

Resume 51

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 51

Something Might Be Wrong

Sharon returned to the private room. Just as she was about to enter, a warm voice came from behind her, "Sharon?"

Her grip on the handle paused for a few seconds before she turned around. Martin didn't expect that it was really her.

He took a step forward and said, "Sharon, why are you here?"

Sharon greeted him calmly just like an old friend, "I ...have dinner here with my friends. What about you?"

Erica rushed to them like a mad dog.

She should have expected Martin to be there.

"I'm also with friends. Do you almost finish there? If it's about to end soon, we..."

The door behind Sharon was opened before Martin finished his words.

When Asher saw Martin, he was stunned before he reacted, "Is this Martin?"

Martin turned his gaze and politely nodded at him.

Asher and Tiffany had been together since college.

They had met each other a few times, but they weren't very familiar.

"How many years it has been before we meet today?"

Asher put his arm around his shoulder, "What a coincidence! Come on! Sit with us for a while."

Sharon intended to refuse for him, but Martin smiled at her and went into the private room with Asher.

In the private room, Asher greeted his friend, "Everyone, come and meet him. This is my dude in college, and he's our school hunk."

Hearing this, a group of people gathered around and toasted to Martin.

Suddenly, someone looked at Martin and asked with uncertainty, "Are you Mr. Morton of the Morton Group?"

Martin nodded, "How do you do?"

As soon as he replied, people were astonished, including Asher.

He only knew that Martin had a good family, but he didn't expect that he was actually from the Morton Group....

The person who spoke just now said, "Mr. Morton was abroad the late few years. I only saw you once in the distance at an event. I thought I was mistaken. I didn't know you are Asher's friend. This might be fate."

As he said, everyone's gaze towards Asher changed, either being envious or jealous.

Asher was just a white-collar worker.

But he was a friend of Mr. Morton, so it was just a matter of time before he achieved success.

Asher was extremely nervous, being afraid that Martin would reveal that they weren't familiar with each other on the spot.

Martin laughed and said, "I've known him for many years."

On the other side, Tiffany walked to Sharon and looked at Martin, who was surrounded by people, like the moon surrounded by a myriad of stars.

She asked, "Why is he here?"

Sharon rubbed his eyebrows and said, "I just came across him at the door. Asher called him in." Tiffany tutted, "Thanks to Martin's good temper. If it were..."

Tiffany silenced halfway, but a name emerged in their mind at the same time, causing them to tremble.

They couldn't even imagine that at all.

Tiffany muttered, "Do you think there is something wrong with Asher's colleague? She just made a fuss at the door, then came to me and said something strange just now. I can recognize her pretentious bi*ch from the heaven!"

Then Sharon remembered the purpose of coming here today.

She thought for a moment before she said, "Tiffany, I think there might be something wrong between her and Asher..."

"Well, I know Asher very well. He wouldn't dare to cheat on me even if he had a lion's nerve. Let alone it was a woman with big breasts and no brains. If she were smarter, I might really suspect her."

Sharon didn't know what to say for a moment.

It was truly hard for Tiffany to believe after so many years being with Asher.

At this time, Asher turned around to see what Tiffany and Sharon were talking about. He immediately became alarmed.

After a few sentences with the others, he walked over with Martin and hugged Tiffany nervously.

He smiled, "Since we haven't seen each other for so many years, why don't we find a place to sit? Just the four of us."

Tiffany said, "Why do you just call so many friends here and ignore them?"

"I can see them at any time, and everyone has been playing for a while. If they still don't want to leave, let them stay here. Or I'll be back later."

"Is that okay?"

Asher said indifferently, "Why? We are friends. They won't mind. What do you think, Martin?"

Martin glanced at Sharon, "I'm okay with that."

"Then..."

"It's getting late," Sharon said, "I'll leave first. You guys can go."

Tiffany also said, "Then I'll go out with you and get some fresh air."

Since Sharon left, Martin would not stay any longer, so he nodded to Asher and followed her.

Seeing them leave, Asher subconsciously clenched his fists and hurriedly followed.

After leaving the private room, Martin pursed his lips, "Sharon, are you angry with me?"

Sharon was stunned before she realized what he was referring to.

"No, I'm just ...a little uncomfortable."

"I don't want to see Asher's hypocritical face anymore. Martin looked at her still flat belly and said, "So he still doesn't know." Sharon smiled and shook her head.

Very soon, Asher chased after Tiffany and grabbed her, "Tiffany, don't go out with them."

Tiffany was puzzled, "Why can't I..."

"Sharon and Martin haven't seen each other for so long. They must have a lot to talk. Don't be the third wheel or interrupt their date."

"What nonsense are you talking about?"

Asher blurted, "What nonsense am I talking about? Didn't they always like each other?"

Tiffany frowned and raised her voice, "Asher!"

After a short silence, Martin gazed at somewhere, "Yes, I always like her."

Sharon did not expect him to answer like this.

She raised her head slightly and found that he was gazing at somewhere firmly.

Subconsciously, she followed his sight and felt her scalp go numb.

'What an exceedingly bad day! Why is everyone here? What were so many people gathering here for?' Not far away, Jameson looked at them coldly, with no emotion in his eyes.

Tiffany saw that something was wrong with Sharon, so she also turned around and gasped in astonishment.

What an embarrassing scene! After staring at each other for two seconds, Jameson turned his face away as if he did not recognize them, and left with his long legs.

Seeing him walk past them without looking sideways, Sharon finally let out a sigh of relief.

However, before she could relax, Jameson suddenly stopped.

He slowly turned around and glanced at Asher and Tiffany.

Then, he turned to Sharon, "You've hesitated for so long and still don't know how to tell her."

Sharon's heart lurched.

Before she could stop him, Jameson continued indifferently, "Didn't you record a video? Just show it to her."

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 52

Will It Affect Your Date with Martin?

Tiffany felt that Jameson was talking about her.

She also looked at Sharon and said, "Sharon, what's wrong?"

"Nothing.I..."

Sharon's mind was in a mess.

Jameson snorted coldly, then turned around and left with big strides.

Sharon wanted to die with this obnoxious man now to avoid facing Tiffany! What he said climaxed the story, but he walked away! Tiffany wasn't an idiot.

From Jameson's words, Yadira's provocation, Asher's strange behavior today and Sharon's reminder not long ago, she thought of something.

She quickly calmed down and said, "Sharon, show me the video."

The first to panic was Asher.

He never thought that Sharon had recorded a video as crucial evidence.

He hurriedly pulled Tiffany and said, "Baby, let's go back...."

Tiffany shook him off forcefully, "Don't touch me!"

She looked at Asher and said with a smile, "You are so nervous now.I don't think I need to watch the video anymore.

face?"

"Baby, it's not what you think.I really don't have anything to do with her.I just..."

"It's just that you can't control your sexual desires? Asher, you are so amazing.You cheated on me under my nose."

"It's not like that..."

