

## Resume 171

### Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 171

Who Are You?

As she spoke, Erica raised her hand.

Just as she was about to hit her, Sharon grabbed her wrist in mid-air.

Before Erica could regain her senses, her face was slapped fiercely.

Erica's eyes widened in disbelief as she shrieked, "You hit me? How dare you hit me! Sharon, you..."

Sharon looked at her expressionlessly, "You what? Invite you to sit down and buy you a drink?"

Erica shouted to the outside, "What are you waiting for? Are you blind?"

After she finished shouting, a few men immediately came in from outside.

Erica pushed Sharon away forcefully with a fierce expression, "Smash! Smash them all! Don't leave anything behind!"

Sharon's expression was extremely calm.

She glanced at the men who were ready to smash.

"I don't know if you are from the Proctor family or the Rowland family, but if you dare to smash, I won't let it go so easily. If we are looking for someone to take the blame in the future, Erica might get away with it, but none of you can."

The few men looked at each other and were stunned for a moment, hesitating to step forward.

They were Evie's people and were brought by Erica from the Proctor family.

They all knew that Sharon was Jameson's ex-wife.

Although she was not favored by the Proctors, Erica was also not so popular in the Proctor family.

If Sharon asked the Proctor family for an explanation afterwards, the Proctors might not do anything to Erica and would only blame them.

Seeing them hesitate, Erica shouted at the top of her lungs, "Do you really think she can do anything to you? She is a shameless woman. No one in the Proctor family cares about her. Whether she lives or dies, no one cares! If you don't listen to me, believe it or not, I'll tell Aunt Evie now! I won't make it easy for you!"

At this moment, a figure walked into the studio.

Trey looked around and walked to Sharon's side.

"Sharon, what happened?" he asked.

"Nothing, Sharon said indifferently.

“A crazy woman brings people here to cause trouble.”

Trey looked at Erica and frowned.

He felt that he had seen her somewhere before.

A moment later, he said, “You must be Miss Proctor.”

Erica glanced at him, her expression full of ridicule and disdain, “Who the hell are you? Get lost.”

As she said that, she said to Sharon with disdain, “You are indeed surrounded by men. You’re shameless.”

Trey ignored her, but his expression was a little cold.

“I am Trey Coe of Stella Technologies. It doesn’t matter if Miss Proctor doesn’t know me. It’s just that I have to trouble Miss Proctor to go back and tell your father that Stella Technologies will stop the project that we were discussing because our company is not good enough for your company. I hope he can find another partner.”

Erica’s face was full of irritation, “What is Stella Technologies? If you know that you are not good enough for use, then piss off. Don’t waste my time here!”

Sharon said, “Erica, I only give you 30 seconds to leave.”

“Is that a threat? You have nobody supporting you except that bastard, who is not in the South City now. What can you do with me?”

“If I’m not mistaken, Jeffery should have warned you to stay away from me.”

Sharon smiled faintly.

Hearing this, Erica clenched her teeth, her eyes filled with hatred.

She finally managed to find this opportunity that Jameson was not in South City.

Why did this Stella Technologies guy come to ruin her plan? Now, Sharon used Jeffery, the cripple, to threaten her! If Jeffery knew that she had secretly come to cause trouble for Sharon, he would scold her again, and Evie would also stand on his side.

However, how could Erica be willing to leave just like that? At this time, Tiffany also came out of the office.

“Stay if you don’t want to leave. Anyway, I’ve called the police. We can drink the coffee together at the police station later.”

Erica sneered, “This is not the end. We’ll see!”

After Erica left with her group, the studio returned to silence.

Sharon looked at Trey and said, “Sorry for letting you see this.”

Trey shook his head, “I’ve long heard that Miss Proctor is arrogant, domineering and unreasonable. When I saw her today, it is indeed the same as the rumors goes.”

Tiffany said, "She is just a crazy woman. She just keeps causing trouble for me."

After a pause, she said, "By the way, did you say that you are working with her father just now? Is it with the Proctor family? If you stop the cooperation just like that, wouldn't it be a huge loss to you?"

Trey smiled and said, "It's not the Proctor family. Anyway, it will not be a loss to me at all. They should be anxious by now."

In fact, anyone who knew the Proctor family would know that although Erica was surnamed Proctor, her parents were not from the Proctor family.

Her father was married into her family and had inherited all the Rowland family's wealth.

However, because of poor management, he had suffered a huge deficit these past few years.

If the Proctor family hadn't been backing him, the Rowland family would have long since disappeared.

Furthermore, Jameson seemed to have been suppressing the Rowland family during this period.

Erica's father had spent a lot of effort to get this opportunity to cooperate with Stella Technologies.

He had found quite a few connections.

Trey could not refuse, so he agreed.

The trouble Erica caused today happened to give Trey a chance to stop the cooperation.

Tiffany exhaled, "That's good."

As she spoke, she quietly glanced at Sharon for a while, and her eyes quickly rolled, "Then ...Sharon, take Trey around the studio. I'll go out and buy a few cups of coffee."

Sharon didn't even need to guess what she was planning.

She grabbed Tiffany and smiled, "That's too troublesome for you. Order takeout."

"it..."

Trey also said, "I just happened to be passing by. I'll be leaving soon after a short visit."

Hearing this, Tiffany was anxious, "How could you leave so soon? Thanks to you today, we should treat you to dinner." Sharon thought for a while and said, "If you are not busy, then eat with us before leaving."

No matter what, if it weren't for Trey today, with Erica's impulsive character, she would not leave until it was chaos here.

At that time, the studio would only be in a mess.

Even if the police came, the losses would have been caused.

Moreover, the cancellation of the cooperation that had been agreed upon was not, as he had said, without any loss at all.

Seeing that she had invited, Tiffany also took added, "Right! No matter how busy you are, you still need to eat."

Look, since you've come and done us another big favor, we should thank you and treat you to dinner.' Hearing what they said, Trey did not refuse.

He nodded lightly and said, "Alright."

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Several Hundred Times More Noble Than On

Erica's way back, she felt that she couldn't hold back the anger.

She dialed her mother's number and said impatiently, "Mom, tell Dad not to cooperate with Stella Technologies. The boss of that company and that bit\*h are on the same side!"

Her mother was stunned, "Erica, what are you talking about?"

Erica's face was full of irritation, "Isn't that stupid company working with us? Tell them to scram! Get lost! The sooner, the better!"

On the other end of the phone, Erica's father answered, "Erica, what did you just say? Which company?"

"Stella Technologies."

Erica said with a disdainful sneer, "He also knows that their company is not good enough for us. These days, all kinds of trash companies want to work with us. I must teach them a lesson!"

Erica's father frowned.

He also knew his daughter's temper and personality.

His heart skipped a beat.

"Erica, what did you do? Who did you meet with Stella Technologies?"

"I don't know, maybe Trey or something. Anyway, he's not worthy of me remembering his name."

His brows furrowed even deeper.

"Is it Trey Coe?"

Erica didn't care at all, "Maybe, I'm not sure. He looks like a decent businessman. Unfortunately, he is blind. He insists on defending that bit\*h."

Hearing this, her father almost passed out, "Erica, you! What have you done? Hurry up and apologize to Mr. Coe, and there might be a chance for you to turn things around!"

Erica shouted loudly, "Why? Who the f\*ck is he? Why should I apologize to such a loser? Isn't it just a cooperation? If the cooperation is dead, so be it. It won't affect us at all. On the other hand, if he loses the opportunity to work with the Proctor Group, he'll definitely regret it."

