husband. I knew you were a man of talent, but you’re so good-looking too. I was wondering why Sharon came back with just her daughter, and thought you might just be busy with work. You must be really devoted to Sharon for traveling all this way to come after her.”

She rattled on and on, but the gleam in her eyes was constant. She was trying to find out if there was a more dramatic reason why they had not returned at the same time.

Nothing scandalous ever happened in the small town, and Sophie wanted to milk this gossip material for all it was worth.

“No, you’ve got it wrong. This man is a guest who came to learn about shoe making” Ethan spoke in a cold voice. He knew that his daughter was fiercely protective of her privacy.

Sophie was flustered at her mistake, and when she looked at Sharon, it was again in a different light. She tried to backtrack but couldn’t steer the conversation smoothly, and finally she gave up and made her exit.

“My apologies about that, Mr. Gildon, Women from rural towns tend to be chatty. Ethan said to Ray.

-Ray shook his head to indicate that he didn’t mind it, then he couldn’t help but glance in Sharon’s direction.

He hadn’t been offended or upset when Sophie had misunderstood their relationship.

“Please continue what you were saying. Mr. Gildon Sharon directed him back to the matter at hand.

Ray righted himself then and said, “What I wanted to say was, I’d like to buy your craftsmanship and arrange a group of apprentices to be trained up to your professional standards. Of course, we’ll have to balance quality with cost efficiency.

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Chapter 43

“What do you mean you’ll buy it? Does that mean I won’t be able to make shoes anymore?” Ethan had a grave look of concern.

Making shoes was his passion. If he couldn’t make shoes anymore, a significant part of his identity would be taken away from him.

Ray smiled kindly and assured him. "You're the master of traditional shoemaking methods, if you stop making them, the shoes would lose their souls."

He paused for a moment, letting some of his long hair fall to the front of his face.

"However, when more apprentices start joining, you'll probably have to take on an advisory role primarily. There'll be much less time for shoemaking

"Advisory role?" Ethan had little idea of the requirements of such a position.

"It pretty much means the same thing as being a teacher." Sharon explained.

"Oh, Ethan let out a soft sigh. He was a quiet man and felt much more comfortable moving his hands than his mouth

Ray explained his rationale. "This way, more people will learn your technique, and more people will be able to wear the shoes made by such traditional shoemaking methods. An important part of history will be not just be preserved, it will also be spread and enjoyed by the masses. It's the best of both worlds."

Ethan continued to wear a look of doubt, the wrinkles on his face deepened in thought.

"I think about it."

Ray doesn't push him further. "Of course, take all the time you need. Give me a call when you've decided" He placed his business card humbly and respectfully on the table,

Ethan didn't say much else, and soon retreated to the backyard to work on his shoes.

Sharon sighed as she watched her father leave. Shoemaking was his livelihood, and his second great love, after her. Even the smallest changes would have a big impact on him

"Mr. Gildon, are you absolutely positive about breaking into the shoe market?" She focuses her attention on Ray

"Yes" Ray nodded.

"Even though it's completely different from your family's line of business? Don't you think it's too risky?"

"Risky, perhaps, but it's definitely profitable, isn't it?" Ray looked at Sharon steadily. He had a rough idea of her concerns, and proceeded to explain. "I offered to buy your

father's shoemaking because of the number of people who placed orders while you were live."

He produced a document containing his analysis. It included a breakdown of all the important figures.

"There were five million viewers at the highest point, and six hundred and thirty-eight orders were placed every three minutes. I don't have to tell you that is an exceptionally high volume of orders"

He flipped the page and placed it in front of her, continuing. "After that, you clarified that you don't sell shoes, yet five percent of viewers continued to express their desires to purchase. When such a huge business opportunity presents itself, as a businessman, there's no way that I could look away."

With the data to back him up, Ray's reasoning was ironclad. Sharon was speechless for a moment,

The next day. Ethan approached Ray by his own initiative. They had a long discussion then.

Sharon was not aware of the specifics, but at the end of their negotiation, Ethan emerged with a contact in his hand.

Evidently, he had accepted Ray's proposal.

"Dad, is this really alright?" Sharon asked uneasily. She couldn't help but proceed with caution. Her father's precious livelihood was at stake.

Ethan nodded cheerfully. "Mr. Gildon is a business-minded person who is meticulous in his work. I don't know anything about business, but as long as he can help me pass on my shoemaking craft, I'm satisfied."

Sharon took the document in his hand and pored over it. Ethan was right, Ray's terms were professional and few restrictions were placed on him.

Sharon continued to read to the end of the document. When she came to one of the last clauses, she gasped.

Dumping My Billionaire Ex Chapter 44

Hay stood at his hotel lobby

by with a small suitcase next to him. His hair was tied up at and his bangs were parted at the center.

Even when he wasn't working, he exuded an easy coolness. His head was lowered in thought.

"Mr. Gildon."

A clear voice called out, pulling him out of his thoughts. He raised his head and looked.

Dressed in a flattering light-colored T-shirt, white three-quarter pants and a ponytail, Ray seemed mesmerized by the person before him.

He snapped out of his daze. "What brings you here, Sharon?"

Sharon raised the paper in her hand and waved it in his face.

Ray looked at the expression on her face and had an inkling of what she might want.

Sharon had rushed the whole way to the hotel from her home, so she was slightly out of breath.

"Andrew Marcus from Satisetion. I'll lobby on your behalf."

Ray was taken by surprise. He raised his eyebrows at her. He had not expected her to suddenly agree to it. "What are you talking about?"

Sharon smiled. "I'm grateful that you think so highly of my father's traditional shoemaking methods. Think of it as repayment."

She pointed at the contract in her hand. It had a value of six hundred thousand dollars. It was an unbelievably high price for a shoemaking process. Sharon knew the value of her father's craft, and with Ray's business acumen, it wouldn't be surprising for them to turn a profit tens or even hundreds of times over.

