

Resume 101

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 101

Someone in This World Is Looking Forwa

There were a lot of pregnant women with big bellies who came for the pregnancy check-ups. Sharon seemed much more relaxed than those expectant mothers.

However, this was the first time that she had company.

There were many people here and it was noisy, and some pregnant women were angry with their husbands.

Sharon had to take the examination and also took care of Jameson, who was out of place and had no idea what to do.

She suddenly felt that it was useless to ask a man for help. Men could do nothing but cause trouble.

She should have come alone and do things by herself.

No wonder those pregnant women who were sooner to give birth than she was were not satisfied with their husbands.

Jameson noticed her gaze and turned to her.

He said unhappily, "Why are you looking at me?"

Sharon smiled at him, "There are a lot of people here. If you feel noisy, wait for me outside."

"When did I say that I feel noisy?" Sharon licked her lips.

"I can tell from your expression" She really shouldn't have said that in the morning.

If she had come by herself, it would be much easier.

She said, "I shall go in. If you don't want to wait for so long, you can leave at any time."

Jameson looked at her coldly without saying a word.

Jameson watched her go in before leaning against the wall at the door.

He looked at the pregnant woman sitting not far away.

She had a big belly and should be giving birth soon.

Her husband squatted beside her.

He touched her belly, put his ear to her belly, and then said in surprise, "Honey, he kicked me!"

The woman said, "He was asleep the whole time during the examination, didn't make a move at all."

"It seems that he wants me to talk with him."

The man looked at her belly and continued, "Darling, can you hear my voice? You really want to see me, don't you? Just wait a few more days and you'll be able to come to this world."

The woman pushed the man and smiled, "Why are you talking to him like this? He doesn't understand."

"Tell you what, I've heard that a child can feel the emotions of an adult in his mother's belly. We just need to talk to him more and let him know that there are people in this world looking forward to his arrival. Then, he will be born smoothly without letting you suffer."

Not long after, the young couple left.

Sharon came out and saw Jameson staring at the two empty Seats.

It was uneasy to tell from his face what he was thinking.

She stretched out her hand and waved it in front of him, "Mr. Proctor?"

Jameson withdrew his gaze and glanced at her expressionlessly, "Is the examination finished?"

"Yes. Let's go."

Sharon got up early today and was sleepy on the way back. It was quiet inside the car.

Not long after, she fell asleep by the window.

When she woke up, she found that the car was parking beside the mall.

Jameson unbuckled his seat belt and said, "Get out of the car since you are awake." Sharon rubbed her eyes.

Before she could figure out what was going on, she got out of the car.

After following Jameson for a while, she asked, "Mr. Proctor, do you want to buy something?"

She suddenly felt that it was an unnecessary question. It was just a businessman who came to inspect the mall.

Thinking about how Jameson had accompanied her to the hospital, although it was meaningless, she still strolled around with him.

Sharon followed behind him, yawning constantly.

When Jameson stopped, she realized that they were at the kid's section.

She was stunned for a while.

She remembered a sentence that it was the easiest to earn money from products for women and children.

It wasn't surprising for him to come here.

Jameson turned around and said arrogantly, "Choose by yourself."

Sharon was dumbfounded.

'What to choose?' She looked around and asked, "Mr.Proctor, can you give me a hint?"

Jameson was somewhat dissatisfied, "What else can you choose from here?"

Sharon didn't answer. She felt refreshed and looked around again.

Seeing that there were baby products all around them, she understood what he meant.

She paused before saying, "Thank you, Mr.Proctor. But no need. I've prepared for all these things..."

Jameson ignored her.

He went into a nearby shop directly and took whatever he saw.

Sharon didn't know how to react.

'Is this jerk insane?' She followed behind him and took the things he had taken out of the cart,

"Mr.Proctor, you..." Jameson turned around and threw the things she had just taken out back to the cart.

Sharon was completely lost for words.

She could only persuade, "Mr.Proctor, this toy you're holding is for children over three years old."

The shop assistant hurried over and said, "Mister and madam, how old are your children? I can recommend something suitable for them."

"Well..."

Jameson said, "In her belly."

Sharon still did not know what had happened to this jerk when they left the mall.

He almost emptied the nearby baby stores.

The shop assistants seemed to have never seen such a wealthy person.

They all said that they could deliver goods to their homes.

Jameson could see Sharon's hesitation, so he asked, "Do you want to buy something?"

Sharon blurted, "No, no, thank you for your kindness, Mr.Proctor. I don't want to buy anything, not at all."

Jameson snorted and bent down to get in the car.

Sharon heaved a sigh of relief.

This nightmare was finally over.

On their way back, Sharon was wide awake.

She sat in the passenger seat and looked at the man beside her a few times.

Finally, she couldn't help but ask, "Mr.Proctor, why did you buy these?"

Jameson did not look at her, "Just for fun."

Sharon didn't ask further. This was just his style.

So, she stopped talking.

Unexpectedly, after a few minutes, Jameson talked to her, "When is your due date?"

Sharon didn't expect him to ask about this.

She was at a loss for a moment before answering, "If it is a full-term pregnancy, there will still be 21 weeks. Almost five months."

"Okay."

Jameson did not say anything else.

Sharon lowered the window and looked at the scenery outside.

The question Jameson asked meant that he would allow her to give birth to the child, right? Thinking of this, Sharon smiled.

She felt that she would be in a good mood all day.

Jameson put on a faint smile when he saw her leaning against the window through the mirror.

His expression became softer.

Perhaps people could not totally identify with other people, but they could be affected by others.

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Why Do You Want to Marry Me Again

In the afternoon, a few cars delivered by the baby shops arrived one after another.

The noise attracted quite a few neighbors to come over.

Sharon really didn't want to be embarrassed.

She pretended to take a nap and refused to go downstairs no matter what happened.

Charlotte was startled when she saw the boxes of things being brought in one by one.

Mary poked her arm and said with a beaming expression, "Do you see that?"

"See what?"

"It is obvious that they might get married again!"

Mary whispered, "According to my observations over the past few days, Sharon and Jameson like each other. They will definitely get married in a few days. And you will be the grandma soon!"

Hearing the last sentence, Charlotte lowered her eyes and smiled faintly.

Sharon didn't know when the courtyard was silent again. She fell asleep.

When she woke up, the phone at the bedside was ringing.

It was an unfamiliar number.

She picked up the phone, "Hello, who is this?"

"Hello, Ms. Allyson. This is the South City Prison. Is Josh Allyson your father?"

"Yes," Sharon said after a moment of silence.

"Ms. Allyson, there were a few prisoners who attempted to escape from the prison set a fire last night. A few of them failed to escape and died in the fire, including Josh. According to the rules, the ashes should be handed over to his family members. If the family members refuse, the ashes will be dealt with by our prison."

Hearing this, Sharon was in a daze.

After a long time, he said, "He died?"

"Yes, please go to South City Prison within three days if you want his ashes."

"Alright, thank you."

After hanging up the phone, Sharon sat on the bed and was absent-minded for a long time.

A few days ago, she was thinking that if she could, she would never want to hear the news about Josh again for the rest of her life.

