

Resume 161

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 161

No One Would Like to Be His Rival

Natalia smiled disdainfully, "Why did he waste time on this woman? I don't understand."

"Miss Beale, where are we going now?"

"Let's go home."

Half an hour later, the black car slowly drove into the Beale's.

When Natalia entered, she saw Talon in the garden.

He was reading a newspaper.

Talon heard her footsteps and looked up, "Natalia, where have you gone?"

Natalia said, "I...I went shopping with my friends.What's wrong, Dad?"

Talon put down the newspaper and took a sip of tea, "Nothing.Jameson has broken off his engagement to you.We have nothing to do with them now.So, don't go to the Proctor's anymore."

Natalia paused, "Dad..."

"I Know it was Jameson's decision to call it off, and it has nothing to do with the Proctor family.But people would talk about it if you still go there.I don't want you to be gossiped."

"I know.Dad, I won't go to the Proctor's again."

Talon nodded, "That's right."

Natalia pursed her lips slightly.

She still wanted to say something, but she didn't.

She turned around and went upstairs.

Talon picked up the newspaper to read today's business news.

Since the Proctor Group announced the dissolution of the engagement, the Beale Group has exerted pressure on several partner companies to hinder their projects with the Proctor Group.

These companies did not dare to go against the Proctors before.

But now they presented a united front with the support of the Beale Group.

Talon thought that it would be a blow to Jameson and cause trouble for the Proctor Group.

However, Jameson ignored them and directly replaced those companies with new partners.

It happened so fast as if he had expected this.

And Talon was shocked.

No one would like to be his rival.

Talon folded the newspaper in half.

Just as he was about to get up, he saw a notice in the corner.

His eyes widened when he saw the photo.

He couldn't believe it.

"What? You put the photo in the newspaper? Nobody reads newspapers now. Do you think it will help?"

Tiffany was confused.

But Ruben said indifferently, "I just want to have a try."

"Well..."

Tiffany lowered her voice, "Does your sister know about it?"

"I told her. She has no objection."

Tiffany let out a sigh of relief, "OK. I thought she wouldn't agree." Sharon looked easy-going, but sometimes she was stubborn.

Once she made a decision, nobody could change her mind.

Ruben had kept his head down, Tiffany noticed it and said, "Ruben, don't worry. It's a good thing if you can find him. And it will be fine even if you fail. No matter what, Sharon will always be your sister."

"I Know."

Ruben said in a muffled voice.

Tiffany patted his back and said, "Ruben, listen. You can't choose your birth, but you can make your own future. You are already outstanding. It's alright to have some flaws in your life."

Ruben wanted to say something, but he was interrupted.

Giana came in.

She took off her mask and said, "Looks like the business is going well. Where's Sharon?"

Tiffany said, "She's making the customer list. I was worried that no one would come. But you did bring us a lot of business."

Giana smiled.

She didn't tell them that most of the people who came today were from the Proctor Group.

She also invited a lot of friends, but many of them were filming or attending activities in other cities.

They couldn't make it to come here today.

Tiffany thought of something and was a little worried, "But...Do you think we will have loyal customers? What if we don't get any new business after a few days? I will be bored."

Giana patted her shoulder, "Don't worry.This is just the beginning.People heard of this place from their friends.They will introduce you to others if they have good experience here.Your studio will be popular as more and more people know about it.You will soon have your own brand.You may not even have time to rest."

"That's right."

Giana looked at Ruben and tilted her head, "Young man, why are you ignoring me? We just met yesterday.Don't you remember?"

Ruben looked at her.

Just as he was about to reply, Tiffany said, "He just doesn't like to talk.He is good-looking, but he's too quiet.Girls don't like this type."

Ruben glanced at Tiffany and didn't say anything.

Giana raised her eyebrows and nodded gently.

She agreed with Tiffany.Sharon came out of the office.

She heard them teasing Ruben and laughed, "It's done.Let's go have some food."

Ruben said, "I need to go to the school.I've got something to do."

Tiffany stopped him and said, "It's holiday.Why do you have to go to the school? Besides, don't you worry about us? What if we meet some bad guys? Young man, you should stay to protect the beauties."

In the Proctor's...

When Erica heard that her engagement to Martin was to be dissolved, she immediately stood up and shouted, "No.I don't agree!"

Jeffery said, "Erica, I've told you before.A couple would not be happy if they don't love each other.You and Mr.Morton have been engaged for so long, but there is no progress in your relationship.There's no point in waiting."

"It's all because of that shameless woman.If it wasn't for Sharon, Martin would have..."

"Erica, think about it.Would Mr.Morton fall in love with you if he didn't meet Sharon? It's because of your personality.'

Jeffery said in a deep voice, "Erica, you can't blame everything on others.Sometimes you are wrong."

This was the first time that Jeffery said harsh words to Erica.

She was so upset that her eyes turned red.

She looked at Evie for help, "Auntie..."

Evie just sat there with her cold face and did not say anything.

Albert said, "I think Jeffery is right. Martin doesn't like you. Even if you become a member of the Morton family, you won't be happy."

"But Uncle Albert, you said..."

"I said those words because I thought you were still young and that you would change after you got married. But now, it seems that your temperament can't be changed. You will make trouble in the Morton family, so it would be better to stop now."

In fact, Albert was not considering for Erica's marriage.

He had obtained the strongest financial support from Talon.

Therefore, he didn't need the Morton family now.

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This Time, She Would Definitely Not Le

After all, Erica was one of the Proctors.

If she married into the the Morton family and made any trouble, it would be a disgrace to the Proctor family.

Obviously, Albert was unwilling to help her deal with the aftermath.

Erica was clearly so dissatisfied that she wanted to defend herself more.

Albert stood up with his walking stick and said, "Alright, since things have turned out like this, you have to take your responsibility. This is a lesson for you. It reminds you that you should think twice before doing anything in the future."

In an instant, Erica realized that he was referring to Sharon.

Sharon's child was killed in that car accident.

In fact, from the very beginning, it was Aunt Evie who planned the scheme.

First, she told her Uncle Albert about Sharon's pregnancy, and then Sharon was brought to the Proctor's.

After that, she worked out her scheme.

Albert probably knew the reason behind, so he warned her about it.

Sharon lost her child, so Albert lost his hope.

That was why someone had to bear the consequences.

Erica subconsciously turned to Evie and suddenly a chill ran down her spine.

Was she being used by her aunt? Evie also looked at her with a faint smile.

"Erica, it's fine if the marriage with the Morton family is canceled. After that, I will find you a better one to marry."

Since what's done is done, Erica could only nod and tolerate it.

"Aunt Evie, Jeffery, I'm going upstairs." She was still unhappy in her heart.

Evie nodded, "Okay."

After Erica left, Evie looked at Jeffery and said, "Did you meet Sharon today?"

Jeffery said, "No matter what, I should go."

"She made Erica and Martin's engagement broken, right?"

"I promised her."

Jeffery said, "The Proctors owe her a lot."