"However, I have a condition regarding

contract, Change the offer price to 60 thousand dollars"

Ray shook his head in disbelief. "Why?"

"I don't want my father to be overwhelmed."

Ethan's only concern was passing on his craft and his legacy, he had not looked over the details of the contract, including the price. If he had, he would have definitely disputed it.

Plus, Sharon knew the real reason for the exorbitant price. It was an advance payment to entice her into pulling the strings with Andrew.

“Andrew Marcus might be an associate of mine, but I can’t say with absolute certainty that he will take my advice. Besides, you helped me out twice in the past, so think of this as full payment for all that I owe you,”

Ray continued looking at Sharon, a glint of frustration in his eyes. He could tell that Sharon was trying to draw the line between them.

He ventured a guess. “Is it because I’m Edwin’s friend?”

Sharon gave him a puzzled look.

“Nothing” He replied hastily as he took the contract and changed the price as requested.

Seeing that Ray was so forthcoming, Sharon let out a sigh of relief.

Re-accepting the contract, she smiled slightly. “I’m sure you’ll send me the necessary information in due time, however, I have one more request.” Ray raised an eyebrow. It seemed Sharon was full of surprises today. “What is it?”

“In the process of negotiations with Andrew, I can coordinate my schedule for business trips with you, but I’m afraid I must decline to have Edwin tag along. I also appreciate it if you refrained from telling him about my identity as Foxy.”

Ray was taken aback again. “Why! After all that he’s done to you, don’t you want to get back at him?”

Sharon had a muted expression.

Ray reasoned with her. “If he’s been more attentive to you, or if he’d cared about you just a little more, he would have realized your identity. We could have started the negotiations for this venture four years ago. If you told him about your identity, it would definitely be a punch in the gut for him.”

“Aren’t you his friend? Why would you instigate me to hurt a friend of yours?” Sharon said half-jokingly.

The way she smiled suddenly reminded Ray of her pitiful appearance the two times he had saved her. His heart involuntarily ached.

Chapter 44

Sharon could not guess Ray’s inner thoughts. She dropped her head slightly and pushed a strand of hair away from her face. “There are no winners in a divorce, so there’s no point to keeping score or getting a one up on the other party. All this doesn’t matter now that it’s over.

She said this in a calm and even voice. It was clear to see that she had put the matter entirely behind her.

Ray was suddenly struck by a thought. "So are you looking for a new partner! What's your type?"

As he said this, he stood more upright than usual and tried to present himself in the best light.

Sharon simply shook her head. I just want to live my life in peace now,

She had no hopes or desire for a relationship. She had put herself and her family through hell because of Edwin. She didn't want to relive such a tragedy

She didn't have it in her to start a relationship again.

Ray wasn't

Ray

expecting the effect her words would have on him and he froze for a moment, unable to react. He felt an emptiness forming in his heart.

"That's a pity" He muttered.

Sharon wasn't sure what he was referring to, and raised her hand to bid him goodbye. "Have a safe trip then

Sharon was on the way home from the hotel and about to turn the corner when she suddenly heard a sharp voice. "You little brat, how could you

be so violent!"

This was followed by a younger voice that seemed to be protesting. The voice sounded like Irene's.

Sharon immediately quickened her steps and was just in time to witness a woman pushing a little girl. The woman repeated her assault several

times.

To her horror, the girl was indeed Irene

The woman pushing her had messy hair, and with her floral pants that were rolled up, she had a frumpy, dated look.

Her voice boomed. "How dare you lay a hand on my grandson? Do you know what our family went through to bring him to this world? Do you think you can afford to pay the consequences if something were to happen to him!"

The woman seemed to deliberately emphasize the need to pay.

Sharon hurriedly made her way over and called out as she got closer. "What's going on here?"

She strides up to Irene and holds onto her, finally coming face to face with the woman.

It turned out to be none other than Sophie. Wasn't she just at the house yesterday, graciously handing out expensive fruits for free? Now she was out on the street manhandling her daughter. Sharon felt she had whiplash from Sophie's mood swings.

Sophie didn't let up. "You're just in time. Your daughter hit my grandson What are you going to do about it?"

Sharon glanced at the chubby boy next to Sophie. He was obviously bigger and stronger than Irene. He was wiping the tears from his eyes furiously, looking aggrieved to the core

In contrast, Irene was standing tall and upright, her big eyes glaring at him. Stubbornness was written all over her face.

"What are you staring at? Do you still want to fight?" Sophie threatened Irene and took a sudden step forward.

Sharon shields Irene from her and pulls her aside. "Irene, did you hit him?"

"That's because he called me a bastard with no father!" Irene yelled in exasperation

"A child without a father is a bastard!" The crying boy shot back

Sharon was shocked by this revelation and stood still for a moment before looking to Sophie.

Sophie replied in a soft but clear voice, "Your daughter herself said you were divorced."

Sophie had been intrigued when Sharon had returned home with only her daughter in tow, but couldn't find out the reason behind it. She hung around her when the children in the neighborhood played with each other, and tried fishing for information from Irene.

When Irene finally let her guard down, she simply answered Sophie's questions honestly.

“She even said that you didn’t get a single dime from the divorce.” Sophie added.

Realization dawned on Sharon

241

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Sophie’s complete change in attitude was a result of finding out the truth about her divorce,

She felt amused.

“Even if I am divorced, it doesn’t mean Irene doesn’t have a father. Shouldn’t your grandson apologize for calling her names?”

“Huh? He was attacked by her and has to apologize? Where’s the logic in that?” Sophie continue to argue fiercely, pointing accusingly at Irene. Sharon reacted instinctively and grabbed hold of Sophie’s fingers in a flash, twisting them backwards.

Sophie yelped in pain.

Sharon released her.

Sophie pretended to fall to the ground.

