

Resume 61

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 61

Survival of the Fittest

After all, Bridger wanted money, not Josh's life. Until the shouts behind him gradually faded away, he stopped his man. Bridger glanced at Josh, who was dying, and then he looked at Sharon.

"I didn't expect you to be so ruthless. You just stood there and watched him suffer. I hope you didn't forget he is your father."

Sharon's throat so dry that she couldn't speak for seconds, "If he still considers me and Ruben as his children, he wouldn't come."

Bridger didn't say anything, since it was hard to deny.

"Then what are you going to do?" He said.

Sharon took a deep breath and said, "Here is fifty thousand. As for the rest, it's between you and him. I don't care if you let him work or do anything to pay you. I do not care."

Only through this, those creditors of Josh could understand that Sharon would not repay his debts.

Bridger thought for a few seconds and looked at Ruben, who had been silent, "What about you?"

Ruben's expression was cold, "He deserves it. Do what you need to do."

It was not until he finished, he held Sharon's hand and said, "Let's go."

They left the private room and a subordinate of Bridger asked, "Boss, should we just let them go? What about our money?"

Bridger turned his head and looked at Josh, who was lying on the ground, "He is our money." Josh had been in debts, yet he suddenly got two million from somewhere.

If he could do that for once, he could do it twice.

Bridger kneeled and said to Josh who was on the ground, "I'll give you a few more days. But consider it carefully, the interest will rise day by day. Do not think about escaping. I'll have my men keep an eye on you. If you play any trick, don't blame me for ending your life."

When they were out of the room, Sharon suddenly felt weak.

If it weren't for Ruben holding her arm, she would have fallen to the ground.

After a long time, Sharon said in a hoarse voice, "Ruben, should we do this to him? After all..."

"You said that if he still considers us his children, he won't be here. Since he has come, we didn't do anything wrong." Ruben said.

Sharon remained silent.

Although she had long been numb to Josh's deeds, she could not help but feel sorry when she saw him being beaten and covered with blood.

Ruben said, "Don't worry, he will be fine. You have left the money for them."

Fifty thousand wasn't much, but it could at least keep Josh's life.

"I hope so."

She had asked about Bridger these past few days. He was a loan shark who collected debts. He was smart and meticulous. He definitely wouldn't do such an unprofitable business as killing people because he didn't get the money.

When they arrived at Sharon's home, Ruben took out a card from his bag and gave it to Sharon.

Sharon was puzzled, "What is this?"

"There's some money. I don't need it. Take it."

"New semester is coming, and you will need them. Keep it yourself. Why give it to me?"

Ruben stuffed the card into her hand.

"I already saved for that part. This is for you. You are pregnant and there is no one around to take care of you. Use them to buy anything you need."

Sharon wanted to return it, "I don't need it, you... Before she could finish her sentence, Ruben had turned around and ran away. Sharon looked at his back and smiled.

Ever since Rita was selected by the Proctor Group, she had been in a good mood for days.

It seemed that Mr. Proctor was just joking and pretending he didn't know her.

If she didn't matter to the Proctor Group, she wouldn't have been sent to Paris to study three years ago, and she wouldn't be nurtured now.

What the Proctor Group had offered to her were the best she could get, which was out of the normal designers' reach even they have paid decades of effort.

However, her good mood disappeared when she accidentally heard someone say at door of the toilet that the opportunity to go aboard was about to be given to Sharon, but Sharon refused.

That was why Rita could have the chance.

In no time, Rita's face clouded over.

Why was it always Sharon! Three years ago, Sharon won the first prize in the designer competition.

After Sharon refused, Rita could have the chance.

She didn't expect that it would be the same three years later! Why was she always defeated by Sharon? Returning to her office, Rita took out her phone and called someone, "Have you found anything about Sharon's ex-husband?"

“No, I haven’t. Are you sure she had been married? Maybe it is just an excuse.”

“Who knows?”

Sharon had clarified this matter to the media before.

But how could a home wrecker admit that she was a home wrecker? If she was married, why she didn’t want others to know? People may misunderstand that her ex-husband was someone powerful.

In the afternoon, Rita was at Lance’s office with a new jewelry collection.

With the Proctor Group’s support and the experience of studying abroad, she had both ability and gift.

However, she was too eager for quick success and instant benefits.

People could tell from her design that she really wanted to defeat Sharon.

Lance pressed his temple and said, “There is no problem with your design. However, Lumiere Jewelry already has the First Love Collection. You can try other styles.”

Rita obviously came prepared and said, “It is true that the First Love Collection is quite popular now, which represents the popularity of its kind on the market. Besides, the style is not completely the same. Only when the product comes to the public, we can learn which one is more favorable and has a higher popularity.”

“You mean if this series of yours has a higher popularity than the First Love collection, then the original First Love collection can be discontinued?”

“Of course, the fittest survives.”

“Rita, I know you want to compete with Ally in everything, but you have to know that we are Lumiere Jewelry, which is a jewelry retailer company. It’s not Olympic games.”

His tone was gentle and soft, but his words were sharp.

Rita replied, “Lumiere Jewelry is among the first-tier in the nation. Only through competing with the others can we make ourselves more outstanding. Those who can’t keep up with us can only be weeded out.”

“And you never thought that it could be you?” Lance said.

“That’s impossible, I...”

“Just because you have been to Paris to study for three years, do you think you’re better than Ally?”

Lance said directly, “Let me tell you the truth. Sometimes hard work can’t compare to the talent.”

A subtle change of expression flashed across Rita’s face.

Lance continued, “That’s called the fittest survives. Do you understand?”

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My Ex-Husband’s Mother

As soon as Sharon arrived at the company, she saw Rita coming out of Lance's office with a sullen look. She was unwilling to admit that she was not good as Sharon.

Rita noticed her after a few steps, and got closer on her high heels, "I heard that you were the one that the Proctor Group wanted to support at first?"

"Perhaps," Sharon said indifferently.

"Why did you refuse?"

"I don't take anything that comes with no reason. I will feel guilty for it."

Sharon didn't know why Jameson did set up this post.

He said that it was for Sheila, whereas the official explanation was that the Proctor Group wanted her ability to serve the company.

She was not a young girl who had no idea about the tricks of the companies, how could she believe it? But Rita regarded her words as referring that Rita's opportunity to Paris came with no reason.

It was not because of Rita's efforts, but her alms.

Rita said, "Sharon, don't overestimate yourself.

Do you think that refusing the Proctor Group's offer can make you look so lofty and special? No designer will give up the opportunity to show their works on an international stage.' She looked at Sharon and smiled, "Oh no, I almost forgot. Three years ago, you were the one who gave up the opportunity. People like you are not worthy of being a designer."

When Rita finished, Sharon slowly said, "If you do feel ashamed for having this chance, you Can give it up too."

Words were useless.

They just annoyed Sharon.

Sharon directly left after she had finished.

Rita probably did not expect her to say this.

She stood there for a few seconds before she can react.

She bit her lips tightly to vent her anger.

After Sharon went to find Lance to arrange her work, she asked for leave for Tiffany again.

"How is she now?" Lance asked.

"She still needs more time to adjust herself."

Lance didn't usually ask about the personal affairs of employees.

After a few minutes, Sharon left Lance's office.

As soon as she left the office, Sharon heard his colleagues discussing something in a low voice.