She never expected that the last news about Josh was his death.

When Sharon went downstairs, Jameson was sitting in the courtyard dealing with his work while Jacob was standing beside him.

Seeing Sharon, Jacob nodded slightly to her and left.

Sharon sat opposite Jameson and thought for a while before saying, "Mr. Proctor."

Jameson was still staring at the laptop.

He did not raise his head but said, "What?"

"Did you handle Josh's imprisonment?"

"Why do you think...?"

Jameson looked up and saw that her face was somehow pale.

"It was Jacob."

"Thank you, Mr. Proctor," Sharon replied.

She knew that if Josh was not sent into prison, he would be a time bomb for her and Ruben.

Even if she left, he would still trouble Ruben. And Josh would never stop.

"What do you mean?"

Jameson closed the laptop.

Sharon shook her head and said, "Nothing. I just want to thank you."

Speaking of which, Jameson seemed to have helped her a lot without letting her know.

"Mr. Proctor, I'll get out of your hair. I'm going out for a walk."

As soon as she left, Jacob hurriedly came in.

"Mr. Proctor, I just got the news that there was a fire in the South City Prison last night. Mrs. Proctor's father ...died on the spot. It seems that Mrs. Proctor has been contacted to claim the ashes.' Jameson pursed his thin lips and stood up.

"I see."

When Jameson found Sharon, she was lying on the stone fence by the river. He walked over slowly and stood beside her.

"Mr. Proctor?"

Sharon turned her head when she heard the sound.

Jameson asked, "What are you doing here?"

"Just ...just take a walk."

Jameson snorted and didn't say anything.

After a while, Sharon said, "Mr. Proctor, when are you going back to South City?"

"Tomorrow.' Sharon was just asking. She didn't expect his answer would be tomorrow.

She was astonished for a moment before saying, "Alright."

During this period of time, she had always hoped that he would leave soon.

But now that her dream came true, she was not as happy as she imagined.

She thought for a moment and said, "Is Charlotte with you?"

"No."

'That's reasonable. Charlotte will not want to go back to South City.

"Then ...will you come to visit her in the future?"

Jameson tilted his head to look at her, "What answer do you expect?"

Sharon remained silent.

She did not know what kind of answer she was expecting.

Besides, it had nothing to do with her whether Jameson would come back in the future.

The questions she asked were to poke her nose into his business.

Soon, Jameson's voice sounded, "If you don't want his ashes, you don't have to go to the prison."

Sharon didn't respond.

She was not surprised that he would know about this matter.

After all, he was the one who sent Josh to prison.

Actually, Sharon was not annoyed by whether or not she would go to get Josh's ashes.

Instead, once she went, she would have to return to South City.

At that time, it might not be so easy for her to leave.

She had too many bad memories of that place.

She always felt that there would definitely not be anything good waiting for her when she returned.

Before Sharon could speak, Jameson added, "He's dead. It's useless for you to think about this now. Why don't you think about what I said?"

"What did you say?"

Sharon was confused.

Jameson took a cold glance at her.

Sharon was even more puzzled.

'He's not talking about marriage, is he?' She thought that he wasn't being serious at that time.

Sharon smiled with embarrassment, "Mr. Proctor, I think you should be the one to think about this. Aren't you afraid that I have some intentions?"

"You think too highly of yourself."

"Then may I ask why you marry me again?"

After a few seconds, Jameson looked at her, "Sharon, if you were me, would you let a woman pregnant with your child out of your control?"

Sharon felt at a loss before she wanted to say something.

Sure enough, he had come for this.

Whether it was what he had done in the past few days or that he had proposed to her, his only goal had always been the child in her belly.

Fortunately...

She didn't really fall for him.

Sharon said, "Mr.Proctor, I will do my best to let you know my whereabouts.I will also let you know the news of the child as soon as possible.I will not let your father ...the people of the Proctor family know about my pregnancy.As for marriage, forget it."

It was not easy for her to get rid of the marriage that had bound her for three years without any love.

She would only marry him again when she was crazy.

After a long silence, Jameson said in a cold voice, "Pack your things for the flight at 8 p.m.tomorrow.'

Before Sharon could reply, he turned around and strode away.

Sharon withdrew her gaze when he was far away.She watched the last trace of sunset setting and sighed silently.

She thought to herself, "I still have to go back."

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Please

At night, when Sharon was packing in her room, she heard a light knock at the door, "Sharon, are you asleep?"

Sharon opened the door, "Charlotte."

Charlotte saw the suitcase in the room, "I heard Jameson say that he is going back tomorrow.Are you leaving with him?"

Sharon nodded, "I have some matters to attend to in the South City." Charlotte handed her the bag in her hand, "These are all small clothes that I have knitted recently.Take them with you.Maybe they will be useful in the future."

"Thank you, Charlotte."

Sharon took it, "Will you never return to South City in the future?"

Charlotte smiled calmly, "I'm not going back.There's nothing left for me to miss about that place."

"What about Jameson...?"

"It's up to him.If he has spare time, he can come back to visit me.It doesn't matter if he doesn't.After all, I have never fulfilled my duty as a mother."

Sharon didn't know what to say, so she could only nod silently.

After a few seconds, Charlotte said, "Sharon, I don't know what happened between you and Jameson, and I don't have the qualifications to judge it.But ...Although his temper is bad sometimes, he has a sharp tongue but a soft heart.I can tell that he does care about you, but he doesn't know how to express his feelings.'

Sharon knew that Jameson, that jerk, had a sharp tongue even if she didn't tell her.

He had the talent for putting a good thing in the worst way.

Moreover, living in a place like the Proctor family that was filled with intrigue and schemes, he had long since gotten used to judging people from their darkest side, and evaluating his gains and losses to the greatest extent possible.

It was precisely because Sharon knew these that she wanted to keep as far away from him as possible and didn't allow herself to be involved in the battle between him and the Proctor family.

However...

Sharon looked down at her belly. She probably knew why Jameson did not want this child.

However, as a mother, especially when she had lost a child, it was merciful for the God to bless her with a child again.

She would not deprive this child of the opportunity to come to this world.

No matter what happened.

After a long silence, Sharon answered, "Charlotte, the thing between Jameson and I doesn't work in all respects. The reason why we got married was because..."

Halfway through her words, Sharon laughed, "No matter what, it's my problem. I should bear the consequences."

Charlotte sighed silently.

She didn't say anything else but just told her to take care of herself after she returned.

If there was anything happening, just call her. Then she left.

Just as Sharon was about to close the door, she saw Jameson standing not far away, staring coldly at her.

She pursed her lips, "Mr. Proctor." With one hand in his pants pocket, he said indifferently, "Tell me, what consequences did you bear?"

"Didn't I take on your mockery and sarcasm for three years?"

"Our divorce is the consequence," said Sharon sincerely.

"Sharon, if you think you can pretend nothing happened after divorce, then you are too naive."

"I know that divorce may compensate for nothing.

Maybe you believe I have done this with ulterior motives, but this is the only thing I can do." "If you are truly ready to bear the consequences, why don't you think about what you should do when the Proctor family finds out your pregnancy?"