“Oh my god, I’ve been attacked? She cried out.

Sharon stared at her coldly, she couldn’t hide her disgust. Sophie and her family were living in their home for free, and now they planned to bully her and her daughter!

Sophie continued crying crocodile tears and didn’t get up. She made a call to her son. “Dylan, come back quickly, your son and I have been attacked! Help us!”

She trailed off and continued to sob. It was a convincing act.

Soon, a man armed with a stick came rushing over.

He saw Sophie on the ground crying, and yelled aggressively, “Who attacked my mom! Admit it now.”

Dumping My Billionaire Ex Chapter 45

The commotion attracted quite a crowd of onlookers.

A middle-aged woman named Emma Carter rugged on Sharon's sleeve and said, "They are eyeing your house, knowing that you are strapped for cash after the divorce and your dad sold his shoemaking business.

Given her past connection with Sharon, Emma jumped in to remind her, but Dylan's glare spooked her, so she bolted right after.

Sharon's lips curled into a smirk, a hint of coldness appearing on her face.

"Seriously? Dad's been letting them crash here rent-free, and now they're pulling this crap?" thought Sharon.

"Dylan, it's Sharon. She pushed me. Sophie sat on the ground, pointing at Sharon and signaling to Dylan.

Dylan swung the stick at Sharon. "You've got guts, Sharon! You'll regret this"

Sharon shrugged off his weapon. Think twice, Dylan. Cops will be here in a flash. Kill someone, you're done for."

Dylan just wanted to scare Sharon, as he'd planned with his mom. Sharon was broke after the divorce, with no connections. Ethan was just a regular guy and had no connections after selling his business. Dylan figured he could scare them off for good.

In their eyes, Ethan's skill was only worth a few grand, no big deal. So, what was there to worry about?

The Evans just wanted the house. They didn't care if Sharon and Ethan ended up starving.

But Sharon, cool as a cucumber, didn't flinch, sending Dylan off balance. His hands shook visibly.

"If you lay a finger on my mom, she'll have you locked up!" Irene yelled. Sharon always preached about staying out of trouble, but when it came knocking, she taught Irene not to back down. So, right now, Irene stood in front of Sharon, glaring at Dylan with all her might.

Afraid that Irene would get hurt, Sharon hurriedly pushed her back.

"Dylan, what's got you shaking! We got connections at the cops Sophie shouted. "If they hit us, we'll hit right back. It's self-defense."

Seeing Sharon's poker face, Sophie thought that a few whacks from her son would knock some sense into Sharon.

Encouraged by Sophie's words, Dylan swung the stick at Sharon,

Sharon had picked up some self defense moves. Ethan, worried about his daughter's safety, had splurged on her city lessons. Even though it had been years since she'd trained, she still had the fundamentals down.

Sharon squared up, ready to confront Dylan head on.

With a loud bang, the stick was halted by a long knife just 2 inches from Sharon's leg

Dylan was stunned and cursed, "Who's bunting int Beat it!" He glanced up to see Ethan holding the knife.

Sharon spotted Ethan too and called out, "Dad?"

Ethan stayed silent, glaring at Dylan. "Touch my girl, you got guts," he said, then swung his knife at Dylan.

Ethan was usually chill, polite to everyone. Even if folks walked over him, he never made a scene. This was the first time Dylan saw him this mad. Ethan's face twisted, eyes blazing with anger, the knife slicing through the air. No doubt, things just got serious.

Horrified, Dylan could only use the stick to defend himself.

With terrifying strength, Ethan sliced the stick in two, narrowly missing Dylan's head.

Feeling like his life hung by a thread, Dylan freaked out and bolted.

Sharon and Irene were Ethan's soft spot. Seeing them bullied, how could he just stand by? He shot Sophie a look before darting after Dylan. Sophie freaked out, thinking Ethan was after her. She grabbed her head and peed her pants in fear. Her grandson was so scared, his legs buckled, and he hit the ground, screaming his head off.

Ethan then took off after Dylan. Despite his age, he was quick on his feet, hot on Dylan's heels, not letting up for a moment.

Sophie dropped to her knees, tugging at Sharon's clothes, sobbing and yelling, "Sharon, your dad's lost it. You gotta stop him. If he hurts Dylan, it's gonna be a disaster."

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Chapter 43

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Sharon didn't give a damn about jerks like Dylan, but with her dad getting okler, it'd be a mess if he got hurt. She left Irene with Emma and dashed out to catch up. Eventually, someone dialed the cops. When they showed up, they finally got Ethan under control.

Sharon pushed away the people restraining Ethan and hugged him tenderly. "Dad, was it worth it?"

Breathing heavily after the chase, Ethan kept his fierce gaze fixed on Dylan. "I won't ever let anyone mess with my daughter and granddaughter."

Sharon breathed a sigh of relief. Thank goodness her father hadn't gone to Stanley Manor last time. If he had, knowing the injustice she'd faced, he would've surely gone after every member of the Stanley family.

Ethan and Dylan got hauled to the police station. Hearing that Ethan flipped because Dylan threatened his daughter and grandklaughter, and knowing Dylan's had reputation around town, the cop didn't dig too deep. After a lecture and some paperwork, the cop let them both off the hook.

After signing. Ethan stared at Dylan. "When we get back, get the hell out of my house, you jerk!"

Outside, Sophie also followed here. Hearing Ethan's words, she felt like she had hit rock bottom. Instead of extorting the house, she almost got kicked out, and her son nearly got himself killed. What a screwup.

"Come on, Dad." Sharon said, walking up to Ethan and helping him out. They left without even looking at Dylan and Sophie.

Just as the two were about to reach the door, two people suddenly came over from outside.

"Where are you going? Is everything sorted out? The leader had a stem look, oozing arrogance, and spoke with authority.

"It's settled. Dylan kicked it off, aiming to hurt Ethan's daughter and granddaughter, so Ethan went after him in anger," the cop piped up, showing respect.