Before she could hear it clearly, a middle-aged man in a suit appeared in front of her.

"Ms. Allyson, Mrs. Proctor wants to meet you."

Sharon hasn't asked which Mrs. Proctor he was talking about and saw Evie standing not far behind him.

In the meeting room, Evie withdrew her gaze from the view outside.

"I didn't expect that you would work here."

Sharon sat there, her hands unconsciously clasped together.

She tried to speak, however, after a long while, she can hear her voice, "Anything I can do for you, Mrs. Proctor?"

Evie glanced at her and said indifferently, "It's been a while since you have divorced Jameson, as a mother, shouldn't I care?"

In fact, Sharon did not believe that Evie was here to care about their fake marriage. Instead, it was as if she was here to pump a prisoner.

After a while, Sharon said, "The divorce procedures have been completed. I didn't take a penny, and Mr. Proctor has no objections."

"Is that so?" There were not any emotions on Evie's face.

"But it is true. Surely, you won't get anything from him."

Before Sharon could reply, Evie said, "How's your salary here?"

"Mrs. Proctor, I..."

"Let's just come straight to the point."

Evie took out an envelope from her bag and threw it on the table.

"Here are the tickets to London and a check for 10 million."

Sharon frowned, "I don't get it."

Evie smiled and said, "I know you need money. Didn't you marry Jameson for money, or 10 million is not enough for you?"

Sharon lightly pursed her lips and said, "Don't worry, since I have already divorced with Jameson, I will not pester him, nor do I have the slightest intention of coveting the Proctor Group's property."

"You misunderstood me."

Evie said coldly, "I don't care about your relationship with Jameson. I want you to leave Martin forever."

Sharon did not expect the purpose of Evie was not Jameson, but Martin.

She was surprised, "What?"

"I believe you've heard that Martin is about to get engaged to Erica, but your presence makes it weird. I came to talk to you today because you were once a Proctor. Take the money and leave this place. This is good for everyone."

Sharon calmed down, "Mrs. Proctor, I have nothing to do with Martin, and I won't accept this money. Also, if I may, Martin doesn't love Erica. Asking me to leave doesn't solve the problem."

"He was born in such a family, then his marriage is not up to him. You should know that, right?"

Hearing this, Sharon's face paled visibly.

The reason for Jameson to marry her was also under his parents' will.

At that time, the Proctor family wanted a child, but now, what did they want? Moreover, if Evie's cold attitude towards Jameson was just her guess, then what she said today could confirm her assumption.

Evie didn't care about Jameson at all. Whatever he was married or divorced with anyone.

It seemed she did not care at all.

But wasn't Jameson her son? Evie stood up and said, "You should think about it. It seems I won't have an answer in a short time. But you should know that no one would hire you as long as I give them an order. Taking this money and leaving is your best choice. How about this, it's my birthday the day after tomorrow. Come and let me know your answer."

Sharon was shocked.

Just as she was about to refuse, Evie had already left.

She never wanted to contact those so-called upper-class people, and she knew that none of them would treat her equally.

It would only be humiliation waiting for her.

Evie knew what would happen and invited her over.

She must plan it on purpose.

Sharon picked up the envelope on the table and felt her head ached.

Sharon could feel those strange gazes from the crowd when she was out of the meeting room.

An assistant photographer, who was closed to her came over and asked tentatively, "Ally, who was that old lady?"

With their curious expressions, Sharon understood what they had in mind.

Although it had been clarified before, there were still quite a few people in the company who considered her as someone's mistress.

Now an old lady came to the company to talk to her.

They surely believe Evie was the man's wife who decided to save her own family.

“My ex husband’s mother! Sharon blurted out, feeling angry and amused. The crowd would not buy it. Besides Evie’s elegant temperament, the bag in her hand was a limited edition of some luxury brand. If she were not the VIP who had spent millions there, she wouldn’t be qualified to buy it.”

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Celebrate His Son Being the Worst in the Class

Rubberneckers were more willing to take this woman as a wife who wanted to deal with a mistress instead of her ex-husband’s mother.

Sharon opened her mouth.

But feelings that all the explanations were in vain, she stopped trying.

She couldn’t even stop Jameson from assuming the worst of her, let alone preventing so many people from speaking ill of her.

After leaving Lumiere Jewelry, Sharon went to the Proctor Group to give Jameson the letter.

The Proctors could make as much trouble as they wanted.

But she preferred not to be a part of it.

When Sharon arrived, she noticed that there seemed to be a new group of receptionists.

After registering, one of them said politely, “Sorry, but a few days ago, Mr. Proctor said he would see no designers from Lumiere Jewelry.” Jameson was indeed bad-tempered.

Sharon pursed her lips and took out the letter, “Then please give this to him.”

“Sorry, said the receptionist, “Mr. Proctor will accept no gift.’ “This isn’t a gift, it’s...”

“I’m very sorry, ma’am. That’s the rule. I can’t do anything about it.”

Sharon could only put the letter back in her bag.

“Anyway, thank you.”

She could only leave with this hot potato.

In the CEO’s office, the Proctor group. Jacob knocked on the door and came in.

“Mr. Proctor, the birthday present for Mrs. Proctor has been prepared. Do you want to see it?”

Jameson did not raise his head, “No.”

“Okay.”

After that, Jacob did not immediately leave. Instead, he stood there, hesitant for the words he was about to say.

Jameson gently raised his eyes, “What is the matter?”

“Our security caught a sneaky person on the second floor...” Jameson looked at him silently.

He looked cold. Jameson was silently asking Jacob why he reported such trivia to him instead of handling it himself. Jacob coughed.

Then he continued, "It's Ms. Allyson's father."

Jameson's expression did not change.

But his tone was colder, "Didn't you know I was divorced?"

Jacob instantly felt cold sweat trickling down his back.

He didn't know what was going on, but he quickly changed his tone and said, "Yes ... Sharon's father wants to see you."

"What does her father have to do with me? If you catch someone who has misbehaved, just send him to the police station. Should I teach you such a common sense?"

"Yes, I will do it immediately."

After leaving the CEO's office, Jacob felt he had walked through hell and finally managed to save his life. Jacob didn't know how Sharon offended Mr. Proctor this time. But Jameson seemed to be very angry.

In the office, Jameson put down the pen in his hand and pressed against his temples. Not long after, his phone rang.

William's voice sounded, "Have a drink?"

"Location?"

"Twilight Club."

When Jameson got to the private room, a group of people were celebrating with champagnes.

He sat on the sofa and asked with his legs crossed, "What is the matter??"

William said with a glass of wine in the hand, "I'm not sure. It seems like the playboy of the White family is admitted to a university. His father invited quite a few people to celebrate."

"Celebrate? Celebrate his son being the worst in the class?"

As he spoke, Barret White saw Jameson. He walked over with a glass of wine.

His face was smiley, "Mr. Proctor, I didn't expect that you'll be here. Thank you for joining us. Let me propose a toast to you."

As he spoke, he raised his head and drank all the wine in the glass. At this time, someone came over.

Putting his hand on Barret's shoulder, that man said, "Barret, I heard that your son got admitted to University A. Quite marvelous!"

The White family was a nouveau riche family.

They were not well-educated. And because of this, they were often ridiculed.

Barret only had a son.

Although his son was bad at school performance, there was nothing he could do about it.

After all, he couldn't shove his son back to his wife's uterus and make her give birth to a studious son.