Evie sneered, "If she blames anyone, the one to blame is Jameson since she has married him."

Jeffery sighed silently, "Mom, when are you going to stop? Jameson didn't do anything wrong."

"He should not even be born. His biggest mistake is his identity."

On the second floor, Erica overheard their conversation and slowly clenched her fists, her face filled with hatred.

It was that woman again! This time, she would definitely not let her get away! In the evening, when Sharon and Tiffany returned, they happened to see their neighbors moving out.

The small apartment that Sharon had rented earlier was really too small.

It was only enough for one person to live in, so it seemed a little crowded for them two.

So when they were looking for a studio, they also rented a house not far from the studio.

Tiffany asked curiously, "Isn't our neighbor an old lady? Her entire family is abroad. Where is she moving to?"

Sharon asked the staff who helped to move things, but they said that when they came, there was no one in this house.

They were only responsible of moving things, so they didn't know anything else.

After returning home, Tiffany lay on the sofa, filled with exhaustion, so she could no longer care about other people's affairs.

Sharon poured a glass of water.

Just as she was halfway through drinking, she heard Tiffany say, "Sharon, I heard that Ruben had published the photo in the newspapers. Do you think it would be useful?"

Sharon put down the glass and smiled, "It doesn't matter if it's useful or not. I didn't expect to find him."

"Then why are you..."

“Ever since Ruben found out that I wasn’t the biological daughter of Josh, he has always felt guilty for me.”

Tiffany sighed, “He is too stubborn.What does Josh’s scandal have anything to do with him? He insists on atoning for Josh’s sins ...But then again, Josh is really a bast*rd, so I don’t know why your mother married him back then.”

“It’s all passed,” Sharon said.

Tiffany thought for a while and then said, “Sharon, have you thought about it? What if you really find him? What do you plan to do?”

Hearing this, Sharon remained silent for a moment.

She really didn’t think that she might find her father.

After all, she always felt that if the man in the photo wanted to find her, he would have come to her.

Before now.

After a while, Sharon said, “Let’s talk about it later.Just let things be.”

Two days later.

Sharon received a call from Martin.

He said, “Sharon, I’m across from your studio.Can you come out for a moment?”

Sharon looked up and saw the familiar figure.

He stood at the entrance of the coffee shop and looked at her from afar.

“I’ll be there in a second.’ Sharon gave some reminders to the two new girls in the shop and left the studio.

In the coffee shop, Martin pursed his lips and said, “Sharon, I might be going abroad.”

“So hurry?” Sharon stunned and said.

Martin nodded and said, “The Proctors has canceled my engagement with Erica.

I talked to my parents and they didn’t force me to get married anymore.

Although the Morton Group’s situation is not optimistic, there is still a certain market shares overseas.

I am going to Switzerland to take over the company.I may not come back any time soon.

“Then I wish you all the best,’ Sharon said.

Martin laughed, “Sharon, I hope that no matter what happens, you will remember me as a friend.If there is anything bothering you, you must tell me.I don’t want to hear about your situation from others like before.That way, I will only hate myself for being useless.”

“You’ve helped me a lot.”

Sharon smiled, "But since you said so, I won't be hiding from you anymore. If I ask you for help later, don't blame me for annoying you."

When they departed, Martin called her again, "Sharon."

Sharon turned her head and said, "What..."

As soon as she opened her mouth, she was taken into his embrace.

Martin said, "I don't know when I'll see you next time. You must take good care of yourself."

"I will," Sharon said softly.

After returning to the studio, Tiffany asked her in a curious look, "What did you guys say? Did Martin tell you he loves you again?"

Sharon smiled and said, "What are you thinking?"

As she spoke, she looked outside and said softly, "He's going to Switzerland."

"What?"

Tiffany couldn't help but frown, "Then when will he come back?"

"I don't know, the Morton Group has a branch over there. He's going to officially take over the company this time."

Tiffany's face was filled with sorry.

She thought that since Erica and Martin had cancelled their engagement, she prepared to rematch Sharon and Martin.

After a while, she asked tentatively, "Then, is it really impossible for you to be together?"

Sharon looked back and shook her head with a faint smile.

Actually, the gap between her and Martin was too big.

Even if nothing bad had happened, they might not be able to be together in the end.

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Does She Like You?

Now was good, at least they could still be friends.

Tiffany said, "Forget it. We should always look forward. By the way, there's a college reunion this Sunday. I already told them you would come. What do you say?"

Sharon hesitated, "But I haven't finished my draft..."

"It's okay. The reunion won't take too long. Besides, a little break from your work may bring you inspiration."

Tiffany added, "Speaking of which, it's been a long time since our last reunion. Everyone is asking about you."

Seeing that Sharon was hesitating, Tiffany shook Sharon's arms gently, "Please, Sharon, just go with me."

"Alright, alright, I'll go."

Sharon could only smile and agree.

She had been so busy in the past few months that she hadn't had a good rest for a long time, so it was actually great to have a break.

The Proctor Group Tension permeated Jameson's office for a few days, which made Jacob and others hold their breath every time they walked in.

It was particularly tough for Jacob, as he had to walk in and out countless times every day.

And he was under unprecedented pressure.

After Jameson signed the document, Jacob took it over and whispered, "Mr. Proctor..."

"What?"

Jameson said indifferently.

Jacob said, "I just heard that Mr. Morton was leaving for Switzerland. The plane will take off in half an hour."

Jameson paused for a moment and raised his eyes coldly, "Did you mean I should send him off?"

Jacob gave a little cough, "Mr. Morton won't return in two years."

Jameson pursed his lips and said after a few seconds, "Really?"

"Yes, I have already checked."

Jameson didn't say anything but put down his pen.

Jacob couldn't tell what he was thinking.

"Mr. Proctor, I think you might get it wrong. The reason why Ms. Allyson intended to break the engagement between Mr. Morton and Miss Proctor is not because she wanted to be with Mr. Morton. So..." Jacob added.

"Then why did she do that?"

"Mr. Proctor, you know that Miss Proctor and Ms. Allyson don't get along. Besides, Miss Proctor is indeed a little spoiled. I think Ms. Allyson did this for two reasons. One is to get back on Miss Proctor. And the other reason is that she owed Mr. Morton a favor and she perhaps wanted to pay him back."

Jameson sneered, "She owes me so much, but she doesn't seem to have the intention to pay me back."

"This means in her heart, you are different from Martin."

Jacob said.

With his eyebrows raising, Jameson seemed to feel better.

Seeing this, Jacob finally sighed with relief.

This was so hard.

Twilight Club at night.

William said in surprise, "Look who's here. I thought you didn't like drinking."

Jameson looked at the goblet in his hand and said faintly, "Martin is in Switzerland now."

"I know. And I heard that the Proctor family was to break off Erica's engagement with Martin. Do you think Erica will be okay with it?"

"It was Jeffery's decision. Do you think she has a say in it?"

Though William was surprised to hear this, he knew it was reasonable.

