

Resume 241

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 241

The Jerk Definitely Did It on Purpose!

Sharon put the baby on the crib, and then directly ordered him to leave, "Mr.Proctor should leave, it's time for me to sleep."

Jameson looked up at her and slowly said, "If there is only one person on the bed, it is called rest.Only if there are two on the bed, it can be called sleep.Do you want my company?"

What? What the f*ck? Just as Sharon was about to ask him to get out, the phone in her bag rang.

She was afraid of waking up the baby, so she immediately answered it.

Noticing the one who called, Sharon glanced at the man sitting on the sofa and walked into the bathroom.

Before the bathroom door closed, Jameson heard the word "Trey".

Jameson put down the book in his hand, his thin lips were tightly pressed together.

In the bathroom.

After the door was closed, Sharon opened the window and said, "What's the matter?"

Trey said, "Tiffany said you went to Costspool.Did you have fun there?"

Sharon smiled, "It's fun.I can feel the pace of life here is slower than the South City, which is much more comfortable."

"Sounds like a good place to rest, I wish I can pay a visit some day.' Trey paused for a moment and slowly said, "When will you be back, Sharon?"

"In two or three days, I guess."

Trey continued, "There will be a classmate reunion this weekend.Are you going?"

Sharon said, "I can't decide just yet.But didn't we just had a reunion? Why they organized another again?"

"Last time, there were only a few of us.This time, it's for the whole class.If you won't be there, I won't be there either" Hearing his words, Sharon was quite stressed.She thought for a moment, "I'll ask Tiffany first and see if she wants to go."

Sharon did not like parties or reunions.

She was not familiar with most of the students in the class and after graduation, she lost contact with them.

This was biggest reunion for them in years.

She only wanted to ask Tiffany to see if she had to be there.

If not, she probably wouldn't go to such a reunion.

"Alright."

Trey said, "Sharon, when will you be back? I'll pick you up at the airport."

"No need, I..."

There was a knock on the door, which interrupted Sharon's words.

Before she could react, the jerk's voice came from outside.

"Have you finished your shower? I've been waiting for half an hour." Sharon said nothing.

The jerk definitely did it on purpose! On the phone, Trey was silent for a moment and said, "It seems you're busy. Let me know if you've made your decision, Sharon."

After Sharon hung up the phone, Sharon opened the door and glared fiercely at the man.

She wanted to scold this man with every swear word she could think of, suddenly she remembered that there was a baby in the room.

She tried her best to be patient.

Jameson leaned leisurely against the doorframe with his arms crossed on his chest, "You've been in there for too long. I need to use it."

"I believe Mr. Proctor has a room of his own."

Sharon's voice seemed to have been squeezed out from between her teeth.

"The water heater in my room is broken."

As Jameson said this, he pulled Sharon out of the bathroom and said, "Go and get my clothes for me. It doesn't matter if you don't want to take it. I don't mind..."

Before he could finish his sentence, Sharon pushed him in and closed the door tightly.

She took several deep breaths before gradually calming herself down.

Forget it.

It was because she grabbed his sleeve in the Twilight Club three years ago.

In the end, it was her fault.

As a man sows and so he shall reap.

Sharon went to Jameson's room, looked around and did not find the suitcase.

Finally, she opened his wardrobe.

There were quite a few clothes of that jerk in the wardrobe.

It seemed that he would occasionally stay here for a long time.

Sharon couldn't help but frown.

Had that jerk returned to live here after leaving with her last time? However, Sharon thought for a while.

Charlotte was Jameson's mother.

It was reasonable for Jameson to come back from time to time since she was here.

She randomly took a housecoat from the wardrobe.

Just as she was about to leave, she turned back expressionlessly and looked at the wardrobe.

"Be patient."

She said to herself.

When she returned to her room, she put his clothes on a chair outside of the bathroom, knocked on the door, and said irritably, "Mr. Proctor, your clothes are ready."

The sound of water in the bathroom paused for a moment before Jameson calmly asked, "Have you got them all?"

Sharon gritted his teeth tightly as he spat out word by word, "I got them all!"

Considering the possibility of Jameson continuing with his tricks, she did get everything for him.

This jerk was so annoying.

Sharon ignored him and went straight to the bed.

After taking off her jacket, she wrapped herself tightly in a quilt.

After a short time, the bathroom door opened and closed again.

Even through a thick quilt, Sharon could hear someone was putting on clothes.

Two minutes later, the bathroom door was opened again.

Jameson wiped his hair as he came out.

When he noticed the unnatural bulge on the bed, a smile appeared on his face.

Sharon reminded him under the quilt, "Since Mr. Proctor has finished his shower. Please go back to your room. I want to sleep. No! I want to rest!"

Jameson said, "Aren't you going to take a shower? Just go. I'll help you keep an eye on him."

"No need!"

"You've been wandering outside all day. Don't you think you need a shower?"

"If that can keep you away from me, I'll be fine."

Jameson said, "If you don't take a shower now, I will sleep beside you." Sharon sat up from her bed, hoping someone could kill him for her.

Jameson sat on the sofa and said indifferently, "I'll leave when you finish."

"Really? I don't believe it."

Jameson looked at her and chuckled, "If I planned to do something, why should I wait until now?"

"Mr. Proctor, don't you feel ashamed of saying these words?"

The jerk said these words like he was innocent and pure.

Jameson's slender legs crossed, "Believe it or not."

The jerk just sat there without any intention of leaving.

Sharon looked at the sleeping baby beside him and finally decided to stay.

She resolutely refused to take a shower with him in the room and fell back onto the bed, using the quilt to cover herself.

Jameson said nothing.

Just as he was about to say something, Sharon said, "Mr. Proctor, no matter what you do, there is a limit."

Although she had been enduring today, it didn't mean that the jerk could cross the line.

Jameson pinched his nose, "Can't you just trust me?"

"This is not about trust!"

"Then what's that?" Sharon ignored him again.

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Now You Know How to Be Polite to Me?

After the door was closed, Sharon stayed under the blanket for a few minutes.

When she was sure that the jerk had returned to his room, she poked her head out of the blanket and took a deep breath of fresh air.

She lifted the blanket, got out of bed, and went to the crib to take a look.

She saw that the little fellow was still sleeping soundly and showed no signs of awakening.

Sharon carefully opened her suitcase and took out her pajamas before walking into the bathroom quietly.

Sharon didn't want to disturb the little fellow, so she preferred not to use the hairdryer.

Therefore, she didn't wash her hair, and just rolled them up and tied them at the back of her head.

After taking a shower, Sharon came out of the bathroom.

She saw the little fellow pouting his mouth.

His eyes were still closed, but his small hands were waving in the air.

Sharon quickly walked over.

Just as she reached out her hand, the little fellow grabbed her finger immediately.

Seeing this, Sharon smiled slightly.

Then, she sat on the bed, lying on the side of the crib.

She stared at him quietly with an unbelievably gentle gaze.

When Sharon fell asleep in the middle of the night, she suddenly heard the little fellow humming and chirping in the crib beside her.

She turned on the light at once and sat up.

It seemed that the little fellow was hungry, so she lifted the blanket and got out of bed.

She opened the thermos and began to prepare the infant formula.

After having enough, the little fellow became spirited.

His eyes were wide open as he looked around curiously.

At this moment, the door of the room was suddenly opened.

An indifferent male voice came from outside, "What are you doing in the middle of the night?"

Sharon held the little fellow and turned around, "I didn't make much noise ...Did I disturb Mr.Proctor?"

