

## Resume 271

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 271

A Nice Breakfast

At the Coe's.

The flowers had been cleaned out.

Mr.Coe sat on the sofa and said in a low voice, "What exactly is going on?"

Mrs.Coe patted him on the shoulder and frowned, "Don't be so serious.let's at least hear Trey out."

Trey stood still and replied after a while, "Mom and Dad, I lied to you."

"A lie? Trey, what do you mean?"

"Sharon is not my girlfriend, but I really like her.I asked her to do me a favor and come back to see you."

Actually, Trey did it for another reason.

He had thought that he must be different from the others in her heart if Sharon agreed to visit his parents with him.

Then he could still ask her to pretend to be his girlfriend next time.

Unexpectedly, Jameson appeared and ruined all this.

Mr.Coe said, "Look at what you've done!"

After a while, Mrs.Coe said, "Then are those flowers sent by her boyfriend?"

Trey shook his head, "It's her ex-husband.They are divorced but he has been pestering her.Sharon has refused him."

Mr.Coe said sullenly, "Why didn't you tell us that she has gotten divorced?"

"I don't think it's necessary."

"No need? You've decided to take her home.Shouldn't you tell us about her basic background? Now her ex-husband came to our home.Don't you think it's a shame?"

"Alright, let's stop here.I think Sharon is a nice girl.I like her quite a bit.Since her ex-husband wants to get her back, she must be pretty good.It's best if she is able to marry Trey.However, we can't force her if she is not willing to."

As Mrs.Coe spoke, she turned to Trey, "Trey, you should keep in mind.If she likes her ex-husband, you should let her go.If she likes you, it would be the best result."

Trey did not say anything, his lips pressed together.

Mrs.Coe said, "I'm going to tidy up the kitchen.Don't start arguing again.Today is the Spring Festival."

After Mrs.Coe left, Mr.Coe stood up and said, "Go to the study with me."

In the study, Mr.Coe said, "Did you got all that your mother said?"

Trey nodded.

Mr.Coe continued, "I believe that you should be clear who that girl exactly likes.If she likes you, she would return home with you as your true girlfriend today."

Trey frowned and knew what his father meant, "Dad, there are some reasons that you don't know...."

Mr.Coe said, "I don't know and I don't want to know either.Since she doesn't like you, you shouldn't waste too much time on her."

"But I like her very much."

"So, what if? You're not seventeen or eighteen.There are a lot things more important than your silly love."

Hearing this, Trey stopped talking.

Mr.Coe added, "Alright, I'm done.Think about it yourself."

Trey had just returned to his room when his phone vibrated.

It was Sharon who sent a message, telling him that she had arrived home.

Trey subconsciously wanted to call her, but he hesitated and only gazed at her number.

Even his parents could tell that Sharon liked Jameson instead of him.

He had been deceiving himself, hoping that she could forget Jameson and like him one day.

In the morning.

When Sharon woke up, he heard the phone on the bedside vibrating.

She took it and took a look.

There were a lot of messages and red envelopes, wishing her happy new year.

Sharon rubbed her painful temples and replied one by one.

After she was done, Sharon shuffled out of the bedroom and saw Tiffany setting the table.

On the table were steaming porridge and rich food.

Seeing her, Tiffany said, "Sharon, you're up.Wash up and have breakfast." Sharon lay on the sofa and opened her eyes with difficulty.

"Did you order takeout?"

Tiffany said, "No.Ruben took them back."

Ruben came out of the kitchen and said, "I didn't buy that.I just met a deliveryman in the elevator."

Sharon felt confused.

What were they talking? After staring at the foods for a moment, she gradually understood.

Then she turned around and entered the bathroom.

After washing up, Sharon felt more awake.

She drank a glass of honey water and the faint pain in her temples slowly dissipated.

Sitting at the table, Tiffany rubbed her hands and said, "It's a pretty nice breakfast. Thank Mr. Proctor for me. I'm going to enjoy it."

Sharon scratched her eyebrows, not knowing what to say.

Ruben served her a bowl of porridge, "Let's eat."

After finishing the breakfast, Tiffany asked, "Sharon, Ruben, what do you want to do this afternoon? How about going to the movies?"

Sharon nodded, "I'm okay but I need to have a rest now."

Then she headed to her room.

"I have plans," Ruben said after a moment of silence.

Tiffany looked at him suspiciously, "What's your plan? Come on. Are you in love?"

Hearing this, Sharon stopped and turned to look at him.

Ruben was speechless.

He said, "No. I have an appointment with my classmates."

"Male or female?"

"Both..."

Tiffany's eyes instantly lit up.

She asked, "Are there any handsome boys?"

Knowing her intention, Sharon quickly covered Tiffany's mouth and said to Ruben, "Alright, Ruben, go deal with your business. Remember to come back for dinner."

"Bye."

After Sharon and Ruben left one after another, Tiffany sat at the dining table alone.

She looked at the dishes which were plenty left and then took out her phone, dialing out a number.

The phone was connected quickly.

Tiffany cleared her throat and said, "Mr. Green, this is Tiffany Momon."

"Hello, Miss Momon. May I help you?"

"I want to ask if Mr. Proctor has to work today?"

Hearing it, Jacob was slightly puzzled.

Today was the Spring Festival so Mr.Proctor had no work.

“No, he is free today,’ he said slowly.

Tiffany smiled and said, “I see.Sharon and I are going to see a movie this afternoon.I’ll book an extra ticket and send you the information.Please tell Mr.Proctor about it, thanks.”

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It’s Nice to Be Rich

After Sharon woke up again, she felt even dizzier.

She patted her head, put on her clothes and got out of bed.

In the living room, Tiffany was already dressed up, “Sharon, do you want to eat something? Or shall we go out and grab something to eat?”

Sharon said, “I want to eat some spicy food.Let’s go eat hotpot after we watch the movie.”

“Ok, sounds good.”

“Wait a minute.I’ll go wash my face and we can get going.’ The cinema in the afternoon was crammed with huge crowds of people.

Sharon just returned from ticket-taking and saw Tiffany carrying three bottles of cola, “Why did you buy so many? Ruben isn’t coming, is he?”

Tiffany chuckled, “I’m a little thirsty.One bottle might not be enough.”

“Be careful that you won’t be able to eat hotpot after these cokes.”

“Don’t worry, there are still a few hours left.Besides, two trips to the bathroom will get these cokes out.”

Tiffany looked at the watch and said, “Let’s go.The movie is about to start.”

Sharon nodded, “Sure.”

When they arrived at the cinema hall, Tiffany pulled Sharon up before she could sit down and said, “Sharon, this tall guy in front of me blocks my view.You take that seat near the aisle, and I take the seat inside.”

“No problem.”

After Sharon sat down, she looked around and found the seat on her right was the only empty one in the whole cinema.

It was really bustling.

Before long, the lights in the hall dimmed and trailers for other movies were played on the big screen.

Soon, the movie began.

Sharon took a sip of cola and put it aside randomly.

As she tried to take her hand back, she accidentally touched something.

She didn't know when this empty seat was occupied.

Sharon subconsciously looked up and froze on her seat.

Jameson met her gaze and his voice sounded indifferent.

