

Resume 151

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 151

Do You Have to Talk to Me Like This?

Seeing this, Sharon guessed that Jameson must have warned the nurse not to let her use the phone.

"Forget it. Thank you." she said.

Sharon lay on the bed and closed her eyes.

Outside the ward, Jacob asked, "Mr. Proctor, aren't you going in?"

Jameson withdrew his gaze and said coldly, "What am I doing in there? Hearing her scold me?"

Jacob whispered, "Mrs. Proctor is just being angry. When she feels better, you can..."

Jameson ignored his advice and asked, "Who was here today?"

"Master Proctor, Mr. Proctor, and Miss Beale were here, but none of them was allowed to come in." Ever since Sharon's operation was completed, they had sent people to take over the hospital.

The Proctors were shut out of the door.

Master Proctor was extremely angry when he was stopped outside.

However, he couldn't lose his temper here because the hospital was a public place.

He could only go back after being rejected.

Jameson sat on a chair outside the ward and said indifferently, "He must be eager to know what's going on here right now."

"Don't worry, Mr. Proctor. I've dealt with it."

But Jameson said, "Tip him off and ruin his hope for good."

"Copy that."

However, Master Proctor was a paranoid person, and he might not believe it.

They still needed to be fully prepared.

As soon as Jacob left, Jameson received a phone call from his subordinate, "Mr. Proctor, someone has barged in..."

Jameson was not surprised, "I see."

Then a burst of quick footsteps came from the corridor.

The next second, Martin appeared in front of him.

Seeing Jameson, Martin strode forward and punched him in the face with red eyes, "Jameson, why didn't you take care of Sharon?"

Jameson did not show any emotions.

He only raised his hand to wipe the blood from the corner of his mouth and looked up at Martin.

"You are no better than me."

Martin laughed with anger, "Yes, it's my fault. If I had cared more about her back then, she wouldn't have married you and suffered any of those things!"

Tiffany, who had followed Martin all the way, finally caught up with him.

She had no idea about how to deal with them.

She whispered, "Why don't you go somewhere else? Sharon can hear you clearly inside."

Hearing this, Martin had calmed down a little bit.

He took a deep breath, ignored Jameson and looked inside the ward.

Sharon didn't move, as if she had fallen asleep.

Tiffany opened the door and walked in.

She stood beside her bed and said, "Sharon."

Hearing Tiffany's voice, Sharon opened her eyes.

Tiffany went to the window and sat beside Sharon's bed.

Looking at Sharon's pale face, Tiffany couldn't say a word of comfort and was about to cry.

Sharon smiled at her, "Why are you crying? I'm fine. I'll be discharged in a few days."

Tiffany sniffed and wiped away the tears.

"I see. You should have a good rest. I'll stay here with you."

"Thanks. Who told you where I am?" Sharon asked.

"I couldn't get in touch with you, and I didn't know what to do. I went to see Martin. He brought me here..."

Sharon paused, "Where's Ruben? Does he know about it?"

"Don't worry, I didn't tell him anything."

"Tiffany, thank Martin for me. I want to sleep now."

"Alright."

Martin was standing at the door, so he also heard what Sharon said.

He nodded at Tiffany and closed the door for them.

Outside the door, Jameson was still sitting there.

He seemed to have no intention of leaving.

Martin looked at Jameson and lowered his voice, "Since you're getting married, I hope you won't disturb Sharon's life anymore."

As he spoke, he laughed self-deprecatingly, "Me too."

This also explained why he was only standing at the door today.

He knew that there wasn't any chance between Sharon and him.

He could not take another step, nor did he dare to have any wild wish.

After saying that, Martin left without casting another glance at Jameson.

Jameson pursed his lips and slowly clenched his fists on his knees.

In the ward.

After sitting for a while, Tiffany knew that Sharon wasn't asleep.

She whispered, "Sharon, do you want some water?"

After a few seconds, Sharon replied, "No."

"Well, are you hungry? I'll go ask the doctor and see what you can eat."

Sharon slowly opened her eyes, "Tiffany."

Tiffany approached, "What?"

Sharon said calmly, "I'm fine. You can go back."

"I'd better keep you company. Now that you're not feeling well, I can't be at ease if I go back."

Sharon smiled and looked at her, "I'm really fine. I can be discharged in a few days."

Regardless of what Sharon said, Tiffany firmly disagreed to leave.

In the end, Sharon gave up and said, "Tiffany, go check Bridger in the ICU for me."

"Bridger?"

Tiffany recalled this name and said in surprise, "He is the one who helped Rita..."

Sharon nodded, "He intended to kidnap me this time, but he didn't expect that he would save me in the end."

Since Evie was going to kill Sharon, she must have done something else other than breaking the brake.

Even if Sharon really went down that path, she didn't know what else she would encounter.

Tiffany thought for a moment and said, "Alright, I'll be right back."

She planned to ask the doctor about Sharon's condition.

After Tiffany left, Sharon sat up.

She put her hand on her stomach and aimlessly looked out of the window.

It seemed that the temperature had started to drop, and it was drizzling outside.

The ward was also airless.

After a while, the door was pushed open.

Sharon thought that Tiffany had returned.

She turned around and was about to speak when she saw Jameson standing at the door.

She smiled out of anger, "Well, has Mr.Proctor made your mind?"

Jameson looked at her quietly and closed the door without saying a word.

Sharon withdrew her gaze and looked ahead.

Jameson stood beside her bed and said slowly, "Sharon, I hope you know that this child was not lost because of me.I warned you not to trust anyone from the Proctor family."

"I know.This is the consequences you said I need to bear myself, right?" Sharon was very calm.

"I've lost my child.You don't need to mock me anymore."

Jameson was hurt by her words.

He took a deep breath and said, "Do you have to talk to me like this?"

Sharon looked at him and found it funny, "You can leave if you don't want to hear it."

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It's All Over The Proctor's.

Ever since he was stopped outside the hospital this morning, Mr.Proctor had been anxious.

He had sent a lot of people out to check it.But there was no word yet.

At night, he finally got something.

When Mr.Proctor saw his man rushing in, he hastily asked, "How's it going?"

Said the man, "Mrs.Proctor is awake, but the baby..."

Mr.Proctor was particularly worried about the baby.

He grabbed his crutch hard and asked, "What happened to the baby? Say it!"

"She lost the baby..."

"What!"

The man went on, "Mrs.Proctor was bleeding when she got to the hospital.She and the baby cannot survive together because the doctors can only save one of them.Mr.Proctor chose Mrs.Proctor."

Mr.Proctor turned blue with anger, "Ba*tard!"

Then, a sudden thought seemed to have struck him.

Mr.Proctor asked in a low voice, "Did you check it? Did she really lose the baby? It's been seven months...The baby must have grown up.Did she really lose him?"

The man nodded, "It was a stillbirth.They couldn't save him."

Mr.Proctor grabbed his crutch and sighed.

He waved to the man, "Fine.Then you should go."

After the man left, Evie walked slowly down the stairs and asked indifferently, "Was Sharon awake?"

