

Resume 81

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 81

You Will Be Furious and Driven Mad

In despair, Sharon pushed open the door and sat on a chair in the courtyard.

Charlotte walked out of the room and asked, "You said you have something to do, but why do you come back so soon?"

Sharon sighed and shook her head, "I don't have any loose ends today.' She had thought that Jameson came here on purpose. Given Jacob replied quickly, Jameson might have wanted her to beg him. However, she didn't expect Jameson took it seriously. It seemed the development of the resort hotel was not inevitable, so it was probably useless to beg Jameson.

He was always cunning and heartless.

What a je*k! After a while, Sharon said, "Charlotte, did you know this place is going to be demolished?"

Charlotte nodded and sat beside her, sorting out things, "Yes."

"Then where do you want to go?"

"I haven't decided yet. The developer was also planning for this. Even if the documents are approved, it will take some time for them to be implemented. We have no choice but to wait."

Sharon was also worried about this.

With the baby in her belly growing, it was not easy for her to go anywhere.

Charlotte looked up at her and said in a calm tone, "If you don't know where to go, just go with me."

Sharon's eyes lit up, and she perked up at once, "Really?"

"Anyway, I'm alone. It doesn't matter if you live with me."

"Thank you, Charlotte,' Sharon smiled.

Even though she said that, ever since Jameson appeared, she had a feeling that this comfortable and peaceful life would come to an end.

Suddenly, the street outside was bustling with noise, but they didn't know what happened.

Sharon looked towards the wall covered in green vines, lost in thought.

Charlotte asked, "Do you want to go out and take a look?"

Hearing this, Sharon looked round and shook her head with a chuckle, "It might be the developer. I don't care."

Sharon did not want to see him, and neither did Charlotte.

Charlotte liked to keep to herself, and was never curious about such things.

Not long after, the noise faded away.

Mary pushed the door open and walked in.

She beamed and said, "Charlotte, Sharon, why are you still here? Why don't you join us?"

Sharon remembered Mary was the most upset when news came that this place was going to be changed into a resort hotel.

Therefore, she wondered why Mary was so happy now.

Mary sat down at the table and said happily, "That developer is young and handsome. He is even more handsome than those stars on TV. If I were twenty years younger, I will...! I am even kind of shy!"

Sharon didn't know what to say next.

She asked tentatively, "Mary, have you forgotten that he's here to convert your house into a resort hotel? You've lived in it for decades!"

Mary slapped her thigh and said, "Oh my goodness, I totally forgot this. Well, it doesn't matter. This street is very old. The government mentioned it a few years ago, but they didn't have a plan. Even without this developer, there will be another one, so I would rather have faith in this handsome man."

Sharon pursed her lips and tried her best to remain silent.

She wanted to say, 'Mary, if you heard what he said, you will be furious and driven mad.'

Mary added, "Charlotte, where are you going? Sarah and Martha are going to live with their sons. My daughter-in-law was mean, so I don't want to live with them. Why don't we continue to be neighbors?"

"Okay." Hearing this, Mary felt relaxed.

After thinking for a while, she said, "By the way, you've lived here for so many years, but I have never seen your son before. What does he do?"

Charlotte paused for a moment.

Just as she was about to speak, Mary interrupted, "Don't deny it. I saw the photo last time and he looks very handsome."

"He lives with his father,' Charlotte said indifferently.

Mary realized she had made a blunder.

She coughed and said, "Although you have divorced, it's not a big deal, so your son should have visited you at times. After all, it must be at least twenty years."

"He doesn't know where I am. Mary shook her head and sighed, "Then this is really..."

Sharon did not say anything, but she could more or less know how Charlotte felt.

Thinking for a while, Mary slapped her thigh again and said, "Sharon!"

Sharon was stunned.

What did she have to do with this? "After a brief discussion, we decide to prepare a dinner party to treat the developer to dinner. However, you know, most of us are not young and it's unseemly and ridiculous for us to have dinner with him. So we have come to a decision that you will attend the party as the representative of our street."

Sharon opened her eyes wide in disbelief, "Did he agree?"

"In order to establish a good relationship with us, he certainly agreed."

Mary patted Sharon on the shoulder and said, "Don't worry, Sharon. We don't want to put you on the spot. We just want to show our sincerity. Julian and his leaders are also there. They won't embarrass you, and Julian can send you back when it's over."

That's not Sharon worried about, but it seemed Mary was trying to make a match between Julian and her.

After a few seconds, Sharon said, "I..."

Mary got up, patted her on the shoulder again, and said in a solemn voice, "Sharon, you do the honors."

After Mary left, Sharon looked at Charlotte blankly.

Charlotte said, "You don't have to go if you don't want to."

In fact, Sharon was willing to go because she wanted to ask Jameson what was going on, but she thought it was a little awkward to see him now.

At night, when Sharon was about to leave, she remembered Jameson looked dissatisfied when he saw what she wore last night.

Therefore, she went upstairs, walked into her room, and dressed herself in a retro dress with a retro makeup.

Then, she chose an age-colored hairband with a pair of earrings in the pile of old things Charlotte gave her, and put them on.

After that, she left the room with satisfaction.

When Sharon was out, Mary was standing at the door.

Seeing Sharon, Mary couldn't help saying, "Sharon, how beautiful you are! In our generation, you must be famous as a great beauty!"

Sharon smiled, "Thank you, Mary."

"Thank you for your offer of help. You've only moved here for a few days, and we're very sorry to ask you to do this for us. However, you're the prettiest in the street."

"Don't say that, Mary. You and Charlotte have been nice to me since I moved here."

Mary nodded happily, "In that case, Sharon, I never beat around the bush. Julian..."

"It's too late,"

Sharon interrupted her right away, "Mary, I should go now. See you!"

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What Do You Think, Ms. Allyson?

They met at a famous local specialty restaurant. Just as Sharon arrived downstairs, she saw Julian waiting for her at the door.

When she looked over, Julian also saw her and waved to her, "Sharon, I'm here."

Sharon walked over and said, "Sorry, I'm late because of the traffic jam on the road."

Julian scratched his head shyly.

It seemed that he was a little embarrassed because of what happened last night, "It's fine. Mr. Proctor hasn't arrived yet ... It's cold outside. Let's get in."

Julian brought Sharon into the private room, in which sat a few of his senior leaders.

He introduced them to Sharon one by one.

After he finished introducing, Julian's immediate superior smiled and said, "Julian has mentioned you, Ms. Allyson. Sure enough, you are indeed a great beauty."

As he spoke, he patted Julian on the shoulder and said in a whisper that only they two could hear, "You are lucky, son." Julian smiled shyly.

The other leaders had also heard about Sharon.

They began to praise young Julian for his promising future.

Under such circumstances, Sharon could not let the leaders down, not to mention that she had already made it clear to Julian yesterday.

So she only echoed, "He is really a good man."

Just as she finished speaking, the private room suddenly fell into silence.

Julian's immediate superior quickly walked towards the door and greeted, "Mr. Proctor."

Sharon kept silent.

The other leaders all walked over and greeted Jameson. Jameson looked indifferent.

Later, he turned his gaze to Sharon.

A leader introduced, "Mr. Proctor, this is Sharon, a resident of Bridge Street. She is also Julian's neighbor."

Jameson only answered casually and walked past her into the private room.

The leader coughed and followed, "Mr. Proctor, here, please."

On the round table, Jameson was naturally the most distinguished guest.

