

Resume 261

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 261

Mr.Proctor Is in Charge of the Account

He also replied to other disparaging comments about Sharon.

Concise and comprehensive, his reply slagged off the netizen.

Gradually, the netizen who had applauded began to scold the Proctor Group.

“Is he crazy?”

“It must be fake account, or someone steals the account.”

“The staff of the Proctor Group needs to be more careful.They should behave themselves instead of getting involved in the trending topic.The employees that make annoying responses should be fired right now.’

“Leaders of the Proctor Group should enhance their staff management.Their employee in charge of the account is crazy.I do scold Sharon, but I don’t offend him.Why does he scold me?”

When these Internet trolls were speechless, a high-ranking official of the Proctor Group twittered, “Thank you for your concerning.However, there is nothing I could do.Mr.Proctor is in charge of the official Proctor Group Twitter account.”

Everyone fell into silence immediately.

Then a staff member of Lumiere Jewelry who had spilled the tea earlier also sent out a Twitter.

“I have told you that Ally’s ex-husband is Mr.Proctor, but you don’t believe it.”

Less than 30 seconds, the comments that mocked Sharon under her previous Twitter were all deleted.

When everyone thought that Mr.Proctor was going to keep attacking these Internet trolls, the official Proctor Group Twitter account suddenly sent out an announcement in an extremely serious tone.

“All the malicious rumors about Sharon Allyson on the Internet are inaccurate.Ms.Allyson used to be the lawful wife of Mr.Proctor of the Proctor Group, and they have friendly relationship even if they were divorced due to misunderstandings.At present, Mr.Proctor is pursuing after Ms.Ally again.

Please make rational comments on the Internet.

Otherwise, for those personal aggressive comments, the Proctor Group will prosecute their legal liabilities.

The Proctor Group was a large company, and its lawyers were elites in the industry.

Once they sent someone a lawyer’s letter, they would definitely go through legal proceedings.

They were not just saying.

All of a sudden, all the netizen stopped giving their opinion.

The Internet marketer and marketing accounts also stopped.

They had been paid to spread malicious gossip about Sharon.

When push came to shove, they chose to get away from the trending topic.

At the same time, Saige's face quickly turned pale when she saw the announcement made by the official Proctor Group Twitter account.

She fell onto the sofa, feeling as if she had been drained of all her strength.

After a while, she suddenly remembered something.

She hurried to call Natalia with trembling hands.

She stammered, "Miss Beale, did you see the announcement online? Sharon, she is Mr.Proctor..."

"I know.' Saige panicked, "It's over.I'm screwed this time!"

Natalia said helplessly, "Don't be anxious now.I have told you that you will be okay if you insist that everything you posted on the Internet is true."

"But ...but that's the Proctor Group.They can see through my little trick at a glance."

Saige asked, "How about sending out an apology statement now?"

"It proves that you're guilty if you do it now.Sharon didn't even give any evidence yet.What you're afraid of?"

Saige bit her lip and said, "Miss Beale, I'm afraid ...that if I offend the Proctor Group, I might even be shut out by all media.'

Natalia sneered, "Are you kidding? You think that Jameson can be so powerful?"

"But I have to take the Proctor Group's influence in the South City into consideration."

"You think the Beale family is inferior to the Proctor family?"

Natalia's words calmed Saige down gradually.

But now she did not dare to act recklessly like before.

She wanted to observe the reaction of Sharon's studio.

Once they gave evidence, she would immediately apologize.

On the other hand, Sharon's studio did not take advantage of the announcement made by the official Proctor Group Twitter account.

Instead, it did not respond to any comments on the Internet.

The quieter Sharon was, the more anxious Saige became.

She couldn't figure out what Sharon was going to do.

In Sharon's house, Tiffany said, "The jerk has changed my understanding of him. You are Helen of Troy. Sharon was speechless."

Tiffany put down her phone and ran into the kitchen, "Sharon, are you sure you really don't want to see it?"

"Yes, I'm sure."

As Sharon spoke, she took out the vegetables in the washing-up sink and went to cut other vegetables.