Her father said angrily, "The Proctor Group has nothing to do with you!"

“ro Just as she opened her mouth, Erica suddenly thought of something, and her expression changed. She almost forgot that the bast\*rd was in charge of the Proctor Group now.”

After a while, Erica said, “So what? He is just an illegitimate child. Sooner or later, Uncle Albert will replace him.’

“After Jameson was replaced, could the Proctor Group be yours? Erica, you should know that the only reason your surname is Proctor is because the Proctor family feels sorry for Evie.

In other words, you are nobody in the Proctor family, and your status is not even comparable to that illegitimate child.

“Nonsense! My surname is Proctor, and I am the daughter of the Proctor family! I am several hundred times more noble than that bast\*rd!”

“Erica, come with me tomorrow and apologize to Mr. Coe.”

“Impossible, you go alone!”

After saying that, Erica hung up the phone.

She clenched her teeth, her eyes filled with hatred.

Erica smashed her phone on the ground and hysterically shouted, “They’re all a bunch of bi\*ches! Bi\*ches!”

In the restaurant.

After the dishes were served, Tiffany glanced at her phone and coughed.

“I’m gonna make a phone call. You guys eat first. You don’t have to wait for me.”

Sharon looked at her with a warning look in her eyes.

Tiffany hurriedly lifted her phone and waved her phone at Sharon.

After Tiffany left, the corners of Trey’s lips curled up and he looked at Sharon, “Are you usually busy in the studio?”

Sharon smiled and said, “I wouldn’t call it busy. However, we are just short for hands. It’s much better if we recruit two people later.”

Very quickly, Trey found another topic, and his manners were very gentlemanly.

Ever since Tiffany left, the awkwardness between the two of them had also disappeared.

Nice chat.

William and his friends walked out of the private room after dinner.

Just as they were about to leave, they saw a familiar figure by the window.

He couldn’t help but stop, raised his eyebrows, took out his phone and took a picture from afar.

Jameson should have a sense of crisis.

Otherwise, with his stubborn character, he probably wouldn't be able to get a girl in his lifetime.

After taking the photo and sending it, William put away his phone and left contentedly.

Tiffany probably stayed outside for about 20 minutes before going back.

When she returned, she saw that Trey and Sharon were having a pleasant conversation, and immediately felt that her 20 minutes of standing in the cold wind was worth it.

If the two of them were together, she would be a great contributor.

After dinner, Trey suggested sending them back, but Sharon refused.

"I already caused much trouble for you today," she said.

"This place is not far from our apartment. We can just walk back."

Trey nodded slightly and thought for a while before saying, "My friend has a concert this weekend. Do you have time? If you have time..."

Before Sharon could reply, Tiffany had said, "Yes, we do! That's great! We just happen to be worried about where to go on weekends. Sharon, right? It's a great idea to listen to music since we can relax. Besides, it's a concert given by Trey's friend. Why don't we all go and enjoy it?"

Sharon was lost for words.

Seeing this, Trey smiled and said, "Then it's settled. I'll pick you up at the weekend."

Tiffany said, "Alright, thank you. See you at the weekend."

After seeing Trey leave, Sharon took a deep breath and looked at Tiffany.

Tiffany took two steps back and hurriedly said, "Listen, I just agreed. Don't make me go back on my word."

"You agreed, but I didn't," Sharon said angrily.

"What's the difference? Trey said that he would come to pick us up this weekend. Are you really going to let him down?"

Seeing that Sharon didn't say anything, Tiffany hugged her arm and shook it coquettishly, "Come on, Sharon, please! I really want to go. Now the concert is the only thing in my mind. If I don't go to see it, I will definitely lose sleep for several days."

Sharon was lost for words again.

She said helplessly, "Alright! I'll go with you."

Tiffany's eyes lit up, but before she could be happy, Sharon said, "However, you have to promise that you won't deliberately find an excuse to leave me and Trey alone. I know that you are trying to set me up with him, but..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Tiffany nodded her head repeatedly, "Sure, I promise you I won't do that again. Relax! But Sharon, have you thought about it? Trey is really a good guy. If he likes you, do you want to give it a try?"

Sharon smiled, "Where did you get so many ifs? You also said that Trey is young and promising. There must be a lot of girls who like him. How could he fall in love with me?"

Tiffany frowned, "Don't be so self-deprecating. You're no worse than anyone else. Besides, isn't Jameson regretting divorcing you now?"

How did she draw this terrifying conclusion?

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She's Just Trying to Get Back at Me The South City Airport.

Jameson took out his phone and walked out.

Jacob followed him.

After answering a phone call, he went forward and whispered, "Mr. Proctor, Miss Proctor went to Mrs. Proctor's studio tonight."

The man frowned slightly and said coldly, "What did she do?"

"Miss Proctor brought some men over from the Proctor's. She probably wanted to cause trouble, but..."

Jameson's footsteps paused slightly as he glanced sideways at him and said, "Speak."

Jacob immediately said, "Mr. Coe just happened to appear and stopped Miss Proctor."

Jameson pursed the corners of his lips. Just as he was about to say something, a few messages popped up on his phone. The latest one was sent by William half an hour ago.

In the photo, Sharon and Trey were sitting in the restaurant, chatting and laughing as if no one else was watching.

Jameson tightened his grip on his phone, his joints turning fair.

"Mr. Proctor?" Jacob probed.

Jameson said coldly, "Go back to the Proctor's."

"Yes."

On the way back, Jameson kept looking out the window.

After a while, he asked, "Did you get any results on what I asked you to investigate?"

Jacob nodded, "Although the evidence has been destroyed by Victoria, I found the person who called the ambulance at that time. According to her, Mrs. Proctor fell down the stairs of the shopping mall at that time. When she saw that, there was no one around Mrs. Proctor, so I don't know if Mrs. Proctor slipped or was pushed down. But Miss Proctor went abroad on the night of Mrs. Proctor's accident. I think..."

Jameson didn't say anything, and his handsome face was filled with coldness and murderous intent.

Half an hour later, the black Rolls-Royce slowly drove through the carved gate and stopped beside the garden.

When Albert heard the servant say that Jameson had returned, a trace of displeasure flashed across his face.

"What is he doing here?"

Ever since Sharon had a car accident, Albert saw that things didn't go as he wished, so he didn't bother to maintain the father-son relationship with Jameson.

The thing he regretted the most in his life was that after Jeffery's car accident, he had forcefully taken Jameson back.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have put in so much effort to get the Proctor Group back.

Albert took a deep breath and walked out of the study with his walking stick.

As soon as he reached the door of the study, he saw several people go upstairs.

Seeing this, Albert frowned and looked at Jameson, who was standing at the door.

"What are you doing?"

Jameson said indifferently, "Let's talk about an accident happened three years ago."

Albert said, "What accident? Will you just stop messing around? It's you who said that you're going to marry the Beale family. It's also you who suddenly broke off the engagement. Now that you've put everyone on such an awkward position, how can I explain it to the Beale family?"

Jameson's expression did not change, "Is that so? I thought you were having a good relationship with the Beale family these days."

The truth that Jameson told didn't embarrass Albert at all.

He just supported himself with the walking stick and said, "I was cleaning up your mess!"

Jameson sneered.

At this time, Erica's voice came from upstairs, "What are you doing? Get your hands off me! If any of you dare to touch me again, I will cut off your hands!"