Jeffery rarely interfered in the matters of the Proctor family and the Proctor Group, but it was precisely because of this that once he decided something, there was no room for change.

Moreover, no matter what Jeffery wanted to do, Evie would always be on his side.

If Jeffery had made the decision, Erica would have lost Evie as the biggest support.

As a result, Erica could do nothing about the engagement.

Besides, under such circumstances, if Erica did not want to annoy Evie, it would be best if she agreed with it.

Thinking of this, William said, "Wait. Wasn't Mr. Proctor the one who pushed for this marriage. Is he okay with it?"

Jameson said a bit coldly, "He now has the Beale family, so he doesn't need the Morton family anymore."

William finished off the last of the wine and said, "It's impressive that you should sacrifice yourself to build a bridge between the Beale family and Mr. Proctor."

Jameson fell silent.

William said, "I'm just curious. Why did you give up the opportunity to marry Natalia? I mean, by doing so, you bring yourself an enemy. What exactly do you want?"

"It's none of your business."

This time, it was William's turn to fall silent.

After a while, he said, "Jameson, if you really like Sharon, you should change your attitude. No one chases after a girl like you."

Jameson did not say anything. Just as William thought that Jameson was going to deny it again and mock him, Jameson opened his mouth, "Then what should I do?"

William was amused.

His laughter was stopped by the cold glance of Jameson.

William put down his goblet and raised both his hands in surrender.

“Alright, alright, I won’t laugh anymore. You should at least let the girl know that you like her.”

Jameson frowned, “I gave her a chance, but she refused.’ William was speechless.

He took a deep breath and said, “What did you say?”

Jameson said, “I said she could marry me and do whatever she wants.”

Recalling Sharon’s words, Jameson’s face hardened and he didn’t want to say more.

William said, “You should let her know by what you do, not what you say! Don’t ever say anything like that, I beg you. It’s bullsh*t. People get offended when you say that.”

Jameson pursed his lips and finished off the wine without saying a word.

After a while, William asked, “Does she like you?”

Jameson was a little irritated, “How could I know?”

He had tried to figure out, but she had always avoided this topic.

But if she didn’t have feelings for him, why would she secretly draw him on paper and why would she care if he and Natalia would get married...

After a few seconds, Jameson smiled faintly.

“But in her heart, I’m different from Martin. She sought to pay Martin back, but she never intended to pay me back.”

“Oh, that’s because she simply doesn’t want to have anything to do with you,’ William said without thinking.

Jameson gave him a frosty glance. Jacob, who was waiting outside, sneezed several times in succession.

New Year was within a month. It was getting cold outside.

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You Don’t Deserve to Know

William strategically retreated and said, “Calm down. I’m just telling the truth. Think about what you have done to her before. Would you let it go if you were her?”

“I wasn’t good to her?”

“Were you?”

William’s question drew him back to himself.

He swallowed two cups of wine before he said, "She's the one lying in the first place. Otherwise, I wouldn't have done something like this to her."

William said, "Jameson, you know Sharon. Are you still accusing her with lying and faking pregnancy in order to marry into the Proctor family?"

Hearing this, Jameson clutched his fingers on the cup and frowned.

"Sharon is smart, beautiful, talented and has a lot of shining points. Even if she didn't marry you, there would be plenty of pursuers. The reason you love her is definitely because you have been attracted by her when being together. But if she really was the kind of person who would use fake pregnancy to achieve her goals, would she exude such charming personality?"

Jameson's jaw tightened slightly.

After William pointed out what he had ignored, a terrifying idea suddenly came to his mind.

Ever since they got married, Sharon had seldom asked for money.

Each time, the amount wasn't large.

Besides, she would write an IOU.

And each time, the money was for Josh.

Apart from that, she seemed not to have used Mrs. Proctor's position to benefit herself.

After the divorce, she never said a word about Jameson, not even when rumors said that she was the mistress.

William shook his glass right in front of his face, "Anyway, I think you should go back to investigate what happened three years ago."

Jameson stood up and left with a gloomy face.

William turned his head.

"Hey, what about the drinks?"

Jameson came out of the Twilight Club and gave Jacob orders, "Go and check what happened three years ago during my business trip to London."

At that time, he was annoyed at the sight of Sharon.

He used business trip as an excuse to stay in London for two months.

On the night he came back, when he saw Sharon's flat belly, he sneered.

He didn't even ask and claimed that she was faking her pregnancy.

Jacob followed him and pondered.

He said, "Mr. Proctor, Miss Proctor took a sudden leave abroad at that time. Do you want me to check on her?"

Jameson paused and frowned, "Erica?"

Jacob nodded and said, "Words came that Miss Proctor suddenly canceled a very important party in order to go abroad. But it was arranged by Victoria and I need more details."

Jameson's eyes twinkled.

He bent and got into his black Rolls-Royce.

His driver asked, "Mr. Proctor, would you like to go back to the Star Lake Mansion?"

Jameson paused a few seconds before he said emotionlessly, "No, I want to go somewhere else."

When Sharon was tidying up her place, she heard footsteps coming from behind.

Before she could turn around, she found her wrist being grabbed by someone, forcing her into her office.

All of these happened in a blink of an eye.

The other two girls in the studio, including Tiffany, were stunned, "Should we call the police?"

Tiffany finally came to herself and smiled awkwardly, "Maybe not. Let's see what's going on."

As she spoke, she could not help but lean closer to the office, eager to hear what was happening.

What was wrong with Jameson, the jerk? Inside her office, Sharon was desperately trying to shake off Jameson's hand but failed.

She yelled out angrily, "Are you crazy? Let me go!"

In the meantime, she turned and rushed to the door. But the door was just opened a little before closed again.

Jameson put an arm against the door.

His dark eyes focused on her, "Sharon, let me ask you a question. No joke."

Sharon showed a wry face, "Do you sound like you want to have a talk with me, Mr. Proctor?"

"You've been hard on me recently. I cannot get close to you without this attitude."

The jerk did have self-awareness.

Sharon tried her last attempt to get rid of him and realized she was no match for his strength.

She simply said, "Mr. Proctor, please ask."

'And then get lost!' She ceased to struggle and Jameson loosened his grip.

He said in a low voice, "Three years ago, how did you lose your child?"

Sharon did not expect him to ask such a question.

She couldn't speak a word and stood there for a long time, astonished. Jameson didn't push and waited quietly.

After a while, Sharon grinned and looked up at him.

"Didn't Mr. Proctor always say that I faked my pregnancy? Why bother to ask?"

Jameson pursed his thin lips and said, "Just tell me."

"If it were three months ago, I might have given you the answer that was far beyond your imagination, but now...."

She paused for a moment, a trace of mockery appearing on her face.

"I don't want to say it because you don't deserve to know. Jameson's handsome face grew darker. The word she used was not 'need', but 'deserve'."

Sharon continued indifferently, "What, did I say something wrong? People like you won't show any respect for life. You treated your own child cold-bloodedly. What do you expect from me? Even if I will talk, can anything be changed? Can the baby come back?"