It was clear these two held some sway at the police station

"They were released since neither got hurt. Case closed, Chief Parker," the cop confirmed.

Seeing this, Sophie's face lit up, and she rushed to speak. Dylan didn't start it. It was Sharon who hit me first. My son just stepped in to scold her. But then Ethan pulled out a knife, threatening to kill Dylan Officers, we need your help"

Sophie was simply twisting the truth.

Sharon responded coldly, "I didn't push you, and Dylan had a weapon."

"A weapon" Dylan grabbed the stick because your dad was threatening him with a knife. He was just trying to defend himself," Sophie interjected, distorting the fact

"Whose knife is this? Pulling out a blade is clearly meant to kill. Isn't that illegal? Don't you get that Chief Parker said, gripping the knife and aiming it at the cop. "How could you just let them off the hook after all this?"

The cop hesitated, his shoulders slumping in frustration. "But, originally, Dylan."

"Regardless, you can't just cut them loose with a weapon involved." Chief Parker, authoritative, pointed at Ethan. "Him, cuff him right now. And her too, put her behind bars. He gestured to Sharon,

Sharon, never having been through such a thing, glowered at Chief Parker. "Why am I getting detained?"

* * * * *

"This lady said it clear as day, you pushed her and committed an offense, so we can't just let it slide," the man behind Chief Parker chimed in. He had a mustache with a face that looked born to kiss up.

Sophie grinned smugly at the two men, thrilled to bits. When she looked at Sharon, she let out a snort, her smugness on full display.

Sharon knew these two men were the insiders Sophie had mentioned earlier.

"Take both of them in," Chief Parker snapped impatiently, waving his hand.

The cop had no choice but to step in and restrain both Ethan and Sharon.

"Just wait a minute!"

Dumping My Billionaire Ex Chapter 46

After issuing his orders, Chief Parker turned to leave, but a voice halted him in his tracks. Controlled but fearless, Sharon turned to him with a cold stare. "Is this really how you want to handle it?"

"You're spewing nonsense." Sophie waddled over, retorting. "You two hurt me, my son, and even my grandson. You're not just going to jail. You're gonna pay up." She held up three fingers. "60 thousand dollars, not a cent less!"

Sharon smirked, scoffing silently. Sixty thousand, quite the demand, she thought

Although Ethan avoided trouble and kept things honest, Sophie's arrogance irritated him. Veins bulged on his forehead as he moved toward Sophie, ready to charge at her.

Sophie jumped back, scared. "You can't do that, We're at the police station. Even though she dodged, she kept yelling, "You should get more charges.

Sophie was clever. She knew Sharon and Ethan were strapped for cash, even if Ethan cashed in his skills. They couldn't meet her demands, so they might just hand over the house. Without any influence, the Cress family couldn't challenge her. The house would be hers, no doubt about it.

Sharon saw through Sophie's game and subtly signaled to Ethan, shaking her head, reminding him to keep his cool.

Catching Sharon's eye. Ethan felt guilty but knew he had to stay calm.

"I was talking to Chief Parker, not you" Sharon brushed off Sophie, keeping her focus on Chief Parker with a challenging gaze.

Chief Parker, used to calling the shots, seethed at this defiance. He slammed his hand on the table and marked. "Yeah, you got it" His gaze was intense and commanding. Then he strutted off, hands in his pockets.

The man beside Chief Parker clicked his tongue disapprovingly. "You have no clue who you're messing with. You'd better apologize, cough up the cash, and butter him up. Try to get out of here as soon as possible.

Sharon shot back a cold smirk. Her nonchalance made Chief Parker's expression darken.

The man who spoke earlier looked at Sharon with disappointment. "You young ones, always running around out there, don't get how things work in our small towns anymore. Here, it doesn't like the city, where folks bow down to the law. It's all about tradition. And power. Don't go thinking you can bring city rules to our little town. Here. Chief Parker's like a king. Whatever he says, goes

After that, he shot a glance at Sharon, then went over to Ethan, giving his shoulder a few pats. "Your daughter's green, but don't you see that?"

"We were indeed too green, Sharon responded before Ethan could speak

Ethan was taken aback by Sharon's response and glanced over, wondering if she was caving in out of fear.

Others all shared Ethan's thoughts.

Sophie gleefully wiggled her ample waist as she turned to Chief Parker, shamelessly speaking up, "Once everything's sorted, swing by our place for dinner. Dylan's cooked up some primo elk meat just for you. It's a real treat

"Elk?" Chief Parker, a fan of such fare, grinned instantly.

Even though eating wild animals was banned, Dylan didn't give a damn. He often went hunting in the mountains anyway.

Sharon wasn't about to waste time. "So, you all just do whatever Chief Parker says? What's the point of having a mayor or a police commissioner?"

*Hmph, your family got no pull with the police chief, let alone the mayor or commissioner. Sophie sneered, dripping with disdain. "Keep dreaming.

"My family might not have connections, but that doesn't mean we can't shake things up," Sharon said with a sly grin, giving the cop a cold stare. "Let go of me."

For some reason, her gaze held an unexpected weight, causing the cop to instinctively falter, his grip loosening

Sharon whipped out her phone and dialed a number. "Alanna, Chief Parker's overstepping his bounds and chowing down on wild animals, straight breaking the law. Let your uncle know and see if he's gonna let it slide."

"What? Someone's messing with your Alanna guessed right off the bat. She wasted no time. "Hold on, I'll handle it right away?"

Sharon's unexpected call left Chief Parker, Sophie, and the others stunned. Their faces drained of color, but as Sharon hung up, they gradually composed themselves.

"No worries, she ain't gonna stir the pot," Dylan piped up, wiggling his legs and eyeing Sharon's beauty, already plotting how to charm her once this

was over.

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Chapter 46

Sophie nodded. "Yep, that's right. She married a rich man before but got broke after the split."

