

Resume 191

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 191

I Told You Not to Move

Natalia's words made the situation quite embarrassing.

Sharon wanted to say something, but she didn't know where to start.

However, at least after knowing Jameson's promiscuous personal life, Patrick might not cooperate with him.

It is a turning point? Sharon got what she wanted.

Jameson narrowed his eyes and didn't say anything.

At that time, Patrick suddenly opened his mouth and looked at Natalia, "Who is she?"

Natalia smiled and introduced herself, "Hello, my name is Natalia. Nice to meet you."

Patrick nodded slightly, "Miss Beale."

Natalia said, "Well, I'll get out of your hair. I still have something to do and I'll take my leave."

Then she said to Daniel, "Mr. Daniel, let's go."

Daniel looked at Sharon and then nodded his head before leaving.

After they left, Patrick said, "She must be Miss Beale, the daughter of the Beale Group."

Jameson withdrew his gaze and said indifferently, "Mr. Patrick, you know her?"

Patrick smiled and said, "I don't know her. I just heard her name before."

After leaving the restaurant and saying goodbye to Patrick, Sharon turned around and couldn't help but look at Jameson several times.

Jameson's gaze met hers, and emotions on his cold face couldn't be felt.

"What do you want to say?" He said.

Sharon licked his lips.

Since he spoke first, then she would get straight to the point.

"Mr. Proctor, I warned you not to play around with others' feelings and take love seriously. Now, look at yourself. You can't refute your fiancée's words even if she embarrassed you in public."

Jameson said, "Who do you think I am doing this for?"

Sharon laughed dryly, "I don't know."

Jameson said, "Does Natalia often come to see you?"

"I think some of Miss Beale's words are right. Since we are divorced, my personal matters have nothing to do with you..."

Before Sharon could finish her words, she felt someone hugging her waist.

She fell into his arms because of the inertia, and she hurriedly raised her hand and blocked their bodies.

Sharon frowned tightly and she was a little angry, "Mr. Proctor, what do you want to do?"

Jameson lowered his eyes and fixed his eyes on her, "I didn't answer Natalia because her personal matters have nothing to do with me. I have no right to interfere, but you are different."

"Everyone is equal. Why am I different?"

"We've married for three years, and you've slept in my bed for three years. Are these two reasons enough? If not, I have more."

Sharon was speechless.

She knew that he wouldn't say anything useful, so she simply ignored him.

At a short distance, Natalia stood at the entrance of the restaurant and watched them coldly.

Sharon's words sound sweet to the ears.

She said she wouldn't have anything to do with the Proctor family.

However, Natalia underestimated Sharon.

This woman was much more scheming than she thought.

Natalia turned away her gaze and left.

On the other side.

Sharon was trying her best to get out of Jameson's hug.

However, no matter how hard she struggled, the jerk didn't seem to loosen his arms.

Instead, his hands on her waist were tightening.

At this time, the snow had already stopped, and the street lamps on the side of the street were emitting a faint orange light.

It added warmth to the chilly winter.

Jameson's black eyes focused on her without blinking, and he said in a low voice, "Don't move."

How could Sharon remain motionless as he said? She continued to struggle, "If you loosen your arms, I won't move."

The corners of Jameson's lips curled up slightly, and he didn't say anything.

After struggling for several times, Sharon suddenly felt that something was wrong.

No one knew better than her.

She knew what the jerk looked like when he was sexually aroused.

She immediately froze in place and looked up at him in disbelief, "Are you a jerk? This is ...on the street!"

Jameson's voice seemed to be a bit hoarser than before, "I told you not to move."

This jerk knew how to pass the buck well.

Now it was her fault.

After a while, Jameson moved his Adam's apple and suppressed the desire in his body.

He slowly loosened his arms and said, "Get in the car."

Sharon did not dare to have any objections and quickly bent over and got in.

On the way back, the atmosphere in the car was very quiet.

In addition, it was a little bit strange.

Sitting in the front seat, Jacob sensed the subtle atmosphere and couldn't help but feel a little curious.

Weren't they almost at each other's throats when they arrived? Why is their relationship so ambiguous now? Sharon felt that the car was too stuffy.

She lowered the window a little and the cold air poured into the car.

After that, she hurriedly lifted the window up again.

Sharon took a deep breath and subconsciously turned his head.

She found Jameson looking out the window with a calm and cold gaze.

The man's cold jaw was clearly seen in the dim light.

Sharon looked down bit by bit.

When her gaze landed on his legs, she suddenly felt embarrassed and turned away her gaze, and she even looked somewhat uncomfortable and strange.

Jameson seemed to have sensed it.

He tilted his head to fix his eyes on her.

Sharon asked Jacob with a calm expression, "How long?"

"The road is snowy,' Jacob replied.

"We drive slower than usual.It will take about half an hour."

"Alright, thank you."

Sharon sat back down with her hands on the knees and her back straight.

After the interruption just now, the strange vibe finally disappeared.

Jameson said softly, "If Natalia bothers you, ignore her. If she didn't give up, tell me."

Sharon said without hesitation, "It is not bother..."

With that, she slowly turned her head and gave him a meaningful look.

Jameson met her gaze with a cold expression.

Sharon raised her lips and smiled at him perfunctorily.

Half an hour later, the car was parked downstairs.

When Sharon reached out to pull the door, she suddenly thought of something.

She turned her head and said, "Please wait here for a few minutes. I have something for you."

Jameson raised his eyebrows and his mood was clearly improved.

Seeing that he agreed, Sharon quickly got off the car and went upstairs.

At home, Tiffany was watching TV on the sofa.

When she heard the door open, she looked at Sharon and said, "Sharon, why did you come back so late ... Why are you dressed like this?"

Taking off the high heels and coat, and tying the hair with a string, Sharon said, "I'll tell you later. Tiffany, help me take out the jewelry that Jameson gave me and put it together. I'll give it back to Jameson immediately."

Tiffany suddenly up and said, "Is that jerk downstairs?"

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What Will She Give Me?

"Yes," Sharon said.

"Alright, I'll pack it up for you right now."

By the time Sharon came out, Tiffany had put the jewelry in a box.

Sharon changed into sweater, trousers and down jacket.

She picked up the box and said, "Thank you. Now I have to go."

Tiffany, curious, hurriedly ran to the study.

She leaned against the window and looked down.

Sure enough, she saw the familiar Rolls-Royce.

Inside the car, Jameson gently tapped his knee with his finger and said slowly, "Tell me? What will she give me?"

Jacob didn't know what to say.

Jacob, nervous, asked tentatively.

"Maybe it is the necklace that Mrs.Proctor had made before?"

Jameson frowned in displeasure, as if he wasn't satisfied with this answer.

"She made it so soon?"

He said.

Jacob immediately echoed, "No, it is impossible.Maybe it's something else."

Jameson didn't say anything else, but waited patiently.

Ten minutes later, Sharon ran over with a cardboard box in her arms.

She reached out and knocked on the car window.

Jameson had just lowered the window when a cardboard box was put in his embrace before he could say anything.

Sharon said, "Sorry for letting you wait for so long.I'll get out of your hair."

Jameson lowered his eyes and glanced, "What is this?"

Sharon smiled, waved to him, and turned to leave.