"What's that look? Watch movie."

Sharon was lost for words.

She turned her gaze unnaturally and looked at Tiffany.

No wonder Tiffany somehow acted weirdly today.

Therefore, there was a scheme.

Noticing her gaze, Tiffany did not dare to see her eyes.

She could only take a sip of cola and try to get away with it.

Sharon took a breath and concentrated on the screen ahead of her again.

Forget it.

Anyway, the jerk didn't do anything out of the line.

She could take him as a stranger, focusing on movie as usual.

Two hours passed quickly.

Audiences got out of the hall one after another when the movie was over.

Tiffany covered her belly, "Sharon, I must go to the bathroom first. Let's meet outside."

She made an excuse to escape but stopped by Sharon.

Sharon smiled and said, "We could go there together."

Jameson sat in his seat, and his slender fingers clasped together.

"If you go out now, you need to queue up for at least ten minutes."

Sharon said, "Then we'd better go to the nearby shopping mall. Mr. Proctor, if there's nothing else, you could go ahead."

Before she could finish her sentence, Jameson stood up and said, "Follow me."

They followed him.

Coming out of the bathroom, Tiffany washed her hands and said, "I don't expect the Proctor Group dabbles in cinemas. Does the Proctor Group set foot in every industry? I'm really curious."

“The Proctor Group has always been involved in the entertainment industry, so it’s not surprising that it has cinemas. But there’s one thing that surprises me.” Sharon said.

Tiffany said casually, “What?”

Sharon pulled a piece of paper, wiped her hands, and stared at her, “Why is Jameson here?”

Tiffany was probably unexpected that Sharon questioned her at this time.

She forced a smile and clapped her hands, “I know! This must be fate! Look at how wonderful your fate is! There are so many cinemas in such a big city, so many halls in those cinemas, and SO many seats in those halls, yet he just sat next to you! This is destiny!”

Sharon gazed at her tranquilly, seeing how far she could go.

Tiffany touched her nose guiltily, “Alright, I just feel that it is rude not to thank Jameson for his sumptuous breakfast. Therefore, I promise I will invite him to the movies. It is impolite not to reciprocate, right?”

Sharon almost took it when Tiffany talked the talk.

But Tiffany used the same trick she had used for setting Sharon up with Trey, so it was easy to see through.

Sharon just didn’t think Tiffany would change position and start to match her with Jameson.

It was truly unbelievable and unacceptable.

Sharon’s look made Tiffany a little bit uneasy.

Tiffany cleared her throat, “Whatever, we ought to be grateful to Mr. Proctor. If it weren’t for him, we would still be in line outside.”

She sighed, “It’s nice to be rich.”

Sharon rubbed her eyebrows, “Let’s go.”

In the corridor, the person in charge of the cinema heard that Jameson had come and was rushing over to greet him.

As Jameson spoke, he looked over and found Sharon coming out of the bathroom.

He said indifferently, “I have things to do. I’ll go first.”

The person in charge said, “Mr. Proctor, take your time.”

Jameson walked to Sharon, “Where are we going now?”

Tiffany replied, “We’re going to have...”

Sharon interrupted her at once, “We’re not going anywhere. It’s almost time to go home. See you, Mr. Proctor.”

With that word, she dragged Tiffany and ran away.

Jameson was stunned for a while.

His black eyes squinted with a purposeful air.

Sharon could not get rid of him! It was time for meal after they left the cinema.

People lined up at the doorway in every hotpot restaurant they could see.

Fortunately, Tiffany made an appointment in advance and directly entered.

Tiffany looked at the menu and said, "Did you tell Ruben to join us?"

"I sent him a message when I went out. He said he would eat with his classmates, so we don't have to worry about him." Sharon said.

Tiffany sighed, "It seems that Ruben is really a grown-up. He keeps a secret from us."

Sharon pursed her lips and did not say anything to her word.

As long as it wasn't something dangerous, Sharon wouldn't restrain him.

Nonetheless, Ruben was obviously unwilling to tell her at all.

If she asked too many questions, it would be annoying.

Let it be.

At this time, the waiter came over to order and asked, "Two customers, right?"

"Yes."

"Three."

The man's voice came from behind.

Sharon was dumbfounded.

The jerk actually followed Sharon here.

Jameson sat beside her and calmly took the menu handed over by the waiter.

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I'm Not as Mean as You

Sharon picked up the cup and took a sip.

She said impatiently, "You don't think of yourself an outsider, do you?"

Jameson did not raise his head, "When did you move?"

Sharon didn't know how to answer.

The jerk always had a sharp tongue.

After Jameson finished his order, he handed the menu to the waiter and turned to Sharon, "Still drunk?"

Sharon felt that he was belittling her, "I just felt dizzy after a drink. I was not unconscious." Jameson said, "You get drunk easily. Don't drink with someone else when I'm not there."

When Sharon was about to refute, she suddenly noticed that Tiffany was sitting opposite them, looking at them curiously.

Seeing that Sharon did not speak, Tiffany looked away immediately, "Ignore me. Don't worry about me. I'm just here to eat. I can't see or hear anything."

Sharon was speechless.

The dishes were served soon, temporarily relieving this awkward situation.

The hot pot that Sharon and Tiffany ordered was medium spicy.

They wanted to warm themselves.

They enjoyed the meal very much, but Jameson just sat there and drank water.

He didn't eat much.

Sharon glanced at Jameson, "Not hungry?"

Jameson said indifferently, "Enjoy your meal. Don't worry about me."

"All right."

Sharon looked away and ignored him.

Not long after, the waiter took the dining car over and served them a few light dishes.

Sharon and Tiffany were shocked.

It was the first time they had ever seen such dishes served in a hotpot restaurant.

Money makes the mare go.

Jameson looked up around them and said to Sharon, "You can eat if you want. I'm not as mean as you." Sharon curled her lips.

She didn't want to eat that at all! It was weird that he came to a hotpot restaurant to eat these normal dishes.

Maybe there was something wrong with his brain.

Sharon took a few more bites and it was so spicy that she couldn't speak.

There was no water in her cup.

When Sharon was about to get some water, Jameson gave her a glass of milk and said, "This will make you feel better."

It was so spicy that she didn't want to talk anymore.

She took the cup and drank a lot in one go.



On the other side, Tiffany drank water without saying anything.

She felt that what she was not here to eat, but to watch a romantic movie.

Jameson was considerate in some details.

No wonder that Sharon never fell in love with anyone else.

After the meal, Sharon felt refreshed.

She hadn't been so energetic in a long time.

Eating hot pot was the best way to relieve the pressure.

When they walked out of the restaurant, Tiffany looked at her phone secretly and said, "Sharon, I have something to do with my friends, so I have to go..."

Then she waved to Jameson, "Mr.Proctor, take care of her.' Before she had finished her words, she was out of sight.Sharon was speechless as her temples twitched.

She turned her head and caught Jameson's eyes.

He tilted his head slightly, smiling gently, "Let's go."

Sitting in the front passenger seat, Sharon fastened her seat belt and casually asked, "Where is Jacob?"

"On holiday."

Sharon whispered, "I thought he has to work all year round."

Jameson leaned on the steering wheel with one hand and looked at her, "Do you think I am so cruel?"