Tiffany read to her all Jameson's replies without missing a single word.

Whether she saw them or not, it was the same.

Leaning against the kitchen door, Tiffany casually took an apple and nibbled on it, "It seems that Trey has lost the race."

It would be more accurate to say that Trey didn't win a race from beginning to end.

Sharon silently sighed, "Alright, call Ruben to have dinner with us."

"OK. I'll call him immediately."

After Tiffany left, Sharon looked at the phone beside her and paused for a few seconds.

She felt as if she had been stabbed by something.

She quickly turned her gaze.

She didn't plan to deal with the comments on the Internet.

Anyway, she had been cursed before.

There were only two days left before the New Year.

Then she could slowly give evidence to prove Saige's hypocrisy.

Maybe she could take this opportunity to punish Natalia.

Unexpectedly, the jerk messed up the situation.

His action upset her a lot.

Although the jerk had improved a lot during this period of time, Sharon did not expect that he would be able to do so.

It was unbelievable.

It was hard to imagine that the president of the Proctor Group would quarrel with netizen for her through the official Proctor Group Twitter account.

He had a sharp tongue as usual.

But none of his other actions matched him.

Everyone would change his or her opinion about Jameson after the battle on the Internet.

There were even people who suggested that he should give a lecture on how to practice a sharp tongue without dirty words.

They could even pay for it.

While eating, Sharon suddenly started tittering.

Tiffany couldn't help waving her hand in front of Sharon, "What are you thinking?"

Sharon hurriedly came to her sense and coughed, her ears slightly red, "I ...I'm having dinner.What can I think?"

Curling her lips, Tiffany said, "The day after tomorrow is New Year's Eve.How are we going to celebrate it? Do you have any plans?"

"It's better to stay at home." Sharon said.

After she finished, she recalled last time people came to make a mess in her house.

Then she hurriedly added, "Just the three of us.Don't invite or tell anyone else!"

"Cover your ears while stealing the bell.' Ruben said.

Sharon was confused at his words.

Tiffany nodded in agreement, "He is right.We usually have dinner with intimate people on the eve of the New Year.Even if you tell it to others, they will still come to you."

Sharon couldn't refute them.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 262

Mistresses Are Always Better than Wive

Tiffany continued to analyze for her, "Trey, I guess he will be with his parents.The only one who would come must be Jameson.' Sharon felt a headache.

The jerk had invited himself before.

"Let's eat," she exhaled.

Since they had nothing to do in the studio these days, Sharon gave everyone one more day off and let them go back earlier for the Spring Festival.

When she was shopping for Spring Festival, Sharon never expected to come across an acquaintance.

Sheila was hugged by a corpulent middle-aged man.

When she saw Sharon, she was also stunned.

Then, she frowned, "Why are you here alone?"

Sharon smiled slightly, "Why am not I alone? Should I be in half?"

If 50, she would scare them to death.

"No. I mean, why isn't Mr. Proctor with you?"

Sheila's face changed.

"Why would he come with me?"

"Isn't he going after you?"

Sharon did not answer.

At this time, the middle-aged man beside her asked, "Sheila, who is this?"

"Oh, it's Mr. Proctor's ex-wife. She's a hit on the Internet these days."

The middle-aged man's gaze lingered on Sharon's body, and he said with a hint, "Mr. Proctor had a beautiful wife."

As he spoke, the phone rang.

The middle-aged man frowned, the disgust flashing in his eyes.

Then, he said, "I'm going to answer the phone."

Sheila let go of his hand, being understanding, "OK."

After he left, Sheila looked at Sharon and smiled with disdain, "I never thought that you schemed to marry him, which made him hate you to the extreme. But after finally divorcing you, he turns back to you now."

"Perhaps this is the turn of events."

Sheila snorted, "But don't celebrate too early. Mr. Proctor's taste for women always changes. He married and then divorced you. Now, who knows what's in his mind to going after you. Nobody knows when he will lose interest in you. You'd better not be intoxicated."

"Thanks for your kind notice," Sharon said.

