

Resume 231

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 231

Money is Everything

When Sharon arrived at the studio, Ruben was checking orders in her office, while Tiffany was dozing off by the front desk.

Seeing Sharon, Tiffany stood up and asked, "Sharon, I told you to rest for two more days. Why come here so early?"

Sharon walked towards her and went, "It's not a big deal anyway. I'm alright now. It's too boring at home." Tiffany yawned, "Right, didn't you say you were going to Costspool? When?"

"I've booked a flight for tomorrow night," Sharon said.

"For how long? Are you coming back for the New Year?"

Sharon smiled and said, "Perhaps two or three days at most. I'll be back soon."

Tiffany nodded, "Good. I thought that if you don't come back for the New Year, Ruben and I will go to your place. I don't wanna go back this year, since my parents will keep asking me about Asher and urging me to get married. I'm so tired of this."

"I met Daniel in the elevator. He asked me to tell you that he's sorry for what happened that day," Sharon said after a pause. Tiffany waved her hand in a nonchalant manner, "He also asked Ruben to tell me this, but I'm all over it now. I'll just try to avoid him in the future."

As they spoke, Ruben came out of the office and checked the time, "I'm going out."

Sharon nodded and asked casually, "Where are you going?"

"Somewhere. I'll be back soon."

"Okay."

After Ruben left, Tiffany whispered, "Is he in love or something? He's been so mysterious recently."

Sharon shook her head, "I don't think so."

Tiffany sighed and said, "Look, these blessed ones have a lot of people chasing after them, but they don't appreciate it. People like us always dream of falling in love, but simply cannot meet the one? It's unfair!"

As for Ruben, he arrived at the address sent to him by the private detective and waited there for ten minutes.

But no one came.

He took out his phone and was about to call someone when a few hoodlums appeared behind him.

They were hired thugs of the casino that Josh used to go to.

So when they saw Ruben, they tried to provoke him with obscenities, "The son of that jerk Josh, right? I heard that you got admitted to university. What's wrong? You have the money to study, but you don't have the money to pay off your father's debts?"

Ruben ignored them and was about to leave, but he was stopped.

"I heard that Josh sold your sister to a sugar daddy and earned millions. Now, she probably doesn't worth that much, but..."

Another person immediately followed, "How about you ask your sister to play with us and I'll forget about the money. What do you think?"

Then, everyone else burst into a roar of laughter.

Ruben punched this man and smashed him against the wall.

Seeing this, the others all joined the fight.

After a while, the man who was first smashed by Ruben spat out a mouthful of blood.

Wearing a murderous look, he took out a dagger from his pocket and walked forward.

Just as he was stabbing towards Ruben, his wrist received a strong kick.

He then fell over to the corner and cried out in pain.

Ruben turned around and found that all the other men behind him had already been subdued.

At this point, a black Rolls-Royce stopped at the entrance of the alley and out came Jameson.

Ruben frowned.

What's he doing here? Jameson cast a glance at Ruben and then gently raised his hand.

A man wearing glasses was thrown at Ruben's feet.

It was this private investigator Ruben contacted earlier.

He pushed up his broken glasses and lay in front of Ruben.

"I'm sorry, sir. I'm a snob! I shouldn't have lied to you just for some money. It's all my fault. Here's the money you gave me, and also the money they gave me. I'll give it all to you. Please let me go..."

He then took out a credit card from his bag and shoved it into Ruben's hand.

Ruben pursed his lips and squatted down.

He grabbed this man's tie and went, "Are you fooling me?"

"It's all my fault. I know that I'm wrong. I promise you that it's the last time."

Ruben looked cold, "You told me that you found out about that person. Was it all fake?"

"They told me to say it. I have no choice. It's been so many years. Even the face on the photo went vague. How could I possibly find him?"

“Who are they?”

This man answered, “I don’t know either. I took the money and did as told. You know the rules! I’m not supposed to ask too much...” Ruben loosened him and stood up with a cold look.

Jameson raised his hand and ordered, “Take care of him.”

“Got it.”

Then, the private detective and those gangsters were taken away.

Calm was finally restored.

Jameson looked at him and said indifferently, “Next time, don’t be so impulsive. How could you easily buy whatever other people say. You are just like your sister.”

Ruben said after a long pause, “How did you know?”

“In this world, money is everything.”

Ruben was speechless at this point.

Jameson turned around and said, “Get in the car. I’ll take you back.”

Ruben stood there and hesitated for a while.

Finally, he bent down and followed Jameson into his car.

On their way back, Jacob received a call and said, “Mr. Proctor, everything is settled.”

Jameson nodded with his eyes closed.

He looked emotionless.

After a few minutes, Ruben said, “Don’t tell Sharon about this.”

Hearing this, Jameson slowly opened his eyes.

Ruben added, “She will be worried.”

“If you know that she will be worried, why do you still act without thinking about the consequences?”

Ruben frowned and said, “I didn’t expect to see these people there.”

“You don’t consider it an accident, do you?”

Ruben pursed his lips tight and didn’t say a word.

It really didn’t seem like a coincidence.

Jameson said in a low voice, “You may not even know when you fell prey to others.”

Ruben didn’t know who had bribed that private investigator, nor did he know what they are up to.

However, he could tell by instinct that it was the same person who had set him up in front of the school gate as he who had gone to Sharon’s studio to make things difficult for her.

“Then do you know who is behind all this?”

“Of course.”

Jameson looked at him, “I can hide this from your sister and tell you who is behind this, but you have to promise me one thing.”

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 232

No Objection

When Ruben returned, Sharon was cheerfully chatting with Tiffany.

She turned around, only to find that Ruben’s clothes were a little dirty and there were some bruises on his face.

The smile on her face instantly disappeared.

She quickly walked over and asked with a frown, “Ruben, what happened?”

Ruben turned his head and went, “Nothing, just a small injury. Not a big deal.”

“Not a big deal? You were fine when you left just now. Tell me the truth. Where did you go?”

Tiffany also walked over and said, “Right, Ruben, what happened to you? Tell us!”

Sharon’s frown deepened.

She suddenly had a bad feeling, “Are you...”

Ruben answered calmly, “It’s just a fight with a classmate. Not that serious.”

“Why on earth do you fight with your classmate?”

Ruben was obviously reluctant to say more.

He just said, “No reason. We had a fight and that’s it.”

Sharon didn’t believe him.

But when she was about to push, Tiffany pulled her back, “Well, Ruben is young and reckless. It’s normal for him to have some sort of clashes with his classmates. Don’t worry. He knows what to do.”

As she said that, she went to pull Ruben and added, “Don’t stand here. Go and treat the wounds on your face in case of inflammation.”

“Okay.”

Ruben turned around and entered the lounge behind him.

Tiffany nudged Sharon and said, “Still worried?”

Sharon shook her head, “I don’t think Ruben told me the truth.”

Ruben was not that reckless, how could he start a fight with his classmates just because of something trivial? Moreover, the way he went out earlier suggested to Sharon that he had something important to do.

Tiffany said, "Ruben didn't tell you the truth precisely because he was afraid that you would overthink it. He's now safe and sound, right? It's all right."

"I hope so," Sharon exhaled.

After a while, the door to the lounge was opened.