Tiffany took a deep breath and said coldly, "Either you scream now, or I go in now and let everyone know about the two of you. In that case, you will definitely be fired."

Asher gritted his teeth, and then quickly made his choice.

After he left, Sharon said softly, "Tiffany..."

Tiffany looked at them and forced a smile, "Don't worry, I'm fine. Now that I know he is such a man, I won't..."

Sharon knew what Tiffany wanted to say.

Tiffany was looking forward to getting married all this time.

Tiffany said, "Then I'll go home. I still have to pack up Asher's belongings tonight. Martin, send Sharon back."

"Alright."

Sharon pulled her and said, "Tiffany, let me accompany you."

"No need."

Tiffany smiled and said, "It isn't a big deal that I got cheated on. Go back and rest early. I can handle it myself. With that, she waved her hand and ran away. Sharon could tell that Tiffany's eyes were red.

Martin said soothingly, "Don't worry, she can handle it."

Sharon nodded, but she didn't know what to say.

She was a witness to the love between Tiffany and Asher, but she didn't expect that it would be like this in the end.

Martin's phone suddenly rang, and it was from Erica. She was looking for him.

Martin frowned and quickly hung up.

Sharon recovered from sorrow and said, "You don't have to take me home. I'll go back myself."

"Sharon..."

Sharon smiled and said, "I'll take my leave."

Martin was just about to go after Sharon when his phone rang again.

During this period, Sharon had got on the elevator.

Jacob stood in the courtyard of the dining hall.

When he saw Sharon, he immediately stepped forward to greet her, "Ms. Allyson."

"Where's Mr. Proctor?"

Noticing the murderous look in her eyes, Jacob took an unobtrusively backward step, "Mr.Proctor is waiting for you in the car."

Sharon walked towards the most conspicuous Rolls-Royce without turning back.

Jameson was lowering his head to process the documents.

Even though the car door was opened, he did not look away.

After staring at him for a few seconds, Sharon bent over and got into the car, closing the car door with a bang.

Jameson frowned slightly and looked up at her with dissatisfaction.

"Mr.Proctor, I know you've always done exactly as you please, without caring about other people's feelings at all. But you stuck your nose into other people's business this time, didn't you?"

Jameson slowly closed the documents in front of him and said flatly, "Are you here to question me?"

Sharon laughed coldly, "I'm not questioning you. I just think that without knowing the whole story, you shouldn't presume...."

Jameson was not interested in what she said and interrupted her, "I thought you were here to explain why you didn't eat for two days and didn't wash your hair for a week." Sharon was speechless.

She almost forgot about it. She instantly became less imposing and began to lie, "Because ...I didn't eat for two days, I went out to eat."

Jameson sneered, "Sharon, do you really think I'm a fool?"

Sharon fell silent for a moment and then said, "I will move out tomorrow."

"Do it now."

"But it's so late..."

"Will it affect your date with Martin?"

"This jerk is being so aggressive: Sharon didn't want to be subdued by his aura and said, "That's right."

As she finished speaking, the temperature in the Rolls-Royce dropped instantly.

Jacob couldn't help but give a shiver from ten meters away.

Perhaps because of the pregnant woman's high body temperature, Sharon did not feel any difference at all.

She asked boldly, "Then can I leave now? I'm having a date."

Jameson said coldly, "You admitted it?"

"What did I admit?"

"You admitted that you want to divorce me so that you could be with Martin." Sharon was stunned for a moment before she said, "If you think so."

Just as the atmosphere in the car became more and more tense, Natalia came out of the restaurant.

She saw Jameson's car, and saw that Jameson's assistant was waiting by the car.

When Jacob saw her, he nodded slightly, "Miss Beale."

Natalia glanced at the black Rolls-Royce and asked, "Is Jameson here?"

"Yes."

"It so happens that I need to see him."

Just as Natalia took a step forward, she was stopped by Jacob, "Miss Beale, wait a moment. Mr. Proctor and ... Ms. Allyson are discussing something."

"Ms. Allyson?"

Natalia frowned, and then quickly realized who he was referring to.

"Aren't they already divorced?"

Jacob was unable to explain Mr. Proctor's mysterious thoughts to her.

Just as he was pondering how to answer, the Rolls-Royce's door was opened.

Looking at Sharon's back, Natalia pursed her lips slightly and clenched her fingers into fists.

"They are already divorced, but why won't Sharon leave Jameson alone?"

"Could it be...?" Natalia recalled seeing Sharon in the hospital, and the look in her eyes darkened.

"If Sharon really gets pregnant after marriage and is pregnant with Jameson's child, then Sharon really is a complicated woman: 'Sharon was able to force Jameson to marry her with her pregnancy three years ago, so Sharon is likely to make even more outrageous demands now."

Jacob said, "Miss Beale, please wait a moment. I'll go tell Mr. Proctor now...."

"No need."

Natalia smiled and said, "It's not very important. I suddenly remember that my things were left upstairs. I'll go back and get them."

Although Jacob was puzzled, he didn't ask any further. He just said, "Alright, good-bye, Miss Beale."

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 53

Do You Need Me to Find You a Date

A chill settled on Sharon when she walked far away.

She had never known that Jameson had so much free time that he even came to care about whether she had lunch, whether she washed her hair, and whom she was dating.

The way the man behaved was confusing.

Sharon took a taxi and went straight to Tiffany's.

When she arrived, the door was ajar and she heard a muffled sob inside.

After a few minutes at the door, Sharon turned around and left quietly.

If she were Tiffany, she would want some time alone.

Sharon sat at the desk when she got home, looking at the blank paper in a daze.

A feeling she had never had began to develop.

Tiffany and Asher had been together for five years.

Tiffany probably never thought that one day he would cheat on her.

Actually, Sharon was no different from Tiffany.

Since she married Jameson three years ago, she had always played the role as Mrs.Proctor and made no trouble.

She knew that he disliked her, so she never poked her nose into what wasn't her business.

As for making Jameson fall in love with her, she had never thought of it.

However, she was not an unfeeling robot.

After all, day in and day out, they had spent three years together.

If it weren't for Sheila, Sharon would think that she would spend her life with this man.

However, Jameson, the man who treated her coolly all the time except for when he was drunk, did not belong to her in the end, even though they had spent so many days and nights together.

Thinking back now, she cared about her marriage for the past few years, though whether she cared or not, it wouldn't make any difference.

She would have thought that everything would be better after the divorce and she could start a new life, but it seemed that the man did not intend to let her go.

Now she felt like a thorn pierced into her heart.

She clearly knew where it was, but was unable to pull it out.

The next day, Sharon came to the Star Lake Mansion when Jameson went to his company.

Looking at the two moving men that Sharon brought with her, the maid was so anxious that she was sweating.

She had to make an excuse, "Mrs.Proctor, Mr.Proctor told me that strangers are not allowed in here..."

Sharon knew Jameson's temper.

"If they don't go up, I'll just take my things down."

As she spoke, she went upstairs with an empty suitcase.