Sharon leaving the divorce empty-handed said it all. Her ex-husband must've really hated her guts. No way he'd lift a finger to help her now.

Chief Parker just nodded and dusted himself off "Let's wrap this up quick, gotta hit that card game. Man, yesterday's losses were brutal"

The cap felt for the Cress family, but he was just trying to scrape by with his measly job at the station. He couldn't afford to speak up against the police chief and risk his livelihood.

Just as the cop was about to haul Sharon off, Chief Parker's phone started ringing

He picked it up gruffly, but as he listened, his face went pale, his cocky stance melting away. Beads of sweat started popping up on his forehead. thick and heavy.

"What's up?" Everyone was puzzled, seeing Chief Parker like this, all eyes turning his way at once.

Chief Parker's hand dropped the phone, his face drained of color, his eyes losing their fierceness, replaced by utter despair.

Just then, the office phone rang. The cop dealing with the case picked up, listened, nodded, and then cuffed Chief Parker.

"What...what does this mean?"

"What...what's going on Sophie, Dylan, and the guy who was just cozying up to Chief Parker were all stunned by the sudden turn of events

Dumping My Billionaire Ex Chapter 47

The cop shot them a dirty look. "The Police Commissioner is throwing Chief Parker in the slammer for an investigation. And you two, you ain't going anywhere either." He jabbed his finger at Sophie and Dylan, making them turn white with fear.

Sophie blurted out, "Why should we stay? We haven't done anything wrong"

"Causing trouble and unlawfully occupying someone else's house, Just based on this, you two could end up doing several years behind bars." The cop laid it out plain and simple

Hearing that, Dylan glanced over at Sharon in disbelief, his face draining of color, thinking. She called the Commissioner? And they took down Chief Parker that fast? No freaking way! Isn't she supposed to be out on her own! I thought her family had zero pull

Dylan, being a local, knew that Erlan was not born and bred in this place. After having lived here for decades. Ethan was still an outsider

The cop ignored Dylan's thoughts, signaling for cuffs. Sophie made a break but got pulled back. Soon, the Police Commissioner's crew arrived and whisked them away,

The cop came up to Sharon and Ethan, saying sorry. "We knew you were clean, but the Chief... You know how it is out here in the sticks."

"Got it" Sharon knew he meant well but couldn't do much, so she didn't kick up a fuss.

The cop politely walked Sharon and Ethan out, then swung by later to make sure the rest of the Evans family cleared out by morning.

As Sophie and Dylan got hauled off, Harper, left behind with her son, bawled her eyes out, hurling curses as she packed up

"We should thank Alanna this time. Without her, who knows how much crap we'd be in. After all, it's my fault for letting you suffer, Ethan murmured, feeling guilty for failing to protect his daughter

Being a quiet man, admitting self-blame showed just how heavy the quilt weighed on him.

Sharon took Ethan's hand and said, "Dad, I'm not a kid anymore. I can handle myself. But you can't go waving knives around. It's scary.

In her memory, Ethan had never pulled a stunt like that before.

Ethan remained silent, the guilt hanging heavy on him these days, wondering if his own weakness had let the Stanley family walk all over his daughter.

Sophie and Dylan got out the next day, looking disheveled. They not only blew securing the house but also dragged Chief Parker into it, who happened to be Sophie's niece's husband.

Early in the morning. Sophie's niece showed up in tears, begging Sophie to help get Chief Parker out Sophie had no pull like that. In the end, she scared her niece off with a good tongue-bashing.

The Evans family moved back to their old rundown shack after losing the big house. Being lazy, Sophie and Dylan didn't bother fixing it up much, so while others built big homes, theirs stayed bare, just one cramped room for four people.

Bright and early. Sophie's grandson was in tears, saying he hated being there. They used to live large in Ethan's place, but now back in their old spot, it felt like a dump. And it wasn't just the kid; Dylan and his wife were also in a sour mood.

What was worse, heavy rain started pouring early in the morning, and the leaky house drove Harper to angrily leave for her parents' place with her son. Dylan, in a fit of rage, smashed what little furniture they had before storming out. Finally, only Sophie remained, sighing heavily,

She regretted not treating Sharon and Ethan better, thinking it might've avoided this mess. And also she resented the Cress family for snatching away a house they clearly didn't need.

"Rich people are always heartless and ruthless," Sophie mused.

The more she thought, the worse she felt, tears streaming down her face.

After a while, Sophie remembered her daughter living an affluent life, despite their strained relationship. It had been almost twenty years since she last visited, but her granddaughter had stayed for a while.

Thinking about her granddaughter perked Sophie up. She dug through her stuff and grabbed a phone book, filled with her own chicken scratch. After a bit of hunting, she found the number she wanted and dialed it in a flash.

"Hello!" Soon, a clear voice came from the other end.

Sophie took a quick breath and replied, "Hey, Tilda, it's Grandma."

"Mm," Tilda responded, unenthusiastic. No excitement for her grandma there,

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Chapter 47

Eager to vent, Sophie brushed off Tikla's attitude. "Tikla, Grandma got bullied."

"What happened?" Sophie getting bullied was news to Tilda, surprising her.

Sophie quickly recounted what happened.

After hearing the story, Tilda got it right away. "Grandma, you moved into someone else's house and tried to boot them out. They were just protecting their legal rights. Why get all worked up?"

Tilda knew her grandma like the back of her hand who was lazy, always looking for shortcuts. So, it wasn't exactly shocking her grandma pulled such a shameless move.

"Sorry, Crandina, I can't help, Tilda said, eyeing her nails, growing impatient. If Sophie wasn't family, she'd have hung up by now,

Tilda's rejection hit Sophie hard. Tears welled up in her eyes, streaming down her cheeks uncontrollably.