As she spoke, she glanced at the middle-aged man who was still on the phone not far away.

"I also advise you not to keep thinking about destroying other people's families. A person who regularly walks by the river cannot avoid getting their shoes wet." Sheila did not care about what she said.

She just crossed her hands, "We just got what we need from each other. Even if it were not I stood beside him today, it would still be someone else. Do you think they, the wealthy jerks, could constrain themselves not to trolling for women? Which one of them doesn't have a wife in the house and mistresses outside? Men all have wandering eyes."

Sharon grinned and did not say anything.

What Sheila said did make sense.

All the jerks in the world are alike.

Sharon did not intend to continue talking to Sheila.

She just said, "Good luck then."

Sheila looked at her back with unwillingness and jealousy in her eyes.

She was a lionized model of the Proctor Group, and should have a bright future.

However, since she was terminated by the Proctor Group, no other company dared to employ her.

She could only shoot photos and act on some online dramas small budgets.

Her career was destroyed.

She had to rely on such a man to survive.

But Sharon was going to be with Jameson after all.

Why on earth didn't she match her? The middle-aged man returned from his phone call and looked around.

"Is Mr.Proctor's ex-wife gone?"

Sheila grabbed his arm and said coquettishly, "What, are you obsessed with her?"

The middle-aged man smiled and put the hand around her shoulder, "Everyone loves beauty, but I'm not lucky enough to marry such a beautiful wife like Mr.Proctor."

Sheila said, "Mr.Proctor didn't marry her voluntarily.She schemed it."

"What do you mean?"

"You're asking so much.Are you really interested in her?"

The middle-aged man smiled embarrassedly, "What are you talking about? I'm just curious about Mr.Proctor.'

He didn't know what it was like to have sex with Jameson's wife.

Judging from her appearance and figure, she must be very fascinating.

When Sheila saw his bold eyes, she knew what was going on in his mind without thinking about it.

She said indifferently, "Then you definitely don't know how deeply Mr.Proctor hates her.

He can't bear hearing her name.' The middle-aged man was surprised, "Didn't you say Mr.Proctor was wooing her recently?"

"It was just a whim.If Mr.Proctor really liked her, why did he divorce her?"

The middle-aged man narrowed his eyes and said thoughtfully, "I see."

After leaving the mall, Sharon went to find Tiffany, who had went shopping for other things.

Tiffany took a deep breath, carrying large and small bags of stuff, "I think these are all we need."

Sharon nodded, "Yes. Where's Ruben?"

"He said that he has something to do, and we can go back first."

Tiffany put down her things and said, "Sharon, wait for me here. I'll get the car."

"OK."

After Tiffany left, Sharon stood there and looked at her phone.

At that moment, a black Mercedes-Benz stopped in front of her.

Then, the window of the car was lowered.

"Ms. Allyson, can I help you?"

Sharon looked up and saw Jayden in the car.

She said, "Thank you but I'm waiting for my friend here."

At that time, the rear window was also lowered.

It was a little girl who was about eight or nine years old.

There was also a one- or two-year-old little boy in the safety seat beside her.

Sharon remembered that Paisley once said that Jayden was divorced, and he had two children.

The little girl stared at Sharon, "Lady, you're so beautiful."

Sharon smiled at her, "Thank you."

As she spoke, she took out some candies she had just bought from the bag and handed them over.

The little girl glanced at her father and got his permission before raising a smile and reaching out for the candies.

A few seconds later, a car honked and urged Jayden to go, "If you don't need help, we'll leave first. See you next time."

Sharon nodded with polite.

Shortly after Jayden drove away, Tiffany's car stopped in front of her and asked, "Sharon, who were you talking to just now?"

"The person Paisley brought to the studio. The one whom she intended to introduce to me," Sharon said.

Tiffany said, "...What's wrong with her?"

Sharon smiled and did not say anything as she carried the things into the car.

The last time they met, Jayden's gaze really made her very uncomfortable.

But today, he seemed to be a good father.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 263

Thinking Too Much Is Pretentious

After returning home, Tiffany collapsed on the sofa.

