

## Resume 211

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 211

I Never Impose on Others

The next day, in the Proctor Group.

Ever since he entered, Sharon had been dawdling, not wanting to go up at all.

After a time, the phone in her bag rang.

It was Jacob calling.

After Sharon picked up, Jameson's voice came out.

Jameson said coldly, "Are you scrubbing the floor as you walk? So slow?"

Sharon raised her head and looked around, wondering if there was a surveillance camera.

Jameson added, "I have a meeting later. Hurry up."

"Okay."

Sharon withdrew her gaze and entered the elevator.

In the office, Jameson threw his phone to Jacob.

"Go pick her up at the elevator entrance. Don't let her escape."

Jacob felt strange about the word "escape".

Why did it sound like Sharon would be executed? Five minutes later, Sharon appeared in his office.

Jameson leaned back on the sofa, his slender legs crossed and his fingers tapping lightly on his knees.

His face was a cold blank mask.

Sharon walked up to him and said, "Mr. Proctor."

"Sit."

Sharon opened her mouth to say something but finally, she pursed her lips and sat opposite him.

Very quickly, Jacob made two cups of coffee.

After it was served, he silently left.

Sharon looked down at the table and then said seriously, "Mr. Proctor, I will foot the bill for Giana's behavior."

Jameson took a sip of coffee and said indifferently, "How?"

"I will listen to you."

"Sharon, do you know why you always cause so much trouble?"

Sharon did not say anything.

Jameson said lightly, "Because you always take responsibility for things that have nothing to do with you."

Sharon looked at him and said calmly, "Ruben is my brother. His business is my business. However, I don't ask for your understanding, Mr. Proctor. After all, only humans have such emotion."

Jameson was silent for a while.

Then he looked up at her and said, "Remember what you said. You have to be responsible until everything is settled."

"Within reason, I won't go back on my word." Jameson put down his cup, his thin lips curling.

"Very good."

For some reason, Sharon felt that she had been tricked.

She stood up and said, "Then I'll go back. If anything happens, let Mr. Green call me...."

Jameson said, "Something is going on now."

"...Mr. Proctor, please speak."

Jameson raised his hand and looked at his wristwatch.

"I have a meeting. Wait here. You can't leave until I return."

"But..."

"You can leave if you want. I never impose on others."

Sharon was surprised.

He didn't even flush when he lied.

Jameson looked slowly at her and said, "Whoever caused this incident should be held responsible."

Sharon closed her eyes and sat back on the sofa.

"I'll wait here for you, Mr. Proctor."

Jameson said slowly, "Why do I feel you're reluctant?"

Sharon made herself smile and clenched her teeth.

"Mr. Proctor, you are wrong. I'm not reluctant."

"That's good. I don't want you to say I'm pestering you again."

'Get out! What a jerk!' When he walked out of the office, Jameson looked back and Sharon immediately turned to look forward.

"There's a lounge inside," he said.

"If you're sleepy, go to bed."

Sharon pretended not to hear him.

After the office door closed, Sharon took a deep breath and leaned back on the sofa.

She felt like she was on the struggle bus.

Not long after, Giana called.

"I was a little busy yesterday," Giana said.

"I didn't notice your call until now."

Sharon said, "Have you gotten everything straightened out?"

"It's a bit troublesome.

Although people are paying less attention to it, it still affects the follow-up work."

"Is there a great loss to the Proctor Group?" "I'm not sure about that, but my work has been halted.

Mr. Proctor told me to go abroad since I'm being watched.

There will definitely be losses when I'm not working."

Sharon nodded, "I see. Thank you for helping Ruben."

"You regarded me as an outsider. I consider your family my family. I can't just stand by."

"Then go abroad and rest for a few days. Leave the rest to me."

Giana whispered, "You went to Mr. Proctor?"

"I'm in his office."

Giana coughed and found an excuse.

"Well, I'm going to board the plane. Let's talk later."

"OK."

Sharon sat in the office for the whole afternoon.

An assistant delivered lunch but she didn't take one bite.

She wanted to make it clear that she was here to solve the problem.

She wouldn't be tangling with him anymore.

When he returned from the meeting at 5 p.m., Jameson saw Sharon still sitting there in the same position as before.

He walked over and said, "Have you eaten yet?"

Sharon said indifferently, "Mr. Proctor, have you figured out how to solve it?"

Jameson touched his forehead and said, "If you haven't eaten, have some with me."

"If Mr.Proctor hasn't decided yet, I can come tomorrow."

"What would you like to have?"

They seemed to be talking separately.

Jameson took his suit coat and said, "Then let's go out to eat."

Sharon fell silent.

After a while, she couldn't help but say, "Mr.Proctor, don't you need a hearing check?"

"Okay, let's go to the hospital.Anyway, you need a conscience check."

Sharon was too annoyed to argue with him.

After leaving the Proctor Group with him, she stopped and said, "Mr.Proctor, I..."

Jameson looked at her and tilted his head.

"Get in the car first."

Sharon took a deep breath and could only get on.

On the way, Jameson did not say anything.

Just as Sharon thought he made a fool of her again, he handed over a folder.

"Giana's image represents the Proctor Group to a certain extent, so the negative publicity not only affects her career, but also the Proctor Group."

Sharon took the folder and whispered, "Is it bigger than that you withdrew from the marriage?"

Jameson gave her a blank stare.

"I'm not joking."

Sharon immediately said seriously, "...I'm sorry."

Jameson continued, "At present, there is only one way to recoup our losses."

Sharon flipped through the documents in her hand as she listened carefully.

Jameson did not lie to her.

Apart from Giana's work, several projects of the Proctor Group were also in trouble.

She raised her eyes and asked, "Mr.Proctor, what should I do?"

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Have You Ever Heard the Story of the F

Jameson said in a businesslike tone with a light voice, "There is a card game tonight.Go with me."

Sharon was stunned for a moment before nodding, "OK."

"Can we go eat now?"

Sharon smiled dryly and returned the folder to him.

"Mr.Proctor, you go right ahead."

Jameson leaned back in his seat, his eyes slightly closed.

In less than two minutes, Sharon's phone rang.It was Trey.

Sharon turned to look at Jameson, wondering if he was asleep.

After hesitating for a few seconds, she picked up the phone.

Trey said, "Sharon, I've heard it from Tiffany.Do you need my help?"

Sharon wanted to say no but she bit it back and said, "Okay, thank you."

On the side, Jameson slowly opened his eyes.

After hanging up, Sharon turned around and met Jameson's calm black eyes.

Jameson looked away and said, his face expressionless, "Here we are.Get off."

Sharon wanted to stick to her principle of not eating, but for a person who didn't have lunch, watching others eat was simply torture.

She took a deep breath and prepared to buy food after leaving the restaurant.

Jameson looked at her back and said indifferently, "What is in her mind?"

Jacob stood at the side, not knowing how to answer.

Sharon had been very clear that she intended to distance herself from Jameson.

No matter how hard Jameson tried to create an opportunity, he didn't change anything.

However, Sharon thought it was very simple.

Since she couldn't avoid meeting that jerk, she'd better face him with candor.

Jameson stood up and followed her out.