Jameson opened the box and glanced at it.Then his expression changed.

He immediately raised his head and shouted, "Sharon!"

Sharon pretended not to hear it and quickly ran away.

Jameson looked at her back and gritted his teeth.

He was irritated.

Jacob sat in front of him, holding back his laughter with efforts, his face flushed red.

As soon as Sharon opened the door, she saw Tiffany leaning against the shoe cabinet with curiosity.

Sharon said somewhat unnaturally, "Why are you looking at me like that?"

Tiffany said, "Did you go out with that jerk ...Jameson tonight?"

Sharon immediately retorted, "No! It's impossible!"

"Then why did he send you back? And you were dressed like that?"

Sharon blushed from her question, and she stuttered, not answering Tiffany.

Tiffany leaned closer and stared her carefully, "It seems that something that only adults would do happened."

“...No!”

“Really? I don’t believe it.”

Sharon held her tongue.

She was indeed guilty.

In order to prevent Tiffany from asking any more questions, Sharon hurriedly found an excuse, “I’m going to take a shower.”

As she spoke, she hurriedly ran into the bathroom.

After shower, Sharon opened the bathroom shutters and found that it had started snowing again.

A thin layer of snow had piled up on the tree branches.

The whole world was quiet, as if only the sound of snow falling could be heard.

Sharon then blew her hair.

When she went out, Tiffany was sitting on the sofa waiting for her.

Sharon’s plan to sneak back into the bedroom failed.

She could only sit on the sofa and cough, “Tiffany, it’s not what you think.I....”

Tiffany suddenly approached, “Sharon, I have a question.”

Sharon said, “What?”

“You and Jameson, will you get back together?”

Hearing this, Sharon was surprised, “Why do you ask this?”

“I think lately he’s been coming to you quite frequently.He seems to be determined to win you back.”

Tiffany said as she held a pillow in her arms and said seriously, “Sharon, I don’t care who you choose to be with in the end.As long as you find your own happiness, I will be happy for you, but...”

Sharon knew what she was worried about and smiled softly, “It’s impossible for us to get back together.”

There were too many questions between her and Jameson.

It was not a simple divorce and remarriage.

Moreover, the Proctor family also had a grudge against her.

Sharon continued, “I wonder why he is not that mean lately.But it’ll be fine when his fever is over.”

Hearing this, Tiffany finally sighed in relief.

“That’s good.I’m afraid that you’ll fall back into that birdcage again.”

Even though Jameson had changed a little recently.

He seemed quite nice to Sharon now.

The jerk's deep-rooted evil could not be corrected.

Furthermore, the Proctor family was in chaos.

It was not easy for Sharon to escape from it.

If she went back, she would be asking for trouble.

Sharon patted her legs and got up, "Don't worry. I can handle that."

Just as Sharon was about to return to the bedroom, the doorbell suddenly rang.

She slowly walked to the door.

With her lesson from last time, she didn't open the door until she checked through the peep hole.

Sharon said, "Mr. Daniel, it's late. Is there anything I can do for you?"

Daniel picked up the cake in his hand and raised his eyebrows.

"I bought it on the way back. I remember your friend likes it."

Sharon turned to look at Tiffany, who had stood up and looked over expectantly.

Sharon stepped aside and said, "Please come in."

"Thank you."

Sharon closed the door and was confused by Daniel's sudden visit.

Daniel put the cake on the coffee table and sat on a sofa at the side.

"I'm sorry to disturb you so late, but the baker said it was fresh. It won't taste good tomorrow. And I can't eat so much by myself."

Tiffany smiled brightly, "It's fine. We neighbors help each other. For this cake, I'll help myself."

Daniel smiled.

"I'm glad to hear that."

Sharon poured a glass of water from the kitchen and placed it before Daniel.

Daniel thanked her and said, "Today, I heard from Miss Beale that you are friends, Ms. Allyson?"

"We are not friends. It's just that fortunately, I designed a necklace for her before."

"Well, I see."

Tiffany did not understand and asked, "Miss Beale? Did you meet Natalia today?"

Sharon nodded, "Yes, I met her at dinner."

Tiffany couldn't help but frown, "Did she say something pretentious to you again?"

"Fortunately, she changed her target."

Daniel added, "May I ask you and Mr.Proctor are?"

For a few seconds, neither Sharon nor Tiffany answered.

Daniel raised his eyebrows.

"It seems that I shouldn't have asked this question.Sorry, Ms.Allyson, forget it."

Sharon smiled and said indifferently, "It doesn't matter.He is my ex-husband."

"I see.I'm sorry to ask you such a reckless question."

Tiffany whispered, "Do you know Jameson?"

"I don't know him,"

Daniel said.

"But Mr.Proctor is famous.I've just heard of him."

"Then how do you know Natalia?"

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The Romance I Want to Give You

After returning, Daniel was staring at the door behind him thoughtfully.

Suddenly, his phone rang.It was from Trey.

"How's it going?"

Sitting in the sofa with his long legs crossed, Daniel said, "I attended to the matter personally.Of course, I nailed it."

Trey said, "Natalia is smarter than you've expected.She also made a lot of contributions in the recent incidents of the Proctor family."

Daniel said after pausing for a moment, "I won't take her lightly.What's more ...he came back in advance."

"When?"

"Maybe today."

Trey asked, "Did he see Natalia?"

Daniel rose from the sofa, opened the refrigerator and took out a can of beer.

"Yeah.I took her there deliberately."

"Should we carry out the plan in advance?"

"It's unnecessary."

Daniel added, "One more thing, I saw Sharon today, together with Jameson."

Trey didn't say anything.

Daniel said, "Beautiful women are everywhere. Why are you so obsessed with the one Jameson loves?"

"You won't understand."

Before Daniel could reply, Trey hung up the phone.

Holding his phone, Daniel let out a sigh and then raised his head to drink half a can of beer.

Today he had planned to get acquainted with Natalia first so as to pave the way for his subsequent plans, but he didn't expect that...

However, it seemed that Natalia still had a grudge against Jameson.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have said that in public, making him awkward.

Daniel downed the remaining beer, crushed the can with one hand and threw it into the trash can.

It went into the trash can.

Tiffany looked at the remaining cake and burped.

"I really can't stomach any bite."

Sharon turned to her and said, "You can put it in the fridge."

"No. Didn't you hear Daniel say it wouldn't taste good tomorrow?"

Tiffany really wanted to take another bite, but she was so full that she threw herself on the sofa.

"He's quite weird, bringing a cake here without tasting it. I ate all of it alone."

Sharon kept silent.

She finally knew why Daniel came here today.

Actually, he was to figure out the relationship between her, Natalia, and Jameson.

But she couldn't understand why he wanted to find out that.

After a while, she rose to her feet and said, "I'm gonna sleep, Tiffany. You can't eat more and go to bed early."

Tiffany agreed and struggled to stand up.

"You go to sleep first. I have to take a walk because I'm much too stuffed."

"There are digestants in the drawer. You can take some."

"Alright."

Days passed in a calm and peaceful way.

These days, Jameson may be busy with business cooperation.

Fortunately, he didn't come to trouble her these days.

Sharon got much more relaxed.