On his both sides were the leaders sitting according to their official rank, from high to low.

Sharon sat beside Julian.

During dinner, Julian saw that Sharon didn't move her chopsticks much, so he kept putting food into her plate, "Sharon, try this. This is the most famous local dish. It's very delicious."

Sharon raised her head and smiled at him, "Thank you."

"You are welcome."

As he spoke, Julian put another dish for her.

"This one is also delicious. Have a try."

Sharon didn't know if it was a misconception, but she always felt that someone was staring at her coldly, and she felt uncomfortable.

However, when she raised her head, she saw that Jameson was discussing business with the people beside him, and he looked normal.

Sharon rubbed her nose.

It was too whimsical that she should feel that Jameson was Staring at her.

At this time, Julian's immediate superior said, "Julian, you can't just treat Sharon. We can see it clearly."

It sounded like a reproach, but it was more a teasing. Julian picked up his glass and stood up, "I'm really sorry. Please allow me to punish myself by taking an extra glass."

Thus, inexplicably, everyone began to toast each other.

Sharon sat there, so bored that she almost dozed off.

At this time, someone said, "Sharon, come on, may I propose a toast."

Sharon came back to her senses.

Seeing that the person speaking was the man opposite her, she was about to say something when Julian stopped her, "Mr. Branden, Sharon can't drink. Here's to you on her behalf."

Perhaps Mr. Branden had been drunk.

He said, "Hey, it's boring to drink with a man. Sharon, I won't make things difficult for you. Just one glass. Come on, after me is my respect."

When Mr. Branden picked up the glass, Sharon said softly, "Sorry, I'm pregnant. I've quitted drink."

As soon as she said this, the people at the dining table looked at each other, all silent. Only Jameson sat there, keeping his countenance.

Someone could not help but whisper, "Is she pregnant now? I can't imagine that Julian is so quick...."

Sharon added, "I'd like to propose tea instead of wine to you."

Hearing this, the others had nothing else to say.

The private room became quiet once in a blue moon.

At this moment, a cold male voice sounded, "I heard that Mr.Huntington's parents are teachers?"

Hearing this, Sharon almost spat out the tea she had drank.Julian had no idea why Jameson suddenly talked of his parents.

He nodded immediately, "Yes, they are.They have been teachers in our hometown for most of their lives."

Jameson said indifferently, "Teacher is a decent job.Since your parents are teachers, thanks to their cultivation, their son, Mr.Huntington, must be generous and selfless in sacrificing himself for others."

Julian was too nervous to understand what Jameson said.He only knew that Jameson was praising him.

He said shyly, "I'm flattered, Mr.Proctor.Thank you for your compliment.'

Jameson sneered and touched the glass in front of him with his fingers.

"Don't be modest.It's true.What do you think, Ms.Allyson?" Sharon bit back.

She knew that jerk Jameson would make trouble for them.

Sharon said calmly, "Julian is young and outstanding.He is indeed much better than those who are arrogant and bully the weak."

After she said those words, the private room fell silent again.

Compared to the previous quiet, it was suffocating silence.

Although she didn't name who she was talking about, these descriptions weren't suitable for such an occasion! Just when everyone held their breath and felt that Jameson was about to throw a tantrum, he only sneered, "Ms.Allyson, you are beautiful, but unfortunately, you are mean and don't know how to speak."

"Thank you, Mr.Proctor, for your compliment" Sharon said.

Everyone held their tongue.

Did she just intuitively ignore Mr.Proctor's last few words? She was strong enough to disregard his attack.

Seeing that the situation was getting more embarrassing, some leaders withstood the pressure and came to the rescue with a changed topic.

When they had filled and emptied their glasses for some time, Sharon went to the bathroom when she saw that nobody had the intention of leaving.

Seeing this, Julian immediately followed.

"Sharon, it's getting late.Would you let me send you back?"

Sharon turned around and said, "Can you just leave?"

Julian scratched his head and said, "I sent you back and then come back here. The dinner won't be over so soon."

Sharon smiled and said, "It's fine. I can go back by myself."

Stay with them, Julian." Under such circumstances, it was indeed inappropriate to take French leave.

Julian nodded, "Remember to send me a message to let me know you get home."

"Alright."

"Sharon."

Julian called out to her again, "Just now, you were too bold. Aren't you afraid that he would get angry?"

Sharon said indifferently, "Even if he curses at me out of anger, can he attack me with so many people present? You don't need to worry about the cooperation. He has always put his interests first. It doesn't matter for this episode." Julian was surprised, "How do you know?"

Sharon said, "Isn't that the case with all merchants? He came all the way from the South City, which showed how important this project was to him."

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Don't Push It

Hearing that, Julian breathed a sigh of relief and gave a forced smile, "I see. I thought I knew Mr. Proctor well."

Just as Sharon was about to reply, a gentle male voice came from behind her, "I also feel that Ms. Allyson knows me quite well."

Julian hurriedly said, "Mr. Proctor, Sharon didn't mean that..."

"Sharon?"

Jameson sneered coldly, "It sounds that you are quite close."

Julian was extremely nervous, "I... Sharon and I..."

Sharon looked at Jameson and said calmly, "Mr. Proctor, if you have problems with me, just come to me. Don't get him involved."

Jameson turned to her slowly.

He looked gloomy.

When Julian saw they were at loggerheads, he wanted to say something, but he gave up.

After a few seconds, Jameson said coldly, "Ms. Allyson, you are quite arrogant."

"Let's call it a day. Please excuse me."

As Sharon spoke, she nodded at Jameson and turned around to leave.

“Sharon.”

Julian hurriedly called her, then he turned to Jameson and said, “I’m really sorry, Mr.Proctor.Please allow me to see Sharon off.”

Sharon came to the door late.

When she was waiting for the taxi, she saw Julian out and said, “I can go back by myself.You don’t have to send me off.”

Julian said, “It’s fine.I’ll leave after you get on the car.”

Hearing this, Sharon nodded and remained silent.

Julian could feel her anger just by standing beside her.

He hesitated for a while before asking, “Sharon, do you know Mr.Proctor before?”

Sharon was surprised, not knowing how to answer.

Julian said, “Both of you are from South City.Did you have any misunderstandings?”

Actually, it was obvious that they had a conflict.

Judging from such a terrible attitude, either they had some bad blood, or they didn’t like each other.

However, Mr.Proctor was powerful and he attended to myriad affairs daily.

How could he find fault with the girl he had met for the first time? It had been more than half a month since Sharon moved to Bridge Street.

She smiled brightly at everyone.

Everybody knew that she was gentle and had a good temper.

Julian had never seen her talk to anyone in such a cold tone.

Sharon didn’t know how to explain.

The taxi came at the right time.

She said, “If you have something to say, we can talk about it tomorrow.Excuse me.”

Julian nodded, “Send me a message when you get home.’

“Alright.”

After the taxi left, Julian slowly looked back.

When he returned to the private room, the leader was slightly dissatisfied, “Julian, where have you been for such a long time?”

“Alright, stop explaining. Mr. Proctor has left. Let’s call it a day.’ When Sharon returned home, Charlotte had fallen asleep.

It was quiet, only echoed by the occasional chirping.

She sat in the courtyard and looked at the sky with her cheeks propped up.

Far beyond the horizon, the moon slowly appeared, and was soon covered by clouds.

Sharon was in a trance. She sighed silently.