Albert heard this and looked up.

Just as he was about to say something, he heard Jameson's cold voice, "If she doesn't go with you, just drag her down."

Upstairs, Erica's entire body stiffened.

She did not expect that Jameson would come to settle things with her so soon.

Erica looked around at the surrounding men and knew that Jameson was serious.



He would have them drag her down.

However, this was still the Proctor's.

Moreover, Albert and Evie were all here, so she thought he didn't dare to do anything out of line.

Erica bit her lower lip and walked downstairs.

After seeing her, Albert withdrew his gaze and questioned with a dissatisfied expression, "What exactly are you doing?"

Jameson did not answer.

He just passed Albert and looked at Erica.

Erica walked forward slowly and said hesitantly, "Jameson, why are you looking for me?"

"Do I need to tell you what you have done?"

Jameson said coldly, "Erica, I've warned you more than once."

"But..."

Erica's face was full of grievances.

"I only wanted to ask her why she wanted me to break off the engagement with Martin. I didn't do anything to her. Moreover, there was a man protecting her. I didn't even have a chance to touch her." Albert finally understood.

He turned around and asked, "Erica, did you go to see Sharon?"

Now, Erica also knew that it was useless for her to find an excuse.

She could only try her best to blame Sharon for everything.

"I just went to ask her. That's all. I didn't do anything to her, but she hit me. There was also a man who came from nowhere to help her. I don't know how many men she is entangled with. That baby might not be from the Proctor family at all..."

Although Albert didn't like Erica very much, her surname was Proctor after all.

She was beaten up by someone else, so it would be embarrassing for the Proctor family.

Therefore, at such a time, he had no choice but to defend her.

Albert said in a deep voice, "Erica is the one being bullied. You don't go find Sharon but come here to question Erica. What is wrong with you? Jameson, you..."

Jameson interrupted him, "I told you, I'm here to talk about an accident three years ago."

Hearing this, Erica suddenly widened her eyes and felt a chill rising from her back.

Three years ago...

Did he already know? Before Albert could say anything, Erica shrieked, "It's Sharon who told you, right? Jameson, you can't trust her! That woman is willing to do anything to marry into the Proctor family. This is one of her plots. She did it on purpose, and she just wanted to get revenge on me!"

Jameson looked at her expressionlessly, "Then tell me, why did she want to take revenge on you?"

"Erica was completely panicked at this moment." She didn't know what excuse to find for a moment, but she anxiously said, "Jameson, you know, she hates the Proctor family. She hates everyone in the Proctor family. That's why she wanted to deal with me. I'm innocent. That accident had nothing to do with me at all. It's her. She was faking pregnant, and she set me up. I didn't do anything!"

When Albert heard this, he couldn't help but frown even deeper, "Erica, what have you done?"

Looking at the only one who could help her in front of her, Erica hurriedly grabbed his sleeve and said, "Uncle Albert, I didn't do anything. Trust me, I have done nothing wrong. That woman is behind all of this. She hated the Proctor family and wanted to slander me!"

Jameson said indifferently, "You are overthinking. Sharon didn't tell me anything."

Hearing this, Erica felt her blood freeze.

She could hardly turn her head, and her tongue seemed to be knotted, unable to utter a single word.

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Can't I Call You?

Hearing this, Erica felt her blood freeze.

She could hardly turn her head, and her tongue seemed to be knotted, unable to utter a single word.

At this time, Evie's voice came from the stairs, "It was three years ago. What's the point of bringing it up now?"

Erica nodded in agreement.

Jameson looked at Evie, and the corners of his lips curled up into an extremely cold smile.

"I will seek revenge for the smallest grievance. Even if it was thirty years ago, I would seek revenge for everyone is involved, let alone three years ago."

Evie said, "Do you have any evidence?"

Jameson laughed mockingly and said after a few seconds, "I see."

He turned around and instructed, "From now on, once you see Erica step out of the gate this house, no matter where she goes, you don't have to tell me and directly break her leg."

Erica widened her eyes in disbelief, trying to make a final struggle, "Aunt Evie..."

Jameson turned his head to look at Evie and said, "I'll go find you some evidence. I won't let go of anyone who is involved."

Evie's expression did not change, but she grabbed the staircase armrest more tightly.

Jameson withdrew his gaze and strode away with long legs.

After his figure disappeared in front of Albert, he sat on the sofa with his walking stick and asked in a deep voice, "Erica, tell me the truth, what happened?"

In the black Rolls-Royce.

Jacob asked, "Mr.Proctor, three years have passed.Victoria has destroyed all the evidence.We may not be able to find anything..."

Jameson was not surprised, but said, "If you can't find evidence from three years ago, then find the latest evidence."

"Mr.Proctor, are you referring to the car accident of Sharon?"

From the beginning to the end, everyone could tell that Evie was the one who did this, but the trouble was that they did not have any concrete evidence.

Jameson said, "Some of Evie's subordinates might be alive.Keep digging."

"Yes."

After a while, Jameson said, "Keep an eye on Erica.Perhaps the breakthrough to bring down Evie is on her."

Jacob probed and asked, "If Miss Proctor leaves the Proctor's, should we..."

"Do I look like I'm joking?"

Jacob immediately said seriously, "Got it."

Jameson lowered the car window and said irritably, "Trey and Sharon have been very close recently?"

"This ...I'll go find out now."

"No need."

Jameson said, "Go to the Studio."

Jacob was silent for a few second.

He coughed, "Mr.Proctor, the studio should be closed by now."

Jameson frowned, "Then go to her apartment."

"If we just go over like this, Mrs.Proctor will get mad..." Jameson's expression was extremely ugly, "Then what is your suggestion?"

Jacob thought for a moment before he came up with an idea, "We can ask Mrs.Proctor if the jewelry is done.Then..."

"She will be even angrier if we seem urgent."

It seemed to be a bad excuse.

Jacob pondered for a while and then said, "Mr.Proctor, you must see Mrs.Proctor now, right?"

Jameson raised his eyes and looked at him expressionlessly.

Jacob took a step back and said, "I mean, it's so late now.Mrs.Proctor may be sleeping.Why don't we find a better excuse tomorrow?"

Jameson remained silent.

Just as Jacob thought that he could finally breathe a sigh of relief, he heard Jameson say, "Give me your phone."

On the other side.

Sharon had just finished drawing the design when she saw the phone screen on the table flickering.

The number on the screen was unfamiliar to her.

Sharon stretched her neck, got up and went to the balcony to answer.

She took a deep breath and said, "Hello, who is it?"

"It's me." She held back the urge to hang up and pretend to be confused, "You call the wrong number.I don't know..."

"Sharon, don't you dare hang up on me.' Sharon gritted her teeth and said, "So, it's Mr.Proctor.I don't remember you have this number."

Jameson said, "You put my number on a blacklist.Are you able to talk to me now if I don't change a number?"

"OK."

She would blacklist this number later.

Sharon paused for a while and noticed that Jameson didn't say anything, so she said, "Mr.Proctor, what can I do for you?"

On the other end of the phone, Jameson said unhappily, "Nothing.Can't I call you?"

Sharon was lost for words.

She didn't know how to answer.

Jameson was bossing her around all day long, but on what basis did he feel that she was going to do whatever he said? Sharon took a deep breath and calmed down, "I'm very busy.Mr.Proctor, if you have nothing to say, I'll..."