However, just as everyone was looking down on them, Barret suddenly announced that his son was admitted by the best university in the country and invited many people to celebrate this grand occasion.

William's company had some cooperation with Barret's, so he also received the invitation.

He didn't want to listen to these people's hypocritical flattery alone, so he tricked Jameson over.

Barret said modestly, "My son rarely strikes me as a good student.

I didn't expect that he would do so well at the critical moment.

Luckily, he didn't embarrass our family.' "No singing the blockbuster!"

"You are too kind to say so. I would like to give the credit to my good supervision. I often teach him by word and deed. Otherwise, he won't perform so well in the exam!"

While the two were having a flattering little talk, Jameson glanced at William coldly, who quickly turned his gaze away.

Impatience was written all over Jameson's face.

Just as he stood up and prepared to leave, their voices continued, "Since he was admitted by University A, your son must have got a rather high score, right?"

Barret said with a smile on his face, "It's okay. He got 740, not the perfect score. If he worked harder, maybe he'll get a 10 out of 10."

"740? Such a high score! I heard that our province's top scorer also got 740. Wait a minute, your son is that top scorer?"

Jameson, who walked to the door, paused slightly and glanced at them after hearing this.

Barret noticed that he had made an error of speech.

He instantly changed the topic, "That doesn't matter. Come on, let's drink."

"What's wrong?"

William followed Jameson.

Jameson said indifferently, "Do you think his son can get into college on his own?"

"Forget about college, I remember he made his son admitted by a high school through a huge donation. That school even built several teaching buildings with his money.'

"Then how did his son get into University A?"

William said, "This..."

Jameson frowned.

He interrupted William and said coldly, "Find the manager.'

Five minutes later, the manager pushed open the door of another private room and said, "Mr.Proctor, Mr.Hood, what can I do for you?"

Jameson looked at him, "Why did Ruben come to you a few days ago?"

"Mr.Proctor, you had asked me this before.Ruben needed money...'

"Did he get the money?"

The manager remained silent for a long time before saying, "Yes."

Jameson's expression became even colder, "Who gave it to him?"

The manager suddenly felt his legs unable to support himself.

He didn't know how to answer Jameson's question.

At that time, Ruben wanted him to sell the acceptance letter of University A.

Although selling or buying acceptance letters is illegal, there were indeed many wealthy people who had such a need.

Moreover, these wealthy people had their own ways to make others' acceptance letters their own after buying one.

Previously, when Ruben was still working at Twilight Club, many people had proposed the request of buying his acceptance letter.

But Ruben refused them all.

Until something happened to his family.

Originally, the White family didn't want to offer so much money.

But an acceptance letter of University A was too attractive for them, so they gave the price of one million.

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She Doesn't Deserve My Love

The manager hesitated for a long time.

He did not know how to answer, nor did he know why Jameson would interfere in this matter.

Last time, Jameson did not say anything when he knew that Ruben needed money...

Putting on a sullen look, Jameson already knew the answer, "You can go out now."

"Yes, yes." The manager heaved a sigh of relief and hurriedly left, as if he had gone through many hardships and finally managed to save his life.

After the private room door closed, William said, "Your brother-in-law sold the admission letter?"

Jameson looked at William expressionlessly.

William quickly corrected, "Your ex-wife's younger brother."

Jameson withdrew his gaze and poured a glass of wine as he said coldly, "It has nothing to do with me." Hearing this, William couldn't help but signed.

If it really didn't matter, Jameson wouldn't have called Twilight's manager over for an inquiry.

At this time, Jacob knocked on the door and came in.

"Mr.Proctor, ...Ms.Allyson's father has come here.He wanted to see you and said that the creditor would give him three days to pay the money back."

Jameson did not raise his head and said coldly, "Tell him to go away."

"...Yes."

After Jacob left, the private room door was closed once more.

Jameson's handsome features seemed to be covered with a thin layer of frost, and no one could tell his emotion now.

He clenched the glass and said, "Do you still think I love her?"

William was stunned, "What?"

"Three years ago, she gave up the chance to go to Paris for money.Three years later, her brother gave up the admission letter for money.Do the mercenaries have any merits?"

"Isn't there a reason for that?"

Jameson sneered, "No matter what the reason is, a man who has given up on his own future deserves no pity."

At home, Sharon hung up the phone while Tiffany was walking over with snacks in her arms.

Tiffany was envious, "I also want to have a provincial topper as my brother.Once the man can't be trusted, at least I can rely on brother.By the way, what did Ruben call you about?"

Sharon smiled, "He will start new school year tomorrow.After that, he will have a training for half a month.He asked me to take good care of myself."

"That's right.Why did I forget the military training? It's simply a nightmare.' Tiffany thought for a moment, "Well, let's send Ruben to school tomorrow.

At the same time, we can also visit his school and see if there are any handsome boys in his dormitory.' Sharon signed, "Forget it.Ruben won't want us to go."

Tiffany lay on her bed and said, "That's right.He is sometimes as stubborn as you.Maybe another time."

After a while, Sharon asked gently, "Has Asher been contacting with you recently?"

"I've blacked out his contact information. I guess that he's happily chatting with the bi*ch Yadira. I wish that they won't end up a happy couple."

"Then if ...Asher's mother invites you to her birthday party, will you go?" Sharon asked.

Tiffany sneered, "I will go, why not? I want to tell his mother in front of his friends and relatives what kind of trash he is. I will also print the shameless couple on the leaflets and give them out."

Sharon didn't know what to say. She sighed. She couldn't get much valuable suggestion from Tiffany.

Evie was a tough woman who would never receive others' refusal.

It seemed that Sharon had to go.

The Proctors always acted in such a way that they had accustomed to criticizing others from a subjective perspective and forcing others to do things they didn't like to do.

Perhaps all the rich people were so unreasonable and self-righteous.

The next afternoon, when she was drawing a draft, Sharon received an unfamiliar phone call, "Ms. Allyson, I will come to pick you up for Mrs. Proctor's birthday banquet. Would you like to go downstairs yourself or should I go upstairs?"

Sharon pursed her lips and said, "I'll come down by myself. Wait a moment."

"Okay.

After hanging up, she took a look at the untouched envelop on the table and took a deep breath before leaving.

Downstairs, a middle-aged man looked at Sharon and said, "Ms. Allyson, are you going to dress like this?"

Sharon dressed loosely and put on a makeup.

She said, "I went to say happy birthday to Mrs. Proctor and returned the things before leaving."

The middle-aged man nodded slightly and opened the car door for her.

Evie's birthday banquet was held at the Proctor's.

It was different from the past.

Today, it was bustling.

There were many luxury cars in the mansion, and the guests chatted with each other happily.

Sharon got off the car and looked down at this luxurious place.

She turned around, only to find that the middle-aged man had disappeared sometime.

Sharon could see Evie only after she walked through the courtyard filled with distinguished guests.

Now, Sharon understood what Evie meant by inviting her over.

Only when she saw the difference between the Proctors and her would Sharon not try to get anything that did not belong to her.

Every step she took today was to make her more sober.

Sharon clenched her fists and walked in step by step.

All the guests were well-dressed.

Seeing Sharon dressed casually, they felt surprised and whispered to each other.

Some of these people recognized her as Jameson's wife, and some did not know who she was.

After walking past the courtyard, Sharon stopped and stood at the door as she pursed her lips slightly.