Then he returned to his room.

Sharon was stunned.

She suddenly realized that Jameson did not acquiesce that she could give birth to this child.

The premise was ...without the Proctor family knowing about it.

In other words, once the Proctor family discovered that she was pregnant, Jameson would never give her the permission.

After a while, Sharon recovered from shock and felt her fingers turn cold.

Sharon sat by the bed and looked out of the window blankly.

Could she protect this child and give birth safely without the Proctor family knowing about it? However, Sharon thought for a moment and realized that she did not have much contact with the Proctor family.

Except Erica, she had hardly met any of them at all.

Although she had been in contact with Jeffery for work, it was impossible for him to customize jewelry for his mother at all times.

Therefore, theoretically, as long as she avoided the lunatic Erica, she should be fine.

Sharon took a deep breath and continued to pack her things.

She put the small socks and clothes that Charlotte had knitted into her suitcase.

Despite comforting herself, Sharon was still worried beyond words.

When she saw baby products in the room, she hesitated for a long time before leaving the room.

She knocked on Jameson's door and asked in a low voice, "Mr.Proctor, are you asleep?"

After two minutes, the door was opened.

Jameson seemed to have been woken up in his sleep.

Being extremely impatient, he kept his temper and said, "Sharon, I remember that I told you if you were to come at midnight again..."

Sharon retorted in a low voice, "You said that I couldn't call you at midnight, but you didn't say I was not allowed to come to you."

Jameson was silenced.

Sharon ignored his bad attitude and added, "I want to talk about the child."

"Go on."

"I guarantee that I will avoid the Proctor family no matter where I go, but I...I am not that powerful, so I want to ask you for help.You must have a way to prevent them from discovering that I'm pregnant."

Jameson looked at her emotionlessly, "Why do you think I will help you?"

Sharon pursed her lips, "Mr.Proctor, you bought so many baby products today, so..."

"I didn't think too much before buying these things.It doesn't prove anything."

Sharon knew he would say so.

After thinking for a few seconds, she softly tugged at his sleeve, "Please."

Jameson's deep black eyes focused on her as his apple bobbed.

He quickly turned his gaze away, "I don't see your sincerity.'

Sharon curled her lips and put her hand down, "What do you want me to do, Mr.Proctor?"

"Move back to the Star Lake Mansion, and then I can try to help you hide it from the Proctor family. But if you are found pregnant outside, it has nothing to do with me."

Sharon did not expect this demand, but compared to those previous harsh ones giving no human rights, it was much better.

Moreover, it was much safer for her to move to the Star Lake Mansion somewhat.

There should not be any problems if she just commuted between the company and the house every day.

Seeing that she keep silent, Jameson was dissatisfactory.

This woman still did not know how to appreciate as ever.

Just as he was about to speak, Sharon whispered, "OK, I'll move back."

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 104

A Bloodless Man

The next afternoon, Mary brought Sharon and Jameson a lot of local specialties after hearing that they were going to leave.

Then, she pulled Sharon into a corner and asked, "Sharon, are you going to get back together with Jameson?"

Sharon was speechless.

Was this why Mary visited? "No..."

"Don't stand on ceremony with me. I've been observing Jameson these days. He is decent, rich and handsome. If you don't seize the chance, other girls would do it soon.'

"Mary, I..."

"Sharon, listen to me. When you are in my age, you will find that all your argument is not a big deal. On the contrary, it is an indication of closeness. I'm old now. If it is twenty years ago..."

Mary spoke for a long time.

Sharon could not interrupt her.

In the end, she just gave up and listened to her.

When Sharon left, she looked at the place where she had lived for a month.

Somehow, she felt as if she was leaving home.

Charlotte, Mary and the neighbors made her feel as if she was at home.

Jameson didn't understand Sharon's feeling, "It's not like we won't come back in the future. Why are you so sad?"

Sharon sighed, "Well, a bloodless man like you will never understand what it means to leave a group of people who stay with you for long."

Jameson's face clouded over, "Sharon!"

"Let's go, Mr. Proctor" Sharon smiled.

Mary and Charlotte planned to send them to the airport.

However, Sharon refused, fearing that it would increase her sadness and that Mary would mention their marriage again.

Moreover, she knew that Mary and Charlotte didn't like that occasion.

When the car drove out of the Bridge Street, Sharon felt as if it was a dream. Now, the dream was over.

She had to cheer up in order to deal with what was about to happen.

After getting off the plane, Sharon said, "Jameson, I'd better go home today to pack up my things and move tomorrow."

"As you wish."

Jameson soon left after this conversation.

Actually, Sharon didn't have much to pack.

She had brought everything she could as she escaped from the South City.

Now, all her belongings were in her suitcase. She just didn't want to stay with him.

It was her excuse so that she could be alone for a night.

Sharon walked slowly behind Jameson.

After leaving the airport, she was about to call a taxi when Jacob appeared and said, "Sharon, let me take you home."

"Aren't you with Jameson?"

"He needs to go to the company. He instructs me to take you home."

"OK "

They went into the car.

Sharon was trying to tell Jacob her address as she saw he had entered it into the navigation system. Sharon was lost for words.

Jacob laughed awkwardly.

He could only hide his embarrassment with laughter.

Sharon was not surprised to find that Jacob knew where she lived.

He dealt with everything for Jameson.

She would be surprised if he didn't know her address.

After they arrived, Jacob took her suitcase down.

"Sharon, Mr.Proctor asks me to pick you up tomorrow.What time will suit you?"

Sharon said, "No, thanks.I can go by myself."

After she finished speaking, Sharon saw Jacob's hesitant expression.

She gritted her teeth, "Tell Jameson that I will be there!"

"Alright, see you later.' Jacob quickly slipped away.

Seeing the black car vanish, Sharon turned around and entered the apartment.

Sharon went upstairs and turned on the light.

Looking at this room, she lowered her head and sighed.

Actually, she had only lived here for less than a month.

It was not her home at all.

It was already one o'clock in the morning after packing everything up.

Sharon sat on the bed.

After thinking for a long time, she sent a message to Ruben.

"Ruben, could you go to the South City Prison with me tomorrow morning?"

Ruben did not sleep either.

After receiving the message, he called, "Have you returned?"

"Yes, I just got off the plane."

Ruben asked, "What are you going to do in the prison?"

Sharon looked out of the window and said,"Josh is dead."

On the phone, Ruben asked in a calm voice, "How?"

"He caused a fire when he tried to escape from the prison.He died on the spot.'

"OK, I'll pick you up tomorrow,' Ruben said.

"Alright."

The next day, early in the morning, a drizzle veiled the whole city.

Sharon, dressed in black, went to the prison with Ruben.

After stating the reason for their visit, Sharon and Ruben were brought to the place where the ashes were kept.

"Josh's ashes and remains are here. You can take the items away after signing here."

The form was signed by Ruben.

The guard looked at him and Sharon and said, "I don't expect Josh to have children like you. He's lucky."

Josh had caused a lot of trouble since he came here.

He would either be on the way to fight or get kicked in the a*s.

He kept boasting that his son-in-law was the president of the Proctor Group.