Mr.Proctor glanced at her and sat on the sofa.He seemed annoyed.

"You did this, didn't you?"

Evie smiled and did not deny it.

She just sat opposite him and said, "You got some proof?"

"What the h**I do you want? You know how important the baby is, and..."

Mr.Proctor said in a deep voice, "Do you think Jameson doesn't know that you did this? Did you have to do that?"

The smile faded slowly from Evie's face.

"My fault? Jameson and Natalia are going to get married.What do we need that baby for? Do you want him to take our assets after he grows up like Jameson?"

Mr.Proctor said impatiently, "It's been a very long time.Why can't you let go? I have already taken Erica to the Proctor's like you said.How come that is not good enough for you? Besides, Jeffery's car accident was not Jameson's fault.I don't know why you're blaming him!"

"He took what my son deserves.Can't I blame him?"

"Jeffery had that accident.What can I do? I need someone to carry on the Proctor family." Evie sneered, "Did you count on that Jeffery would have the car accident? Is that why you gave birth to that ba*tard?"

Mr.Proctor didn't say anything, with a very ugly look on his face.

Evie went on, "So it doesn't matter even if Jameson knows what I did.He'd never dare hurt me for he has to maintain his status.The news was just a lesson to him."

"Now that he's going to marry that Beale girl, it will be even harder to control him."

Evie jeered, "Even if he won't, there is not much you can do."

When she was leaving, she saw Jeffery was there.

Her expression changed a little, "Jeffery..."

Jeffery smiled faintly, "I came here when I heard you talking about Sharon. I am certainly relieved to know that she is fine."

And with that, rolling his wheelchair, he left.

When Tiffany came back, she saw Sharon was sitting on the bed, staring out the window.

She approached her and said, "Sharon."

Sharon looked at Tiffany with a faint smile, "What did the doctor say?"

"He said that if you survive tonight, you will be fine."

Sharon nodded and asked after a while, "Is Rita still in the police station?"

"The police say there is insufficient evidence, so they let her go. But she is not allowed to leave the country."

"Tiffany, give me your phone."

Tiffany handed her phone to Sharon and frowned, "Do you want Rita to come see Bridger? But I don't think she will come, because she had refused to admit that she had something to do with it at the police station."

Sharon said indifferently, "It doesn't matter whether she comes or not. I want to call her."

Anyway, Bridger had saved her.

As for what happened before, she didn't want to take it any further.

Sharon was calling Rita.

When it was answered, Rita's voice, sharp with impatience, came from the other side.

"I already said that I had nothing to do with it. Tiffany, could you stop doing that!"

"It's me."

Sharon spoke in a soft voice.

Rita probably did not expect Sharon to call her.

She was stunned for a while and asked, very alarmed.

"What do you want?"

Sharon said, "I just want to tell you that Bridger was seriously injured. He is in the hospital now. Come and see him."

"I don't know what you mean, nor do I know the man you're talking about." said Rita after a pause.

"Whatever. He said it's his fault. And that he's like this now because of me, so I'm going to let that slide."

Rita did not say anything, and then she hung up.

"Well, I told you. Rita got cocky after spending a few years abroad. In fact, all she could do is talking." said Tiffany.

Sharon returned the phone to Tiffany and smiled without saying a word.

Tiffany went on, "Do you want to call Ruben? Even though he doesn't know what happened, he is very worried about you."

"No, let's leave that until I am discharged." Even if she called him now, she wouldn't know what to say.

Tiffany sighed and patted Sharon on her shoulder.

"Sharon, it's all over."

All she could say now was that, and the rest was meaningless.

"Yes, it's all over."

Now that she lost the baby, the only connection between her and Jameson was gone.

She could finally live on her own, happily.

Tiffany asked, "Then what are you going to do? Do you want to go back to Lumiere Jewelry?"

Sharon shook her head, "I'm not going back."

She just wanted to find a place where she could live in seclusion, away from all the mess.

Tiffany thought for a while and said, "Why don't we travel abroad? Take some rest. There have been too many terrible things lately."

Tiffany was getting more and more excited, and she even began to plan the tour.

Sharon sat beside her and simply listened. She smiled faintly.

No one could tell what she was thinking about.

At midnight, Tiffany was lounging on the couch.

"Sharon, I'm asleep. Go to bed earlier. Good night."

"OK."

After the lights were turned off, everything in the room went dark.

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It Could Be Misinterpreted

When Tiffany woke up, she discovered that Sharon was no longer in bed.

She was shocked and sat up. She looked around the ward, but she didn't see Sharon.

Tiffany hurriedly ran out of the room.

Just as she wanted to inquire the nurse, she saw Jameson walking over.

Although she cursed this jerk madly in her heart, she couldn't care less about him at this time.

She said, "Mr.Proctor, Sharon is gone!"

Jameson's footsteps paused, and his expression suddenly turned cold.

He turned to the nurse and said, "Where is the surveillance?"

The nurse brought them over.

However, the surveillance cameras only caught Sharon leaving the ward and arriving at the EXIT.

She was nowhere else to be seen after that.

Tiffany furrowed her brows tightly and whispered, "Where will she go? She's going to collapse even if she walks ...Can she have fainted somewhere?"

Jacob said, "Mr.Proctor, our people have been guarding the entrance of the hospital.They haven't seen Ms.Allyson."

The implication was that she was still in the hospital.

Jameson pursed his lips, took two steps back, and then turned around to leave.

Tiffany looked at his back and just as she was about to say something, Jameson disappeared.

Jameson went to the rooftop, and surely enough, Sharon was there.

She held the railing, her body swaying in the wind, as if she could fall at any time.

He slowly approached, "Sharon, what are you doing?"

Sharon just looked ahead.

Her voice seemed to have been blown away by the wind.

"Why is Mr.Proctor here again?"

"I'm asking you."

Sharon smiled and said softly, "What do you think I will do? Jumping down from here? You are overthinking.If I were so weak, I wouldn't be able to survive until now."

Sharon raised her head slightly and said, "I just want some fresh air."

"Don't you know what your current condition is?"

"I know.I'm on the verge of death." Jameson stood behind her, took off his coat and put it on her shoulder.

His voice was low, "Enough, Sharon, go back."

Sharon turned to look at him with a mocking smile, "Your actions tonight might be misinterpreted. What do you think?"

Jameson's expression did not change as he stared fixedly at her, "How?"

"Others may misinterpret that you like me."

"I have never denied it." Sharon suddenly laughed.

True, he did not deny it, but his feelings for her were so weak.

Jameson said, "I told you, I can let you be Mrs. Proctor."

"All you've given me is that cage. Jameson, you don't like me. You're just used to me taking care of you by your side. You're used to my obedience. You're used to..."

Jameson grabbed her wrist and interrupted, "Sharon, where did your conscience go?"

"Mr. Proctor, you're wrong again. I have no conscience."

Jameson pursed his lips tightly and said, "What exactly do you want?"

"What do I want?"

Sharon murmured softly, at a loss.