"Tilda. I'm getting old, and I'm nearly homeless. Your mom's not helping, and I'm stuck. Maybe you don't care, but how can you talk like this? Sophie cried, struggling to speak through her sobs, tears pouring out endlessly.

She continued, "It's all Sharon's fault. She got dumped, moved back with a freeloader, and ruined everything Ethan's place would've been ours if she hadn't shown up broke. I just want us to live better."

Though Tilda didn't hang up, she wasn't really tuned in. It wasn't until she heard Sharon's name that she snapped to attention, startled.

"Who did you say? Tilda momentarily thought she misheard.

Sophie repeated. "Ethan, and his daughter, Sharon"

Tilda didn't mishear. "Which Sharon she instinctively asked

"Who else could it be? The one who used to sit out in the yard, belting out tunes with those two big braids. You even asked me about her name, remember!"

Years ago, Tilda stayed at Sophie's place for a while, but she didn't remember much. Hearing Sharon's name made her heart race, unsure if it was the same person she knew.

"Tell me what she looks like, and then I'll decide if I can help. Tilda said.

Dumping My Billionaire Ex Chapter 48

Sophie couldn't figure out why Sharon's looks mattered to Tilda's help. When Tilda asked, Sophie fumbled for words.

"Wait, I just remembered, Sharon has a kid too. She's probably like three or four, named Irene, Sophie added

"Trene!" Tilda's heart skipped a beat with relief. It was the Sharon she knew. It turned out that Sharon lived near her grandma, which was a surprise.

“Did she come back alone with her kid? No man with her? Tilda asked.

“Man! She got divorced and was broke. Who would want her?” Sophie scoffed. “If she had a man, why would she bother with our house?”

Tilda found it odd. Sharon’s affair with Bisney Entertainment’s boss made headlines after her divorce. Even Irene’s paternity, confirmed by a DNA test, tied her to the boss. But Sharon returned home alone, without him!

To Tilda, even if a woman had just divorced and it wasn’t the right time to bring her partner home, at least the guy would accompany her.

“Who got Chief Parker taken away?” Tilda inquired further

Sophie, thinking Tilda was offering help, tried to recall. “All I remember is, she called someone named Ala...Alan, and it sounded like this person’s uncle was high up, maybe the Police Commissioner.”

So, it was Alanna who intervened.

“She didn’t ask anyone else? Tilda pressed.

“Nope!” Sophie was firm. “She made just one call and talked to one person. I remember every word” Then she repeated Sharon’s call

So, Bisney Entertainment’s boss was uninvolved. Tilda remarked with a sly grin, This just got interesting.”

She couldn’t help but wonder, ‘Did Sharon split with Bisney Entertainment’s bou? Or maybe they were never a thing to begin with. All that talk about the paternity test and the 40 million growth fund was just to get Irene back, Alanna, a veteran at Bisney, might help Sharon out. And now that the boss is single, Sharon might try to get help from him through Alanna. What’s her real deal for fighting so hard to keep Irene after the divorce?”

Tilda had a bad feeling creeping over her. Her face slightly paled.

Sophie, impatiently waiting for Tilda’s advice, got anxious when Tilda stayed silent. She slapped her thigh, saying. “Tilda, Grandma needs your help. You’re my only hope now.”

“Got it.” Tilda replied, still not committing herself, and hung up the phone.

Sitting in front of the vanity, Tilda pondered, her face all serious. After a while, she remembered her grandma’s request for help. As a big shot, she wasn’t about to get mixed up in Sophie’s spat with Sharon. But she knew someone who’d be all over dealing with Sharon

Tilda dialed a number. "Tell Clara that Sharon has no connection with Bisney Entertainment's boss."

After the call ended, she glanced at her phone, eyebrows furrowing slightly at the message.

After a moment, she stood up and went into the dressing room. When she came out again, she looked stunning.

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At Nexus, Edwin sat in silence, sipping his drink. His gaze was distant as if he was lost in thought. He seemed even more withdrawn lately.

Edric slouched, exuding arrogance with his messy hair. His gaze oozed superiority, a warning not to mess with him.

In a jacket over a tee, Edric tilted his head, eyes locked on Eilwin. "Hey, now that you're single, why not give Tilda a shot?"

Edwin turned to him, seemingly surprised by the question,

Edric downed his drink in one gulp and then set the glass down "That old drama, sure. Tilda messed up." kinda sad. And hey, ain't you been married too? I'd call it even now."

Edwin didn't respond, still drinking silently.

Edwin's silence made Edric so uneasy, he yanked open his collar, totally mangling it

but she's been alone overseas all this time,

"What's up!" Ray strolled in, catching Edric's discontent, and asked, a faint smile on his lips. His easy vibe took the edge off the room

Edric snorted, lips tight, and said nothing, shooting a glance at Edwin

Edwin's eyes lit up at the sight of Ray, "Where have you been lately?"

"Where else?" Edric chimed in for Bay. "Probably off chasing some influencer."

Sensing Edric's sarcasm, Ray only replied with a faint smile. "I made a trip to Pinevale

"Pinevale!" Edwin was surprised at the mention of the name. His grip tightened on the glass as he sat up straight

Ray nodded. "Yeah, the Foxy Damon lives in Foxton, Pinevale. I went there to discuss a collaboration with her. By the way, she has agreed to act as our intermediary, so I'll send the information over"

Usually, Edwin would perk up when Ray talked about work. But now, he seemed elsewhere. His brows furrowed, eyes dimmed, lost in thought. So deep in it, he didn't even spot someone at the door.

However, Edric did. He recognized the woman the moment she appeared.

Edric straightened up, eyeing Edwin seriously. "Heard Mrs. Stanley's been nudging you toward marriage, even setting up blind dates. Instead of awkward encounters like before, ending up like with Sharon, wouldn't it be better to be with someone you've had history with! Remember how crazy you were about Tilda? We all saw it, Edwin, you're a faithful guy. You stuck with Tilda for years and never treated Sharon like a wife. You've got Tilda on your mind, admit it. So, let go of the internal drama and treat her right?"