The maid followed closely behind and dissuaded Sharon who seemed to be mad at Mr. Proctor, "Mrs. Proctor, why don't you wait for Mr. Proctor before moving, or he'll be angry."

"Is there a time when he is not angry? He just feels that my things have taken over his place and are an eyesore.

I'll move away right now to see what else he can complain about."

"Mrs. Proctor ..." The maid sighed.

Seeing that she could not stop her, the maid could only sneak away and call Jameson. Sharon came to the cloakroom and looked at the wardrobe the same size as the wall. She felt her temples throbbing.

These clothes were all customized, but she never put on any one of them, and none of them really belonged to her.

However, Sharon could understand why Jameson asked her to move away.

Perhaps in the near future, a new hostess would be welcomed to the Star Lake Mansion, who would definitely be unhappy when seeing someone else's clothes in the wardrobe.

To be honest, Jameson was really a capitalist who didn't waste any human and non-human sources.

Sharon only put a few clothes in her suitcase and it was full.

She looked at the rest of clothes hanging on the wardrobe and suddenly regretted agreeing to move on her own.

Now she couldn't even carry the single suitcase downstairs, let alone taking away all the clothes in the wardrobe.

Just as she was at a loss, the maid came over with a phone and said, "Mrs. Proctor, it is from Mr. Proctor."

Sharon took it and suddenly felt a little powerless, "Mr. Proctor, I..."

The man on the other side said without any emotion, "You don't need to move."

Sharon never expected she could not move.

She was stunned for a moment before she said, "Really?"

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 54

You Really Think Everyone is as Shameless

"I don't know where to go..." the person at the door was slightly stunned.

Jameson stopped his walk. He looked sideways and saw a stranger standing there.

He asked with a frown, "Who are you?"

Rita was kind of embarrassed.

Her hands tightly clasped together, and her cheeks flushed pink, "I am the designer of Lumiere Jewelry. My name is Rita Roose, and I am here today to thank Mr. Proctor..."

Jameson was displeased, "Are you alone?"

"Yes."

Rita was really nervous and didn't know what to say. Suddenly, Jameson's order came to her mind, which became her life savior.

She hurriedly asked, "Does Mr. Proctor want some coffee? I'll get some for you."

"No need."

Jameson sat on the sofa, with his slender legs crossed and indifferent and distant expression, "what do you want from me?"

Rita closed the door and took a few steps forward.

Looking at the handsome man in front of her, she blushed.

"My name is Rita Roose, Mr. Proctor. I don't know if you still remember me."

"I don't."

His tone was cold, and his patience was completely run out.

Rita explained with fluster, "Three years ago, I won the first place in the Emerging Designer Competition and went to Paris to study with the Proctor Group's support. I returned home recently and worked as the chief designer of Lumiere Jewelry. Today, I came here to thank you, Mr. Proctor. If it wasn't for you, I..."

Jameson interrupted her with no interest, "Isn't Sharon Allyson the first place winner of the Emerging Designer Competition?"

Rita didn't expect him to know Sharon.

A subtle change of expression flashed across her face, but was hidden well in no time.

"Yes, I was the second at that time, but Mr. Proctor said people like her who took the competition as a deal and sought profit from it didn't deserve this opportunity, so she was disqualified."

Jameson did not say anything.

After a few seconds, he said, "Are you finished?"

Rita was puzzled, "What?"

"If you've finished, you can leave now." Before coming, Rita had inquired about Jameson's temper.

She was not surprised that he would say something like this. She said, "I want to treat Mr. Proctor to a meal. May I know if Mr. Proctor is available?"

Jameson raised his head, and his expression was indescribably cold, "Do Lumiere Jewelry's designers have no work to do?"

Thinking that to Jameson, her coming out during working hours had proven the Proctor Group's sponsorship a waste, Rita explained, "I've only joined Lumiere for a few days, and there's another designer to be in charge of the works. I have also asked for leave today..."

Jameson stood up and said, "That's not my business."

Before she invited him, Rita was prepared to be rejected, "Then I'll leave now. When Mr. Proctor is available, you can always contact me."

After Rita finished, she took out a business card from her bag and placed it on the coffee table.

Then, she turned around and left.

After Rita left, Jameson called the phone in the assistant's office and said coldly, "Where's Jacob?"

"I'm sorry, Jacob is out."

Jameson said coldly, "If any designer from Lumiere Jewelry comes again, just tell them to go back. Don't bother me."

Those who shouldn't have come really didn't have manners.

The accident anniversary replied "If they're married, why do they never tell anyone about it? Tiffany, it's for your own good. Don't be fooled by Sharon. Her marriage is only her way to find a father for the b*tch in her belly..."

His words became more unpleasant, and Tiffany could not bear it anymore.

She slapped him fiercely, "Get out!"

When Asher rushed out of the door, he happened to meet Sharon.

He paused for a moment.

He didn't even feel embarrassed for what he had said.

Instead, he sneered and quickly left.

Tiffany threw out his things, only to see Sharon standing there, "Sharon, don't listen to him. He's crazy. He only said those to make him feel superior."

Sharon knew that Asher blamed her for their breakup.

That's why he said those things.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" Sharon smiled at her.

Tiffany shook her head, "It's all done. It looks like he won't take them back."

Sharon called Tiffany on the way home, but she didn't answer it.

She was worried, and told the driver to turn around and sent a message to Ruben at the same time.

As soon as Sharon got off the elevator, she heard Asher's voice, "Tiffany, can you give me another chance? I promise that I never speak to her again..."

“Don’t waste my time.You are the one who chose to have an affair.Don’t talk to me like I am the unreasonable one.”

“I’ve been abroad for a year, and you’re not around.I don’t have a choice.Don’t worry, Tiffany.She is nothing but a stranger to me.I love you, only you.”

Tiffany was so angry that she even laughed, “You mean it is my fault? Get out of here now! I don’t want to see you again!”

“I just cheated once.Where’s Sharon? She had been another’s wife for three years.Now Martin is back, and she immediately becomes his girlfriend.I didn’t say anything to Martin for your sake.”

“Asher, don’t think too much of yourself.If it wasn’t Sharon, will Martin even know you? They are legally married.You really think everyone is as shameless as you?”

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 55

Pay for One’s Willfulness

Before dinner was served, Tiffany was drunk and asked in a daze, “When will Ruben starts his new semester?”

“Next week.”Tiffany belched.

“I didn’t expect you to go to high school so soon.The first time I saw you, you were so short.You weren’t even as tall as my shoulder.However, you are old enough for me to call you dad.” Ruben said nothing.

Sharon sighed.She was completely drunk.

Tiffany was drunk, singing and dancing in the restaurant.

Ruben couldn’t help but ask, “Is she OK?”

“Just let her go.”

Tiffany was always a careless and casual person.She didn’t care about most of things.

When she got something unpleasant, she would have some beer, and became fresh the next day.

Drunk like this, she can tell that Tiffany really got hurt this time.