Ruben was holding a cotton swab in his hand to disinfect the wound.

Seeing Sharon, he put down the swab and said, "I'm fine, really."

Sharon sat beside the sofa and put a bandage over his wound, "Fighting with classmates is a big deal. You should've said it."

Ruben pursed his lips and didn't say a word.

"It won't happen again."

"Okay."

"I'm going to Costspool tomorrow night. And I'll be back in about two or three days. Go find you a new house and don't stay at Daniel's house" Sharon said.

Ruben knew what Sharon meant.

He paused for a moment before he said, "I don't think he did it on purpose."

"Whether it was intentional or not, it's over now. There's no point in digging into it. I just think it's not good for you to live in his house and trouble him. Besides, you've seen it yourself these days. Nothing else happened at my place."

"I'll move out tomorrow," Ruben nodded.

Sharon stood up and said, "Find a new house first and I'll transfer the money later..."

Ruben cut her short in a low voice, "I have money."

Sharon smiled and said, "Alright, then handle it yourself."

Just as she was about to leave, Ruben suddenly asked, "How about you and Trey?"

"What do you mean?"

"You said that you wanted to give it a try? How did it go?"

"You're right. I don't like him. Things just don't work out between us no matter how hard I try."

Sharon said after a pause.

"Then..."

Ruben rubbed his neck and awkwardly looked away, "Will you remarry Jameson?"

Sharon was stunned.

She stood there for a few seconds, not knowing what to say.

Seeing this, Ruben gave a cough and continued, "I just feel that he doesn't seem that annoying these days. If you still like him, I have no objection."

Hearing this, Sharon couldn't help but laugh, "Didn't you drive him away not long ago? Why the change?"

Ruben said, "I didn't drive him away. I just wanted him to think over it and not do anything to hurt you again..."

Sharon said, "Alright, don't worry about this. There's nothing else to do in the studio today. Let's go grab a bite."

Walking to the door, Sharon paused for a moment and turned at him, "Should we call Giana?"

Ruben was stunned.

He said, "She's your friend. Why ask me?"

Sharon giggled, "Nothing. I'm just asking. She went abroad because of you a while ago. I wonder if she's back yet. I think you should apologize to her in person. What do you think?"

Ruben avoided her gaze.

He cleared his throat and pursed his lips before saying, "You're right."

"Then I'll ask if she's back."

Sharon raised her eyebrow and then left the lounge.

As she walked, she sent a message to Giana.

In fact, Giana didn't go abroad at all.

Jameson, her hateful and heartless boss, only allowed her a two-day's off and then packed up her work schedule.

When she received that message from Sharon, she was actually filming an advertisement.

To lie about lying, she could only respond that she just got off the plane to Hawaii.

Sharon said, "Alright, we'll make an appointment after you come back."

Giana had to agree with teary eyes.

At 11:30 p.m. the plane landed at Costspool Airport on time.

The temperature in Costspool seemed always lower than that in South City.

When Sharon got off the plane, she felt a gust of cold air in her face.

She then zipped her jacket to the chin and put on her hat.

Just as she was about to walk towards the hall, she saw a group of bodyguards passing by.

They surrounded a woman all wrapped up.

Besides, there was an air of tension.

Sharon even got hit as they were passing by.

She looked at the group of people, somewhat confused.

A few minutes later, Sharon walked out of the bathroom and heard a familiar voice, "So annoying! Have you arranged it or not? How long do I have to wait?"

"Miss Proctor, please wait for a while. It's for your safety. If you are not cautious enough, you'll get exposed."

Erica scolded, "It's all because of that b*tch and that illegitimate child. Just wait, I'll teach them a lesson!"

Sharon stood there and merely smiled.

She really didn't expect to see Erica here.

What a coincident! But Erica seemed unremorseful even to this point.

At this moment, a bodyguard noticed Sharon and was alarmed, "Who is it?"

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 233

I'm Here to Be Slapped

The bodyguard was about to walk over to her when Sharon felt someone hugging her waist.

Next, she saw the urinal in front of her.

Before she could react to that, the sound of footsteps came from outside.

All too soon she was pulled into a cubicle of the toilet.

Then the bodyguard came in and opened doors of cubicles, checking them one by one.

Sharon's eyes widened as she listened to the sound outside.

She did not know why he should be here.

When the bodyguard was about to check the cubicle they were in, Jameson looked down into Sharon's eyes.

Then, he tightened his hands around her waist, causing her to lean against his chest.

Finally, he lowered his head and gently bit her lips.

Sharon struggled reflexively.

But Jameson grabbed her wrist and pressed her against the wooden board, causing a big noise.

The door of the cubicle rumbled with their movement, accompanied by a faint breathing sound.

It was indescribably ambiguous.

The bodyguard exchanged a tacit glance with the one outside, having known what happened in the cubicle.

One of them lowered his voice and said, "Don't muddy the issue. The car is coming. Let's leave here now."

Then the sound of footsteps gradually faded away.

After the door of the toilet was closed, Jameson finally loosened his grip, took a step back, and licked his thin lips, still immersed in the kiss.

Sharon was so angry that she threw the bag against Jameson several times and cursed, "Bast*rd! Sc*m!"

After Sharon let off her anger, Jameson grabbed her wrist and said, "I saved you just now. How could you treat me in such a way?"

"No one begs you," Sharon said.

She had muffled up herself with her face almost covered by the hat, so they wouldn't have recognized her.

If it was not Jameson who suddenly pulled her into the toilet, they wouldn't have noticed her at all.

Jameson said, "I told you that Erica was a lunatic. If she had met you under this circumstance, would she have let you go?"

Sharon didn't want to talk to him about nonsense.

She was about to leave when she heard the conversation between two men.

Suddenly, Sharon heard the sound of Jameson untying his belt.

At this moment, she had killed him tens of thousands of times in her heart.

However, out of her expectation, she didn't hear the sound of peeing.

Instead, Jameson pulled her back into his embrace and covered her ears with his hands on the hat of the down jacket.

She lay prone on his chest and looked up at him.

Only the reflection of the man remained in her beautiful eyes.

All the sounds outside seemed to have been isolated.

She could only feel the man's heart beating.

Jameson looked down into her eyes, raised his eyebrows, and then slowly lowered his head.

He was about to kiss her when Sharon gave him a slap across the face.

Jameson was stunned, "..."

Sharon ignored his reaction and leaned against the door to see if there was any sound.

After confirming that there was no sound outside, she opened the door and covered her face with the hat before leaving quickly.

Jameson pressed the tip of his tongue against his lips and followed Sharon.

As soon as Sharon walked out of the terminal, her wrist was grabbed and she was stuffed into a black car beside her.

In the car, Jacob obviously hadn't expected to see Sharon here.

He was stunned for a moment before he said, "Mrs....Ms.Allyson..."

Sharon smiled at him in an extremely awkward way.

Then Jameson opened the door on the other side, bent and sat beside Sharon, coldly giving an instruction, "Go."

"Yes, Mr.Proctor." After driving for ten minutes, Sharon finally couldn't stand the silent and suffocating atmosphere.

She asked tentatively, "Mr.Proctor, why are you here?"

Jameson did not even raise his eyelids, "I'm here to be slapped."