"It is tiring to celebrate the New Year. I won't quarrel with my mother again when I go back home."

Sharon said, "You still have time to go back now. Tomorrow is the New Year."

Tiffany refused without thinking, "Although I love my mother, I still don't want to hear her nagging. When I find a handsome boyfriend, I'll have enough confidence to go back."

Sharon smiled and said, "If you marry a handsome young man, auntie will probably drive you out with a broom."

Tiffany sighed, "It's really hard to please my mom."

Not long after that, the doorbell rang.

Sharon opened the door and found Trey standing outside.

Trey said, "I went to the studio and found out that you had already started your holidays ahead. I tried to call you and Tiffany but couldn't get through, so I came here."

After a pause, he said, "Sharon, I want to discuss something with you."

When he called, Tiffany and Sharon were probably in the elevator with no signal.

Sharon took a step back and said, "Come in."

When Trey entered, Tiffany was drinking water in the kitchen.

She was afraid that once her mouth stopped, she could not help get the two together.

Sharon poured a glass of water for Trey.

Looking at Tiffany's strange behavior, she asked curiously, "What are you doing?"

Tiffany waved her hand, "Nothing. Don't mind me."

Sharon shrugged and returned to the living room with the cup in her hand.

She placed the cup in front of Trey and sat down on the other side.

"What's up?"

Trey pursed his thin lips and hesitated for a moment before saying, "Sharon, could you please do me a favor."

Sharon said, "If there's anything I can do to help, please let me know. I'll try my best. You helped me a lot before."

After a few seconds, Trey slowly said, "Could you please come home with me tomorrow night?"

Sharon was slightly stunned.

Before she could get the idea, Tiffany was choked by water and coughed a few times.

Before she said no, Trey said, "I know that this invitation is too forward, and I hesitated for a long time before coming to see you.'

Sharon ventured, "Go back to your home?"

Trey nodded, "I'm not young anymore. My parents have been urging me to get married for the two years. They even wanted to arrange a blind date for me. I really had no choice but to tell them that I had a girlfriend. They asked me to invite her back tomorrow night."

Tiffany also got his idea.

He wanted Sharon to be his temporary girlfriend and celebrate the New Year with his family.

Although she just pretended to be his girlfriend, the meaning of visiting his parents would be different.

It had to be said that this excuse was perfect.

Seeing that Sharon didn't say anything, Trey added, "Sharon, I know you definitely won't agree. My parents are old and I don't want them to worry. That was why I lied. At worst, I just tell them the truth that I actually don't have a girlfriend and what I said before was a lie."

Hearing it, Sharon pursed her lips and she was just unable to say no.

Just now, she had said that she would definitely help if she could.

In addition, she did owe Trey many favors.

Trey continued, "Sharon, don't force yourself. It doesn't matter. I'm only asking for your opinion. If you find it difficult, just forget it."

Sharon said, "Not difficult. It's just..."

It was just a favor.

Thinking too much is just pretentious.

Plus, it's just a way to please the old.

Sharon nodded, "Alright, I'll go back with you tomorrow."

Hearing this, Trey heaved a sigh of relief, and a faint smile appeared on his face.

"Then I'll pick you up tomorrow afternoon.'

Sharon said, "Should I prepare any gifts?"

"Not necessary. I will do it.'

After Trey left, Tiffany finally put down her cup and walked over from the kitchen, "You just said yes?"

Sharon said, "I ... I can't refuse."

“Yep.Trey even mentioned his parents.If I were you, I could not refuse, either.After all, all parents in the world love and concern about their children.It’s also filial piety that he wants to make his parents happy.”

However, if someone knew that Sharon was going to celebrate the New Year with Trey’s family, he would probably rage immediately.

Sharon took a light breath, looked at her phone and changed the topic, “Why hasn’t Ruben returned yet?”

She called him while walking towards the balcony.

Tiffany sat on the sofa and ate a grape.

She sighed silently.

Sharon stood on the balcony and waited for Ruben to answer the call.