Sharon bought a box lunch from the convenience store and sat at the table.

Just as he was about to eat, someone suddenly took it away.

Immediately after, the chopsticks in her hand disappeared.

Sharon was somewhat surprised and annoyed.

"Mr.Proctor, aren't you eating?"

"It does not taste good."

“How could such expensive food not be delicious?”

Jameson said indifferently, “Then why don’t you eat?”

Jameson ignored her and took the chopsticks to eat the box lunch.

Sharon felt Jameson would be the death of her.

She pursed her lips and went back to the convenience store to buy another one.

After coming out, she took another seat.

Jameson put down his chopsticks and clicked his tongue against his teeth.

After dinner, Sharon’s mouth felt a little dry.

Just as she was going to the convenience store to buy a bottle of water, a cup of steaming water appeared in front of her.

Sharon looked up at the man beside her.

Before she could find a reason to refuse, Jameson said, “It’s a kind of compensation for your lost meal. If you don’t drink, throw it away.”

Then he strode towards Rolls-Royce that was parked on the street.

Sharon looked at him and then at the hot water on the table.

What the jerk said made sense.

It was compensation.

She didn’t have to force herself.

Sharon picked up the cup and drank it.

In Twilight Club.

Sharon never dreamed she would walk into this place with Jameson again.

Every time she came here in the past, she could feel the despair and humiliation within her.

But this time, she didn’t feel anything.

Perhaps those unbearable memories faded after Josh’s death.

When she collected herself, Sharon found Jameson looking calmly at a corner not far away.

She did not know what he was thinking and how he felt.

After two minutes, Sharon could not help but ask, “Mr. Proctor, aren’t you leaving?”

Jameson said indifferently, “I remembered something.”

“What...?”

Sharon regretted the moment it came out.

But it was too late to take it back.

Jameson said calmly, "There was once someone pulling my hand and begging for help."

She had expected it.

As it turned out, she should have asked Jameson.

Jameson continued, "Although I am not a good person, I occasionally do good things."

Sharon thought Jameson must have done a lot of bad things.

"But in the end, she bit me back."

"Sharon, have you heard the story of the farmer and the snake?"

Sharon clenched her teeth and said, "Mr.Proctor, can you shut up?"

Jameson turned his eyes to the side and said coldly, "I'm talking about Jacob.Why are you so angry?"

Sharon was lost for words.

Jacob was also taken aback.

As a professional assistant, Jacob took a step forward and offered quickly, "Ms.Allyson, Mr.Proctor is right.I was also here at the time, and Mr.Proctor happened to be here..."

Sharon looked at him with a straight face as if she was waiting for him to come up with an back.

Jacob coughed.

"Ms.Allyson, please."

Sharon said, "Mr.Green, can I ask you a question?"

"What ...what?"

Jacob didn't want to continue the topic anymore! He really couldn't make it up.

Sharon asked, "A few days ago, did Mr.Proctor go to the Proctor's?"

"Ms.Allyson, you mean..."

"The day he came to find me." Jacob nodded.

He didn't expect that she would suddenly ask this.

"Did anyone say anything to him?" Sharon asked.

Jacob said, "After the Rowlands took Erica away, Jeffery asked Jameson to send him back.I don't know what Jeffery said."

Hearing this, Sharon nodded, "I see.Thank you."

From that time, Jameson had been weird.

Although he would still say some annoying words and target her, he became more distant and apathetic.

Jacob coughed.

“Ms. Allyson, please.”

Sharon said, “Mr. Green, can I ask you a question?”

“What ...what?”

Jacob didn't want to continue the topic anymore! He really couldn't make it up.

Sharon asked, “A few days ago, did Mr. Proctor go to the Proctor's?”

“Ms. Allyson, you mean...”

“The day he came to find me.” Jacob nodded.

He didn't expect that she would suddenly ask this.

“Did anyone say anything to him?” Sharon asked.

Jacob said, “After the Rowlands took Erica away, Jeffery asked Jameson to send him back. I don't know what Jeffery said.”

Hearing this, Sharon nodded, “I see. Thank you.”

From that time, Jameson had been weird.

Although he would still say some annoying words and target her, he became more distant and apathetic.

This feeling was completely different from before.

Sharon even felt that he was slightly schizophrenic.

Jeffery? Could it be that Jeffery had said something to Jameson? If that was true, it was time for her to celebrate.

Jacob hesitated for a moment and said, “Ms. Allyson, there is something Mr. Proctor might not tell you, but I think you should know....”

“What?”

“Mr. Proctor only recently found out that you miscarried because Erica pushed you downstairs. When investigating, I was always getting into trouble. It should be Mrs. Proctor who was playing tricks. That's why Jameson misunderstood you....”

Sharon couldn't help laughing.

No wonder Jameson behaved in such an abnormal way. So, that was the reason.

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Only by Stretching Out the Line Can On

In the private room.

As Jameson arrived, the temperature in the room plummeted.

There was a heavy atmosphere of depression.

On the poker table, someone whispered, "What's wrong with Mr.Proctor?"

William glanced at the man who was sitting on the sofa and drinking wine, "Probably, he got bitten again."

Another person said, "Playing so wild? But I haven't heard of any women around Mr.Proctor recently."

William smiled without a word.

At this time, the door was pushed open, and the biter walked in.

William looked up and saw Sharon.

It made him a little surprised.

He didn't expect Jameson to bring her here.

Didn't the two of them have been in a fight? Sharon looked at him and nodded slightly as a greeting.

Then, she walked to Jameson and took a seat beside him.

William raised his eyebrows and turned his gaze.

At this moment, someone asked, "Who is she? Very pretty.A new model or star discovered by Mr.Proctor's?"

William rubbed his cards and got to the point, "Mr.Proctor's ex-wife."

Everyone said, "..."

Didn't Jameson hate his ex-wife in particular? He finally got a divorce, but why did they come together again? In the corner, Jameson drank lightly without a word.

Sharon did not say anything either, just sitting there.

Anyway, he only told her to join the poker game with him but didn't say what she was supposed to do.

Sharon glanced at where William sat.

Seeing that they were all rich second generation playing through life, she couldn't help but wonder if this poker game would benefit the few projects that the Proctor Group had been affected by.

Just as Sharon was getting more and more confused, Jameson's voice came from the side, "Have a drink?"

Sharon turned to look at him.

His face was hidden in the dim light.

The shadow covered the emotions in his eyes, and she could only see the cold and hard jaw line.

After a moment in a daze, Sharon sobered up and said, "I don't drink."

In the darkness, the man seemed to sneer in a low voice.

Then, he picked up his wine glass and drank it.

His Adam's apple bobbed in his throat.

Jameson put down his glass and walked over to the poker table.

As soon as he went over, someone stood up and said, "Mr. Proctor, please sit here. I have to go because I have something to do."

After Jameson sat down, William said, "That is bad luck seat. He has been losing tonight. Mr. Proctor, you must be careful."

"Worse luck than what you have?"

William said, "..."

This guy must be ablaze with anger, as if he had swallowed gunpowder.

He spoke in a too much offensive way.

So, everyone on the poker table had reached a consensus.