She was looking out of the window when Tiffany's voice came from outside, "Sharon, come and have a look."

"What's wrong?"

Sharon got up and walked out of the office.

"The environmental protection outside has been completed."

Tiffany sighed, "This project does make the surrounding scenery much more pleasant and the air fresher. And there's a big surprise. Guess what?"

"What?"

"Apart from the green vegetation, it's be covered with colorful baby's breath flowers outside. The flower means that I miss you. You are pure. Weave a dream for me. I really love you. It's my pleasure to have you. This is the romance I want to give you."

Sharon said nothing.

Tiffany added, "Aren't you curious about who is the anonymous philanthropist?"

"No."

"What a pity."

At this time, Trey came in and asked, "What's the pity?"

Tiffany laughed in an awkward way and said, "No, there's nothing."

Then she continued, "Trey, have you been busy lately? I rarely saw you."

He nodded.

"I have been on business trips to other cities and just come back."

"It's no wonder that you look thinner than before."

Trey smiled and said, "Tomorrow is the winter solstice. Do you have any schedule?"

Tiffany sighed, "I'm single so there's no special plan. But we plan to cook hotpot at home. Do you want to join us?"

Tiffany desperately winked at him as she spoke.

Trey seemed hesitant and then he turned to Sharon and said, "Can I come tomorrow?"

"Sure."

Anyway, she had invited Ruben and Giana, so she didn't care one more person would come.

Trey was relieved suddenly.

"Do I need to bring anything with me?"

Tiffany said in a melancholy tone, "Can you bring me a boyfriend?"

Trey didn't know what to say.

Sharon covered Tiffany's mouth and smiled, "She's just joking."

After having half a cake that night, Tiffany let go and was determined to give up Daniel.

Since she had sworn to be a pleasure seeker, how could she put all her eggs in one basket? Trey looked down at his watch and said, "Then see you tomorrow. Now I have to leave to deal with something."

Tiffany asked, "Are you in such a hurry?"

"I just passed by and came to see you."

"Alright, see you tomorrow," Sharon said.

Trey nodded slightly and turned around to leave.

After taking a few steps, he found the surrounding environment different.

The green plants just appeared in front of him as if they were silently declaring war on him.

After Trey left, Tiffany said, "With Ruben, Giana, plus Trey, we have five people in all to have hotpot together. We must have a jolly time tomorrow."

Sharon said, "Are you going to invite Daniel?"

"Forget it," Tiffany whispered.

"He probably prefers canned food to hotpot."

It was in the Proctor Group.

Jameson put down the pen and pinched his nose.

"Is there anything else today?"

"Nothing,"

Jacob said.

"But there's a meeting tomorrow morning at nine o'clock. You need to arrive at the company earlier."

Jameson nodded and rose from the table.

"You can get off work now."

Jacob followed him.

"Mr.Proctor, one more thing..."

"What?"

"There's a business dinner with Giana tomorrow night, but she said she couldn't attend."

"Why?"

Jacob couldn't tell him exactly because Giana didn't detail it.

Jameson stretched out his hand and said, "Give me your phone."

Jacob immediately dialed Giana's number and handed the phone to Jameson.

After a few rings, it was answered.

Jameson said, "If you don't go to the dinner tomorrow, it'll be regarded as absenteeism."

Giana was speechless.

Then she said, "Mr.Proctor, this is unreasonable.I just received the notice this afternoon, but I promised my friend the day before yesterday that we would spend the winter solstice together."

After hearing her words, Jameson paused for a moment before saying, "Which friend?"

"A beauty."

Jameson stopped and said after a few seconds, "Where?"

"Her home."

"You don't have to go to the dinner tomorrow, but you need to promise me one thing."

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I Feel Like He Wants to Come

Giana knew what he was going to say.

"Mr.Proctor, aren't you a little...?"

Jameson said coldly, "A little what? Forget it.You should go to the dinner."

"No, no! Okay, I promise you!"

Jameson hung up and tossed the phone to Jacob.

"Ask someone else to go to the dinner tomorrow night."

"Yes, sir."

After a pause, Jameson asked, "Do I have any appointments for tomorrow night?"

"There was..."

Realizing something, Jacob immediately changed his answer.

"No, there isn't."

"Good."

Jameson walked on.

In the car, Jacob said, "Mr.Proctor, there is one more thing."

"What is it?"

"Miss Beale has been very close to a foreigner named Daniel recently."

Jameson asked, "Is he Sharon's neighbor?"

"Yes," Jacob nodded.

"Did you check him out? What do you know about him?"

"He is a cello player of Chinese and Italian descent.Both of his parents have died.With a certain international fame, he held a national tour a few months ago, and the South City is the last stop."

Jameson said, "How did he and Natalia know each other?"

"He was invited to perform at Miss Beale's birthday party last week.After that, the two of them met in private a few times.From the looks of it, it seems like..."

"Enough," Jameson interrupted him.

"I don't care about that.Keep an eye on her and don't let her go to Sharon."

"Yes, sir."

On the winter solstice, it started snowing in the morning and the temperature plummeted.

Sharon and Tiffany went out early in the morning to buy hotpot ingredients.

As soon as they came back, they saw Ruben waiting at the door.

Sharon asked as she opened the door, "Didn't I tell you to come this afternoon? Why are you here so early?"

Ruben took the grocery bag from her and said, "Our teacher was occupied with something else this morning, so we have half a day off."

Tiffany said enviously, "That's great.I hope my boss has something else to deal with and gives me a day off."

Amused, Sharon smiled and said, "You are the boss yourself.What are you thinking?"

"Right.What a shame."

Just as they were talking, the door to the next house was opened.

Standing at the door, Daniel swept his gaze across the three of them and in the end, stared at Ruben.

"Who is this?" he asked.

"This is my younger brother," Sharon said.

Daniel smiled.

"I didn't know you have a younger brother."

With that, he nodded to Ruben and greeted him.

Ruben nodded slightly in response.

Daniel added, "Are you having a family get-together?"

"Today is the Winter Solstice Festival. I invited some friends over."

Daniel raised his eyebrows, looking puzzled.

"Winter Solstice Festival?"

Tiffany explained briefly, "It is a traditional Chinese festival. After the winter solstice, it will get colder and colder."

Daniel understood.

"I see. This is the first time I've heard of this festival. It's embarrassing."

Tiffany was surprised.

"I thought you knew a lot about Chinese culture since you speak Chinese so fluently."

"But I never knew about this festival."

"Since you don't know about the Winter Solstice Festival, I guess you don't know what we eat to celebrate it either, right?"

Daniel asked humbly, "What do you eat on this day?"

Tiffany said seriously, "Canned food."

Daniel was dumbstruck.

Sharon couldn't help but laugh.

Daniel coughed awkwardly.

He wanted to say something, but he didn't know how to begin.

Sharon said, "Trey will also come tonight. Would you like to join us, Daniel?"

"It would be very rude of me to refuse. Thank you. I'll see you tonight, Ms. Allyson."

Sharon smiled and nodded.

After closing the door, Tiffany asked with a pout, "Sharon, why did you invite him?"

"I felt like he wanted to come," Sharon said.

"Really?"

"So did I," Ruben said.

Tiffany rubbed her nose in confusion.

