

Read Novel Ex-Husband Wants Badly To Resume Their Marriage Chapter 15

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Unprepared for a Punch in the Face

After a while, he called Jacob in and said, "Go ask Shawn Smith about what had happened back then."

"Got it." Jacob nodded and left.

He only knew that Sharon needed money, and that was why she had set him up.

But he had never expected that all these things had happened before.

If Sharon had known that the sponsor of the Emerging Designer Competition was the Proctor Group, then it was no coincidence that she approached him.

In the staff lounge of the Twilight Club.

A few waiters were between shifts when one of them said, "Hey, I saw Sheila coming. She has been frequenting here lately."

"Apparently, she comes for someone. It's abnormal if she doesn't show up."

Another said, "Did you see what she had done at the gate of the Twilight Club a while ago? Sheila is really something. She not only got a baby with Mr. Proctor but showed it off to Mrs. Proctor. She was so loud as if she was afraid that others wouldn't know that she was the other woman."

In the corner, someone got stunned.

"That depends on who her paramour is. Now that she has hooked up with Mr. Proctor and got his baby, she surely wants to take the place of Mrs. Proctor and marry up by any means. Once she marries into the Proctor family, she is the real ugly duckling. She just got that."

"Strangely, Mr. Proctor often comes to Twilight Club with his friends, but I've never seen him bring Mrs. Proctor here. Are they of poor relationship?"

"You don't know it. Mrs. Proctor married him by all means back then. I heard from the previous manager that she was sold into Twilight Club and somehow hooked up with Mr. Proctor. Later on, she forced him to marry her with her child as a threat. The Proctors

did not want to make things worse for their reputation, so they let her marry into their family. Later, the child was gone for some unknown reason.'

"Yes. I've heard about this too.

I've also heard that Mr. Proctor is particularly annoyed with her and usually won't even touch her. Otherwise, how come she hasn't had a child after three years of marriage? The most important thing for the gentry is to have children. And now that Sheila is pregnant, I think she's losing her position too."

Bang! The locker door was forcefully shut, making a loud noise.

A gloomy-faced youth walked out of the corner and glanced coldly at them before leaving with an expressionless face.

Someone muttered discontentedly, "How could he be so angry as if someone had offended him?"

"He's just part-time. He thinks he's vital simply because the manager likes him."

"Tell you what, I heard from the manager that he is the provincial topper this year. Besides, he's handsome, so he's inevitably a bit crazy."

Ruben walked to the bar.

The manager was arranging for someone to deliver the drinks to Jameson's private room.

Ruben went ahead and said, "I'll go."

Another colleague happened to have a bit of diarrhea, so he gave him the stuff, "Ruben, I heard that Mr. Proctor is a bit upset today. Be careful. Just come out directly after delivering the drinks."

"I see."

When Ruben opened the door, Sheila was sitting beside Jameson and was about to lean against him.

Ruben placed the wine on the table with a thud and said in an unpleasant voice, "Here's your wine." Sheila was shocked by him and stopped.

Ever since the last time, Sheila had never seen Jameson again.

Today, when she finally heard that he had come to Twilight Club, she rushed over.

She still didn't know what Jameson meant.

He had clearly given her a chance to be by his side before, but there was no further progress apart from simply standing by him.

After the fake pregnancy was exposed last time, Sheila originally thought that Jameson would be furious.

But he only warned her a few times and gave her those resources, as usual, proving that she still had a chance.

Now she was the butt of jokes out there, being said that she was just a spur-of-the-moment object for Jameson, and she was not qualified to sleep with him.

Therefore, she had to make some progress today.

After being startled by Ruben, she also restrained her temper.

She only softly said to Jameson, "Mr.Proctor, you seem to be a little drunk.Why don't I send you back ...Ouch!"

Sheila was poured all over by the wine in the glass.

She jumped up, screaming, "What are you doing!"

Ruben's expression remained unchanged.

He just picked up the cup that had been poured on the table.

"Sorry, I didn't hold it tightly."

Sheila saw that the waiter was quite handsome and could not vent her anger.

Just as she was about to go to the bathroom, William, who adopted a "wait-and-see" attitude, suddenly said, "Why are you so angry? I saw it just now."

"Oh, I did it on purpose."

This time, not only was Sheila furious, even Jameson gently looked up at him.

Sheila scolded, "Are you insane? Did I offend you?"

"Who ordered that you must offend me before I can cause trouble for you?"

"You..."

Sheila was so angry that she was speechless for a moment.

Her face was blue with anger.

At this time, the manager heard the noise and hurriedly came over to apologize, "Mr. Proctor, Miss Strauss, I'm really sorry. This is our new part-time worker. He doesn't know the rules and thus offended you."

"He doesn't know the rules? Did he really behave in that way? He said it himself that he did it on purpose. If you don't give me an explanation today, it won't simply pass!"

"I'm really sorry, Miss Strauss. It's indeed our problem."

The manager apologized while pulling Ruben, "Ruben, apologize to Miss Strauss."

Ruben remained silent, standing there without moving, only looking at the man sitting on the sofa.

Jameson stood up and did not intend to solve it.

He said indifferently to William, "I'm leaving first."

"Mr. Proctor, I'll see you off..."

Sheila was anxious when seeing him leave.

She didn't care about Ruben's matter and hurriedly wanted to follow him.

Unexpectedly, she had only taken a step and was stopped by something.

She staggered and almost fell but was supported by a hand.

She raised her head, only to discover Ruben curling his lips in a contemptuous sneer, his eyes filled with coldness.

He was the one who tripped her, and he was also the one who supported her.

Sheila was outraged.

Just as she was about to speak, he shook off her hand and left in large strides.

Sheila had nowhere to vent her anger, so she could only stomp her feet and chase after Jameson.

Outside the private room.

Jameson held the phone in one hand.

He stared at one phone number for a long time, but he didn't dial it out.

When he thought of Sharon nostalgically remembering her first love at the launch event, he felt that the woman couldn't know chalk from cheese.

It was funny you still talked about your first love in your adulthood, wasn't it? Thinking of this, Jameson did not want to call her anymore.

He had just put his phone away when he was unprepared for a punch in the face.

He took a step back, wiped the blood from his lips with his thumb, and coldly raised his head.