Sharon.

The jerk is so calculating.

Not to be outdone, she rebutted, "Mr.Proctor, what you did showed you're lustful and I was just defending myself. Jameson looked out of the window quietly, regardless of her words. Sharon turned to him secretly. Was he really angry this time? He had always taken liberties with her and even pulled her into the gents. It was quite polite to only give him a slap. Jacob didn't know why this couple quarreled again upon the meeting.

He coughed and started another topic, "Mr.Proctor, I've found out that Miss Proctor was to take a boat from Costspool to City F tonight, and then take a private plane to Canada under the Beale family's arrangement."

After Sharon heard this, she was silent for a moment before asking, "Has she left?"

"Not yet. There's something wrong with the ship. It won't start until 10 o'clock tomorrow night."

Sharon even didn't need to think about why the ship was in trouble.

It was obvious that Jameson did that.

Thinking of this, she peeked at Jameson again.

Under the faint streetlight, Sharon noticed that there were several reddish fingerprints on the jerk's face.

Sharon's eyes widened in disbelief.

She didn't slap his face with that much strength, did she? But why did his face look so terrible? She couldn't help but feel guilty.

It was not long before the car stopped in front of the hotel.

It was the hotel that Jameson rested in when he came to Costspool last time.

After getting out of the car, Sharon took out her luggage and said to Jacob, "I won't go with you.You..."

Jacob said seriously, "Ms.Allyson, there are no other hotels nearby."

Sharon raised her hand and pointed to a hotel not far away, "I've seen one."

Jacob continued to talk nonsense, "The New Year is coming.It's the peak tourist season, so those hotels must be fully occupied."

Sharon silently sighed.

It's not easy for everyone to work, let alone work for Jameson.

It's already quite difficult for them to stay alive.

Sharon turned around and walked past the jerk standing beside her into the hotel.

Jameson glanced at Jacob slowly and raised his eyebrows without being noticed, following Sharon into the hotel too.

Jacob let out a long breath and sighed again that it was not easy to be an assistant.

Sharon stood at the reception counter and handed her ID card to the receptionist, "A single room for me, thank you."

At this moment, the hotel manager was giving instructions at the counter.

Just as he took the ID card and was to ask about some more information, he saw Jameson behind Sharon.

He was shocked and was about to greet him, he saw Jameson point to Sharon, signaling to him to serve her first.

The manager shifted his gaze from Jameson to Sharon, unsure about what Jameson meant.

Finally, he turned to Jacob, who nodded slightly at him.

The manager instantly understood what to do, and then secretly made an OK gesture towards Jameson.

Then he said to Sharon seriously, "Sorry, madam.There's no single room left.Can I arrange a suite for you? It'll be the same price as a single room."

Sharon raised her hand and rubbed her temples.Did he think that she was blind to their tricks?

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 234

Push His Luck

“Whatever,” she said.

“Please give me a room with better security.If someone breaks in in the middle of the night, I want to call the police,’ Sharon added.

The manager: “ ...”

The manager secretly glanced at Jameson.

After getting Jameson’s permission from Jameson’s eyes, he quickly arranged a room for Sharon.

“Madam, let me take you there.’ Sharon smiled and said, “No need to do so.Isn’t there someone leading the way?”

With that, she turned around and walked towards the elevator.

Jameson put his hands in his pants pockets and slowly followed behind her.

After entering the elevator, Jameson pressed the button written “top floor”.

Jacob didn’t follow them.

They were the only ones in the elevator.

Sharon stood at the side silently.

She was looking around.

Jameson looked at her and took a step forward.

Just as he was about to say something, Sharon immediately retreated to the wall of the elevator with her hands crossed in front of her chest.

“Mr.Proctor, there’s a surveillance camera here.So don’t do unappropriated things.” Jameson grabbed her jacket hat and dragged her in front of him, “If I wanted to do something to you, do you think this would threaten me?”

“Mr.Proctor, please watch your language.Don’t say anything that defies the law.All of your words have been recorded by the surveillance system.”

Jameson laughed, “Sharon, it’s a pity that you didn’t take law as your major back then.”

“This can only mean that I am too outstanding.And I’ll shine in whatever field I am in.”

“If you go to the talk show, you will be the champion.”

Sharon: “ ...”

It was a good suggestion.

Jameson let go of her and asked indifferently, “What are you doing here?”

“Mr.Proctor, no rule says that only you can come here.” Jameson said, “I have to deal with something here.”

“I...”

I was here for a tour.

Sharon coughed and rubbed her nose.

She did not finish her words.

At this time, the elevator door was opened.

After getting out of the elevator, Sharon ignored Jameson and walked forward.

She had barely taken two steps when Jameson’s voice came from behind her, “Wrong direction! Your room is over there.”

Sharon took a deep breath, stood there for a few seconds, and then quickly turned around.

After she found her room according to the door number on the room card, she swiped the card, opened the door, rushed into the room, and closed the door with a bang.

Her movements were quite fast as if she was afraid that someone would forcefully follow her in.

Jameson stood at her door.

He licked his thin lips.

Very quickly, Jacob and the manager got there and opened the door of the room beside Sharon’s.

After entering the room, Jameson said in a low voice, “It’s very likely that Sharon will go to the Bridge Street.Deal with that.’

Jacob asked tentatively, “Mrs.Proctor is here.You still don’t plan to tell her the truth?”

Jameson said, “Telling her at such a critical moment will do us no good.Women can easily get emotional.And that will bring us a lot of trouble.”

Once Sharon found out about this child’s existence, she would not be able to resist the temptation to see him.

And she would often come here.

The Proctors might become suspicious because of that.

“Okay.”

Jacob knew Jameson would soon embarrass himself by eating his words.

He only hoped it didn’t come too soon.

After Jacob left, Jameson stood in front of the French window and called Charlotte.

When Charlotte heard that he wanted to send the child away, she sighed, "Jameson, you should let Sharon see him.No matter what, that's her child.Don't worry, I will arrange it."

Hearing this, after a while, Jameson said, "Alright.After hanging up, Jameson threw his phone into the sofa and walked into the bathroom.The doorbell was ringing when he came out.

He threw down the towel in his hand and walked over unhurriedly.

He opened the door and out of his expectation, he saw Sharon.

Seeing him like this, Sharon was stunned.

She did not expect that Jameson would finish bathing so quickly.

The bathrobe on his body was loosely tied as if it would loosen at any moment.

Sharon felt her eyelids twitch.

She subconsciously looked away.

She did not look at him at all.

Jameson saw all her subtle movements.

He curled his lips and leaned against the doorframe with his hands crossed over his chest.

He said in leisure, "You are not here to complain about the noise, right?"

Sharon raised her head and glared at him, "It seems you know what you have done."

"Yes, I do know what I have done."

Jameson stressed the word "done".

Sharon: "..."

Hearing his words.

Sharon felt like vomiting.

Why didn't the jerk blush when he said those words? Before Sharon could reply, Jameson grabbed her wrist and pulled her to his room.

"Proc..."

Jameson interrupted her, "Do you want to catch up at the door?"

With that, he walked to the wine cabinet, took a bottle of whiskey and two cups.

Then he went to the sofa and sat down.