"Mr.Proctor, you shouldn't have asked me.Don't you have any idea how others scolded you?"

"I don't care about their opinions."

Sharon did not reply.

She felt she would fall into a trap if she continued.

Fortunately, Jameson had no intention of embarrassing her.

He just smiled and drove away.

Not long after, Sharon realized that this road was not her way home.

Before long, the car stopped in front of a shopping mall.

Jameson said, "Get off."

Sharon looked around and unbuckled the belt.

She followed Jameson and asked, "Mr.Proctor, what are we doing here?"

Jameson said, "I remember that you said that you wanted to see Martin? I brought you to him."

Sharon did not answer.

What was wrong with him? A few minutes later, they stopped at the children's area.

Jameson stopped and pointed to somewhere, "Over there."

Sharon followed his gaze, first seeing a group of children about five or six years old, and then a baby stroller outside the entertainment area.

That stroller was exactly the same as Charlotte's.

Seeing this, Sharon fell into a trance for a while.

The one lying inside should be her baby Leo.

Jameson looked at her, "Go and have a look?"

After a long while, Sharon came to herself and forced a smile, "He has parents there. I have no reason to go."

"I can ask them to leave for a while." Seeing Jameson was about to take action, Sharon grabbed his arm and said, "Hey, don't do that."

Jameson raised his eyebrows, "Don't you want to see him?"

Sharon lowered her eyes, "Forget it."

It was meaningless.

She and Jameson would be regarded as human traffickers if they just went over there.

Jameson said, "He is right there. You will regret it if you don't see him now."

Sharon was struggling and Jameson kept talking, so she was a little annoyed, "Can you just stop talking?"

At this time, a young woman over there picked up the baby from the stroller.

Leo lay on her shoulder, humming.

When Leo saw Sharon from a distance, he suddenly became more excited and happier.

Noticing this, the young woman turned to look around.

Sharon felt a little embarrassed and she was about to leave, but the young woman walked over with the child.

The young woman said, "Mr. Proctor, is this Ms. Allyson?"

Sharon was a little surprised when she heard this.

She looked up at the woman, "Do you know me?"

The young woman smiled, "Mr. Proctor talked about you."

Sharon looked at Jameson doubtfully.

“Mr.Proctor often talked about you when he came to see Leo.He told me that you liked Leo very much.”

The young woman said, “Oh right, thank you for taking care of Leo when he was at my mom’s.”

“Don’t mention it.I didn’t help that much.” Sharon smiled faintly.

The young woman handed Leo to Sharon, “Ms.Allyson, would you like to hold him for a while?”

Sharon took over the baby, smiling happier.

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Should You Forgive Me?

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The young woman looked at Jameson while Jameson glanced at Sharon.

The young woman immediately said, “Ms.Allyson, I have something to do now.Please take care of my child for me.I will be back soon.”

Sharon nodded, “Alright.”

The young woman pushed the stroller over and said, “Everything the baby needs is inside.Thank you very much, Ms.Allyson.”

Sharon smiled, “You’re welcome.’ After she left, Jameson said, “There’s a seat over there.”

Sharon followed his line of sight and saw a resting area beside the children’s playground.

She walked over with the child in her arms.

After sitting down, she took out a toy for the baby and asked, “When did you go to their house?”

Jameson said coldly, “When you were dating Trey.”

Sharon was speechless.

This jerk never talked friendly.

Nothing good would come out from his mouth.

Sharon ignored him and amused the little fellow in her arms with toys.

Compared to last time, the baby seemed to be a little heavier and his little face had also rounded, looking more ruddy.

Not long after, the little fellow started to toss and turn in Sharon’s arms.

It seemed that he was hungry.

Sharon found thermos bottle from the stroller, but she didn’t have a spare hand to open it.

She handed it to Jameson and said, “Mr.Proctor, help me open the lid.”

Jameson took it.

He then took out the milk powder from the stroller and directly poured it into the bottle.

Sharon was in a daze for a while when looking at his skilled and natural movements.

Jameson might really be a good father.

Jameson gently shook the bottle and met her gaze.

He raised his eyebrows slightly and said, "You want to drink too?"

Sharon took a deep breath and didn't even want to say a word.

She directly took the bottle from his hand and gave it to the little fellow to drink.

At this time, there was an old lady sitting opposite them with her grandson.

Seeing this, she smiled, "You two really love each other. You bring your kid with you when going out. There are very few young parents nowadays like you who take care of kids on their own."

Another old lady next to her who also brought her granddaughter said, "That's right. They all leave their kids to grandparents."

"This child is really good looking.

The genes of parents are too important."

Sharon was a little embarrassed by their praise.

She explained, "This is not my child. His mother left for a while to deal with something. I just help take care of her child temporarily."

The lady who spoke at the beginning said in surprise, "This is not your child? This little fellow's nose and eyes are so similar to yours. I thought..."

Jameson said indifferently, "All good-looking people are alike."

That old lady laughed, "That makes sense."

The other lady said to Sharon, "Miss, hurry up and have a child with your husband. Don't waste such a good gene."

"He's not my..."

"I'll try my best."

Sharon turned around and glared at him.

The jerk was talking nonsense again.

Jameson's lips curved.

The smile on his face was obvious.

Not far away, Jayden narrowed his eyes as if he was thinking of something when he watched this scene.

At this time, a girl pulled his hand and said, "Dad, little brother wants to go home."

Jayden squatted down, still looking over there, and whispered, "Your aunt will pick you up later. Dad has something to do."

"But..."

Jayden turned around and glanced at her.

The girl immediately shut her mouth.

About half an hour later, the young woman returned.

She panted and said, "Ms. Allyson and Mr. Proctor, I'm sorry for keep you waiting for a long time." Sharon smiled, "Don't worry. I'm free anyway."

After a few more brief conversations, the young woman left with the little fellow.

Sharon stood there and watched them leaving.

She was unable to regain her senses for a long time.

Jameson stood beside her, one hand in his pocket.

He glanced at her and said, "Why are you so sad? I'll bring you over if you want to see the baby."

Sharon sighed, "No need."

"Why?"

Sharon looked at him and said, "He is not my child anyway. I could only go to see him occasionally, but I can't be with him every day."

Jameson said, "You always think too much. That's why you're so tired."

"Yes, you are right. Anyway, you never know how annoying it is when someone breaks your peaceful life."

Jameson didn't know what to say.

Sharon took her belongings and left without looking back.

Jameson followed behind her, and said to her slowly, "Sharon, your life wasn't destroyed by me. Your life was not peaceful in the first place. If it wasn't for me, it would only be worse."

Sharon did not say anything.

What he said was the truth, and she could not refute it.

If she hadn't met him in the Twilight Club three years ago, she would have been in hell long ago.

Jameson grabbed her wrist and said, "The elevator is over there."

"...[want to go shopping.' Jameson smiled, but he did not let go of her hand.

Sharon struggled but failed to pull her hand out of his palm.

Just as she was thinking of a way, Jameson said abruptly, "Sharon, this is my second gift to you."

Sharon was puzzled and subconsciously asked, "What?"

"The gift for our second wedding anniversary.' Sharon opened her mouth but didn't know what to say.