He was a typical ruffian.

However, his boasts did work.

He gathered a group of people to escape with him, but they didn't succeed.

After signing, Ruben glanced at Josh's ashes and said nothing.

"Can we go now?" Sharon asked.

"Yeah." The guard answered and gave them Josh's items.

Looking at the back of Ruben and Sharon, the guard was filled with curiosity.

How could Josh have these children? Did he kidnap them from somewhere? After leaving the prison, Ruben said, "I will deal with the rest. Go home to rest."

Knowing that Ruben didn't want her to face Josh, Sharon put on a forced smile and said, "He's already dead. Why do I have to think about what he has done? Furthermore, I wouldn't be here if I mind."

Ruben smiled, "Whatever, you're pregnant. It's not appropriate for you to go to the cemetery. I'll handle it."

"Ruben, I'm fine. Don't worry. Let's go."

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He Seemed to Be Nailed to the Stigma

Josh's funeral was very simple, not so much a proper funeral as a simple ceremony.

Only his name but nothing more was engraved on the tombstone.

Holding an umbrella, Ruben stood beside Sharon, "He made his own bed and lied in it. He can blame no one for this end."

It was their last duty to bring his ashes back and to find a cemetery to bury them. Sharon did not say anything.

After staring at Josh's tombstone for a while, she said, "Ruben, let's leave here."

No matter what unforgivable things Josh had done in the past, it ended here. She was finally relieved.

After leaving the cemetery, Sharon and Ruben returned to the old house and tidied up the things left behind by Josh.

This house was in an old-fashioned residential building.

The location was not good and was not worth much money.

However, according to Josh's personality, he should have tried to mortgage this house to pay back the money.

However, for some reason, he never seemed to think of that.

It should be a long time since Josh came back.

Everything in the house was dusty.

After entering, Ruben waved and said to Sharon, "Wait outside. There's too much dust inside."

Sharon nodded, "OK."

Ruben found a cardboard box and packed Josh's things.

Sharon stood on the balcony and looked at the place where she had grown up. She couldn't tell what she felt.

From the moment she could remember, Josh had always been a scoundrel.

However, when she was young, he had not become an inveterate gambler.

Although he was addicted to alcohol and always in debt, he could occasionally realize that he still had two children and vowed to change his behaviors.

However, it would not be two days before he returned to a scoundrel.

The further he went, the fiercer he became.

When Sharon was lost in thought, Ruben took out a locked old-fashioned suitcase from Josh's room.

Judging from the marks, it had not been opened for years.

When Sharon saw that Ruben was looking for a tool to pick the lock, she asked, "Do you want to open it?"

"I saw him open the box once before. There should be something important to him inside," Ruben said as he looked for the tool.

Sharon opened her mouth, but did not say anything.

After all, she also wanted to see what was inside.

However, she guessed that it was most likely about their mother.

Her mother died in childbirth and there was no picture of her at home.

Not only did Sharon forget what she looked like, but Ruben had never seen her before.

Soon Ruben unlocked the box.

After the dust against her face, Sharon saw what was inside.

There were several yellowed photographs, a diary, and a pocket watch.

Ruben picked up one photo.

On it was a picture of a beautiful woman and a man.

However, the man's face was scratched by an edge tool, so he could not see who he was.

However, judging from his figure and clothes, it was obvious that he was not Josh.

The second photo was of a family of three: a woman, a man with a scratched face, and a little girl sitting in the middle of them.

Ruben flipped through the photos, and found that the rest were all with the scratched man.

Sharon picked up the diary and did not notice Ruben's pause. From the narration, she could tell this diary had belonged to Josh.

It Recorded the entire process of how he had carried a torch for a girl.

However, it did not specify the identity of the girl.

It was about the mood changes when he saw her every day.

The diary had ended when the girl had gotten married.

Sharon flipped through it and found that there was another line on the last page.

"She promised to marry me. This day finally comes." The handwriting showed that this line was written a long time after the previous ones.

Sharon put down the diary, turned around and saw Ruben sitting there and staring at the photos without a word.

She asked softly, "Ruben, what's wrong?"

Ruben handed her the photos in his hand and got up to leave.

Sharon looked at the photos and gradually widened her eyes.

If she was right, the photos should have been scratched by Josh.

The man on it...

After a long time, Sharon put them back into the box and walked to the living room.

Ruben lowered his head and continued to pack quietly.

When he heard the Sharon coming, he did not raise his head, "You can go back.I'll do the rest."

"Ruben,' Sharon whispered to him, "I saw the photos.It doesn't mean anything.'

Ruben said after a silence, "Every day in my dreams, I wished if it was possible that I'm not Josh's biological child.Even when I opened the box just now, I was hoping that there might be some of his secrets inside.Perhaps we were just adopted by him, but I didn't expect..."

Unexpectedly, Josh's secret was hidden inside.

However, only Sharon was not Josh's biological child.

Before this, Ruben only hated himself for having such a father and promised to protect his sister, but after knowing the truth, he did not know how to face Sharon.

Without Josh, she would not have been forced to go this far.

Now, Ruben felt himself nailed to stigma.

"Ruben, in those desperate days, I thought what if Josh wasn't my father.I might be able to get rid of him completely and to start my own life.But now, is there any difference in whether he was or not?"

Sharon said calmly.

"No matter what, I called him father for more than twenty years.The man in the photos is a pure stranger to me.He has never come to see me for so many years.Maybe he is no better than Josh."

Seeing him keep quiet, Sharon continued, "Ruben, even though I'm not Josh's child, I'm still your sister.We have the same blood."

Apart from their different fathers, they had the same mother.

After a while, Ruben said dully, "I know.' Sharon smiled, "That's right.There's few left.Let's go."

"Wait."

Ruben returned to the balcony, and took out all the things in the box.

He handed the photos and pocket watch to Sharon, "Keep them.They might be useful in the future."

As he spoke, he threw Josh's diary into the cardboard box and carried them away together.

Sharon looked at the photos and then at him, "Ruben, do you want to keep..."

"No.I've never seen her before.To me, it doesn't matter what she looked like."

Sharon said, "Then I'll keep them.If you want to see her, you can ask me for the photos."

She knew that Ruben did not want the photos because their mother was not alone on them.

She was with that man.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 106

Stop Dawdling, Sharon In the Proctor Group...

After Jacob finished his report, he asked, "Mr.Proctor, anything else before I leave?"

"There is one thing.' Jameson stopped him and thought about it before raising his head.

He asked indifferently, "Has Sharon moved to Star Lake Mansion?"

"No..."

Jameson put down his pen and said unhappily, "What is she doing?"

"Mrs.Proctor went to the South City for her father's urn this morning and to the cemetery this afternoon.I guess she is on the way to Star Lake Mansion." Jacob said.

Hearing this, Jameson snorted and just said, "Okay, you can go."

Sharon, that heartless woman, actually wasted her sympathy in this.

It was meaningless! Jameson's phone rang.

It was from William.

He answered the phone.

William asked, "You went back to South City?"

"Yes."

"This project gives you more trouble than I expected.You've spent much time on this."

Jameson said coldly, "What exactly do you want to say?"