Sharon hesitated for a moment before following him and said sincerely, "Mr.Proctor, I apologize for my recklessness just now."

Jameson crossed his legs and slowly said, "Just now?"

Sharon took a deep breath and said more specifically, "When I was in the bathroom, I shouldn't have hit you so hard."

"But you are the one who dragged me into the men's room," Sharon muttered.

Jameson put his arm on the back of the sofa and laughed, "Did I have any other choice in that situation?"

"There's also a ladies' room beside me. Why didn't you hide there with me?"

"..."

Jameson touched his nose, "Sharon, if I take you into the ladies' bathroom, I'll be a rogue."

"You are a rogue."

Jameson raised his eyes and looked at her, "Then you came to me to scold me because you felt that you didn't vent your anger after that slap?"

No, it was not like that.

Sharon took out the hand behind her back and handed Jameson an ice pack.

"Here, I got from the hotel." Jameson did not take it.

He only asked, "What?"

Sharon said, "Put it on your face and the mark will be gone tomorrow."

She did not use much strength.

She just wanted to warn him not to go too far.

She had no idea the slap would leave a mark on his face.

After understanding what she meant, Jameson leaned back and said in a calm tone, "You are responsible for putting that on my face."

The jerk was pushing his luck.

"Do whatever you want!"

Sharon threw the ice pack into his arms.

Just as she turned around to leave, Jameson grabbed her wrist and pulled her.

Sharon was unprepared and fell straight into his arms.

In an instant, she felt that this scene was somewhat familiar to her.

Jameson didn't give her time to think about that.

He put the ice pack back into her hand, "You started this. You should also finish it. Don't give up halfway."

Sharon slapped his hand on her waist and said, "Let go of me!"

Jameson raised his eyebrows and raised his hand in the air, indicating that he would not take unwanted actions again.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 235

I Won't Be Tricked Again

Sharon got up from his lap and bent down slightly. She then gently applied an ice bag to his face, where there were still faint fingerprints.

Jameson placed his hand on his knee and tapped his long finger lightly. He looked at her calmly with his black eyes.

Sharon was a little distracted by his gaze.

She reminded, "Mr. Proctor, can you close your eyes?"

"You had been peeked at me in the car for so long, why didn't I tell you to close your eyes?"

Sharon didn't know how to answer.

This jerk was really annoying.

She deliberately pressed the ice bag harder against his face.

Jameson's expression changed slightly.

Just before he was about to lose his temper, Sharon quickly retracted her hand and said, "This should be okay. It's getting late. Mr. Proctor should rest now. I'm going back to my room."

Just as Sharon turned around, her wrist was gripped again.

Jameson's expression was somewhat unhappy, "You are just leaving?"

"Or what? Am I supposed to stay here for supper?"

"Sure."

As Jameson spoke, he pulled out his phone from the sofa.

When he was about to dial the number, Sharon immediately stopped him.

"Alright, I'm joking!"

The jerk was really inhuman.

Jameson pushed the glass on the coffee table in front of her and said, "Fancy a drink?"

Sharon sneered, "Does Mr. Proctor think that I will be tricked again?"

"I didn't expect you to get drunk so easily."

Sharon ignored him and pulled her hand out of his palm.

"I have to get up early tomorrow. Mr. Proctor can do as he pleases."

As she finished speaking, Sharon walked straight to the door.

Jameson looked at her back and picked up the whisky.

He leaned back on the sofa, with his thin lips curving.

After she went back to her room, Sharon saw the message from Tiffany that asked her if she had arrived.

Only then did she realize that she completely forgot to let them know that she was Safe after what had happened at the airport.

Sharon phoned Tiffany.

After chatting for a while, Tiffany noticed that she was stammering.

She asked tentatively, "Have you met Jameson there again?"

".."

Sharon.

Tiffany guessed it absolutely right.

Tiffany was already used to this.

"What excuse did this jerk use this time?" She said.

Sharon shook her head, "He really didn't follow me this time."

After a pause, Sharon said, "I also met Erica." Hearing this, Tiffany was a little shocked, "Why was she also there?"

When Sharon and Trey went to visit Mr. Jones, they heard from Erica's parents that Erica was under house arrest in the Proctor's.

And Jacob also told her that Jameson knew that their first child was lost because of Erica.

The Proctors and the Rowlands were probably afraid that Jameson would get Erica back, so they put so much effort to send her away.

But they didn't expect that they actually met in Costspool coincidentally.

This was fate.

The reason why Jameson also came to Costspool was probably because he had received news that Erica was leaving.

Tiffany asked, "How is that jerk going to deal with Erica?"

"I didn't ask him."

"But anyway, it's all because of that crazy Erica. She deserves all the retribution she gets."

Tiffany did not mention these unpleasant things again.

Instead, she changed the topic, "Where are you staying tonight? At that lady's house you mentioned?"

"It's too late," Sharon said.

"I'm going to stay at the hotel."

After a few more words, the call ended.

Sharon took her clothes and went into the bathroom.

When she was drying her hair after coming out of the bath, Sharon suddenly found a small cut on her lips and that it had formed a scar.

She leaned closer to the mirror and took a look.

There was a tooth mark next to the scar.

She immediately knew who gave her this scar.

Sharon felt that the slap was indeed too light.

The next morning, when Sharon went downstairs after breakfast and was about to take a taxi to Bridge Street, she saw Jacob waiting there with a smile on his face.

Behind him, in the black Maserati, sat Jameson, the jerk.

"Ms. Allyson, it's rush hour in the morning. It's not convenient for you to take a taxi. We can drop you off since we will go there as well" Jacob said casually.

Sharon played dumb, "You are going to the airport? Aren't you here for business? Why leaving so soon?"

Jacob didn't know how to reply.

At this time, Jameson lowered the car window, glancing at her coldly and said concisely, "Get in the car."

Sharon curled her lips.

Although their destinations were indeed the same, if she went there by taxi, the jerk would definitely mock her in front of Charlotte.

Thinking of this, she could only pull open the car door and stoop to get in.

Seeing this, Jacob let out a sigh of relief.

At this critical moment, Mr. Proctor really had to take action himself.

As the car was moving, Sharon leaned on the window and looked at the scenery outside.

Compared to the South City, Costspool was a small city.

Whether it was in autumn or winter, Costspool had its unique beauty.

Snow hung on the branches, occasionally blown away by the wind into snowflakes scattering like catkins.

In such a relaxing and leisurely city, the rush hour that Jacob had mentioned did not exist at all.

Not long after, the car slowly drove into Bridge Street.

The river in the middle of the street had frozen into ice.

Nearly all the neighbors had moved away.

The door to the ancestral hall was also open.

The entire street looked deserted, no longer as lively as when she first moved here.

She looked at it in a daze for a while.

Then she turned around and asked, "Mr. Proctor, when will the demolition of this place begin?"

"May."

Sharon thought that it would be demolished right after January, but she didn't expect that there would still be a few months left.

This was also good.

After some time, if she was not busy in the studio, she wanted to bring Tiffany and Ruben over for a tour.

Soon, the car stopped at the door of Charlotte's house.

When Sharon stepped close to the door, she suddenly realized that Jameson was standing beside the car, as if he had no intention of entering.

She was slightly surprised and asked, "Mr. Proctor, aren't you going in?"

