

## Read Novel Ex-Husband Wants Badly To Resume Their Marriage Chapter 8

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Shame on Him!

Sharon smiled and stood up, saying, "Why not watch TV?"

She walked downstairs, bought something in a pharmacy, and then went into a supermarket.

When Sharon finished finding what Tiffany wanted, she saw many bags of sanitary pads, and they reminded her of the fact that she hadn't had her period for almost two months.

Since the miscarriage three years ago, she didn't have regular periods.

Instead, she had her period every two or three months.

But it should be soon.

Just in case, she took a few more bags.

After paying the bill, just as Sharon was about to leave, a woman walked in and bumped against Sharon's shoulder, knocking the shopping bag off Sharon's hands.

However, instead of apologizing, this woman said in a disdainful tone, "What's your problem?"

Sharon looked up at her and said in a cold voice, "It's silly of you not to know how to walk."

Erica looked at Sharon, and then she said in a more contemptuous and imperious tone, "Sharon, what are you doing here? It's too late. Do you want to meet the other man when Jameson is absent?"

Sharon ignored her words.

Instead, she bent down and picked up the shopping bag on the ground, saying indifferently, "Erica, since you ran abroad, you shouldn't have come back. Perhaps you don't know I'm not only vicious but also vengeful."

Hearing this, Erica got alert and couldn't help stumbling backward, "What do you want to do?"

Sharon raised her eyebrows, “Nothing. But you’d better not get pregnant for the rest of your life. Otherwise, you might need to be careful of me at any time. Maybe I’ll approach you without warning when I want to get you back. And…”

As she spoke, Sharon gave Erica a meaningful look.

Even though Erica was still single, she was also frightened, “Are you crazy? Only you know if you were pregnant or not. I ran into you by accident, so don’t always blame your miscarriage on me. Besides, if you dare to hurt me, my family will get you back. Moreover, Jameson will divorce you and kick you out of the Proctor family, and you won’t get anything!”

“Then give it a try. I’m not at a disadvantage anyway.

“What a psycho!”

Finishing her words, Erica turned around and strode away guiltily and nervously.

When Erica walked out of the supermarket, she pulled open her car door with a repulsive look on her face.

The man beside the car said indifferently, “Why didn’t you buy bottled water?”

It seemed Erica was waiting for this, so she complained, “Martin, do you remember the woman I told you before? She forced Jameson to marry her by lying she was pregnant. I actually met her here. It’s really disgusting.”

Martin said, “If you don’t want to buy anything, let’s go.”

“Martin, you…”

Before Erica could finish her words, she realized Martin was looking somewhere outside the car.

Therefore, she also looked out but saw nothing unusual.

When she was about to ask him what happened, Martin suddenly opened the car door and ran out.

Seeing this, Erica got out of the car and saw Martin was looking for something in the crowd, so she hugged his arm and asked, “Martin, what’s wrong with you? What are you looking for?”

When Martin calmed down, he looked down at Erica, saying, “Nothing. I might have been wrong.” He saw a woman who looked like the one he wanted to see for a long time.

Erica said, "Then let's go." Martin pulled his arm from her arms and said, "Erica, I'll call a taxi for you. I have other things to do, so I can't give you a ride."

"But you have promised me..."

Martin ignored what she said, took out his phone, and called a taxi, "I have texted you the plate number. I have to go first."

After that, he strode away.

Although Erica called after him, he paid her no mind.

After returning home, Sharon put the things she bought into the refrigerator one by one and then served Tiffany with a glass of brown sugar water.

And Tiffany was moaning on a sofa.

Tiffany took the glass, and she looked very excited.

She waved her phone at Sharon and said, "Guess who friended me just now?"

"Kaito Kuroba, or Crayon Shin-chan?"

"I'm serious."

Tiffany showed her phone to Sharon, and there were only two sentences on the screen: "I'm Martin."

"Have you heard from Sharon?"

Looking at these two sentences, Sharon was stunned for a long time until the screen was locked.

After a while, Tiffany said, "Martin has returned home. He is trying his best to look for you. I don't know who gave him my contact information. Shall I tell him that you are living with me now? Or shall I ask him to friend you?"

Sharon shook her head right away, "No, don't tell him now." Tiffany knew what Sharon was worried about, so Tiffany did not say anything.

Tiffany had to reply that it had been a long time since she last met Sharon.

Besides, Tiffany added that she would tell him if she heard from Sharon.

Tiffany didn't know if Martin could tell that she was lying, but he didn't say anything after saying 'Thank you'.

Lying in bed, Sharon did not fall asleep all night.

Overwhelmed by a mix of feelings, she didn't close her eyes until dawn.

However, not long after, her phone started to vibrate.

She answered it after finding it for a while.

A man's voice came from the other end of the phone, "Ms. Allyson, there's something wrong with the company. You'd better come and take a look." Sharon did not clearly hear what he said next.

And ten minutes later, she came to herself slightly.

'Company? What happened?' Sharon looked at the caller ID again.

It was Jacob, Jameson's assistant.

She clawed at her hair, changed her clothes, washed up in the bathroom, and then called a taxi.

When she arrived at the Proctor Group, it was 12:10, the lunchtime.

And there were numbers of pedestrians outside the building of the Proctor Group.

They gathered at the entrance of the building, looking at an older adult.

"How dare you touch me! I am the father-in-law of your president. I will tell him to fire you."

"How imperious you are. Tell Jameson Proctor that even if he divorces my daughter, he should give us at least half of his property."

"My daughter married him for three years and slept with him every day. However, he gave no money to us. Shame on him."

When Sharon arrived, she happened to hear the last sentence.

Her face went white, and a hot, prickly feeling of shame spread from the top of her head all the way down her body.

She even wanted to huddle up in a ball somewhere.

Just as she was about to leave, Jameson stood beside her and whispered, "Ms. Allyson, your father has been unreasonable for half an hour, and it has damaged the company's

reputation. Mr. Proctor asks you to settle this matter within three minutes. Otherwise, we'll call the police to take your father away."