When she retracted her hand, she found that the earring on her left ear was gone. She didn’t know when that earring dropped. What a bad luck.

Every time she met Jameson, she would have a bad day.

Sharon looked weary.

Just as she was about to return to her room, a knock came from outside the door.

She paused and looked over subconsciously.

It was so late, and the neighbors were all asleep.

Who it could be? Sharon asked softly, “Who is it?”

No one answered. Sharon intended to ignore it.

She had just taken two steps into the room when another knock came on the door.

Soon, she heard Jacob’s voice, “Ms. Allyson, it’s me.”

Sharon didn’t know what to say. She opened the door and saw Jacob smiling.

Beside Jacob was a tall and slender figure.

It was Jameson, who stuck his hands in his pants pockets and faced her sideways, staring into the night.

Sharon suppressed her anger and said, “It’s so late. Is there anything I can do for you?” Jacob coughed, “Did you come for Mr. Proctor this morning? Mr. Proctor is free now.”

“Oh, I’m fine now.’ As she spoke, she took a step back.

Just as she was about to close the door, Jameson turned to look at her with a gloomy face, “Sharon, don’t push it.”

Sharon said very kindly, “Mr. Proctor, what do you mean? I know who I am. I’ll never do what I shouldn’t do.”

Seeing that they seemed to be in another deadlock, Jacob could only take the role of peacemaker, saying, “Ms. Allyson, are you looking for Mr. Proctor for the resort hotels? But you misunderstood. This project was decided last year, and no one knew you would live here. What a coincidence!”

After he finished speaking, Jameson said impatiently, “Why are you telling her this?”

Jacob took a few steps back and remained silent.

He thought, "If you don't want me to tell her, why don't you interrupt me at the beginning? But say it till now!"

Hearing this, Sharon kept silent.

Judging from today's situation, she knew that Jameson wasn't here for her.

Maybe she was self-sentimental again.

Fortunately, she didn't see him this morning.

Otherwise, he would have mocked at her.

Sharon said, "I see. Thank you, Mr. Proctor, for explaining to me."

Jameson looked dissatisfied, "I was not here to explain to you, Sharon. Shame on you."

"Well, Mr. Proctor..."

Jameson took out his hand that was in his pants pocket.

He tossed something, and it flew towards Sharon.

She subconsciously caught it and saw what it was in her palm clearly with light.

She was surprised.

So he found her lost earring? While she was absent-minded, Jameson had already crossed the threshold and entered the courtyard.

He looked around and said, "Is that all? You are happy to live here?"

Sharon gritted her teeth and resisted the impulse to cast him out.

"Naturally, it's not comparable to your expensive villas."

Jameson took a deep look at her and said, "Can't you be friendly?"

"Mr. Proctor, you came uninvited at midnight. I didn't call the police just out of courtesy. As for the speaking style, it's my thing. You can leave if you don't want to hear it."

Jameson stared at her and suddenly sneered, "Sharon, I should have brought a camera to shoot you. Did you remember how you behave when you asked me for help, and now you change so soon?" Sharon held her tongue.

Was it that obvious? She took a deep breath and said in a low voice, "Mr. Proctor, I'm not living here alone. Please don't disturb others. If you have..."

Before she could finish speaking, the lights in the room were turned on.

The next second, Charlotte's voice sounded, "Sharon, who are you talking to?"

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How Come the Couple Quarreled Every Day

Sharon subconsciously stood in front of Jameson, "Nobody, Charlotte. A friend. I..."

However, in panic, she didn't realize that there was no way she could not block Jameson who was much taller.

Charlotte seemed to look at Sharon, but she was in fact looking at the person behind her.

After a few seconds of silence, Sharon suddenly heard Jameson's extremely cold voice, "I'm leaving."

"What?"

He wouldn't leave despite what she said just now.

Why did he change his mind so quickly? Jameson took two steps forward when Charlotte said, "Jameson..."

Jameson turned a deaf ear and strode away.

Sharon was stunned and did not understand the situation.

Seeing Charlotte's terrible expression, Sharon followed Jameson out before thinking it through.

Jacob, who was waiting outside the room, was also dumbfounded.

Jameson was in a good mood before entering the room.

Why did he look furious now? How come the couple quarreled every day? As soon as Jameson got to the car, Sharon came out and said, "Mr. Proctor!"

Jameson ignored her as he pulled open the car door and bent down to get on.

Jacob looked at Sharon with a confused look.

Sharon was also confused.

Obviously, neither of them knew what was going on.

However, Jameson had got in the car.

Jacob didn't dare to linger, so he went to the driver's seat.

Sharon could only stand there as she watched the black Maybach leave.

After a time, Charlotte said in a weary voice from the door, "Sharon."

Sharon turned around and walked to her, "Charlotte."

Charlotte looked in the direction where Jameson had left, "Jameson... is he your friend?"

"Not really," Sharon hesitated before whispering, "Charlotte, do you know him?"

Charlotte was slightly distracted while being lost in a trance.

After a few seconds, she reacted and forced a smile, "The CEO of the Proctor Group. I read about him in the newspaper.'

If Charlotte didn't say that, Sharon might have been unable to think it through, but...

So far, she finally knew why Charlotte read a financial newspaper every day.

Jameson was her son who had been with his father for twenty years.

Jameson was the illegitimate child that Jeffery told Sharon about.

"Charlotte,' Sharon said after a moment, "There has never been a photo of him in the newspaper.' Charlotte seemed to be somewhat absent-minded, "Really...Really?"

"Charlotte, Jameson...is he your son?"

Charlotte did not reply and lowered her eyes. Sharon didn't know how to comfort her.

Jameson's attitude just now was really hurtful.

She hesitated for a while before saying, "Charlotte, he is not my friend. He is my...ex-husband."

Charlotte was stunned.

She looked at Sharon and then suddenly looked down at Sharon's slightly bulging belly.

Charlotte was struck dumb. So did Sharon.

Sharon came from the South City to this place a thousand kilometers away only to run into Jameson's mother. She had never expected this.

What a coincidence! Finally, Charlotte pressed her temples, "It's getting late. Have a rest."

Obviously, she also needed time to digest the news.

Lying on the bed, Sharon couldn't fall asleep. She called Jameson a few times, but he hung up on her.

In the end, he even blacklisted her. Sharon was speechless.

'Why does the jerk have such a bad temper?' Then she called Jacob secretly.

Jacob said that Jameson had a terrible expression when he returned to the hotel. Jacob added that he had never seen Jameson so angry.

Sharon said she knew without further reaction. Jameson had already blacklisted her.

What else could she do? The next morning, Mary brought over a basket of vegetables to pick.

Sitting at the stone table, she whispered to Charlotte, "Did Sharon tell you?" Charlotte was a little distracted.

She absently picked the vegetables in front of her, "Tell me what?"

“Good heavens.I really didn’t know that Sharon was that stubborn before.She almost quarreled with the developer at dinner yesterday.If Julian hadn’t told me, I would never believe it.I knew sending Sharon was right.She really earned respect for Bridge Street by her powerful manner.”

Charlotte said nothing.

Mary then began to gossip, “After this, I feel that Sharon and Julian are getting along.Julian is ingenuous.He is such a good man that he will help anyone in need.If he has a girlfriend like Sharon, he won’t suffer any losses.What do you say? Why don’t we persuade Sharon to get them together?”

Charlotte forced a smile, “We’d better not.I don’t think...they’re compatible.”