When she was too drunk to move, Sharon helped her up and whispered, “Tiffany, let’s go home.’ Tiffany looked at her with tears in her eyes, “I don’t have a home anymore.That b*st*rd cheated on me.Sharon, I don’t have a home anymore.”

Sharon hugged her to comfort her.

It was when Tiffany was too tired to cry and fainted unconscious, Sharon and Ruben sent her back.

Put Tiffany on the bed, Ruben asked, “Are you girls all like this when you break up?”

Sharon said, “Of course, you always need to vent your anger and sadness.

“Then why don’t you cry?”

Sharon was stunned, "What?"

Ruben looked at her and said, "You shouldn't hold your feeling like this all the time. It's not good for the child in your belly."

"Ruben, I'm fine..."

"I can tell that you have something on your mind. Has Jameson been giving you a hard time recently?"

Sharon gently shook her head and smiled, "How can he give me a hard time?"

She was just...

Asher's words wouldn't go away.

Actually, he was correct.

A marriage that could not be known was same as keeping a mistress. You couldn't tell anyone.

However, mistress got paid.

What she got all day was anger and sadness.

Being pregnant made her even more sentimental.

Sharon said, "It's getting late, Ruben. You can go back now. I'll take care of her."

Ruben wanted to say something, but Tiffany jumped out of bed and ran to the bathroom to vomit.

He sighed, "Then I'll go. Call me if you need anything."

Sharon stayed by Tiffany's side all night.

Asher came back once, but the password had already been changed by Tiffany.

He could not open the door, so he could only knock.

Tiffany wanted to rush out with a kitchen knife, but was stopped by Sharon.

After Tiffany fell asleep, Sharon's pregnancy reaction suddenly became intense.

She vomited for several times, feeling extremely uncomfortable.

She sat on the sofa.

After a while, she thought of the root of this incident.

She mustered all her courage, picked up Tiffany's landline phone, and called someone.

After a while, it was answered.

"Are you awake, Mr. Proctor?"

Sharon took the initiative.

On the phone, there was a man's deep and hoarse voice, "Who is this?"

“Let me tell you a joke. A toothpick and a hedgehog walk into a bar, and...’

“Sharon.”

The man interrupted her in a hoarse voice, “Are you having trouble falling asleep?”

“Thanks to Mr. Proctor’s righteous words, which exposed a man’s true personality. My friend drank too much and vomited all night. I have to be with her.” Jameson said nothing.

It was when Sharon thought he was going to hang up the phone, he said calmly, “Aren’t you going to finish your joke?”

Interrupted by him, she forgot what she was talking about just now.

She simply said, “Is there any joke Mr. Proctor can tell?”

“No.”

“A bedtime story?”

Jerk, can’t you just coax your son who was jumping up and down.

Same answer, “No.” Sharon could tell from his voice that he was almost awake now, which meant her goal has been achieved.

She yawned, “Forget it, I’m sleepy. Good night, Mr. Proctor.”

Jameson didn’t even have the chance to react, she hung up the phone immediately.

To avoid a callback from that jerk, Sharon ripped out the wire of the landline phone and slept peacefully on the sofa.

The next day, when Sharon woke up, Tiffany was still asleep.

She cooked breakfast for Tiffany.

After leaving a note, she went to the Lumiere Jewelry.

Just as Sharon was asking for leave for Tiffany, she heard some colleagues discussing that Mr. Proctor from the Proctor Group was here.

“How can this jerk be so stingy? Just because I woke him up with a call? He didn’t even care about the company. Now he came here so early in the morning to look for me!”

Sharon thought this to herself.

Just as Sharon was about to sneak away, Lance’s assistant walked up to her and said, “Ally, Mr. Carter wants you in the conference room.”

Sharon pressed her temple and could only be forced to pay for her willfulness. In the conference room, Jameson sat in his seat.

His expression was cold and calm, which was unable to see any emotions. Lance was there too.

For the first time, he wanted to escape.

If he didn't know about Ally's relationship with Mr. Proctor, it would be fine.

But he knew, and clearly it was the conflict between this couple.

Mr. Proctor wanted to do this in public and used work as an excuse.

But Ally wouldn't accept it, and they were stuck in stalemate.

Lance had a feeling that this conference room would soon become a smoky battlefield.

Soon, the door of the conference room was opened.

Sharon walked in and deliberately ignored the other person inside, "Mr. Carter, can I help you?"

Lance coughed and introduced Jameson, "This is Mr. Proctor, the president of the Proctor Group."

Sharon looked over and said, "Good morning, Mr. Proctor." Jameson took a glance at her and didn't say anything.

This jerk was pretty good at putting on airs.

"Ally, the thing is, during the previous show, the Proctor Group offered our Lumiere Jewelry a post for further training and promotion. Mr. Proctor came here for this."

Sharon paused for a few seconds before saying anything, "Thanks for your kindness, Mr. Proctor. I believe that my performance on the show was at average. Mr. Proctor should leave this opportunity to someone with more potential."

Jameson said in a low voice, "So you know that your abilities are average. Why did you reject the chance to improve?"

Sharon said nothing.

Who the f*ck said that my abilities were average! Jameson said, "Apart from Giana, no one's performance on that show was enough to get this post, including you. I have no choice but to choose the best person available, understand?"

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 56

Is This Worth It?

Jameson's words meant that he didn't want to give her this chance either.

But he had given her the promise at that time.

So he had to give her that opportunity.

He hoped that she could be sensible enough to take what she could get and be nicer.

But Sharon did not back off even the slightest.

She replied firmly, "Since Mr. Proctor is so dissatisfied with Lumiere Jewelry's performance on the stage, I believe that no one will show any objections if you take back what you said."

After she finished speaking, Jameson looked towards another person in the conference room and asked coldly, "Is that what Lumiere Jewelry meant? Mr.Carter."

Lance was so nervous that he felt cold sweat trickling down his forehead.

He laughed embarrassedly, "It's not as serious as Ally said.However, if no one's performance has ever Satisfied you...Mr.Proctor, we may not deserve the chance.But no matter what, we are very grateful for the opportunity you once gave us."

"But some of your staff don't seem to appreciate it,' Jameson said in a deep voice.Why couldn't you two go home and quarrel there? Sharon didn't want to waste time arguing with Jameson.

"Thank you again for your kindness, Mr.Proctor.But I can't take that opportunity."Then she said to Lance, "Mr.Carter, if there's nothing else, I gotta go."

After Sharon left, Jameson stood up and sneered, "All of your employees are as irritable as her?"

Lance didn't know what to say, so he remained silent.

As soon as Jameson left the meeting room, Rita, who had been waiting for a long time, immediately walked over and greeted him shyly, "Mr.Proctor, nice to meet you again."

Jameson was wearing an impatient look.

He frowned and looked at the woman blocking his way, "Have we met before?"

"Yesterday ...I went to your office.I'm Lumiere Jewelry's designer, do you remember?" Rita was stunned.

Jameson said indifferently, "I remember you."

He almost forgot that Sharon was not the only designer in Lumiere Jewelry.