At this moment, a gentle male voice suddenly came from behind her, "Sharon?"

Sharon turned around and greeted, "Mr.Proctor."

Jeffery put on a faint smile as he steered his wheelchair closer to her.

"Did you come with Jameson?"

Sharon shook her head, "I'm here to find Mrs.Proctor.' Hearing this, Jeffery was somewhat surprised.

Sharon took out an envelope from her bag and said, "It's good to see Mr.Proctor here.Please give this envelope to Mrs.Proctor for me.I won't go in."

"This..."

Jeffery did not reach out to pick it up, but asked, "Has my mother talked with you? Because of Erica?"

"That's right.Martin and I are just friends.There's really no need for her to do this."

Jeffery looked around and slowly said, "It's rare for you to come here.Don't leave in a hurry.Push me to the back."

Sharon could not refuse his request, so she put the envelope in her bag and pushed Jeffery into the garden behind the mansion.

The further they went, the fewer people there were.

Jeffery suddenly said, "I guess you must be very curious about why my mother didn't object your marriage with Jameson but looked for trouble with you just because of the marriage between Erica and Martin, right?"

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Hit the Nail on the Head

Sharon pursed her lips.She did not say anything.

She did not understand, but she did not care about the affairs of the Proctor family.

Jeffery continued, "Jameson may haven't told you this.He and I are half-brothers."

Sharon was stunned for a moment, not knowing how to respond to that.

“My father had him with another woman.”

Jeffery turned his wheelchair around and said, “I was ten years old when I had a car accident. That accident disabled my legs. I can’t stand up again in my life. But the Proctors need an heir. So my father took Jameson back. He was only seven years old at that time. My mother always felt that Jameson had taken what should be mine. So she dislikes Jameson.”

Jeffery smiled and said, “Although we shouldn’t blame Jameson for the car accident, my mother tends to go extreme. I can only try to reconcile them. In addition, since Jameson took over the company, the Proctor Group has developed rapidly in his hands.

Because of this, even my father is wary of him.

This is also why they are so anxious to let Erica and Martin get engaged.

They wanted to use the power of the Morton family to slowly transfer the shares in Jameson’s hands.

Although Jeffery’s words were obscure, Sharon understood his meaning.

Jameson was the illegitimate son of the Proctor family.

He did not have a good time in his family.

On the surface, he appeared to be the powerful CEO of the Proctor Group.

In fact, his father was afraid of losing control of him because he was too capable.

And his father wanted a new heir.

Sharon suddenly understood why Jameson’s parents ignored Jameson’s objections three years ago and insisted on her marrying into the Proctor family.

What they wanted was the child in her belly.

Subconsciously, Sharon placed her hand on her belly.

Cold sweat began to trickle down her back.

No wonder Jameson refused to have a child.

If the Proctors knew about this child’s existence, they would do anything they could to...

Jeffery continued, “I watched Jameson grow up. Although he is aloof and often says harsh words, he doesn’t have the sinister and underhanded ways of this circle. He is surrounded by cruel things, but he always knows what he wants.”

“Jameson assumes the worst of people. It perhaps had something to do with what he grew up with. So, most of the time, even though he really cares about someone, he will not show his care with his words. Sometimes, you shouldn’t listen to what he says but see what he does. And what he does shows his real character.”

Sharon wanted to say that what he did was no better than what he said.

Neither of them was humane.

Jeffery may have overvalued Jameson because Jameson was his brother.

Seeing Sharon stay silent, Jeffery added, "I know that I should not be the one to tell you this, but Jameson will never say it himself. I don't want you to misunderstand him. I don't want such misunderstanding to lead to a conflict between you..."

Sharon smiled and said, "Mr. Proctor, I know what you mean. You trust me and told me all the secrets of the Proctors. I am very grateful. However, Jameson and I are divorced.

How he really is has nothing to do with me.

But don't worry, I won't tell anyone about what you said today.

Your secrets are safe with me: "The maid said you are here. You..."

Before Evie finished her words, she saw Sharon behind Jeffery, and her expression instantly turned cold.

"Mrs. Proctor, Sharon said. Evie glanced at Jeffery and then looked at her, "It seems you have made your decision."

"Mrs. Proctor, last time, I have said that Martin and I are not in the kind of relationship you imagined. And I can't interfere in the marriage between him and Erica."

Just as Sharon was about to take out the letter, Jeffery suddenly said, "Sharon, Jameson didn't give you anything when you divorced. Take this money as compensation from the Proctors."

Hearing what he said, Sharon felt her face burning.

"No..." Sharon immediately refused him.

However, it was still late.

"So that's why you're here today.' Behind Sharon, Jameson's voice was cold and mocking.

"..Sharon.

Obviously, Evie didn't want to see Jameson.

As soon as he came here, she turned around and left.

Jeffery sighed, "Jameson, you misunderstood her. Sharon didn't come here for money. I am the one who asked her to accept that."

Jameson stood there straightly.

He said in a cold tone, "You don't have to explain for her. I can't be clearer about her character."

"Jameson... Just as Jeffery was about to continue, the butler walked over and said to Jameson, "Mr. Proctor, your father wants to see you."

Before he left, Jeffery told Jameson, "Jameson, speak to Sharon with kind words."

For a moment, only the two of them were left in the huge garden.

Sharon turned around and pursed her lips, "Mr.Proctor.' Jameson took a glance at her and his gaze fell on the letter in her hand.

"How much did you get this time? Is it enough to pay your debt to me?"

Sharon clenched her fingers.Her face was slightly pale.

"You're right about something.We're divorced.I don't want to see you again.You pay me back.And never show up in front of me.Jameson's tone was mind.He didn't say it sarcastically.However, his words made Sharon feel extreme coldness.

For a while, Sharon did not say anything.

Jameson continued, "What, they didn't give you enough money? I remember you wanted half of the Proctor Group.Such a small sum of money can't satisfy you, right?"

After some time, Sharon said peacefully, "Mr.Proctor, you're thinking too much.Mrs.Proctor wants me to leave Martin.So she gives me this money.It has nothing to do with you."

Jameson, "..."

If you were going to hurt someone, just hit the nail on the head.

Clearly, Sharon knew how to hurt Jameson's ego.

Sure enough, Jameson's expression instantly turned frighteningly cold.

Sharon felt coldness surrounded him.Sharon experienced some nausea.

She did not want to continue the stalemate with him.She placed the letter on the tea table beside her.

"I left it here.You can do whatever you want.Tell others I took the money.Anyway, you guys always like to judge others based on what you think."

Just as Sharon took a step forward, she heard Jameson's cold voice, "Does your brother know you treat money like dirt?"

Sharon stopped and turned to him, "What do you mean?"

Jameson curled his lips and said, "Have a guess.

"What the he*!!

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 66

Make the Stupidest Choice for Money

Jameson glanced at the hall, "The banquet is about to begin."

After he finished speaking, he raised his leg and walked towards the second floor.

"Mr.Proctor..."

Sharon's heart was in a mess by this unfinished sentence.

Jameson didn't turn his head back, leaving her with a cold silhouette.

Sharon gritted her teeth, clenched her fists and followed.

On the second floor, Jameson pushed open the bedroom door and headed straight for the cloakroom.

Sharon followed behind him without thinking, "Mr.Proctor, what happened to my brother? Please tell me clearly."