“Hey, you, didn’t you also think Julian was pretty good? How come you changed mind so quickly?”

“Julian is a good boy, but Sharon doesn’t like him.”

Mary thought the same and sighed, “It seems that Sharon is still missing her ex-husband.What’s so good about that man? Tell me.Even if they got divorced, he shouldn’t leave his wife and son alone for so long.Such an irresponsible man.If I see him, I’ll give him a good beating on behalf of his parents!”

Charlotte was speechless.

After picking the vegetables, Mary said, “Charlotte, what’s wrong with you today? You look so pale.Did you not rest last night?”

“Maybe.”

“Then I’ll leave you.Have some sleep.”

Mary picked up the basket, leaned over and whispered, “Do remember to help make a match between Julian and Sharon.’ Charlotte felt even more uncomfortable.

Not long after Mary left, Sharon came downstairs.

Covering her forehead, Charlotte said, “Breakfast is in the pot.”

Sharon turned around to the room and took out the breakfast.

Sitting beside Charlotte, Sharon whispered, “Charlotte, is anything wrong with you?”

Charlotte waved her hand, “Just a headache.I’m used to it.”

“Why don’t we go to the hospital later? I’ll accompany you.”

“It’s fine.Some medicine will do.”

Charlotte looked at Sharon and said, “Are you going out?”

Sharon paused for two seconds before saying, “Probably...no.”

“It’s up to you.I’ll go in and lie down.”

Halfway through, Charlotte turned around and asked, “What do you want for lunch?”

Sharon nibbled at a bun, “Fish soup.’

“Mary happened to have brought over two crucians last night. I’ll cook them for you later.”

“Thank you, Charlotte.”

Charlotte opened her mouth as if she wanted to say something.

In the end, though, she only sighed silently and returned to her room.

After breakfast, Sharon felt that she should repay Charlotte for her cooking.

She sat for a while and then called Jacob again.

According to Jacob, Jameson hadn’t left his room or eaten anything since he returned last night.

Sharon said that she got it and hung up.

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Don’t Waste My Time

At noon, while Charlotte was cooking, Sharon walked into the kitchen and began to help her.

“It’s getting a bit crowded here now.”

Charlotte said, “You’d better wait outside.’ Sharon smiled and said, “Charlotte, can you make some more soup?”

“Seriously? Are you sure you can finish it?”

“I...”

Thinking for a few seconds, Sharon said, “My friend also wants to drink, so I’ll bring some to him later.’ Charlotte knew very well who Sharon’s friend was, so she put some more water into the pot, and said indifferently, “Whatever you want.”

Sharon grinned and said, “Charlotte, I’ll be out front.’ Charlotte nodded.

Sitting in the courtyard, Sharon held her cheeks with one hand and a smile played on her lips.

She finally knew where Jameson got his “duplicity” from.

After dinner, she carried the thermal lunch box Charlotte left in the kitchen, and slowly walked to the hotel.

Jacob took her to the door of Jameson’s room and said, “Ms. Allyson, Mr. Proctor may not see you now.”

Apart from Sharon, Jameson didn’t want to see anyone.

Sharon said, “It’s fine. I’ll just talk to him for a moment. If he really doesn’t want to see me, I’ll go.”

Jacob nodded, “Ms. Allyson, call me when you need help.”

After that, Jacob left as fast as he could, because there would be a war here.

Sharon rang the doorbell and said, “Mr. Proctor, can you hear me?”

There was no response.

After waiting for two seconds, Sharon rang the doorbell a few more times and said loudly, "Mr. Proctor, I brought you fish soup. If you don't come out, I'll drink it myself." There was still no answer.

Jameson always kept silent when he was angry.

What a jerk! After a few minutes, Sharon said in frustration, "Mr. Proctor, since you don't want to see me, I'll go. I'll go to a place that no one can find, so that you won't be annoyed."

Before she could finish her sentence, the door opened.

Jameson looked at her with an expressionless face, "Could you stop saying that?"

Sharon said sadly, "I'm here to say goodbye to you. Thank you for being so generous and lenient."

Jameson didn't look at her, but sneered, "You said I was hypocritical, imperious and domineering, but today, what makes you change your mind?"

"I never said it was you yesterday. If you think so..."

"Well"

Jameson interrupted her impatiently, "What do you want to do?"

Sharon showed him the thermal lunch box, and said in an ingratiating tone, "I heard you haven't eaten anything since last night, so I specially bring the fish soup to you."

Jameson crossed his arms and leaned against the door. He looked at her coldly, without any intention of letting her in.

Sharon was somewhat guilty under his sharp eyes, so she looked away, "Mr. Proctor, don't get me wrong. I'm here to thank you for helping Ruben."

Seeing Jameson keep silent, Sharon said, "Ruben told me he returned to school with your help."

"Now that you know this, do you think a bowl of fish soup can return the favor?" Sharon didn't know what to say next.

'Cut the crap, and just tell me whether you drink or not!' Sharon withdrew her arm and said, "Well, you are right. I am not sincere enough. Then I will think about how I can thank you. Sorry to interrupt you, and I should go now."

Jameson was dumbfounded, and said at once, "Stop."

Sharon turned around and gave a smile, "Is there anything else you want to tell me?"

Jameson glanced at the room and walked in.

Sharon pursed her lips and followed him.

After entering the room, Sharon poured the fish soup from the box into a bowl and handed it to Jameson, "Mr. Proctor, try it."

Jameson took it with one hand and took a sip with the spoon.

Sharon opened her eyes wide and asked, "How is it? Is it delicious?"

"I have had it before. It tastes the same."

"Do you think I can do better in cooking?"

Jameson stared at her and said, "No." She knew Jameson wouldn't say anything nice to her.

Sharon didn't give up and continued, "Try it carefully. The fish soup is thicker and tender with fish mint in it. Is it very delicious?"

Jameson frowned, "What on earth are you going to say?"

"Forget about it. It's not that important. Mr. Proctor, go ahead. I need to take the box back after you finish."

However, Jameson did not drink any more.

Instead, he put down the bowl and said, "Sharon, don't waste my time."

Sharon froze, not knowing what to say.

"Take your things and go."

Jameson said in a flat voice, so Sharon couldn't tell whether he was angry or not.

"Mr. Proctor, I know I am not qualified to say this, but what if there is a misunderstanding between you and Charlotte?"

"Sharon, it's none of your own business. Just watch yourself."

Jameson said coldly, "If you think everything can be explained as the misunderstanding, how about I asking someone to bring Josh here right now?"

"...Sharon.

'Well, I give up. I have nothing to do with this.

Considering Charlotte is always nice to me and has helped me a lot, I try to reconcile them.

Before leaving, Sharon couldn't help whispering, "Charlotte and Josh are different."

Jameson ignored her.

Therefore, Sharon didn't look at him anymore. Instead, she left with the thermal lunch box in her hand, lowering her head.

After Sharon left, Jacob carefully walked into the room and said, "Mr. Proctor, they're here. Do you want to see them? Or should I ask them to come tomorrow?"

Jameson stood up and said indifferently, "No. I'll go and see them right now."

"Okay."

After Sharon left, looking at the fish soup left in the box, she didn't want drop it, so she found a bench, sat down, and drank it all.

She thought Jameson was really a je*k, and she shouldn't have come.

However, though Sharon knew nothing about what had happened between Jameson and Charlotte, she didn't expect Jameson to forgive Charlotte so early.