Jameson slowly said, "When I give you the gift for our third anniversary, should you forgive me then?" Sharon didn't say a word. It was the first time she heard the word "should" before "forgive." Jameson saw that she didn't say anything.

He then said, "Perhaps forgive me earlier?"

Sharon pursed her lips and raised her head to look at him.

"Do you think for sure that I will forgive you?"

"No, I'm very nervous. It's just that you can't tell."

"Or because you are thick-skinned enough."

Jameson said, "So what's your answer?"

Suddenly, his burning gaze made Sharon afraid to look directly at him.

She subconsciously looked away and answered after a while, "I ...I don't know..."

Jameson's dark eyes were fixed on her and he said word by word, "You don't know what?"

Right now, Sharon felt as if the answer was about to come out, but her remaining rationality was still struggling to prevent her from speaking it.

She admitted that her heart had fallen for Jameson.

But it took her great courage to get divorced and come out of that miserable marriage back then.

However, she never expected that she would return to the starting point once again with Jameson.

Because of this, she was unable to convince herself to start over with him.

"I don't know what you are thinking,' Sharon said seriously.

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You've Been Running Away

Jameson said, "I can tell you anything you want to know.'

"If you really want to tell me the truth, you wouldn't have waited until now. On the contrary, even if I ask, you are always able to find a way to lie to me. I can't tell if your words are real or not."

Jameson chuckled, "You think too much."

Sharon said, "It's not that I think too much. Mr. Proctor, it's just that nothing related to you will be simple. Or it is you who are never simple. You are a very complicated man. I have never gotten to know you since we got married."

"Because you have never taken me seriously." Jameson looked at Sharon deeply.

His eyes were emotionless.

"Sharon, you are the one who have been running away. When we got married, you were running away from yourself. After the divorce, you are running away from your feelings for me." Sharon opened her mouth, not knowing where this jerk got such excuses.

Jameson said, "Think carefully, what exactly do you want to ask me? As long as you ask, I will definitely answer you."

When Sharon returned home, Tiffany was leaning on the sofa and playing on her phone.

Seeing her return, Tiffany hurriedly asked, "Where did you go for the date? That jerk let you back just like that?"

Sharon sat beside Tiffany and heaved out a long breath.

Seeing Sharon like this, Tiffany knew that something happened.

So she asked tentatively, "Did he do something bad to you?"

Hearing this, Sharon smiled faintly, "Of course not."

"Then what's the matter with you?"

Sharon did not know how to say this.

Tiffany said, "The jerk must have said something again. Sharon, I'm telling you, sometimes you have to let yourself go. The more you think about it, the greater the harm you will suffer. Now that jerk... Mr. Proctor likes you, and you like him too, you can be with him regardless of what others say. When you don't feel the same or you fall in love with others, just break up with him."

"If you want, you can date several men at a time. Life is about having fun!"

As Tiffany spoke, she patted Sharon's shoulder heavily and said, "Don't be a coward, just do as you like!"

Sharon didn't know what to say.

Tiffany was indeed much more open-minded in terms of men than she was.

At this time, the doorbell rang.

Tiffany ran over and took a look.

Then, she said to Sharon, "I'm going to sleep. We'll talk about it tomorrow!"

In a few seconds, she quickly ran in front of Sharon and entered the bedroom.

Sharon walked to the door and saw Daniel standing outside.

She raised her hand and scratched her eyebrows.

Sharon wanted to take back what she had just thought.

Sure enough, one could only deal with others' love matter with a clear mind.

But they would be confused and timid when it came to their own.

When Sharon opened the door, Daniel saw her and said, "Ms. Allyson ... You are still awake."

"I just came back. What's wrong?"

Daniel handed her the champagne in his hand.

"I came to your house for dinner yesterday and forgot to bring a present. So I come again."

"There's no need to be so polite. It's just a meal." Sharon said.

"This is due courtesy. Ms. Allyson, please accept it."

Sharon knew that Daniel had his insistence and did not refuse.

She accepted it and said, "Thank you then."

"I should thank you."

After Daniel finished speaking, he did not leave.

Seeing him like this, Sharon felt that he still had something to say.

She was not in a hurry to urge him.

Sharon just tilted her head slightly and waited for his words.

After a while, Daniel said, "This might be rude. But can I ask you if you plan to be with Mr. Proctor again?"

Sharon probably didn't expect him to ask this, so she was slightly stunned.

Daniel smiled and said, "Ms. Allyson, don't misunderstand. I saw Mr. Proctor send you back and was curious. If you don't want to answer, it's fine." Sharon laughed, "It's nothing. I haven't thought this through."

"Ms. Allyson, is it because of Trey?"

Daniel said, "Although Trey and I are friends, I believe that love is only a matter between the two involved. It has nothing to do with anyone else. Your own thoughts are the most important."

His words were truly unexpected.

After a few seconds, Sharon nodded lightly, "I see. Thank you."

Daniel smiled, "Happy New Year, Ms. Allyson."

Everything was on its way.



“Happy New Year.’ After closing the door, Sharon put the champagne in the kitchen and turned to the bathroom.

By the time she came out of the bath, it was already midnight.

Sharon was sitting in front of her desk and wiping her hair.

When she saw the box in the corner, she thought for a moment before she reached out and took it.

Inside were the wedding anniversary gifts that Jameson gave her, as well as the photographs from Matchmaker Temple.

Sharon took out the photo and watched quietly.

This jerk was handsome enough to tempt people.

At this moment, Sharon suddenly knew what she wanted to ask Jameson.

However, something that was out of anyone’s expectation suddenly happened to the Beale family.

Someone died in one of the Beale family’s projects.

Before they could suppress the news, this matter had been exposed.

Immediately after, problems of the project were exposed one after another.

The situation kept escalating.

The lack of funds of the Beale Family was gradually known.

In just two days, the entire Beale family was at the center of the public condemn.

The Beale family had no way to solve the crisis and could only watch their doom coming.

At this time, Saige also posted a statement, saying that Natalia instructed her to do what happened in Sharon’s studio at that time.

When Sharon saw the news online, she seemed to be a little stunned.

She had been preparing to deal with all of this after the New Year Festival.

She did not expect that the Beale family would fall into such a situation before she could make a move.

And even Natalia was implicated.

Tiffany said from the side, “Villains will eventually be punished.Natalia deserves it!”

Sharon put down her phone and said, “This is obvious a set up.Someone must be behind this.”

“You mean Jameson?”

Sharon shook her head and looked at the door.

If she guessed it right, what had happened in the Beale family over the past two days had something to do with Daniel.

She knew that Daniel and Trey targeted the Beale family, but she didn't expect that they had such a big plan.

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It's Not Worth It

At the same time, the Beale's.

Talon looked at the news on the newspaper, and his usually calm face darkened.

His subordinate said from the side, "Mr.Beale, the family members of the employee who suffered the accident were already taken away before we went there.They still have all the project information left behind by that employee.Once the data problems in this information are discovered, we will face hundreds of billion in losses."

The things that had been revealed were only superficial.

The only thing that could truly destroy the Beale Group was the information.

"Did you find out who took them?" Talon put away the newspaper.