Jameson picked a tie with his long fingers and said coldly, "This is a private area.This lady, please leave, otherwise I will call the police."

What was wrong with this man? "Mr.Proctor, please tell me what happened to my brother.I promise that I will leave immediately.I will definitely not stay for another second."

"Your brother? He's just like you.He made the stupidest choice for money."

Sharon thought of the card Ruben had given her for no reason.

Uneasiness instantly spread in her heart.She did not have time to worry about anything else.

She raised her hand and grabbed Jameson's arm, "Mr.Proctor."

Jameson looked down at her hand and Sharon withdrew it.Just as she was about to speak, a tie was handed over to her.

"The most urgent thing now is the banquet downstairs," he said coldly.

Sharon gritted her teeth, wishing she could strangle him with this tie on the spot.

As she tied his tie, Jameson looked at her face without the slightest bit of emotion, "Martin should be very happy to see you here because he will get engaged."

Sharon could not bear it any longer and tightened the tie.Jameson frowned.

Sharon adjusted the tie, "Sorry, I got a little rusty."

She couldn't hide her thoughts from Jameson.

Jameson snorted coldly and took out a skirt from the wardrobe, "Change it." Sharon was stunned, "Me?"

Jameson was impatient, "Could it be me?"

Sharon was speechless.

Why did this jerk get so harsh today? "Mr.Proctor, I just want to know what happened to my brother," she said after a moment of silence.

"I'll leave as soon as I get the answer."

"I don't want to say it now."

Jameson said, "If you don't have the patience, you can go ask your brother directly."

Sharon felt that her temples were about to explode from anger. If she could ask Ruben, why would she be here to beg him? After thinking for a while, Sharon said, "Mr. Proctor, I don't want to go to the banquet. You can make other requests."

Jameson leaned against the wardrobe and said after a few seconds, "Do you think I want to go?"

Sharon remained silent as she recalled what Jeffery had said not long ago.

She had enough reason to suspect that this jerk was going to use her as a shield against Evie's curse.

"I can't wear this dress," Sharon said softly.

"They are all of your size." Sharon blushed and said, "Recently ...I've gained weight."

Jameson was lost for words.

He sneered, "Looks like you've been doing well in every aspect since the divorce."

Actually, Sharon's arms and legs didn't change at all.

However, these dresses were mostly tight on the waist, and her belly would be eye-catching if she wore any of them.

Sharon pulled her pants and said, "I'd rather go in this."

In any case, they would mock her.

What she wore would just be an additional joke.

"Whatever you want."

After saying that, Jameson lifted his leg and left the room.

Sharon could only maintain a certain distance and follow behind him.

At this time, all the guests gathered in the hall, drinking wine and chatting with each other.

Because there were too many people, Jameson soon disappeared from Sharon's eyesight.

She looked in his direction and opened her mouth.

In the end, she just found a corner to stand and weakened her sense of existence.

She only hoped that the banquet could be over early.

After thinking for a while, she took out her phone and called Ruben, but he was busy.

Sharon pursed her lips and sent a message to Tiffany, asking her to visit Ruben's school.

Although she didn't know what had happened, judging from Jameson's tone, it definitely wouldn't be a good thing.

Not long after, Sharon suddenly felt a wave of nausea.

It was probably because of the baby in her belly.

No one paid attention on her.

She took advantage and went to the bathroom on the first floor.

When Sharon washed her hands, a girl came over and looked at her several times.

Sharon did not remember seeing her, so she was a little puzzled.

When she met the woman's line of sight, she nodded politely and turned around to leave.

After Sharon left, Natalia slowly withdrew her gaze.

At this time, Aylin walked over with a big belly, "Natalia, why have you been gone for so long?"

Natalia turned around and smiled, "Nothing much. I saw something unbelievable." Aylin sighed, "Do you think Martin will get engaged tonight?"

Although the banquet was claimed to be Evie's birthday celebration, it was actually arranged in advance by the two families.

At that time, they would announce the engagement in front of every guest.

Not only Martin, but also Jameson, was caught in the dilemma.

Although the two families had agreed to the marriage, the Proctor Group was basically in Jameson's hands.

To put it decently, it was the marriage between the two families, but in essence, it was cooperation between the two companies.

Natalia said, "Since Martin will come today, that means he has accepted it."

Aylin was somewhat helpless, "In the current situation, I have no other choice."

Perhaps the outsiders hadn't noticed, but the Morton family had clearly been on the decline these past two years.

Martin's father had thought of many ways but they were useless.

Therefore, seeing that there was a chance to join the Proctor family, even if his father knew that Erica was unruly and willful, he disregarded Martin's opinions and agreed to the Proctor family's conditions.

Last night, Martin's parents called him in to chat for an entire night.

Benefits and feelings on this kind of business marriage should be told apart.

If he really didn't like Erica, he could immediately divorce after the cooperation ended.

Marriage was only a superficial excuse.

In fact, whether it was Jameson or Erica, they were only Albert's pawns.

Once a pawn was out of control, Albert would immediately use another to achieve his goal.

After getting Aylin back to the banquet hall, Natalia was just about to find out where Sharon was when Erica walked over with an ugly expression.

“What’s wrong?” She asked.

Erica gritted her teeth and said, “That shameless woman is here. She must know that Martin and I are getting engaged and came to destroy us on purpose! If only my cousin wasn’t here! Otherwise, I could just kick her out!”

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 67

We Won’t Have Any Contact in the Future

“Didn’t Jameson hate her very much?” Natalia asked thoughtfully.

“Yes! But I don’t know what happened recently. Jameson warned me not to cause trouble for her again.”

Natalia picked up the glass and casually said, “Perhaps it’s because she’s pregnant.” Erica suddenly widened her eyes, “What! But she...”

Natalia whispered, “I’ve seen her go through a maternity examination in the hospital before, and then I’ve inquired about her. It’s quite possible. Erica, don’t tell anyone else. She’s divorced Jameson, so now it’s not clear who is the baby’s father.”

Natalia said euphemistically, but Erica could understand the intended meaning.

Erica’s eyes were full of hatred.

That shameless woman had been pestering Martin lately.

And today, she suddenly appeared here.

She must want to use the baby to threaten Martin in front of everyone! She wanted Martin to marry her! Erica would never let such a thing happen! Erica angrily turned around and went to look for Sharon.

Natalia looked at her back and slowly drank the wine in the glass.

Sharon was still waiting for calls from Tiffany.

The panic and uneasiness in her heart grew stronger and stronger.

At this moment, someone shouted to her, “Come here and clean up this place.”

Sharon looked over.

It was likely that a child accidentally knocked over a wine glass while playing. Red wine stains were everywhere on the ground.

Seeing that she didn’t move, the man said, “What are you doing? Do you know who would be here today? If anyone slips, can you bear the consequences?”

“Sharon.”

Martin’s voice came from the side.

When the arrogant man saw Martin, his attitude changed dramatically, he stepped forward and greeted, "Mr. Morton, I've heard so much about you. I'm..."

Martin gave a glance at that man.

The usual tenderness in his eyes had vanished.

He pulled Sharon out of the front hall. They went to the pool.

Martin said, "Sharon, why are you here?"

Sharon said, "I have something to do."

She paused for a moment before asking, "Are you getting engaged to Erica?"

Martin laughed, "Jameson told you?"