"Why didn't I see it?"

Sharon said, "Daniel is all alone. He must be lonely in the South City. Didn't you say that the neighbors should take care of each other? Trey will also be here, so it won't be too awkward."

"I said that?" Tiffany mumbled.

"But I think he prefers to eat canned food alone."

"If you don't want him to come, I'll go tell him..."

"Wait."

Tiffany grabbed Sharon and said, "How can you take back what you said? Never mind."

Smiling, Sharon took the grocery bag from her and walked into the kitchen.

After standing there for a few seconds, Tiffany quickly ran to her room to change her clothes.

Then she ran out and said, "Ruben, how do I look?"

Ruben answered honestly, "Not so good."

"Okay, I'll go change."

In the afternoon, Trey came with a bouquet of flowers.

Hearing the commotion, Ruben turned around and looked at him.

Then, he whispered to Sharon, "Is this the guy whom Tiffany mentioned and that is chasing you?"

Sharon slapped him on the shoulder and took the vegetables to wash.

"Don't talk nonsense. He is not."

"I think he is hot. Why don't you accept him?"

"There are so many girls chasing you, why haven't you gone on a date with any of them?"

Ruben didn't know what to say.

In silence, he began chopping the vegetables. After a while, Trey's voice sounded from outside the kitchen.

"Is there anything I can help you with?"

Sharon smiled, "You don't have to. Just wait a while. It's almost done."

Trey nodded and looked at Ruben.

"This must be Ruben. It's a pleasure to meet you."

Hearing this, Ruben was a little surprised.

"You know me?"

Trey had wanted to tell him that in college he had seen Sharon with him, but in the end, he just replied, "Tiffany mentioned you before."

Ruben said, "I thought you had heard about me from ...someone else."

Sharon coughed to caution him, and handed him the vegetables.

"Ruben, help me wash these."

Trey said, "Then I will leave you be. Let me know if there is anything I can do."

Sharon smiled and nodded, "Alright."

Not long after Trey arrived, Daniel also came over with a bottle of red wine.

As it got late, the snow became heavier.

When the people gathered together, the room had a warm, happy atmosphere.

This was the first time Sharon had gathered with so many friends.

Seeing this scene, she smiled with a better mood.

Tiffany leaned against the door and asked, "Sharon, is dinner ready yet? How much longer will it take? Giana hasn't arrived yet. Should I call her?"

Sharon said, "Five more minutes. Go ahead. Call her now."

"Alright."

Unexpectedly, the moment Tiffany finished speaking, the doorbell and her phone rang at the same time.

Sharon said, "Answer it. I'll go get the door."

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If I Can't Get It, Don't You Think Abo

Sharon opened the door and saw Giana waving at her outside.

Sharon laughed.

Just as she was about to say something, she saw a man slowly appear behind Giana.

Sharon went speechless.

After Jameson came forward, he turned to look at Sharon with an unhappy expression, "What's that expression of yours?"

Smiling with embarrassment, Giana explained, "You see, I ran into Mr.Proctor in the elevator just now.What a coincidence! Mr.Proctor has come here for a friend who happens to be away.Such a pity, so I..."

Sharon remained calm as she looked at Jameson and deliberately said, "I didn't know Mr.Proctor have friends here."

Sensing the mockery in her words, Jameson said indifferently, "How can one not have friends if he has money?"

Sharon had nothing to say.

'What a f*cking irrefutable sentence.' Given the situation, Sharon couldn't drive him out directly, and even if she did, it might not be useful.

Sharon took a deep breath and stepped aside, "Come in."

Jameson whispered to Giana as he entered, "Well done."

Giana had nothing to say.

She didn't want his compliment.

Jameson's arrival instantly froze the originally warm and lively atmosphere.

As for Jameson himself, he seemed to not notice the unfriendliness of everyone else.

He appeared calm and composed.

Even Sharon felt embarrassed for him.

Trey probably did not expect Jameson here.

He paused for a moment before appearing calm and greeting Jameson politely, "Mr.Proctor."

When Tiffany saw Jameson after getting off the phone and coming out, she was stunned.

She leaned over to Giana and asked, "What's going on? Why is that jerk...Mr.Proctor here?"

Giana took a deep breath and didn't know what to Say.

In the kitchen, Ruben looked outside and frowned, "Why is he here? Did you ask him?"

Sharon replied, "No, but..."

"But what?"

Sharon smiled and shook her head.

Even if Jameson didn't come with Giana today, he had other ways.

As expected, he wouldn't disappear for even two days.

After a while, Ruben asked, "Has he been pestering you recently?"

"Did Tiffany tell you again?"

"My guess."

Sharon went speechless.

'He's pretty good at guessing.'

"Let's have dinner."

Sharon stopped thinking.

At the dining table, Giana and Tiffany sat together, while Daniel, Trey and Jameson each sat on one side.

As soon as Ruben went out, he was pulled by Tiffany to sit beside Daniel.

Only the seats beside Jameson and Trey were empty.

This meant that Sharon had to choose between them.

Seeing this, Sharon wished she could just disappear.

What dilemma was this? Sharon turned to look at the culprit.

Without doubt, it was Tiffany.

Sensing the coming climax, Tiffany hurriedly said in a serious manner, "Sharon, why don't you sit beside Trey? Otherwise, it will be too narrow for Mr.Proctor."

Sharon felt mad and decided to get even with Tiffany later.

Just as she was about to sit beside Trey, she was pulled by her wrist.

Jameson looked up at her, his black eyes calm, "It's not narrow.Sit here."

The room went silent.

Giana could no longer look on.

She felt truly sorry for bringing Jameson here without Sharon's agreement.

She stood up and said, "Sharon, come sit here with me.Mr.Proctor and I..."

Before Giana could finish, she felt a cold gaze upon her.

She hurriedly sat down and rubbed her neck unnaturally, pretending that nothing had happened.

Taking this opportunity, Sharon quickly found an excuse, "I almost forgot that there's one more dish in the kitchen.Enjoy yourselves."

After that, she quickly pulled her hand away and ran back into the kitchen.

Jameson stared from behind for a while, as if he was estimating the chances of her sitting with him.

A few seconds later, he turned to look at Trey.

Trey gave a confused look.

Gazed at by others in astonishment, Jameson shifted and sat down with Trey.

Everyone else was struck dumb.

Tiffany whispered to Giana, "Is this what they say?"

"If I can't get it, don't you think about it."

Giana nodded in agreement, "It's like dragging one's enemies into h*ll along with himself."

Sharon stayed in the kitchen for ten minutes.

Finally, she planned to ask Ruben to change seats with her after going out.

Ruben wouldn't be intimidated by Jameson.

Having thought of a solution, Sharon felt a weight off her mind.

However, she didn't expect a separate seat for her outside.

This was better, avoiding a lot of embarrassment.

Jameson glanced across the room and then gazed at the flowers on the coffee table.

He slightly frowned.

He asked indifferently, "Are the flowers from Mr.Coe?"

"Yes," Trey said.

Jameson said, "Mr.Coe may not know that Sharon is allergic to flowers.Your effort has been in vain."

Before he could finish, Sharon forestalled him by smiling to Trey, "Nothing.I like the flowers very much.Thank you."