What did she want? What could she do? As matters stood, did she have the right to choose and speak?

Jameson said, "The baby is gone. This is an unchangeable fact. How long are you going to live like this?"

Hearing this, Sharon came back to herself and looked at him quietly.

After a long time, a smile was gradually formed on her lips.

That's right.

To Jameson, this was a trivial matter, and he even achieved his goal.

How could he understand? A person like him would probably never understand.

Sharon shook off his hand and got two steps closer to the railing.

"What I look like has nothing to do with you. You should take good care of your fiancée and don't waste your time on me."

Jameson looked at her expressionlessly and didn't say anything.

Sharon barely managed to hold on for two steps forward, but her body could no longer withstand it.

She felt that everything was dark, and she fainted.

Jameson caught her and picked her up.

He quickly got down from the rooftop.

When Sharon opened her eyes again, the only person in the ward was Tiffany, whose eyes had turned red from crying.

Seeing that she had woken up, Tiffany grabbed her hand and said, "Sharon, stop wandering around. The doctor said that your health is very poor now. If something happens again, it might..."

"Don't worry, Sharon said, "I just went to think about something. I've thought it through."

Tiffany sobbed and nodded.

When Tiffany saw Jameson appear with Sharon, whose clothes were dyed red with blood yesterday, she was almost scared to death.

"How long did I sleep?" Sharon looked at the sky.

"Three days."

Tiffany said, "Speaking of which, that Bridger has woken up. He has been transferred to the general ward. I have asked the nurse. Nobody has come to see him these past few days."

"Forget it," Sharon said.

"Leave him alone." After a week, Sharon's injuries gradually healed.

Apart from the fact that her face was still pale, she had become much spirited.

At this moment, an uninvited guest arrived.

Natalia stood at the door of the ward and smiled, "Ms. Allyson, may I come in?"

Sharon was not surprised by her arrival and nodded.

Natalia put the flowers on the bedside table and slowly said, "I just asked the doctor. They said that your injuries are healing very well. You can be discharged soon."

As she said that, she added, "I'm sorry for visiting you so late, but this hospital is not easy to enter." Sharon only smiled at what she had said and did not answer.

She did not want to know at all why the hospital was not easy to enter, nor did she have the mood to figure out the meaning behind her words.

Natalia looked at Tiffany, who had a wary expression on her face.

"We've seen each other before at Lumiere Jewelry, right?"

Tiffany nodded and said perfunctorily, "I'm a photographer of it."

"No wonder. I've been looking for a photographer to take pictures..."

Halfway through her words, she seemed to realize that she shouldn't have said this in front of Sharon, so she said again, "If it's convenient for you, I want you to take some photos of me."

Tiffany said, "Sorry, I'm gonna resign. Please find another one."

"I see."

Natalia looked at Sharon and said, "I have something I want to talk to Ms. Allyson alone. Can you please leave us some space?"

Tiffany did not move.

Just as she was about to refuse, she heard Sharon say, "Tiffany, go."

"Buy me some fruit."

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She Has Nothing Left

Tiffany knew that Sharon sent her away on purpose, so she left the ward reluctantly.

After Tiffany left, Natalia sat on the sofa and said, "I'm sorry to hear that you've lost your baby."

Sharon's expression did not change at all.

She said indifferently, "There is nothing to be regretted about.

Even I struggled to keep it, it is not going end well if it is not mine."

"Ms. Allyson..."

"Miss Beale, let's get this straight."

Natalia smiled and said, "Well. I just want to comfort you. As for the rest..."

Natalia paused and then said, "Perhaps Ms. Allyson doesn't know that, on the day you left the Proctor family, my father sent someone to pick you up to send you to a safer place. But expectedly, that accident happened on your way there. Ms. Allyson, please don't get my father wrong. I'm going to marry Jameson soon, he might think..."

Natalia did not finish her words, but Sharon got all her points.

Natalia and Jameson were getting married soon.

Sharon, Jameson's ex-wife, would affect their relationship.

Seeing that Sharon was silent, Natalia said, "I do trust you, Ms. Allyson. However, my father has his worries. I am going to marry Jameson and this is also a marriage of the Proctor Group and the Beale Group. My father did that for the big picture."

After pausing a few seconds, Sharon said, "I know what you mean."

Natalia kept a smile on her face and did not reply.

Sharon continued, "Please rest assured, Miss Beale. I've lost my baby and I will not be involved with Jameson again in the future."

"Ms. Allyson, are you going to stay in the South City as well?"

After hearing this, Sharon smiled faintly and no one knew what was in her mind.

"Why not?" She replied.

Natalia didn't expect this answer and her expression changed slightly.

She soon concealed it, "I thought Ms. Allyson hates this place after all these terrible things."

"I'm just tired of the people here." The reason that she tried hard to escape this place was to protect her baby in her belly.

Now, she had lost her baby and had nothing left.

What was she to be afraid of then? "You are right. It was thoughtless of me. Well, please feel free to let me know if you need any help in the future."

"Thank you for your kindness, Miss Beale. It is really unnecessary." Sharon said, "I don't want to keep in touch with any member from the Proctor family anymore. So, I'm afraid that I don't want to see you again, Miss Beale. Sorry."

"I always thought we were friends..." Natalia laughed.

"Will you really want to be a friend with your fiancé's ex-wife?"

Sharon's expression was indifferent.

Natalia did not explain again, and her laughter vanished.

She stood up and said, "You are really a proud girl. I feel so sorry for you."

"Wish you a happy wedding in advance."

After Sharon felt better, she went to Bridger's ward.

However, he had left.

The nurse said, "Did this person do something wrong? The policeman came to see him a few days ago. He jumped out of the window and ran away as soon as the policeman got to the door."

Sharon did not reply.

She just thanked this nurse and went back to her ward.

Sharon was discharged from the hospital half a month later.

Before back to her rented small apartment, Sharon asked Tiffany to send her to somewhere else.

She had been taken away by someone from the Proctor family near Lumiere Jewelry, and all her belongings were left in the Star Lake Mansion.

When she saw Sharon returning, Jennifer hurriedly greeted her, "Ms. Allyson, you're back at last. I suppose that you haven't had your lunch yet. I'll prepare it for you..."

Sharon smiled and said, "Thank you, Jennifer. I'll leave as soon as I get my stuff."

Jennifer asked with concern after hearing Sharon's words, "Did you quarrel with Mr. Proctor again?"

Jennifer sighed then, "Mr.Proctor was on a business trip earlier and he hasn't back yet.Why don't you stay and wait for him?"

"It's unnecessary." Sharon looked calmly.

"We didn't quarrel.He is going to get married, and I..."

She paused and continued, "I have no reason to stay here anymore."

Jennifer was surprised as she did not know what was going on.

Sharon nodded at Jennifer and went upstairs to pack her belongs.

She didn't have much stuff and it only took her several minutes to pack it up.

When carrying her suitcase to downstairs, Sharon noticed that Jennifer was still standing there and about to say something.

Sharon said, "Thank you for taking care of me before, Jennifer.I've got to go."