He looked elsewhere and said after a long time, "To me, if I can't marry someone I like, it doesn't matter who I'm with."

Sharon didn't know what to say, "Martin..."

If he was engaged to someone else, she would sincerely bless them as a friend.

However, she really knew what kind of person Erica was.

No matter what, she still hoped that Martin would consider it.

Martin said, "Sharon, you don't have to blame yourself. Last night, I finally found out that it's actually a marriage between the Morton family and the Proctor family. My family needs this business partner. It's not that Erica required to get engaged to me."

Sharon was suddenly speechless.

Compared with the business partnership, which was worth billions, love was nothing.

The wealthy clans were just glamorous on the surface, but in fact, their life was totally ruthless and shady.

"Sharon, I hope you can find someone who you like and also like you in the future."

They were just like this before.

But they missed each other time and time again.

Martin had often thought that if there was no Paris date, if he could be less calm and rational, and if he spoke his mind earlier, they wouldn't have such an ending.

After a long time, Sharon smiled faintly, "There should never be such a person." "You and Jameson..."

Martin said after a silence.

"It's impossible for him and me. It's just that some debts haven't been settled yet. After we settle them clearly, it's time to call it even. We won't have any contact in the future."

“That’s good. The Proctor family is far more complicated than I imagined. Jameson is not a good man either.” Martin still had a lot of things to deal with tonight, so he left soon after the talk. Sharon did not want to go back to that suffocating place. She stood in the wind and looked at the sparkling pool. She did not notice that Jameson was standing not far away looking at her.

His face looked cold, enveloped by the moon light, with a hint of emotion.

How dared her think that what she owed him would be settled after she paid the debt? After a while, Jameson coldly withdrew his gaze and left.

At the same time, Sharon received a phone call from Tiffany.

Tiffany went to Ruben’s school, but the teachers said that there was no such a student called Ruben.

She did not believe it and asked others around.

Ruben was the top student in the province and had the highest score in the whole school.

It was easy to inquire about him.

In the school’s high score list, Tiffany found that the highest score was the same as Ruben’s, but that person was not Ruben at all.

The principal rushed over.

Hearing that she was looking for Ruben, he instantly kept silent.

He only said that there was no such person in the school and asked the security guards to take her out.

Sharon held the phone and closed her eyes.

She already knew what was going on.

Tiffany still hadn’t figured out the situation, “Sharon, what’s going on? I called Ruben but couldn’t get through. The teachers and the principal all said like that, and I almost suspected that I was wrong.”

“I’ll explain it to you when I get back.”

Sharon pursed her lips and said, “Go to the convenience store where Ruben used to work and see if he’s still there.”

“Alright, I’ll go over now.” After hanging up the phone, Sharon suddenly felt a little powerless.

She would never have thought that Ruben would sell his admission letter.

Did he know what this meant to him...

Right at this moment, Sharon suddenly heard the footsteps behind her.

The wind around her was inexplicably getting colder.

She tensed up.

Just as she was about to turn around, someone knocked her down heavily.

In front of her was the pool that was rippled by the wind.

Sharon fell into the pool and felt the water pour into her ears and nose.

She tried to struggle reflexively, but she could not catch anything except water in her surroundings.

As her body gradually sank, Sharon lost all her strength.

She looked at the endless darkness in front of her and suddenly wanted to give up somehow.

Sometimes life seems so tiring to her.

Jameson had just reached the front hall when he heard a servant behind him shouting, "Someone has fallen into the pool!"

He paused slightly and turned around only to discover that Sharon, who was standing by the pool before, had disappeared.

Jameson shuddered and quickly turned back.

By the time he ran to the pool, the water had become calm.

Without any hesitation, he directly jumped into the water.

In a state of chaos, Sharon felt someone hold her, and air was constantly sent into her mouth.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 68

He is a Two-faced Man

Before she could tell how long she had slept, Sharon seemed to see the light. Again, she could breathe in fresh air.

Jameson frowned and patted her face, "Sharon, wake up."

The woman lying on the ground did not react at all.

He bent down to listen to her breathing and pressed down on her chest.

After Sharon coughed out a mouthful of water, Jameson was just about to press her abdomen and let her spit out all the water when Martin, who had rushed over, grabbed his hand suddenly.

Jameson said coldly, "Go away."

Quite a few people who had heard the news had come over to watch.

Martin pursed his lips tightly and did not explain too much.

He only said, "The doctor will be here soon."

Jameson shook off his hand and said, "I repeat, go away." At this moment, Jameson's other hand was gently pulled by someone, "I ...I'm fine..."

Jameson looked at Sharon who had woken up.

Her little face was pale, and her brows were knitted in a little frown.

He couldn't tell what was wrong with Sharon.

Two seconds later, Jameson retracted his gaze, pulled his hand back, and expressionlessly looked at Martin before getting up and leaving.

After Jameson left, Martin hugged Sharon in his arms, "Sharon, I'll take you to the hospital."

When Martin picked Sharon up, Aylin hurriedly came over from the crowd to stop him, "Martin, what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to the hospital."

"Are you crazy? Don't you forget tonight's engagement?"

Aylin glanced at the woman in his arms, "Jameson doesn't care about her. Why do you care so much? Don't forget what you promised our parents before coming here? If tonight's engagement is messed up, the Morton Group will be finished!"

Aylin added, "She's awake, so it won't be serious. She just needs to go to the hospital for a check-up. Leave her to me and I'll take good care of her. Don't worry."

As she spoke, Aylin asked the bodyguards behind her to bring Sharon over from Martin's hands.

Just as the bodyguards were about to take Sharon away, Martin said, "Aylin, you are also a mother. You should be able to understand her feelings."

Hearing this, Aylin's body stiffened, "Martin, what do you mean?"

"Nothing. I can leave her to you. But if the child in her belly is gone, I will not agree to the marriage, even if I offend the Proctors."

"Sure enough, she is a despicable woman! Martin, you..."

"The child is not mine."

Martin said, "I just hope that she will be fine."

Soon, the ambulance arrived at the door.

Martin watched Sharon being sent into the ambulance before he slowly withdrew his gaze.

In the ambulance.

Aylin sat beside Sharon and couldn't help but bite her lips.

Twenty minutes ago, Erica was furious because she couldn't find Sharon.

Seeing that, Aylin went to ask Erica what had happened.

Erica told Aylin that Sharon had pretended pregnant to marry into the Proctor family and she had pestered Martin again after the divorce.

Erica also told that Sharon actually wanted to use the same trick again and planned to use the child in her belly as a bargaining chip to ruin tonight's engagement.

Aylin was several years older than Erica, and she wasn't as impulsive as Erica.

So, she just assured Erica that tonight's engagement would be held as scheduled.

After comforting Erica, Aylin called for a bodyguard and asked if anyone saw Martin. The bodyguard said that he saw Martin and a woman walking towards the pool.

Aylin instantly had a plan.

She had calculated the time to save Sharon.

She just wanted Sharon's miscarriage, not Sharon's life.

However, it was just an impromptu plan which wasn't be thoroughly designed.

Aylin did not expect that Sharon was seen by the servants when she fell into pool.

And she also did not expect Jameson to appear.

Jameson seemed to really hate his ex-wife, so he just saved her and left.

Before Martin said that, Aylin had even thought that she would have the child gone after she sent Sharon to the hospital.