Trey smiled and nodded lightly.

Jameson pursed his thin lips and looked at Sharon.

Sharon immediately looked away and lowered her head to eat.

At this time, Daniel said, "Mr.Proctor, didn't you bring anything for your visit?"

Hearing this, Tiffany took the opportunity, "That's right.Trey brought flowers.Daniel brought red wine.What did Mr.Proctor bring?"

Jameson was rendered speechless.

He felt embarrassed and looked at Giana, "Didn't she bring anything either?"

Daniel smiled, "Ms.Clarke is a girl.You want to compare with her?"

Jameson retorted, "So what she's a girl? Everyone is equal."

On hearing this, Sharon coughed.

“This jerk really knows how to learn and use.” Daniel probably didn’t expect Jameson to be so shameless, so he stopped talking.

After two seconds of silence, Jameson looked down and frowned at the oil dish in his bowl.

Sitting beside him, Sharon noticed the subtle change in his expression.

She almost forgot that this jerk didn’t like food that was too greasy.

There was a lot of oil in his bowl.

Sharon pursed her lips, but in the end, she didn’t do anything.

“It’s best if he doesn’t like it. He might leave. A few seconds later, Trey, who was sitting beside Jameson, also noticed and asked, “Don’t you like hot pot?”

With so many people around, Tiffany wasn’t afraid anymore.

She immediately added, “Mr. Proctor is used to delicacies. I guess it’s not to his liking.”

“In that case,”

Ruben said indifferently, “it’s better not to force yourself. Anyway, you belong to a different world.”

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Consider Giving Him a Chance

As Ruben finished speaking, the attitude of everyone at the dining table became clear.

Sharon felt embarrassed for Jameson again and uncomfortable all over.

However, Jameson turned a deaf ear to Ruben, as if nothing had happened and who they aimed at was not him.

Seeing this, Sharon couldn’t help but reach out and scratch her eyebrows.

Knowing that no one would welcome him, why did he have to come here and endure all these? How annoying.

Just as Jameson picked up his chopsticks, Sharon suddenly took the bowl in front of him and poured half of the oil into an empty bowl beside.

Then, she said indifferently, “Mr. Proctor, please make do. If you really can’t get used to it, you can just...”

“Who said I’m not used to it?”

Having said so, Jameson reached out to take some food and ate them without hesitation.

Sharon raised her eyebrows.

She stopped looking at Jameson only to find that everyone else was looking at her.

Sharon didn't know what to Say.

Upon noticing her movement, others coughed and looked away.

Some lowered their heads to eat, while others picked up glasses to drink.

Sharon was going to explain, but she didn't at last.

Forget it.

The more she said, the more trouble there would be.

Sharon just wanted to finish this dinner as soon as possible and send them away.

After a short period of silence, the awkward and suffocating atmosphere was broken by someone.

After dinner, Tiffany took the initiative to wash the dishes.

When offered help by Trey, Tiffany said, "Daniel and I are enough. Off you go..."

As Tiffany spoke, she signaled Trey to accompany Sharon so that Jameson could not be with Sharon alone.

Trey was silent for a moment, as if pondering about going over or not.

Tiffany whispered, "It is at this time that you should take the initiative. How can you retreat at a critical moment? Go! Go!"

As Tiffany said, she pushed Trey and pulled Daniel who was watching into the kitchen.

Daniel resisted, "I don't know how to wash..."

"It's easy. I'll teach you. How can you enjoy the meal without doing any housework?"

In the living room, Sharon was cleaning up remaining things on the table.

Jameson was about to step forward when Ruben grabbed his arm and said, "Let's talk."

Jameson turned around with indifference, "What do you want to talk about?"

Soon, Jameson followed Ruben to the balcony.

Trey went to Sharon and whispered, "Sharon."

Sharon looked up and smiled, "What?"

Trey was silent for a while. He failed to ask what he really wondered.

Instead, he found an excuse, "Are you really...allergic to flowers?"

"No. He made it up."

"I see."

Trey was going to continue asking when Giana came over and smiled at him apologetically, "Sorry, I have to borrow Sharon for something."

As she spoke, Giana pulled Sharon aside.

Now Trey was alone in the living room.

He turned to look at the flowers beside abstractedly.

In the bedroom, Giana folded her hands with regret, "Sorry.Sorry.It's all my fault.I shouldn't have brought Mr.Proctor here.'

If she had foreseen the awkward situation, she would never compromise no matter how the jerk threatened her.

Sharon laughed, "It's alright.He has been like this recently.Even if you didn't bring him here, he would still have other ways.'

Despite Sharon's tolerance, Giana still felt very sorry, "I really didn't know that there would so many people here today, including your...Suitor."

Sharon became nervous, "Don't listen to Tiffany..."

"She didn't talk nonsense.Didn't you notice the way Trey looked at you? It was obviously different.Also, Mr.Proctor looked so jealous.If there weren't so many people around, they would probably have fought with each other."

Sharon pursed her lips and said nothing.

Giana added, "Sharon, I'll say one more thing.Although I'm not very clear about what happened between you and Mr.Proctor, I know Mr.Proctor after working for him for many years.He may be sarcastic, but other than that, he's not bad.'

"Moreover, although there are many rumors about him, none of them is true.I can assure you of that.And ...according to my observations, he is very concerned about you and your feelings.Why don't you...consider giving him a chance?"

Sharon shook her head gently.

"It's impossible between him and me."

Giana let out a sigh and smiled, "Then forget what I said.Let's forget about it."

Sharon replied with a smile, "Alright."

When they went out, Ruben was the only one left in the living room.

Sharon looked around and asked, "Where are they?"

"Gone."

"They left together?"

"Yes."

Ruben nodded.

Giana whispered, "They didn't go down to fight, did they?"

Hearing this, Sharon immediately ran out without thinking it through.

Looking at her from behind, Ruben frowned.

He was going to say something, but he didn't.

At this time, he heard a soft female voice beside him, "What did you say to Jameson?"

Ruben subconsciously looked at Giana, then he looked away, "Nothing."

Giana did not believe, "Then how come he directly left?"

"I said that he is not welcome here. If he leaves by himself, he can at least retain some dignity."

Giana looked incredulous, "Did you really say that?"

Sensing her admiring gaze, Ruben began to feel a little embarrassed.

He raised his hand and touched his neck, "That's pretty much what I said."

That would be amazing! Giana patted him on the shoulder and praised him generously, "Good for you, Ruben."

Your courage is commendable.

You have both guts and wisdom.

Ruben went speechless.

When Sharon rushed downstairs, she didn't see Trey or Jameson after looking around.

She let out a sigh of relief.

It would be good as long as they didn't fight.

Sharon shivered in a gust of wind.

Only then did she realize that she had forgotten her coat when coming down in a hurry.

She rubbed her arms with hands.

Just as she was about to turn around, she felt something on her shoulders.

A warm coat.

Sharon turned around and looked at the man in front of her.

She was in a daze, "Didn't you leave?"

Jameson gazed at her.

Instead of answering her, he asked, "What are you doing down here?"

"I..."

Sharon thought for a moment and said, "I came down for Trey."

"Then you'll be disappointed to know that he's already gone."

"Well."