Jameson said, "Did Erica come to look for you today?"

"Yes.And I slapped her on the face.Mr.Proctor, are you here to speak for her?"

Jameson ignored the strange tone in her words and said indifferently, "She will never stand in front of you again."

Hearing this, Sharon was stunned and asked tentatively, "Is she still alive?"

"Do you want her to stay alive?"

Sharon suddenly realized that when Jameson said this, his tone seemed to be emotionless.

It didn't seem like he was asking a rhetorical question, nor was he joking.

After a while, she said, "I just wish she gets what she deserves.'

Jameson said, "She will."

Sharon looked into the distance and didn't say anything else.

After a few seconds, Jameson's voice sounded again, "Do you have anything else to say?"

He said this with confidence, as if she was harassing him on the phone.

Just as Sharon was about to speak, Jameson said in a deep voice, "Stay away from Trey.'

Hearing his commanding tone, Sharon immediately refused, "Why? I won't!"

Jameson was stunned.

His voice slowed down a little, "Why?"

"Then why should I stay away from him?"

"I don't like it."

"Oh, that's your problem. It has nothing to do with me."

After Sharon finished speaking this time, she hung up on him swiftly without waiting for his reply.

What was wrong with the jerk? In the black Rolls-Royce, Jacob felt the plummeting temperature in the car.

He reached out a few times to try to get his phone back, but every time he stopped halfway and withdrew his hand in fear.

If nothing unexpected happened, Sharon would put the number on her blacklist as well.

Fortunately, as a qualified and outstanding assistant, he had more than two or three mobile phones.

Jameson threw the phone to him with a cold face.

"Go back.'

"Alright,' Jacob said.

Star Lake Mansion.

Jameson turned on the light of the guest bedroom, and the room was deserted.

The heartless woman left nothing behind.

After returning to his room, Jameson went into the cloakroom and took off his tie.

He caught a glimpse of the row of clothes and jewelry that had never been worn before.

A few seconds later, the man's thin lips curved.

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Then I Can Refuse to Answer

At noon the next day, just as Sharon finished her meal and was about to enter the office, someone called.

Sharon didn't recognize the number.

Remembering what had happened the day before, Sharon hesitated for a few seconds before answering it.

She didn't speak, determining to hang up the moment she heard the jerk's voice.

She would not give him a chance to threaten her.

To her surprise, the call was indeed from a stranger, "Hello, Ms. Allyson. I'm from the moving company. Are you home now? We are now downstairs."

Sharon was puzzled, "Moving company? I didn't plan to move."

"OK. Let me double check. You're Sharon Allyson, right?"

Sharon frowned, "Who hired you?"

"Sorry, Ms. Allyson. We only have your name, address and contact information, not the sender's."

Sharon didn't know what to say.

Then she took a deep breath and conceded, "Please wait a moment. I'll be back soon."

Then she hung up and left for home.

Seeing this, Tiffany asked, "Sharon, where are you going?"

"Someone from the moving company called, saying that they were downstairs. I've got to go home."

"What? I can go with you."

"No,"

Sharon said, "I will be fine."

One of their colleagues asked for leave and the other went out to eat. If Sharon left, Tiffany would be alone in the studio. Tiffany thought for a moment and handed Sharon the car key.

"Alright, go and see what's going on. Call me if you need anything."

"OK."

Their apartment was around the corner, so it only took Sharon a few minutes' drive.

When she got off the car, Sharon noticed the car of the moving company not far away.

A staff saw her and came forward at once, "Are you Ms. Allyson?"

Sharon nodded.

He beckoned his coworker to pull a large box over with a cart, "Ms. Allyson, please sign. Then we'll deliver this to your door."

Sharon asked, "Do you have a knife that I can borrow?"

"Here you are."

Sharon slit open the box with the knife to find that it was full of clothes.

Seeing there was nothing strange or frightening, she exhaled in relief, drawing no attention.

She said, "Sorry, these are not mine. Please send them back wherever they came from."

The staff obviously did not expect this.

Facing the awkward situation, he said, "Ms. Allyson, this task is a direct assignment. We were explicitly asked to deliver the box to you. If it is returned, we will be expelled."

His coworker echoed, "Ms. Allyson, take it, please! This is my first day at work. I have to pay for my sister's tuition. I can't afford to lose this job."

Sharon was lost for words.

Her temples pulsed a little.

The familiar threats betrayed the jerk behind all this.

After a moment's silence, Sharon conceded, "Alright."

"Thank you, Ms. Allyson!"

"Ms. Allyson, you're so kind!"

Later, Sharon returned to the studio listlessly.

Noticing this, Tiffany couldn't help but ask, "Sharon, what's wrong with you?"

Sharon shook her head feebly and forced a smile.

She returned the car keys to Tiffany and said, "I'll get back to my sketch."

Sitting at her desk, Sharon bucked up.

She couldn't be discouraged just like this.

The jerk was deliberately making things difficult for her, trying to make her reach out to him.

All she should do was ignoring him.

Unexpectedly, Jameson kept sending boxes over for several days in a row.

Soon, the once spacious apartment that Sharon and Tiffany shared was packed with boxes.

Tiffany opened a box and took out a ruby necklace.

Her eyes immediately brightened, "Holy sh\*t, I saw the photo of this necklace at a photographic exhibition. It's said to be worth ten million, but it's now stuffed into a box! Is Jameson crazy or am I crazy?"

Sharon sat on the sofa and looked up, finding that the necklace looked somewhat familiar.

It seemed to be one of her birthday gifts.

Jacob said that it was from a client of the company.

Then Tiffany found a lot of valuables in the box, "This pair of earrings, and this, this ...Wow, this coat is a limited edition of a luxury brand from abroad!"

Sharon stared at the boxes in a daze.

Apart from those clothes, most of the jewelry was from Jacob.

According to him, some were from the company's clients, and others were the company's benefits...

She never thought that each one of them would be so expensive.

Had she known this, she would take one or two pieces with her.

Then she wouldn't have been so helpless when Jameson asked her to pay back his money.

Tiffany sat beside her and sighed faintly, "I didn't realize that the jerk was actually quite generous. His gifts are all valuable."

After some pondering, Sharon got up with her phone in her hand, "Tiffany, I'll go and make a phone call."

Tiffany, enjoying strawberries, said, "Go ahead."

Walking to the balcony, Sharon found Jameson's number in her blacklist and dialed. Jameson answered the phone quickly.

His faint voice sounded, "What's the matter?"

Sharon said, "Mr. Proctor, stop giving me stuff. I don't need them."

Jameson paused before asking, "You don't need?"

"Right..."

Before Sharon could finish her words, Jameson said in a deep voice, "Sharon, you're thinking too much. Those things are not my gifts for you. They are yours. You left them at the Star Lake Mansion. Remember?"

Sharon got tongue-tied.



Jameson continued, "Since you don't have time to take them away, I thought it would be fine if I just get someone to deliver them to you."

Unable to find the right words, Sharon just said, "Fine."

Jameson replied, "Great. The wardrobe is still half-full."

"...Mr. Proctor!"

Sharon hurriedly said, "I don't want any of them. Would you please give them away or something like that?"

"That's your problem, not mine."

Words failed Sharon again.

What a touchy and vengeful jerk! Just when Sharon was about to burst out, Jameson said slowly, "This can be easily solved, if you go to a place with me this weekend."

Sharon sneered.

She knew the jerk was up to something.