Jameson lowered his head and looked down at the little guy in her arms.He slightly licked his lips.

Then, he walked in with his long legs and whispered, "Give it to me."

Sharon was perplexed, "What?"

Jameson repeated, "Give it to me.And you can go to sleep."

Obviously, Sharon did not expect him to say this.

She was stunned for a few seconds before she slowly said, "There's no need for that.I can manage it.You should go to sleep, Mr.Proctor."

"Now you know how to be polite to me?"

Before Sharon could refuse, Jameson had already taken the child into his arms.

Sharon didn't want to take it back forcefully, because she was afraid that little fellow might be hurt.

So she could only let him carry him over.

Jameson turned around and sat on the sofa.

He did not raise his head and said to Sharon, "You can go to sleep."

Sharon opened her mouth but didn't know what to say.

Although Jameson was clearly doing an unusual thing, this scene seemed to be rather harmonious.

The little fellow obviously didn't want Jameson to hug him.

He pouted his lips and was about to cry.

Jameson whispered, "Shut up."

The little fellow sniffled and clenched his fists with grievances.

Sharon couldn't bear to look at him like this, "Mr. Proctor, you'd better give it to me. He feels uncomfortable when you hug him."

Jameson replied, "Don't spoil him."

Sharon pouted her lips. She didn't know how this jerk had spoiled the little fellow.

He actually frightened him so much.

But it was amazing that the little fellow closed his eyes and fell asleep soon after he reluctantly stayed in his arms for a while.

Jameson put him back into the crib and said indifferently, "He only wakes up once in the middle of the night. You can go to sleep now."

Sharon looked at him with her head tilting to one side.

She asked suddenly, "How did Mr. Proctor know that he would only wake up once in the middle of the night?"

Jameson paused for a moment before raising his head to look at her.

He said slowly, "As long as you ask someone, you will know about this kind of thing."

"I see."

She didn't expect this jerk to be so meticulous.

He actually thought of asking Mary how many times the little fellow would wake up at night.

Jameson stood there for a few seconds before he said, "I'm leaving."

Sharon looked at him with an inexplicable expression. If he was about to leave, he should just leave.

Or maybe he was hoping that she would keep him stay.

Seeing the jerk still standing there without moving, Sharon said deliberately, "Then ...good night, Mr. Proctor?"

“Good night,” Jameson’s thin lips curled up a little bit.

After that, he lifted his leg and left.

Sharon looked at his back and suddenly laughed.

How childish! Later that night, the little fellow did not wake up as Jameson had said.

Sharon lied on the bed, but she couldn’t fall asleep.

She didn’t know what she was thinking about.

She was so dumbfounded that she quietly looked at the crib beside her in the hazy night.

She had no idea when she fell asleep.

By the time Sharon woke up, it was already broad daylight.

She sat up immediately and checked the time.

Sharon rubbed her head and turned around to find that the little fellow had disappeared from the crib.

She got changed and went downstairs.

In the courtyard, she saw the little fellow lying in the cradle and playing happily with his toys.

Beside him, Jameson was sitting at his desk.

“Where’s Charlotte?” Sharon asked.

Jameson replied without raising his head, “She went to the hospital with Mary.”

Sharon sat on a chair and stared at the potted plant not far away. She was obviously still sleepy.

“What do you want to eat? I’ll have Jacob bring it here.”

After a few seconds, Sharon recovered and replied, “No need for that. There should be something left in the fridge. I’ll cook.”

At this moment, a knock on the door came.

Sharon walked over to open the door.

Outside was a young man, “May I ask if Mr. Proctor lives here?”

Sharon turned around to take a look and lightly nodded, “Yes.”

The lad took out a gift box from his bag and said, “I am a staff member of the Matchmaker Temple. This is the gift that I said I would give you last night.”

Sharon reached out and took it, “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. Then I should leave now.”

After the lad left, Sharon closed the door, turned around, and placed the box in front of Jameson. Then she directly walked towards the kitchen.

In the kitchen, there were quite a few ingredients that Charlotte bought yesterday.

Sharon prepared the steamed rice, and was about to cook a spicy rabbit.

But it came to her that Jameson didn't like spicy food, so she gave up this idea.

Halfway through the cooking, Sharon felt that something was wrong.

Why was she considering about his needs? Thinking of this, she deliberately took the rabbit, but just as she picked it up, she put it down again.

"Forget it. We can't have all this. It might be a waste." She thought.

Sharon propped her hand on the dish washing table, feeling as if she was insane.

In the end, Sharon made two dishes and one soup, all of which were quite plain.

By the time she left, Jameson had already put away his computer.

He had already opened the gift box.

And what was put on the desk was the photo they took last night at the Matchmaker Temple.

The photo was framed with the unique decoration of the Matchmaker Temple.

On the left side of the frame was a line that read "Hundred Years of Harmony," and on the right side was "Having a descendant soon."

Above was a row of loving hearts, and below was a mini cartoon image of the Matchmaker.

As the saying goes, the most vulgar is also a fashion.

When Sharon saw the photo and the frame, she instantly felt the urge to fly back to the South City overnight.

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Your Hair Will Fall Out

Two days passed very quickly.

She was about to leave.

When she left, Sharon looked at the baby who was smiling at her in the cradle.

Her eyes were filled with reluctance to leave.

Jameson said emotionlessly beside her, "I've told you. If you really don't want to part with him, we can secretly take him away."

Sharon's eyelids twitched and said, "Shut up."

She took a deep breath and then looked at Charlotte and said, "Charlotte, I'm leaving now. I'll see you later."

Charlotte nodded and said, "Be careful on the road."

Outside the courtyard, Sharon happened to see Mary talking to her neighbor at the door.

She walked over and said, "Mary, do you get better from your cold?"

Hearing this, Mary immediately coughed a little bit and said, "It's getting better. Sharon, it's been a hard work for you in the past two days."

Sharon smiled and shook her head.

"Mary, you're welcome. It's my pleasure."

All she felt was happiness.

Mary looked at the suitcase in her hand and asked, "Are you leaving now? Don't you want to stay for another two days?"

"No, I can't. I still have to work. I'll come back later."

"Alright. I won't bother you. Be safe on the way."

Sharon nodded at her and took the suitcase to leave.

She only walked away for a couple of steps before she heard an old woman whispering, "Sharon just left by herself. How could she leave her child behind?"

Sharon stopped.

Before she could turn around, she heard Mary coughing continuously.

Mary deliberately said loudly, "It is so troublesome to have got a cold. If Charlotte and Sharon hadn't helped me take care of my grandson, I really would have been in trouble."

Later on, no one talked behind her anymore.

Sharon thought that she must have misheard just now.

Having returned to the South City, Sharon took her luggage and walked out without turning back.

Jameson glanced at the side and Jacob immediately understood.

He quickly stepped forward and said, "Mrs....Ms. Allyson, let me send you off."

"No, Thanks. My friend is here to pick me up."

As soon as Sharon said those words, and Jameson's facial expression instantly turned gloomy.

"Ms. Allyson, why don't you tell your friend not to come? The air pollution is so serious now. It's our responsibility to protect the environment."

Jacob tried to make a final rescue.

Sharon didn't say anything.

She turned to him and said, "Mr.Green, have you ever considered about changing your job?"

"Well ...I haven't considered it for now.'

Sharon said seriously, "I suggest you change your job as soon as possible.Otherwise, your hair will fall out at such a young age under the pressure of work."