Jennifer did not know what to say now, and just said, "Then I'll send you off, Ms.Allyson."

When they reached the door, Jennifer couldn't help and said, "Ms.Allyson, I don't know what happened between you and Mr.Proctor.But he has never said what he meant.You..."

Jennifer had been with this couple for three years.Although they quarreled sometime, everyone could tell that they loved each other very much.

No one would expect this.

Sharon stopped and smiled, "Thank you, Jennifer.Why don't you leave me here? I'll come to see you when things are right."

When they arrived at Sharon's apartment, Ruben was already there.

Sharon told him that she had gone on a tour when she called him last time.

Ruben noticed that Sharon had lost a lot of weight and her face was pale.

He glanced at Sharon's belly and pursed his lips tightly.

He finally took her suitcase and walked upstairs without saying a word.

Tiffany said, "It is really rare that Ruben comes over.Let's have hotpot today, shall we? It is getting cold recently and hotpot is perfect for a day like this."

Sharon laughed, "Alright."

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To Date a Womanizer

But Ruben said in a cold voice, "She is just discharged from the hospital.She can't eat spicy food."

He bluntly exposed their lies.

Sharon didn't know what to say.

Neither nor Tiffany.

Tiffany turned to Sharon and whispered, "Your brother must have been a member of the Intelligence Agency in his previous life, right? There's nothing you can hide from him."

Sharon nodded her head and echoed, "I feel the same."

Ruben ignored them and went straight out when the elevator opened.

He wasn't angry that they were hiding it from him, and he knew that Sharon was afraid that he would go to Jameson after knowing about it.

Ruben indeed could not do anything to Jameson currently.

It was just that he didn't know anything about such a big matter.

He didn't even dare to ask Sharon what had happened to the child she was pregnant with.

Tiffany usually ordered takeout food when she stayed here, so there were no vegetables or fruits at home.

Ruben glanced at the refrigerator and then went out.

After the door closed, Tiffany heaved a sigh of relief.

She felt that she had come back to life and said, "Ruben's temper is the same as yours, so Scary.' Sharon couldn't believe her ears.

She was gentle, wasn't she? After a while, Tiffany couldn't help but ask, "He looked so fierce.He wasn't going to get even with Jameson, right?"

"No,' Sharon replied.

She knew Ruben.

He wasn't an impulsive person who didn't care about the consequences.

Tiffany patted her chest and said, "Alright.That's good."

Not long after, Ruben brought back two large bags of fresh fruit and vegetables and went straight into the kitchen.

Tiffany peeled off an orange and handed half of it to Sharon.

She sighed, "It's good to have a younger brother.If I had such a handsome younger brother who could take care of me, I wouldn't even look for a boyfriend for the rest of my life.Tell me, does Ruben like the girls older or younger than he is? Do you think I have...?"

She didn't finish her words because Sharon stuffed the orange into her mouth.

Sharon rolled her eyes at Tiffany and said, "Come on, Ruben grew up with you.How could you even think about this?"

Tiffany swallowed the orange and licked her lips, "I'm just chasing rainbows."

Sharon bit her words back.

After a while, Tiffany said, "Hey, do you remember that I sell my house? I don't want to buy a new one. I plan to start my own business and run a studio. How about we do it together?"

"Me?" Sharon was surprised.

"That's right. Let's run a studio. You are in charge of jewelry design, while I am in charge of photography and publicity. If we meet a major client, we can give her a set of glamorous portrait shots for free. How nice is that!"

Sharon thought for a while before saying, "I'll think about it."

"Alright, take your time."

Tiffany knew what Sharon was worried about.

After all, it was Lumiere Magazine that gave her a platform and opportunities for her comeback.

Soon, an afternoon passed.

Ruben made a soup.

The smell went to the living room.

Tiffany walked over with a bag of potato chips in her arms and stood at the kitchen door, saying, "Ruben, if you have a girlfriend, you still need to come home for us often." Ruben didn't reply.

During the dinner, because Sharon couldn't drink and Ruben didn't allow her to drink, Tiffany drank all the wine.

Not long after, Tiffany stood on a chair with one foot and started cursing that men were all sc*ms.

Sharon rubbed her temples and smiled softly.

She said to Ruben, "You can go back to your dorm. I'll handle the rest."

"Can you?"

Ruben looked at Tiffany, who was singing with her chopsticks.

"It's fine. This isn't the first time she's drunk."

Sharon said, "If you don't leave, you will be late and cannot enter the dormitory." Ruben looked at his watch.

There really wasn't much time left.

He said, "I'll come and see you this weekend. Take a good rest."

"I see. Be careful on your way back." Ruben left.

Sharon helped Tiffany to the bed, tucked her in, and turned around to clean up the dishes.

After finishing everything, Sharon opened the suitcase and took out her things one by one.

When she got the baby's clothes, she stared at them blankly for a long time.

It wasn't until she heard Tiffany vomiting that she regained herself.

She went to the bathroom and patted Tiffany's shoulder, "I told you not to drink so much."

Tiffany leaned against the toilet and took a few breaths.

She looked at Sharon and said, "I was happy."

As she spoke, she struggled to open her eyes and shook her fingers, "Sharon, let me tell you, let's start over. I will get over the sc*mbag Asher, and you get over that jerk! From now on, we shall be love rats and date a womanizer. Let's see who's more capable of this!"

Sharon was lost for words.

She didn't expect that Tiffany would be able to speak so smoothly after getting drunk. "Alright, you need to go to sleep."

Tiffany hugged her and started crying, "Sharon, I mean it. You deserve a good relationship. That jerk is not worth it. Think about it, you and Martin were such a perfect match back then, and I was a shipper of both of you. I didn't expect that you two had a bad ending."

Sharon didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

She patted Tiffany's back and replied, "Okay, I'm going to date someone tomorrow."

"That's a deal. You are not allowed to go back on your word."

Tiffany said with tears in her eyes, "The quickest way to get over someone is to start a new relationship. I need to pull myself together!"

Finally, Sharon managed to get Tiffany back to bed in the midnight.

Sitting beside the bed, Sharon thought, "Yes, I should start over. What's the point of keep focusing on what happened in the past?"

Actually, the current result was unsurprising, wasn't it? It was just that she had been dreaming of the surprise that didn't belong to her.

Thinking of this, Sharon took a deep breath and patted her face to make it red.

Since she was still alive after the catastrophe, she had to cheer up.

At the same time, in Costspool.

Jacob brought the phone to Jameson when the meeting ended, "Mr. Proctor, it's the call from Miss Beale."

Then, he added in a low voice, "This is the twenty-third call today."

Jameson pinched his nose and took the phone expressionlessly.

Natalia asked as soon as the phone was got through, "Jameson, where are you?"

"Do I need to report to you where I am?"

His words choked Natalia.

After a moment of silence, she said, "I just wanted to tell you that our wedding is in a week. Mr. Proctor and the others couldn't reach you, so they were all asking me..."

Jameson said indifferently, "Cancel the wedding."

"Why?"