Mr. Proctor was in a bad mood right.

It was better not to offend him.

After playing a few games, Jameson really lost miserably.

He pushed down the cards and turned to look at Sharon, "Come here."

Sharon walked over and hesitated for a moment before saying, "I don't know how to play."

After a moment of silence, she added with extreme rigor, "I don't have any money either."

Her hard-earned money could never be lost to these evil capitalists.

Jameson was awkward.

William smiled and said, "It doesn't matter. Mr. Proctor has always liked to do charity work. Not long ago, in the name of environment protection, he increased the green area in the city."

Before William finished his word, he felt a cold glance at him which immediately made him silent.

"But I really don't know," said Sharon, who was sitting in the seat of Jameson.

Jameson said in a low voice, "Don't you have a genius? Is there anything you can't do?"

William in the opposite coughed to hint him not overdoing it.

Once he went crazy, he would bite whoever he got.

Till then, it would be too late to regret it.

In the past, Sharon had quarreled with him.

But this time, she kept telling herself that she was here to solve the problem, not quarrel with this jerk.

When she wanted to say something, he finally said, "I'll teach you."

"OK." Sharon said.

Perhaps because Josh was a gambler, Sharon had no interest in these things since she was young, and she did not know what the fun was.

Like an emotionless robot, she played the game according to Jameson's commands all along.

But Sharon brought the luck.

After she kept winning for several times, the atmosphere on the card table became more and more intense.

However, Sharon felt more and more sleepy.

"Play that one."

She didn't know if it was because that Jameson didn't express well, or she misunderstood.

When she picked up the card that Jameson had mentioned and prepared to play, her hand hanging in the air was suddenly held by him.

The man's palm was warm and dry.

The moment he held her hand, Sharon suddenly felt burned.

His sleepiness was gone instantly, and she wanted to pull out his hand unconsciously.

But just before she tried, Jameson had loosed his hand, "Not this one. The one next to it."

Jameson could only put the card back and play another one.

After the match ended, Sharon stood up and said, "I want to go to the bathroom. Mr. Proctor, back to you."

With that, before he answered, Sharon quickly turned around and left.

After she left, the others on the poker table also found excuses to leave.

Today was not the day to play cards.

Anyone who wasn't careful enough, would become the next person to offend Jameson.

Seeing that all had escaped, William clicked his tongue and pushed away the cards in front of him, "Are you here to play cards or ruin the game?"

Jameson sat back on the sofa and poured a glass of wine, "I didn't drive them away."

"You're so close to do so."

William sat beside him and said, "Who provoked you again today? Didn't I tell you, that you have a carping tongue. It's better to say less."

Jameson held the wine cup in his hand and spun it around with an indifferent expression, "She doesn't have a heart but ears."

William said, "No, you swore an oath a while ago, and you were very excited. What's wrong with you now? You suddenly got lost?"

Jameson raised his head and drunk up his wine, ignoring him.

William added, "Jameson, you need to be patient when pursuing girls. Moreover, you misunderstood her before. Haste makes waste."

"If you're not in a hurry, you'll be able to attend her wedding in two months."

William was lost for words.

He had heard from Jacob that Sharon had recently gotten quite close to Trey of Stella Technologies.

I didn't expect them to develop so quickly.

William didn't understand, "Then you still act like this?"

"Did the old methods work?"

"...They shouldn't work, right?"

If they worked, he wouldn't sit here drinking alone.

Jameson stared at the wine cup in his hand with his dark eyes.

His thin lips curled up and he said word by word, "Stretching out long line is the only way to catch a big fish."

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An Apology on the Mouth Won't Be Enough

Perhaps Sharon chose Trey because Jameson had pushed her so hard.

Since that was the case, Jameson could only change his strategy.

William laughed awkwardly, "Then ...may you succeed."

Jameson looked at him with a dissatisfied expression, "Is it a blessing?"

William was awkward.

"I think your way doesn't seem to work. Jameson, you still don't understand what a girl wants."

“But I know what Sharon thinks,” Jameson said.

Hearing what he said, William felt that it made sense.

Sharon came out of the bathroom and drew out a piece of tissue to wipe her hands.

Just as she was about to leave, a figure passed her by.

A female voice came from behind her, “Sharon?”

Sharon paused and looked back.

Paisley was surprised, and then she crossed her arms around her chest and was arrogant, “Why are you here? Did you come with Trey?”

“No.”

“So weird. Could it be that you are gathering with friends? The consumption level here is so high.” Paisley’s words were filled with contempt.

Sharon said indifferently, “It has nothing to do with you.”

Paisley probably didn’t expect Sharon to say so.

Her expression changed slightly and she snorted, “I was reminding you out of kindness. You probably don’t know that every glass of wine here cost more than ten thousands. I’m worried that you have worked so hard but spend all your money here. After all, it’s not easy to earn money in service industry.”

“You’ve said so much. Are you going to bring me a drink on the house?” Paisley wanted to say something but failed.

Paisley’s husband and his friends would get together here tonight.

And she had supplicated him for a long time before her husband promised to bring her over.

Paisley herself couldn’t afford the drinks here, so how could these be on her? Seeing this, Sharon smiled and said, “Mind your own business.”

Just as Sharon was about to leave, Paisley said, “Sharon, I remember that you are divorced, right? In my husband’s company, there is a man who recently divorced. I think that you are a perfect match. Do you want to know him?”

Before Sharon could reply, Paisley continued to say, “One has to learn to move on. You didn’t meet an excellent man, so you had a failed marriage. This time, I have been asking around. Although the man has two children, he is honest. Most importantly, he will be kind to his wife if getting married, and he earns a decent annual salary. After you are together, you don’t need to do anything except taking care of children at home. I will not introduce him to others if I don’t know them well.”

“Keep him for yourself.”

“You...”

Sharon ignored her and threw the tissue into the trash can, turned around and left.

Paisley stood there, stomping her feet with hatred.

Sharon was just a grass widow.

What was there to be proud of? Did she still think that she was admired among others then? After returning to the private room, Sharon saw that the others had left.

Only Jameson sat on the sofa and was drinking wine.

Seems like he was drunk.

"Mr.Proctor, is it over?" Sharon asked.

Jameson looked up at her, "Why don't you come back until tomorrow?"

Sharon picked up her bag and said, "Since it's over, I'll leave."

"Come here."

Sharon did not move and said, "Mr.Proctor, is there anything else?"

Jameson said indifferently, "Sit down."

Sharon kept silent for a moment and sat down far from him.

Jameson pushed a glass of wine on the table to her and said, "Have a taste."

"Thank you," Sharon said.

"I am not a drinker."

"It's sweet, alcohol content is not high."

Sharon didn't seem to believe him and looked at him with a wary expression.

Jameson said, "If I want to do something to you, I don't need to find an excuse."

Sharon was speechless.

But this was true.

The jerk's attitude towards her today was very cold.

Perhaps he had run out of patience as he said last time.

Sharon picked up a glass of wine and sipped at it.

Then, she licked her lips with the tip of her tongue.

It was indeed sweet.

Then she drank it up.

But just as Sharon put down the wine glass, Jameson pushed another one over.