Jacob didn't know how to respond to it.

After she finished her speaking, she turned around and left quickly.

Jacob coughed and silently retreated to Jameson's side, "Mr.Proctor..."

He had done his best.

Jameson looked at Sharon's back and licked his thin lips, "Forget about it."

That woman had a glib tongue, and it wasn't the first time that she had talked like that.

It was already dark outside the terminal.

Just two minutes after Sharon went out of the airport, she saw Tiffany's car in front of her.

After putting out the luggage, Sharon opened the door and sat on the front passenger seat.

"Have you been waiting for a long time?"

Tiffany said, "No, I just arrived a few minutes ago.How was your trip? Did that jerk make it hard for you?"

Sharon shook her head and said, "No."

Apart from taking her to Matchmaker Temple by force for those unrelated things, the jerk had been quite normal in the past two days.

For the most of the time, he was taking care of the baby at home with her.

Tiffany clicked her tongue as she drove.

"I didn't expect that he could behave like a real man.Finally, he stopped being sneaky." Sharon was confused for a moment, "What do you mean sneaky?"

Tiffany realized that she had blurted it out and laughed embarrassingly.

"Nothing ...I didn't mean it.How was your trip there? Was it fun?"

Now, it was Sharon who felt embarrassed, and she remained silent.

After a while, she said, "We didn't have fun at all.I was taking care of the baby."

Tiffany's eyes widened in disbelief.

"Taking care of the baby? What baby?"

Sharon took a long breath and said, "There is an aunt living next door. Her son gave birth to a second child, but he didn't have time to take care of him. So he sent the baby to his mother's place. After I went there, she got sick. As a result, she sent the baby to Charlotte in case that the baby would be infected. I happened to be there too, so I helped her take care of the baby."

Tiffany didn't know how to respond to that.

What a ridiculous excuse.

Tiffany asked, "Sharon, how old is that baby?"

"I didn't ask her, but he looks quite little. He should be just a month old." Tiffany was even more confused.

"Well, the child is just a month old. Would his parents be so confident to leave their child with his grandmother? They should at least have waited until the baby to be weaned. And it would be better to get the grandmother over. How could they bear to leave the child behind?"

Hearing this, Sharon was also stunned.

If Tiffany hadn't mentioned it, she would not have thought of this before.

In the past two days, the baby had always been kept in Charlotte's home.

Mary would occasionally come over to take a look, but she didn't seem to be so close with the baby.

On the contrary, Charlotte was better at looking after him.

Mary got a cold, but that didn't seem enough.

This question had been haunting Sharon until she was tidying up the wardrobe after she returned home, she saw the tiny baby clothes in the corner.

A terrifying and crazy idea suddenly flashed through her mind.

The baby didn't have a name.

Charlotte's house was full of baby stuff, and... Jameson had asked her twice whether she wanted to secretly take the child away.

According to the jerk's personality, he definitely didn't like children.

But this time, he took care of the baby with her patiently for two days without any dissatisfaction or complaint.

Moreover, he was no stranger to the baby, judging from the way he hugged him.

Apart from that, there were small clothes in the wardrobe.

And the words Mary said to her neighbor when she left were also quite suspicious.

There were too many questionable points in this matter.

She couldn't help but think of a certain possibility... Sharon hurriedly took her coat and walked outside.

Tiffany was brushing her teeth.

When she heard the noise, she came out of the bathroom and saw Sharon putting on her shoes.

She asked, "Sharon, it's pretty late. Where are you going?"

Sharon hurriedly said, "I have to go to Costspool again."

"But you just came back. Did you forget something?"

"No, there's something I need to confirm."

It was the first time that Tiffany had seen her become so anxious and urgent.

She hurriedly took out her toothbrush and ran into the bathroom.

"It's too late to find a taxi. Wait for me, I'll go with you."

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I Am Too Sensitive

Sitting in the car, Sharon booked two tickets to Costspool as soon as possible.

Even so, when they got off the plane, it was already six o'clock the next morning.

Standing in front of Charlotte's house, Sharon felt that her heart was beating faster than ever.

She took a deep breath to calm down.

Then she knocked on the door.

Charlotte just got up.

When she opened the door and saw Sharon outside, she was surprised.

"Sharon, why...."

Sharon pursed her lips and said, "Charlotte, I want to see the child."

Charlotte was stunned and didn't say anything for a moment.

Sharon could not wait for her to answer and just rushed into the room. Seeing this, Tiffany followed up.

However, it was as if the little fellow had vanished.

Nothing about him was left in the room.

Sharon was stunned and stood still.

Charlotte walked over and whispered, "Mary has caught a cold and doesn't recover. Last night, her son came over and took the child away."

Sharon opened her mouth, but she didn't know what to say.

Tears were rolling in her eyes.

Charlotte sighed.

She knew what Sharon was thinking, but she could not tell her the truth.

She could only pat Sharon's shoulder and said, "Sharon, you will have another child."

Sharon bit her lower lip tightly and suppressed the tears.

She muttered to herself, "I thought ...I was almost sure...."

She just thought too much.

Charlotte said, "Sharon, if you want to see the child, I'll ask Mary for an address."

"No need," Sharon shook her head.

"Sharon...."

"Sorry, Charlotte. I'll go back now." After Sharon said that, she turned around and walked out.

Looked from behind, she was so lonely.

Tiffany smiled awkwardly at Charlotte.

Then she nodded and ran out.

It was dawn.

The streetlights on both sides of the river were glowing with orange light, which looked beautiful.

Sharon looked down and walked quietly.

Tiffany followed behind.

She scratched her head before saying, "Sharon, it's all my fault. If I hadn't said those things, you wouldn't...."

Sharon shook her head gently.

"It's not your fault. It's me. I'm too sensitive."

Perhaps it was because she had spent the whole past two days with the baby, she began to expect more.

But after thinking about it, she knew the child couldn't survive since there was such a serious car accident at that time.

Sharon took a deep breath and said, "Tiffany, let's go back."

After Sharon left, Charlotte called Jameson and said, "Jameson, Sharon has left."

"I see."

After a pause, Jameson said, "I'll have someone send you to another place this afternoon. Since she's already suspicious, you can't stay there any longer." Charlotte sighed.

“You are really ...Sharon will hate you if she knows the truth.”

“She has hated me since a long time ago.”

Not only did Sharon hate him, but also she even wanted to kill him.

After hanging up, Jameson put away his phone.

He put on his coat and went out.

Sharon and Tiffany did not sleep during the trip.

When they arrived in the South City, Tiffany yawned a lot.

“Sharon, let’s go back and sleep.Anyway, Ruben is in the studio.”

Sharon stopped thinking about the child and said, “You go back to sleep.I’m not sleepy.I have a lot of work to deal with.”

Tiffany knew that it was useless for anyone to persuade Sharon as long as she decided.

And there must be a lot in Sharon’s heart right now.

She would definitely not be able to sleep.

Tiffany yawned again.

“Alright, you go to the studio first.Don’t worry about me.I’ll call a designated driver.”

Sharon nodded and said, “Then I’ll just go.”

At three o’clock in the afternoon, Sharon arrived at the studio.

Ruben asked her, “Where have you been? You haven’t answered the phone for a day, and I don’t know where Tiffany has gone as well.”

Sharon said, “She went to deal with something with me.”

Ruben wanted to say something, but Sharon interrupted, “I’m going to draw a draft.Call me if you need anything.”