Jameson said indifferently, "You go in first."

Sharon thought for a moment and took a step forward.

But she then turned around and walked in front of him, and asked, "Did you make Charlotte angry? So you didn't dare to go in?"

Jameson was speechless.

He looked down at her and said, "Unlike you, I don't have a silver tongue."

Sharon was in a fog, "Then why aren't you going in?"

Jameson said, "I have to make a phone call."

After a pause, he lowered his head and said in a low and somewhat affectionate voice, "Or are you embarrassed to go in by yourself? Do you need my company?"

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 236

Maybe he was Just Slow

Sharon thought there was something wrong with him. It was not her first time here.

Nothing to be embarrassed about. The jerk acted like she was coming home with him for the first time.

Sharon suddenly felt uncomfortable at the thought.

She coughed and stopped talking with him.

She turned around and walked up the stairs, knocking on the door.

A few seconds later, the door was opened.

It was Charlotte.

"Charlotte!" Sharon smiled.

"Sharon, come in."

"Charlotte, these are some health supplements and food I bought from the South City." Sharon handed those things to Charlotte.

"I can buy them anywhere. You don't have to bother."

Suddenly, Mary's voice came, "Charlotte, what a thoughtful daughter-in-law! Your son has come so many times, and I haven't seen him bring anything."

Sharon was speechless.

This was the thought that had just crossed her mind at the door.

If it was her alone, it would be fine to bring nothing.

But now that she came back with Jameson, it was somewhat subtle.

Charlotte smiled and took them, "Come in."

Sharon followed behind Charlotte.

When she walked into the courtyard, she saw Mary, who was sitting at the stone table.

Unexpectedly, Sharon saw a baby cradle beside Mary.

Sharon was stunned a little bit.

Charlotte put those food on the table, and then said softly, "Sharon, hurry up and take a look. This is Mary's grandson."

Mary nodded, "Right. I have my second grandson! My son didn't have much time, so they let me take care of this baby. See, I still have to be busy at this age!"

Sharon walked over.

The baby was small, and his two little fists were tightly clenched together.

He was sleeping soundly.

Sharon looked at the baby, lost in thought, and slowly stretched out her hand, but then stopped.

Suddenly, the baby's small hand opened and tightly grabbed one of her fingers.

The baby mumbled and then fell asleep again.

At this moment, Sharon felt her whole heart had gone soft.

She didn't want to pull her hand away for fear of disturbing the baby's beautiful dream.

Charlotte and Mary exchanged a glance.

Mary coughed, "Sharon, sit down here."

Sharon then sat on a stool. But she still did not pull her hand out.

She looked at Mary and asked, "Mary, what's his name?"

"It's..."

Mary cast her gaze towards Charlotte for help, "It's..."

Charlotte said, "Mary has been worrying about this. We've been thinking about the name for days. Why don't you think of one?"

Sharon was stunned, "Me?"

Mary chimed in, "Sharon, you read a lot. You can help me."

Sharon thought it was the parents' work.

It was inappropriate for her to do this.

Charlotte added, "We've been thinking for some time. You can give us a reference."

Mary continued, "You're right, Charlotte. Sharon, do me a favor, please?"

Sharon then did not refuse and nodded.

Charlotte and Mary let out a sigh of relief.

Charlotte said, "Sharon, what do you want for lunch?"

"Anything." Sharon said.

Then she whispered, "The picky eater is outside."

When Charlotte opened the door just now, she saw Jameson.

Charlotte then said, "Don't worry about him. He likes whatever you like."

Sharon flushed and she almost choked, "Charlotte!"

Charlotte smiled and stopped teasing her.

The door was pushed open and Jameson walked in.

Charlotte stood up and said, "It's almost time. I'll go to the market to buy some vegetables."

Mary immediately followed, "I'll go with you."

"Sharon, Jameson, the baby's diaper and powdered milk are in the house. If he's crying, check to see if he's wetted his pants. If not, then he's hungry. Give him 50 ml of powdered milk and remember to use warm water!"

Mary said as she walked out.

After this hurried explanation, Mary and Charlotte left.

Sharon didn't know what to say.

They actually left the baby to her and Jameson like that? Before Sharon could react, her worst fear was realized.

The little baby woke up.

He seemed ready to cry.

Sharon followed the baby's line of sight and saw the jerk's eyes.

She kindly reminded Jameson, "Mr. Proctor, you scared him."

Jameson looked at her, "Why me?"

"He slept soundly when I was here. He woke up as soon as you came."

"Maybe he was just slow." Nonsense! Sharon ignored him and took the toys to coax the little baby.

Not long after, the baby was giggling.

Jameson looked at this and he smiled faintly.

Sharon played with the baby for a while.

The baby's face had turned a little red.

He clenched his fists tightly as if he was exerting strength.

Sharon was puzzled, and suddenly, she smelled something bad.

Jameson also smelled it and frowned.

Sharon said, "Is he..."

Jameson's expression changed.

He was about to leave, but Sharon stopped him.

She said calmly, "I don't know how to deal with that."

"So, you think I know?"

Sharon smiled sincerely at him, "Mr. Proctor knows everything, doesn't he?"

Jameson glared at her.

He felt helpless.

Sharon carried the baby out of the cradle.

When she walked into the room, she tightly grabbed Jameson's sleeve for fear that he would run away.

After placing the baby on the sofa, Sharon untied the diaper.

She did not find the trash can, so she handed it to Jameson.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 237

We Can Sneak Him Away

Jameson's face clouded over.

His voice seemed to have squeezed out from between his teeth, "Sharon, don't go too far.'

Sharon took a step back and handed him the challenging task, "Then you change the diaper for him. I'll throw it away."

Jameson glanced at the baby who was randomly kicking on the sofa with something sticking to his buttocks.

He closed his eyes and tried to calm down.

He reached out to receive the diaper that Sharon had handed him and went to the trashcan to throw it away.

Sharon's voice came from the room, "Mr.Proctor, please find a basin for me to get some hot water.'

After saying that, Sharon started to find baby wipes and clean diaper on the table.

After two minutes, Jameson came in with a small basin and placed it on the table in front of her.

After Sharon dipped the baby wipes in hot water, she lifted the little fellow's leg and began to wipe his butt.

When she handed over the used wipes, Jameson had put the trashcan next to her feet.

Seeing this, Sharon couldn't help but curl her lips.

While wiping the little fellow's butt, Sharon tossed the diaper to Jameson, "Don't just stand there. Check out how to use this."

Jameson raised his hand and caught the thing in his arms.

He lowered his head to look, and his thin lips were almost pursed into a straight line.

Jameson took a deep breath.

After a few seconds, he took out his phone from his trousers pocket.

He quickly tapped his long finger on the screen a few times before frowning and flipping through it seriously.

Very quickly, Sharon finishing wiping the little fellow's butt and turned around to ask, "Mr.Proctor, have you found out?"

Jameson threw his phone aside and took a step forward with his long legs, "Get out of the way."

It seemed that Jameson wanted to do it himself; Sharon quickly made room for him.

It had to be said that Jameson was very clever.

Even the matter of changing diaper, he could finish it after checking on the phone.

Although he was not familiar with this, it was finally completed.