"Mr. Proctor, I have an appointment this weekend," she said.

"With whom?"

"A friend."

"Which friend?"

"Mr. Proctor, I have no obligation to report my schedule to you," Sharon said, clenching the railing of the window.

Jameson said, "No, you haven't. I'm just inquiring."

"Oh, then I can refuse to answer." This reply rendered Jameson speechless.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 176

Continuing Doing So Would Backfire

After hanging up, Sharon took a deep breath and returned to the living room.

Tiffany asked, "What did that jerk say?"

"He asked me to go somewhere with him on the weekend,"

Sharon said sluggishly, leaning back on the sofa.

"But you've..."

"So I rejected him."

Tiffany thought for seconds, and then she came over and said, "Sharon, do you think Jameson is very strange recently?"

Sharon sneered, "He is not only strange. He is simply torturing me even more."

"Do you think he is torturing you?"

Sharon was exhausted and her voice sounded weak, "Otherwise, what was he doing?"

Tiffany concluded, "Don't you feel that judging from his recent actions, he is like a pupil who doesn't know how to express his love. He always tries to attract the attention of the girls he likes with clumsy methods."

Sharon didn't know what to say.

She was silent for a few seconds.

Then she raised one of her hand to touch Tiffany's forehead, and touched her own head with another, frowning, "There's no fever."

"Hey."

Tiffany took her hand away.

"I'm serious. Didn't that jerk admit that he liked you before? I think it looks very probable."

Sharon sat back down the sofa and said indifferently, "To someone like him, liking is just an adjective. It is dispensable and meaningless."

Tiffany sighed, agreeing with her.

After a while, Tiffany took out the garbage and threw it away.

Five minutes later, she ran back with excitement, "Sharon! Sharon!"

"What's wrong?"

Sharon asked.

"Do you remember the handsome mixed-blood guy we met in the elevator? I just saw him again. Guess what, he's our new neighbor next door!"

"He has moved here for a few days. It's time for us to greet him."

Tiffany said and ran into the bathroom.

"No, no, I have to go wash my hair and put on my makeup. He can't see me without makeup."

Hearing this, Sharon smiled and said, "There is a cake I bought this afternoon in the fridge. You can bring it over."

"I love you!"

Sharon was so bothered by Jameson's phone call that she didn't have the mood to draw any more sketches.

So she changed her clothes and intended to go downstairs for a run.

When she went out, she said to Tiffany, "Tiffany, I'm going out. Do you need me to bring anything back?"

"Buy some snacks for me. I'm not full tonight."

"Alright."

Hearing the sound of the door closing, Tiffany looked at the time and saw that it was already half past nine, so she quickly washed her hair.

Otherwise, if it was too late, she would disturb the neighbor.

After blowing her hair, she quickly put on an exquisite makeup, put on her best skirt and took out the cake from the fridge.

Then she knocked on the neighbor's door.

After almost two minutes, the door opened.

Tiffany smiled, "Hello, Nice to meet you. I'm..."

The man glanced at the cake in her hand and reached out to pull the door, "No, I don't need it."

Tiffany quickly stopped the door with her hand and kept smiling, "Sir, I'm from next door. I heard that you just moved here. So I came to say hello."

The man loosened his hand that was on the handle, saying "Sorry."

Tiffany tidied up her skirt, trying to maintain a good image before him, "It doesn't matter. This cake is for you."

"Thank you, but I don't like sweets."

"Alright."

Tiffany could only withdraw her hand shamefully, saying, "And my name is Tiffany. I live with my friend. Are you?"

The man said indifferently, "Daniel."

"Then ...I'll get out of your hair. Since we're neighbors, if you need any help, you can come to me. Make yourself at home. A good neighbor is better than a brother far off."

The man smiled at her and closed the door.

Tiffany stood at the door.

She couldn't help but curl her lips as she looked at the undelivered cake in her hand.

Half an hour later, when Sharon returned with the barbecue, she saw Tiffany sitting on the sofa, eating the cake sullenly.

She changed her shoes and walked over.

"Is he not at home?" She asked.

"Yes, he is." Tiffany sighed dejectedly.

"At first, he thought I was a saleswoman, and he almost shut the door. I told him that we were neighbors, so he could come to me wherever he needed help. However, he smiled perfunctorily and just closed the door."

After saying that, Tiffany put down the cake and cheered up.

"No, I can't just back down. A handsome guy must have a bad temper. I'll move him with my kindness. Isn't that what they play on TV? If I'm kind hearted enough, the handsome guy will fall in love with me."

Sharon was speechless.

She placed the barbecue before Tiffany and smiled, "Finish it. I'll go take a bath."

In the Proctor Group.

Jameson held his phone and frowned.

A moment later, he raised his head and said coldly, "Check out Trey's schedule for the weekend."

"Yes."

After ten minutes, Jacob knocked on the door of his office, "Mr. Proctor, Mr. Coe is not working on Saturday. But I don't know his personal schedule..."

Jameson pursed his thin lips and leaned against the office chair with a gloomy face, "Sharon will have a date with him."

Jacob asked tentatively, "Mr. Proctor, are you sure?"

"It's an intuition."

Sometimes, men's instincts were irrational.

Jameson stood up and asked, "Go checking out what Trey has arranged."

"Alright."

After a pause, Jacob said, "About clothes from the Star Lake Mansion, do you want me to send them to Mrs. Proctor?"

"Forget it."

Continuing doing so would backfire.

Saturday.

After receiving Trey's call, Sharon said to Tiffany, "Let's go. He's here."

Tiffany turned around and frowned, "You just wear this?"

Sharon lowered her head to take a look.

She wore an usual dress, "What's wrong?"

"No, today we're going to...."

Tiffany had a sudden enlightenment.

She hurriedly changed the topic.

"How can you dress so casually for a concert? This is disrespectful to musicians."

There was nothing Sharon could say.

Tiffany pushed her into the room and found the skirts she bought with Sharon from the wardrobe.

She chose a black skirt made of wool that would highlight Sharon's figure.

And then she took out a camel-colored coat.

"After changing this, you can put on some makeup."

"I already did..."

"How can you wear such a light makeup? Do it again to show some respect."

Sharon tried to refuse, "Trey is here.It's not good to keep him waiting for too long."

"It's fine.It takes time for beauties to show up.I believe he will wait with pleasure."

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 177

Take a Brave Step

Below the apartment building, Trey stood beside the car and answered the phone.

Sometime, Tiffany's voice came from behind, "Trey."

Trey whispered to the other end of the phone, "Well, that's all."

Trey put away his phone and turned around.

When he saw Sharon, Trey startled slightly.

Seeing this, Tiffany raised her eyebrows.

That was really what she wanted to see.

Sharon smiled at him apologetically, "Sorry to have kept you waiting."

Hearing this, Trey regained his senses and said, "No, it's fine ...I haven't been here for a long time either."

Tiffany grinned, "Then let's go.The concert is about to begin."

Trey nodded, "Get in."

On the way to the concert, it was Tiffany who was talking to Trey to break the ice.

Sharon rolled down the window and felt the fresh air outside.

The sun today was bright.

Compared to the past few chilly days, it was much warmer.

Seeing Sharon looking out of the window, Tiffany moved closer to Trey and whispered, "Trey, can I ask you a question?"

Trey replied, "Go ahead."

Tiffany asked, "Have you ever been in love in the past few years?"