After entering the office, Sharon sat on a chair, but she could not calm down.

She just looked out of the window and was lost in thought.

No one knew how long passed.

She took out her phone and looked the photos she had taken for the little fellow two days ago.

He was so cute on every single one of them.

Sharon lay on the table and she was exhausted.

At night, when Ruben came to see her, he found her falling asleep on the table.

Ruben pursed his lips and closed the door.

When he turned around, Giana said, "Where's your sister? Is she still working?"

"She's asleep."

"Asleep?" Giana was doubtful.

"Then wake her up and take her home. What if she catches a cold?"

Just as Giana was about to open the door, Ruben grabbed her arm and said, "Let her rest. The air conditioner is on and she won't catch a cold."

"Alright." Giana gave up.

She had just finished her magazine shooting this afternoon when she received the new job assigned to her by that jerk.

It seemed that he had done something to make Sharon angry.

There were only Ruben and her in the studio.

It was somewhat awkward when they both stopped talking.

Giana was trying to think about a proper topic with all her wits when Ruben said, "Do you want some water?"

Giana said, "Well, yes."

When Ruben went to pour the water, Giana took out her phone and secretly sent a message.

After two minutes, Ruben came back and put a glass of water in front of her.

"Thank you for your help last time."

Giana hurriedly put down her phone and said, "Well, nothing. I just happened to meet you there. Otherwise, I wouldn't be able to help you."

As she spoke, Giana picked up the glass and said, "Sharon's brother is my brother. Don't be so polite."

Ruben didn't know what to say.

At this time, Giana's phone vibrated.

She watched it as she drank water.

After thinking for a few seconds, she asked, "Well ... Have you eaten yet? What about going out to eat something? By the way, we can also buy some for your sister."

Ruben glanced at her phone and didn't expose her secret.

He just said, "Alright."

Giana immediately put down the glass and stood up.

"That's great! Let's go."

Ruben pursed his lips and couldn't help but ask, "I've heard that you once won the award for best actress, really?"

Was Ruben questioning her performance? Giana coughed and didn't answer his question.

She casually said, "Well, nothing. That's just a title. No one takes it seriously."

Ruben did not say anything and walked out. Seeing this, Giana hurriedly followed up. She was really the most dedicated employee of the Proctor Group. Not only did she work hard in the daytime for magazines and advertisements shooting, but also she needed to sacrifice her spare time at night to perform such a 'show', just for her boss! If Jameson didn't give her a long vacation, he would be too cruel!

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Have Another Baby with You

Sharon did not realize when she had fallen asleep, but when she woke up, she found that it was already dark outside.

When she was about to turn around her stiff neck after sitting up, she suddenly heard a cracking sound.

As Sharon rubbed her neck, she opened the office door and walked out, "Ruben, can you give me the medicine kit? It seems that I hurt my neck."

Before Sharon finished her sentence, she saw a man sitting on the sofa.

In an instant, she felt not only her neck hurt but also her head.

Jameson gently looked up at her and greeted, "Hi!"

"What are you doing here, Mr. Proctor?" Sharon asked.

Jameson glanced at the gift box on the table and said, "I saw that you liked the photos last time. So, I got a copy one. Here's the original photos."

"Thank you. But you don't have to."

How could he tell that she liked it? Jameson stood up and slowly approached her.

"I remember someone told me that if a woman said no, it meant she wanted it. So, I should find whoever said this to me."

Sharon sneered, "Maybe it's Sheila or Miss Beale. I didn't say that anyway."

Jameson stopped and looked at her with an unhappy expression.

Sharon ignored him and went to the grocery room to look for the medicine kit.

However, what she did not expect was that the medical kit was placed on the upper shelf.

As her neck was twisted, she could not get it even after tiptoeing a few times.

Just as Sharon was about to go get a chair, a slender hand rested beside her, while the other hand passed over her head and easily took the medical kit down.

Sharon turned around and leaned against the shelf behind her.

Why did this jerk get so close to her when he took it down? Seeing this, Jameson raised his eyebrows and said, "What are you afraid of?"

"Who...Who is afraid?"

Sharon didn't want to talking nonsense with him.

After snatching the medical kit from his hand, she went back to her office and locked the door directly, not giving him any chance.

She took off her coat and tilted her neck.

Then she sprayed some medicine on it.

She pulled the turtleneck sweater down.

Just as she was about to knead it, she felt it hurt even more when she raised her hand.

Not only did it not alleviate the pain, it also aggravated the pain.

Just as Sharon felt annoyed, there was a knock at the door.

Then, the jerk's voice sounded unhurriedly, "Do you need help?"

"No!"

"OK then, I'm leaving."

'Jerk, get lost!' she thought.

After sitting alone and sulking for a while, Sharon put the medicine back.

Then she took her coat and stood up.

She was going to see a doctor.

But as soon as she opened the door, she saw the man who should have left.

He leaned against the wall beside her, looking at her casually.

"Why are you still here?" Sharon asked reluctantly.

Jameson said without changing his expression, "Didn't you ask me to stay?"

"When did I..."

Sharon understood what he meant.

"Did you hear my thoughts again, Mr.Proctor?"

"Almost.' Jameson held her wrist tightly.

Then he pulled her into the office and pressed her down on the chair.

He took out the medicine again and leaned on the desk.

“Why can’t you handle such a small piece of cake? What else can you do other than cursing me?”

Sharon said, “It depends. My potential will be aroused differently by different people I meet.”

Jameson snorted and pulled down the collar of her sweater.

Seeing this, Sharon retreated reflectively.

Jameson grabbed the armrest and pulled the chair back easily, “Don’t overreact. Save your strength.”

As he spoke, he pulled down her collar again and sprayed the medicine on her neck.

The chill caused Sharon to frown.

Just as she was about to speak, Jameson had rubbed her neck gently.

His action was domineering and could not be rejected.

After a while, Jameson said, “Did you go back today?”

He didn’t mention the place, but it was quite clear.

Sharon pursed her lips. She did not say anything.

Jameson continued, “I asked you before that if you wanted, we could sneak him away. but there’s no chance now.”

Sharon still ignored him.

“There’s still a solution. I can work harder and give you another one.”

“Can you shut up?”

Sharon said through gritted teeth.

Jameson’s hands stopped.

He stroked her neck with his big palm and slightly leaned over.

His eyes were dark and calm.

He asserted, “I’m serious. You can think about it.”

“Didn’t Mr. Proctor say that you wouldn’t consider having a child within two years?”

Sharon mocked, “You just want to sleep with me. Stop looking for such a high-sounding excuse.”

Jameson licked his thin lips as he retreated a little.

Then he sprayed some more medicine and continued to rub her neck, “But you will never agree with the reasons I give.”

Sharon had nothing to say.

'This jerk finally admits his dirty thoughts, she thought.

Jameson whispered, "Sharon, I just dealt with problem of Erica. The Proctor family and the Rowland family are looking for my mistakes and weaknesses. Wait for a while! I promise I will give you a child."

With what Jameson said just now as a foreshadowing, no matter what he said now, Sharon felt that they were all his excuses to achieve the goal.

It was as if he had told her before that he could have given her a child in two years.

Sharon patted on his hands impatiently in order to get them off her, "Even if I want to have a child, I don't need your help."

"It seems that he thinks he is the only man in the world" she thought.

Sure enough, Jameson's expression instantly turned cold, "Then whose help do you want? Trey?"

Sharon deliberately replied, "I can find whoever doesn't need me to wait for two years."