Afterwards, she would explain that it was a miscarriage caused by falling into the water, which made perfect sense.

But Aylin didn't expect Martin to actually see through her intentions...

Jameson went back to his room.

He pulled off his tie, took off his wet shirt and went into the bathroom.

When he exchanged his clothes and came out, Jameson saw Jeffery waiting in the corridor.

Jameson said indifferently, "What's up?"

Jeffery looked at him and said, "Jameson, I heard that Sharon fell into the water. How is she now?"

"She is okay. She won't die."

Jeffery smiled embarrassedly, "Aren't you going to see her?"

Jameson said in a cold tone, "I'm not a doctor. My visit won't do any help."

"It's different after all."

Jeffery sighed, "Jameson, don't be impulsive and don't do anything that you may regret."

"Regret? The thing I regret the most in my life is meeting her."

Jameson didn't want to talk about that anymore and said indifferently, "I'm leaving."

He only needed to show up at the engagement.

Keeping her company was just a hypocrisy, which would only make Sharon and him feel disgusted.

“Jameson.”

Jeffery’s voice came, “Don’t worry. Even if Erica and Martin are engaged, it won’t threaten your position in the Proctor Group.”

Jameson sneered in disdain, “Of course.”

He had never taken the Morton family as his competitor.

He didn’t care what his father wanted to do with the Morton family.

When the black Rolls-Royce slowly drove out of the carved gate, Jacob peeked at Jameson from the rearview mirror several times and hesitated to say something.

Jameson closed his eyes and raised his hand to rub his eyebrows, showing an extreme impatience, “Go ahead.”

Jacob immediately sat upright and spoke after some hesitation, “I heard that ...Mr.Sharon ...you came out of the pool and got wet.It was a little cold, and you might catch a cold.Do you want to go to the hospital to see a doctor?”

Jameson said coldly, “I’m fine.”

“Alright.”

Jacob didn’t dare to make a sound.

He was quiet along the way and didn’t say anything else.

When the car was about to arrive at the Star Lake Mansion, Jameson slowly opened his eyes and put his fingers on his temples, “Turn around.”

“What?” Jacob didn’t hear it clearly.

“Headache.Go to the hospital.”

“Yes...” Jameson was really a two-faced man.

In the hospital, Aylin left after settling down Sharon.

When Jameson arrived, the doctor had just sent Sharon to the ward and was telling the nurse the instructions.

Jameson stood at the door of the ward and didn’t enter either.

He just looked from afar with no expressions on his face.

Sharon lay on the bed, breathing evenly.His face was thin, as if she had lost a lot of weight.

She said she had put on a few pounds, but it seemed that she was thinner now.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 69

You Have No Reason to Keep It

When the doctor and nurse left, they saw him, and the doctor said, "You are the patient's family, right? She..."

Jameson withdrew his gaze and said coldly, "No."

"Then you are?"

"Just passing by.' The doctor was lost for words.

Why did a passer-by stand here and look at other people for so long? Just as the doctor was about to leave, Jameson suddenly said, "She has a bad stomach.

Give her an examination.' The doctor was stunned.

"Bad stomach? What are the symptoms?"

"She often feels sick and wants to vomit.' The doctor smiled gently and said, "Although stomach disease can cause these symptoms, since the patient is already pregnant for four months, nausea and vomiting are normal symptoms of pregnancy. There is no need to be too nervous."

Jameson was looking at Sharon, but when he heard this, his black pupils contracted.

His gaze was like an ice-cold blade, and his entire body carried a chill, "Excuse me?"

"Nausea and vomiting are normal reactions of pregnancy. Don't worry.'

"Previous to this."

The doctor was confused and asked, "The patient is already pregnant for four months, right?"

Jameson suddenly became distracted. The words that Sharon had said appeared in his mind clearly.

"Didn't you always ask me what I wanted this time? Jameson, I'm pregnant. I must plan for the future of the baby in my belly. I want half of the property under your name."

"Perhaps it's because I've never been on a catwalk before. I'm a little nervous. When I get nervous, I feel sick and want to vomit. I'll be fine later."

"I just realize that my stomach medicine is gone. I wonder if I have left it in your office..."

"That's not mine, it's Tiffany's. She is getting married soon and she is ready for a baby."

"Tiffany is preparing to conceive. As the godmother of the baby, it's normal for me to buy these things.' He actually believed her clumsy lies.

After the doctor left, Jameson closed the door of the ward and walked in with his long legs.

He sat in front of Sharon's bed with cold and mocking expression.

"Sharon, why did you keep lying to me as if I'm a fool? I know what kind of person you are, but I bought your lie every time."

On the bed, Sharon did not react at all.

Jameson looked down and found that her hands had always been placed on her abdomen.

Even if she was unconscious, she still maintained a protective posture.

Four months.

She was hiding it well.

Sharon did not know how long she had slept. When she woke up, she felt like she was in a daze.

She felt uncomfortable somehow.

After taking a few seconds to regain senses, she remembered the scene of falling into the water and touched her belly with her hands.

Feeling that the little baby was still here, Sharon heaved a sigh of relief.

She turned around and was about to see where she was when she met a pair of dark and cold eyes.

After exchanging glances for a few seconds, Sharon bounced out of the bed and sat on the bedside with the quilt in her arms.

Her expression was indescribably nervous, "Mr. Proctor ... What are you doing here?"

Jameson's voice was indifferent, "Who knows? Maybe I'm just passing by."

Sharon suddenly remembered that it was Jameson who saved her from the pool.

She couldn't help but clench the quilt tightly and cautiously said, "Mr. Proctor, did you send me to the hospital?"

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

Sharon uncomfortably shifted her gaze away.

What kind of gaze was that? The gaze made her nervous.

After a while, Sharon looked at the blue sky through the window and said, "Did I sleep all night? Sorry for the trouble, Mr. Proctor. I can call my friend here."

Jameson said, "Which friend?"

"Just ... Tiffany, Mr. Proctor, you've seen her before."

Jameson replied coldly, "Didn't you say she was preparing for pregnancy? Is she pregnant?"

Sharon didn't know why he brought this up. She couldn't help but feel a little nervous.

Without thinking, she said, "I don't know. Maybe... yes."

"You mean she is pregnant and still can come to the hospital to take care of you, right?"

“Right! Then it doesn’t matter if she can’t come. I’m just choking on water. It’s not a big deal. I should be able to discharge in the afternoon.”

After she finished speaking, Jameson slowly said, “If I remember correctly, her boyfriend seems to have cheated on her. Under such circumstances, she is still willing to have a baby with that man. It seems that your friend is much more magnanimous than you. You should learn from her.”

Sharon was lost for words.

This guy must be insane. At this moment, there was a knock on the door.

Jameson withdrew his gaze and said indifferently, “Come in.”

Very quickly, Jacob came in. He held a brown paper bag in his hand and placed it in front of Jameson.

“Mr. Proctor, everything is settled.”

“OK. You can go.”

Jacob nodded to Sharon slightly and quickly left.

The door to the ward was closed, and there were only them two left in the room again.

This was the first time that Sharon could not see through Jameson.

His expression was so calm that it made her feel scared.

Jameson threw the brown paper bag to her and said, “Open it.”

“What is this?” Jameson didn’t answer, his expression indifferent.

Sharon could only pick up the brown paper bag and open it.

When she took the stuff out, Jameson’s emotionless voice sounded, “This is half of the property under my name. Sign it, and they will be yours.”