Jameson turned around and said to Lance, "Give that chance to her.'

"What?"

Lance had not figured out what was happening.Jameson, however, did not have any intention of repeating his words.

He left directly.

Rita was also stunned.

What chance? After pausing for a few seconds, Lance raised his hand and rubbed his temples.

The whole matter was heading to a bad direction.

This time, Jameson came with top designer resources.

But he didn't expect that Ally would refuse him straightforwardly.

He was angry now, and Rita happened to run into him.

So he gave Rita the chance that was annoying him.

He did it as if he was throwing garbage.

Since Jameson had given his word, Lance had no choice but to do what he said.

Lance said to Rita, "Come with me to the office."

After Sharon left the meeting room, she went downstairs.

Just as she was about to take a taxi, a voice came from the side, "Sharon."

She raised her head and looked at the man in front of her, "Why are you..."

Martin smiled, "I'm here for you."

"What the matter?"

"It's almost noon. Let's have lunch together."

Sharon instinctively wanted to refuse him, "Sorry, I..."

Martin interrupted her, "I want to say something to you. I will leave after I finish speaking. I won't hold you long."

After hearing what he said, Sharon could no longer refuse his request.

She nodded and said, "Alright."

When Jameson walked out of the elevator, he saw Sharon and Martin leaving the building together.

He said coldly, "It makes sense. She will get anything she wants after she married Martin."

Behind him, Jacob silently took a few steps back.

Jameson said to Jacob, "Call Erica."

After that, he turned around and walked towards the direction Martin and Sharon had left.

Martin took Sharon to a quiet restaurant.

After ordered a few dishes, he asked Sharon, "You like these dishes, right?"

Sharon pursed her lips, not knowing what to say.

She had faintly guessed what Martin was going to say.

She shouldn't have come here with him.

After the waiter left with the menu, Martin spoke again, "Sharon, I've been thinking about something these days. I keep asking myself what kind of feelings I have for you, and whether I can take good care of you..."

Sharon couldn't help but say, "Martin..."

Martin interrupted her, "Hear me out. I also asked myself if I mind the fact that you were once married. I thought for a long time before I finally got a definite and responsible answer. Sharon, I know what you're

worried about. I won't ask you to make any choices. If you want to give birth to that child, I guarantee that I will take him as my own."

"Is this worth it?" Sharon laughed.

"That doesn't matter. I like you. I've already missed three years with you. I don't want to leave you anymore."

Three years ago, when Sharon needed him the most, he knew nothing.

But now, he wanted to restart their love.

Sharon said slowly, "Even if you don't mind, what about your parents? They are okay with you being together with me?"

Even in ordinary families, no parents would accept their son being with a woman who was pregnant with another man's child. Not to mention, the Morton family was a well-known family.

Martin answered gently but also firmly, "I will go talk to them."

Sharon chuckled and shook her head, "We're done. You don't have to do this for me."

"Sharon, we are never done. We haven't started yet." Sharon felt more and more bitterness piling up in her heart. Martin was a good man. If she had a second chance, she would fall in love with him again without hesitation just like three years ago. But now, things were different. They couldn't go back to the old times. And they couldn't change what had happened. At this time, Erica appeared at the door of the restaurant.

She saw Sharon and Martin sitting together, which agitated her instantly.

She immediately rushed towards them.

However, a man suddenly appeared in front of her, "Miss Proctor."

At this moment, Erica was furious.

She said angrily, "Get away!"

Jacob stepped aside and reminded her, "Mr. Proctor is also here. Miss Proctor, mind your behavior."

Erica clenched her fists and instantly calmed down.

Recently, Martin was trying his best to avoid seeing her.

She shouldn't always act like a shrew, for this would only push him away from her.

Seeing that Erica was much less angry, Jacob let out a sigh of relief and retreated to a corner.

"Mr. Proctor," Jacob said to Jameson, who was looking at the menu, "I have taken care of Miss Proctor."

"Okay."

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 57

It's up to Me

Just as Sharon was about to leave, she saw Erica walking over.

Why Proctors always haunted her? As if she didn't see Sharon, Erica directly walked to Martin and asked.

"Martin, why didn't you answer my call?"

Although Martin was good-tempered, he was tired of Erica's shameless persistence.

Especially in the past two days, he discovered that she could find him no matter where he was.

Martin said coldly, "Miss Proctor, please don't appear in front of me again.' Instantly, Erica could no longer remain calm. She glared at Sharon and said, "Is this because of her? You are nicer to me before we return home! It's this bi*ch..."

"Enough!"

Martin stood up and said, "Erica, can you stop making trouble here?"

"I am making trouble? Martin, our parents have met each other. Our engagement is just a matter of time. Shouldn't I..."

Martin interrupted her expressionlessly, "I will never get engaged to you. Miss Proctor, please have some self-respect. Otherwise, you will bring shame to your family."

This time, before Erica replied Martin, a cold and indifferent male voice came from behind, "Mr. Morton, this way, why are you still pestering Sharon?"

When Sharon heard Jameson's voice, she felt her heart was in her mouth.

She did not know when Jameson came here, nor did she know what he had heard.

Seeing him, Erica instantly stopped being arrogant and whispered, "Jameson."

Jameson glanced at her and then looked at Martin.

Martin pursed his lips and met him in the eye.

From afar, Jacob could sense the tension between them.

Martin said, "Didn't Mr. Proctor divorce Sharon? Why are you here? Or did Mr. Proctor have other thoughts?"

Jameson did not say anything.

He licked his teeth with his tongue and his gaze gradually turned cold.

Sharon didn't understand how she got into the fight between them.

She also didn't know why Jameson appeared here.

She whispered, "Martin. Let's get out of here."

Seeing this, Martin withdrew his gaze from Jameson, "Okay."

Seeing that they were about to leave, Erica wanted to catch them up.

However, Jameson said coldly, "Stop."

Erica turned around and said anxiously, "Jameson..."

Jameson looked at her and said, "I warn you for the last time, don't say anything disrespectful to Sharon and stop acting like a princess who asks everything to go your way." After saying that, he passed Erica and left.

After leaving the restaurant, Sharon stayed silent for a while before saying, "I have to go."

"Sharon."

Martin stopped her and said, "I hope you can consider what I said today."

Sharon smiled at him and said, "Thank you so much for being willing to stand on my side even now. However, too many things have happened in the past three years. Sometimes, I wonder how good it would have been if those things hadn't happened."

After a long time, Martin asked, "Sharon, do you like Jameson?"

"What?"

Sharon was stunned for a while. She didn't say anything for a long time. Martin knew her answer from her silence.

Letting things go, He smiled to Sharon, "I know your answer. I won't say such words again. From today onwards, I will be by your side as a friend."

After a long time, Sharon said, "Thank you."

After leaving, Sharon took a taxi to Tiffany's apartment.

She had sent Tiffany several messages, but Tiffany did not reply.

Tiffany should still be asleep.