Jameson's dark eyes narrowed slightly.

His hand that was rubbing her neck moved down a few inches without any sign.

Sharon reacted very quickly.

She retreated abruptly and put her hands on her chest in an instant.

She bluntly scolded, "Are you a bast*rd?"

Jameson sneered, "If I am a bast*rd, do you think you can still sit here and scold me? You should have been lying on the bed and crying long ago."

Sharon was lost for words.

She felt that if she said one more word to him, she would die of anger here today.

Sharon took the coat which had been thrown to the side.

After taking two steps out angrily, she took a deep breath and said, "Mr. Proctor, you can leave now. I'm going to lock the door."

Only then did Jameson slowly stand upright.

He put down the medicine bottle and slowly walked out of the office.

He looked down at his watch and said, "I'm hungry. Let's grab a bite."

"I'm not hungry. Mr. Proctor, enjoy yourself."

As soon as Sharon finished speaking, her stomach rumbled untimely.

It suddenly occurred to her that she hadn't even drunk a single mouthful of water since last night.

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Die Together

At the Proctor's.

His subordinate said, "We've been searching for two days. We've also hired a professional search and rescue team to search the area. However, there's still no news of Miss Proctor. She probably has..."

Before the man could finish his sentence, Albert waved his hand irritably and let the subordinate leave.

Erica's mother kept crying on the sofa, "It must be that illegitimate child, it must be him! Erica is really a poor girl. She is still so young and doesn't do anything wrong. But now, we don't know whether she is alive or dead. I only have such a daughter. How can I survive without her?"

Albert sat on the sofa and frowned, "I have told you not to mess up with him, but you didn't believe me. As long as Erica stayed at the Proctor's and stayed in the South City, he couldn't have done anything to her in my place. You insisted on sending her away and gave him a chance to attack."

"I don't care about that. I want Jameson to pay for his life! Even if I sacrifice everything I have, I will not let go of him!"

Jeffery said indifferently, "Erica's life is precious. Aren't the lives of the two unborn children precious?"

Hearing this, Erica's mother became even more crazy, "What are you saying, Jeffery? Erica is your sister! Are you still biased towards the b*stard?"

"I've warned Erica many times before. She can't blame anyone for today's situation." Erica's mother shot up from the sofa.

The pain of losing her daughter had driven the woman insane.

She sneered recklessly, "You are a cripple now, and it only means that you are unlucky and that you can't blame anyone!"

Evie said coldly, "Is it over yet?"

"Look at your soon. Let me tell you, my daughter is dead now. I don't care about anything anymore. I want you all to die together! I won't lose if all the Proctors die with me!"

Erica's father, who had been silent for a long time, went up and pulled her, "Alright, the most important thing now is to find Erica."

Erica's mother slapped his hand and shouted, "What are you looking for? Are you blind or deaf? Your daughter is dead now. She was killed by Jameson!"

Evie said, "So, what if he did it? Do you have any evidence? Rather than complaining here, why don't you think about how to avenge Erica?"

Erica's mother sneered, "I can see clearly that Erica's life is worth no pennies in your eyes. You have been using her from beginning to end! I will avenge myself for this!"

She took the bag and left without stopping.

Erica's father could only apologize to Albert and Evie, but he didn't know what to say and hurriedly left.

After they left, the room was extremely quiet.

Albert stood on his walking stick and frowned in contemplation.

Albert really didn't expect Jameson to be able to do such a thing.

Erica's departure was extremely secret.

Apart from Talon and him, no one could know that.

He had even deliberately taken a detour to Costspool in order to avoid Jameson's places.

He didn't expect that Jameson still discovered Erica's whereabouts.

It seemed that it was getting harder and harder to deal with Jameson.

At this time, a man came in and whispered a few words to Evie.

"Are you sure?" Evie asked.

The man said, "I'm sure that although she moved away when we went over, it was indeed her."

"Give the order and ask the people around to see if there are any other clues."

After the man left, Albert frowned and said, "What is it?"

Evie said coldly, "We have found Charlotte."

"Why are you looking for her?" Albert was annoyed.

"I have my plans. It has nothing to do with you."

Wasn't Jameson arrogant and proud? Didn't he show no respect to all of them? She wanted to see what he could do when he saw Charlotte die in front of him.

Being choked by Evie's words, Albert could not say anything, even if he was distressed.

To be honest, their interests were intertwined.

Even though the Rowland family had declined, it still had some influence.

Moreover, Albert had already placed all his chips on the marriage between Jeffery and Natalia.

After a while, Albert said, "I don't care about those things. Jeffery, the engagement has been arranged. It's the fifteenth day of next month."

Before Jeffery could reply, Albert continued, "As the eldest son of the Proctor family, it's time for you to shoulder your responsibilities. You should know that this marriage alliance is not your personal affair, but the future of the Proctor family."

After a few seconds, Jeffery said helplessly, "Jameson has a blood relationship with us. He is not our enemy."

Albert hit his cane on the ground and said, "It is because he has a blood relationship with us that he poses a greater threat to us! He has been out of control, and he can't do nothing. Now that he can attack Erica, who do you think will be next?"

Jeffery closed his eyes and didn't say anything.

Albert stood up and said, "It settles down. We must borrow the power of the Beale family to get our company back, or we will end up worse than Erica."

After Albert left, Evie said, "Natalia grows up with you. If you two get married, I can rest assured."

Jeffery smiled bitterly, "Do you really think that she is willing to marry a cripple like me?"

Evie became excited again, "Since the marriage has been decided, it means she is willing to marry you. There is nothing you can't compare to the b*stard. How can she not agree?"

"You don't have to comfort me. I know myself."

With that, Jeffery did not stay and left in a wheelchair.

In the restaurant, after she finished ordering, Sharon lowered her head and focused on her phone, leaving the jerk alone.

Jameson gently tapped the cup with his fingers as his eyes fixed on her, no one knowing what he was thinking.

After a while, Sharon could no longer pretend to turn a blind eye at him.

She put down her phone and said, "Mr. Proctor, is there anything you want to say to me?"

Jameson took a sip of tea and said indifferently, "I have a lot to say, but you may not want to hear it."

Sharon felt that this sentence sounded familiar.

Sharon replied, "Forget it, I really don't want to hear it."

Jameson said, "I will send someone to follow you recently. Don't go anywhere by yourself. Call me if anything happens."

"Why?"

Jameson was calm and said slowly, "It's about Erica. They might vent their anger on you."

Sharon was puzzled.

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Someone Else Gets Hurt

Sharon thought that was ridiculous.

However, what Jameson said made sense.

Those people were desperate to get even, but they couldn't do anything to him, so they would attack her instead.

What bad luck she had! Sharon was silent for a while before she asked, "Mr.Proctor, how did you handle Erica?"

Jameson slowly said, "Only my wife can know such a secret.' Sharon didn't see that coming.She decided to drop the topic.

Seeing that Sharon was silent, Jameson said, "Don't worry, she's still alive."

He had other plans for Erica, so how could he let her die so easily?

"Okay."

She didn't really care about that.

Soon, the dishes were served.

Just as Sharon was about to ladle some soup, Jameson grabbed the ladle and took her bowl.

He did it calmly, and there was nothing awkward in his action.

Sharon didn't know the jerk in her eyes was able to take care of people.

She realized that sometimes men didn't do something not because they didn't know how to do it but because they were not in love.

When Jameson placed the bowl of soup in front of her, Sharon said formally, "Thank you, Mr.Proctor."