Across from them, Ray's finger paused, but that was it. He lowered his head to drink, appearing completely detached. He used to dislike Edric's attempts to match Edwin and Tilda, but his perspective changed after his trip to Foxton. Especially after learning that Sharon had given up on Edwin for good.

Ray remained silent no longer concerned about whether Edwin would accept Tilda.

As Edric brought up the matter again, Edwin rubbed his temples wearily, still saying nothing. But he set down his drink and got up. Just a couple of steps away, he spotted the figure standing by the door.

Dumping My Billionaire Ex Chapter 49

That person had a slim figure, delicate makeup, and a captivating aura.

"Edwin, Tilda called softly, her gaze full of affection.

Edwin glanced at her briefly, responding with indifference.

"Leaving so soon?" Tilda's disappointment was clear as she peeked in. "Since everyone's here, why not stick around a bit?"

Edwin, disinterested, replied, "Nah, you guys go ahead, enjoy yourselves"

Tilda's disappointment was evident as she clenched her fists silently.

Edric's disgruntled vo

voice chimed in from behind. “Edwin, come on, our Princess Tilda hardly ever gets a chance, don’t rain on her parade.” In Edric’s mind. Tilda was a princess.

“Yeah, I have been crazy busy lately, feel like I’m running on fumes, Tilda chimed in wearily, massaging her shoulders.

Back in the day, Edwin used to dote on her, making her his top priority and dropping everything for her. But now, he was totally unresponsive, his expression indifferent as ever.

forever. She’d expected him to reach out like before, showering her with care.

Doubt clouded Tilda’s eyes. Edwin had publicly vowed to protect her forever. But he’d disappeared without a word, not even bothering to call.

Initially relieved by Edwin’s divorce from Sharon, Tilda had thought her time had finally come. But now, she felt an inexplicable sense of uncase.

Edwin didn’t respond to Tilda or even turn back. Instead, he stepped past her and walked away.

Tilda’s heart sank, and her tears burst forth. With quick steps, she caught up to Edwin in the hallway. “Edwin, I miss your She ran towards him, embracing him tightly from behind and resting her head against his back.

Edwin came to a stop. His back stiffened, but he didn’t turn around.

Tilda held him tighter. “Edwin, in the four years since I left, not a day went by that I didn’t think of you. Can we start over?”

matters to light and discussing them, there’d never be a

Edric texted her that Edwin was at Nexus and insisted that without bringing certain ma resolution.

Tilda, with a massive ego, had been spoiled by Edwin since her youth, and Edric was always at her beck and call as a loyal follower. Her sense of superiority made her feel above everyone else. Despite reading Edric’s advice, she had no intention of dropping her facade. But Edwin’s recent indifference shook her. She realized without action, she might lose Edwin even after his divorce

Tilda cried behind Edwin. “Even if you’re angry, using four years of separation as punishment is more than enough.”

Outwardly, she was radiant and graceful, a goddess in her own right. But now, in front of Edwin, she was soft spoken and teary-eyed, her voice filled with a gentle sadness that touched the heart.

Edwin gently pulled away from her embrace, facing her directly

Tilda's eyes lit up, expecting a hug. Instead, Edwin lightly placed his hand on her shoulder. "If you're free tomorrow, come with me somewhere," he

said.

Tilda looked at him, feeling her heart sink. He didn't immediately accept her confession. She had completely set aside her pride, even to seek reconciliation with him.

her dignity,

Tilda vividly remembered Edwin's past affection and indulgence. She had truly believed he would be thrilled and immediately agree at this point.

The huge gap between what she expected and what actually happened left her stunned. She couldn't even cry, just stared at him in bewilderment.

Edwin didn't insist and prepared to leave again.

Tilda, feeling anxious, hastily grabbed his arm. "Tim free, wherever you want to go, I'll go with you."

'At least he didn't reject me. Not saying no means there is still hope, Tilda thought.

Over the years, she had experienced a lot abroad, and she finally understood that in this world, there was no man like Edwin who was both outstanding and loving her to the core.

Today, Sharon came to live stream by a pond with Irene and Ethan. Located northeast of Foxton, the pond had fish and water lilies inside.

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Clufter 49

Now was the season of water lilies in full bloom. The white flowers floated delicately on the water's surface, supported by sturdy stems. It was as beautiful as a painting.

All three wore fox masks. Ethan was clapping along. Irene was setting the vibe, and Sharon, in a long dress, stood in the middle. When the wind picked up, it lifted the corners of her skin, and her hair floated, giving her a fairy tale look.

The fans in the livestream room flooded the comments with praise and admiration, Some were gushing over Sharon's beauty, others were all about Irene's cuteness, and there were plenty loving Ethan's chill vibe.

Sharon, reminiscing about her childhood, started singing local folk songs, her voice e sweet. The livestream chat went wild with excitement.

"OMG, this scenery, this person, this voice, like, TV shows can't even compare."

"I'm gonna pass out, seriously,"

I'm dying, this voice is everything"

"Can I just die in the embrace of Foxy Damon....

watch your language, Baby Fox is here"

Ethan, usually reserved, couldn't resist joining Sharon in singing. Meanwhile, Irene, not much of a singer, danced along the shore, matching their melody with adorable moves.

"OMG, this family is melting my heart."

"Who knew Daddy Fox could sing like that too!"

"Hey Baby Fox, watch out you don't jump into the water.

The screen overflowed with compliments and reminders from everyone. Soon, the livestream room was bursting with nearly eight million viewers. and the numbers kept climbing.

Bay sat before his computer, smiling as he watched Sharon's livestream. He reached out to touch her face, relieved to see her back in action.