After getting through, she asked, “Ruben, where are you?”

Ruben said, “I have something to do.There’s no need to wait for me.You can have dinner first.’

With the previous lessons, Sharon did not believe him.

She frowned and asked, “What’s up? Did you fight with your classmates again?”

Ruben said, “No...”

“Alright then, come back early.”

“Got it.”

After hanging up the phone, Sharon leaned against the railing and looked into the distance, not knowing what she was thinking.

At the same time, at the Proctor Group, Jameson’s gaze fell on Ruben’s phone and he asked, “Your sister?”

Ruben said yes.

Jameson said, “What did she say?”

“Ask me when I will go back home.”

Ruben didn’t want to talk more.

He just asked, “What did you say? What should I do?”

“Help me keep an eye on Daniel and see why he approaches the Beale family.”

“And then?”

Jameson said in a low voice, “What? It’s not easy to get useful information from him.Don’t think too much.”

Ruben frowned.

But there was no denying that Jameson's words were true and Ruben could not refute them.

Ruben got up and said, "If there's nothing else, I'll go back."

"Wait."

Jameson stopped him and said slowly, "Does your sister have any plan for tomorrow night?"

"Have dinner at home, but my sister probably won't welcome you," Ruben clearly knew his intention.

Jameson curled up his thin lips, "You're still too young. If you have a girlfriend, you'll know that when a woman says no, it actually means yes in her heart."

Ruben ignored him and directly left.

After he left, Jameson called Jacob in and said, "Make some preparations. Tomorrow night, I'll go to Sharon's house."

Jacob ventured, "Don't you go back to the Proctor's to celebrate the New Year?"

"We are almost at swords' points. It's not necessary to go back home and pretend we are a happy family."

"Yes," Jacob said after a pause.

After a while, Jacob added, "Mr. Proctor, the Rowland family is restless. They've tried to make trouble for Mr. Proctor several times, and we've stopped them."

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 264

First Visit to the Girlfriend's Home

Jameson sneered, "Send a photo of Erica to them and warn them that if they dare to bother Sharon one more time, they take the consequences."

Jacob nodded, "Alright."

After Jacob left, Jameson took out the phone, tapping his knee.

Several minutes later, he posted a sentence via social media.

"What should you prepare for the first visit to the girlfriend's home to celebrate the Spring Festival?"

William commented, "The girl hasn't been yours yet. Be careful not to eat your humble pie."

Giana commented, "Maybe your absence is the best gift..."

Jameson was annoyed and blacklisted them.

He didn't expect to get any useful advice by doing so, just to inform Sharon in advance to prevent her making up a bunch of excuses.

As for Sharon, she was so frightened that her phone almost fell to the ground upon reading Jameson's words.

He was so shameless.

Why was he so blindly confident? She looked so strange that Tiffany curiously leaned to her at once, "What are you reading?"

Then she saw it.

Tiffany gloated, "Tomorrow night he will eat his humble pie."

If Tiffany could, she would definitely give him a comment, "Your girlfriend is going to celebrate the Spring Festival with someone else. Your love isn't like before."

Sharon put down her phone and felt that she suddenly couldn't find the meaning of life.

Tiffany peeled an orange and handed Sharon half, "You might as well tell Jameson in advance. Otherwise, he will be even angrier if he goes there without seeing you."

Sharon blushed and stammered, "But ...if I told him, wouldn't I admit that I'm his ...girlfriend?"

Sharon was quite bothered and sighed.

The jerk was always insane and made her lost in trouble.

Tiffany thought alike and sighed as well, "Then there's nothing we can do about it. I envy you facing this kind of dilemma."

Sharon was speechless. After taking a shower, Sharon went back to her room, lying face down on the bed.

She couldn't fall asleep, flipping over and over, feeling bothered.

It lasted for some time.

Then she suddenly sat up and felt for her phone at the bedside.

She found Jameson's number, but she still hesitated and did not dial it.

Right at this moment, a phone call came.

Sharon was given a fright.

She lowered her head and looked at the screen.

The call was just from the jerk.