"Not yet ...but I guess it should be someone who was behind the recent incidents."

Talon sneered, "There are more than one group of people behind these recent incidents."

"Mr.Beale, do you mean that there are other people involved in this matter?"

"Jameson is not a good person.He has definitely contributed to this chaos."

Talon said, "Now that things have become so serious, we need to respond as soon as possible.Find a few people who are responsible for this project.Make them take the blame."

"As for the information, it must be in their hands now.Since they have not chosen to reveal it directly, it means that they have other purposes.We can just wait for their next move."

After Talon's subordinate left, he opened the drawer in front of his desk and looked at his old pocket watch.

A trace of hostility flashed across his eyes.

It seemed that he was correct.

With Sharon's appearance, all calamities would follow.

At this time, the study door was knocked, and Natalia's voice came, "Dad."

Talon put down his pocket watch, and his expression returned to normal, "Natalia, what's the matter?"

Natalia frowned, "What's going on with our family? Is there anything I can help?"

"Don't worry; you don't need to do anything.Just wait for the engagement at the end of the month."

Talon said indifferently.

“Daniel said that if Daddy can’t handle it, he can ask Mr. Jones for help. After all, Mr. Jones has a high reputation in South City. If he speaks, there should be a lot of people helping him, Daddy...”

“There’s no need. I have been through so many hardships in the past twenty years. This isn’t difficult for me.”

“But...” Talon interrupted her, “Natalia, I know what you’re thinking, but at this critical moment, if we let our guard down, we would easily fall into someone else’s trap. Do you understand?”

Natalia added, “I know, but Dad should also know that many people are avoiding us since we are in this situation. I think that the Proctor Family may be reconsidering the engagement to me now.”

Just as Natalia finished speaking, Talon’s phone rang.

It was Albert.

Talon answered, and before Albert could finish, Talon’s face darkened.

From the beginning to the end, Albert only wanted to use the Beale family’s influence to regain power from Jameson.

Moreover, the current situation of the Beale family was difficult for them to protect themselves.

Even if they managed to get through this difficulty, it would still be difficult for them to recover their previous strength.

Right now, the wisest way was to quickly separate himself from the Beale family.

Jameson had been dealing with the Rowland family.

If the Proctor family was dragged into the Beale family issue, it would only make things worse.

After hanging up, Natalia smiled and said, “Dad, am I right?”

Talon narrowed his eyes and didn’t say anything.

The Beale family and the Proctor family were in a relationship of interest, and they didn’t have the slightest bit of friendship.

It wasn’t surprising that the Proctor family chose to protect themselves at this time.

Natalia added, “However, it seems that the Proctor family is too afraid of Jameson.

Jameson should probably already be occupied by other matters.’ Talon glanced at her and knew what she was referring to.

Jameson had indeed arranged quite a few people around Sharon, showing how much he valued her.

A moment later, Talon said, “Natalia, you can go out first. I have something else to do.”

After Natalia left, Talon dialed a number and said, “Handle something for me.’

The Beale family was already overwhelmed with its own trouble.

In addition, Saige had rushed to make a statement before Sharon.

This matter regarding the fraud in the studio could be considered to have a result.

However, none of the fiercest people who had shouted on the Internet had come out to apologize.

While eating grapes, Tiffany sighed, "This is the reality now. People never care about the consequences of their words on the Internet. Who cares what the truth is? They only care about whether they have vented their anger on Internet."

Hearing this, Sharon smiled and said, "Go to bed early. We're going to work tomorrow.'

Tiffany stretched herself and said, "Time passes so quickly. I don't feel like I've had enough days off."

"Let's go for a trip when the weather is warmer.'

"Alright."

Speaking of this, Tiffany quickly became interested and paused for a moment before continuing, "Oh right, that jerk didn't look for you for the past few days, did he?"

Sharon was lost for words.

This topic was moving so fast.

She said after a long while, "He ... Why does he have to look for me whenever he is free? I wish he would leave me alone for a while." Tiffany leaned over and said, "Really?"

Sharon unnaturally shifted her gaze away and opened her mouth, but she didn't know what to say.

Tiffany was not obsessed with her words.

Instead, she continued her topic, "Speaking of which, Trey did not look for you. It seems that he really gave up this time. However, this is good. You don't have to worry about it anymore."

"I'm asleep." Sharon said.

Lying on the bed, Sharon skimmed through the recent news about the Beale Group, trying to find some useful information from it.

Even though she knew that Daniel and Trey were behind this matter, she still couldn't understand the whole situation.

Or rather, she didn't know what their motives were.

The Beale family had suffered heavy damages this time, but after all, they had a great cause and a deep foundation.

Even if the matter was serious, it would not destroy the family.

Sharon thought that Talon should be busy saving himself, so he didn't have the time to care about her.

Now was the right time for her to investigate the truth about what had happened back then.

Sharon took out the photos of her pocket watch at that time and began to search for relevant information on the Internet.

Just as she was focusing on her investigation, her phone suddenly rang.

The screen displayed Jameson's name.

After two seconds, Sharon answered, "It's already late. Mr. Proctor, what's wrong?"

Jameson said, "I can't call you if nothing is wrong, right?"

Immediately after, Jameson's dissatisfied voice sounded, "If I don't call you, you'll never come looking for me. Sharon, is your heart made of ice?"

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A Once-In-A-Lifetime

Opportunity Hearing the complaint over the phone, Sharon felt that she was an evil person at that moment.

She muttered, "You will come if you want to see me. If you don't come to see me, it means that you have something to do. Why should I bother to look for you?"

Jameson paused for a moment and said, "Have you seen the news lately?"

"Yes"

"I'm busy dealing with the Beale Group."

"OK." Sharon said.

Jameson added, "You can come to the Proctor Group to see me if you really miss me."

"...Thank you. I don't have that idea."

On the other end of the phone, Jameson snorted softly, "I'll hang up."

Sharon looked at her mobile phone.

It was already 11pm.

Was the jerk still in the Proctor Group? Sharon lay on the bed, tossing and turning, and was unable to fall asleep.

About half an hour later, she suddenly lifted the quilt and sat up.

She took a coat from the wardrobe and went out.

The street was empty at night, but the lights were bright.

Soon the car stopped at the Proctor Group.

Sharon got off the car and stood at the door.

In the cold wind, she felt that she was sober a little bit.

It seemed to be a little impulsive to come here like this.

Sharon walked to the side of the street and took out her phone to take a taxi, but her fingers did not touch the screen.

After hesitating for a few seconds, Sharon put her phone into her coat pocket and turned around to walk into the building.

In the President's Office of the Proctor Group.

"Mr.Proctor, we've lost him.But I'm sure he's in Patrick's hands," Jacob said.

Jameson tapped the table with his slender fingers.

He squinted his black eyes and was thinking about something.

"Right now, Mr.Beale is investigating who exposed this series of incidents.He hasn't found that Daniel and Patrick have something to do with it"

Jameson smiled faintly, "They are well prepared.Mr.Beale will find nothing even if he investigates it."

Now it seemed that Patrick's cooperation with the Proctor Group was just a cover so that he could have a proper excuse to come to the South City.