After their performance, the trio ended the livestream. Ethan cleaned up while Irene held a net bag filled with the fish he caught. She chatted happily with them, warning, "Seule down or Grandpa will cook you up."

After that, Sharon went to mail some local goodies to Alanna alone. On her way back, she strolled leisurely until a motorcycle roared out of nowhere. Its rider, a menacing figure, bore down on her with deadly intent

Dumping My Billionaire Ex Chapter 50

Sharon was startled by the sudden surge of hostility and the roaring motorcycle, her expression instantly shifting.

With sharp eyes, she recognized the figure riding the motorcycle. It was Dylan.

He wasn't even wearing a helmet. His face looked angry, and his eyes were cold as ice as he revved the motorcycle engine loudly. With a menacing grimace, he sped toward Sharon as if he wanted to run her over.

Sharon quickly glanced from Dylan's face to his hand, noticing a visible twitch. Her lips curled slightly as she began to piece things together.

Dylan's motorcycle surged forward, expecting Sharon to panic. Instead, she stood calm, watching him like it was a game.

Dylan was baffled. He had come looking to cause trouble for Sharon. Last night, Sophie said Tilda would deal with Sharon. He had waited anxiously all night but didn't see a sign of it

Dylan, frustrated by Tilda's unreliability, sought out Sharon, attempting to intimidate her. But Sharon's unexpected reaction left him shocked.

As he neared, he hesitated to strike. Just as he was about to retreat, a loud bang echoed, startling him.

As he regained his senses, he saw a car had suddenly appeared, blocking him and Sharon. His motorcycle crashed into the car's door, shattered into pieces and denting the car

Dylan hit the ground hard, groaning as he tried to rise. When he saw the car, his mouth hung open in disbelief, speechless,

A man in a suit jumped out of the car.

"Are you okay?" the man asked Sharon.

Sharon looked up at the man who appeared to be in his twenties or thirties, with a square face and a trendy haircut.

"I'm fine." Sharon replied politely.

"Hey, you crashed into me!" Dylan groaned as he rubbed his waist, wearing a pained expression. "You've hit me and my motorcycle. How are you gonna make it right?"

The man stepped up to Dylan. "Dylan, if I hadn't stopped you you'd have hurt someone, Just take this ten dollars, get yourself some smokes, and hit the road. And that motorcycle? It should have been scraped long ago.

As soon as the man finished talking, Dylan immediately shrunk back, took the money silently, and left.

Sharon observed quietly as the man handled the situation, her eyes tracking Dylan until he vanished from view.

“Don’t worry, Dylan’s all bark and no bite. He won’t bother you again,” the man reassured Sharon as he walked back, his eyes sparkling with enthusiasm.

“Thanks,” Sharon said politely. Even though she didn’t need help, she appreciated his intervention.

“No need for that, Sharon,” he said, running a hand through his hair and surprisingly calling her by her name.

Sharon looked over at him, slightly surprised.

“I’m Brandon Harris,” he added, introducing herself. “We were classmates, remember?”

It suddenly dawned on Sharon that back in elementary and middle school, there was indeed such a guy in her class.

Brandon was now driving a BMW worth over 400 thousand dollars, a clear sign that he’d been raking in the cash these past few years.

Brandon noticed Sharon eyeing his car, so he casually walked over and gave it a pat. “Been helping out Dad lately,” he said modestly.

When Sharon was little, Brandon’s dad was already the richest guy in the village. Judging by Brandon’s attitude now, it seemed like things hadn’t changed much.

“Your car door was damaged. How much for the repairs? I’ll cover it,” Sharon said casually, shifting her gaze away.

“No need” Brandon shook his head. “This minor damage, I can handle it through insurance.”

He returned to stand in front of Sharon, his gaze now tender, “Sharon, I heard you came back and about the Evans thing, I planned to help at the police station, but you and your dad had already left. Figured you were tired, so I didn’t bother.” Brandon’s eyes hinted at something deeper, though he didn’t say it outright.

Ignoring the subtext. Sharon casually said, “If insurance doesn’t cover it, hit me up for the bill. She nodded politely before walking off.

Chapter 30

Brandon suddenly grabbed her arm. "Hey, I heard about your divorce and that you moved back to your dad's place with your kid. Look, I've had a thing for you since way back in elementary school. I've been solo all this time. So, how about giving us a shot?"

Sharon turned back, surprised. Despite being classmates since they were kids, she had no idea he had feelings for her.

Brandon quickly reassured her, "Don't worry about your daughter. I'm cool with it. I'll treat her like my own. I promise!"

This sudden confession caught Sharon off guard, leaving her speechless for a while.

A mocking laugh snapped her out of it. Brandon heard it too and turned to see where it came from. Spotting three unfamiliar faces, he froze.

The leader sneered with disdain, his eyes filled with irritating sarcasm.

Brandon felt uneasy for a second but since he didn't know them, he figured it wasn't his place to call them out.

g to track down Edwin and trailing

The man sauntered over, scoffing, "Why bother, Sharon? You're divorced, yet you're still nosing around, trying to hit on him here."

Sharon also spotted the three individuals. Her attention was drawn to the man and woman standing to the side, so she initially overlooked the man confronting her.

"Edric" the woman called out, disapproving of the man's behavior. She was dressed in white, her figure graceful and her beauty captivating

Edwin stood beside Tilda, their intimacy evident in their silent connection.

Edwin looked distant, lips tight, brows furrowed, lost in his thoughts.

Edric smirked, glancing at Edwin and Tilda, suggesting that Sharon's plan was transparent. "Thinking some staged confession will sway Edwin? That's wishful thinking." He didn't mince words, as usual,

"What's all this about staging? I'm not part of any act here," Brandon chimed in, feeling uneasy about Edric's insinuation. As the wealthiest guy around, he had no reason to put on a show.

Edric snorted, unconvinced. “Come on, don’t play dumb. If she wasn’t following us, why would she show up out here?”