Sharon was annoyed Wasn't this a little bit too far? Jameson said indifferently, "I have said that since you are supplicating me, you have to show me your sincerity. In case you deny this thing in the future and are indebted to me again, now talk it through."

Sharon took a deep breath.

After several glasses of wine, Sharon felt that she wanted to go to the bathroom again.

Unexpectedly, just as she was to stand up, she felt the world spinning.

After a burst of dizziness, Sharon fell back onto the sofa.

Her beautiful eyes were wet and she looked ahead, unfocused.

Jameson placed his elbow on the edge of the table and was holding his head with one hand.

He looked at Sharon quietly as if he was waiting for this scene.

He raised his eyebrows and whispered to her, "Sharon."

Sharon turned her head and her face was filled with confusion.

Jameson said slowly, "Do you still remember who I am?"

"...I'm drunk, not retard."

"Is that so?"

Sharon picked up her bag and tried to stand up again, but didn't seem to exert force.

Just as she leaned against the table and struggling to stand up, Jameson grabbed her wrist.

He gently exerted force and she fell again.

But, this time, she did not sit on the sofa, but in the arms of Jameson.

Sharon stretched out her hand to push Jameson, but her entire body was sluggish as if she was playing hard to get.

Jameson put his hand on her waist and controlled her with no sweat at all.

He said, "Sharon, I ask you again, who am I?"

Looking at the annoying face in front of her, Sharon's thoughts became more and more chaotic.

Then, by instinct, she slapped him on the face.

Her tone was somewhat aggrieved and she sobbed, "jerk!"

Jameson was annoyed.

He pulled her hand down and held it in his palm, "I'm your husband."

"You aren't. We divorced."

"No, you got it wrong."

Hearing this, Sharon became even more blank.

No? How could that be? She clearly remembered that she was divorced.

Jameson added, "Today is our first wedding anniversary. You're too happy and drunk."

Hearing what he said, Sharon was so dizzy that she gradually believed the lie Jameson had fabricated.

"Sharon, didn't you prepare a present for me today?"

Sharon looked around, searched her pocket, and lowered her head.

"Sorry, I forgot."

Jameson said, "An apology on the mouth won't be enough."

Sharon looked up at him and hesitated for a few seconds.

When she was sure that the man wasn't disgusted to her, she attempted to forward and lightly touched his lips.

"What about this?"

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 215

Just Cuddle Me

Jameson's dark eyes were deep, and his Adam's apple slightly rolled, "No."

Sharon tilted her head, as if she was thinking about how to be more sincere.

A moment later, she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him again.

She gingerly licked his lips with her tongue.

In an instant, Jameson tightened one of his hands on her waist and held the back of her head with his other hand, intensifying the kiss.

At first, Sharon wasn't used to it and felt her mouth hurt a little, but considering that today was their wedding anniversary and she didn't prepare any gifts, it was acceptable that he got angry.

Gradually, she began to kiss him back in a gentle way.

She felt that Jameson seemed to be somewhat different.

He was exceptionally gentle.

It was a kind of tenderness that was intoxicating.

At this moment, the door was suddenly opened.

Trey stared blankly at them as he slowly clenched his fists.

After standing for two seconds, he quickly turned around and left.

As the door was closed, Sharon quickly pushed Jameson away, with her face flushed red.



She stammered, "He saw us..."

"Don't worry."

Jameson held her head and kissed her again.

After a long time, Jameson finally let go of her.

Sharon quietly leaned against his breast, panting slightly.

She grabbed his clothes and asked in a daze, "Shouldn't we go home?"

He met her wet eyes and said in a low, hoarse voice, "What do you want to do when we get home?"

Sharon felt a little shy when he stared at her, so she looked away with her heart racing.

Jameson smiled as he gently rubbed her head, "Not today."

It was enough.

If he continued, it would be worse than anger when Sharon woke up from drunkenness.

He picked her up and whispered, "I'll take you home."

Sharon replied in a soft voice and tightly clutched his shirt.

From Twilight Club to downstairs, Sharon had almost fallen asleep.

Jameson put her in the car and ordered, "Turn the temperature up a little."

"OK."

Jacob answered and said, "Mr.Proctor, Mr.Coe has left."

Jameson didn't pay much attention to it as he put his coat over Sharon and hugged her in his arms.

Jacob coughed and reminded, "Mr.Proctor, what should we do if Mrs.Proctor knows?"

"She won't remember."

Jameson said, "It's impossible for Trey to ask her."

Mr.Proctor was really ruthless.

He actually used such an insidious move to distress his love rival.

"Mr.Proctor, where are we going?" Jacob asked.

Jameson took a deep look at Sharon and said, "Send her back."

"Alright."

Jameson said, "There have been some incidents in the Proctor family recently. Have more people keep an eye on them."

"What ...incidents?"

“Natalia may be engaged to Jeffery,” said Jameson coolly.

Jacob was very surprised, “Does Jeffery agree?”

“Right now, it’s not a matter of whether he agrees or not. This marriage is set to stabilize the relationship between the Proctor family and the Beale family.”

Moreover, Talon had proposed this marriage on his own initiative.

Jacob said, “I will ask someone to keep an eye on them and I will continue to investigate the Beale family.”

Jameson did not say anything else and hugged Sharon’s shoulder.

He looked calm and no one could figure out what he was thinking.

Tiffany was apply a facial mask at home when she suddenly heard the doorbell ring.

She hurriedly ran to open the door and said, “Sharon, why do you come back so late? Does that jerk...”

She intended to ask whether Jameson made difficulties for Sharon.

Jameson stood at the door with Sharon in his arms and looked at her without any expression.

Tiffany was dumbfounded.

She might lose her life right here, right this moment.

Jameson asked, “Where is her room?”

Tiffany stepped back involuntarily and pointed at Sharon’s room.

Jameson strode forward.

When the bedroom door closed, Tiffany took a deep breath and was still startled.

In the bedroom.

Jameson put Sharon on the bed and focused on her for a while.

Just as he was about to leave, she raised her hands and wrapped them around his neck.

She opened her eyes and looked at him, “Am I making you angry again?”

“What?”

Sharon’s nose was a little red, and she sounded a little wronged, “Then why are you leaving?”

Jameson said, “Answer one question and I won’t leave.”

Sharon nodded gently.

“Am I good to you?”

Sharon looked away and had no intention to answer him.

However, he pulled her jaw back and forced her to look at him.

Jameson said, "Answer me."

"Sometimes good ...sometimes bad..."

"Is that more of a good time or a bad time?"

Sharon didn't want to answer again.

Such a jerk! Did he have no idea about it? Why did he keep asking? Jameson said, "Then how can you forgive me?"

Sharon whispered, "Just cuddle me more."

"Really?"

"Yes."

Sharon looked down again, "But you won't do it, never will. You only know how to scold me and hate me. I really didn't lie to you. I don't want to threaten you with the child. If you don't want the baby, I can abort it. I didn't know they would do that..."

Sharon's eyes were wet and her eyelashes were full of tears.

Jameson said slowly to comfort her, "Alright, I know. I'm sorry. It's all my fault."