William laughed, "Sorry, I'm just very concerned about you.I'm very curious about it.The Proctors are in a sharp struggle while you take time out of your busy schedule to start that Bridge Street project.It is unnecessary.Albert is very happy during this period, right?"

"I want to make him feel that he can take advantage of this opportunity.I'm waiting for his next move."

Jameson continued in the matter-of-fact tone, "What's more, Bridge Street is an important project for the Proctor Group at the end of the year."

"Okay, if you say so.Do you have time for a drink tonight?"

Jameson glanced at the pile of documents in front of him and pursed his thin lips, "No."

William said nothing.

Because he knew Jameson was stubborn.

After hanging up, Jameson stared at the screen and dialed Sharon's number.

Sharon just arrived home when her phone rang.

She slowly answered, "Mr.Proctor, what else?"

Jameson said coldly, "Sharon, you know I'm closely watched by the Proctors, right?"

"Yes ...partially.' She got it from financial newspapers.

They said that Albert felt it was difficult to take Jameson under his control, and he began to weaken Jameson's power.

Albert's intentions were very obvious.

That was why he insisted that Erica should marry Martin.

"Stop dawdling, Sharon!"

Sharon was lost for words.

Jameson added, "I've said that I wouldn't help you if someone knows you are pregnant.'

"Thank you for your reminder, Mr.Proctor.I'm packing."

"Stay at home after packing.I'll have Jacob pick you up.'

"Okay."

After hanging up the phone, Sharon unlocked the suitcase she took here yesterday and put the toiletries in.

About half an hour later, Sharon received a call from Jacob.

Before she left, she saw a paper bag at the door, which contained the photos and a pocket watch.

She found them in Josh's house.

Sharon stared at that paper bag, and then took it.

They arrived at the Star Lake Mansion.

Jacob said, "Mrs.Proctor, Mr.Proctor has a lot of things to do in the Proctor Group.He will be back very late."

"Oh." Sharon said.

Why did he tell her this? She wouldn't wait for Jameson anyway.

Jacob coughed and took the suitcase for Sharon.

Then he said, "Mrs.Proctor, I should go."

Sharon nodded, "Okay, thank you."

"You're welcome.It's all my duty."

Just as Jacob left, a servant came out.

She was very happy when she found it was Sharon.

And there was a suitcase.

The servant took the suitcase and walked in.

“Mrs.Proctor, welcome back! You and Mr.Proctor made up? I know that every young couple will have their fights.But they will work it out after a night.”

Sharon said nothing.

Sharon forced a smile.

She wanted to explain that she stayed here just for keeping the secret that she was pregnant.

However, it would only make things worse.

So, she didn't say anything.

Anyways, she didn't care about what others thought.

Upon reaching the second floor, the servant was about to take her suitcase to the master bedroom while Sharon opened the door beside her and said, “I'll live here.’

The servant was confused, “Mrs.Proctor, you don't...”

Sharon smiled and took her suitcase, said, “I can do it myself.Thank you.You can go.”

Hearing this, the servant did not ask more, and left.

Sharon closed the door and took a deep breath.

She didn't expect that she would come back to this place again.

She was resolved not to come back here when she left.

Well, she ate her words.

She thought the right way to keep her baby safe was to stay away from Jameson, rather than to live at Star Lake Mansion with him.

She would be angry with him every day.

However, she had no other choice for her situation.

Jameson, that jerk, kept a close eye on her.

She had no choice but to do whatever he wanted her to do.

She could only let nature take its course.

There were five months left before the child would be born.

She believed that she could find a way to escape this place undetected.

There were exceptions.

She just had to wait for a good opportunity.

Sharon didn't take much luggage when she left, and she came here with light packs.

After keeping her things tidy in a short time, Sharon took a nap.

In her dream, she vaguely heard a loud explosion.

Then, a huge fire was blazing.

A girl was calling her father in a heartbroken voice.

Then, Sharon found that she was the girl.

She wanted to rush into the flames, but someone held her tightly.

The fire was raging and spreading.

And the soaring temperature hit her, like needles piercing her skin.

The scorching heat enveloped her.

Sharon woke up from startle and suddenly sat up.

She looked at the gray sky outside and realized that she had had a dream.

The servant's voice came from outside, "Mrs.Proctor, dinner is ready."

Sharon licked her dried lips and said, "Alright, I'm coming."

She went to the bathroom to wash her face with cold water.

And she finally calmed down.

Sharon stood in front of the mirror and was stunned for a while.

Then, she turned around and left the room.

Why did she have that nightmare? It must have something to do with the photos she saw today.

Sharon took out the photos again.

But she couldn't recall what happened that time, nor could she figure out what the man looked like.

She picked up the pocket watch beside her and still couldn't get any memories about it.

Sharon inferred that her mother married Josh with her from these photos and Josh's diary.

But what happened in the middle of the story? Why did she forget what happened in her childhood?

Could it have connection to the explosion in her dream?

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 107

Did You Do It on Purpose?

Because of that nightmare in the afternoon, Sharon couldn't sleep late at night, but kept tossing and turning in bed.

She simply got up to sort through the drafts of this period.

She used to live far away from the company and could work online, but now that she had returned, she had to go Lumiere Jewelry and report her work.

While she was sorting out the drafts, Sharon heard footsteps coming from the corridor.

Soon after, the door to the next room was opened.

It must be Jameson.

Sharon looked at her phone subconsciously and saw that it was one o'clock in the morning.

When they lived on Bridge Street, Sharon felt that the jerk was quite idle every day.

Apart from dealing with the documents sent by Jacob occasionally, he was messing with her most of the time.

She didn't expect that he would get so busy after returning to the South City.

After sorting the drafts, Sharon felt a little hungry.

She opened the door and went downstairs to get some food.

Sharon looked at the food in the fridge and did not feel like eating it.

Fortunately, there were many ingredients, so she could cook herself.

Sharon took out chicken wings and potatoes to make a dish.

The chicken wings were clean.

She only needed to remove the bones and add some cooking wine.

Then she cut the potatoes into strips and stuffed them into the chicken wings and put them into the pot to fry.

After doing all this, she added water and simmered for 20 minutes.

Sharon covered the pot and wiped her hands.

Just as she turned around, she saw Jameson leaning against the kitchen door with his hands in his pants pockets and looking at her quietly.

She thought, 'When did this jerk come?'

Jameson said softly, "Weren't you full tonight?"

Sharon nodded and said, "Yes, but I'm hungry again."

After saying that, Sharon was afraid that he would ridicule her for eating too much, so she added tentatively, "It's already one o'clock now, so it's okay to have some late-night snacks, isn't it?"

Jameson stepped forward and casually pulled a chair near the dining table to sit.

"You already had dinner, and now you are hungry again, but I haven't had lunch yet. What do you think?"

Sharon did not know what to say.

It wasn't she who didn't let him have lunch, why did he ask her? Thinking that she was the underdog, Sharon asked reluctantly, "What do you want to eat? I'll make it for you."

She had to wait here anyway.

Jameson said, "Whatever."

Sharon opened the refrigerator again and quickly scanned it.