After a moment of silence, Sharon asked, "What did Ruben say to you?"

Jameson replied, "What do you want him to say to me?"

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I've Never Been a Shirker

Sharon didn't want to talk nonsense with Jameson, so she said, "Forget it if you don't want to Say it."

Jameson held her shoulders and asked, "Sharon, do you like Trey?"

Sharon was rendered speechless.

She frowned and asked in reply, "Why did you ask me this?"

"Answer me."

After a while, Sharon answered, "No, I don't."

Jameson tightened his grip and asked again, "Do you like me?"

"Did you come to ask me these foolish questions?"

"Foolish?"

Sharon loudly said, "Yes, foolish. I don't understand. Why did you come to my friend's party? Don't you feel embarrassed and uncomfortable?"

"No, I don't."

"Don't you realize that your arrival makes everyone unhappy?"

Jameson replied indifferently, "I don't care what other people think. I only care about you."

Sharon burst into laughter.

"Are you serious?"

"Yes, of course."

"If you really care about me, you should know that I hate you. Your arrival not only makes my friends very uncomfortable, but also makes me..."

Jameson interrupted her, "Sharon, is this your answer?"

"What..."

Sharon finally realized what Jameson was talking about.

He asked her if she liked him, and he was waiting for her answer.

Sharon looked at him.

"I thought you knew it."

Jameson asked, "Since you hate me, why did you help me out today?"

"You came and we ate together, so I didn't want the atmosphere to sour. Besides, I owe you a lot, so I paid you back once I had the chance. Don't think too much about it."

Sharon could not deny that her heart softened at that moment.

Although Jameson treated her badly most of the time, sometimes he was nice to her.

The time she spent on the Bridge Street was the most peaceful and comfortable time in her life.

Although Jameson couldn't cook, he made fish soup for her.

But he destroyed the kitchen at last.

Although he always said she was troublesome, he would find a stove to boil water for her to wash her hair when the power went out.

But at last the electricity was restored.

Although he asked her to have an abortion, he would go to the hospital with her for a pregnancy test.

Although...Sharon sighed and didn't want to recall the past anymore.

Jameson said, "Sharon, you like me. This is a fact that you can't deny."

"So what?"

Sharon stayed calm.

"We are adults. Love means nothing. Let me tell you the truth. Ever since I filed for divorce, I have never thought that we would remarry."

Jameson pursed his lips.

He couldn't say anything he wanted to say.

Sharon continued, "I know that you hate me because I told a lie that I was pregnant and forced you to marry me. I deserve it. I will bear any consequences and will not complain. Those three years might mean nothing to you, but I was very unhappy. We divorced half a year ago, and the baby was gone as you wished. We don't owe each other anything anymore. Can't you just let me go?"

Jameson asked in a low voice, "So what I did annoyed you?"

"Yes" Sharon replied with certainty.

"I only want to live my own life. If possible, I hope you will never appear in front of me."

A few seconds later, Jameson asked again, "If the baby wasn't gone, would you give me a different answer?"

"There is no if " Sharon sighed.

"Jameson, you should know that the baby is not the only problem between us." Jameson finally let her go.

"I know." Sharon relieved.

But at the same time, she felt depressed.

She had explained everything clearly and thought that Jameson wouldn't continue pestering her.

Just as she was about to bid him a farewell, he kissed her.

Sharon was taken aback.

Before she pushed Jameson away, he took a step back.

Sharon suppressed her anger and said, "Jameson..."

Jameson interrupted her, "I know what you're saying, but it doesn't matter to me. I just need to know that you like me."

Sharon didn't know what Jameson was thinking about.

Was he insane? Jameson added, "You were unhappy in those three years. I am to blame, but I have never been a shirker."

Sharon kept silent.

"I will try to make up for it until you can let go of the past and forgive me"

"No, you misunderstood. That's not what I meant..."

"It is what you meant."

Sharon didn't know what to say.

It was who Jameson was.

He liked to force others to accept his ideas.

Jameson had a satisfied smile on his face.

He wanted to fix the hair in her ears, but she dodged.

Jameson said, "You don't need to worry about the other things. I will settle them."

"What other things?"

Sharon looked at him with a wary expression.

"Sharon, believe me, sooner or later, you will be willing to remarry me."

"I don't believe you."

Jameson took a step forward and approached her.

"How about making a bet?"

Sharon refused, "I don't want to..."

"If I win, you have to agree to one condition, no matter what it is."

"What if you lose?"

"There is no such possibility."

Sharon couldn't bear the man's arrogance anymore.

"Just leave," she said.

Jameson chuckled. He was in a good mood.

"Go to bed early. Good night."

How could Sharon sleep at night after this talk? After Jameson finished his words, he walked towards the Rolls-Royce which was parked on the side of the street.

Sharon rubbed her swollen temples.

When she was about to go home, she discovered that she was still wearing Jameson's clothes.

She turned her head, only to find that Jameson drove the car far away.

Looking around at the empty street, Sharon did not know what to say.

She thought that Jameson would leave in anger after hearing what she said.

However, things didn't happen as she thought.

In front of so many people who hated him, Jameson was able to remain calm.

Sharon was still too young to understand the ways of the world.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 198

He Is Serious About Her

When Sharon back home, Tiffany had cleaned up the kitchen and Daniel had left.

Hearing the door opened, Tiffany looked over.

Before she was about to ask, Tiffany noticed that Sharon wore a man's coat and was not looking good.

Well, there was no need to ask.

Giana raised her eyebrows and picked up her handbag, "Well, I've got to go now. You girls go to bed early."

Sharon pulled herself together, "Jameson has left. How do you back?"

"I will take a taxi then." Giana put on her coat, hat and mask and covered herself tightly.

Then, she winked at Sharon, "Do you still recognize me?"

Sharon shook her head.

Giana smiled and said, "That's it. I've got to go. Bye-bye."

Tiffany escorted her to the door and said, "Hey, be careful on your way back. Text me when you get there."

"Sure."

After Giana left, Ruben looked at Sharon and said, "You..."

"I'm going to the bathroom," Sharon said.

After saying that, Sharon left hurriedly.

Ruben stood there and frowned as he looked at her back.

Tiffany walked over and whispered, "Ruben, please don't ask. She knows what she is doing."

Ruben remained silent for a while, "It's late. I've got to go now."

"Alright, go."

After hearing the door closed, Sharon poked her head out of the bathroom and whispered, "Has Ruben left?"

Tiffany sat on the sofa and stretched, "Yes."

Sharon took a deep breath and walked out slowly.

She put the coat on the armrest of the sofa and poured herself a glass of water.

Tiffany hugged a cushion and looked at Sharon amusingly, "What did he say?"

"Say ...what?"

"What did you and Jameson talk about? You've been downstairs for so long. You must have talked about something."

When remembering what had just happened downstairs, Sharon paused for a moment.

Finally, she pursed her lips and said, "He's crazy!"

Tiffany said, "Tell me about it."

".."

Sharon.

She sat beside Tiffany slowly and whispered, "Tiffany, I suddenly realize that I don't know Jameson well. I know what kind of person he is, but what he has done often goes beyond my expectations. It's too strange."

"And you think he has changed?" Sharon shook her head.

She did not think that Jameson changed, but ...