Sharon’s hands stopped, and she looked up at him, her throat feeling astringent.

“Mr. Proctor, what do you mean?”

“Didn’t you ask for half of my property, or do you regret it now and want more?”

Sharon remembered very clearly when she made this request.

No wonder Jameson had asked her about Tiffany’s pregnancy so abnormally just now.

It turned out that he did it on purpose.

It seemed that he already knew.

Sharon put in half of the documents and remained silent for a while before saying, “What do you want?”

Jameson did not hesitate and said coldly, “Abortion.”

Even though Sharon already knew his answer, she still felt like something had stabbed into her heart, causing her to feel so painful that she could hardly breathe.

"I didn't expect Mr. Proctor to be so generous. You are willing to pay such a high price just for an unborn child."

"It's a fair deal." Not only was it fair, it was simply a huge profit.

"Then what if..."

Sharon bit her lips tightly until the smell of blood came, and then she said in a hoarse voice, "What if I want to keep it?"

Jameson's expression remained unchanged, "You have no reason to keep it." Sharon smiled.

Yes, in his eyes, whether she was faking pregnancy or truly pregnant, her purpose of approaching him was to ask for money.

Now that she could trade an unborn child for half of his property, she had no reason to refuse.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 70

Maybe It Was All Fate

Jameson stood up and said indifferently, "I'll give you three days. If you want something else, just say it. If you miss this chance, you'll never have another one."

After walking to the door, Jameson stopped and said slowly, "If you had made your choice earlier, your brother would not have risked his own future for a mere one million."

Sharon gritted her teeth tightly, her eyes bloodshot.

She tried her best to stop her tears from flowing out.

After Jameson left, Sharon pulled out the syringe on the back of her hand.

As she walked out of the hospital, she called Tiffany.

Ruben was no longer working in the convenience store.

Tiffany had been looking for him all night but could not find him.

When Tiffany and Sharon met up, Tiffany was shocked to see Sharon's pale face and red eyes.

"Sharon, what happened?"

Sharon shook her head and said, "Let's find Ruben first."

When it was almost dusk, Ruben finally picked up the phone.

Sharon calmly said, "Ruben, where are you?"

"I'm in military training..."

"Where?"

On the other end of the phone, Ruben was silent for a moment before saying, "Outsiders are not allowed to enter during military training."

"Give the phone to your teacher or instructor. I'll talk to them."

Ruben stopped talking.

Sharon was so tired that she repeatedly asked, "Ruben, where are you? Don't lie to me"

Ruben found a job near University A.

He thought that if Sharon came to see him, he could say that he worked part-time here, so she would not find out.

However, he did not expect that she would discover it so quickly.

After a while, Ruben said, "Stay where you are. I'll come to you."

On Ruben's way here, Tiffany learned about the whole thing from Sharon and was lost for words for a moment.

Tiffany knew that Josh was a disaster.

Sharon and Ruben had been relying on each other since childhood.

Sharon valued her younger brother the most in her life.

Now that Ruben had sold his admission letter and given up on his bright future, no wonder Sharon would be so angry and anxious.

Half an hour later, Ruben appeared at Sharon's house.

Tiffany felt that under such circumstances, she should not stay here, so she found an excuse to leave and go shopping.

"Is it because of Josh?"

Sharon took out the card that Ruben had given her before and placed it on the coffee table.

According to the time when Ruben gave her the money, it happened to be just those two days.

Ruben stood there and didn't ask her how she knew.

He only said, "I'm afraid they won't let it go. Those people don't have ethical principles and can do anything. With this money, we can protect ourselves in case something happens."

"Ruben..."

"It's the best that you didn't give it to Josh."

Ruben said casually, "I said I wanted to provide you. Although there isn't much money here, it should be able to last for a while. After that, I'll..."

Sharon interrupted him, "Ruben, do you know what it means for you to give up this admission letter?"

After a pause, Ruben said, "Didn't you also give up the chance to go to Paris?"

"Just because I've given up once and know what I've lost, I don't want you to regret it."

"I won't regret it. Even if I don't go to college, I can still..."

"You're only eighteen now. What are you going to do if you don't go to college?"

Sharon stared at the card in front of her.

"Is it too late even if we return the money now?" Ruben nodded.

In the eyes of those wealthy people, one million was nothing.

To them, it was a done deal, and it was impossible for them to give him another chance to go back on his word.

Sharon said, "Let me handle this. Ruben, just wait for my news." Ruben couldn't help but frown, "What are you going to do?"

"I'll find a way. Ruben, you must remember that you don't have to give up your future for me or anyone else. If I can work it out, you just go back to school and study. This matter ends here."

Ruben still wanted to say something, but Sharon said, "End of discussion. I want to sleep, and you should go back now."

Ruben walked to the door and suddenly turned around as if he had sensed something, saying, "This is my own choice. I can bear the consequences. You don't have to beg him."

Sharon smiled faintly, "Who told you I was going to beg him? It's just a deal."

"What deal?"

"Don't worry about us. You are just a kid. Focus on your study." Ruben didn't say anything else and left. When Tiffany returned, Sharon was sitting on the sofa, lost in thought.

She walked over and whispered, "Sharon, how was Ruben taking it?"

"Pretty much."

Sharon regained her senses, "I'll go find Jameson tomorrow. There shouldn't be any problem."

"Will that jerk agree? I seriously doubt it." Sharon stared blankly ahead and said after a few seconds, "Maybe."

After finished speaking, she stood up and said, "Tiffany, I'm a little sleepy. I'm going to sleep."

"Sure, good night." she suddenly added, "Are you going to take the prenatal examination in two days? I'll go with you."

Sharon's footsteps paused, but she did not turn around. Her voice was very soft.

"We'll see."

After returning to her room, Sharon opened the wardrobe to change her clothes, but she couldn't help but look to the side.

She took out all the baby clothes and shoes, then sat on the bed and looked at them for a long time.

Ever since Sharon found out that she was pregnant, she had never thought that Jameson would allow her to keep the baby.

Regardless of his attitude, it was within Sharon's expectations.

However, only now did she discover what she was most afraid of.

She lost her last baby when she was pregnant for four months, so it was about the same age as this baby was now...

Maybe it was all fate.

This baby's death would put an end to relationship between her and Jameson.

The next day, Sharon arrived at the Proctor Group with the documents that Jameson had given her.

When she arrived, Rita was arguing with the receptionist, "What do you mean? The designers of Lumiere Jewelry can't go in? Why didn't you have this rule when I last came?"

"I'm sorry, ma'am," the receptionist said politely.

"I'm not sure about the specifics."

"If you don't know about the specifics, why don't you call and ask? I come to see Mr. Proctor for business!"

"Mr. Proctor has an important meeting today. No one is allowed to disturb him."

"You..."

Rita was pissed off.

She was just about to find another time to come back when she turned around and saw Sharon standing quietly not far away.

Rita couldn't help but bite her lower lip.

What was she doing here? Did she regret rejecting this opportunity? Just as she was about to step forward, she saw a man come out and bring Sharon in.

Rita widened her eyes and questioned the receptionist, "She is also a designer of Lumiere Jewelry. Why can she go in?"

"Ma'am, she is with Mr. Jacob. This is beyond our authority."

Rita clenched her fists tightly, but she had no other choice but to leave.