Sharon leaned against the car window and looked at the scenery outside in a daze.

Maybe because of Martin's question just now, Sharon was a little distracted.

She almost missed a step going upstairs.

After getting out of the elevator, she stood at the door for a few seconds before patting her face with both hands to wake herself up.

Since Asher cheated on her, Tiffany had changed the password.

Last night, the door was opened with Tiffany's fingerprint.

Sharon did not know what the password was.

She raised her hand and rang the doorbell a few times.

Thinking that Tiffany might not hear the doorbell, Sharon took out her phone to call Tiffany.

However, before she could dial Tiffany's number, her wrist was gripped by someone and her entire body was firmly pressed against the wall.

Sharon widened her eyes and looked at the man in front of her in disbelief, "What are you doing?"

Jameson's expression was slightly cold. He controlled her wrists with one hand and her jaw with the other.

He narrowed his pitch-black eyes and asked, "Martin didn't give you a ride home?"

Sharon felt that he was acting weird. She struggled to get out of his control.

"What does it have to do with you?"

"It's a pity. He should have sent you back."

"You ...oh!"

Jameson forcefully blocked her lips with his and bit her fiercely.

Sharon instantly burst into tears because of the pain coming from her lips, but she was unable to push him away.

Jameson must be crazy! As if he had noticed that she was crying, Jameson's movements on his deep lips gradually became gentle as he held her lips deeper and deeper.

At this time, the door beside him was suddenly opened.

Tiffany stood at the door with her hair disheveled.

She raised her head in a daze.

When she saw the scene in front of her, she was dumbfounded.

Jameson stopped and turned his head to look at Tiffany coldly.

Impatience was written all over his handsome face.

After a few seconds, Tiffany said in a stunned tone, "I'm sorry. You may continue."

As the door slammed shut, Sharon pushed Jameson away. She asked with red eyes, "Jameson, what is wrong with you?"

Jameson licked the blood on his lips and looked at her, "I've given you many opportunities."

However, she wasted his kindness every time.

"Who wants your so-called opportunities? Jameson, we're divorced. Do you understand? You can't do such things to me without my consent!"

Jameson frowned in displeasure, "You brought up the divorce."

"But you also signed the divorce agreement!"

Jameson said peacefully, "I regret it."

Probably because she had never expected such an answer, Sharon was completely stunned.

Tears were hanging on her eyelashes and they did not fall for a while.

His emotionless voice sounded again, "When this marriage will end is up to me."

Sharon gradually calmed down, "Then I am sorry I disappointed you."

Jameson pursed his lips.

Just as he was about to speak, the door beside him has opened again. Tiffany completely woke up now.

Before Jameson could figure out the situation, she pulled Sharon in.

Then she immediately closed the door and locked it.

Tiffany looked at Sharon and whispered, "Sharon, are you alright?"

Sharon's hair was messy, her eyes were red, and her mouth was torn and swollen. She didn't look okay. Sharon shook her head gently.

She wanted to say something, but she was too tired to do that.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 58

He Started a Fight Twilight Club.

William had just arrived at the private room when he saw Jameson sitting there drinking alone. The room was strangely quiet.

He walked over and sat opposite Jameson and poured himself a glass of wine, "What happened?"

Jameson remained silent.

William saw the wound on the corner of his lips and couldn't help but sigh.

He knew what had happened without asking.

After the two drank silently for a while, William said, "Is it that hard for you to admit that you like her?"

Jameson's hand, which was holding the wine cup, froze.

He coldly looked up and said, "What did you say?"

"It's not about what I said, but what you're thinking. You said that you hate your wife, but what everything you've done showed that you liked her."

"That's not gonna happen."

"Then why do you have people keep an eye on Martin?"

After a while, Jameson said indifferently, "She tried to divorce me so that she could marry into the Morton family. Do you think I would give her such a chance?"

William was speechless.

You'll never wake someone who pretends to be asleep.

After Erica returned to the Proctor's, she started smashing things in her room.

The servant stood at the door and did not dare to go in to persuade, so they looked for Evie.

Hearing this, Evie couldn't help but frown, "Who provoked her again?"

"I don't know. Miss Proctor came back like this."

Evie asked, "Has Albert returned yet?"

"Nope." Evie grunted and got up, "I'll go take a look. Have some people tidy up her room."

In recent years, Erica's temper had gotten worse and worse.

After all, she was not a real member of the Proctors, and Albert was getting more and more impatient.

If it weren't for the fact that Albert was preparing to marry Erica into the Morton family, he would have kicked her out long ago.

Evie walked to the door of Erica's room and saw a mess, feeling a headache, "What happened?"

Erica started crying when she saw her.

She was so aggrieved and she said, "Auntie Evie..."

"Stop crying and tell me what happened." "I went to see Martin today, but that woman was pestering him again."

Evie's expression turned cold, "Which woman?"

Erica stammered, "Jameson won't let me say it."

"So you won't talk because he didn't let you? Then don't cry in front of me."

"I will speak."

Erica bit her lips and said, "It's Sharon."

Evie frowned, "Why her?"

"I don't know ... Ever since she divorced Jameson, she has been pestering Martin. I don't know what Jameson means. I only cursed that woman yet he reprimanded me." Evie sneered, "They are the same kind of person."

"Auntie Evie..."

"Alright."

Evie interrupted her, "Erica, you're not young anymore. It's time to behave yourself. If you marry into the Morton family and still be like this. How could Martin like you?"

Erica's eyes lit up after she heard this, "Auntie Evie, will you help me with this?"

"It's not your turn to worry about it. Just be prepared to be the bride."

"Thank you!"

After leaving Erica's room, Evie said to the servant waiting outside the door, "Tidy up as soon as possible."

She had just taken a step when Jeffery appeared at the corner.

He asked warmly, "Mom, do you really want Erica to marry into the Morton family?"

Evie said, "In this situation, even if I don't let her, do you think Albert will agree?"

Jeffery said, "Letting Jameson take charge of Proctor Group is the best choice. I'll find an opportunity to talk to Dad."

"Don't you understand? He doesn't want to find a successor of the Proctor Group, but a puppet that will listen to everything he says. You don't have to worry too much. Jameson is only a puppet that is out of his control. He is inferior to you in every aspect."

Jeffery said helplessly, "Mom, Jameson is my younger brother no matter what." Evie sneered, "Who do you think he is? Does he deserve it?"

Jeffery sighed.

Evie said, "Don't worry about that. Go back to your room and rest."

Sharon sat on the sofa silently.

Tiffany sat opposite her, her hands holding a glass of water.

She would occasionally peek at her, but she did not dare to speak.

After a while, Sharon gradually came back to reality and slowly said, "Are you feeling better?"

Tiffany immediately answered, "Yeah, I drank the sobering soup you cooked for me and the headache was gone."

Hearing this, Sharon thought of something and did not speak again.

Tiffany scratched her head.

Right now, she couldn't figure out the situation, much less find words to persuade her.

A few minutes later, Sharon said, "If you have nothing else, I'll go back. Call me if you need anything."