After Sharon fell asleep again, Jameson kissed her on the forehead and got up to leave.

Just as he walked out of the room, Tiffany, who had been waiting for a long time, immediately bowed and said loudly, "Mr. Proctor, I'm sorry!"

Jameson tidied up his sleeves and said calmly, "There's no need for such a big bow."

Tiffany hurriedly stood straight and asked, "Is Sharon drunk?"

"Yes,"

Hearing his reply, Tiffany was confused, "Something's wrong. She rarely drinks, and she is also very discreet. She has never been drunk..."

Before Tiffany could finish her sentence, Jameson looked at her coldly.

"Don't worry, Mr. Proctor. I will take good care of her."

Jameson took a few steps, then turned around and indifferently looked at her without saying a word.

Tiffany was extremely nervous, "Mr. Proctor... Is there anything else you want to tell me?"

"Don't tell her I'll send her back."

Tiffany nodded without any hesitation, "Then what should I say?"

"You are the one who pick her up in Twilight Club. When you are there, she is the only one in the room."

“Got it. I’ll do as you say.”

Jameson said, “Are you sure?”

He seemed to be gentle, but Tiffany felt a chill run down her spine.

This was not an inquiry at all, but a threat! She swallowed, “I’m sure. Don’t worry, Mr. Proctor. I promise I won’t slip up.”

Jameson withdrew his gaze and left.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 216

How Did I Get Back Last Night?

When Sharon woke up, she felt that she was very weak.

She opened her eyes and struggled to sit up.

At the moment she thought that her head was spinning.

Sharon shook her head hard and then ran to the bathroom, resisting an impulse to throw up.

After a long time, Sharon came out of the bedroom, massaging her belly.

She felt sick and very miserable.

Hearing the noise, Tiffany poked her head out of the kitchen, “Sharon, you’re awake. I’m cooking sober soup for you. It’ll be ready soon. Wait a minute.”

Sharon pulled out the chair before the dining table and sat down.

She slumped on the table and said, “OK...”

In a few minutes Tiffany came out with a steaming bowl of sober soup, “Sharon, drink it.”

Just as Sharon took the bowl, a strong feeling surged in her.

She retched several times, but there is nothing in her stomach.

A few minutes later, she managed to finish the soup.

Sharon felt that it was even more uncomfortable than before when she got morning sickness.

Then she slumped on the table again, as if she was falling asleep.

Tiffany was sitting opposite Sharon with her hands crossed on the table.

“Sharon, do you remember why you got drunk last night?” asked Tiffany tentatively.

Sharon slowly opened her eyes and managed to recall, “That j\*\*k asked me to go to a poker game with him, and he even asked me to help him play cards...”

Tiffany asked immediately, “Then what?”

“Then...”

Then the memory of the previous night rolled over Sharon.

She remembered that she went to the bathroom and met Paisley there.

When she returned, the others had all left, and only Jameson was there.

She wanted to leave, too.

But Jameson said that if she begged him for help, she must drink the wine.

Sharon did not know how much she had drunk.

Anyway, she was blackout drunk in the end.

Then she suddenly raised her head and asked, "How did I get back last night?"

Tiffany gave a dry little cough and answered as Jameson said, "I went to pick you up."

Sharon was puzzled, "Did I call you?"

"No, it's the waiter. He said you passed out in the private room. He told me to pick you up."

Sharon cupped her chin in her hand.

She seemed sleepy as she looked ahead aimlessly.

After a while, she said, "Alright."

In order to make it more real, Tiffany slammed her hand down on the table.

"That j\*\*k is so da\*ned. You passed out. How could he just leave you there? He's an animal!"

Sharon shook her head and sighed, "That is good."

It seemed that Jameson's enthusiasm for her had she decided to go to Ruben's school.

Ruben did not tell her what had happened before he met Giana on the phone, so Sharon was somehow worried.

Today was the last day of the final.

Many students were leaving the school with suitcases after the exam.

Sharon was told by a student that Ruben had taken the last exam this morning.

So, she went to the cafe where Ruben was doing a part-time job.

"He went to the police station," said the cafe owner.

"Police station?" Sharon paused for a while.

"Yes. Some high school kid set up a trap the day before yesterday... Fortunately, someone figured it out. Didn't he tell you?" Sharon shook her head, frowning.

"Which police station is it?" She asked.

After Sharon got the answer, she thanked the owner and leave.

She knew that things weren't quite that simple as Ruben told her on the phone, but she did not expect it to be so serious.

She sat up and pressed her fingers into her temples.

She didn't feel dizzy now.

After a hot bath, she felt much better.

Sharon walked out of the bedroom.

After she was done eating, she checked her phone.

Then she decided to go to Ruben's school.

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When Sharon got to the police station, Ruben was watching the surveillance video of that night with the police.

Ruben frowned at the sight of Sharon, "Why are you here?"

Sharon said angrily, "You kept a huge secret from me, and now you're asking me why I am here?"

"I am his sister, the guardian for him." she said to that policeman.

The policeman nodded, "Then let's watch together."

Sharon stared at the screen in front of him.

After a while, she frowned and said, "Could you play it back? I want to see it again."

When the surveillance video was being replayed, Sharon said, "Please zoom in a little bit more."

It was blurred and a little dark.

However, Sharon recognized the girl in the video.

Then the policeman asked, "Do you know her?"

Hearing this, Ruben looked over.

Sharon pursed her lips and said slowly, "A few days ago, her mother had been making trouble at my place."

The policeman said, "Do you have any information about them?"

"I called the police. There should be a record."

The police asked Sharon which police station she went.

Then he asked them to wait for a moment, and he would contact the police station to pull the information.

After the policeman left, Ruben asked, "When did that happen? Why didn't you tell me about it?"

"You were taking the exam, and it's not a big deal." said Sharon.

However, Sharon didn't expect that Ruben was brought into this.

At that time, she had guessed that it was a plan, but the middle-aged woman had not been seen since.

Sharon thought that she was overactive.

But now it seemed that she was not.

And the people who did these seemed to know about her relationship with Ruben.

They were after them for some reason.

No, technically, they were after her.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 217

The Problem Can't Be Me

The police needed to investigate and collect evidence, so they asked Sharon and Ruben to go back.

If there was any news, they would be notified immediately.

After they left the police station, it was already dark.

Sharon said, "Ruben, do you plan to stay at school during the holidays?"

Ruben did not answer immediately.

He thought for a moment before saying, "Starting from tomorrow, I will go to your studio."

"What?"

Sharon was astounded for a moment before she reacted.

Ruben was worried about her because of what had happened recently.

"No need, no one has come to cause trouble anymore. I'm worried about you instead. I'll rent a house for you for the holidays."

"No need. I'll rent one myself."

Hearing this, Sharon laughed and said, "Isn't it the same?"

Ruben turned his head and said, "I can earn money now."

Sharon smiled and didn't continue to argue with him about who would rent the house.

She only asked, "Then where are you going to rent it? I'll go with you to find a house tomorrow morning."

"No need. I've selected one."

Two hours later.

Daniel opened the door and looked at the two people standing outside.

His face was full of surprise.

"Who are you?"