It would take quite a while no matter what she cooked.

Moreover, he didn't even have lunch, so she couldn't give him anything spicy, or else his stomach would hurt.

Sharon finally took out two eggs and wanted to make an egg soup.

This should be done at the same time as her chicken wings with potatoes.

After putting the eggs in the pot, Sharon looked at the man sitting at the dining table and said, "Why don't you go upstairs and wait? I'll bring it to you."

"Do I bother you here?"

Sharon curled her lips and remained silent.

They both kept silent, waiting for the time to pass.

After a while, Jameson said, "You should avoid the smoke, right?"

"Well..." Sharon said.

"That doesn't matter. Furthermore, it depends on the situation. As long as the baby doesn't make a trouble, I'll be fine."

Of course, the most important thing was that not only was she hungry, the little fellow was also hungry.

Jameson glanced at her belly without saying anything.

Sharon rubbed her nose and looked back at the stove.

She knew that Jameson did not like the baby.

Thanks to his measly conscience, she could end up here.

She could not ask for anything else.

It didn't take long before the time was up.

Sharon lifted the lid of the pot and the aroma filled the entire kitchen. After sprinkling sesame and scallion, she used chopsticks to put the chicken wings on a plate.

Sharon went to bring out the egg soup and sprinkled sesame oil and scallion on it, then put it in front of Jameson.

"Alright, it's done.'

Jameson looked down at the egg soup in front of him and the chicken wings on her plate and said, "Sharon, did you do it on purpose?"

Sharon just picked up a chicken wing and heard his voice before she could bite it.

She followed his sight, looked down at her plate, and then at him.

The egg soup in front of him was tasteless compared to her chicken wings. It seemed that the difference was a little obvious.

"Well, you can't eat spicy and greasy food since you didn't have lunch, otherwise your stomach will hurt."

Jameson glanced at her and in a tone that revealed no emotion, he said, "Since you know so well, you must have stomachache often."

Sharon was silent again.

'Why did this jerk rake up the past?'

'He did it on purpose. Sharon got up and picked up another plate. She pulled out half of the chicken wings and pushed them in front of Jameson.

"Since you want to eat so much, you can eat this after finishing the egg soup."

Hearing this, Jameson said with dissatisfaction, "When did I say I wanted to eat?"

"Then I might have misunderstood. It's fine if you don't want to... Just as Sharon was about to pull the plate back, Jameson shot her a cold glance. What a dishonest man! Sharon smiled before she coughed and said seriously, "Mr. Proctor, hurry up and eat. It'll be cold in a while."

After saying that, Sharon ignored him and started eating her own food.

She was starving.

When she was full, she had a good stretch.

Seeing that Jameson didn't eat the chicken wings in his plate, she couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Proctor, aren't you going to eat them?"

Jameson said, "Are you full?"

"Yes..."

"Then why do you care so much?"

Once again, Sharon was lost for words.

He was really an ungrateful person.

Sharon ignored him and went upstairs after washing her own tableware.

Jameson squeezed his nose and sat there, not knowing what he was thinking.

After a long time, he stood up and left.

The next day, when Sharon woke up, Jameson already left.

Just as she was about to leave after breakfast, the driver hurriedly stepped forward and said, "Mrs.Proctor, let me drive you to work."

Sharon said, "No need.I..."

She was just going to work.

Asking the driver to drive her would be too much hassle.

"Madam, Mr.Proctor told me to drive you if you go out.'

"Alright." Sharon exhaled.

Sharon could even imagine what kind of grand principle that jerk could use to preach her if she didn't agree.

However, this car was too obtrusive.

Sharon had the driver stop at the intersection in front of Lumiere Jewelry.

The driver wanted to say something more, but Sharon was very persistent.

He could only give up.

"Then I'll wait for you nearby.' As he spoke, regardless of whether Sharon agreed or not, he hurried into the car and left.

Sharon took a deep breath and turned towards Lumiere Jewelry.

On the other side of the street, Rita could not help but frown as she watched this scene.

The contempt and disdain in her eyes were even more obvious.

She knew that Sharon's lofty appearance was all pretense.

In essence, she was a vain woman who would sell herself out for money.

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took Sharon to her office.

"Sharon, when did you come back? Why didn't you tell me?"

"I came back the day before yesterday.Tiffany, Josh died,' Sharon said.

Sharon told her the whole thing briefly and the photos she found in Josh's suitcase.

After Tiffany heard this, she felt much more comfortable.

"I'm not surprised at all.Josh...He doesn't act like a father.Even a bast*rd wont sell his own daughter.He's an unscrupulous person.'

Then Tiffany said, "What are you going to do now? Are you going to find your biological father?"

Sharon shook her head.

"No."

"Why? Don't you want to know what happened?"

"No matter what happened, it happened many years ago. Even if we find out the truth, it's meaningless." Tiffany thought for a while before asking tentatively.

"Sharon, is it because of Ruben?"

She knew Sharon too well. To Sharon, Ruben is far more important than her biological father whom she could not even remember.

Sharon smiled faintly.

"No. Josh is dead. We finally find peace. I don't want to find trouble for myself any more. Furthermore, if my biological father is still alive, he should find me. Since he isn't looking for me, either he died, or he has got married. If I find him, it may be unpleasant for both of us, right?"

Tiffany thought about it for a while, then skipped to another topic.

"But I'm more curious about another thing."

"What?"

"Are you going to marry Jameson again?"

Sharon remained silent.

Tiffany said seriously, "Don't try to avoid talking about this. After listening to you, I thought it over again. Even though Jameson might like you, a jerk like him never develops serious relationship. Look at Sheila. At that time, many people thought that she was going to marry Jameson. But she didn't. That jerk just desires for your beauty. It's just a whim and lust."

Sharon's lips twitched and said, "I know."

Even if Tiffany said nothing, Sharon knew very well that Jameson's sudden affection was probably because she had been his good wife.

When Sharon divorced and started her own life, she no longer resigned herself to it.

Since she changed, Jameson might find novelty.

Man was always a jerk.

Jameson said that they slept together in three years.

If he felt something for Sharon, he would have fallen in love with her a long time ago.

Sharon knew this very well.

Tiffany added, "Sharon, it's right on time. I'll move in with you. I'm going to sell my house. Every time I think of Asher who once lived in my house, I felt disgusted."

Sharon smiled awkwardly. Tiffany was confused.

Sharon touched her own neck unnaturally and said, "You can move to my house as you want. I don't live there."

"What? Then where do you live? Did you rent another house?"

Sharon knew that she wouldn't be able to keep a secret for long.

So, she confessed. Tiffany stopped talking.

After a while, she said seriously, "Sharon, we have been friends for so many years. If you and that jerk... Mr. Proctor are together, you must not tell him about me insulting him. Give me a chance to live please."

When Sharon and Tiffany came out of the office, they met Rita who was with a premium client.

Tiffany and Rita were incompatible with each other.

It was obvious that they were not glad to meet each other.

And they didn't even pretend to get along well at work.

When they met, a lady said gently, "Wait."

She turned around and looked at Sharon.