"Why don't I come with you?"

Tiffany was a little worried about her.

"Asher will definitely come back from time to time. I can stay at your place for a few days to avoid him."

Sharon thought for a moment and felt that it made sense.

“Alright.”

After returning home, Sharon sat in front of her desk for most of the day drawing the design drafts.

Tiffany, on the other hand, lay on the sofa, eating and sleeping.

She woke up and ate again, and she lived an idle life.

In the middle of the night, Tiffany was woken up by the ringtone coming from the study.

Sharon answered a phone call, and her expression changed.

She grabbed her coat and walked out.

Tiffany asked, “What happened?”

“Ruben is in detention.”

“Holy sh*t, what’s going on? I’ll come with you.”

“No need, I’ll go myself. Someone says that Ruben is the victim, so it shouldn’t be a big deal.”

Tiffany said, “Alright then. Call me if you need my help.”

Sharon nodded and left.

When she arrived at the detention center, she saw a few gangsters sitting on stools.

Hearing that someone had entered, they raised their heads one after another.

Everyone’s gazes were filled with ill intentions.

Ruben sat not far away, his handsome face full of injuries.

Sharon took a deep breath and walked over to ask, “What’s going on?”

Ruben looked up at her and frowned, “Why did they call you here?”

“Because I am your sister!”

At this time, a policeman came over with a notebook.

“You are Ruben’s guardian, aren’t you?”

Sharon turned around and nodded, “I’m his sister. What’s going on?”

“Well, that group of people suddenly rushed into your brother’s work place, and then there was a conflict between them, and your brother started a fighting with them.’

The policeman added, “How do you plan to settle this? Do you want to sue them or settling this out of court?”

Ruben suddenly stood up and said, “Out of court. We don’t have to sue them.”

“Sorry, let me talk to him first” Sharon said to the policeman.

The policeman nodded and left. Sharon pulled Ruben aside and said, "Ruben, tell me everything."

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 59

Picked Up from the Street

After Josh took two million from Jameson, he lived a wealthy life. He enjoyed the flattery of others with his well-combed shiny hair.

His vanity began to surge.

At this moment, someone gave him a way to make money.

Two million couldn't satisfy Josh's needs.

After the guy described a bright future to him, he immediately invested all the money he had.

However, there was still a gap of several hundred thousand.

He went to find a loan shark and invited them to join him.

However, this was obviously a trap.

After the swindler ran away with the money, the usurers came to him to ask for the bill.

Josh received the news and hid again, but somehow, those people found out that his son worked in a convenience store, so they went to ask Ruben for the bill.

Naturally, it was impossible for Ruben to give them money, and since they had come with bad intentions, they immediately attacked.

After hearing this, Sharon felt her temples twitch.

No wonder she had a bad premonition.

Seeing that she didn't say anything, Ruben frowned and said, "Don't worry about this. Their lives have nothing to do with us."

"Little boy, you can't say that. It's compulsory to repay your debts. How can we not care?"

A sudden male voice sounded from behind.

Sharon turned her head and unconsciously grabbed Ruben's arm.

This man was the man who broke into their house three years ago and pressed Ruben's hand to let her make a choice.

Ruben also recognized him.

He was filled with coldness.

He wanted to charge forward, but Sharon firmly pulled him back.

Bridger Fowler looked at Sharon and smiled, "What a coincidence. I didn't expect that we would meet again."

Sharon pursed her lips tightly and didn't say anything.

Ruben blocked Sharon behind him, his face covered in coldness, "Ask Josh for the money.' "Who is the angry man? It's Josh's son.I haven't seen you in three years.You have already grown so tall."

As Bridger said that, he turned to the group of hoodlums behind him and said, "Come and take a look.This is the championship of the college entrance exam in our province.Come here to share part of his intelligence."

A group of gangsters began to laugh.

The commotion here alerted the police and a person walked over, "What are you messing with? What place do you think this is?"

Bridger raised his hand and waved, signaling the gangsters to calm down.

"Officer, don't be angry.We have a champion here.We are congratulating him."

Bridger used to practice usury all year round, and he had a record in all the major local police stations.

The police glanced at him and warned him, "Save your satire, get to the point."

"Alright.This is a private matter.We'll just settle it privately.We don't need to trouble you."

At this time, Sharon suddenly said, "I want to sue."

When everyone looked over, she repeated, "I want to sue the people who beat up my brother."

Bridger's expression turned cold.

Just as he was about to speak, Sharon said to him, "Didn't you just want money? I can give it to you, but they hit my brother, so it's impossible to just let it go."

Bridger smiled again, "That makes sense.After all, this is this and that is that."

The group of gangsters usually caused trouble everywhere, and it was common for them to be arrested into the detention center.

Bridger said, "When will you pay?"

"Three days later.I need time to raise money.'

"Good, straightforward of you.Then it's settled."

Ruben grabbed Sharon and said, "You can't give it to him!"

Sharon whispered, "Ruben, leave this matter to me."

Bridger looked at Ruben and clicked his tongue, "Little boy, your sister is much more decisive than you.If I were you, I would have broken my hand three years ago instead of letting her..."

There was a loud noise! Ruben punched Bridger in the face.

All the hooligans behind Bridger immediately stood up.

Bridger waved his hand to indicate that he was fine and rubbed his face, "Why are you all so emotional? Our champion will just hide behind his sister. Let him vent his anger. It's no big deal."

Sharon grabbed Ruben again and said calmly, "Ruben, let's go."

Ruben would start school next week. She didn't want to make a fuss out of it.

After leaving the detention center, Ruben remained silent with a cold expression.

Sharon took a taxi and said to the driver, "Sir, go to the hospital."

After saying that, she said to Ruben, "You need to treat the wounds on your face. Take an X-ray test and see if there are any internal injuries."

Ruben looked out of the window and said after a while, "Do you really want to give them money?"

Sharon smiled, "I'm not a fool. Besides, how can I get so much money?"

They gangsters wouldn't let them back.

How could they leave if they didn't agree? Ruben's tightly knitted brows relaxed.

"Then what should we do now?"

It didn't matter to him, but since those people could find his work place, it was only a matter of time before they could find Sharon's.

"Find Josh first"

"He has been hiding for a long time. Can you find him?"

Josh had been in debt all these years, and he had perfected his skills.

As long as he hid, he would be like a rat in a sewer, which meant that unless he showed himself, it would be very difficult for others to find him.

"There's always a way, Sharon said softly.

"But..."

"Don't worry about this, I can handle it. Just do well in school."

Ruben did not say anything and he did not look good.

Bridger was correct.

Ruben had no choice but to rely on Sharon to bear everything related to money.

But unlike three years ago, he had time to think of a way.

After a while, Ruben said, "Go home. I'll go to the hospital myself."

Sharon was indeed very tired, so she did not force herself.

Ruben asked the driver to send Sharon home first, and then to the Twilight Club.