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You Already Have a Perfect Son

"There's no reason. I don't want to get married.' Natalia sneered, "Jameson, do you think marriage is a joke? Do you think you can get married or call off the wedding at will? Everyone knows that were getting married. But you..."

"You are the one who wanted to announce the news."

"But you agreed at that time, didn't you?"

Jameson said, "Natalia, you should know very well why I agreed to marry you."

Natalia bit her lower lip tightly and asked, "It's because of Ms. Allyson, isn't it?"

Jameson said coldly, "Natalia, this marriage is just a tradeoff. It has nothing to do with anyone else. In this month, the Beale Group's share price shot up by 3%. You didn't lose."

Natalia stared at Jameson who had no soft feeling for her. He even treated their marriage coldly as a business contract.

Natalia took a deep breath and said unwillingly, "But now that the wedding is announced, what do you want me to do now that you're withdrawing from the marriage? What are you going to tell my father?"

"Don't worry, Miss Beale. The reason why this wedding is canceled is that I am the bast*rd son of Albert. I am not worthy of you."

Natalia turned pale, "Jameson, you..."

"Sorry, I've got to go. See you next time." Jameson interrupted her and hung up the phone.

Jacob remained still nearby, holding his breath.

He was stunned that Mr. Proctor would rather suffer such a staggering loss than get married with Natalia.

Now the Proctors had already shifted their focus to the marriage with the Beales since they realized that they could no longer use Sharon's child to achieve their goal.

Even though they didn't agree with this marriage at the beginning, they had to admit that the marriage with the wealthy Beale family that had no heirs was tempting.

Now Mr.Proctor canceled the wedding.

And this would drive Mr.Proctor crazy.

Jameson got into the elevator and instructed, "Prepare the announcement before midnight tonight."

Jacob thought for a moment and asked, "Mr.Proctor, what's the content of the statement?"

He couldn't write that word, could he? Jameson glanced in his direction and said, "Go to the doctor if you were deaf."

Jacob didn't know what to say.

Jameson turned his gaze and sneered, "Evie has spent all her effort to prepare such a thing.I have to return the favor."

"Mr.Proctor, you mean..."

"For so many years, the reason why she accepted my existence on the surface was only that she cared about her and the Rowlands' dignity.What other reason do you think there is?"

Jacob didn't dare to comment but listening quietly.

Jameson said indifferently, "She dared to put moves on Sharon and believed that I wouldn't dare to do anything to her.Wasn't it because she thought I was afraid that she would reveal that I am an illegitimate son of the Proctors?"

Jacob said, "As you ordered, Mr.Proctor."

Only after hearing this did Jacob understand that Jameson was planning to make a move on the Rowlands.

It was only the first step for him to admit that he was an illegitimate son.

Half an hour later, the car stopped at Bridge Street.

After New Year's day, the housing demolition work would start.

Since approval documents had been sent out over these days, more than half of the residents on the streets had moved away.

The bustling streets now looked deserted.

Jameson got out of the car and strode into the Charlotte's house.

Charlotte heard the noise outside and walked out.

Jameson stood in the courtyard with hands in his pants pockets.

His gaze landed on the buds that had just emerged from the corner of the flower bed.

The fragile flower was struggling to grow.

It had a tenacious vitality.

Charlotte sat at the stone table and said, "Why don't you go in and take a look?"

Jameson said, "The newborn is too ugly. I don't want to see him."

Charlotte teased, "You looked the same when you were just born."

After a while, Charlotte sighed softly, "Are you really not going to tell Charlotte? No matter what, she still has the right..."

Jameson turned his gaze and said indifferently, "Our child almost died in the car accident. He is born premature and in poor health. The doctor said that these months are dangerous and any accidents could happen at any time. There is no need to let her know about this."

Instead of letting her suffering from the pain of losing again, it would be better to tell her the worst at the beginning.

Charlotte said in a hot rage of pleasure, "Then you send the baby here? If...wouldn't I be sad?"

"You're different from her."

"How was that different?"

Jameson said, "You already have a perfect son. She has nothing."

Charlotte didn't know what to say.

After a while, Jameson continued, "Your home is the safest place. When I have settled the matter over there, I will come and pick him up."

After a moment of silence, he added in a low voice, "If he's still alive."

Charlotte sighed, "Jameson, don't be so negative. The little fellow is getting better. He has a good appetite. He can make trouble. He will be fine."

"I just have to be realistic. If I don't have expectations, I won't be disappointed."

That night, the Proctor Group stated the cancellation of the engagement with the Beales.

The statement was very concise.

Although it did not point out Jameson's illegitimate birth, it said that the Proctors was not worthy of the Beales' noble daughter.

After the news was announced, the curious onlookers soon gathered.

"Not worthy?? Are they serious? The Proctor Group is better than the Beale Group."

"What??? This statement is just astounding, kind of gives me goosebumps. Didn't someone reveal that Mr. Proctor is an illegitimate son? Did the cancellation of the wedding have anything to do with his identity?"

"That makes sense. However, did Mr. Proctor admit it on his initiative? If that's the case, he is a bada*s, isn't he?"

"If he is a lamb, how can he become the president of the Proctor Group? However, the wealthy families are really in a mess. There are too many illegitimate children. To preserve the family's dignity, they can only pretend that nothing has happened."

When Mr. Proctor saw this statement, he cursed, shaking with anger, "Bast*rd! What a bast*rd!"

Jameson not only acknowledged that he was an illegitimate son but also got the Proctors and the group involved.

Mr. Proctor valued his bloodline and dignity the most.

He thought the marriage with the Beales was almost certain.

However, he didn't expect that Jameson ruined all of these in the blink of an eye! Evie looked as usual when she read the news.

She sneered slightly.

"Sure enough, he is a big disgrace."

After Mr. Proctor slowly calmed down, he asked the housekeeper, "What did the Beales say?"

"The Beales haven't responded yet." Mr. Proctor rubbed the head of the cane and frowned.

"According to Talon's personality, there is no way to change the situation."

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She Is About to Succeed

After thinking for a while, Albert said to Noel, "Prepare a present. I will go to the Beale's to apologize in the morning."

It was inevitable for the Beale family and the Proctor family to have a bad relationship.

However, it was Jameson's fault.

If Albert took the opportunity to associate with the Beales and court them, the effect might be doubled.

Once Talon was willing to stand by Albert's side, Albert would take the Proctor Group back sooner or later.

The next day.

Sharon thought about it all night and decided to resign from Lumiere.

There had been a lot of criticism from the outside world about her and Lumiere Magazine.

Besides, she had been absent for a long time.

If she stayed there, it would continue to bring negative impacts on Lumiere.

When Lance received her resignation letter, he sighed as if he had expected it.

He only said, "Lumiere welcomes you at any time."

Sharon smiled and nodded, "Mr.Carter, thank you for care and assistance during this period."

Lance said, "You're welcome.Last week, Tiffany also resigned.What are you going to do?"

Sharon said, "We may open a studio.I have no idea yet."