After Jameson finished changing the diaper, Sharon went to put on the pants for the little fellow.

After everything was settled, Sharon hugged the little fellow in her arms.

Then, she looked at Jameson and casually asked, "Mr.Proctor, do you want to hug him?"

Jameson rejected coldly, "No."

"Well, I have to trouble you to make the milk for him.He just emptied his stomach.He's probably hungry.' Sharon said again, "Mary said just now that we need to use warm water to for the formula.50 ml is enough.I believe that this small matter shouldn't be difficult for Mr.Proctor.'

Jameson didn't know what to say.

The corners of Sharon's lips curled up, and her smile was charming and dazzling.

At this moment, the sunlight broke through the clouds and faintly shone onto the ground.

There was a corner of the courtyard that they could enjoy the sunshine.

"Thank you, Mr.Proctor.We'll wait for you outside" Sharon said.

As Sharon spoke, she didn't give Jameson any chance to refuse.

She carried the little fellow to the courtyard, put him in the cradle, and pushed him into the sunlight.

The little fellow also seemed to like this kind of weather.

He waved his hand incessantly in the air and kicked with his feet happily.

Sharon gently touched his little face and smiled.

However, this child was really young.

He should be just a month old.

Not long after, Jameson brought over a bottle with a straight face.

After Sharon took it, she smiled sweetly and said, "Thank you, Mr.Proctor."

Jameson lightly sneered, but his gaze stopped on her face, not willing to move away.

When Sharon noticed his burning gaze, she felt slightly uncomfortable.

She used the reason of feeding the little fellow to quickly turn around.

The little fellow should be extremely hungry.

He held onto the bottle and drank.

Not long after, he finished his milk.

Just as Sharon was wiping the milk stains on his face, Jameson's voice came from behind her, "Have you decided on a name for him?"

"Not yet," Sharon said.

"Mr.Proctor, do you have any suggestions?"

"This is your mission, not mine." Sharon put the bottle aside.

"Then you have to give me some time to think.I'm not the machine that could think of names immediately.' Jameson said, "Well, you're good at cursing."

Sharon turned her head and glared at him.

Just as she was about to speak, Jameson took the initiative to take the bottle she had placed beside her and quickly walked into the kitchen.

Why would she curse? Wasn't it because the jerk always annoyed her? Besides, could she be compared with him? It was noon when Charlotte and Mary came back.

Mary took her things and was just about to go home when Sharon stopped her and said, "Mary, aren't you taking the child with you?"

Mary patted her forehead and said, "Thanks to your reminding, I almost forgot.The child..."

As she spoke, she turned her gaze to Charlotte for help.

Charlotte said indifferently, "It's not convenient for Mary to take care of the child by herself.It's good that you guys are here.You could help her to take care of the baby."

After she finished speaking, she looked at Mary and said, "You can eat here to avoid the chores at home.' Hearing this, Mary nodded repeatedly and followed Charlotte into the kitchen.Mary said to Sharon and Jameson, "Thanks for helping.'

Sharon smiled and said, "You're welcome.Anyway, I'm free."

At noon, Charlotte cooked the dishes that Sharon loved.

After dinner, Charlotte said, "Sharon, I have something to do with Mary.You and Jameson please take care of the child."

Sharon nodded, "Alright."

Not long after they left, Jacob appeared at the door.

“Mr.Proctor, Ms.Allyson.”

Sharon looked over and found that Jacob was holding her suitcase.

Sharon was surprised.

Jameson said, “Put it down.”

“OK.”

After Jacob answered, he hurriedly left, afraid that Sharon would get angry.

Sharon tried to calm down and looked at Jameson, “Mr.Proctor, can you give me a reasonable explanation?”

Jameson said without changing his expression, “Have you seen anyone who stays at a hotel when he goes home?”

“This is your home, not mine,’ Sharon corrected.

Jameson looked at her, “My home is yours.”

Sharon opened her mouth, and for a moment, she was stuck for words.

Forget it; she couldn’t win him in an argument.

Jameson looked at the little fellow in the cradle.

“Don’t you like him quite a bit? Are you willing to leave him and go back to the hotel alone?”

“Even if I like him, he’s not mine,’ Sharon said calmly.

“If you really like him, we can sneak him away.”

“Please don’t be silly, Mr.Proctor.” Sharon said angrily.

Jameson raised his eyebrows, “Are you sure you don’t want him?”

“Mr.Proctor, what a crazy idea.Perhaps I will be able to visit you in prison soon.”

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 238

I Just Want to Be Alone Right Now

Charlotte and Mary has not returned all afternoon.

As Sharon gradually learned, she wasn’t as overwhelmed as she had been in the morning about taking care of the child.

The little fellow was actually sleeping most of the time.

When he woke up, Sharon would either had some time with him with the toys or let Jameson prepare the formula.

Although Jameson's face was cold and he almost wrote down his unwillingness on his face, he strangely didn't refuse to help.

The afternoon sun shone on his face, and Sharon suddenly had an illusion.

It was as if they were a family of three, as if everything was natural...

After noticing her gaze, Jameson looked over and said, "What's wrong?"

Sharon pursed her lips and stood up.

"Please look after the child, Mr.Proctor.I'll go out for a while."

Without waiting for him to agree, Sharon quickly walked out of the courtyard.

After walking along the long street for a few minutes, Sharon arrived at the place where she and Jameson took a boat trip to the lake.

She stood under the shade of the tree and looked into the distance with a calm expression.

It was hard to know what she was thinking.

Not long after, footsteps came from behind her, and a slender and tall figure stood beside her.

Sharon took a deep breath and said, "What did Mr.Proctor come out for? You should look after the child now."

"He's asleep.I do not need to be with him.He can't run."

Jameson turned to look at her, "If I don't come out, you'll be the one running."

Sharon looked down, "I just came out to get some air."

After saying that, she looked at Jameson and said, "Mr.Proctor, can you leave me alone for a while? I don't want to see you right now.' Jameson said coldly, "Then when do you want to see me?"

Sharon didn't know how to retort.

He was right.

However, right now, she felt unhappy and stuffy, and it was annoying to see him.

"I'm serious,' Sharon said with a solemn expression.

"I just want to be alone right now."

At this time, the people on the boat below asked them in a dialect if they wanted to board.

Sharon replied.

After walking down two steps, she looked at Jameson and reminded him, "Don't follow me.Just do your good deed for the day."

Jameson stood there without words.

Jameson slowly withdrew his gaze when Sharon's boat swayed far away until he could no longer see her figure.

Jacob suddenly appeared and whispered, "Mr.Proctor, do you want to follow the boat?"

Jameson said indifferently, "No."

He knew what Sharon was thinking.

Jameson turned around and looked at Jacob, "Didn't I tell you to stay inside? Why are you here?"

"Charlotte and Mary are back,' Jacob said.

After a while, Jacob answered the phone and said, "Mr.Proctor, everything is arranged.Do we still follow the plan?"

Jameson looked into the distance and said in a gentle tone, "Let them deal with it cleanly.I won't go."

"OK."

Jacob answered and left.

The reason Mr.Proctor came to the South City this time was to personally deal with Erica.

They just didn't expect to meet Mrs.Proctor here.