Jameson said, "Why didn't you explain?"

"Explain?"

That was funny.

"Haven't you, Mr. Proctor, already drawn a conclusion of who I am? Would you listen if I explained? No, I would humiliate myself."

She did explain during the past three years, but he simply didn't care.

Even her words were misinterpreted as a trick to deceive him. Jameson didn't deny.

His Adam's apple rolled up and down and finally said, "It was my fault."

The same sentence, again.

Jerk always spoke in an arrogant and conceited tone.

Sharon said, "No. Mr. Proctor could never be wrong. Mr. Proctor is supposed to be perfect and right..."

Jameson couldn't endure, "Stop."

"Oh."

Sharon tidied up her wrinkled sleeves and said, "Are we done? Maybe I should leave."

Just as she was about to turn to the door, Jameson's voice came again, "Martin has gone to Switzerland."

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I'll See You Tomorrow

Sharon felt that he was strange.

She raised her head and asked, "So?"

Jameson said word by word, "Are you done with your debt to him?"

"It has nothing to do with you..."

"Then when are you going to pay me back?"

Sharon was speechless.

He was talking nonsense! She had paid back the money.

But now he asked her to return the favor.

When would the jerk stop tormenting her? Seeing that her beautiful eyes were filled with anger, Jameson took a step back and said slowly, "I'm not in a hurry. Take it easy."

Sharon closed her eyes and said impatiently, "What exactly do you want? Let me go, or just take what you want at once!"

"No."

Jameson said, "Don't you know that I'm a businessman? Businessmen always play a long game and never play out all the cards at once."

"So what exactly do you want to get from the game?"

Jameson curled his thin lips slightly, and then pointed at her chest.

Sharon was silent.

Then she subconsciously covered her chest with her arms.

She knew that the jerk was thinking about something dirty.

After realizing what Sharon was thinking, Jameson touched the back of Sharon's hand.

He looked down as he said significantly, "Sharon, sooner or later, it will be mine."

Sharon frowned and pushed his hand away with disgust and resistance.

She said, "Maybe I didn't make it clear enough before.

There is no need for me to contact you anymore, and I don't want to see you.

If you still think that I owe you something and want me to pay it back, just tell me, and I will do my best to pay it...'

"Sharon, I hope you know that you can't decide when the game starts or ends."

"What?"

Jameson opened the door and looked outside.

Then, he turned his gaze and said, "I'll see you tomorrow.'

Without waiting for Sharon to reply, he left directly.

Then the three girls outside heaved a sigh of relief and looked at Sharon.

Sharon was stunned, as if she hadn't recovered from this shock.

Tiffany let the two girls leave, then walked to Sharon and whispered, "Sharon, did I hear it wrong? Did that jerk say that he will come to see you tomorrow?"

Sharon's eyelids twitched.

She turned her head and said listlessly, "I hope he won't."

The jerk was weird tonight.

After saying something baffling, he was finally gone but left her such a frightening message.

He was really a jerk.

Tiffany comforted her, "It doesn't matter. Anyway, we won't be here tomorrow. He can come here as he likes. He can't find us."

Sharon still felt down.

She raised her hand and looked at the back of her hand.

Her brows furrowed tightly.

What did he mean? Could it be that he was threatening to ruin her career life with her hands? Sharon thought for a long time but didn't understand.

The more she thought about it, the angrier she became.

While Tiffany was thinking about tomorrow's party.

Actually it was like a blind date.

Tiffany had carefully prepared it for Sharon.

Most of the old schoolmates in the party were single men of high-quality.

Although they were not as rich as Jameson, their temperament and personality were much better than Jameson's.

After a while, Tiffany said to Sharon who was still confused, "It's not too late. Let's go to get your hair done, and buy some clothes to dress you up."

Sharon was a little dumbfounded and asked, "Dress up for what?"

"Tomorrow is the party like. We can't just go like this. We have to dress up for it."

Without waiting for Sharon to refuse, Tiffany pulled Sharon out.

Sitting in the barber shop, Tiffany found some hair style pictures on her phone and said, "Just give her a perm like this. It's the most popular curly hairstyle on the Internet now. Sharon, you would look good with it."

Sharon pulled Tiffany to sit beside her.

"You too."

Tiffany waved her hand.

"I don't need it..."

"Please give her the same perm too,' Sharon said to the hairdresser behind her.

It took a long time to make the new hairstyle.

After the perm was done, Tiffany put down the magazine that covered her face and leaned over to Sharon.

"You look really good. Those men tomorrow will definitely be attracted by you."

Her voice was a little low, and Sharon could not hear it clearly.

"What?"

Sharon turned around, looked at Tiffany and asked in surprise, "Why did you cut your hair so short?"

Tiffany raised her eyebrows and fiddled with her short hair that was close to her neck.

"How is it? It looks good. I've always wanted to cut my hair short, but I don't have the courage. Today, I think it's time to do it." Sharon nodded.

"Pretty good."

After that, Tiffany pulled Sharon to the shopping mall and bought some tight skirts.

Ever since Sharon became pregnant, she had always been wearing baggy clothes.

Now she wasn't unaccustomed to this sudden change of style.

Sharon said, "Even if for the party, I don't have to dress like this..."

"Why not? Sharon, listen, it has nothing to do with the party. Even if you don't have a party, you still need to dress well. You can't waste your beauty."

The shopping assistant whispered, "Excuse me, are you a celebrity? I think you look familiar."

Tiffany smiled, "Good-looking people are always similar."

The shopping assistant said with envy, "You are so good-looking. More stunning than a real star. And you have a good figure."

Tiffany nudged Sharon and said, "You see, I am right. You should go out and let everyone appreciate your beauty.' Sharon was silent.

Tiffany said, "I'll throw away all your old clothes when I get back. Do you remember? When you were in Lumiere Jewelry, I got this question a lot. Did you think the boys in the company are so ugly that you don't want to dress up? You're only in your twenties. You are young, so why..."

Sharon didn't want Tiffany to continue, so she handed all the clothes she had just tried to the shopping assistant.

"Please wrap them up."

When they returned, the cushions at the next door had been removed.

The cushions were used to protect the door when furniture was moved in.

And the surroundings were cleaned up.

Tiffany said, "Did the new neighbor come? Should we go to say hello?"

Sharon said, "Let's wait for a few more days. We can greet them when we see them."

"That's right. Otherwise, it would be a bit rash and awkward to knock at their door now."

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 166

I'm Divorced

The next day, the black Rolls-Royce stopped at the roadside. Jacob got the car window down and looked out.

Then, he withdrew his gaze and risked his life to tell Jameson, "Mr. Proctor, the studio doesn't seem to be open. Ms. Allyson should be off for the weekend."

Jameson pursed his lips and looked up.

"Do you think she did it on purpose?"

He said yesterday that he would come to find her today, but she chose to close the door.

Jacob could only smile bitterly.

How could he know the couple's way to get intimate? Jameson took a deep breath and said, "Call her and ask her where she is."