"The Chairman of the Board called off the engagement with the Beale Family.He probably doesn't want to get in trouble." Jameson curled in his lips.

After a few seconds, he said in a cold voice, "What is going on with Evie?"

"Mrs.Proctor should be about to make a move.We are also ready."

"OK."

"Mr.Proctor, there is one more thing." Jacob said.

"Speak."

"The cigarette butt Mrs.Proctor's younger brother brought over was tested.The DNA results showed that it was Josh.' Jameson frowned slightly, "Josh?"

Jacob nodded, "The prison side said the accident resulted from fire caused by their escape from the prison.However, all the bodies were charred.There is no evidence that Josh is dead.'

At this time, there was a knock on the door.

Jacob immediately paused and went to open the door.

The moment he saw Sharon, he was somewhat surprised, "Ms.Allyson?"

Sharon said seriously, "I have something to talk with Mr.Proctor.Is he here?"

"Yes."

Jacob hurriedly stepped aside and said, "Mr.Proctor, I'll go out first.I'll verify what we talked about just now.' After the office door was closed, Sharon took two steps forward.

"Is Mr.Proctor busy? I have something to talk with him."

Jameson leaned against the office chair and raised his eyebrows, "I can be busy or not."

Jameson stood up and walked to the resting area.

He sat on the sofa with his slender legs crossed, "What do you want to talk with me?"

Sharon pursed her lips and said, "I think Mr. Proctor should be clear about the current situation of the Beale Family, so I want to ask you about it."

"What do you want to know?"

His question left Sharon somewhat dumbfounded. This was only an excuse. To be honest, she didn't care about it. After a pause, Sharon said, "Anything."

Jameson said, "The Proctor family and the Beale family called off the engagement."

Sharon had thought Jameson would tell her something about the current situation of the Beale Group, but unexpectedly he talked about this.

It made her somewhat interested.

She asked, "Then Natalia..."

"Talon won't allow her to be with Daniel. Even if the engagement was called off, many people still wanted to take advantage of this opportunity to take over the Beale Group. After all, the Beale family is quite wealthy. Talon needs to be more cautious at this moment. Natalia's marriage partner is related to the future of the Beale family." Sharon frowned.

She always felt that Jameson treated marriage as a deal but with no love.

It was the truth.

She thought for a while and said, "As you said, many people want to take this chance to control the Beale family. Why did you...the Proctor family called off the engagement?"

Jameson said, "If you want to control the Beale family, you need to have the ability. With his current ability, Daniel can't control the Beale Group, nor will he dare to risk helping the Beale family. He is afraid that I'll ruin him completely. He has no other choice."

After a moment of silence, Sharon said, "In other words, no matter who will marry Natalia, he will take control of the Beale family. If he has enough strength, he can control everything of the Beale family."

"Yes."

"Then...Isn't Mr. Proctor tempted at all?"

This engagement was different from the previous one.

At that time, the Beale Group had been a powerful independent existence with enough capital to contend against the Proctor Group.

Now the situation was different.

The Beale family was suffering from huge losses.

Once they got married, Jameson would have absolute control.

Besides, he would also have enormous resources of the Beale Group.

This was indeed a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for a businessman.

Jameson said slowly, "To be honest, I am somewhat tempted." Sharon lowered her head and said nothing.

Soon Jameson continued, "However, even if I get the control of the Beale Group, I still have to deal with the remaining mess. I may get myself in the mess if I don't deal with it carefully."

Sharon said, "That is business. Once you win, it will be extremely profitable. Mr. Proctor should know it?"

Hearing this, Jameson narrowed his eyes.

"Or you try?"

"Try what?" Sharon was stunned.

"You're so good at talking. Make an acquisition proposal of the Beale Group for me."

Sharon said patiently, "I mean, isn't Mr. Proctor regret breaking the engagement with Natalia? If the engagement has not been broken, you should be able to get the Beale family smoothly."

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It's Pretty Hot

Jameson looked at her quietly with his dark eyes and didn't say a word.

"If you don't want to answer, you can pretend that I didn't ask," Sharon looked away and coughed because she was stared at by Jameson and felt uneasy.

After a while, Jameson said slowly, "I regretted it after hearing what you said."

"If Mr. Proctor regrets it, it won't be too late to find Natalia."

With that, Sharon stood up and said, "It's getting late, I'll leave."

She had barely taken two steps when Jameson grabbed her wrist.

Jameson exerted a slight force and she fell into his embrace.

Without waiting for Sharon to struggle, Jameson's arm was already on her waist, and he raised his eyebrows, "Are you jealous?"

"I like hot food," Sharon said without changing her expression.

The corners of Jameson's lips curled up as he glanced at her chest, "It's pretty hot."

Sensing his intentions, Sharon raised her hand and covered her chest.

Her face turned red, and she held back for a long time before cursing, "You bast\*rd!"



“Hey, didn’t you say you like hot food? I like hot food, too.” Sharon was speechless.

This jerk was sick! Sharon said fiercely, “Let go!”

However, Jameson tightened his hand on her waist, his chin placed on her shoulder, and his voice was low, “Don’t move, let me hug you for a while.’

“Didn’t you regret it? Why didn’t you go hug Natalia?”

“I’m just joking.I can smell your jealousy when I was downstairs.”

“To Sharon was lost for words.” Jameson said, “I’ll send you back in half an hour.’

“Aren’t you very busy?”

“Work can’t be done in a day.”

“Then why after half an hour?”

Sharon said after a moment of silence.

Jameson said, “You seldom come here.If I let you go, wouldn’t it be a waste of your sincerity?”

Sharon shut up.

She clearly knew what this jerk was thinking, and she shouldn’t ask this question.

A few minutes later, Jameson said, “Have you figured out what you want to ask me?”

The corners of Sharon’s lips twitched as she wanted to speak, but she didn’t know how to Say it.

“Then continue thinking.”

Sitting on his lap, Sharon could clearly hear the sound of Jameson’s heartbeat.

A few seconds later, Sharon raised her hand and placed it on his chest.

Jameson’s body froze slightly.

Just as he was about to speak, he heard Sharon say, “Don’t speak.”

Jameson licked his thin lips, his black eyes fixed on her.

Sharon put her hand on his chest all the time, and even though Jameson was wearing clothes, she could still feel his heart beating wildly.

After a while, Sharon withdrew her hand and whispered, “I’m done.”

Jameson was puzzled, “What?”

“Nothing,’ Sharon said.

She looked at the time and said, “It’s late.I have to work tomorrow.Send me back.”

Jameson’s eyes darkened and he didn’t say anything.

Sharon raised her head and looked at him, "Are you going to send me or not? Or I'll take a taxi myself."

Jameson withdrew his hand and said, "I am."

Sharon got up from his embrace and tidied up her clothes as if nothing had happened.

Jameson took his coat and said, "Let's go."

On the way back, Sharon opened the window a little.

She kept looking out of the window, the corner of her lips slightly raised.

When Rolls-Royce stopped at the apartment building, she was about to unfasten her seat belt when Jameson pulled her over.

Sharon blinked at the man's dark eyes.

Jameson's Adam's apple rolled up and down as he said in a low voice, "What did you ask just now?"

"Secret" Sharon said.

He leaned closer and said, "You won't tell me?"