It seemed that Mr.Proctor had changed his mind.

On the boat.

Sharon looked into the distance aimlessly with a sluggish expression.

If her child was still alive, he should be three to four months old.

He would probably be like Mary's grandson, lying in the cradle without worries.

He would smile while she appeared and would cry as soon as he saw Jameson.

Sharon crossed her arms around her knees, filling her head with variety notions.

After a while, the sun gradually set, the sky gradually darkened, and the cold wind blew.

Sharon could not help but sneeze a few times and then said to the boatman, "Please turn around and go back."

"OK!"

The boatman held his oar and chatted with her, "Miss, this is the second time you've come to visit here."

Sharon nodded, "I also took your boat last time."

"No wonder I think you look familiar.I remember that you came with your husband last time.A few months ago, I recommended a few tourist attractions for him.How was it? Did you enjoy there? The

Matchmaker Temple is very famous. As long as you're a couple who have been there, you can get together for a long time."

Sharon was stunned for a moment, and she didn't answer.

No wonder Jameson took her to such a distant place to eat across half the city at that time.

So it was because of this? By the time the boat landed, the sky was already covered in a layer of grey.

Sharon was thinking about other things when she got off the ship, so did not notice the step.

She missed her step.

At this moment, a warm palm firmly supported her.

After Sharon stood up, she was silent for a few seconds before asking, "Has Mr. Proctor been waiting here all this time?"

"Well, if you want to throw yourself into the lake, I can catch you faster."

Sharon gritted her teeth and resisted the urge to step on him.

She did not look back and walked up the stairs before leaving.

Jameson followed and asked slowly, "Are you happier now?"

"I'm not in a good mood when I see Mr. Proctor."

"Then overcome it, or close your eyes."

Sharon was lost for words.

Sharon felt that she was so kind that she hadn't eaten him alive.

Just as she walked to Charlotte's door and was about to enter, Jameson grabbed her wrist and said, "I'll take you somewhere."

Sharon paused for a moment and deliberately said, "Could it be the Matchmaker Temple?"

"If you want to, I'm fine."

"I don't want to!"

Sharon gritted her teeth.

Jameson's thin lips curled up as he pulled her into the black Maybach that was parked beside him.

After about twenty minutes, the car stopped at the dock.

On the surface of the sea, there was a cruise ship slowly leaving the dock.

Sharon turned to look at Jameson, slightly puzzled.

Jameson held the steering wheel with one hand and tapped lightly with his long finger, "Erica is on this ship."

After a while, Sharon gave no other response but an "OK".

Jameson looked at the cruise ship and slowly said, "Sharon, they owe you something, and I will get them back one by one."

Sharon was very calm.

"Even so, it can't change the outcome."

"No one knows what the outcome will be until the end."

Sharon turned around and felt that the words meant more than he said.

But from what he said, he wouldn't tell her.

After the cruise ship sailed far away, Jameson withdrew his gaze and started the car to leave.

On the way back, Sharon leaned against the car window and stared blankly at the light outside.

Just as she sighed countless times, she raised her head again and found that the car was parked at the entrance of the old street of the Matchmaker Temple.

Sharon's eyes widened in disbelief as she looked at Jameson beside her, "Mr.Proctor, you..."

Jameson said calmly, "Didn't you want to come?"

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 239

Do You Know What You Are Doing?

Sharon very much regretted that what she had said.

She shouldn't have asked it.

Jameson parked the car and said indifferently, "Get off."

Sharon curled her lips and listened to him.

They walked to the snack street and Jameson ordered the food that Sharon wanted the last time they came here.

Then they have seats by themselves.

Sharon was really surprised that he could remember all the snacks she wanted last time.

At that time, she could eat that much because she was pregnant.

Now, it was impossible for her to eat all of them up.

As she was about to say something, Jameson met her gaze and said, "Is it not enough?"

"Enough.Actually, it was weird.Everything was different from the last time they came here, but she felt it was same.

In fact, there is no need worrying because they almost ate everything up in the end.

There was nothing left.

The jerk was choosy about food, but he never wasted it.

Perhaps it was because he had grown up in that family.

After dinner, Sharon asked carefully, "Mr.Proctor, May we come back now?"

Jameson stood up and said calmly, "We need to do some exercise after dinner.'

Then he walked towards the Matchmaker Temple.

Sharon had no choice but to follow him.

It was during the winter holiday, so schools were out.

There were more people than the last time they came here, especially a lot of young couples.

Sharon lost Jameson in the crowd before long.

As she was wondering whether to sit somewhere for a rest, her hand was held by a warm big hand.

She raised her head and saw that jerk.

He returned to find her.

Sharon wanted to pull her hand back in vain, even after a few attempts.

On the contrary, he held her more tightly.

The jerk even took the opportunity to run his fingers through hers and clasped her hand tightly.

Jameson found an excuse, "There are too many people here.We won't lose each other like this."

Before Sharon could refuse, he went ahead, holding her hand.

Sharon kept struggling to pull her hand back until she walked past a little girl.

She did not see the girl.

If Jameson hadn't stopped her, she would have bumped into her.

There were really too many people, so Sharon had to walk hand in hand with Jameson.

They were like an ordinary couple in the crowd.

Finally they arrived at the Matchmaker Temple.

But to Sharon's surprise, Jameson took her to queue up for the blessing tokens.

Sharon said calmly, "Mr.Proctor, do you know what you're doing?"

"I know what I'm doing?"

"But I cannot understand!"

Jameson stayed calm, "That is your problem.' Sharon did not want to joke with him.

Again, she wanted to pull her hand back, but two men walked over to them, one of which took a camera.

“Excuse me. We are the staff of the Matchmaker Temple. Gentleman, is she your girlfriend?”

“No...” Jameson replied with certainty, “We are married.”

The staff immediately understood, “Mister and ma’am, you seem a perfect couple and look much in love. Would you mind us taking some pictures for you? We want it for publicity. In return for this, you will get the blessing token without queuing up. We also will give you a present!”

Sharon was really confused about it.

Did they look close? Right at this moment, a faint male voice came from the side, “Alright.”

Sharon turned to Jameson in disbelief.

The jerk didn’t like taking pictures.

Even on the official website of the Proctor Group and the major financial newspapers, there wasn’t any picture of him.

The staff said, “This way, please.”

“No, I...” Jameson whispered to Sharon, “You don’t want to wait in line, do you? So just follow them.”

Sharon said, “What?”

She had never said that.

It was just the jerk’s excuse! When they arrived at the river with lanterns afloat, the staff said, “Alright, Mister and ma’am, talk with each other, just like before.”

Sharon didn’t want to take pictures with Jameson, so she didn’t cooperate with him at all.

Jameson lowered his head and said slowly, “Just do as they said, or I will kiss you now.”

Sharon was not afraid of him, “Mr. Proctor, if you want to be slapped here, you could try it.”

Jameson tilted his head slightly, his thin lips brushing past her cheeks.

Sharon was shocked and couldn’t dare to move a bit.

She did not expect him to do such a thing. This was even more affectionate than kissing her.

Jameson was satisfied and smiled.

At the same time, the staff walked over, “Alright. Thank you very much. This way, please.”

Before Sharon could respond, the jerk pulled her along.