Hearing this, Jacob immediately took out his phone.

After a few seconds, he whispered, "Mr. Proctor, Ms. Allyson also blacklisted me."

Jameson was speechless.

At this time, Jacob suddenly noticed a piece of paper sticking to the door of the studio.

He pulled open the car door and took a closer look.

It was a contact number.

It said that he could call this number if there was an emergency.

Jacob called without thinking.

The phone rang a few times and was finally connected.

Tiffany said, "Hello, who is it?"

"I want to customize a necklace, but when I get to the door of your studio, I find it closed. Can I ask when you will be back?" Jacob said.

"I'm sorry, my friend and I came to a student reunion today. If you're not in a hurry, can we make it tomorrow?"

"I see."

Jacob turned around and looked at the man sitting in the Rolls-Royce.

"My boss needs it bad. Is it convenient for you to give us an address? We will go there now.' This time, it was Tiffany's turn to hesitate.

Jacob felt it and immediately said, "The main reason is that my boss is going to a business trip tonight. He won't be back until half a month later. This is a gift for his girlfriend, so he wants to prepare it in advance."

Tiffany only thought for a moment before agreeing, "Alright then, I'll send you an address later. Come over. Thanks."

A customer had come to her door, so there was definitely no reason to drive him away.

Not to mention that it wouldn't take long to discuss the design.

"Don't mention it. I should be the one thanking you."

After hanging up, Jacob finally exhaled.

Done! Although the method was somewhat disdainful, at least, he saved his job.

In the private room.

Tiffany whispered to Sharon after answering the phone.

"Okay" Sharon nodded and said.

Seeing this, the woman sitting next to them said, "Tiffany, your studio is so busy. You even talk about businesses when having a student reunion with us."

This woman's name was Paisley Gregory, and she had a relatively rich family.

It was said that she married a senior executive of a large company after graduation and was now a house wife.

She was living a comfortable life.

She had always had a bad relationship with Tiffany and Sharon, and especially liked to sow discord between them.

Tiffany invited classmates who had a good relationship with her in college, but she never thought that there were some bad apples.

Tiffany smiled perfunctorily, "I'm sorry, but you don't understand how busy we are."

Paisley said disdainfully, "That's my husband's job. As for me, I just take care of my skin at home and do some maintenance. If I have nothing to do, I will go out for afternoon tea with my best friends and fly to the seaside to have a holiday. What does that saying go? For a woman, a good marriage is better than a good family. But you definitely can't feel it. I heard about Asher cheating on you some time ago, right? What a pity. I was going to attend your wedding!"

Hearing that disgusting name, Tiffany felt her temples twitch.

She thought about the purpose of coming here today and tried her best to control her temper.

She did not argue with Paisley.

At this time, other people at the dining table saw that the atmosphere was slightly awkward and they mediated, "Speaking of which, Asher is really a piece of trash. I thought he was a good man, yet he is such a womanizer!"

"That's right. It's said that the scene of catching adultery of him and that mistress that day was very lively. If only I were there, I could see them in a sorry state."

"Hey, I heard that Asher seemed to have realized that he was being plotted against, but he couldn't find the person who did it. Tiffany, it can't be you, right?"

Tiffany faintly said, "How can I have that ability? This is called 'Evil doing leads to self-destruction'. Perhaps it's God's will."

As she spoke, she glanced at Sharon and observed her reaction.

However, the smile on Sharon's lips had always been faint, and she did not act emotionally.

After cursing Asher for a while, someone suddenly changed the topic to Sharon, "What has Sharon been doing for the past three years? Some say you are married. Some say that you have been abroad, while others say..."

Halfway through that guy's words, the person next to him elbowed him.

Suddenly, he realized something and quickly shut up.

Sharon looked up and smiled, "I'm divorced."

Hearing this, the surrounding people fell silent for a while and said, "We all thought that you were married to Martin. We never thought..."

Tiffany said, "Where is Trey? Why hasn't he come yet? He's already half an hour late."

Someone replied, "There seems to be a traffic jam. I asked, and he's almost here."

Trey was also from the same school as them.

His grades were very good and he liked to wear big black-framed glasses.

However, he didn't draw much attention.

His parents were both scientific researchers, and he was very polite and self-restrained.

Usually, he didn't like to talk.

However, Tiffany had inquired about it.

He was single.

In fact, with Trey's personality and family background, he was a good candidate for a spouse.

After coming here today, Tiffany observed the other single classmates.

They either had gained weight or they had a small project in their hands yet they boasted it to be worth hundreds of millions.

None of them was reliable.

Right now, she could only place all her hopes on Trey.

As soon as they finished speaking, the private room door was pushed open.

"Sorry, everyone, I'm late."

When everyone heard this, one of the women was stunned and said, "Did you go to the wrong room...?"

The man smiled, "I'm Trey."

It wasn't just the woman who spoke.

Everyone else was petrified.

There was even a man standing up and speaking in disbelief, "You're Trey? Oh my God, you've changed too much!"

The boy who was silent with black-framed glasses now turned into a handsome star in the business world.

Everyone was shocked.

Tiffany cheered up in her heart.

She made the right bet! She got up and pulled the seat beside Sharon for Trey.

"Everyone is here. Have a seat."

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 167

Chase After Him If You Like Him

Trey's arrival slightly affected the atmosphere of the room.

The guy who boasted that he dealt with business worth hundreds of millions kept drinking water now, trying to hide his embarrassment.

Though Trey sat quietly, his temperament was so impressive that everyone present was overshadowed by him.

Anyone with self-awareness wouldn't brag to Trey about their feat.

Not long after, Paisley asked Trey, "What are you doing these two years? I haven't heard from you for a long time. It is said that you went abroad. When did you come back?"

Trey nodded and smiled, "I came back last year, and now I have a small company."

"Well." Paisley's lips curled.

It was obvious that she looked down on him.

She folded her arms on her chest and put on an arrogant face.

"It is indeed difficult to start a business now. What's the name of your company? My husband is a senior executive of a large company. I'll recommend your company to him. If his company has some projects that require cooperation with other companies, maybe he can give you priority."

What Paisley said was very insulting. Tiffany could hardly bear it and even some guys at the same table felt uncomfortable.

However, Trey always kept a polite smile.

He said slowly, "Thank you. I appreciate your kindness. But now my company is well on its way, so I won't bother you."

Seeing that Trey was polite enough, Paisley said, "Alright. After all, we are old classmates. If your company is in trouble, ask me for help. Don't feel embarrassed or shameful to seek help, or you'll suffer."

Soon another guy said, "Trey, what is your company called? When we are free, we can come over to your company. You are the first to set up a company among my friends. Isn't it great to be the boss?"

Trey smiled and said, "You are welcome at any time."

Then Trey took out a business card and handed it to the guy who just spoke.

The guy looked at the golden handwriting on the card and read it, "Stella Technologies ..."

As soon as he finished speaking, the guy next to him immediately came over and said, "Oh my god, it's really Stella Technologies!"