Considering it had been twenty years since they last saw each other, Sharon thought it must be a hard time for both Jameson and Charlotte.

Therefore, whatever the misunderstanding was, they should listen to and explain to each other.

However, Jameson actually mentioned Josh to hurt her, so she was very angry with him.

Thinking of this, Sharon took a deep breath.

After sitting for a while, she went back home.

Charlotte was sorting out things in the courtyard.

Seeing Sharon return, she said, "Give me the box. I'll wash it."

"Never mind, I can wash it by myself."

Charlotte glanced at her and said in a flat voice, "Didn't you drink?"

Sharon said right away, "I certainly drank it."

For fear that Charlotte wouldn't believe her, Sharon opened the thermal lunch box and said, "Charlotte, look, it's empty."

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We'll Have Our Own Child One Day

Charlotte didn't say whether she believed it or not. Then she took thermostat from Sharon's hand and said, "Just give it to me. Go upstairs to have a rest."

After saying that, she went into the kitchen.

Sharon did not sleep well last night, so she was a little sleepy. She went upstairs while yawning. She slept till six p.m.

In the sky was a golden afterglow.

When Sharon went downstairs, she found that Charlotte was not in the room. Then she went to the next door, only to find that Mary wasn't at home either.

Moreover, it was time to prepare meals, but the surrounding rooms were very quiet.

After the sun went down, the street lamps lit up one by one.

The river was sparkling under the light.

Perhaps it was hard to find another old street of such antique beauty and tranquility.

Just as Sharon was distracted, Mary appeared behind her and patted her shoulder, "Sharon, you're awake."

"Mary.' Sharon came back to the reality.

Mary said, "Let's go."

Sharon was puzzled.

"Where are we going?"

"Oh, you don't know yet."

Mary patted her forehead and said, "It's almost settled that a resort hotel will be built here. Neighbors are going to move out. It's hard to meet in the future, so we'll have a gathering. I asked Charlotte for help this afternoon. Now almost everyone is there, so I come to call you.' Thus, Sharon was dragged to the ancestral hall by Mary.

This ancestral hall was open to the public.

Normally, neighbors would gather here to celebrate festivals.

However, due to various reasons, there was always someone absent before.

This time, everyone was here probably because it was the last gathering.

Residents along the Bridge Street were basically the elderly like Charlotte and Mary.

They were unwilling to live with their children.

There were also young tenants like Julian and Sharon.

They got along well with each other.

Rather than neighbors, they were more like a big family.

This night, each of them prepared their own specialty.

Dozens of dishes were on the round table as if there was a banquet.

Mary brought Sharon to a seat, "Sharon, sit here."

People on this table were most familiar to Sharon.

Mary and Charlotte were both sitting here, but there was still a seat on the left of Sharon.

The acquisition conference of the Bridge Street lasted an entire afternoon, and it didn't end until nightfall.

After others left, Jameson sat in his seat and pressed his temples.

Jacob stepped forward and said, "Mr. Proctor, do you need painkiller?"

Jameson lowered his hand and said indifferently as he stood up, "Never mind, I'll go out for dinner."

Julian and several leaders of his company were waiting for the elevator.

One of the leaders said, "It's time for dinner. Let's have a meal before leaving."

The leaders agreed.

Julian said with embarrassment, "I'm so sorry. I might have to leave now."

Julian briefly explained with the neighbors' gathering.

The reconstruction of Bridge Street into a resort hotel was a big project, and it was also very important to Julian's company.

Hearing this, the leader immediately said, "Well, we can't keep Julian here today."

"Julian, give my regards to your neighbors."

"Oh right, Julian, Will Sharon attend this gathering?" Julian nodded.

"Yes."

The leader patted his shoulder and encouraged, "Well, seize this good opportunity."

Although Julian was a little shy, he still nodded, "I will."

None of them noticed that someone stood behind them in a gloomy face.

After leaving the hotel, Julian said goodbye to his leaders and stood at the crossing to take a taxi.

But just as he raised his hand, a black Maybach slowly stopped in front of him.

Julian was confused.

The window was rolled down and Jameson was in the car with a cold expression.

"Mr. Huntington." he said.

Julian asked in surprise, "Mr. Proctor?"

Jameson said indifferently, "Where are you going? I can give you a ride." Julian was surprised and he hurried to refuse, "No, don't bother. I'll take a taxi..."

"Get on."

Julian did not dare to refuse any more.

He pulled open the door and bent down to get on.

Although he had much contact with Jameson in work these two days, most of the time, it was the leaders who talked with Jameson.

Julian only ran errands and took documents for them.

He had never stayed with Jameson by himself.

The car was in silence.

Julian was very nervous, so he didn't dare to make any noise.

He heard about Jameson long before.

Although the Proctor Group had a great wealth, Jameson was not interested in beer and skittles.

After Jameson took over the company, its stock price doubled.

He also opened up several overseas markets soon, then the company's annual profits skyrocketed.

But people often said Jameson was decisive, cold-blooded, and ruthless.

Even the chairman of the Proctor Group was afraid of him.

So it was obvious how powerful he was.

Just as Julian was in a daze, Jameson said in a low voice from the side, "Mr.Huntington."

After a few seconds, Julian suddenly reacted, "Mr.Proctor?"

Jameson said, "I heard that you are courting Ms.Allyson?"

Julian did not expect that he also heard about this.

He replied awkwardly, "Well ...it's true..."

"But Ms.Allyson said yesterday that she is pregnant, don't you mind that?"

Julian did not know why he suddenly asked this.

After thinking for a while, he said, "I like Sharon.No matter what happened to her before, I still like her.Although she is pregnant ...I believe that we will have our own child one day."

Jameson sneered and didn't say anything.Soon, the black Maybach drove into the Bridge Street.

Julian said to Jacob, "Mr.Jacob, please pull over.Thank you."

Jameson rolled down the window and glanced at outside.

He said indifferently, "You live here?"

"No, Mr.Proctor.Actually..."

Julian told him about the gathering.Jameson raised his eyebrows.

"It sounds great."

Julian got promotions because he was smart enough.

So he could understand what Jameson meant, then he asked, "Mr.Proctor, do you want to come together?"

Jameson looked away and said, "It's not appropriate for me to go to your gathering.'

Not at all. The neighbors like you very much. I wanted to invite you earlier, but I'm afraid that you don't like such gathering. So I didn't bother you. They would be very happy if you attend.

"If so, then I have to join you."

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 87

I'll Call You Jameson

In the ancestral hall, every seat was taken up except for the one beside Sharon.

Mary said, "Hey, why hasn't Julian come yet? Is there a traffic jam?"

She looked at Sharon again, "Sharon, I forgot to bring my phone. Call Julian and ask him where he is."

As she spoke, she looked at people beside her triumphantly.

Sharon didn't know what to say. Mary's intention was too obvious.

Sharon sighed, "I'll call him."

Mary pushed Charlotte, "Charlotte, what's wrong with you? Oh, there are still two dishes in the kitchen. Hurry up and let's bring them over."

Then she pulled Charlotte away.

Other neighbors at the table had obviously talked with Mary before, "Sharon, call Julian. The food will be cold soon."

"Right. Call him and ask him where he is."

Sharon took a deep breath.

Just as she was about to call Julian, she suddenly heard his voice, "Don't bother. Everyone, I'm sorry you have wait for a long time."

"Julian, you..."