The staff took them to the backyard of the temple and handed the blessing token to them.

“Write your names on the token and hang them by the river with lanterns.”

Jameson took the token and took the pen to write their names.

Sharon wanted to say something, but she felt that it was useless.

So she rubbed her nose and looked into the distance.

After Jameson finished, the staff said, "Please leave us an address. The gift will be sent to you tomorrow."

While Jameson was writing him the address, Sharon turned to the cameraman beside her and said, "Can you give me another blessing token? Mine hasn't been written yet."

Cameraman, "What?"

The couples always wrote both their names on one blessing token.

Why did she ask another one for herself? Jameson said indifferently, "Just ignore her."

Sharon said, "Mr. Proctor, what do you mean? I also take pictures for the temple! I deserve one blessing token, right?"

"So whose name do you want to put on the token?"

"Of course it's mine and Trey's." Jameson looked annoyed.

The two members of the staff looked at each other and decided to get away from this "battlefield".

Anyway, they got the address.

"Are you angry?"

Sharon smiled at Jameson.

"No."

"So what's wrong with you?"

"I am jealous."

Sharon was speechless.

She didn't know what to say.

The jerk always said things like that!

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 240

Can He Be As Cute As You?

Jameson stared at her unblinkingly. After a while, he said to her, "They have left. If you still want it, I can join the queue with you."

"No, thanks. I was just kidding."

She intended to make this jerk get angry so that he would throw away the blessing token and leave.

But she didn't expect that he was not angry as all.

It was really embarrassing.

Jameson couldn't help but smile.

Then he held her hand again and slowly walked forward.

When Jameson hung up the blessing token by the river, Sharon looked around to conceal her nervousness and embarrassment.

As soon as he finished, Sharon said, "It's getting late. I have to go now. Mr. Proctor, take your time."

With that, she left in a hurry.

After leaving the Matchmaker Temple, without the surging crowd, Sharon felt that the air was much fresher.

She took a long breath and then took out her phone.

Just as she was about to hail a taxi with her phone, Jameson grabbed her wrist and said, "This way." Sharon curled her lips.

She had run so fast, but the je*k still managed to follow her all the way.

After wasting some time in the Matchmaker Temple, it was already ten o'clock in the evening when they returned to Bridge Street.

At this time, Charlotte should have fallen asleep.

However, the lights in the courtyard were still on, and the cries of a baby came from inside the house.

Hearing this, Sharon hurriedly ran in.

In the courtyard, Charlotte was trying to put the little fellow down.

Sharon asked, "Charlotte, what happened to him?"

"It's fine," Charlotte said.

"Children always cry at night. It's just night cry. Lull him and he'll fall asleep."

Sharon stretched out her hands and said, "Let me hold him."

Charlotte handed the little fellow to her.

After Sharon lulled the little fellow for a while, his cry gradually faded away, but he was still sobbing.

"Where's Mary?"

She asked as she held the little fellow.

Charlotte said, "Mary caught a cold when she went out this afternoon. She was afraid that she would infect the little fellow. So she asked me to take care of the little fellow tonight."

Sharon did not have any doubts about what Charlotte said.

Charlotte had always been on good terms with Mary.

The two of them did not have many relatives, and they became each other's family.

It was normal for them to help each other.

Sharon nodded her head.

No wonder the little fellow cried so badly.

He must have noticed that Mary was not around.

After holding the little fellow for a while, Sharon noticed that he kept looking to the side with his round eyes and waving his small hands.

She followed his gaze, licked her lips, and took a step forward, "Mr. Proctor, why don't you hold him for a while?"

Jameson frowned, as if he had written the word "Rejection" all over his face.

Sharon said, "Hold him. He is so cute."

Jameson looked up and said unhurriedly, "Can he be as cute as you?"

Sharon was lost for word.

Her face and neck instantly turned red.

She was so shy that she felt as if her entire body was burning.

Not far away, Charlotte cleared her throat and made up a reason to go back to her room.

Seeing this, Sharon really wished she could disappear.

When she saw Jameson stretching out his hands, she took a few steps back and said vigilantly, "What are you doing?"

Jameson raised his eyebrows and said, "Aren't you going to let me hold the little fellow?"

After a while, Sharon said, "Alright."

The je*k had interrupted her train of thought.

Sharon carefully placed the little fellow in his arms and whispered, "You should use one hand to hold his head, and another hand to hold his butt."

"I know."

Sharon paused for a while.

She found that Jameson's way of holding the little fellow was quite standard, and he did not look as stiff as when he changed the diaper.

She looked at him suspiciously, "Why are you so good at holding him? Have you held any child before?"

Jameson looked at her calmly, "Didn't you say that I can do anything?"

She had said it indeed.

Sharon cleared her throat, "You can hold him a little longer, and I'll bring the stuff in."

With that, she hurriedly moved the stuff from the courtyard to her room.

After a while, Jameson walked in with the little fellow in his arms, wearing a long face.

Sharon looked into his arms.

She saw the little fellow slowly loose his tightly clenched fists, put on a smile again, and wave his little hands happily.

Judging from his posture, he must have wetted his pants again.

Sharon held her smile and said seriously, "Mr. Proctor, it seems that he really likes you.' Saying so, before Jameson got angry, Sharon took the little fellow out of his arms and went to Charlotte.

In the bathroom, Charlotte had prepared the water for the little fellow.

Seeing Sharon coming over, she knew what had happened without asking.

She took the little fellow, wiped his butt, and put him in the bathtub.

The little fellow seemed to like bathing very much, and he was pedaling his arms and legs happily in the water.

Sharon squatted beside him and gently scrubbed him with a towel.

She looked around and saw that everything Neo needed was here.

She signed, "You are so careful. You actually brought all these things over."

Charlotte smiled and explained, "A small child like the little fellow always needs a lot of things. He couldn't lack any of them."

As Sharon recalled what she had bought when she was pregnant, she nodded.

A few seconds later, she said, "How is Mary? Is her cold serious?"

Charlotte replied calmly, "Not very serious. She just got chilled. It'll be fine in two days."

As the two of them talked, they had bathed the little fellow.

After Charlotte put on the little fellow's clothes, she thought for a while and said, "Sharon, how about you sleep with the little fellow today?"

"Me?" Sharon was surprised.

"The little fellow is not shy with strangers. You've been the one who takes care of him all day. If he sleeps with you at night, he won't be too naughty.' Sharon hesitated, "I've never taken care of child at night. I'm afraid I can't do it well..."

"It's fine," Charlotte said.

"Nothing is easy in the beginning."

As Charlotte said that, she put the baby in Sharon's arms, "Hold him please. I'll ask Jameson to put the crib in your room."

Sharon still wanted to say something, but in her arms, the little fellow seemed to be very smart.

He grabbed the button on her clothes with his small hands and put on a sweet smile.

Seeing this, a smile also appeared on Sharon's face.

Alright, she took care of the little fellow during the day, so it shouldn't be a problem at night.

Sharon held the little fellow and walked downstairs for a while, almost lulling him to sleep before she went upstairs.

The crib had been placed in her previous room.

Powdered milk, thermos cup, and all the other things she might use at night had been put on the table as well.

In addition to these, there was also an uninvited guest in the room.