Trey probably didn't expect her to ask this question, so he was stunned for a moment before replying, "No."

"Why?"

Trey looked through the rearview mirror at the girl lying by the window and smiled, "Maybe I haven't encountered a suitable one."

Tiffany asked in a meaningful tone, "Haven't you met a suitable one? Maybe you have had a beloved one now."

This time, Trey did not answer, nor did he know how to answer.

He had indeed liked Sharon since he was a student.

However, at that time, everyone said that Sharon and Martin would be the best couple, and he also admitted that it was true.

He had always thought that they would get married.

Therefore, he had never thought of becoming Sharon's boyfriend or husband, but he heard that Martin actually got engaged to Erica.

However, there was no news of Sharon at that time.

He came to participate in the class reunion with an intention that he wanted to see Sharon.

Seeing Trey keep silent, Tiffany knew that Trey indeed loved Sharon and encouraged, "If you like a girl, you must seize the opportunity and take a brave step."

Trey hesitated for a moment and said, "But I don't know what she thinks of me."

He was afraid that if he confessed his love, he wouldn't even be able to be a friend of hers.

Tiffany said, "Anyway, she doesn't have a boyfriend now. You can have a try."

Trey didn't know what to say.

He turned around and looked at Tiffany in surprise.

Trey probably didn't expect her to guess his mind.

Tiffany raised her chin at Trey, stole a glance at Sharon and then said in a low voice, "Don't worry, I will help you."

Trey thought for a moment before nodding, "Alright."

There was a traffic jam on the road.

It was already dark when they arrived at the concert hall.

Tiffany saw so many people and exclaimed, "Trey, isn't your friend a great guy?"

Trey smiled, "Yes, he is quite an awesome guy. He has won several international music awards."

When Trey parked the car, Tiffany nudged Sharon and said, "Hey, did you hear what I said to Trey in the car just now?"

Sharon was a little confused, "What did you say?"

When she was in the car, Sharon was in a daze all the time.

She really didn't hear what they said.

Tiffany revealed a mysterious smile, "Nothing."

Soon, Trey finished parking his car and came over, "Let's go in."

After entering the concert hall, Tiffany deliberately took a step back, allowing Trey and Sharon to walk together.

Then, they would sit next to each other.

Trey's friend indeed reserved several good seats on which they could clearly see the stage.

They came a little late, and just as they sat down, the concert began.

While Tiffany was delighted that her plan had succeeded again, Sharon whispered, "You see the man on the stage."

Tiffany subconsciously looked over, only to see Daniel on the stage.

She couldn't help but gaze, "How could it be him?"

Trey heard their discussion and asked in a low voice, "Do you know him?"

Sitting in the middle, Sharon replied, "He lives next door to us and has only just moved here."

Pausing for a moment, Sharon asked again, "Is that the friend who lives in the same community with us?"

Trey nodded, "But I didn't expect such a coincidence. He actually lives next door to you."

Tiffany was dumbfounded.

She deeply believed that the romantic love story between a slum girl and a musical genius had begun.

As the music rang out, the arena quieted down.

Tiffany focused on the stage, without even a blink.

After about half an hour, Tiffany suddenly felt someone knocking on her shoulder, but she ignored it by shaking her shoulders.

However, the man did not seem to give up because of her movement, and immediately knocked again.

Tiffany was so annoyed that she turned around and wanted to curse the troublemaker, but she saw a poker face.

Tiffany was speechless.

Jameson raised his finger towards her and tilted his head slightly.

Tiffany knew that he wanted to change seats with her.

She hesitated but did not move.

It was not effortless for her to bring Sharon and Trey together to the concert.

Now it was time for them to develop a romantic relationship.

If Jameson were to sabotage her plan, wouldn't that be...

Jameson pursed his thin lips with a warning gaze.

Tiffany immediately felt a chill rising from her back and quickly got up to change seats with him.

That was okay.

There could be many other opportunities to bring Sharon and Trey together, but she had only one life.

Sharon had been absorbed in the performance on the stage, completely unaware of what was happening beside her.

Suddenly, Sharon felt her right hand being held.

Sharon startled.

Sometimes, Tiffany would hold her hand and hug her arm.

However, the movement now ...was a bit too intimate.

It didn't look like the thing Tiffany would do.

Just as Sharon felt strange, that hand had already gone through her fingers and gently grabbed her palm.

Sharon turned around, only to find that the person sitting next to her had changed.

The man looked at her and raised his eyebrows.



It was like a provocation.

Sharon suppressed her anger and tried to pull her hand out, but she couldn't break free no matter what.

However, she didn't feel that the jerk exerted much strength.

Sharon didn't know if she was overdoing it, but Trey looked over and asked, "Sharon, what's wrong?"

Sharon quickly leaned over and hid Jameson's hand behind her, revealing an awkward smile.

"Nothing. I only feel a little uncomfortable. Let's continue enjoying the performance."

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 178

You Have Shown Your Concern for Mrs.P

Trey frowned, "Do you need to go to the hospital?"

"No, it doesn't matter. I'm used to it. And I'll get better soon."

But Trey was worried about her, "Are you really okay?"

Sharon nodded repeatedly, "Yes, I'm okay."

Trey pursed his lips and said, "Well, if you're not feeling well, please tell me, and I will get you to the hospital."

"Okay."

Fortunately, the seating area was dimly lit. So, Trey didn't feel anything unusual.

After Trey looked away, Sharon turned to look at Jameson.

She frowned angrily and mouthed, "Let go of me!"

Jameson ignored it and looked at the stage.

Sharon took a deep breath and stepped hard on his foot. She was wearing high heels.

That must hurt like hell.

As she expected, the man beside her let out of a low groan. But even so, he still held her hand firmly.

Sharon had never seen such a shameless man as Jameson.

And she was really irritated.

Just as she was about to give him another trampling, Jameson quickly let go of her hand.

Sharon sneered. He deserved it.

After this ridiculous episode, Sharon was in no mood to watch the concert.

It was a good time to leave here when Daniel walked off the stage for changing.

She turned her head and whispered, "Trey, I'm sorry. I have to go because I've got stuff to do."

After that, Sharon got up to leave.

Trey immediately followed her and said, "I can give you a lift."

However, when they passed Jameson by, they were surprised to find him in Tiffany's seat.

He kept a straight face.

And they couldn't tell how he was feeling.

Trey nodded to him out of politeness.

Looking at them leaving, Jameson licked his thin lips and looked down at his hand.

Her warmth lingered on it.

He also stood up.

Tiffany sat in her seat and looked at the exit, then at the stage.

She stamped her foot in anger and followed them.

In the corridor, Trey stopped Sharon, "Sharon, are you still unwell?"

Sharon stopped, turned around and shook her head, "No. I just got a thing."

"Then where are you going? I can take you there."

"Thank you, but I don't want to be a bother. I can go there. Go back to enjoy the concert."

Trey smiled and said, "Oh, it is stuffy. I want to get some fresh air outside. I'll follow you to the door."

Sharon didn't refuse him.

And they walked out together.

After a while, Trey said, "Sharon, do you have time tomorrow night? I want to have a dinner with you."

Sharon thought about it and felt she couldn't leave like this.

"Yes, I have. But it's my turn to treat you. I'm really sorry today."

"It doesn't matter. Never mind."

Sharon smiled and said, "Okay, I'll talk to Tiffany when I get home. See you tomorrow."