The woman paused for a moment after seeing a person standing behind Julian.

Julian hurriedly introduced the man behind him to others, "This is Mr. Proctor. You have all met him yesterday, right?"

"Of course! Mr. Proctor is even more handsome than the stars on TV. Of course I remember him."

"That's right. Hello, Mr. Proctor. I didn't have the chance to greet you yesterday. Mr. Proctor is so young. Do you have a girlfriend? Are you married? My daughter also works in the South City. She..."

"What are you talking about? Come on, Mr. Proctor is a distinguished guest. Please take a seat." Not only did people at Sharon's table know that Jameson had arrived.

All the neighborhood learned the news and came over to greet him.

Quite startled, Julian was afraid that Jameson would be annoyed about these people.

He secretly looked at Jameson's expression. He looked indifferent, not as impatient as he had imagined.

However, such a high-ranking man tended to be moody and temperamental.

Julian was still afraid that Jameson would lose his patience.

He quickly managed to persuade everyone to return to their seats.

After the crowd melted away a little, someone came over and said, "Mr. Proctor, there's no empty seat at this table. There are still seats over there. Why don't you join us?"

Jameson said in a low voice, "I came with Mr. Huntington. I'll sit with him."

Although Charlotte and Mary hadn't returned yet, their coats were put in their seats.

It was obvious that the two seats were taken, leaving only one empty seat.

Julian didn't hesitate before standing up and said, "Mr. Proctor, please take this seat." Sharon had been silent all this while.

She suddenly stood up and said, "Julian, take my seat. I'll..."

Before Sharon finished her sentence, she felt an extremely solemn gaze.

Julian hurriedly said, "No need, Sharon, sit down. I..."

At this time, the woman left to Julian stood up, "Julian, take my seat. I'll join another seat. Take good care of Mr. Proctor."

After quite a while, this matter was finally settled.

When Jameson sat down, Sharon felt uncomfortable and quietly moved to her right.

At this time, Mary and Charlotte also came back with the dishes.

Charlotte paused when seeing that Jameson was there.

Mary was stunned for a moment before she warmly greeted him.

Sharon sneaked a glance at Charlotte.

With an expression the same as usual, Charlotte placed the plates on the table and sat down.

The only thing Sharon felt thankful was that Mary was sitting on her right.

Otherwise, she would feel even more uncomfortable than being torn apart, sitting between the mother and the son who were angry with each other.

Due to Jameson's status and dominating temperament, no one at the table dared to speak to him, but Mary was different.

Her hospitality was well-known in the neighborhood.

She started to talk to Jameson after greeting him.

“Mr.Proctor....” Mary patted her thigh.

“Calling you Mr.Proctor is too polite.I think you’re about the same age as my son.I’ll just call you Jameson.Do you mind?”

Jameson said, “...I don’t mind.”

Mary said, “That’s right.Jameson, it’s just between you and me.Are you married?”

Sharon suddenly stopped drinking water.

Could Mary talk with him about something else? How could she ask such a private question from the start! Sharon felt the nerves were twitching in her temples.

At the same time, someone said emotionlessly, “I am.’ As soon as he said so, another woman said, “Jameson, you are so handsome.Your wife must be very pretty, right?”

Jameson glanced sideways at Sharon and said casually, “Just so-so.”

Sharon didn’t speak.

Mary asked, “Do you have a child? Listen to me, Jameson.It’s best to have a child at your age, and your parents can help you take care of your child.If your parents get older when you have a baby, then...”

Sharon couldn’t help but cough to interrupt her.

Mary looked at Sharon and poured water into her cup.

“Sharon, take care of yourself.Drink more warm water.Don’t catch a cold.”

“Thank you, Mary.’ Julian said at that time, “Mary, Mr.Proctor ...probably doesn’t need his parents to take care of his children...”

“That’s right,’ Mary said, “but Jameson, how can outsiders be as good as your own parents in terms of looking after children? My son insists on hiring a babysitter.He doesn’t let me take care of him.Now, the child is not familiar with me at all.Trust me, no one will love the child more than your parents.”

With her head propped on her hand, Sharon felt that she could not change the situation.

After a few seconds, Jameson said, “I’ll keep what you said in mind.”

“Hey, that’s right.”

The more Mary chatted with him, the fonder she became of Jameson.

She beamed with pleasure.

“By the way, Sharon, I heard from Julian that you guys went to a movie a few days ago.How was it?”

Why did Mary suddenly mention her? She was speaking to Jameson just now.

Sharon said, “It was good.If you are interested, I’ll invite you to the cinema next time.”

Mary did not expect her to answer like this.

She was stunned for a moment and then smiled, "Silly girl, I'm too old to enjoy a movie. That's something that belongs to the young. Don't bother taking me to a movie."

Then Mary grabbed her hand again and said earnestly, "Sharon, you've come from afar, from the South City. It's our luck to be neighbors and know each other. Don't mind if I said something you'd feel uncomfortable about."

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 88

The Jerk Was Quite Confident

"Mary, I..."

"Sharon, listen to me." Mary said in a serious tone.

"Ever since you moved here, I know that you have gone through a difficult time. We are afraid you will feel heart-broken if we mention your ex-husband. Therefore, Charlotte and I try to avoid the topic. I'm always frank and outspoken so I can't help talking with you on this matter."

After a pause, Mary scolded, "Your ex-husband is a totally jerk."

It came absolutely out of the blue. Sharon felt stunned.

Jameson was totally confused at Mary's comment on him.

Just as Mary was about to continue, Charlotte touched her on the arm to stop her.

Mary said, "Charlotte, don't stop me. I have to say something. Sharon, forget your ex-husband and cherish the present one."

Noticing Jameson's sullen look, Sharon hurried to say, "Mary, there is a misunderstanding. My ex-husband and I have peacefully reached an agreement on the divorce matter. He is not so terrible as you think."

"But what does that matter? He doesn't care about you even if you are having his child. He is totally heartless. If he had any conscience, he would not allow you to come here alone, far away from your hometown. No one comes to help you, and you even can't air your grievances."

"Mary, I really..." Her words upset Mary a lot.

While taking her hand, Mary signed.

"Sharon, you don't have to pretend that everything is okay. I understand you for I have similar experiences."

she continued, "Julian, come over here."

Julian stood up and walked towards them.

Mary took his hand, "You two are perfect for each other. Believe me, Sharon, Julian is reliable. He really likes you and will take good care of you."

With the help of Mary, Julian hurried to say, "Sharon, I don't mind your past. You may not understand me yet, but it doesn't matter. I hope that you can give me a chance to prove myself."

Slightly stunned, Sharon didn't say anything.

Mary thought that Sharon had accepted Julian.

Just as Mary was about to put their hands together, Sharon suddenly withdrew her hand, "Sorry, I can't."

Julian felt disappointed at her answer.

Mary also sighed and comforted him, "Take it easy. You will have other chances later."

Julian returned to his seat, downhearted.

Sharon's heart almost jumped out of her chest.

The reason why she had been stunned just now was because Jameson quietly took her hand under the table when Julian was talking.

He entwined his fingers with hers.

Sharon turned to glare at him.

Jameson calmly continued to drink, while raising his eyebrows slightly.

After this accident, everyone quieted down at the dining table.

Sharon felt embarrassed, because Jameson didn't intend to let go of her hand.

Instead, he clutched her hand all the time.

What did the jerk want to do? After the dinner, the neighbors said goodbye to each other and left.