Sharon rubbed her nose and said, "Sorry, my brother is in his a winter vacation. He wants to rent a house. Is this convenient for you?"

"This..."

"I will pay the rent," Ruben said.

"No, young man, it's not a matter about the rent."

Daniel thought for a long time before he came up with an excuse.

"I grew up abroad, and some of my personal habits and tastes may differ from yours. I'm afraid I'll make you feel uncomfortable, So..."

"It doesn't matter. I also like canned food." Daniel was lost for words.

This was the worst excuse he had ever found in his life.

Seeing Ruben pull the suitcase in, Sharon kept the door open and said apologetically, "I'm sorry, Daniel. Something happened to me recently. My brother was a little worried about me, so he came to stay with you. Don't worry. I will convince him to move away as soon as possible."



Daniel came to himself and asked, "What happened to you? Do you need my help?"

"It's not a big deal. It's almost settled. I'm really sorry."

"Ms. Allyson, let your brother live here at ease. Don't pay any rent. As neighbors, we should help each other."

Sharon said, "Thank you. If you don't mind, you can come to our place for dinner at any time in the future."

"If that's the case, I'll take advantage of it."

Daniel turned around and looked at her.

"Ms. Allyson, I'll take your brother to the guest room. We'll talk later."

"Okay, thank you."

After closing the door, Daniel walked to the living room and said to Ruben when pointing at the two empty rooms, "You can choose either of the two rooms."

Ruben nodded.

"Thank you."

Very quickly, he added, "I will not touch anything in your house, nor will I mess with your privacy. I will only stay for a month at most. As an apology, you can make a request to me."

Daniel sat on the sofa with his hands in his pockets and smiled, "Don't be so reserved. Since you've been here, make yourself at home. Go put your things away."

"Thank you." Ruben nodded to him.

Ten minutes later, Ruben came out of the guest bedroom.

Daniel took a can of beer from the fridge and tossed it to him.

"Is this the first day of your vacation? How was your exam?"

"Not bad."

"I seem to have heard that you did well in your studies. It seems that you are being modest."

Ruben pulled his lower lip and didn't say anything. Daniel sat opposite him and opened the beer in his hand.

"May I ask if your sister has been in any trouble lately?"

"Someone went to her studio to cause trouble."

"Who do you think may cause trouble?"

"It's not may."

Ruben pursed his lips and said, "They have come to me. Although the plan has failed, they will definitely make another move."

Daniel didn't expect such a thing to happen.

He paused for a moment before saying, "Is there no one else in your family other than you and your sister? I don't think I've ever heard her mention it."

Ruben's expression was cold.

"No."

Daniel saw that he didn't seem to want to talk about this topic, so he did not continue asking.

He stood up and said, "I'm going out. You can use whatever you want in this house."

Before Daniel left, he told Ruben the password to the house.

Stella Technologies.

Daniel waved his hand in front of Trey.

"I'm talking to you. Do you hear me?"

Trey was a little dazed and pinched his nose, "What did you say?"

"I said that what happened to Sharon is very strange. Did you go investigate what happened?"

"I did, but there wasn't much useful information."

Daniel said slowly, "I don't think it's that simple. Sharon is just a woman, so she can't offend anyone."

Trey was stunned for a moment before he understood what he meant.

"Do you mean that the person who planned all of this wanted to deal with Jameson?"

"This is just my guess."

Daniel tapped the armrest of the sofa with his fingers and narrowed his eyes.

"Jameson's revocation on the marriage has caused the Beale family to lose face. They can't touch Jameson, so it's possible to vent their anger on Sharon."

"Do you think it is Talon?"

"The possibility is very high. I will find out what Natalia thinks again some time later and see what she will say."

Trey didn't say anything else.

He lowered his head and was lost in thought.

Daniel could not help but ask, "What happened to you today?"

Trey shook his head.

“Nothing much.Perhaps it was because I didn’t get a good rest last night.”

“I also heard that Natalia might be engaged to Jeffery.”

“Jeffery ...Jameson’s brother?”

Daniel replied, “But the news hasn’t been confirmed yet.I still can’t understand why Talon made such a condition at this time.Logically speaking, we haven’t done anything yet.Isn’t his reaction too fast?”

Trey glanced at him and said, “Perhaps he thinks you are unreliable.”

Daniel said in a certain tone.

“The problem can’t be me.”

Trey didn’t say anything.

“Something must have happened that scared Talon or made him feel a sense of danger.That’s why he had to make peace with the Proctor family in order to stabilize the situation.”

As soon as Daniel finished speaking, his phone rang.The call was from Natalia.He waved it at Trey.

“Look, I told you it wasn’t my problem.”

Trey said, “You should think of a way to stop Natalia from marrying into the Proctor family.Although the Proctor family is currently under Jameson’s control, once they get married, it won’t be so easy for us to follow the plan.”

Daniel smiled and said, “Don’t worry.Natalia thinks highly of herself.She definitely won’t marry Jeffery.”

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 218

That Was Not Love

At night, Sharon received a phone call from Trey.

Trey said, “Sharon, Daniel told me that Ruben now is staying at his place.How are you now? Yesterday, my friend said that Giana’s public relations team was dealing with the situation and has minimized the impact.”

“Thank you,” Sharon said.

“I am fine.Ruben only moved here because he was worried about me.”

Jacob hadn’t called her all day to inform further details, so he probably didn’t need her anymore.

After a while, Trey slowly said, “Sharon, do you have time on the weekend? Our company is going to hold an annual meeting at Paradise Resort not far from the South City for two days.I want to invite you to come.”

Sharon thought for a moment and then nodded, “Sure.”

Trey breathed a sigh of relief and seemed happier.

“Then I’ll pick you up on Saturday morning.”

Just as Sharon hung up the phone, Tiffany came over and asked excitedly, "How was it? Did Trey ask you out?"

Hearing this, Ruben also looked over.

Sharon didn't know what to say.

Could they act normally? "It's not a date. He just asked me to attend his company's annual meeting."

Sharon said.

"Of course it's a date."

Tiffany said while eating potato chips, "You must present as his girlfriend. At the very least, even if you are not in a relationship for the time being, it is a matter of time."

Sharon pursed her lips and did not say anything.

Ruben withdrew his gaze and continued to flip through his book, "I have no objections."

Tiffany raised her hands and agreed, "Me neither."

"I'm still a little dizzy. I'll go to sleep first."

Sharon then returned to her room and lay on the table, her fingers gently fiddling with the ornaments in front of her.

Actually, Sharon had already considered Tiffany's question when she agreed to Trey.

She wanted to start over so she needed to get to know Trey first.

Sharon knew what she would mean by agreeing to it, but she did so.

Taking this step seemed difficult.

No matter what, it was a start.

Sharon gently exhaled.

She opened her draft book and looked at one page for a long time.

Then, she slowly tore it apart, bit by bit, and tossed it into the garbage can.

That should be over.

The next day, Sharon received a call from the police station.

The police told her that they had found said that Jessica and her daughter.

However, Jessica was already unconscious in the hospital because of a car accident.

Her daughter was all at the behest of Jessica and knew nothing at all.

The girl was still in high school and was forced to do many things.