"OK.I have some connections in the fashion industry.If you decide to open a studio, let me know.I'll introduce you to some clients."

"Thank you, Mr.Carter."

When Sharon was about to leave, Lance said, "Rita has been suspended.We're wait for the results of the investigation.Don't worry.Even if you leave, I will give you an explanation."

"I won't go through with it."

After a pause, Sharon said, "The only reason she did this was because she treated me as an imaginary enemy.After I leave Lumiere, it's all over."

"Ally..." Sharon knew what Lance wanted to say.

She smiled faintly, "It's not because I'm tolerant.I just owe someone a favor."

Hearing this, Lance stopped persuading her.

He nodded and said, "Since you won't go through with it, there is no need for us to investigate."

However, with Rita's character and personality, Lumiere would still fire her.

When Sharon walked out of Lance's office and was about to leave, she heard a group of people were gossiping in the pantry.

"Have you heard that? The engagement of the Proctor Group and the Beale Group has been broken off.It's said that it's because Mr.Proctor is an illegitimate child."

"Holy sh*t, really? But they have scotched rumors that Mr.Proctor is an illegitimate child."

"The Proctor Group issued the statement.It is true.It states that Mr.Proctor is not worthy of Miss Beale.If it weren't Mr.Proctor's instructions, no one had the guts to issue that.Otherwise, they would be in trouble."

"This is too astonishing.If Mr.Proctor is an illegitimate child, who is his mother? I haven't heard any scandals about that of the Proctor family all these years."

"God knows.Compared to this, I'm more curious about who Ally has hooked up with from the Proctor family?" Sharon, who was about to leave, was annoyed.

"I'm also interested in it.The revelation is not complete.There is no follow-up related to it at all."

"The Proctor Group is a family business. There are so many people. Even if she showed in the Proctor's, it can't prove that her lover is someone from the Proctor family. Maybe her lover is a distant relative of the Proctor family, right?"

"She's quite smart. She's pregnant. It looks like she's about to succeed."

"That's right. Being able to marry above her is also her smarts."

"Also, the middle-aged woman who came to see her was here to expose her affairs. She had the nerve to say that the woman was her ex-husband's mother. She wasn't afraid..."

Just as everyone was gossiping happily, the door was suddenly opened.

Sharon stood there with a cold expression.

The people who were discussing warmly fell into a trance.

They couldn't even make a sound anymore.

Sharon glanced at them and said, "Since you are so curious about my relationship with the Proctor family, why don't you ask me?"

They smiled awkwardly and were speechless.

After all, they didn't expect that it would be heard by Sharon when they gossiped behind her.

Also, Sharon hadn't come to Lumiere for a long time.

They thought that she would not come here anymore.

Sharon said indifferently, "I told you that the person who came to see me here was my ex-husband's mother, Victoria. She is the wife of the president of the Proctor Group."

Everyone was dumbfounded. The wife of the president of the Proctor Group was....

Sharon did not care about their thoughts. She strode away. She didn't tell them because she didn't want to Jameson and her become an interesting topic. She regretted it. She married Jameson. She felt vexed in that marriage.

What was worse, they guessed casually that she was the mistress of a wealthy businessman.

Anyway, she had resigned, so she didn't care what they would say after knowing that she was Jameson's ex-wife.

Sharon left Lumiere and let out a long breath.

After taking two steps, she turned to look at the place where she had been working for half a year and smiled in relief.

Half a year ago, she started from here.

What had happened in this period also ended here.

She turned around and strode forward.

She left decisively.Two months later.

Tiffany leaned against the sofa and stretched.

“Finally, it’s over.I’m so exhausted within these two months.”

Sharon smiled and said, “Well, have a rest and eat out.”

Hearing that, Tiffany became spirited.

“My friend recommended a Hunan cuisine restaurant.Let’s go there.By the way, Ruben is on winter vacation.Call him to have lunch with us.”

“He’s on vacation, but he works part-time in a coffee shop.I will text him.”

Sharon took the bag and texted Ruben while closing the door with the key.

“Let’s go.”

For the past two months, she and Tiffany had been busy with the studio.

After renting the shop, they began to decorate it.

Fortunately, everything was settled before the opening of the studio.

It proved that people must keep themselves busy and enrich themselves.

Otherwise, they would be sentimental.

After arriving at the restaurant and ordering, Tiffany asked, “Will Ruben join us?”

Sharon put down her phone and said, “He says he has the early shift and will be here in a while.”

Speaking of Ruben, Tiffany couldn’t help but gossip, “Ruben has been in college for half a year, right? Is he seeing someone?”

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Can’t You Just Talk?

Sharon raised her eyebrows and said, “No, I don’t think so.”

“I also want to go to college again.How wonderful love is when I was a student.I haven’t experienced that feeling for along time.”

“It’s up to him.I asked him last time, he...”

Sharon couldn’t help but smile and shake her head when she recalled the conversation.After chatting for a while, they heard a knock at the door of the private room.

The waiters started to serve.A figure passed by the door and subconsciously looked over.

Then, she turned around and walked into the private room.

“What a coincidence!”

Tiffany and Sharon raised their heads at the same time and saw Giana standing at the door.

Giana had been filming on the set for the past few months.

She had heard that something had happened to Sharon and had called to comfort her.

However, she hadn't expected that she would bump into them here just when she was back.

"You are here for dinner?" Sharon asked.

"Yes, I came here with Jam..."

Giana swallowed back the words on the tip of her tongue. She changed the topic and laughed with embarrassment.

"My boss is here for a business dinner. It's about a movie, so he asked me to come with him."

Tiffany had no idea who the boss she was talking about was.

"Then when will it end? We'll be here waiting for you, and we are now waiting for Sharon's younger brother." Giana quickly rolled her eyes and smiled.

"It is almost over. I'll tell them I'm leaving, and then I'll come over. You eat first. Don't wait for me, I've already had a lot."

"Alright."

After Giana left, Tiffany picked up a piece of dessert. She suddenly realized something while eating.

Giana was an artist of the Proctor Group, so her boss was...

Tiffany felt that the dessert tasted less flavorful in an instant.

It slipped from the chopsticks and fell into the bowl.

'Da*n! She had been busy for two months and came to the restaurant recommended by her friend.

She didn't expect that jerk to be here as well.

She secretly turned her head to observe Sharon's reaction.

The latter was drinking water.

When she met Tiffany's gaze, she tilted upwards slightly at the corners.

"What's wrong?" Tiffany smiled.

"Nothing. Sharon, don't just drink water. Ruben will arrive in a while. Have some food."

As she spoke, she picked up food for Sharon with her chopsticks. Soon, Sharon's bowl was full.

Speechless, Sharon stared blankly at her bowl. Giana was back in the private room next door.

After Giana sat down, she drank some water. She used the glass to cover her facial expression and glanced at the man beside her. Jameson looked at her coldly.

Even if he didn't say a word, it still made her feel guilty.

After a while, Giana thought it was time. She put down her glass and coughed.

"Mr. Proctor, and everyone, I just received a call. Something happened at home. Sorry, I must go now. Please go on, enjoy your meal."