Sometimes, he did not talk in an annoying manner as he used to be and he could be gentle sometimes.

Tiffany, intrigued, moved closer to Sharon, "Have I told you before? That ... Mr. Proctor is just like a 13 year old. Facing a girl he likes, he is always childish and does stupid things to get her attention. But according to my recent observations, he has become better at handling a relationship."

Sharon kept her head low and did not say anything.

She had been thinking that Jameson just liked her out of impulse.

He liked her now and would like others in the future as well.

Once he was not interested in her anymore, everything would go back to before.

She did not expect Jameson's impulse to last this long, and continue growing without any prospect of fading.

Seeing that Sharon was silent, Tiffany whispered, "Sharon, you know very well that Jameson likes you. And he does, more than you can imagine."

Sharon was a little confused.

Tiffany began to explain, "Haven't you noticed that Jameson has been getting you into trouble since you are divorced? However, from my understanding, he is rather trying to create opportunities to meet you."

"But..."

"Think about it. He went to Costspool to meet you and asked you to move back to the Star Lake Mansion. He asked you to have an abortion, but he didn't take any coercive actions. When you were trapped in the Proctor family, he allowed me to see you. Also, the most important thing is that he broke off the engagement with Natalia."

Tiffany continued, "You probably don't know. The Proctor Group suffered from the called-off engagement with Natalia. The Beale family didn't announce it, but the companies in cooperative relations with the Beale Group have shut the Proctor Group out on its projects. I admit that Jameson is quite capable. These difficulties may not cause substantial impact on him. But he had been kept busy by the sudden changed of partners..."

Sharon got Tiffany's point.

The most important thing for Jameson now was to deal with the mess in his company.

He still could manage to see her under such circumstances.

He was serious about her.

Sharon raised her hand and rubbed her eyebrows, "I don't want to talk about this anymore. You should go to bed."

Tiffany added, "Are you going to call Trey? I think he was hurt today.' Sharon nodded gently, "I'll take a shower first and call him later."

"Fine, I'll tidy up the room then."

Half an hour later, Sharon opened the bedroom door while wiping her hair.

She sat by the bed and hesitated for a while before dialing Trey's number.

The phone rang for a while, but it was not connected.

Sharon put down her phone slowly and sat at her desk.

She took out her pocket watch from the box and stared at it quietly.

No one knew what was in her mind.

Jameson's words sounded in her mind for no reason when she stared at the watch.

Sharon took a deep breath and lay her face down on the table listlessly. She didn't take what Jameson had said seriously before.

She only thought that he was crazy.

She felt sad today, yet she could not tell why.

In fact, Tiffany was right.

After hearing the news that Jameson and Natalia had broken off their engagement, Sharon had not figured out the reason.

She did not want to be involved at all as it had nothing to do with her.

As Sharon was entranced in her thought, the phone on the table suddenly vibrated.

She sat up hurriedly and saw Trey's number displayed on the screen.

After the call was connected, Trey said "Sharon, I'm sorry. I was in a meeting just now. You called me?"

"Did I disturb you?" Sharon paused for several seconds.

"Not at all. The meeting is over.'

Sharon sighed and said, "Sorry, I wanted to invite you to dinner tonight. But I didn't expect that it was so unpleasant."

Trey said, "I should apologize. Something happened at the company. I even had no time to say goodbye to you and Tiffany before I left."

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 199

It's Okay to Do Something about It

Sharon heaved a sigh of relief when she learned that Trey had left because of the business stuff.

She said, "Well, see you.I..."

"Sharon."

Trey interrupted her.

"What?"

But Trey just smiled, "Nothing.It's getting late.Good night."

He didn't ask the question anyway.

After hanging up the phone, Sharon lay on the table again.

She didn't know if she should get things clear with Trey, but Trey had never said that he liked her.

What if she had got him wrong and he didn't like her at all? Sharon felt that she couldn't sleep tonight, so she began to work.

However, she subconsciously began to draw the outline of Jameson.

By the time Sharon realized, she had almost completed the drawing.

She felt like tearing it off, but she didn't.

"Forget it.'Just keep it? 'So that I can never make the same mistake anymore"

Sharon turned to another page and patted her face forcefully to wake herself up before drawing a new draft.

At the same time.

At the Beale's.

In the study, a subordinate said, "Mr.Beale, we've investigated it clearly.The photo was given to the newspaper by a boy."

Talon frowned, "A boy? What kind of boy?"

"His name is Ruben Allyson.He is nineteen years old and is currently a freshman at University A."

"Did you find out why he would have that photo?"

The subordinate nodded slightly and replied, "Ruben has an older sister named Sharon Allyson."

Talon suddenly stood up and said, "What!"

"Yes.And she is Jameson's ex-wife."

Talon was surprised, "Are you sure?"

“Yes, I’ve confirmed it with the newspaper. It was Ruben who used the photo on the Missing People column. Furthermore, he has spread it on other channels, but we stopped him.”

After thinking for a while, Talon said, “Go check the background of Sharon and Talon immediately. I need every detail. Also ...”

Suddenly, someone came to knock on the door.

Natalia pushed open the door and said, “Dad, what did you call me for?”

Talon sat back in his chair and waved to the subordinate, “You may leave now.”

“Yes, sir.”

Then Natalia closed the study door, walked in and sat opposite Talon, asking, “I heard ‘background’ outside. What’s wrong?”

Talon said indifferently, “It’s about the company and it doesn’t matter now. I’ve already had someone deal with it.”

Natalia nodded.

Talon paused for a few seconds before continuing, “I heard that you’ve been intimate with a foreigner these days?”

“He’s actually half-Chinese and half-Italian.”

Daniel would ask her out from time to time after last birthday party.

Natalia knew what he meant.

She would just refuse him in the past.

However, after the engagement with Jameson had been dissolved, there were many people who took her as a joke.

Now that such a famous person was chasing after her, surely, she would not refuse.

“Have you checked his background?”

Talon asked.

“Yes, I did. There’s nothing unusual. He came to the South City just to hold a concert. Many of my friends know about him.”

“Natalia,”

Talon said, “It’s OK that you have a boyfriend, but you should know that the person you’re married to will never be a musician.”

“I know.”

“I was wrong about your engagement with Jameson. I know what kind of person Jameson is, but I still let you be engaged to him.”

Natalia shook her head, "Dad, don't say that. It was me that insisted on marrying him. I know Jameson is my best choice."

Talon sighed and inadvertently asked, "Oh right, how is Jameson's ex-wife now?"

Natalia was surprised and said, "She opened a studio with her friend and she's pretty close to Jameson. I saw them having dinner together on my birthday."

Talon said in a deep voice, "Well, it's a good thing you didn't marry him."

Natalia didn't reply.

Talon said, "I remember you said before that Jameson's ex-wife had been sold to Twilight Club for money by her father?"

"I don't know. Maybe."

"Then is there anyone else in her family?"

"She seems to have a younger brother. And that's all I know."

Natalia said, "Why would you ask this?"

Talon became serious and said, "Nothing. I'm just curious about what kind of person she is. Obviously, she's the special one to Jameson."

Hearing this, Natalia's expression turned cold.

"Yeah, I've underestimated her before."