"Sharon,"

Trey suddenly said, "I think it would be better if it's just us tomorrow. Please don't take Tiffany."

Sharon was stunned.

Trey saw her reaction and asked in a tentative tone, "Is that okay?"

Sharon did not know how to answer it.

A cold male voice came from behind them, "No."

Trey turned around and was surprised, "Mr.Proctor?"

Jameson walked over, stood beside Trey, and looked at him, "She has something to do tomorrow."

"And what is that?" Sharon asked.

Jameson pursed his thin lips.

He was very dissatisfied with her nailing his lie.

He looked sideways at her and said, "I mean you have something to do tomorrow!"

Sharon smiled embarrassedly and said to Trey, "Alright, it's a deal."

For a moment Trey couldn't figure out what happened, and then nodded, "Then I'll pick you up tomorrow."

Sharon smiled and said, "I have to go.See you tomorrow."

After that, Sharon turned around and strode off.

Jameson wanted to follow her, but Trey grabbed him by the arm.

He became sullen and said, "Let go of me."

Trey asked, "May I know what Mr.Proctor's up to?"

"It has nothing to do with you."

"It has something to do with me.I believe Mr.Proctor can see that I'm courting Sharon.If you do the same, I can compete with you.Don't be so aggressive to Sharon.You should show your respect to her."

Jameson looked at him and sneered, "I do the same?"

Trey asked, "Can you give me an explanation about why you do it?"

"Okay."

Jameson said slowly, "I'm telling you, Sharon is my wife.Please stay away from her."

A low voice interrupted, "Ex-wife."

Jameson kept silent.

When he looked towards her, Tiffany immediately looked away, as if nothing had happened.

As the matchmaker for Trey and Sharon, Tiffany would stop anyone from splitting them up.

Trey smiled when he heard this, "Oh, I know."

Jameson looked at him again, "Since you know our relationship, you should keep distance with her."

Trey said, "I've long heard that Mr.Proctor has a wife, but you treat her badly.You regret it for divorcing her? Stop pestering Sharon."

Jameson was sulky and looked at Trey coldly.

Trey continued, "Thank you for telling me about this, Mr. Proctor. I know what Sharon has suffered. I will be very nice to her. And I will heal the wound you left her."

After that, Trey nodded at Jameson and turned around to leave.

Tiffany immediately followed.

She was afraid that Jameson would destroy her if she stayed here with Jameson.

After they left, Jacob came in and said, "Mr. Proctor, Mrs. Proctor is heading that way."

Jameson said indifferently, "You also think that Sharon has suffered a lot in our three-year marriage?"

"I think..."

What a grueling question.

If he couldn't give Jameson a satisfactory answer, he would be severely punished.

After thinking, Jacob said timidly, "Mr. Proctor, I think that although you misunderstood Madam, you have shown your concern for Mrs. Proctor sometimes."

"For example..."

Jacob was lost for words.

It was very difficult to give him an example. Mr. Proctor was a sharp-tongued man.

Although he became more kind, his harsh words really hurt Mrs. Proctor in the past three years.

Jacob was also deeply disapproving of Mr. Proctor's harsh remarks on Mrs. Proctor.

He guessed that it would be worse if there were only Mr. and Mrs. Proctor.

Jacob said nothing. Jameson kept his face straight, and walked out.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 179

Did Anyone Ever Say You Got a Brass Ne

After the concert, Sharon didn't want to go home, so she went down the street.

Some time later, she saw a small amusement park.

Most of the children there were two to three-year-old, running and jumping.

The smile on their faces was pure and wide.

Sharon stopped.

She stood outside the park, smiling.

Then, a few minutes later, there came a man's voice beside her, indifferently, "What're you looking at?"

Sharon stopped seeing the park, and the smile vanished from her face.

“Mr.Proctor, you will never understand what I’m looking at,” said she coldly.

“How did you know I don’t understand?”

Jameson replied, with one hand in his pocket.

“If you did understand, you wouldn’t say that.”

Sharon didn’t want to argue with him anymore, so she turned around and continued walking.

However, she didn’t expect Jameson to follow behind her slowly.

It was like what they did in Costspool.

Sharon was getting more and more irritated.

She stopped dead in her tracks and turned to look at him coldly.

Jameson paused, too.

Then he stared at her with his black eyes, frowning.

“What are you doing?”

“I would ask you the same question, Mr.Proctor.Why are you following me?”

Sharon thought that a jerk like Jameson would say “Was it your street? Why couldn’t I walk on it?”

But she didn’t expect that Jameson said indifferently, “You’re so beautiful.I’m afraid that someone will attack you.”

She was quiet for thirty seconds.

That was something she never thought she would hear from him.

Wasn’t he most likely the attacker? For a moment, Sharon didn’t know what to say, so she continued walking.

In a few minutes Jamesor’s voice came from behind her, “Sharon, you just blushed.Are you shy?”

“No!”

She was clearly frightened.

Jameson asked again, “Then why are you flushing?”

“I feel hot.”

“How? You’re wearing little clothing.”

Sharon ignored him.

Jameson went on, “Why are you dressed like that and wearing make-up? For dating Trey?”

Sharon still ignored him.

"Trey is going after you. You know that, right?"

Sharon took a deep breath and said, "What are you trying to say, Mr. Proctor?"

"Do not be with him."

"Why?"

Sharon laughed, "Is this because you don't like him? That is so boring."

Jameson stared at her.

After a few seconds, he said, "No."

"Then you have no reason..."

"Because I like you."

Sharon's face was absolutely calm, "Oh."

Jameson pursed his lips and repeated, "Don't be with him."

That made Sharon chuckle, "What makes you think that I would listen to you, Mr. Proctor? Should I be glad to hear that you like me? Or I have to buy firecrackers to celebrate it?"

"That will be OK with me if that'll make you happier."

Sharon forgot how cruel the jerk was.

Just as she turned away from him, Jameson said slowly, "I'm sorry for what happened."

For the first time, Sharon heard him say "I'm sorry" in such a tone.

And he seemed to be sincere.

At least he didn't say "It's somewhat my fault."

But she didn't understand.

"You don't have to tell me, Mr. Proctor. I'm just a sketchy woman. I don't deserve your apology," said Sharon indifferently.

Jameson was unhappy, "It's up to me whether you deserve it or not."

How could he be so cheeky? Sharon did not want to argue with him anymore.

She said, "Alright, whatever you meant, it was fine with me. Then, I think there is no need for you to contact me again. So, Mr. Proctor, I was wondering if you could possibly..."

Before she could finish, Jameson leaned over and kissed her.

Her lips were sealed. Sharon was stunned.

Then she pushed him away, eyes turning red, "Jameson, are you crazy?"

Jameson licked his thin lips and spoke slowly, "You said you would accept my apology."

“That’s all you heard?”

“Yes, I don’t want to hear the rest.”

Sharon thought that he was crazy.

She was sick of arguing with him, so she turned around and tried to hail a taxi by the road.

Jameson stood beside her and glanced at the driveway from afar.

“It’s very hard to hail a taxi now.Let me take you.”

Sharon clenched her fists and ignored him.

Jameson spoke again, “If you are angry, you can kiss me back.I don’t care.I am not like you.”

It was actually hard to catch a taxi, so Sharon could only continue walking.

But her new high heels chafed her so much that she got annoyed.

She took off her shoes and smashed them at the man behind her, “Don’t follow me!”

Jameson caught the shoes and frowned, “Sharon, it’s 7 degrees today.”