But what she didn't expect was that just as she picked up her bag, Jameson asked in a cold voice, "What happened?"

"Just ...something personal. Thank you for your concern, Mr. Proctor." Jameson raised his eyelids.

His eyes seemed to bore into her.

It was as if he was saying that it did not seem to be something personal from the look in her eyes just now.

Giana knew that this jerk wasn't that easy to deal with, so she gave a sweet smile and said, "Actually, I met two friends when I went out just now. I haven't seen them for a long time, so..."

Jameson said coldly, "Who will play the leading role in this movie? You or me?"

Giana knew that this was a mockery of her working attitude of being irresponsible.

She said, "We've already talked about the details. The rest is up to you. I know that I acted rashly today, but I'm really sorry. My friend is disappointed in love. She met a two-timer. She suffered a lot both physically and mentally. I need to go and comfort her."

Jameson said impolitely, "Don't you have other better things to do?"

The others in the room laughed and tried to ease the atmosphere, "Giana is right. We've talked about the details. Since that's the case, Mr. Proctor, let's talk about the rest. Giana should care more about her friend when something like this happens to her friend."

Giana also echoed, "You're right. My friend is quite nice. She is beautiful and has outstanding abilities. I wonder which jerk did such a thing to hurt her. He must be blind."

Jameson's temples pulsed a little, and his handsome face darkened.

Before he could say something, Giana quickly slipped away.

After arriving at the private room next door, Giana purposely turned around to check if Jameson followed her before pushing open the door.

Ruben was already there.

Giana smiled and greeted, "Hello, handsome boy."

Ruben smiled back.

After Giana sat down, Tiffany whispered, "Didn't your boss say anything?"

"No, I scolded him, but he definitely had no idea who I was talking about." Tiffany revealed a smile and picked up a glass of drink.

They clinked glasses. Ruben frowned and asked Sharon, "What are they talking about?"

Sharon picked up a piece of fish for him with a normal expression, "You are too young to understand. Well, have some fish."

Ruben curled up his lips. Halfway through the meal, Sharon went to the bathroom.

Unexpectedly, just as she washed her hands, she saw a man smoking a cigarette not far away.

Sharon was not surprised to see him.

She looked away and pretended not to notice him.

Just as she was about to leave, the man called her in a low and cold voice, "Sharon."

Sharon closed her eyes and took a light breath.

Then, she looked at him again and made a faint attempt at a smile.

"It's you, Mr. Proctor. I really didn't expect to see you here. Did you also come here for dinner?"

Her words were a mixture of courtesy, alienation, and indifference. Jameson looked at her indifferently, "What else?"

"Well, looking at your face, I thought you were going to blow up this restaurant."

Jameson crushed the cigarette butt with a somewhat irritated expression, "Can't you talk rationally?"

Sharon gradually calmed down.

"Mr. Proctor, you know that I always talk like this. If you don't like it, you can..."

"Shut up."

"Okay."

Sharon had no intention of talking more with him, so she strode away.

Looking at her back, Jameson licked his teeth and lit another cigarette.

He stuck the cigarette between his lips and suddenly smiled.

She was still so silver-tongued.

After Sharon returned to the private room, Tiffany asked, "Sharon, what took you so long?"

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It Was a Hard Time for Him Again

Sharon said indifferently, "Nothing. It's a nut."

Hearing this, Tiffany frowned, "What's going on with the security here? How can they allow such a guy in? What if..."

Before Tiffany could finish speaking, she felt someone stepping on her foot under the table.

Giana pretended nothing had happened and smiled, "I heard that your studio would open tomorrow, right? I promise that I will be your first client."

Sharon nodded with a smile, "I'm looking forward that."

After the dinner, Sharon and the others left.

Giana was about to call his driver when she felt herself surrounded by a chill. She knew something was wrong. She turned and forced a smile, "Mr. Proctor, I thought you'd left..."

Jameson looked at her coldly, "You have two choices. Either you'll have no off days for the whole year, or..."

"OK, Mr. Proctor. I'll go with the latter."

Jameson kept his sleeves tight and said slowly, "What did you talk about?"

Giana was lost for words.

Why did he just enter and join in? "Sharon and Tiffany will open a studio tomorrow. Would you like to go?"

She didn't tell Jameson they scolded him.

Jameson sneered, "I'm not as free as you."

Giana curled her lips. So, he was indicating that he wouldn't go.

'I promise you'll go' Giana sighed, "I think it's difficult for them to start a business. So I'm wondering perhaps I can introduce some friends to them, but ...but...I'm afraid I don't have time to treat my friends to dinner as a thank-you. After all, I get few off days."

Jameson gave her a cold glance, "It seems that the past days don't make you a qualified actor."

Jameson withdrew his gaze, "You'll never have off days. But I can ignore what you said."

What a jerk. No wonder he didn't get Sharon back after such a long time. Inside a Rolls-Royce.

Jameson pinched his nose and said in a calm tone, "Did Sharon leave Lumiere Jewelry?"

Jacob nodded, "People from Lumiere Jewelry told me that Ms. Allyson would stop investigating the matter related to Rita. So I've also asked them to stop."

Jameson knew why Sharon stopped.

His voice was calm, "She is always kind in terms of strange things."

"After all, if it wasn't for Bridger, Ms. Allyson might..."

After their investigation, they discovered that there was something wrong with that path.

Therefore, even if Sharon deceived the people who Evie had arranged for her to drive her back, the same thing would still happen when she left from another road.

"Forget it."

After a pause, Jameson said, "Sharon's studio will open tomorrow. Remember to send a flower basket over.'

Jacob tentatively asked, "You mean, just ...a flower basket?"

"What's your advice?"

Jacob pretended to cough "Mr. Proctor, you only have an annual meeting tomorrow morning. So you're free in the afternoon."

Jameson was lost for words.

He took a deep breath and lowered the window.

After a while, he said, "Since that is the case, I will go and have a look."

Jacob understood it, "Alright, Mr. Proctor. I will arrange it now."

"After staying in Costspool for more than a month, Mr. Proctor returned and dealt with the mess left behind after he annulled his marriage." And now, two months had passed.

'Again, it is a hard time for me'.

After walking them downstairs, Ruben left.

Although it was winter vacation, he still stayed in the dormitory.

He was working for a coffee shop near the school, so it would be convenient for him.

After returning home, Tiffany fell on the sofa and said, "Finally, I can sleep well tonight."

"Go to bed early,' Sharon said.

"You have to get up early tomorrow."

Tiffany looked at her and rolled her eyes. She wanted to say something, but she didn't.

Feeling her gaze, Sharon laughed, "What's wrong?"

"It's nothing...."

She didn't know what had happened during the dinner. But Giana gave her a reminder and she knew exactly who Sharon had met.

She hesitated for a moment before asking in a low voice, "Sharon, did you run into that jerk?"

Hearing this, Sharon remained calm and said with a faint voice, "Yes."

"What did he say?"

Sharon paused for a moment before saying, "Nothing. He wanted to have his nose bitten off."