"You are the designer of Lumiere Jewelry, right? If I'm right, you are the designer of the First Love collection, Ally."

"Nice to meet you."

Sharon nodded slightly.

"I have been to Lumiere Jewelry a few times but didn't see you. I thought you left the company."

Sharon politely replied, "I had something to deal with. So, I asked for a leave."

Seeing this, Rita hurriedly stepped forward and said, "Miss Beale, we..."

Natalia smiled and interrupted Rita, "Don't worry. It's all right."

Then Natalia spoke to Sharon, "I like the First Love collection so much. One of my friends is about to get married. I want to give her a gift. Could you please design a wedding gift?"

Rita bit her lips and said, "Miss Beale..."

"Miss Beale, we won't change our plan. But she is an important friend. Besides, I can send more than one gift, right?"

Since Natalia said so, Rita didn't stop Natalia.

However, she was unhappy about this.

She managed to find the client. But Sharon just took advantage of it.

After speaking to Rita, Natalia looked at Sharon and asked softly, "Is that OK, Ms.Ally?"

Before Sharon could reply, Tiffany said, "Sure, Miss Beale.You have a good taste.Ally is the first contracted designer of our magazine.The First Love collection is still popular and frequently runs out of stock.It's a very good choice to find her to design the wedding gifts for your friend.'

Natalia said with a smile, "I agree.I knew that Ms.Ally won the first place of the Emerging Designer Competition three years ago.My friend will definitely like Ms.Ally's wedding gift very much."

Sharon said, "Miss Beale, what style do you prefer?"

"How about this? Let's find a place to sit down and have a good chat."

After Natalia and Sharon talked for a while, Natalia remembered Rita.

"Miss Roose, your design can be still the same as the previous version.I'm very satisfied with it."

After a while, Rita nodded with a bit unhappiness.

Natalia was clearly not satisfied with the design Rita submitted earlier.

Natalia came here today to talk about the details of the revision.

But now, it seemed that Rita's design was no longer important.

Obviously, Natalia chose Sharon.Natalia just did a favor to Rita by asking her for designing.

Thinking of this, Rita clenched her fists tightly.She could even feel the pain from her palm.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 109

A Vicious Man's Tongue will Be Cut off

In the coffee shop.

Natalia ordered an Americano and asked Sharon, "Ms.Ally, what would you like to drink?"

Sharon said to the waiter, "I'll just have a glass of milk.Thank you."

After the waiter left, Natalia smiled and said, "I didn't expect Ms.Ally to dislike coffee.I think designer like you requires inspiration and likes caffeine.'

"I also prefer coffee.It's just because milk is healthier for me now.'

There was no need to tell others she had met for the first time about her pregnancy.So, she found an excuse.

Natalia said, "That's reasonable.You look great, Ms.Ally.You don't need to drink coffee to stay energetic, right?"

Sharon smiled politely and asked about the design, "Miss Beale, can you tell me what style your friend prefers? I will give you a draft first.If you are not satisfied, I will revise it."

"You can make your own decision. There is no special offer. I believe in Ms. Ally. You can do whatever you want. My friend likes the First Love collection. It's very meaningful for her. If she knows that her wedding gift was designed by you, she would definitely be happy," Natalia said.

Sharon said, "Miss Beale is flattering me. I'll try my best and send Miss Beale the first draft in a week. If Miss Beale has other requirements, I'll make revision."

"Deal."

Natalia gave Sharon an email address.

"Ms. Ally, please send the draft to this email."

"Alright."

Sharon nodded gently.

Natalia stood up and said, "I have things to do. That's all for today. I'm looking forward to Ms. Ally's design."

"Goodbye, Miss Beale."

After leaving the coffee shop, Sharon wanted to take a taxi.

But she remembered that Jameson had arranged a car for her and the driver was waiting for her nearby. She took a deep breath and walked to the car.

But Tiffany called.

"How is it? Are you done?" Tiffany asked.

"Yes. I'll finish the draft in a week."

Tiffany applauded for her, but said in a low voice, "Sharon, I just made the decision for you. You aren't angry with me, right?"

Sharon smiled and said, "It's a chance to make money. Why should I be angry about it?"

Although she had paid her debts, she still had to raise a child.

Even if Tiffany did not make the decision for her, she would not refuse Natalia.

This was a job. She didn't need to shy away from Rita. Tiffany was relieved.

"Good. Did you see that just now? Rita was angry. Even her face turned pale. I guess she is infuriated in the office right now. I'm so happy to see this."

Sharon said, "You can go back to work. I'm going home. Natalia told me to design whatever I want. But I don't have any idea now."

It was actually the most difficult to design a freestyle.

Fortunately, the theme was already set.

Sharon could find inspiration in the theme of marriage.

“Alright. We’ll have a date after you finish your work.”

After hanging up the phone, Sharon looked up and saw the driver standing not far away and was waving at her.

The driver shouted, “Mrs. Proctor, I’m here.”

Sharon walked over and whispered, “Please don’t call me Mrs. Proctor. Jameson and I divorced a long time ago.”

“Okay, Mrs...Mrs...”

The driver didn’t know how to call Sharon if he couldn’t call her Mrs. Proctor.

He stuttered for a while but couldn’t say anything.

Sharon sighed, “Alright. Let’s go.”

The conflict between her and Jameson had nothing to do with the others.

After returning home, Sharon locked herself up in her room and began to make the draft.

When Jennifer called her to dinner, Sharon just replied, “I’m not hungry. Thank you.”

She wasn’t hungry.

She ate a lot in the afternoon while thinking of the design.

When Jameson returned, it was already ten o’clock in the evening.

“Would you like something to eat, Mr. Proctor?”

Jennifer greeted to Jameson.

Jameson loosened his tie and said gently, “Ask Sharon what she wants to eat. She will get up in the midnight and find something to eat.”

Jennifer said, “Mrs. Proctor hasn’t eaten dinner yet. She said she was not hungry.” Jameson looked up at the second floor.

There was a frown on his handsome face.

In the bedroom.

Just as Sharon outlined the shape of the necklace, she heard someone knocking on the door impatiently.

She thought that Jennifer was asking her to eat.

So, she said, “Jennifer, you don’t have to worry about me. If I’m hungry, I’ll go down and make it myself...”

Before Sharon could finish speaking, the door was opened.

Jameson said in a cold voice, “Didn’t you know to eat on time?”

Sharon was stunned.

She thought Jameson wasn't allowed to scold her.

Because Jameson didn't eat on time often and once had lunch at one in the morning.

"I'm working,' Sharon said seriously, "I don't want to eat or sleep."

Jameson saw the food packaging beside her and said, "But you ate much food.'

"I ate too much in the afternoon.So, I don't want to have dinner."

Jameson didn't want to argue with her.

"Go downstairs in five minutes."

Jerk only knows to make orders.Sharon thought.Sharon put down the brush and slowly walked out of the room.

When Jennifer saw them coming down, she brought up the dishes and said, "Mrs.Proctor, Mr.Proctor told me that you like fish soup recently.I added fish mint in the soup.Try some please.'

Jameson said indifferently, "I didn't say anything.'