"Didn't you also hide a lot from me? We're even."

Jameson said, "How am I hiding things from you?"

Sharon thought for a while before she said, and decided to throw this hot potato back, "You know it yourself."

Jameson indeed concealed something from her, so he didn't speak because he was guilty.

He was silent, and Sharon won the game, "Then I'm leaving. Mr. Proctor, be careful on your way home. Good night."

She turned around and was about to pull the door when Jameson's voice came from the side, "Sharon."

"What..."

Sharon subconsciously turned her head, but before she could speak, her lips were sealed.

Jameson observed her reaction.

When he saw that there was no resistance on her face, he raised his hand and grabbed the back of her head, slowly intensifying the kiss.

After getting off the elevator, Sharon put her hands in her coat pockets and walked much faster.

She entered the password and just as she opened the door to enter, she saw Tiffany standing at the door with her arms crossed, looking at her with an unfathomable expression.

Sharon felt a little guilty when she saw this.

She coughed and stiltedly rubbed her nose, "It...it's so late. You haven't fallen asleep yet?"

“I’m asking you, it’s so late, where have you been?”

Sharon quickly replied, “I’m a little hungry. I went out to eat. If I knew you weren’t asleep, I would have brought some back for you.”

Tiffany raised her eyebrows and asked, “What did you eat?”

“Spicy Hot Pot.”

“Looks like it’s pretty hot. Your lips are swollen.”

Sharon was speechless.

She laughed awkwardly and tried to make a final struggle.

“Yeah, we can eat together next time. It’s in the alley downstairs. There are quite a lot of people. I haven’t noticed the restaurant before...”

“Save it, it’s getting more and more ridiculous.”

Sharon immediately shut up and clasped her hands together.

She lowered her head as if she had done something wrong.

Tiffany probed and asked, “Are you going to move out soon?”

“What are you thinking?”

Tiffany heaved a sigh of relief, “That’s good. Otherwise, the progress will be too fast. I’m afraid that I’ll be the only one left in the house.”

Sharon’s eyelids twitched and she perfunctorily said, “It’s getting late. I’m sleepy. Let’s go to bed. We’ll talk about it tomorrow.”

After saying that, she hurried into the bedroom.

Tiffany couldn’t help but click her tongue as she looked at her back and slowly returned to her room.

It was truly enviable.

When would she be able to fall in love? Sharon lay on the bed, feeling energetic and unable to fall asleep.

She slowly raised her hand and looked at her palm.

There seemed to be a trace of that man’s body temperature on it.

Adults’ heartbeats normally ranged from 60 to 70 times per minute, but when faced with someone they liked, their heartbeats would accelerate.

The question she wanted to ask had been answered.

Sharon was wrapped in the quilt, the corner of her lips curving up.

She didn’t fall asleep all night.

When Tiffany woke up the next day with “holiday syndrome”, she saw that Sharon was already busy in the kitchen and humming a song.

She looked to be in a good mood.

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Memories Are Short

Tiffany leaned on the doorframe and said weakly, “It’s great to have spiritual food. I want it too.’ Sharon turned around and smiled, “Get up. Go wash up. Breakfast is ready.”

Tiffany yawned and replied before walking into the bathroom.

After Sharon finished packing breakfast, she took out a food box and packed a portion for Ruben, bringing it to the studio for him to eat later.

After breakfast, Tiffany said, “Sharon, I’ll go downstairs and start the car first.”

“Alright. I’ll be right there.”

Sharon changed her clothes.

Just as she was about to leave, she walked past the mirror at the door and took two steps back.

She took out a lipstick from her bag and gently applied it.

Downstairs, she stood at the entrance of the community.

Just as she was waiting for Tiffany, a black Rolls-Royce stopped in front of her.

As the window slowly lowered, the man’s cold facial features appeared in her sight.

Jameson looked at her and tilted his head, “Get in the car.”

Sharon shook his head, “I’m waiting for Tiffany.”

“You guys stay together all day long. What’s the point of waiting?”

At this time, a car came over from behind and honked.

Sharon looked around and did not see Tiffany’s car.

Seeing that Jameson did not have any intention of giving up, she pulled open the passenger door and sat in.

Then, she took out her phone and called Tiffany.

Jameson pulled over to the side of the road.

He looked at the food box on her lap and reached out to get it.

Sharon was on the phone, so she didn’t pay attention on the food box, and it was snatched away by him.

Jameson opened the food box and said, “For me?”

Before Sharon could say no, he had opened the box and put a piece in his mouth.

"It's for Ruben." Sharon said unhappily.

Jameson didn't care much about it and only said after eating another piece, "He is a grown man. He won't starve to death without a meal."

There were plenty of excuses for him.

After Jameson finished his meal, he put the lunch box into a bag and handed it to her.

"I eat too much. Prepare less food tomorrow."

Sharon was lost for words.

What? He didn't have to eat them all if he was full.

Didn't he know that? The corners of Jameson's lips curled up without a trace, and he started the car again, saying slowly, "I'll pick you up this afternoon." Sharon asked, "Where are we going?"

"Where do you want to go?"

"I want to go home," Sharon said deliberately.

Jameson looked at her and said meaningfully, "I have no objections."

Sharon closed her eyes and took a deep breath, not wanting to talk to him anymore.

Soon, the black car stopped at the door of the studio.

Sharon unbuckled her seat belt and said, "I'm leaving."

The man tapped the steering wheel with his slender fingers and looked at her without saying a word.

"Why are you looking at me?"

Sharon paused for a moment and looked at him in confusion.

Jameson raised his eyebrows slightly, "You are beautiful today."

Sharon said after silently pondering for a while.

"When am I not beautiful?"

"Every time when you are with Trey." Sharon immediately opened the door and got off the car.

She entered the studio without looking back.

The happiness in Jameson's black eyes deepened.

After her figure disappeared at the door of studio, he withdrew his gaze and drove away.

After entering the studio, Sharon saw Tiffany standing at the front desk in a daze.

She said, "When did you get here? I called you but I couldn't get through." Tiffany said, "When I went downstairs, I saw the fancy Rolls-Royce. So I just leave you alone. Am I considerate enough?"

Sharon raised her hand and touched her eyebrows, "I'm going in. Call me if you need anything."

As Sharon spoke, she took out his phone and ordered breakfast for Ruben as she walked inside.

In the afternoon, the Beale Group had given out a solution to the problems that had arisen in this project of the Beale Group.

They had fired several senior executives in the solution.

After this action, they used the power of capital to completely suppress the public opinion.

As for the matter between Natalia and Sharon, the Beale Group only said that it was brought up by a personal grudge between them, and the Beale Group did not apologize or feel guilty at all.

Ever since Sharon's identity as Jameson's ex-wife was exposed, the crowd also knew where the emotional grudges between Natalia and Sharon came from.

One was Jameson's ex-wife and the other was his ex-fiancée.

It would be inconceivable to say that they were on good terms with each other.

When the news came out, Tiffany said, "The Beale family is really tough. With such a big matter happening, they could get away with it by only firing a few executives. It seems that it won't be long before the crisis passes, and everything will be fine again."

On the side, Ruben said indifferently, "People's memories are short and will always be replaced by new things."

