

Resume 29

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 29

Mr.Proctor Thinks Highly of Ms.Ally

Lance hoped that Jameson would not cause trouble out of love again to Lumiere Jewelry at this critical moment.

Hearing this, Jameson's gaze fell on Sharon, "What's wrong? Let me fetch a doctor."

Sharon struggled to say, "I was only faking it."

Everyone else went speechless.So did Tiffany.And Lance too.

Jameson didn't intend to let Sharon go.

He grabbed her by her delicate wrist and dragged her into the nearby lounge.

"What's going on?"

Lance was stunned.

Tiffany forced a smile, "It's just...something involving them."

In the lounge, Sharon pulled out her hand and said, "Mr.Proctor, don't worry.I'll pay you back once the show is over.There won't be a minute of delay."

'Then he wouldn't have to go backstage to remind me at the break.

Why didn't I notice that this man was so petty? We agreed on a month, but he wishes to urge me every now and then.

"I'm not..."

Jameson paused for a moment, frowning, "How did you get the money?"

"I didn't steal, rob, or cheat.I earned it on my own."

Seeing her strong attitude, Jameson grew irritated and sneered, "Now that you are so capable of earning money, why did you force me to marry you back then?"

Sharon pursed her lips and said after a while, "I'm sorry."

Looking at her even paler complexion, Jameson was a little irritated, "What exactly is wrong?"

"Nothing."

Sharon said casually, "Perhaps it's because I've never walked the catwalk before.I'm a little nervous.When I get nervous, I feel sick.I'll be fine soon."

She then guaranteed, "But don't worry, Mr.Proctor.I won't delay your money for this."

Jameson directly ignored her last sentence, "Who put you on stage?"

“Something unexpected happened. A model went to the hospital. I can only replace her.”

“What does it have to do with you that they need models? You’re just a designer.”

Sharon put on a faint smile, “Yeah, I’m just a designer. I’m not you. I can never be arrogant and unreasonable.”

Jameson was silent for two seconds.

“Looks like you really did fake it.”

“You’re in good spirits. I can’t see anything wrong with you.”

“You’re right. You’ve seen through me again.” Jameson’s patience was completely exhausted, so he left.

After two minutes, Lance received a phone call from Giana’s agent.

The agent had heard the situation backstage, and said that Giana could take over if there was a need for the remaining two shows.

Although Giana was an actress, she had been a frequent guest of fashion weeks in recent years.

She had watched more than a hundred shows, so she was far more familiar with the stage compared to ordinary models.

Given Sharon’s current situation, Lance agreed without hesitation.

Thus, Giana was put onto the stage.

Soon, staff in Lumiere Jewelry went excited again.

“Mr. Proctor would even do this for Sheila. That’s Giana, the best actress in both the movie world and TV world. She literally came to help us do the show. I’m too stunned to speak.”

“Their relationship is so moving that I can’t help shipping them.”

“You’re telling me. Now I really think their relationship is true given so much evidence.”

Sitting alone in the dressing room, Sharon did not hear these discussions. She only felt relieved that she was finally able to leave.

Sharon sat for another two minutes.

Just as she was about to leave, she felt a cramp in her stomach.

In just an instant, she was soaked with sweat out of pain.

She struggled to stand up.

When she fetched her phone and was about to call Tiffany, Martin happened to call in.

“Sharon, I have something to tell you.”

“Martin...”

Sharon's voice was filled with unbearable pain, and the knuckles of her fingers turned pale.

Martin immediately reacted, "Sharon, are you uncomfortable? Where are you?"

"I'm..."

Sharon breathed hard, "Help me call Tiffany. Tell her that I'm in the dressing room backstage."

"Sharon, wait for me. I'll be right there!" After hanging up, Sharon placed her hands against the table.

Her sight became blurry.

She covered her stomach and shouted inwardly again and again.

'No, no...Please.'

A few minutes later, the door of the dressing room was opened.

Martin rushed in, "Sharon!"

Sharon opened her mouth as if trying to say something, but before she could say anything, she fainted.

The show wouldn't be over for another two hours.

Jameson did not have the patience to wait any longer.

He asked Jacob to find Lance.

Having prepared a speech, Jacob said to Lance with a high-sounding voice, "Mr. Carter, impressed by this show, we find that the works of your jewelry designer are innovative, and the designer is also very talented. The Proctor Group has decided to sponsor her. In any fashion week abroad in the future, her works will have a chance to be shown. In addition, if she needs resources, our group will support her."

Lance didn't get him.

Jacob summed it up succinctly, "Mr. Proctor thinks highly of Ms. Allyson."

"I don't quite understand...Isn't it Sheila that Mr. Proctor wants to sponsor?"

Although Jameson pulled Sharon away backstage just now, Lance still thought Jameson had done all these for Sheila during this period of time.

Even if Jameson and Sharon did have a romance, it could only prove that Jameson was two-timing them.

Now it was Jacob who felt confused, "When did Mr. Proctor sponsor Sheila?"

Lance frowned, "He sent us his own public relations team, gave gifts to the staff in our magazine, and firmly supported outstanding models on this show. Aren't all these intended to make a star out of Sheila?"

Jacob was silent for a long time before this distorted fact sank in.

He struggled to ask, "Do...all the staff in your magazine think so?"

He said all the staff.

Of course Sharon was included.

In order to find an excuse for Jameson to help Sharon, Jacob racked his brain and came up with a plan only to benefit someone else.

If Jameson knew about this, he might beat Jacob to death.

Lance replied in confusion, "Or else?"

Seeing that Jacob didn't say anything, Lance sighed, "Oh right, even if your group decides to support Ally in the end, Ally probably won't be able to accept this kind offer."

"Why?"

Jameson had walked over without being noticed.

"Ally signed a new contract with the magazine a few days ago. Her service period is ten years, and the contract terms are a little..." Lance said.

Lance didn't continue.

After all, this was a matter of their own within the magazine.

Moreover, this contract could be seen as an imparity clause.

It was not honorable to say it out loud.

In the ten years following the signing of the contract, Ally could only stay a designer of Lumiere Jewelry.

Her designs could only stay inside Lumiere Jewelry, let alone being shown in fashion weeks.