After saying that, he looked at Trey in disbelief.

"Is Stella Technologies the company you set up?"

Before Trey could reply, Paisley said disdainfully, "Is that company very famous?"

“Absolutely! Stella Technologies was established abroad. It has been growing rapidly since it moved back home last year. Now, it is second only to the Proctor Group. Its success in the industry is beyond doubt.”

Paisley felt a bit embarrassed, and she did not say anything.

Trey said, “Actually, it’s an exaggeration. The Proctor Group has engaged in many fields, and technological research and development is only a part of their business. Stella Technologies still falls far behind the Proctor Group.”

Everyone knew that he was being modest and nobody took his words seriously.

It was clear that the Proctor Group was a top corporation.

The fact that Stella Technologies could take rank with the Proctor Group was a strong proof of the strength of the former.

Hearing that, Tiffany felt that she got to know a man of great potential.

Trey was handsome, kind, and gentle.

He could conduct his business so successfully on his own, so definitely his ability was equal to that of Jameson.

When Tiffany went to the bathroom, she asked, “Sharon, what do you think of Trey?”

“He changed a lot,” Sharon said.

“I really didn’t recognize him when he came in.”

“Hey, I mean, what about his personality?”

Sharon nodded.

“He is very nice. He wasn’t even mad at Paisley’s words.”

Tiffany continued to suggest Trey as a good partner, “Right. I also think that it is not easy to find such a nice man like him now. If someone can be his girlfriend, she must be very happy, right?”

Sharon smiled and encouraged her, “Well, chase after him if you like him.”

Tiffany didn’t know how to reply.

“How come Sharon set me up with Trey?” Tiffany coughed.

“I’m not talking about me. Are you...”

“Hi, Tiffany. Sharon.”

Trey’s voice came from ahead. Tiffany looked up and waved at him with a smile.

“You are out too.”

Trey said, “I came out to answer the phone.”

After a pause, he said, "There were too many people just now, so I didn't have time to say hi to you. Long time no see."

Tiffany noticed that Trey glanced at Sharon when he said the last words. She instantly felt like she could ship Sharon and Trey.

This couple would definitely work! Sharon smiled and replied, "Long time no see."

Actually, Trey went abroad as early as his sophomore year. At that time, he quitted school.

During those two years, Sharon had very little contact with Trey, so they even could not be called friends.

Tiffany pretended to pick up a phone and said, "Well ...Go ahead. I'm going to answer the phone."

Sharon was at a loss.

After Tiffany hurriedly ran away, Trey started a topic to break the ice, "I heard that you worked at Lumiere Jewelry. Are you still there?"

"No. I have a studio with Tiffany now." Trey nodded.

"That's good. Is it a jewelry design studio?"

"Basically. Our business also includes photography and some other things."

Trey smiled and raised his eyebrows.

"Is it convenient for you to give me your number? I might ask you for help in the future."

"Sure."

Sharon took out her phone and said, "Your company must have a lot to deal with. If you want a jewelry designer, call me. I can go to your company."

"Thank you so much."

"You're welcome." Sharon smiled.

When Jameson arrived, he saw Sharon chatting happily with a man.

She had a great smile.

Jameson stopped, his face gloomy.

Seeing this, Jacob couldn't move a little further away.

Jameson pursed his lips and walked forward.

He said coldly, "Sharon." Hearing Jameson's voice, Sharon closed her eyes and took a breath.

She quickly said to Trey, "Feel free to contact me. I've got to go now."

Before Trey could reply, Sharon turned to run away.

Trey frowned, turned to look at the aggressive man and reached out to stop him.

“Mr.Proctor, what are you doing here?”

Jameson stopped and gave him a sidelong glance.

Jacob immediately whispered, “Mr.Coe from Stella Technologies.”

“I have no impression,” Jameson said.

Trey heard that Jameson was arrogant long before, so he didn’t take Jameson’s impoliteness seriously.

He said, “Mr.Proctor, I met you once at a ball.It’s reasonable that you don’t remember me.”

Jameson showed no interest in talking with him.

Just as Jameson was about to leave, Trey stopped him again.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 168

Is That How You Treat Your Clients?

More chill and ruthlessness gathered in Jameson’s eyes.He looked up at him, “Buzz off.”

Trey took a look back, then turned his gaze and said, “I heard Mr.Proctor call Sharon’s name just now.Do you know her?”

“It has nothing to do with you.”

“But it seems that Sharon doesn’t want to see Mr.Proctor.Since that’s the case, why should you be so pushy?”

Jameson sneered, “Did she really tell you that she didn’t want to see me?”

Trey was lost for words.

No.

But she did mean it, didn’t she? Nonetheless, Trey did not intend to give in.

As the conversation reached a deadlock, Jameson caught a glimpse of a figure beside him and said nonchalantly, “Tiffany.”

That made Tiffany stiffen for a while and she ran even faster.

Jameson’s voice was even colder, “Jocelyn.”

Tiffany was shocked.

She felt that this name would haunt her for the rest of her life.

Tiffany did not dare to run.

Fearing from Jameson settling the scores with her, she forced a smile and minced over, "Mr.Proctor, no wonder I heard someone call my name.I didn't expect it to be the handsome Mr.Proctor.You just have a halo of dazzle that makes me hardly recognize you."

"What a flatterer Tiffany was," Jacob mused.

After Trey calmed down, he asked, "Tiffany, do you know Mr.Proctor?"

Tiffany was close to reply, but it occurred to her that she planned to set Sharon up with Trey.

How could she tell Trey that Jameson was Sharon's ex-husband? She seemed to twist her tongue, and could not say anything.

At this time, Jacob came up at the right time, "Tiffany, we've been in touch a while ago."

Tiffany was stunned, "A while ago?"

"Half an hour ago," Jacob detailed.

Tiffany didn't know what to say.

She wondered how this jerk could find this place, and it turned out that she was fooled.

Tiffany's mind raced upon hearing this message and said to Trey, "Trey, Mr.Proctor is a client of our studio and he comes here for necklace design.You should get back.Everyone is waiting.I'll talk to Mr.Proctor and come back soon."

Hearing this, Trey felt relieved.He nodded and went away.

After he left, Jameson said impatiently, "Call Sharon back."

Tiffany could do nothing but compromise in face of Jameson's bossy and pushy request.

She called Sharon directly and murmured, "Sharon, the customer I told you has arrived."

Then, she gave dry laughs, "What a coincidence, this customer is Mr.Proctor.What? You have stomach problem and have returned home.Alright then, what a pity.I believe kind-hearted as Mr.Proctor is, he will definitely understand."

Before Tiffany finished what she said, her phone was snatched away.

Jameson said coldly, "Come in front of me in five minutes, or your friend won't go back."

Sharon was dumbfounded.This jerk was only capable of emotional blackmail.

After Sharon hung up the phone, she was forced to come out from the corridor.

When she received Tiffany's phone call, she was not even allowed to say a word while hearing a lengthy sentence on the phone.