Tiffany said, "A strange jerk. I have no idea what he is thinking about. He didn't cherish you in the past, however, now...."

"I'm going to take a shower," Sharon said.

"OK." Finishing the shower, Sharon started to dry her hair.

Suddenly, she recalled something about Jameson.

For the past two months, she had told herself stop thinking about him, nor about what had happened.

She thought she could forget them by doing so.

However, after seeing Jameson, she realized that she couldn't.

This was always her self-deception.

Jameson was right in saying that the abortion was not his fault.

It was because she trusted Evie.

She didn't expect such a malicious woman. She had no reason to hate or blame him.

After her hair was almost dried, Sharon left the bathroom.

Coming to the study, she flipped through the documents on the desk.

They were all records about her car accident.

She knew she was not strong enough to fight against the Morton family, nor could she do anything to Evie.

But she believed that one day ...she would find enough evidence.

She wouldn't allow her unborn child to die without punishing the bad.

The next morning, the studio officially opened.

Many people, including Giana, Lance, and Martini had sent flower baskets over.

When Tiffany was not so busy, she checked them one by one.

Seeing that there were no names on some baskets, she felt confused.

Seeing this, Sharon asked, "What's wrong?"

Tiffany said, "Sharon, it's strange. There are no names on six baskets..."

After thinking for a while, she added, "Are they from Ruben?"

"I don't think so. I told him yesterday not to do it." Tiffany felt it was wired.

Among her and Sharon's friends, there were only several people who knew they would open the studio today.

And obviously, the six baskets were from the same person.

At this time, in came some guests.

And Tiffany didn't want to think about it anymore, "Forget it. Let's see if their owner will come. If not, then let's see it as a windfall."

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Let Him Think What He Wants

Most of the customers who came today were introduced by Giana and Lance. Most of them were celebrities.

Knowing this, many fans also came. Therefore, the small studio was crowded.

In the afternoon, just as they sat down to have a rest, a soft male voice came from the door, "Am I disturbing you?"

Tiffany stood up, "Of course not. Welcome..."

Before she could finish her words, she suddenly realized that she had met this man, who was sitting in a wheelchair.

He had been to Lumiere Jewelry.

Sharon said that he was Jameson's elder brother.

Just as Tiffany was lost in thought, Sharon greeted, "Good afternoon, Mr. Proctor."

Jeffery smiled and signaled the man behind him to give her the gift.

"I heard that you opened a studio with your friend. So I come to say congratulations. By doing so, I can also have some fresh air outside my room," said Jeffery.

Looking at the gift, Tiffany was hesitating. Jeffery glanced his man.

The man understood it immediately.

He put the gift on the table and walked to the door.

Seeing this, Tiffany hesitated for a moment.

Then she said in a low voice, "Sharon, I'll get something to eat."

Sharon nodded. After Tiffany left, she said, "So do you want to have a talk with me, Mr. Proctor?"

Jeffery sighed, "Sharon, I'm sorry." Sharon gave him a faint smile, "Mr. Proctor, don't be. You did nothing wrong."

"Sharon, I'm apologizing on behalf of my mother."

Jeffery said, "I know that she has done something bad. And I do not dare to ask for your forgiveness. But I think that no matter what, I should tell you this." Sharon pursed her lips.

After a while, she said "I am very grateful to you for taking care of me when I was at the Morton family. But I can't pretend that it never happened."

"I understand, Ms. Allyson. So in the past two months, I don't know how to face you. However, I can promise no one in the Morton family will do anything to hurt you. Just let me know if you want anything."

Sharon looked down, not showing any emotions on her face. The people of the Morton family had treated her like dirt. Now she was more than dirt for them since she was useless.

Sharon said, "You mean, anything?"

Jeffery nodded.

"Tell Erica to cancel the engagement with Martin. But the money the Morton family has promised to give the Mortons remains."

Hearing this, Jeffery felt surprised, and he didn't give her a reply immediately.

Sharon said, "Just forget it if it makes you difficult..."

"No."

Jeffery laughed, "I just didn't expect it would be your request. I was just surprised."

"Martin is my friend and he has helped me a lot. Because of his family, he is going to marry a woman he doesn't love. I can't just stand by. What's more, Erica is..."

Before she could finish speaking, Sharon smiled.

"I didn't think about other things. But I know Mr. Proctor comes here to give me an opportunity. And I have to take it. What's more, she is your mother. What can I do to her?"

Jeffery nodded, "Trust me. I will do what I promised."

"Thank you, Mr. Proctor." At the door, Tiffany was huddling beside the wall.

She wished she could escape. She'd wondered why Jameson was here. And now, after hearing this...

Feeling Jameson's indifference, Tiffany even felt that he would take down their store at once.

Just as Tiffany thought Jameson would start doing so, he turned around and left before Jeffery came out.

Seeing him get in the car, Tiffany felt relief.

Fortunately, the studio was saved.

After Jeffery left, Tiffany went into the studio.

Seeing Sharon was organizing things, she went up and said in a low voice, "Sharon, Jameson came over just now."

Sharon paused for a moment.

Tiffany continued, "He came just when you said the engagement thing ... He must have misunderstood you again." Sharon turned around, her expression unchanged.

"I don't care.Let him think what he wants."

Tiffany frowned, "But if Erica knows that it's because of you, she will come for you.What are you going to do?"

"It will be good.After all, it's time to make things clear with her."

Sharon had never been afraid of Erica.She tried her best to avoid Erica before because she was pregnant.

But now, she had nothing to worry about.Tiffany did not continue this topic.

Instead, she looked through the orders and said, "We get private orders even for next month.We are busy now.Let's get to work!"

Their studio was responsible for customized jewelry, portraits and ready-to-wear handmade jewelry accessories.

They had to make them as long as they were free.

Now they almost had no accessory stock as some of accessories were sold and some were given to customers as gifts.

This was beyond their expectations.

Sharon nodded.

A few seconds later, she said, "Why not get two employees?"

Tiffany said, "I think so.The other jewelry is not custom-made.They can make it by copying the template.You can also devote yourself to design."

Soon Tiffany wrote a recruitment announcement on her computer.

After a while, customers kept coming in.Just as they were busy, Ruben came.

Sharon said, "I think you are doing your part-time job."

"The coffee shop receives few customers because the school is off.So I ask the manager for leave."

Tiffany joined the conversation, "Do you guys notice that since Ruben came in, we get more girls in our studio?"

Sharon was lost for words.So as Ruben.

Outside the studio.

Sitting in the black car, Natalia watched this with a cold face.

"You mean Jameson was here this afternoon?" She asked.

Her subordinate nodded, "Not only Mr.Proctor, Mr.Proctor also came.But Mr.Proctor did not go in.He just stood at the door for a while before leaving."

"Jeffery also came."

Natalia said, "What did they talk about?"

"I...I have no idea.I'll figure it out."

Natalia rolled up the window and said, "No need.No one in the Morton family cares about Sharon anymore.Jeffery is a good man, so he must come to say sorry to Sharon."