She even doubted if she had dialed the number just now.

Sharon held her phone and answered it after a few seconds, "It's so late, Mr. Proctor. Is there anything?"

Jameson said in a low voice, "Were you asleep?"

"I was woken up by your call."

"Good. I have something to tell you." Upon hearing this, Sharon was a little annoyed and subconsciously said, "I've known it."

At the other end, Jameson kept silent for a few seconds, "Then what's it?"

Sharon emphasized, "I've known that you plan to be an uninvited guest to my house tomorrow night, so you don't have to remind me at midnight."

Jameson chuckled and said, "I said visiting my girlfriend's home. Are you my girlfriend?"

Sharon was speechless with rage.

The jerk set a trap for her again! Sharon was furious with her carelessness.

Without hearing her sound, Jameson added, "Not this."

"Then what's it on earth?"

"Tomorrow night, I'll take you to a place."

"Where?"

"You'll know when you get there, and you must like it."

Sharon thought for a while before saying, "Mr. Proctor, I have another schedule tomorrow night. You can go back to your home for the Spring Festival. If not, you can spend it with Charlotte."

Jameson's voice gradually turned cold, "What's the schedule?"

"Just ... I just have something to do and I don't need to report to you. It's my privacy."

"What else can it be except being with Trey?"

Sharon was annoyed by his aggressive tone and rebutted, "I can be with whoever I want. I am not violating any laws. It's none of your business."

Jameson was annoyed, too.

"That's not up to you."

Sharon felt it funny, "Mr. Proctor, I'm not your girlfriend regardless of what you say to others. In court, even the judge would ask the prisoner if he regards himself as guilty. How could you make the decision for me regardless of my idea?"

"Why are you comparing yourself to a prisoner?"

Sharon was so angry at his words that she didn't want to talk to him anymore and hung up on him. She shouldn't have told him that.

It was better to let him go to her house in vain! Sharon lay back on the bed, covered her head with a quilt and then closed her eyes to sleep.

Since she had to go home with Trey in the evening, Sharon got up early in the morning to cook and planned to have lunch with Tiffany and Ruben.

When it was eleven o'clock, Sharon heard the doorbell ring.

She came to be nervous lest it was Jameson.

Tiffany just came out of the bathroom and was to open the door.

Unexpectedly, Danie appeared on the video phone.

Tiffany frowned, "What is he doing here?"

Ruben walked over to her and said, "He's my guest."

Tiffany couldn't understand.

Did Ruben have affection for him after living with Daniel for just a couple of days?

"I met him in the elevator yesterday. He said that he still lived here alone, so I asked him if he wanted to come here," Ruben said.

Tiffany curled her lips and said, "He can eat canned food happily even by himself. One more thing, maybe today is the day when he quits eating voluntarily to show a pious affection for Buddhism."

Then Ruben didn't say anything.

After Tiffany opened the door, she turned around and walked into the room.

Daniel couldn't even greet her.

He was left staring at her and asked, "What's wrong with her?"

"Nothing."

Ruben said, "Perhaps she's not in a good mood."

Daniel raised his eyebrows and said nothing.

After Daniel sat in the sofa, Ruben entered the kitchen.

Sharon lowered her voice and asked, "Why did you invite him? Don't you know that Tiffany and he..."

"Don't worry," Sharon turned back, "Well. One more thing, where did you go last night? Was there anything wrong?"

"I just met a friend."

Sharon pursed her lips and stared at Ruben who didn't seem to be lying, so she stopped this topic.

Ruben added, "Tiffany said that you are going with Trey to visit his family?"

Sharon was speechless. Tiffany had a big mouth!

"I just do him a favor. Don't misunderstand it," Sharon said.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 265

See Someone Else from Sharon

During dinner, Tiffany did not make any trouble for Daniel because of the New Year.

The atmosphere was harmonious and lively.

In the afternoon, Sharon and Ruben paid respects to Josh at his tomb.

Looking at the photo on the tombstone, Sharon couldn't tell what she felt.

She had hated Josh before, and she had wished she wasn't Josh's biological child.