What was going on was very obvious.

Jameson found her through the studio, and Tiffany was reminding her to run quickly.

Thinking of this, Sharon couldn't help frowning.

The jerk must have gone crazy these days.

In the end, Sharon finally showed up was one second earlier.

She tried to resist her anger and said calmly, "What does Mr.Proctor mean?"

Jameson was unhappy, "Is that how you treat your clients?"

Tiffany offered, "Mr.Proctor, it's not convenient for us to talk while standing up.Why don't we get us a seat?"

If Paisley saw this, she might make up some drama.

The thing was that she aimed to set Sharon up with Trey.

This must not be messed up by Jameson.

Jameson gave Jacob a look, then he set to book room.

Two minutes later, the manager of the hotel came out and took them to the VIP lounge.

On their way, Tiffany whispered, "Sharon, if you decline a customer, you will offend the God of Wealth.After all, this jerk is rich, so you should take advantage of him as much as possible."

Sharon kept her cool now.

She could tell that Jameson did not intend to let her go easily and he would not leave.

In the lounge, Sharon turned on her mobile memo and asked, "What things does Mr.Proctor want to design? Necklace? Bracelet? Earrings? Or something else?"

Jameson replied nonchalantly, "Whatever."

Sharon put up with it and wrote down "Whatever" on her phone.

She resumed, "What style does Mr.Proctor like?"

"Whatever."

"Then, Mr.Proctor."

"Whatever."

Sharon put down her phone and wore a cold face, "If Mr.Proctor fools me around on purpose, you could do it the other way.There's no need to kill the boring time with me."

Jameson pursed his thin lips, "Sorry, once again."

Screw you.

Sharon said, "I don't know what Mr.Proctor wants from me so far, or, I just can't satisfy you by losing a child.You want me to lose my job, then you can let go of me?"

Jameson's expression did not change as he ignored her words, "I'm not demanding much for the design as long as you like it."

He's insane!

Jameson stood up and left a word behind him, "Sharon, what I want from you is not what you think. When you are willing to give it to me, you will know what it is."

By the time Jameson pulled the door open, Tiffany and Jacob stepped backward because they paid close attention to what happened inside.

Tiffany cleared her throat, "Mr. Proctor, customized jewelry ordered in our studio have been in full schedule these months, so we may keep your heel cooling."

Jameson nodded and turned to leave.

Jacob immediately followed.

After they left, Tiffany entered the lounge.

She saw Sharon sitting on the sofa in a daze, so she waved her hands to make Sharon come to her sense, "Sharon, are you alright?"

Sharon brought back her thoughts and shook her head gently, "It's fine, let's go."

Tiffany knew what Sharon and Jameson talked about, but it was not up to her to say something.

She immediately changed the topic and said, "How do you like the chat with Trey just now?"

Sharon was dumbfounded, "What chat did you talk about?"

"Do you two have something in common?"

Sharon fell silent and suddenly said, "Something's wrong with you."

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 169

How Do You Know He Has a Crush on Me?

When they returned to the private room, everyone had almost finished their meal and was chatting.

Seeing this, Paisley said deliberately, "You're indeed busy, keeping all of us waiting for you two. Even Trey, such a successful boss, is not as busy as you."

Before Tiffany could refute her, Trey said, "I'm not that busy normally. I leave almost all my work to my subordinates."

Before Paisley could react, another girl laughed.

Not long ago, Paisley was still showing off that her husband was an executive of a large company and was so busy that he didn't even return home.

But to put it bluntly, executives were employees.

Obviously, Trey's clever reply was for Paisley.

At the table, everyone else held back their laughter and mocked her in their hearts.

The reason why Paisley came to this reunion today was simply to show off how rich her husband was. Unexpectedly, she fell flat.

Paisley was very angry, but she had no way to vent her anger since Trey did not name her.

She could only grit her teeth and put up with it.

After the reunion ended, everyone left one after another.

Trey looked at Sharon and Tiffany and said, "I happen to be free. I'll send you off."

Sharon smiled politely and said, "No, we drove here..."

Tiffany immediately said, "My car broke down!"

Sharon asked, "What?"

Tiffany said with a straight face, "Sharon, don't you remember? Something was wrong with my car on the way here, and it just happened to stop moving when it got to the basement."

"I don't..."

"You didn't drive, of course you don't know!"

With that, Tiffany pulled Sharon towards Trey's car and said to Trey, "Thank you."

Trey smiled, "You're welcome."

Tiffany pulled open the passenger door and shoved Sharon in.

"I feel a little uncomfortable and want to sit in the back alone, so you just sit here."

Sharon was speechless.

Now, Sharon already knew Tiffany's intentions.

However, Sharon could not refuse directly with Trey here.

She only stole a glance at Tiffany and fastened her seat belt.

Tiffany pretended not to see it and hummed as she sat in the back.

Trey said, "Where do you live?"

Tiffany said, "Well ...It doesn't matter where we live. If you are free, just take us around. It helps digestion."

Sharon even didn't want to expose her.

How could a ride help digestion? She told Trey an address and said, "Thank you, please."

Trey was a little surprised.

"Do you live here?"

Tiffany suddenly leaned forward and said, "It can't be that you live here as well, right?"

What was she saying? Fate would bring us together! Trey smiled and shook his head.

"No, one of my friends who have just returned from abroad lives here."

It was a pity for Tiffany.

"That's really inopportune."

After a pause, she said, "What kind of friend? Are you close? Do you often visit him? If you're okay with it, then..."

Sharon covered her mouth and smiled apologetically at Trey.

"Let's go."

Not long after they left, Trey received a phone call saying that something happened at the company and he should go back.

He smiled apologetically at Tiffany.

"Sorry, I might not be able to take you around today. Maybe next time."

Tiffany also heard his phone call and nodded repeatedly.

"Alright. Next time then."

Tiffany took a business card from her bag and gave it to him.

"This is the address of our studio. You can come at any time."

Sharon said, "Trey, you can just leave us on the roadside. We can go back by ourselves."

Trey said, "It doesn't matter. It won't take a long time. We're arriving soon."

Seeing that he had no intention of stopping, Sharon did not say anything else, but just got the car window down and looked out.

Twenty minutes later, the black Porsche stopped in front of the apartment building.

Tiffany said, "Since you have some work to deal with, we won't invite you up. See you next time."

Trey smiled and nodded.

He looked at Sharon and said, "See you next time."

After he left, Tiffany sighed, "A good man like Trey is really hard to find. You must grasp the chance..."

"Let's go."

Tiffany turned around and followed.

"Hey, Sharon, I'm serious. Think about it. I think Trey might get a crush on you. Maybe you guys will work out."

Sharon pressed the elevator and smiled, "How do you know he gets a crush on me?"

"Don't you notice that the way he looked at you was different, and he was especially gentle towards you?"

"I don't."

Tiffany continued, "The outsider always sees the most of the game. It's normal for you not to notice it."

Sharon was speechless.

"Didn't you promise me to forget about that jerk and start over? God sent you Trey."