“It’s OK if it’s 7 degrees below zero.My freezing to death is none of your business.”

Anger was boiling up inside Sharon.

Not only was she not cold, but she was very furious.

A few steps further, she felt someone put his arms around her.

Then she was picked up.

Sharon looked at him expressionlessly, “Mr.Proctor, did anyone ever say that you got a brass neck?”

Jameson said, “You are the first one.”

“My pleasure.”

“You can buy more firecrackers.”

Sharon sneered and said, “Although I don’t know what you’re thinking, Mr.Proctor.I can tell you right now, I won’t like you, never.”

Jameson’s face did not change, “You’ll never know.”

Sharon said, “All you need do is think about how much you hated me, disgusted me, and disdained me before we got divorced, Mr.Proctor.You would know what I think of you right now.”

“It’s different,” said Jameson.

“How was it different?”

“Even at that time...you were still in my bed.”

This was the first time Sharon felt such a headache.

She didn't want to talk back at all.

Jameson went on, "Even if I treated you like that before, I still like you now.

Who knows you won't like me later?"

Sharon said calmly, "Jameson, can you bring the baby back to life?"

Jameson didn't say anything.

She sneered, "If you can't, why are you so sure?"

That baby was an unbridgeable gulf between them.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 180

He Seemed to Never Give Up

Five minutes later, Jacob pulled over and stopped beside them. He quickly got out of the car and opened the door to the back seat.

Jameson let Sharon get in the car, and then he went around to the other side to step aboard.

Just as Jacob was about to use the navigation system, he thought of the incident last time.

He coughed and whispered, "Ms. Allyson?"

Sharon gave him an address indifferently, and then she leaned against the corner and closed her eyes.

Not long after that, she felt clothes covering her body.

Sharon did not move, nor did she want to talk to him.

She just slightly leaned to the other side and turned her back to him.

Jameson commanded, "We can set off now."

"Yes."

On the way back, it was always quiet inside the car.

Jameson even thought that Sharon was truly asleep.

He looked at her quietly and thought of the question she had just asked.

Although the little one had become much better than it was before, no one could guarantee that there would be no accidents in the future.

After a while, if the little one could be totally fine, he would bring him to her.

Anyway, there's no need for her to know this.

It seemed that Sharon had sensed his gaze.



Formerly, she was pretending to sleep.

But now she stretched out her hand to pull the clothes up and cover her head.

Jameson said, "..."

He pursed his lips and stopped staring at her.

Half an hour later, the car stopped at the apartment building.

At last, Jacob opened his mouth to talk, trying to put an end to the dull atmosphere, "Ms. Allyson. Here we are."

The one who was covered by the clothes finally moved, then she removed the clothes and sat up.

Her voice was very calm, "Thank you."

When Sharon opened the door and was about to get off, Jameson's voice came from behind, "You are not allowed to go tomorrow."

Hearing his words, Sharon was agitated again, "I will go!"

After that, she slammed the door and left without looking back.

Jameson looked at her and gritted his teeth angrily.

Tiffany waited at home for a long time, but she didn't see Sharon coming back.

She couldn't get through to her, so she was so anxious that she was about to go out to look for her.

But at that time, the door was opened.

Tiffany walked over and said, "Sharon, where have you been ...Where are your shoes?"

Sharon shook her head, "I felt uncomfortable with them. I threw them away."

"Then you came back just like that? It's about to snow outside, you..."

"It's fine. I only need to walk upstairs. I came back by car."

Sharon said, "Tiffany, I'm going to take a shower first."

Tiffany nodded her head, "Alright, you take a shower. I'll go to the kitchen to make some hot soup for you."

Halfway through the cooking, Tiffany heard a knock on the door.

She turned down the fire and ran to open the door.

Daniel was standing at the door.

Tiffany was stunned for a moment, then she leaned on the door and greeted him, "Hello. We meet again."

Daniel nodded slightly and said, "I heard from Trey that you are his friends?"

“Well ...yes, we are on good terms.”

Tiffany said, “How did you get to know him?”

“In Australia.”

Tiffany was stunned for a moment before she realized that he meant they got to know each other when they were studying in Australia.

Tiffany maintained a smile and suddenly thought of something.

She took her hand off and said, “Do you want to ...come in and have a seat?”

“No.”

Daniel glanced around the room and paused for a moment before saying, “Did you mention that you lived with a friend last time?”

“That’s right.Didn’t Trey mention her to you?”

“Yes.”

That’s why he wanted to have a look.

But it seemed that she wasn’t at home.

Daniel stopped his glance.

When he was about to leave, he saw a woman wiping her hair and walking into the living room.

She asked, “Tiffany, who are you talking to...”

Before Sharon finished her words, she looked over and saw Daniel standing at the door.

Tiffany said, “Sharon, this is Trey’s friend and also our neighbor.You should have seen him before.”

Sharon greeted him politely, “Hello.”

Daniel smiled and he nodded slightly in greeting.

He said gently, “It’s getting late today.I should disturb you no more.Please excuse me.”

“Well...”

Tiffany said, “Then why don’t we have dinner together tomorrow?”

Daniel thought for a moment and nodded, “Alright.”

After going back to his room, Daniel sat on the sofa, gently tapping on his knee with his cell phone.

So that was Jameson’s ex-wife.She’s really pretty.

However, if Jameson canceled his engagement with the Beale family just for this woman, it would be too unbelievable.

It didn’t seem like his style.

After a while, his phone rang.

The call was from Trey.

Trey said, "Next Wednesday is Natalia's birthday party. It's already arranged."

"I see."

Daniel asked, "You insisted that I should come back to take your place just because of Jameson's ex-wife?"

Trey said coldly, "She has a name."

"Ok, sorry, I forgot to ask."

After a pause, Daniel added, "If he knew that you were so close to Jameson's ex-wife, he wouldn't be happy."

"I'll tell him when it's convenient."

"Whatever. I don't care anyway. If things go well, he'll be back in a while."

After closing the door, Tiffany said excitedly, "Sharon, I invited him to have dinner tomorrow. He agreed! Are you going with us?"

Sharon smiled and went to the kitchen to turn off the fire.

"You guys go. I promised Trey that I would have dinner with him."

Hearing this, Tiffany immediately ran over and leaned against her.

She sighed, "That's good. He finally understood what I told him in the car today. It seems quite effective."

Sharon turned around and asked, "What did you say to him?"

"Well?"

Tiffany laughed rigidly and tried to muddle through, "Just a casual chat. What else can we talk? Well ... I'm going to take a shower too. You can go to bed early after drinking the soup. It's strangely cold. Have a good sleep and you'll be energetic tomorrow!"

After that, she ran away quickly.

Sharon turned around and smiled faintly while bring out the soup from the pot.

When Sharon was lying on the bed at night, she could not sleep at all.

The moment she closed her eyes, Jameson's words came to her mind.

She still didn't quite understand why Jameson had suddenly changed so much that he didn't want to leave even if he was cursed or expelled.

It was as if he was someone else.

In the past, this jerk would never allow her to trample on his dignity or reputation.

Moreover, he seemed to never give up no matter what would happen.

Sharon couldn't understand his intentions.

The more Sharon thought about it, the more annoyed she became.

She could not fall asleep anyway, so she got up, sat at the table and opened the draft book.

When she turned to the page that had been torn apart, she felt even more annoyed when she saw the uneven marks.