Talon said, "Natalia, It's Jameson's fault. If you feel aggrieved, it's OK to do something about it."

"You mean ..."

"No matter what you want to do, I will support you."

"I believe that the Proctors will not have any objections."

"Thank you, Dad." Talon stood up.

Just as he was about to leave, he suddenly remembered something and turned around to ask, "Natalia, is Jameson's ex-wife the designer that has designed your necklace?"

Natalia was surprised for a while before he smiled and said, "Why would you ask that ..."

"Well, Nothing. Good night."

He had got the answer from her expression.

After returning to his room, Talon locked the door and walked to the wardrobe.

He opened a hidden compartment and took out a box.

Inside the box were a few old documents, and below was a pocket watch which had obviously been burnt before.

He took out the pocket watch and stared at it for a long time.

After a while, his phone rang. It was from his subordinate.

“Mr. Beale, I found that Sharon and Ruben have a father. However, this man is a gambler. He often went to casinos and he would borrow money from the loan sharks when he had no money. Three years ago, he owed the loan shark and sold Sharon to Twilight Club.”

“What about their mother?”

“I didn’t find much information about their mother. She seemed to have died when giving birth.”

“What’s their mother’s name?” Talon asked.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 200

You Are Greedy

As the New Year approached, it was getting colder, but the studio’s business was getting better.

In addition to personal customization, many original accessories were also available for sale.

This not only expanded their potential customers but also brought the studio much praise.

Sharon even received many investing invitations.

Some wanted to use “Ally” to market the brand.

Some wanted to establish a brand image to increase production.

But she refused them all.

Now the studio was still in its infancy.

The most important thing is to make a brand.

As for the rest, Sharon preferred to let nature take its course.

Sharon spent the whole afternoon designing.

Getting tired, she stood up and stretched, pushing open the window to enjoy some fresh air.

As soon as she opened the window, a great number of baby-breath came into her eyes.

The air here was much better.

Sharon looked at the flowers.

She was slightly distracted.

Half a month had passed since the last time.

Occasionally, Jameson would come here, but he hadn’t behaved like a je*k as much as before.

He would stay for a while before leaving.

Sometimes, he would send people to bring her things, including some food and drinks.

Sharon had never eaten the foods he sent.

It was the staff of the studio who ate them.

A few days ago, when Jameson got here, he said to Sharon that he was going on a business trip to Italy for at least a week.

This meant he would not come here for some time.

This was great.

She could finally live a peaceful life for a period.

Just as Sharon was about to continue her drawing, a commotion came from outside.

Sharon closed the window and left the office.

Outside, a middle-aged woman was yelling at a female employee while pulling a girl wearing a school uniform, "Earning children's money, you guys are immoral! She's just a high-school student.

She had no money! Whatever money she has is from her parents! We toiled and sweated.

Days of hard work just give us a minimal wage.

Yet your guys somehow managed to get our money.

Where is your conscience? Your businessmen are so greedy!"

The female employee being yelled at had just graduated from college.

This was the first time she had been scolded like this.

And that woman was pointing fingers.

Because she had never experienced this, she was completely at a loss as she stood there.

Seeing her like this, that middle-aged woman's voice grew louder, "Don't pretend to be pitiful. I don't care. Give my money back!"

The girl stammered, "Your necklace and earrings have been worn for a long time. There are scuffs and marks on them. We can't take them back..."

Hearing this, the middle-aged woman pushed her hard.

The girl was unprepared.

She fell to the ground, her head bumping into the cabinet beside her.

Sharon hurriedly stepped forward and helped the girl up.

She frowned and asked, "Are you alright?"

The girl shook her head and tears fell down her cheeks.

Sharon looked at her again and discovered that her forehead was broken.

Some blood oozed out of her skin.

Sharon pursed her lips and turned to look at the middle-aged woman who had no remorse on her face.

"I'm the owner of this place.If you have any problem, just come to me.Why did you attack her?"

"I attacked her.So what?"

As the middle-aged woman spoke, she pushed Sharon's shoulder several times.

"You have no conscience.You earn students' money.You deserve to be beaten.Since you are the boss, return these da*ned things for me and give me some compensation.Otherwise, this will not over today!"

As she spoke, she smashed the items in her hand to Sharon's feet.

Sharon lowered her head and looked at the girl hiding behind the middle-aged woman.

She turned around and asked the girl behind that woman, "Did she buy those things here?"

Hearing this, the middle-aged woman shouted unhappily, "What do you mean? I am blackmailing you?"

The female employee whispered, "I don't remember all the customers because there are too many of them.But I can guarantee that I've never sold anything to a student..."

The prices of the accessories sold in the store ranged from several dozen to several hundred.

The prices were not very expensive, but students who had no income definitely could not afford them.

Besides, the studio was not located near the school.

No students would go shopping here.

The middle-aged woman spat on the ground.

"Nonsense! Where else could she buy these things? Come on, come on, let's all take a look.Greedy merchants here refuse to admit what they have done.They refuse to admit the things my daughter bought from them!"

When the woman started making trouble, she attracted the attention of the other guests.

At this moment, her yelling attracted some passers-by and rubbernecks.

The employee continued, "I swear, I have never seen a girl in a school uniform.I will definitely remember if there is one."

"Hear yourself.Students don't have to wear uniforms all the time! She must have bought them during her holidays."

"Then what can I do? Do I need to check all the customers' ID card before selling them things worth only two hundred?"

"That's none of my business. Today, you must return the things. If you don't return, I will smash your shop. And if necessary, I will ask the police station to do my justice. You cheated students. Sooner or later, your shop will close down!"

After watching for a while, the rubberneckers began to whisper.

Most of them felt that it was the middle-aged who was making trouble.

Some thought that the studio should give that woman several hundred to prevent her from making a scene.

After all, several hundred is not a huge sum of money.

Sharon looked at that woman's daughter who kept her head low.

Sharon said to her slowly, "Little girl, can I talk to you for a moment?"

When the middle-aged woman saw this, she immediately pulled the girl behind her and said, "Tell me what you want to say. Don't scare the child."

Sharon said, "I only want to ask her a few questions. If the responsibility lies with us, I will be responsible."

"You will be responsible?"

"I said I'm the owner of this place."

The middle-aged woman rolled her eyes.

It seemed she was weighing whether Sharon would keep her word.

A moment later, she said, "I will only give you five minutes, and I have to stay by her side. I am not comfortable with you being alone with my daughter. Also, in addition to returning all of this, you must give me some compensation. I didn't get to work because I have to come here and..."

"Okay." Sharon smiled.

The female employee pulled Sharon's clothes and said, "Ms. Allyson..."

Sharon turned around and comforted her, "It's fine. I'll take care of it. You go to the hospital first."

"I can go later. It doesn't matter."

Right now, only the two of them were in the shop.

She was afraid that Sharon wouldn't be able to handle it alone after she left.

"Don't worry, Tiffany would be back soon."

"Alright."

Before the girl left, she evacuated the rubberneckers.

The middle-aged woman sat on the sofa with her face full of arrogance.

“Now you can ask,” she said.

Sharon looked at the girl and said gently, “Little girl, when did you buy these things?”

The girl said timidly, “A month ago, no, it should be half a month ago.”