Seeing that Sharon returned late, Tiffany immediately walked over and asked, "How is it, is Ruben alright?"

"He's mildly injured. He has gone to the hospital."

"What exactly happened?"

Sharon exhaled a sigh of relief, "Josh owed money and ran away again."

Hearing this, Tiffany couldn't help but curse. She had lived for so many years, but she had never seen someone like Josh, who had involved his children time and time again.

He didn't deserve to be a father.

Sometimes, she really suspected that Sharon and Ruben were picked up by Josh from the street.

Sharon said, "Tiffany, I'm not feeling well. I'll go to bed."

Tiffany came back to her senses and said, "Alright, hurry up and go."

Sharon walked into the room and lay on the bed, staring blankly at the ceiling. A feeling of powerlessness spread to all parts of her body.

Although she told Ruben that there was always a way to find Josh, she was still at a loss.

Even if she could find Josh this time, what about next time? Josh was like a bottomless abyss, and she would never be able to fill it.

Moreover, if she were to find him, could she watch as they beat him to death?

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 60

Just Kill Him

"Don't worry. Leave this matter to me. I will definitely help you negotiate a good price." Ruben nodded, "Thank you."

Twilight's manager said, "You don't have to stand on ceremony with me, but...don't you think it's a pity?"

"It's not about pity. Compared to this, I need money now." The manager sighed, "Alright, I'll settle this for you as soon as possible."

Ruben grunted and strode away. The manager turned around and saw a man standing not far away.

He hurriedly walked over and said, "Mr. Proctor."

Jameson only wore a white shirt and stood there quietly with one hand in the pocket on his pants.

He looked in the direction Ruben had left in and said in an emotionless voice, "Why does he need money?"

The manager still remembered that Ruben had beaten him.

Cold sweat immediately broke out on his forehead, but he didn't dare to stay silent, "Something seems to have happened to Ruben's family."

"How much?"

"One million..." Jameson snorted.

He had forgotten that Ruben's family always had a good appetite, and they would ask him for at least a million every time.

Seeing that he didn't say anything, the manager almost had his heart in the mouth, "Mr. Proctor, if there's nothing else, I'll go."

"Okay."

After the manager left, William came out and said, "You don't ask him what happened?"

Jameson raised his legs and left, his voice was emotionless.

"Not interested."

After leaving twilight, Jameson received a call from a stranger.

He pressed on his nose bridge.

When he connected the call, Sharon's cautious voice sounded on the phone.

"Mr. Proctor, are you busy?"

"Speak."

"I..."

Sharon hesitated and remained silent for a long time.

Actually, the moment Jameson's cold voice sounded, she regretted it. She shouldn't have made this call.

Jameson didn't have the patience.

"How about I say it for you?"

Sharon was stunned for a moment, "I..."

"How much, one million? Or two million?"

"That's not what I meant. I just want to..."

Jameson interrupted her, "Sharon, did I give you an illusion today that you can come to me for money?"

On the phone, Sharon was silent for a long time, not knowing what to say.

"You are not an innocent girl. You think that a kiss means that I like you because you don't have any schemes?"

Jameson said indifferently, "We've had sex many times. If I had a crush on you, it should be a long time ago. What do you think?"

"I don't think like that," Sharon said in a hoarse voice.

"You'd better be. It's useless even if you think so."

After Jameson finished speaking, he hung up.

In less than two minutes, Jacob, who was making his hairstyle, received a message from Jameson telling him not to look for a female companion.

Was this ...another quarrel? Sharon held her phone and sat by the window for a long time.

The reason she called was to ask him if she could pay him back next month.

Unexpectedly, that da*n man said such harsh words.

She didn't say anything yet he spoke a lot as if he had sentenced her to death.

She didn't think he liked her unless she was crazy.

After a while, Sharon dialed Josh's number, and it was expected that the call couldn't get through.

After sending him a text message, she threw her phone aside and closed her eyes with the blanket in her arms.

Sharon waited at home for three days before she received a phone call from Josh.

His voice was a little joyful, "My dear daughter, are you really going to give me money?"

"Yeah, come and get it tomorrow."

"No tomorrow. Where is your house? I'll come to you now."

Sharon said, "I don't have enough money right now. Tomorrow. You may not come if you don't want the money." Josh immediately said, "Okay. Tomorrow."

After Sharon told him the address, she didn't want to say another word and hung up.

The next day, just as Sharon left, he saw Ruben standing there.

"I'll go with you," Ruben said. "Then don't be impulsive. No matter what happens, you can't fight them."

"I see."

By the time they arrived at the agreed location, Bridger was already waiting there with a few lackeys.

Seeing Sharon coming in, Bridger stood up and said, "Did you bring the money?"

Sharon took out a card and said, "Here it is."

Bridger reached out his hand to get it, but she said, "Wait, there's still one person who hasn't arrived." Bridger frowned, "You don't want to play any tricks, do you?"

“There are only two of us. What kind of tricks can I play?”

“Alright, then I’ll give you ten minutes.”

Sharon stood there quietly with a cold expression.

Bridger couldn’t help but look at her.

When he went to collect the bill three years ago, he was very impressed with this woman.

She was beautiful, smart, and calm.

She could have a bright future, but it was a pity that she had a father like Josh.

A few minutes later, the door was opened, and Josh’s joyful voice sounded, “Good girl, the money...”

As soon as he finished speaking, Josh saw a group of people in the room, and his expression immediately changed.

He turned around and wanted to run.

Bridger quickly reacted, “Catch him!”

Josh didn’t take a few steps before he was pressed to the ground and kicked in the belly.

After he had no strength to escape, he was carried to the private room on his collar.

As soon as he was brought in, he cursed, “Sharon, you ingrate, I raised you up yet you joined forces with a group of outsiders and set me up, I...”

Before he could finish his sentence, he received another punch in the belly.

Bridger looked at Sharon and said, “Can you give me money now?”

Sharon’s expression was indifferent as she handed him the card.

Just as Bridger was about to call his men to see if there was enough money in the card, Sharon said, “No need to check. There’s only 50,000.”

Bridger’s expression suddenly changed, “Are you tricking me?”

“This is all the money I can gather.”

Sharon glanced sideways at Josh and said, “He is the one who owes you money. Now that I’ve found him for you, shouldn’t you ask him for money?”

Neither Bridger nor Josh had expected her to have such a plan.

Josh immediately began to curse.

His harsh insult irritated Bridger.

Josh took a few more punches before he shut up.

Sharon said indifferently, “If you don’t want the 50,000, you can just kill him. I can live in peace.”

Bridger narrowed his eyes and approached her, "Sharon, what you said was unreasonable."

Ruben stood in front of Sharon and looked at him coldly. Bridger was half a head shorter than Ruben, and he was weaker in aura.

Without turning his head, he instructed, "Hit him."

The next second, Josh's painful howls filled the air.

Sharon forced herself not to watch that scene, but those voices went straight into her ears. She felt a wave of nausea and clenched her fists tightly. She gritted her teeth and didn't say anything.