

## Read Novel Ex-Husband Wants Badly To Resume Their Marriage Chapter 13

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Are You a Treasure?

Sharon thought that he was referring to the contract signing with Lumiere Jewelry.

“As you can see, at least I have a proper job of my usual profession.”

He said in a low voice, “I was not asking you about this.”

“Then what were you asking about?” said Sharon, puzzled.

“You said...”

Jameson was about to utter a word, but Sharon was nauseous, covering her mouth with one hand with the retching sound coming from her throat.

She stuck out the other hand and pushed him backward.

She said hesitantly, “Mr.Proctor, could you step back a little bit? I’m feeling nauseous.’

Jameson looked at her coldly and said, “I know you’re pretending.”

It would be silly for her to think that Jameson would not figure out her pretending to feel nauseous to get rid of him.

“You’ve got me.Mr.Proctor, what exactly do you want to know? If there’s nothing else to say, kindly excuse me to the washroom.”

Since the day before yesterday, she had been vomiting heavily as a direct result of her pregnancy.

She had retched a few times and was about to throw up.

Jameson grabbed on her wrist and said coldly, “What happened between you and your first love?”

Sharon was stunned.

She probably didn’t expect that this was what he wanted to ask.

“Uh ...first love is just puppy love.”

Then she raised her head, staring at him, "Mr. Proctor, I wouldn't expect you to be here blaming me. Don't you think that it is ridiculous to talk about, especially with our current relationship status?"

Jameson frowned and tightened his grip, "What kind of relationship status are we in now?"

"We are in a relationship of planning to get divorced."

"Sharon, don't push my buttons over and over again." Sharon did not understand.

She was waiting for him to divorce her when he was available.

How could this be pushing his buttons? Just as she was about to ask him, Sharon became nauseous again while Jameson held her hand tightly, not letting her go.

Fortunately, Sharon found a trash can to vomit into.

Although Jameson retracted his hand very quickly, it was inevitable for his cuffs to be stained.

Jameson's face instantly clouded.

He clenched his teeth, shouting, "Sharon!"

Having had her mouth washed out, Sharon smiled apologetically at him and said, "Sorry, I could not hold it back."

Jameson took off his jacket and threw it aside.

He then opened the window to get some fresh air in, trying to disperse the smell in the room.

"Mr. Proctor, if you don't have anything else to say, I really have to go. Or...if you have the time to divorce me today, I'll tell Tiffany to manage the affairs of the magazine before going out with you."

Jameson turned around and looked at her, expressionless and speechless.

Sharon was confused.

Why wouldn't he be able to wait for a few minutes more? Meanwhile, someone knocked at the door.

It was Tiffany, "Sharon, have you both finished talking? Mr. Carter is looking for you."

Sharon replied, "OK, I'll come with you right away. After answering Tiffany, Sharon turned to Jameson and said, "Mr. Proctor, I'm leaving. Please wait for me outside for a while."

After stepping out of the dressing room, Tiffany grabbed Sharon's hand and was about to run, but seeing that Sharon was pregnant, Tiffany could only walk quickly.

"Where's Mr. Carter? Didn't you say he was looking for me?" asked Sharon.

"I was lying. Mr. Carter is busy socializing with those dignitaries. If I had not said so, how could I rid you of that jerk?"

That's right.

As soon as they arrived at the door, a voice came from the side, "Sharon."

Sharon and Tiffany stopped at the same time.

It was Martin Morton.

At the entrance of the hotel.

Sharon and Martin were silent for a long time, and it was Martin who couldn't help breaking the silence, asking, "Sharon, how are you these days?"

Sharon pursed her lips and said, "Good."

"I've been back for half a month. I've been looking for you. They all said that they had not heard from you."

Sharon did not say anything.

Three years ago, she had not only stopped contacting Martin but also all her classmates.

She didn't want everyone to know her shameful experience.

She was also a human being and wanted to maintain that little bit of ridiculous dignity.

After a while, Sharon smiled and said, "So will you leave us again this time?"

Martin looked her in the eye, and shook his head, and said, "Sharon, I..."

"Martin!"

It was Erica who rushed out of nowhere and squeezed herself between Martin and Sharon.

Sharon was blindsided and almost knocked down.

Fortunately, the wall was behind her; but it still took her great efforts to stand firmly.

She calmed her beating heart and shouted, "Erica!"

Erica turned her head and glared at her, saying, "Sharon, lower your voice, please. My cousin is inside the house, and you dare to seduce a guy in broad daylight. Aren't you ashamed?"

Sharon's pale face turned even paler, and the blood from head to toe seemed to have congealed.

She had never thought of hiding the fact that she was married from Martin, but she had not expected that Eric revealed the fact in this way and at this improper time.

Martin, who had always been good-tempered, was also enraged.

He pulled Erica's hand and threw it aside, and yelled, "Erica, what are you doing here?"

Erica didn't expect Martin would yell at her.

Her eyes became watery, and he said sadly, "Martin, I'm doing this for your good. Ask this woman what methods she used to marry my cousin! Does she dare to admit it?"

Sharon said calmly, "There is nothing I dare not admit, but Erica, I warned you that if you didn't learn how to walk properly again, I would not mind teaching you.' At this time, Erica was too jealous to be reasonable.

She had never seen Martin speak so gently, and it was to Sharon that he spoke so softly.

"Why? Are you a treasure so I cannot touch you?"

While speaking, Erica reached out to push Sharon, but Martin stopped her hand.

"Erica, it's enough."

"Martin, you have known this woman only for a short time, but you would rather trust her than me...."

"I have known Sharon since three years ago. There's no need for you to tell me what kind of person she is."

Erica goggled and said, "You...."

"Really? Then in Mr.Martin's eyes, who is Sharon?"