Jennifer patted her head and said, "Right.Mr.Proctor didn't tell me.I guess Mrs.Proctor will like this."

Sharon took a sip and smiled at her, "Delicious.Thank you, Jennifer."

"I'm happy that Mrs.Proctor likes it.Please enjoy the meal.Call me if you need me."

After having the fish soup, Sharon had a good appetite and finally felt hungry.

When she was having her meal, she looked up and found that Jameson was staring at her.

His eyes were as dark as black pearls.

Sharon was horrified.

She put down her chopsticks and asked, "Is there anything wrong, Mr.Proctor?"

Jameson stopped looking at Sharon and said, "Nothing.Help yourself."

Since Jameson asked her for dinner today, she should probably care about him.

"Do you come back so late every day recently?"

"You can't fall asleep when I'm not back, can you?" Sharon was stunned.

She was choked and could speak after a while, "Mr.Proctor really likes to joke.'

Jameson said coldly, "Then why do you care when I come back?"

Sharon thought that Jameson just wanted to piss her off by asking her to move back.

She thought Jameson wanted her to be furious and left.

After a while, Jameson said coldly, "Didn't anyone tell you not to speak while eating?"

Sharon replied seriously, "Someone told me that a vicious man's tongue will be cut off in hell."

Hearing this, Jameson didn't speak.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 110

You Are So Thick-skinned

Sharon believed that, sooner or later, she would be driven crazy by Jameson, or Jameson would be pushed to the limit of his patience.

He had to use a bloodless way to deal with her and bury her body in a hidden place.

In the next few days, Jameson seemed to be busier.

Sharon didn't even know if he had come back at night.

In that case, Sharon could finally concentrate on her design.

After sending the draft of the design to Natalia's email, she stood up and flexed her neck.

It was weekend.

Sharon picked up her phone and sent a message to Tiffany, asking her if she wanted to go shopping with her.

Tiffany was lying on the bed and zoned out in the apartment that Sharon rented.

Upon receiving Sharon's message, she immediately felt refreshed.

She replied: "Let's go. I'll go out after changing my clothes."

After they met each other, Tiffany looked at Sharon with a meaningful smile, saying, "You look better than before. You've gained some weight. It seems that Jameson has treated you well."

Sharon snorted, "What are you talking about? How could he be so kind? I only thank goodness I'm still alive."

After they chatted for a while, Tiffany saw a baby shop next to her.

Just as she was about to drag Sharon in, Sharon hurriedly rejected, "No! No! No! Please don't!"

Tiffany was puzzled, "What's wrong? I saw a suit of clothes. It's so cute."

Sharon felt a headache when she saw these articles for infants.

She didn't know what was wrong with Jameson.

Previously, Jameson bought too many items for baby, and recently, he sent the articles from Bridge Street to the Star Lake Mansion and Jacob had people bring them in box by box.

Sharon didn't know how to explain it to her.

She just said, "I have enough at home. Let's go and see other things."

"Alright. We can buy these things after it is born."

After shopping, Tiffany saw that there was a residential building nearby on sale.

She pulled Sharon to take a look.

She had entrusted her previous apartment to a housing agency.

She gave the agency full authority to handle the apartment.

What she needed to do was just sign the contract as long as the buyer offered a suitable price.

Now she needed to find a new residence.

She could pay the deposit first if she met the right house.

This new building was in the business district.

The location and facilities around were particularly good, so many people came to see it.

Tiffany was just in the mood when she heard a familiar voice.

"Darling, I like this. Shall we buy this one?"

The voice was so sweet and charming.

If Yadira asked for something else, Asher might have agreed.

However, what she wanted to buy now was a house.

Just the down payment could be several million.

How could he take out so much money? He could only prevaricate, "Actually, I think this is ordinary. Why don't we look at the others?"

No, I like this one. Look, this is our bedroom. And we can change this space into my dressing room. This is our baby's room.

There is also a large balcony facing the central plaza.

The scenery at night will definitely be very beautiful, Yadira said as she pointed at the house model.

The salesman also said, "Sir and madam, this type of apartment is very popular. Now, there are only a few left. The later you buy, the fewer choices you have."

Hearing this, Yadira became more thrilled.

She asked Asher to pay the down payment immediately. The salesman said, "Sir, your wife likes it so much. Why don't you buy it?"

Asher was embarrassed.

But he couldn't directly leave because of his self-esteem. Tiffany looked at them.

She sneered, "He has to be rich to buy it."

The words attracted other people's attention.

Asher was joyed to see her, "Tiffany, why are you here?"

Yadira grabbed him with an unhappy expression.

She looked at Tiffany and then at Sharon, "What are you doing here?"

Tiffany said, "What else can I do here? Of course, I want to buy a house. Could I come here just to watch and not buy like you guys?"

"Who said we wouldn't buy it?"

Yadira said with a contemptuous expression, "Can you afford it? If you can't, you better leave as soon as possible. Don't humiliate yourself here."

Sharon said indifferently, "Then you just buy it. Don't talk nonsense."

Tiffany continued, "Yeah, let me see how rich you are." Yadira hugged Asher's arm and said, "Darling, look at them..."

Of course, Asher wouldn't be so stupid to be provoked to buy the house, not to mention that he didn't even have enough down payment.

He said to Tiffany, "I heard that you've put our house online to sell it."

Tiffany said, "It's mine, not ours."

"No matter what, we bought it together. You can't sell it without telling me."

Hearing this, Tiffany laughed, "How could you be so shameless? My parents paid the down payment, and I repaid the loan. Does it have anything to do with you?"

"Back then, in order to buy that house, I pulled some strings. It took me a lot of money. Moreover, when you repaid the loan, I was the one who paid for the living expenses. And I also bought you many gifts. No matter what, I should have a share of that house."

"Come on! Tell me, what did you pay for our living? You spent all your money cheating on me, didn't you? And how dare you talk about the gifts? Your mistress had one and I had one. You are so thick-skinned."

There were many people here.

They were all attracted by Asher and Tiffany, and gathered together to watch the show.

Someone said, "So that woman is a mistress. No wonder she looks strange. She is such a temptress."

"How could a mistress be so bold? She was so anxious to get a house. Shame on her."

Yadira's face turned pale as she faced the people around her.

She then targeted at Sharon, "We truly love each other. I'm better than a woman who is so shameless that even if she is pregnant, she doesn't dare to speak out. She thinks she can gain status with the children. Isn't that ridiculous?"

Then she looked at Tiffany and said, "Take care of your friend. Don't bother me."

Tiffany was furious.

She grabbed Yadira's hair and slapped her while shouting, "I'm going to kill you!"

Yadira also didn't retreat.

They got into a fight.

Sharon was pregnant.

She wanted to help but she couldn't.

Fortunately, the salesmen quickly pulled them away.

Yadira's hair was messy and she screamed, "You crazy woman! I won't let you go!"

Tiffany sneered, "Alright. Come on! Let's see who will win. I want to teach you a lesson for a long time!"

Asher looked unhappy.

He said, "Tiffany, you..."

"What do you want to say? Asher, you're a man. Don't spread rumors behind others."

"What rumors? What I said is the truth."