He responded indifferently, "You know that I don't need this kind of verbal gratitude."

Sharon didn't want to talk to him anymore.

"Fine, just eat, jerk! "After dinner, she was just about to leave when she ran into an acquaintance.

Daniel greeted her, "Ms.Allyson! What a coincidence!"

Sharon nodded to him.

Before she could speak, someone showed up from behind Daniel.

Natalia stood beside Daniel and said with a faint smile, "Ms.Allyson, we meet again.Are you alone? Didn't you ask Jameson to come with you?"

Her words were full of ridicule, but Sharon didn't answer but pursed her lips and smiled faintly.

Just then, a man's voice asked, "Are you looking for me?"

When Natalia saw him, the smirk on her face faded away.

She tightly clenched her hands.

To her great disappointment, they had gotten back together.

Sharon didn't want to get involved in these conflicts.

She nodded to Daniel and Natalia.

“Miss Beale, Daniel, I have to go. Goodbye.”

With that, she left without looking back.

Jameson was about to follow when Natalia said, “Jameson, don’t you have anything to say to me?”

With one hand in his pant pocket, he slowly turned his head.

His expression was indescribably cold.

After glancing at Daniel, who was beside her, he said to her, “Should I congratulate you on finding your true love or on your upcoming engagement next month?”

Natalia smiled self-deprecatingly, “If it weren’t for your sudden cancellation on our engagement, we would have been married by now, and I wouldn’t have fallen into such a situation.”

Natalia was always arrogant and complacent.

Even though Jameson had canceled their engagement, she wouldn’t agree to marry a paralyzed man.

When she wanted to marry Jameson, her father would ask her to think twice for the sake of her happiness.

It had been only a few months since the cancellation of their engagement, and against all her expectations, her father had decided to marry off to Jeffery.

She didn’t know why.

She had never agreed to it, but her father seemed to be determined this time, not giving her the chance to refuse.

If it had been before, she might have compromised.

But now, it was different.

Ever since she met Daniel, she realized what she wanted.

She clearly had a better choice. How could she live with a cripple for the rest of her life?

“Don’t blame me. You know what you’ve done.”

After a pause, Jameson added, “Besides, it’s not appropriate to talk about it in Daniel’s presence. Am I right, Daniel?”

Daniel maintained a polite smile, as if he were wearing a mask.

It was hard to figure out what he was thinking.

He said, “Mr. Proctor, we are all friends. There is nothing inappropriate or that cannot be said.”

Jameson withdrew his gaze and asked indifferently, “Is that so?”

“Of course.”

Jameson looked at Natalia and slowly said, "Don't come to such a place next time. Mr. Daniel likes to eat canned food."

Daniel was shocked.

The smiling mask on his face almost cracked.

After saying those words, Jameson left.

Natalia frowned and turned to look at Daniel.

"What does he mean?"

Daniel quickly collected himself and answered, "Nothing. I went to Ms. Allyson's house for a meal the other day, and Mr. Proctor was also there."

"Are you and Sharon on good terms?"

"More or less. After all, we're neighbors. Trey is also chasing her."

Hearing this, Natalia sneered inside.

Daniel looked where Jameson had left, and narrowed his eyes.

"From the looks of it, I think Trey is probably going to be disappointed."

"Yeah, they made such a big fuss. In the end, it's someone else who gets hurt."

Daniel looked at Natalia and noticed that her eyes were full of hatred.

After leaving the restaurant, Sharon got in a taxi that happened to pass by.

The fact that Daniel and Natalia had paired off was beyond her expectations.

If she hadn't seen it with her own eyes, she wouldn't have believed it.

Sharon lowered the window for some air, glad that Tiffany did not fall too deep in love with Daniel.

When she got home, Tiffany had just woken up.

Yawning, she walked towards the kitchen and said, "Good morning, Sharon."

"It's already ten o'clock in the evening." Tiffany's eyes instantly widened.

"Holy sh*t, I slept for so long?"

"I don't think there is anything left in the fridge; Sharon said while changing into her slippers.

"I'll order delivery for you. What would you like?"

"Anything is fine with me."

After drinking some water, Tiffany curled up on the sofa.

"The more I sleep, the sleepier I get. I'm even more energetic in the evening."

Sharon sat beside her and quickly ordered a few of Tiffany's favorite dishes.

"By the way, Sharon, I suddenly remembered that my friend told me that there was a get-together tonight. I can't sleep anyway. Do you want to go with me?"

Sharon stretched her neck and said, "You go. My neck was twisted. Staying up late will probably make it hurt even more."

Tiffany looked at her and asked, "How did that happen?"

Before Sharon could answer, she uttered a drawl and continued, "I see. It must have something to do with that jerk again."

Right now, in Tiffany's opinion, the baffling things that happened to Sharon were always related to Jameson.

"No, I fell asleep in my office this afternoon. When I woke up, my neck stiffened, and then I twisted it."

"Did you just come back from the hospital?"

"No," Sharon said after a pause.

Tiffany sniffed.

"Why do I smell tincture of iodine on you?"

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You Did the Right Thing

Sharon touched her neck awkwardly and coughed.

"Well, I'm going to take a shower."

Tiffany felt that something was wrong when she watched her walk towards the bathroom.

She guessed that jerk Jameson must have taken advantage of Sharon again.

Soon, the takeout was delivered.

When Sharon came out of the bathroom, Tiffany had just started eating.

She asked, "Sharon, do you want some?"

"No, thanks. You go ahead."

Drying her hair with a towel, Sharon was about to go to her room when she suddenly thought of something.

She came back to sit on the sofa, and asked, "Tiffany, have you heard about the alumni reunion?"

Tiffany said, "I have. It was organized by Paisley. I guess she just wants to show off her elite husband again. Let's not go."

Sharon nodded, "Alright."

Back in her room, she sent a message to Trey, saying that she and Tiffany were not going to the reunion on the weekend.

Almost immediately, Trey called.

He asked slowly, "Sharon, are you back in the South City?"

"Yes, I came back yesterday."

"I have two tickets for the theater. If you have nothing else to do this weekend, let's go and watch it together."

"Trey."

Sharon pursed her lips and said, "I don't like to watch dramas. You can go with someone else."

Trey was silent for a few seconds before he went on, "We can watch something else. A few new movies are being screened. We..."

"No, thanks. I appreciate what you did for me, but I am very sorry. I think that I should make things clear..."

Trey interrupted her, "Sharon, I know what you want to say. You don't have to say sorry. I did everything willingly. I just hope that you can give me another chance and do not make a decision so soon."

Sharon looked out of the window and said, "The problem lies with me. I may not be able to..."

"If you are sure that you want to get back together with Jameson, I will give up and give you my blessings, but I will never give up until then."

"Trey..."

Sharon didn't know what to say.

Trey added, "Sharon, you don't have to feel any pressure. I just want to strive for my own happiness. I lost you a few years ago. I don't want to lose you again."

The moment the phone call ended, Sharon sat on the bed, lost in thought.

Before long, her phone rang again.

It was Ruben, asking if she had gotten home.

After moving out of Daniel's house, Ruben rented another apartment in the same neighborhood.

"Yes, I'm home" Sharon told him.

After a pause, she asked, "Where did you go? Did you just get home?"

Ruben was silent for a few seconds before he said, "Giana came to the studio to look for you."

"And?"

"You were sleeping, so I went out to eat with her."

Sharon smiled, "I see."