Sharon pursed her lips and did not say anything.

Her intuition told her that things were far from that simple and would not end there.

If Daniel's plan was only to use public opinion to influence the Beale Group, he didn't need to make such a big plan.

At this time, Trey's figure appeared at the door.

After a moment of silence, he said, "Sharon, can I talk to you for a moment?"

Sharon nodded, got up and left the studio with Trey.

It was working time, and there were few people on the streets.

Trey and Sharon walked side by side for a whole block.

After a long time, Trey said, "Sharon, I'm sorry for what happened that night. I know that you like Jameson in your heart, but I thought there was still a chance for us, so I let you go home with me."

Sharon said, "Have you explained everything to your parents?"

Trey nodded, "I did."

"They didn't blame you, did they?"

"No."

Trey looked into the distance and said, "They just wanted me to think it over."

As Trey said that, he stopped and turned to look at her, "I have thought it through. Sharon, let's be friends in the future. I will wish you happiness."

Sharon opened her mouth and smiled, "Thank you."

"Although Mr. Proctor is a bit arrogant, there is no denying that he is powerful and outstanding. Otherwise, the Proctor family would not be forced into such a situation. He will take good care of you if you stay with him."

Trey said, "If there's nothing else, I'm leaving."

After Trey took a few steps, Sharon suddenly stopped him.

He turned around and said, "What's wrong?"

Sharon wanted to ask him about the Beale family, but when she was about to ask, she shook her head and said, "Nothing. Thank you for the support and help during this period."

Trey said, "It's my pleasure. I'm very happy to be by your side during this period."

After Trey left, Sharon turned around and was just about to return to the studio when she saw a figure flashing by not far away, as if he was deliberately avoiding her sight.

Sharon couldn't help but frown. Her hand slowly reached into her pocket and held her phone tightly.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 280

She Probably Didn't Know You

On the way back to the studio, Sharon walked very carefully.

She thought that she was followed.

Fortunately, it was daytime.

The man didn't dare hurt Sharon.

Therefore, he just followed her and didn't do anything else.

Ever since the studio and Ruben got into troubles, Sharon was much more alert than before.

As soon as she got to the studio, she told Ruben, Tiffany, and the two shop assistants that she had been followed.

Then she told them to be careful and not to go out alone.

Hearing this, Tiffany cursed, "It must be Natalia again! She is so hypocritical. Disgusting! How could she possibly do this right now?"

Sharon said, "No matter who it is, it's up to something. Just be careful."

After Sharon finished, she turned around and saw Ruben frowning.

He seemed stern and cold.

Sharon said, "Ruben, what are you thinking?"

Ruben came back to his senses.

"Nothing. Tell me when you go out again. I'll go with you."

Sharon smiled, "Alright, it's not a big deal. I'll be careful. You're going back to school soon anyway, so just be careful, OK? Don't let that happen again." Ruben's thin lips moved, but he said nothing.

He wanted to say something, but the words just couldn't come out of his mouth.

At night, when Sharon was closing the studio, Tiffany nudged her and said, "Leave it to me. The capitalist is here to pick you up."

Sharon was stunned.

She turned around and saw that the familiar Rolls-Royce parked outside the studio.

"Just ignore him."

Sharon gave a little cough.

Tiffany said, "I'm OK with that. Hurry up. I don't dare make him wait."

Sharon was persuaded by Tiffany to leave the studio.

When she opened the car door, Jameson was on the phone.

He looked sideways at Sharon and made her wait.

Therefore, Sharon took out her phone, playing some little game.

Ten minutes later, Jameson hung up and asked, "What do you want for dinner tonight?"

"Whatever. I'm not as picky as you."

Jameson raised his eyebrows and then drove forward.

Thirty minutes later, they stopped outside a restaurant.

The waiter showed them to a VIP room on the second floor.

Then a confused noise came from the room next door.

Sharon paused for a while and looked over.

And then a woman ran out of the room with a pale face.

She didn't even have time to look for a trashcan, so she fell on the corner and threw up, while there was a group of men laughing in the room.

Someone said, "Are you sure you're okay? If not, don't waste our time."

Another man sneered, "What? Why are you just wasting a beauty like this on drinking?"



Then they laughed again.

Disgusting.

The woman, after throwing up, clutched the doorframe weakly.

Even though she knew that the men in the room never respected her, and they were even up to something, she had to put up with them, "I finished the wine. You had promised me..."

"What's the hurry? Let's get more drinks."

Suddenly Sharon's wrist was grabbed by someone and she was pulled to another room.

Jameson's voice came, "There's nothing to see. Just a woman bullied by some disgusting men. One day they could also be bullied by others."

"They are..." Sharon looked at him.

"Men from the Beale Group."

Jameson looked down at his watch, "If you're not hungry, we can find somewhere else."

"No thanks."

During dinner, Sharon seemed to be absent-minded.

Jameson asked her, "Does it not taste good?"

"No, it's delicious."

"Then you don't want to eat with me?"

Jameson seemed unhappy "Mr. Proctor, can't we just please eat quietly?"

Sharon said angrily.

If she didn't want to eat with him, she could just go home.

Why did she come here with him? Was she crazy? That made her put down her knife and fork, "I'm going to the bathroom." Jameson said, "Leave your bag."

"..I'm not running away!"

Sharon was not going to carry her bag to the bathroom.

She only took toilet paper from it.

When Sharon was passing by the room next door, she paused for two seconds.

People inside were still chatting and laughing, and the dinner was not over yet.

As Sharon stepped into the bathroom, she kicked something.

Sharon looked down.

It was a woman lying on the ground, drunk.

And she was Paisley.

It seemed that Paisley's husband was made a scapegoat by the Beale Group for its failure.

Otherwise, she wouldn't be here.

While the Beale Group was stuck in a big trouble, these top executives were still drinking and laughing here.

They even got time for making fun of others.

How ridiculous! Sharon squatted down and patted her gently, "Paisley, wake up."

Paisley had totally passed out.

Her head moved a little at first, and then she was not responding.

Sharon looked around and helped Paisley up.

She was going to bring Paisley to the staff and ask them to contact her family to pick her up.

Unexpectedly, just as Sharon helped Paisley out of the bathroom, she met two executives of the Beale Group who were looking for Paisley.

When they saw Sharon, they turned and looked at each other.

Then one of them said, "Miss, she is our friend. Let us handle this."

Before Sharon could reply, Paisley seemed to be awake and stepped back.

She muttered, "No...I don't..."

Sharon looked at the two men again and said indifferently, "She probably doesn't know you."

"She had passed out. If you're worried, you can come with us. Our car is downstairs. How about that?"

"Do you know where she lives?"

The man said, "Of course, it's not far from here. It won't even take ten minutes. Let's go."

Sharon sneered.

She knew what they were thinking.

She said, "Unfortunately, I went to college with her. She lives in the east side of this city. It will take more than thirty minutes to get there. I don't know where you're talking about."

Hearing this, the men's face changed.

They knew they were caught by Sharon, so they said, "Well, then, you can drink with us. If you make us happy, we would promise to help you out."

Sharon sneered again, "Help me out? You? Even Talon didn't dare promise to help me out."