So neither Sharon nor Ruben went too hard on her.

After hearing the investigation results, Tiffany said, "I still think it strange. The car accident is too coincident. I believe that there was someone behind her."

Sharon said indifferently, "They have investigated the car that caused the accident. Everything is normal. It was her fault to cross the road when she shouldn't."

However, it still makes some sense.

Anyway, she is a rogue and lawless person.

Crossing the road is nothing to her.

Perhaps this is her retribution.

Ruben said, "I don't think things will end so easily. We still have to be careful in the future."

After discussing the topic, Tiffany asked again, "Sharon, tomorrow is Saturday. Have you decided the clothes you want to wear?"

Sharon was a little dumbfounded, "Do I have to decide my clothes?"

"Of course!"

Tiffany patted her own thigh hard.

"The annual gathering is the occasion where every girl would try their best to dress themselves. With handsome and rich Trey as well as other successful men, it is their best chance ever. They would try every mean to get what they want. You're pretty enough even if you don't dress up. But you still have to be careful at these occasions."

With that, Tiffany pushed Sharon to her room and began to choose clothes for Sharon.

However, Tiffany was not dissatisfied any one of them.

"They are not sexy enough. Let's go out and buy some."

Sharon hurriedly pulled Tiffany back and said, "Enough. I think these are good. Besides, it's so late now. The shopping mall has already closed."

Tiffany sighed, "Alright then, this is the only way. Fortunately, you are beautiful. You don't need the clothes to prove that."

Sharon scratched her eyebrows and said, "I might not be back until the night after tomorrow. Maybe you will feel bored at home on weekends. How about coming with me?"

Thinking back and forth these past two days, Sharon felt that it was a little embarrassing for her to go alone.

However, she had already promised Trey, so it was hard to go back on her word.

"Are you kidding me? I'm not going to be the fifth wheel. I'm going to the bar this weekend to meet some handsome guys. Don't underestimate me. Maybe I won't come back tomorrow night either." Sharon was speechless.

Tiffany yawned, "I will go back to my room. You should rest as well. Get a beauty sleep so that you can amaze Trey tomorrow!"

"How am I able to do that?" Sharon smiled.

"Of course you can. You are so attractive."

"Don't exaggerate too much."

After Tiffany left, Sharon walked out of the bedroom.

In the living room, Ruben was packing his things.

Sharon poured a glass of water and said, "Ruben, are you going over?"

"Yes, it's getting late." Ruben nodded.

"Alright, go to sleep."

After Ruben walked to the door, he turned around and stood in front of Sharon.

After a moment of hesitation, he asked, "Have you really made up your mind?"

Sharon did not understand what he meant.

She put down her glass and said, "About what?"

"To be with Trey."

After a few seconds, Sharon smiled and said, "I haven't decided on that. I just want to know him to see if we can work it out. If we do, maybe we will be together..."

"Do you like him?" Ruben frowned slightly.

Sharon opened her mouth, unable to answer for a moment.

After a while, she said, "Ruben, sometimes, love will come in time."

"Then it is not love."

Sharon lowered her head and held the glass tightly with her hands, not saying a word.

Ruben added, "I do hope you can meet someone who truly loves you, but I also hope that you love him as well. It doesn't have to be Trey."

"Ruben..."

Ruben continued, "Do you still like Jameson?"

"It's getting late. Go to sleep." Sharon said calmly.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 219

Is She That Celebrity?

Early Saturday morning, Tiffany pulled Sharon out of bed and asked her to dress up.

Sharon sat in front of the window, almost unable to open her eyes due to the sunlight.

Tiffany sighed, "It's such a nice day. A nice day for a date. I'll dress up and go out."

"It's so early. What are you going to do?" Sharon yawned.

"It's winter vacation. So I'm wondering perhaps I can go to the nearby universities to help innocent young boys with their luggage. It will be a good opportunity. I have to take it." Sharon was lost for words.

After Sharon got ready, Trey called.

After walking Sharon downstairs, Tiffany was about to go back to get some sleep.

Just as she was waiting for the elevator, Daniel came, who had finished his morning run.

They greeted each other, then both kept silent.

As the elevator ascended, they felt more and more embarrassed in this narrow space.

Daniel coughed and said, "Trey told me that Ms. Allyson would take part in the annual party of Stella Technologies. Was that true?"

Hearing this, Tiffany nodded, "Yes. I walked her to the door just now."

Then they kept silent again.

After the elevator door opened, Tiffany went out immediately.

But just as she opened her door, Daniel's voice came from behind.

"I'm sorry about last time. May I take you to dinner if you are free tonight?" he said.

After pausing for a few seconds, Tiffany smiled and turned around.

She pretended to be calm and said, "You mean you and I? I don't think..."

"And Ms. Allyson's younger brother."

Tiffany pretended to cough.

"That would be great." Daniel nodded slightly.

"See you."

In the car.

Sharon was staring out of the window with dull eyes, looking sleepy.

Seeing this, Trey smiled and said, "It will take us two hours. You can sleep for a while. I'll wake you up when we are there."

Hearing this, Sharon withdrew her thoughts and patted her face, trying to clear her head.

"No. I'm good. I just need some time."

No one was here besides Trey and her.

So she would feel embarrassed if she fell asleep and Trey drove for two hours.

Trey said, "Perhaps we can have a chat."

Sharon yawned, "OK."

After thinking for a while, Trey said, "I know nothing about your family. Would you like to share something about it with me?"

This was beyond Sharon's expectations.

She paused for a moment before saying, "OK. So there are only my brother and I in my family. And you've met him last time."

"Actually, I knew him before that."

"Really? When?"

Trey said, "Back in school days, sometimes he would come to visit you. I saw him, from a distance. But at that time, someone was with you."

Sharon smiled faintly and looked out of the window again.

"It turns out so many years have passed."

Two hours later, the car stopped at Paradise Resort.

Employees of Star Dynamics were by coach, which was slower.

So they were not here yet.

After parking the car, Trey asked, "Sharon, do you want to go to the hotel or take a look around?"

Sharon said, "Let's go around. The air is fresh."

The air in the suburb was indeed much better than that in the city.

Only the wind was blowing gently, no cars whistling, There was also an artificial lake near them.

Under the sunlight, ripples on the water were sparkling.

Such scenery was supposed to be cheer Sharon up.

But it didn't.

Instead, it upset Sharon, who couldn't figure out why.

The good days at Bridge Street came back to her, especially when she saw the boats beside the lake.

It was just like today.

She remembered it.

It was a sunny day, and the wind was blowing gently, boats floating on the water.

She leaned against his shoulder, feeling drowsy.



In that tranquil and isolated space, all she could hear was the running of the water.

And the beating of her heart.

Noticing the direction she was staring, Trey asked, "Do you want to go?"

"No. Let's go somewhere else," Sharon said.

As they turned around, they saw a group of people were towards them from the bridge not far away.

Looking at the man walking at the front, Sharon was stunned for a few seconds.

Then she turned to the boats.

Suddenly she had the illusion that she was dreaming.

How the f\*ck could this be? Soon those people got closer.

However, Jameson did not give them a look and only left with strides.

Following him was a group of people.