"Didn't you say that she suffered a great loss from my incident and that I should thank her? I just did what you told me," Ruben explained.

Sharon encouraged, "Yes, that's what I said. You did the right thing." Ruben was quiet.

Sharon said, "Alright, good night."

Before she could hang up, Ruben asked, "Did Jameson come to find you?"

"How did you know?"

"I guessed."

Sharon rubbed her nose awkwardly and explained unconvincingly, "He came to deliver something."

Receiving the answer, Ruben stopped asking.

With a brief respond, he hung up.

Sharon took a long breath as she listened to the hang up beeps coming from her phone.

Hugging a pillow, she lay prostrate on the bed.

She looked ahead absentmindedly, her mind filled with thoughts.

The goods of several orders from customers needed to be made before the end of the year.

Sharon quickly collected her thoughts and resumed her work.

Rather than letting the past trouble her, she might as well think of what happened in Bridge Street as a beautiful dream.

In the afternoon, Tiffany went out to shoot pictures.

Ruben delivered the finished products to the customers, and Sharon stayed in the studio to tidy up things.

Right at this moment, a sharp female voice came from behind her.

"I thought you were too busy to come to the reunion, but it turns out there is not a single customer in your stupid studio."

Sharon didn't have to turn around to know who it was.

With her arms crossed over her chest, Paisley looked around the studio.

Then, she looked at Sharon and said unhappily, "Did you refuse to come to the reunion because you look down on me or the other alumni?"

Sharon looked at her and sneered, "Don't you already have an answer? Why ask?"

"You..."

Paisley almost flared up, but she suppressed her anger.

“Forget it, I don’t want to waste time arguing with you. After all, you’re divorced and stuck in such a shi*ty studio. It’s understandable for you to feel too embarrassed to participate in the reunion.”

“You’re right,” Sharon said.

“My small studio doesn’t make money and nobody comes. I guess you must be here to buy things.”

Her arms still crossed over her chest, Paisley arrogantly raises her chin, “Of course, you don’t care about your alumni, but I do. I’m not you.”

“Alright, then thank you.”

Sharon smiled and said, “My studio only makes customized products. The design fee starts at 100,000, excluding materials and labor costs. Only the jewelry of the highest quality suits someone like you. I happen to have a piece of jewelry that is perfect for earrings. The market price is 300,000. Since you come here for my sake, I won’t charge you any labor costs. I’ll give you a discount, and it will be 380,000 in total.’

When Paisley heard that the design fee was 100,000, she had been shocked enough.

Upon hearing the final price, she couldn’t conceal her astonishment anymore.

“Sharon, this is robbery! You ask hundreds of thousands for that kind of sh*t you are selling? If I buy it elsewhere...”

Sharon smiled and said, “This is the price of my studio. I can’t do anything about it. Although my studio has few customers, one transaction is enough for me to pay rent.”

Paisley argued, “Then how do I know you’re not asking too much? It happens that people trick acquaintances.”

“You can rest assured. I promise I’m not overcharging you. You know Giana, right? She’s our regular customer. Other than her, there are many other celebrities placing orders with us, including...”

“Okay, stop.” Paisley had to make another excuse.

“My husband doesn’t like me wearing earrings. Is there anything else?”

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Who Made It a Rule That I Can’t Live a Before

Sharon could ask, Paisley looked at the necklace on the display rack, said, “That’s it. I think it’s good.”

Sharon shook her head, “It doesn’t suit you.”

Paisley tucked her hair behind her ear and snorted, “Ladies like me are noble no matter what we wear, not like some people. They have to depend on luxury.’

“If you really like it, I’ll buy it for you. It’s not expensive anyway.’

Hearing this, Paisley was unhappy, "I don't want to take advantage of you. I would pay for myself as I said before. And I know you are losing your business, so don't spend more than what you have."

With that, Paisley took out a card from her wallet to settle the bill.

Seeing she was determined, Sharon raised her eyebrows, "Alright."

Then Paisley got a message on her phone.

It turned out that the necklace only cost 80.

She felt that she was insulted.

Sharon used to spend more than 100,000 without even blinking, so she thought that things in Sharon's studio might cost at least 1,000.

But it was so cheap!!! It was really mean that Sharon insulted her like that.

Just as Paisley almost lost her temper, a man in his thirties came in.

Paisley approached him quickly, "Jayden, you're finally here. I have been waiting for you for a long time."

Jayden said, "Sorry, I got stuck in traffic."

Then he looked over Sharon and said, "You must be Ms. Allyson. Paisley talks about you all the time."

Paisley said, "What's your hurry? I haven't introduced you."

Paisley looked at Sharon with her hands crossed on her breast and said, "This is Jayden. I have mentioned him to you, the manager of my husband's company. He is very capable. A man in a thousand."

Then she introduced Sharon to Jayden, her lip curling.

"Well, this is Sharon, my college classmate. She is pretty but she isn't lucky in love. She had been hurt. And this is her studio."

Jayden reached out to Sharon and said, "Ms. Allyson, nice to meet you."

His eyes bore into her, making her uncomfortable. Sharon did not take his hand.

She just nodded slightly, "Hello."

Seeing that, Paisley said, "It seemed that nobody came here. So why don't you close it? Then we can get a cup of coffee, and you can talk with Jayden."

"No" Sharon said.

"There's nothing to talk about."

Paisley said, "Sharon, you can stop that now. You have been divorced, so don't be so reserved, OK? Jayden has lowered himself to date me. Don't be so untouchable."

Jayden said, "Don't say that. It's my honor to meet Ms. Allyson. I am just a manager. I don't have anything to show off."

Paisley glanced at Sharon irritably, "You see."

Sharon thought that she was too kind to kick Paisley out.

This was the first time she had met someone cheekier than Jameson.

Sharon took a deep breath and ignored Paisley.

Then she said to Jayden, "Mr. Bower, I don't know what Paisley told you, but I didn't tell her that I want a date. I have never planned to do so. I'm so sorry for wasting your time."

Jayden paused for a while, then smiled and said, "That is fine. Anyway, I made a new friend."

While speaking, he took out a business card from his suit pocket and handed it to Sharon.

On the card, there were words on it, saying the Beale Group.

It turned out that Paisley's husband was working at the Beale Group.

Sharon thought for a moment and said politely, "Sorry, Mr. Bower, I don't think it's necessary for us to be friends. We are originally strangers, right?"

Hearing this, Paisley thought that Sharon was putting her on the spot on purpose.

She could forgive Sharon for the necklace, but now she couldn't embarrass herself again in front of Jayden.

"Sharon, do you think you're still Martin's little princess? Wake up. You're just an unwanted divorced woman now. You should be flattered if Jayden wished to make friends with you. Don't be so hard." said

Paisley bluntly.

Sharon sneered.

"You're interesting. I didn't do anything. It was you who came to my studio and made trouble. And now you said it's my fault? I did get a divorce, so what? Who made it a rule that I can't live after a divorce? Am I supposed to kill myself?"

Paisley obviously didn't expect Sharon to be so hard.

"You...You..." She didn't know what to say.

At this moment, Jayden said, "Ms. Allyson is right. Getting a divorce is not a big deal, let alone a beautiful and smart lady like Ms. Allyson. Even if you are divorced, there will definitely be many suitors around you."

Just then, a man's voice came from behind them, "Sharon."

Paisley looked over and frowned, "Trey, why are you here?"

Trey glanced at her indifferently and said, "I'm looking for Sharon."

