

Read Novel Ex-Husband Wants Badly To Resume Their Marriage Chapter 21

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If You Regret It

Since they were divorced, why would they make any phone calls? Any connection would be meaningless.

What's more, he deleted her from Facebook, and she blocked his calls. They were even.

Studio.

After the last shot, Sheila bowed to the staff from the advertising agency and said sweetly, "Thank you for your work today. I bought everyone here take-away bubble tea. Please grab one from the table outside when you leave."

"Thank you, Sheila.

You must be tired."

"All I've done is standing and making some poses. You must be more tired than me. Everyone, please have a good rest! I look forward to our next shooting work together."

However, Sheila was just pretending to be polite.

The look on her face turned ugly immediately after she turned around.

Sheila quickened her pace and walked back to the dressing room.

With a great sound, she threw the headdress on the table.

"Those people are stupid. They asked me to pose for thousands of times – are they thinking they're making films?"

She then turned around and scolded her assistant, "How many times have I told you not to take this kind of ad shooting for me? Can't I get a jobless stupid?"

Not long ago, she finally managed to get the chance to be at an international show, and thanks to Jameson, she also became the ambassador of a luxury brand.

If she began appearing in advertisements like this, wouldn't it damage her high-class image? The assistant whispered, "I think that advertisement will increase your media exposure and gains you popularity."

"Popularity? That's of no use! Those stupid fans, mostly poor little girls, will contribute nothing to my career!"

The assistant didn't say a word.

Three months ago, Sheila begged the advertiser to get an audition, giving up all her dignity.

However, ever since she hooked up with Mr.Proctor for some unknown reason, she became a total b*tch.

Apparently, Cinderella was getting a crown.

After the temper-throwing, Sheila took out her phone to see the trends.

It was Sharon's response and Lumiere Jewelry's statement that tops on Twitter.

She gritted her teeth tightly, not expecting that Sharon would survive such attacks.

Just as Sheila was about to send more explosive news, a sharp female voice suddenly broke the silence inside the dressing room.

"How many times have I told you not to take this kind of ad shooting for me? Can't I get a jobless stupid?"

"Popularity? That's of no use! Those stupid fans, mostly poor little girls, will contribute nothing to my career!"

Sheila was greatly stunned.

She never thought someone would record what she had just said.

She stood up and shouted, "Who is there? Get out!"

In the corner, Sharon was waving at her, smiling.

The recording was being played by the cell phone in her hand.

Sharon apologized without sincerity, "Sorry, I just wanted to say hi, but I didn't find the opportunity to cut in your speech."

Sheila's face turned pale with anger.

She clenched her fists, and her fingernails deeply dug into her hand.

“Sharon, you...”

“I won’t make up a story to hurt someone’s reputation like you, and I won’t put this recording on the Internet. However, what I will do...”

Sharon turned off her phone and said indifferently, “is to send it to the advertiser who is stupid enough to give you a job.”

Today’s ad shooting was for a popular domestic brand; though, in Sheila’s words, not as high-class as a luxury brand, it was still a great opportunity.

Otherwise, Sheila wouldn’t beg for it like that in the first place.

The only reason she complained was that she could get access to better resources through Jameson.

However, if those words were leaked, her professional reputation would be destroyed. It would ruin her.

Sheila said, gritting her teeth, “Sharon Allyson, you are a devil!”

Sharon smiled and said, “Well then, it took you so long to figure it out. I never dream of being a saint in your eyes.”

“I finally know why Mr. Proctor hates you that much. You play dirty all the time. I will be surprised if Mr. Proctor doesn’t dump you!”

Sharon replied calmly, “I have to remind you that you played dirty first. I am only returning the favor. Also, don’t you dare bother me again! You’ve known how I’ve forced Jameson to marry me. It’s not difficult for me to deal with you.”

Sharon wasn’t sure whether it was trash talk, but she finished and happily saw the complex look on Sheila’s face.

When she was just about to turn around and leave, a tall man, standing straight silently, appeared at the door.

The look on his face was dark and cold, showing little sign of emotion.

Jameson’s thin lips curled into a mocking smile, and he said with a cold voice, “Ms. Allyson, would you like a bouquet as a compliment to your professional competency?”

Sharon fell silent for a while before speaking again, “No, thanks.”

She was the unluckiest person on earth.

Why was Jameson able to catch her every time she said something ruthless? It took efforts to get Jameson to think differently of her by divorce.

Who would have thought that all those efforts were in vain within the blink of an eye? Whatever.

Sharon cared no more about how Jameson thought about her.

They had divorced anyway.

Nothing mattered now.

“Mr.Proctor.”

Sheila immediately put on a pitiful face.

Her eyes were filled with tears, and she said, biting her lower lip, “I don’t know why Ms.Allyson threatens me, either do I know how I’ve offended her.If Ms.Allyson has any opinion towards me, she can say it out loud now.I...”

She sobbed softly, with tears streaming down her cheeks.

Jameson gazed at her with a calm expression.

Sharon felt goosebumps of disgust by watching the couple.

Just as she was about to leave, she heard Jameson say, “I remember warning you not to play those lousy tricks in front of me.”

Hearing what Jameson said, Sheila stopped sobbing instantly.

Teardrops stayed on her eyelashes, brightening her pretty eyes.

Sharon did her best to restrain herself from bursting into a laugh.

It seemed that Jameson was indeed hopelessly cold-blooded.

Sharon put on a calm expression and strode straight away.

They could keep putting on as many disgusting shows as they wanted.

Only she wouldn’t be watching anymore.

Sharon didn’t expect to be caught by the wrist when passing by Jameson.

He then glanced at Sheila and said, "Get out."

Sheila was about to bite her lip until it bled. She didn't even have time to pack up her things before quickly leaving the room.

The door closed, and the whole space fell silent again.

After a moment of silence, Sharon let out a long breath and said, "I didn't mean anything specifically against you. I just wanted to say...both of you suck."

Jameson interrupted her coldly, "Did you block my calls?"

Jameson frowned, "Answer me."

Sharon had no clue about what he had been doing.

After a few seconds of awkward silence, she chuckled humorlessly, "It seems that Mr. Proctor likes joking very much. Why would anyone still receive an ex's phone calls after a divorce? The only reason I can imagine is to call to reserve a seat in the funeral."

Jameson was speechless.

"Besides, haven't you taken me down from the friend list? Doesn't it mean that you want a complete breakup?"

Jameson pursed his lips.

He did it because Sharon kept sending him messages about getting a divorce, which annoyed him very much.

"That's not what I meant."

Sharon quickly compromised, "Well, then I misunderstood you. But it doesn't matter anyway. We're divorced. There is nothing between us now."

Jameson looked a little impatient, "You seem to be a fan of the word 'divorce'. How much do you like getting a divorce?"

Sharon paused for a moment and whispered, "Mr. Proctor, look what a terrible memory you have."

"We just finished the paperwork this morning, and the certificate is still in my purse." Jameson's brows furrowed as his slender fingers slightly and meaninglessly moved.

Slowly, he let go of her wrist. Sharon lowered her eyes to look at the bruise there.

What did he think he was doing? Catching a thief?

“Mr. Proctor, if there’s nothing else, I’ll leave now.”

Jameson said calmly, “If you regret it, I can consider giving you another chance.”