"But didn't you say that I should find a playboy to have fun? I don't think Trey is a playboy."

Tiffany had nothing to say about her own words for the first time.

She stammered, "You can't take my drunken words seriously, right? I really think Trey is not bad. If you're with him, you will definitely be the happiest woman in the world."

Just as they were talking, the lift door suddenly opened and a tall, mixed-race man walked out.

Tiffany was shocked instantly, staring straight at him.

After the man left, they got on the lift.

Tiffany whispered, "Hey, Sharon, did you see him? He looks so handsome. How lucky I am to see so many handsome guys today."

"So many?" Sharon asked casually.

"Isn't that so? Trey, that mixed-blood handsome guy just now, and James..."

Tiffany coughed and stopped before she said that name.

Jameson was indeed a jerk, but he was really handsome.

To be honest, although Trey's changes were great, he was still not as handsome as Jameson.

Sharon thought for a while before saying, "Tiffany, let's hire another designer after our studio grows bigger."

Tiffany did not understand.

"Why?"

Sharon took a deep breath, not knowing what to say.

She felt that given what Jameson had said when he left, he still had no intention of letting her go.

Sharon did not know what else that jerk would do.

She was afraid that it would implicate Tiffany, so she had the idea of leaving everything to Tiffany and quitting after putting the studio on the right track.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 170

What Else Could a Man Want from a Woman Seeing

Sharon was silent, Tiffany could guess the reason.

“Sharon, what are you thinking? If you’re tired, we can hire more designers, but I won’t allow you to back down...”

She patted Sharon’s shoulder and continued, “Actually, I don’t think that jerk has it in for you on purpose. He might want something else from you.”

Sharon frowned, “What does he want?”

Tiffany thought for a while and said slowly, “What else could a man want from a woman? You are beautiful and curvy. If I were him, I would want the same.”

Sharon rolled her eyes.

She said grumpily, “Shut up.”

In the Proctor Group.

Jameson sat in the office chair with his right hand supporting his head and his fingers lightly tapping on his temples.

No one knew what he was thinking about.

Two minutes later, he dialed the extension and commanded, “Come in.”

Jacob appeared in the office soon.

“Mr. Proctor, may I help you?”

Jameson raised his eyelids and asked calmly, “What is the relationship between Trey and Sharon?”

Jacob probed, “Mr. Proctor, you remember Mr. Coe?”

Jameson leaned back in his chair without expression, “Stella Technologies has been aggressive since returning to China last May. Trey is also called the future of the technology industry. How can I not remember him?”

Jacob curled his lips secretly.

It turned out that Mr. Proctor lied about having no impression of Mr. Coe.

“As far as I know, Mrs. Proctor and Mr. Coe are there today to attend a class reunion,” he said.

Jameson frowned, “She and Martin are classmates. So is Trey?”

“Mrs. Proctor and Mr. Morton may not be classmates, but they are definitely each other’s first love” Jacob corrected him. Jameson stared at him with a serious face.

Jacob replied immediately, “Mrs. Proctor and Mr. Coe should be just classmates. Unlike Mr. Morton....”

After saying that, Jacob suddenly felt stressed, so he shut up.

Jameson ignored him and continued, "Stella Technologies was founded abroad. It has been a huge success in just a few years. It's impossible that Trey did it alone. What is his background?"

"Mr. Coe's parents are both researchers. He doesn't have a distinguished family background," Jacob said.

"But the funds for Stella Technologies are all from overseas and should be invested by foreign companies." Jameson didn't say a word but suddenly looked at Jacob.

The latter froze and felt cold sweat trickling down his back.

"Mr....Mr. Proctor, do you need anything else?"

"Have you ever chased someone?"

Jacob was confused, "What?"

Jameson pursed his lips and waved his hand, "Forget it. You can go."

Jacob left with confusion.

It wasn't until he walked out of the office that he realized that Jameson had asked him if he chased after someone.

Jacob was in a fog.

He turned around and looked at the office.

'Haven't I been helping Mr. Proctor chase after his wife?' Jameson held his phone tightly and looked at William's name on it for a while.

Just as he was about to dial, he received a call.

He suddenly became alarmed with his jaw slightly tensed up.

He answered the phone after a few seconds.

It was the doctor.

"Mr. Proctor, there was a sudden situation just now, and it has been temporarily controlled. But we still need to keep an eye out for it."

"I see."

Jameson looked at the time and said, "I'll come over tonight."

Charlotte took over the phone and said, "Jameson, you don't need to come over. I will take care of this side. It's useless for you to come."

Jameson replied, "Alright."

After hanging up the phone, Jameson stood up and stood in front of the French window, looking at the gradually darkening sky.

In the past, a child was unnecessary to him.

He would never change his mind because of an unfamiliar little fellow.

However, when he saw the expectation in Sharon's eyes, he actually started to wonder what that little fellow would look like when it was born.

When that baby's wrinkled little hand accurately grabbed Jameson's finger without even opening his eyes, Jameson's heart melted for no reason.

He suddenly realized why such an ugly and annoying little fellow was so important to Sharon.

After a while, he called Jacob in and said, "Book the first flight to Costspool."

"Understood," Jacob nodded.

Sharon had thought that Jameson would not give up so easily.

She didn't expect that he stopped bothering her after two days.

Just as she felt relieved, there were roses sent to the studio in the past few days.

Tiffany said, "This is the third day, right? Who exactly does this? It's so mysterious, and there is no name card on the flowers."

The girl worked in the shop said with envy, "Ally is so beautiful. There must be a lot of pursuers."

Tiffany was unsure whether the roses were sent by Trey or someone else.

If it was Trey, he must be a man of action.

He and Sharon had only seen each other once in so many years.

There was nothing between them yet.

If he started to pursue Sharon by sending flowers, wouldn't that be frivolous? But if it was someone else....

A terrifying thought suddenly occurred to Tiffany.

She shook her head repeatedly, wanting to get rid of the thought.

If that jerk sent flowers to show his love, it would be too scary.

Tiffany couldn't figure it out, so she asked Sharon, "Sharon, who do you think sent the flowers? Do you have a suspect?"

Sharon raised her eyebrows, "How can you be sure that the roses are for me? What if they are for you?"

"That's impossible. All these years, all I have is Asher. I don't have any other pursuers."

Unlike Tiffany, Sharon was not in a hurry, "Then wait. He will show himself."

"That's true. He has paved the way, and it's time for him to turn up."

After another two days of roses, the person who did this finally appeared in the studio.

"It's you," Sharon said in a cold voice as she looked at the person.

"Who else do you think? Martin, or Jameson? Sharon, you are really shameless. Even now, you are still dreaming of marrying into a wealthy family. Are you proud of ruining my engagement with Martin?"

Erica said with mockery.

Sharon replied calmly, "Why should I be proud? I'm just feeling happy. Erica, have you forgotten what I said?"

Erica's expression suddenly changed, "Don't forget what I said, either! You'll definitely pay the price!"