"When did you know each other?"

Trey said, "I'm going after Sharon. Can't you see that?"

Paisley's face changed suddenly, and her eyes widened in disbelief.

Jayden quickly walked over and said, "Excuse me, are you Mr.Coe from Stella Technologies? I'm Jayden Bower, the project manager of the Beale Group.You can call me Jayden."

While speaking, he bent down and handed out his business card.Trey took the card and nodded slightly, "Hello, Jayden, I have heard so much about you."

Jayden was filled with joy, "You know me, Mr.Coe?"

Paisley had trumpeted her husband in front of Trey, but she didn't expect that Jayden was so respectful to Trey.

It was as if even her husband became inferior.

She said indifferently, "Trey and I went to school together.Since you know him, let's go out and eat together."

Jayden looked at Paisley, "You went to school with Mr.Coe?"

Paisley raised her chin and said, "Yes.We are very good friends."

Jayden thought for a while and then said, "Mr.Coe, now that we're all here.Let's have dinner, my treat, OK? What do you think?"

Trey said, "No thanks."

Trey looked at Paisley and said indifferently, "We don't know her very well."

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Mr.Jones' Birthday Banquet

After Trey said those words, Paisley's face went an ugly green.

And her face was also red.

She was extremely embarrassed.

Jayden looked at her significantly and said to Trey, "Mr.Coe, I will visit you some other time.I won't disturb you today.'

After saying that, he nodded to Sharon and said, "Goodbye, Ms.Allyson."

After Jayden left, Paisley glared at Sharon, "You two must have colluded with each other to embarrass me!"

Sharon found it funny.

She asked Paisley, "Did I invite you here?"

"You..."

Paisley bit her lips tightly.

“This is not over!”

After that, she stomped, turned around and quickly walked away.

Trey withdrew his gaze and looked at Sharon, “Sharon, she’s such a kind of person. Don’t let her bother you.”

Sharon smiled, “I know.”

Paisley came here to annoy her.

If she was angry because of this, she would give Paisley what she wanted.

Pausing for a moment, Sharon said, “Is there anything I can do for you?”

Trey pursed his lips and said, “Sharon, tomorrow is Mr. Jones’ birthday. He wants me to take you to his banquet.”

Sharon was slightly stunned, “He wants to see me?”

“Right.”

Trey said, “It’s fine if you don’t want to. I can make up an excuse to say that I can’t go.”

“No, I am fine with that.” Sharon thought for a moment and then asked, “When will be the banquet?”

Last time, she went to Mr. Jones’ home for dinner.

But until now, she hadn’t gotten the chance to thank him in person.

She had no reason to refuse Mr. Jones’ invitation.

Moreover, it would be very embarrassing if Trey didn’t go because of her.

Trey heaved a sigh of relief.

“The banquet begins at 7 pm tomorrow. I’ll pick you up at 6.”

Sharon nodded, “Alright.”

Trey had other business to attend to.

So he didn’t stay here long before leaving.

After standing there for a while, Sharon took a deep breath and picked up the necklace that Paisley had thrown on the ground.

Not long after, Tiffany returned.

She gossiped, “I saw Trey’s car. What did he say?”

“I’m going to a birthday banquet tomorrow,” Sharon said.

“Birthday banquet? Whose birthday banquet?”

Actually, this whole matter was a little complicated.

Sharon had to start with Erica.

After Sharon briefly told Tiffany the whole story, Tiffany roughly pieced things together.

Then, she hit the nail on the head and said, "When you went there last time, you ran into that je*k. It means that he knows Mr. Jones. In other words, he will be at the birthday banquet tomorrow night."

Sharon: "..."

Why didn't she think of that? Tiffany took the opportunity and asked, "Sharon, have you made your decision?"

"What decision?"

For a moment, Sharon didn't know what Tiffany was talking about.

"I am talking to the things between you and your two suitors. Which one do you choose, Jameson or Trey?"

Sharon opened her mouth, but she didn't know what to say.

Tiffany propped up her hand on the cashier's desk beside her and put her hand in her hands.

Then she added, "It's indeed a difficult choice. One is your ex-husband who keeps going after you. The other is a young and outstanding businessman who has fallen in love with you for more than 6 years."

Sharon said in an annoyed tone, "What nonsense is that?"

After a moment of silence, she said, "I once thought about being together with Trey, but..."

"But you discover that the person you really like in your heart is that jer*k. And you feel that so many things have happened between you and that you can't get over that. Thus, you can't pretend that nothing has happened and get back together with him. Am I right?"

After a while, Sharon nodded.

Tiffany sighed, "I don't have much experience in this kind of thing. I can't give you any useful advice. However, I think you should take your time before you decide. What if there's someone better in the future? Get to know more men and you may meet your destined one in the future!"

"Yes, you're right," Sharon smiled. Tiffany patted her shoulder and said, "That's the attitude. You are an attractive woman. Just behave like one! There are so many outstanding men out there! Don't get settled too soon! And to be honest, neither Trey nor Jameson is good enough for you!"

In the evening, Sharon took a shower after returning home.

After that, she wanted to find something, so she bent down to look for the things she needed at the desk.

Accidentally, she knocked over the gift box beside her.

Something fell out.

Sharon turned around and saw the picture frame.

The marks and words of that picture frame signified her and Jameson's marriage lasting forever.

She felt little veins popping out of her temple.

She squatted down and picked up the frame.

In the photo, Jameson was talking to her with some rare gentleness while bending down.

However, Sharon remembered what he had said at that time.

He was not as gentle as he looked.

After looking at it for a while, Sharon put it back in the box and put it on the bottom floor of the wardrobe.

After Sharon finished all of this, she wanted to make a cup of hot milk.

However, just as she was about to do so, the phone on the desk rang.

She walked over and took a look.

Coincidentally, it was Jameson.

After a few seconds, Sharon answered the phone, "It's so late. What's the matter? Mr. Proctor."

"I miss you."

"If that's all you want to say, I'll hang up."

Jameson said, "Sharon, out of courtesy, you should say 'I miss you too' instead of other words."

Sharon retorted, "I don't think you should make this call out of courtesy."

After a moment of silence, Jameson continued, "That is just an opening remark. I have something else to tell you."

Sharon said with a hollow laugh, "Next time, save such totally unnecessary opening remarks."

Jameson pursed his thin lips and said, "I want to bring you to a place tomorrow night."

"Sorry, I have an appointment tomorrow."

"Cancel that."

"No."

Jameson said unhappily, "You just don't want to see me, right?"

Sharon opened the window a little and said, "If I say I don't want to see you, would you stop bothering me?"

"What do you think?"

Sharon could do nothing about this je*k's shameless behavior.

She said, "I'm going to sleep ... See you, Mr. Proctor."

With that, Sharon hung up the phone.

At the CEO's office, the Proctor Group.

Jameson listened to the busy voice on the phone and frowned.

"When did we receive Mr.Jones' invitation?" He said coldly.

"About two hours ago..." Jacob said.

"When did Trey come to her?"

"Four or five hours ago."

Jameson pursed his lips and remained silent.

In other words, Trey knew about Mr.Jones' birthday banquet before he did.

Moreover, Trey came to Sharon before him.

Jacob added, "Mr.Proctor, Mr.Jones' relationship with Mr.Coe is indeed closer, so it's not a strange thing that Mr.Coe got the invitation before you."

"Will Talon go tomorrow night?" Jameson tapped the table with his finger.

"We've found out that he will go."