Perhaps he didn't see her.

Or perhaps he just pretended to do so.

Sharon did not come back to her senses for a while after he left.

The man she was thinking about just now was here.

This was beyond her expectations.

She felt somewhat guilty.

Trey said in a low voice, "Sharon."

"Sorry, I..."

Sharon came back to her sense.

"It doesn't matter. Let's go back."

Sharon nodded gently, "Alright."

They got back to the hotel, and found the employees were already there, chatting.

Seeing Trey and Sharon, the employees stopped talking and looked at them from distances.

After the schedule report from his assistant, Trey looked down at his watch and said, "Everyone go back to your rooms and get your things done. Please come down thirty minutes later so that we can have lunch together."

"OK."

After taking the room card from his assistant, Trey went to the car to get Sharon's things.

The employees had been making eye contact.

Now they could finally start the conversation just as Trey and Sharon left.

“Is she Mr.Coe’s girlfriend? She’s so pretty!”

“But I’ve never heard such a thing.Don’t talk nonsense.What if she’s his sister? I’m still expecting the first dance with Mr.Coe tonight.”

“No way.It must be his girlfriend.Who will bring his sister with him on such an occasion? You’re just trying to make yourself feel better.”

“Do you guys think Mr.Coe’s girlfriend looks familiar? It seems that I’ve seen her before.”

“Me too.Is she that celebrity?”

“Stop guessing.I know who she is.”

Then all the people talking about Sharon were looking at the person who spoke.

“She is a designer from Lumiere Jewelry.The one who came first in the designer competition.Her name is...”

Someone added, “Ally, right?”

“Yes.Exactly.It’s her.”

“But ...There was a rumor going round that she was a mistress.”

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 220

It Is Not a Coincidence

After Trey sent Sharon to the room, he gave her the room card, “Sharon, I live across from you.I’ll call you when it’s time to go downstairs.”

Sharon nodded with a smile, “OK.”

After entering the room, Sharon put everything down and went to the bathroom to wash her face.

Then she walked to the balcony and leaned against the railing to breathe fresh air.

Her room was right in front of a man-made lake.

The lake was even more beautiful than before.

It was glittering as if there were countless diamonds.

Sharon shook her head to forget all those strange thoughts.

Under the sunlight, she stretched with comfort.

But when she turned around, she discovered that someone was standing on the balcony next door.

Sharon was surprised.

Her stretch stopped halfway, and her movement became unnatural.

However, it seemed that Jameson did not discover her.

He just looked ahead indifferently without any expression.

Sharon slowly withdrew her hand and seemed to hesitate to say something.

Such an event was almost impossible.

So it must not be a coincidence.

Wasn't it too deliberate? What did this jerk want to do? It was really endless.

Sharon took a step forward.

"Jameson..."

"Mr. Proctor, these are this year's financial statements of the Paradise Resort and a development plan for next year. We are planning to build another water park next to the man-made lake and add more entertainment projects."

Sharon looked at them with shock.

At this time, the man seemed to discover her as well.

He turned around and said politely, "Madam, I am the manager of this hotel.

Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I...I'm sorry."

Sharon hurried to run back to her room as she felt extremely embarrassed.

She was glad that she didn't finish her words.

Otherwise, that jerk would mock her for flattering herself.

On the balcony.

Jameson flipped through the financial statements and handed them to the manager.

The manager added, "What do you think of the water park project?"

"Give me a detailed proposal."

As he spoke, Jameson glanced at the empty balcony next door.

Then, he looked at the lake in the distance and said calmly, "Add a kid zone."

The manager probably didn't expect this.

He was surprised for a moment.

Then he quickly reacted and replied, "OK, I'll ask them to make a plan as soon as possible."

Jameson tidied up his sleeves and walked back to his room.

Not long after the manager left, Jacob knocked on the door and said, "Mr.Proctor, I have made clear the arrangement for the annual meeting of the Stella Technologies."

Jameson sat on the sofa and tapped his knee.

"Go on."

"They will go to the Lake Restaurant for lunch.Then they will go rafting and take other activities in the afternoon.They can choose different activities at their will.The annual meeting will start at 7 p.m.in the banquet hall.They will climb mountains tomorrow morning.After lunch, they will return to South City."

Jameson said, "Have you made all the arrangements?"

Jacob nodded, "Mr.Proctor, don't worry.I've told them."

Jameson raised his eyebrows and looked out of the window, thinking of something.

Sharon forgot the awkwardness after washing her face for two minutes with cold water.

She did not know whether it was because of herself or the room that she felt hard to breathe.

She put on clothes again and wanted to go downstairs for a walk to breathe some fresh air.

Unexpectedly, she happened to meet the hotel manager in the elevator who just talked with Jameson.

The manager also recognized her and nodded at her.

Sharon smiled at him and then leaned against the wall as the elevator went down.

After a while, she suddenly said, "Is your hotel owned by the Proctor Group?"

Hearing this, the manager looked aside and said, "Yes."

After saying that, he recalled what happened just now and asked with uncertainty, "Madam, do you know Mr.Proctor?"

Sharon laughed awkwardly, "I've seen him before."

The manager thought that she was from Stella Technologies and came here to attend the annual meeting.

It was not strange for her to know Mr.Proctor, so he didn't ask other questions.

Then he tried to find a topic, "Apart from the hotel, the Paradise Resort is also owned by the Proctor Group.Mr.Proctor comes here for a yearly inspection."

Sharon nodded and hesitated for a moment before asking, "When did he come?"

"Last night."

But the manager didn't tell her that Proctor had never come in person for the yearly report before.

When Proctor arrived at midnight, the entire Paradise Resort fell into anxiety.

They thought that something happened.

However, according to the situation this morning, everything was going well.

Proctor only asked them to report on their work.

After hearing that Jameson came last night, Sharon had no doubt anymore.

But she was unlucky since such a coincidence actually happened.

The manager introduced Sharon to the scenery nearby.

When the elevator reached the first floor, Sharon thanked him and left the hotel.

However, she did not go to the places the manager told her, but wandered around.

Unknowingly, she walked to the man-made lake again.

She stood on the bridge to think of something, with the wind blowing.

Perhaps because of the environment, since she came here, she couldn't stop recalling the time when she lived on the Bridge Street.

She wondered if there was a big change and if all the neighbors had moved away.

Mary and Charlotte...

How were they? Sharon felt that it was hard for her to find another ancient and quiet place, and she would not have such a leisure time in the rest of her life.

After a while, Sharon's phone rang. It was Trey.

"Sharon, aren't you in the room?"

"Sorry, I'm outside. I forgot to tell you. I'll turn back now."

Trey said, "It's fine. I'll wait for you downstairs."

After hanging up the phone, Trey left Sharon's room and pressed the elevator button.

At this moment, Jameson walked out from the side and stood beside him.

Trey said first, "It shouldn't be a coincidence that Mr. Proctor is here. I really didn't expect that you would make so much effort to meet Sharon."

Jameson replied coldly, "I didn't expect that you have no self-esteem. Or you didn't see it clearly that night?"

Trey clenched his fists and turned to look at him with an angry face.

Jameson looked at him and sneered.