Julian tried to brace up, "Mr. Proctor, I'll send you back."

Jameson said indifferently, "You don't have to. Just go back and have a good rest."

While Jameson was talking with Julian, Sharon slowly withdrew her hand. Then she heaved a sigh of relief.

Jameson continued, "Ms. Allyson said she will show me around." Sharon was stunned.

She never said something like that. Julian wanted to go on persuading Jameson, but he was not qualified to do that.

Moreover, as a married man, Jameson was unlikely to have feelings for a pregnant woman.

After Julian left, Jameson took a glance at Sharon, with a reluctant expression beside him, "Ms. Allyson?"

Mary patted Sharon on the shoulder and said, "Sharon, Jameson called you."

Sharon managed a weak smile, "I didn't hear it."

Jameson said, "It's kind of you to show me around, Ms. Allyson."

'How hypocritical the jerk is at the moment!' When they left the ancestral hall, they could see a row of street lamps lined up by the river.

While looking down and keeping silent, Sharon walked in front of Jameson.

She wanted to finish the visit as quickly as she could.

Therefore, she could keep away from the jerk.

Putting his hand in the pants pocket, Jameson walked behind her unhurriedly.

"Ms. Allyson, how about introducing these places to me?"

"I've only moved here for half a month, so I'm not familiar with it. I can find someone else to give Mr. Proctor a detailed introduction?"

Gritting her teeth, Sharon turned to smile at him.

"Is there anyone more beautiful than Ms. Allyson here?"

Sharon sneered, "But you said I was not pretty just now." Jameson stopped.

Looking at the river, he slowly said, "I did say my wife was not pretty just now. Are you my wife?"

Jameson was speechless.

'How shameless he is!' Standing a meter away from him, Sharon said, "Mr. Proctor, don't you notice that you've messed up everyone's schedule?"

Jameson smiled faintly, "Really? I think they look quite happy."

Sharon didn't know what to say.

'How could the jerk be so confident?' Jameson turned to look at her, "You dislike me because I prevent you being with another man?"

"Perhaps" Sharon said.

"If Mr. Proctor didn't come, I might have become Julian's girlfriend."

"You can realize it right now if you want. I believe that he will be very happy to be your child's father." Sharon wanted to push him into the river.

After a while, Sharon suddenly realized something and asked, "Mr. Proctor, are you drunk?"

Only when he was drunk would his tone not be sarcastic and ruthless. It accounted for the fact that he secretly took her hand not long ago.

During the dinner, he accepted a lot of people's toast.

Jameson did not answer.

After a while, he said indifferently, "In my childhood, I grew up in a similar alley."

It took a while for her to understand what he meant.No wonder he did not show any impatience or irritation in such a noisy environment filled with a hubbub of voices.

It was also the first time Jameson had told her something about himself.

Jameson didn't intend to say anything else.

He stood there for a long time.

Sharon couldn't figure out what he was thinking.

A gust of wind blew, and Sharon couldn't help sneezing.

Jameson slowly turned to look at her calmly, "Sharon."

"What's the matter?"

Obviously, he sobered up.

Jameson asked, "Erica says you are having Martin's child.How do you explain it?"

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 89

My Ex-Husband Isn't That Good

Sharon was not surprised that Erica was like a dog with a bone.

After a moment of silence, she said, "Mr.Proctor, do you believe it?"

"It depends on how you answer.'

"No."

Sharon didn't want to explain since it was meaningless.

She just said, "Mr.Proctor, you can check when I got pregnant and when Martin returned home."

Without saying anything, Jameson looked away.

Sharon opened her mouth, wanting to say something, but she felt that it was all in vain.

After a few seconds, Jameson said, "It's not that I believe you.I just don't believe in Erica.Don't count your chickens before they are hatched."

What nonsense! Jameson said, "Sharon, none of Proctors are actually good."

He was no exception.Sharon did not refute.

This was indeed true.Jameson was the worst.

However ...She whispered, "I think your elder brother is different.' Jameson asked, "How do you know?"

"I have met him several times.I can tell if he is a good person from his manner.'

"Then why can't I know why so many people like you from your manner?"

Sharon was embarrassed.

Sharon took a deep breath and said, "Mr.Proctor, stick to the issues and don't take it personally!"

Jameson's lips curled in a contemptuous smile.

"I am sticking to the issues.What else do you have other than this face? Or are they too stupid to see the darkness within you?"

"Mr.Proctor, if you feel different from anyone else, you should reflect on yourself."

"Then tell me, how did I misjudge you?"

Sharon lapsed into silence.

After all, she badgered him to marry her on the ground of her pregnancy, often asked him for money, and took advantage of the baby to divorce him.

Although she wasn't as scheming as he thought, it did happen.

She could not deny it.Jameson sneered.

"It's getting late,' Sharon said.

"Mr.Proctor, do you still want to shop? If not, I'll go back."

"Whatever.' Sharon would like that.

"Then I'll be leaving now.See you, Mr.Proctor."

Noticing her leave without looking back, Jameson looked displeased.

How heartless! After Sharon walked away, Jameson withdrew his gaze.

Just as he was about to leave, a figure walked out from nearby.

"Jameson."

When she arrived home, Sharon found Charlotte was not there.

She guessed Charlotte had gone to see Jameson, so she went upstairs to her room.

After a shower, Sharon was going to bed when her phone vibrated.

Julian sent her a message.

'Sharon, can you come out here? I want to say some last words to you.' Sharon took a deep breath and went downstairs with her phone.

Julian was standing by the river with his head down.

Hearing Sharon's footsteps, he looked up and said, "Sharon, I'm sorry to let you out so late."

"Never mind.What's wrong?"

Julian said bitterly, "Recently, I've caused you a lot of trouble. I owe you an apology. I'm looking for a house and I'll move out soon."

Julian moved away for several reasons.

One was that this house would be torn down soon, but more importantly, Sharon rejected him in front of so many people, so he felt too awkward to stay.

After all, he had to leave sooner or later. At least he retained some dignity if he left now.

Sharon pursed her lips and said, "Sorry, I..."

"You don't have to apologize. It's my fault."

Julian had to laugh at his own foolishness.

"I would like to have the opportunity to see your ex-husband. I want to know how good he is to make you so drawn to him."

Sharon explained, "You're taking this wrong. My ex-husband isn't that good. He is arrogant, bad-tempered, and cruel. He likes to think badly of others." Stunned, Julian asked, "Then why you..."

Sharon said lightly, "No one is perfect. Neither do I. Besides, I just want to live alone. It has nothing to do with him."

Julian was silent for a moment and then said, "I know."

"Then I'll go back."

"Sharon," Julian called.

"Then you and Mr. Proctor..."

He had been meaning to ask Julian this since last night.

But he had never had the chance.

Moreover, he always felt that they were more than acquainted, but he could not guess their relationship.

Before Sharon could say anything, a cold male voice came from behind her.

"Didn't she tell you that I was the arrogant, bad-tempered, and cruel ex-husband?"

"...Sharon was taken aback. Every time she spoke ill of him, Jameson would hear her. Was there a surveillance camera on her? Julian was also very shocked.

"Mr. Proctor?"

Jameson stood by Sharon's side, his face showing no emotion.

"Mr. Allyson, I hear that you want to raise my son. I can't express my gratitude."

Julian didn't even have time to find a house. He moved away overnight.

Jameson turned to look at Sharon but Sharon avoided his gaze guiltily.

“Mr.Proctor, look at the full moon.’

“There is no moon.’ Sharon rubbed her nose with embarrassment.

Jameson ignored her and turned to walk into the room.

“Mr.Proctor?”

Sharon followed him.

“Hangover soup.’

“...Okay.”

Sharon knew she was in the wrong, so she did not refuse but silently went to the kitchen.

Jameson came and Charlotte didn’t come back.

What was worse, Mary wasn’t at home.

Maybe she went to say goodbye to the neighbors.

There were many ingredients in the kitchen.

Sharon quickly finished the soup.

When she came out with the tray, Jameson was sitting at the stone table, holding the knitted socks that were unfinished.

He was thinking about something.

“Mr.Proctor, here is the soup,’ Sharon said.

Jameson put down the socks and took the bowl she handed him.

After he finished the soup, Sharon whispered, “Mr.Proctor, if there is nothing else to do, I’ll go to bed.”

Jameson glanced at her and said in a low voice, “OK.”

Sharon took a deep breath and quickly slipped upstairs.

This unlucky day was finally over.

Fortunately, the acquisition was nearing an end.Jameson would leave soon.

Sharon did not know when Charlotte and Mary would come back.She had spent a lot of energy, so she fell asleep not long after lying in bed.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 90

I Never Enter Other People’s Bedrooms

The next day, when Sharon woke up, the sun was shining brightly outside the window.

She went downstairs, yawning. She caught a glimpse of a person sitting in the courtyard.

“Good morning, Charlotte.”

“It’s almost ten o’clock. It’s getting around noon.”

Sharon felt it didn’t sound like Charlotte.

She rubbed her eyes and found the person sitting at the stone table was not Charlotte, but Jameson.

He was eating breakfast.

Stunned, Sharon asked, “Where’s Charlotte?”

“She has gone out.”

“Why are you here?” Sharon said in shock.

Jameson turned to look at her and said indifferently, “Why can’t I be here?”

That was kind of true. He was Charlotte’s son.

It was reasonable for him to be here.

But... Had they been reconciled? Noticing the confusion on her face, Jameson withdrew his gaze and said, “If you continue standing here idle, it will be time for lunch.”

Only then did Sharon recover from shock. She went to the kitchen to get breakfast.

Sitting opposite Jameson, she noticed that the sleeves of his white shirt were rolled up and the collar was slightly open.

It seemed that he stayed here last night.

There were three vacant rooms, but she didn’t expect him to move in so quickly! Didn’t he need to collect himself first? They were living under the same roof again and eating breakfast at the same table.

Sharon had an indescribable feeling.

Jameson put down his spoon and said, “Eat your food. Stop looking at me.”

Sharon lowered her head and took a small sip of porridge. Halfway through the meal, someone knocked at the door twice.

Immediately after, Jacob came in with a suitcase and said, “Mr. Proctor, your clothes are here.”

Sharon was even more confused. Was he going to stay long here? Jameson said, “Put it there.”

Jacob nodded slightly and bowed to Sharon before turning away.

Shock choked her words.

After a long silence, she recovered and said, “Mr. Proctor, ...aren’t you going back to the South City?”

“Why the rush? Do you think the resort hotel can be completed in a day or two?” Sharon was silent.

She regretted asking that.

Charlotte hadn't returned until noon. Jameson was working in the yard.

Sharon wanted to go to her room to draw the drafts, but every time she moved, Jameson asked her to pour him a glass of water.

After a few times, Sharon was a little angry.

"Mr. Proctor, I am not your servant!"

Jameson said, without looking up, "How can you give me that attitude? Don't want to thank me?"

Sharon said, "...Mr. Proctor, wait a moment. I will go now."

Indeed, any favor from others would pervert the words of the righteous.

It was almost noon when Sharon received a phone call from Charlotte.

After the big party last night, Mary organized a trip for the middle-aged.

She took a group of people to the nearby scenic spots.

They would come back in two days.

Charlotte said, "Sharon, you and Jameson have to dine out the next two days. Don't argue with Jameson."

After being silent for a long time, Sharon asked, "Charlotte, has the misunderstanding between you and Jameson ended?"

"Almost. Jameson is stubborn but soft-hearted. You and he... Forget it. Let's talk about it when I come back."

After hanging up, Sharon looked up at the sky and frowned with displeasure. Being alone with Jameson for two days was torment for her.

She returned to the courtyard and said weakly, "Mr. Proctor, let's go out for lunch. Charlotte will not be back until tomorrow afternoon."

Jameson said, "Can't you cook?"

"...I'm disgusted with the odor of cooking oil."

After a pause, Jameson closed his computer, got up, and then entered the kitchen.

Sharon followed and saw him taking a fish out of the bucket.

Then he flushed it, picked up a knife, and prepared to chop it up.

Sharon swallowed and asked, "Mr. Proctor, can you gut fish?"

"It's none of your business. Get out."

"No, I heard it screaming..."

Jameson was displeased.

“Fish can’t scream.’ Sharon said tentatively, “Why don’t we dine out?”

They had been married for three years, but she had never seen Jameson cook.

She was afraid that he couldn’t handle the fish. Jameson looked at her, his face expressionless.

Sharon compromised and left the kitchen.

Not long after, she saw waves of black smoke rising from the kitchen.

It looked as if Jameson was cooking with firewood.

About twenty minutes later, Jameson walked out with a livid face.

His expensive white shirt was stained black all over. Sharon bit her lips tightly to suppress her laughter.

Jameson shot her a cold glance and said, “Sit still.”

Then he turned around and strode to his room.

Sharon couldn’t help but laugh aloud.

For the first time in a long time, she saw Jameson in such a sorry state.

Ten minutes later, when Jameson came out again, he had changed his clothes, his hair half dry.

It was obvious that he had just taken a bath.

There was a knock on the door again.

Jacob brought over the head chef of the hotel.

Sharon was lost for words.

The rich could do whatever they want.

It was so inhuman.

By the time they had lunch, it was already half past one in the afternoon.

Fortunately, Sharon was not very hungry because of the late breakfast, but she was drowsy while waiting.

Noticing her eyelids drooping, Jameson said lightly, “Go to bed if you’re sleepy. I’ll call you when food’s ready.”

Hearing this, Sharon immediately woke up and shook her head with a dry smile.

“No need. I’m not sleepy now.’ Jameson snorted and ignored her.

After the meal was ready, the chef took his leave.

After dinner, Sharon went to wash the dishes, but as soon as she got up, Jameson said, “Leave it there. I’ll ...let Jacob wash it later.”

Sharon thought it was dishonorable.

“It’s not worth bothering Mr.Green.I can do it.”

Hearing that, Jameson snorted, “Whatever you want.’

Sharon turned down the corners of her mouth and then entered the kitchen.

She had the habit of taking a nap at noon.

When she finished washing the dishes and went out, she saw Jameson talking on the phone.

She went upstairs without talking to him.When washing the dishes just now, she accidentally wet the clothes.

Sharon took a nightgown from the wardrobe.When she was about to get changed, the door opened.

Jameson said, “Sharon...”

Sharon was so embarrassed that she grabbed the pillow on her bed and threw it over.Jameson closed the door.

Sharon quickly put on her nightgown and rushed out.

“Mr.Proctor, can you please knock before you enter others’ bedrooms?”

Jameson leaned against the wall and looked at her.

“I never enter other people’s bedrooms.”