However, she didn't expect that her wish would come true.

For so many years, the father-daughter relationship between them had been on bad terms.

But looking back at what had happened in the past, it was truly regrettable.

Ruben bent down and placed the flowers in front of the tombstone with an indifferent expression.

After standing for a few minutes, Sharon said, "Let's go."

When Ruben stood up and was about to leave, he saw a cigarette around and paused for a while.

"What's wrong?" Sharon asked.

Ruben frowned slightly, "Apart from us, no one should come to see Josh."

Sharon nodded, "Nobody else knows his tomb here."

Ruben pursed his lips and asked Sharon, "Do you have any paper?"

"Yes."

Sharon took out a small packet of paper from her pocket and handed it to Ruben.

Ruben took out all the papers from the packet to pick up the cigarette butt in front of the tombstone and then put them back into that packet.

Seeing it, Sharon frowned, "Ruben..."

"Just in case," Ruben said.

This was the first time Sharon felt that he was so cautious.

After taking a few steps, she suddenly asked, "Ruben, do you know anything?"

"What?"

Sharon opened his mouth, but he still didn't say anything, "Nothing. Are you going to hand it over to the police?"

Hearing this, Ruben fell silent.

After a while, he said, "When will you visit Trey's home?"

Okay, she just stopped asking.

After leaving the cemetery, Sharon said, "Ruben, you can go back first. I have something to buy."

Although Trey said that there was no need to prepare gifts, visiting his parents empty-handed, would not be good.

They went to different directions.

Sharon went to the mall.

Since she did not know Trey's parents and had no idea of what they liked, she just bought some nourishment.

By the time Sharon returned home, it was already five o'clock in the afternoon.

She looked at her phone and found that there was no missed call or message.

The corner of Sharon's lips curled up as she put away her phone.

She pressed the password to open the door.

At home, Tiffany was the only one lying on the sofa, eating snacks and watching TV.

Hearing the noise, she raised her head and said, "Sharon, why are you back so late?"

"I went shopping."

Sharon changed her shoes.

"Hasn't Ruben returned yet?"

Tiffany said, "No, isn't he with you?"

"I asked him to come back first."

Sharon sat on the sofa and thought for a while before deciding to give Ruben a call.

He must go somewhere with that cigarette butt.

Tiffany said, "Sharon, you're thinking about Ruben again? Don't worry. He's mature enough to things in a proper way."

"But I always feel that he is a little strange lately. It seems that he is hiding something from me."

If it were in the past, she would never ask about Ruben's person life.

However, too many things had happened recently, so how could she not think too much? Tiffany asked conservatively, "Is he in love?"

"It's impossible..."

Why did he behave mysteriously if he was in a relationship? Tiffany continued to analyze, "Maybe not. Ruben is different from other boys. He's just at puberty, and a little adolescent rebellion is common."

With that, Tiffany said, "Alright, don't think too much. Think about what you should do tonight."

Sharon came back to her senses and said, "What do you mean?"

"Aren't you going to Trey's home? What about that jerk?"

"I don't care about him. He can do whatever he likes. I don't owe him anything," Sharon said angrily.

Tiffany tut-tutted.

She didn't even know if Sharon would come back tonight.

Not long after that, Trey called when he was already downstairs.

When Sharon left, she said to Tiffany, "There are still some lunch dishes in the fridge. You can warm them up and eat with Ruben tonight. You probably couldn't order any takeout tonight."

Tiffany nodded, "It's OK. Set your heart at rest. Don't worry about me."

Sharon went downstairs with the nourishment.

When Trey picked her up, he whispered, "Sharon, didn't I say that you don't need to buy anything? I have already prepared." Sharon smiled and said, "Just small gifts for uncle and aunt."

Trey said, "My parents will definitely like you very much."

South City was not crowded today, and there weren't even many cars on the streets.

Most of them had already returned home for the New Year.

Sharon leaned against the car window and looked at the street filled with festive atmosphere.

She stared blankly and her mind drifted away.

At the traffic light, Trey glanced at her and said slowly, "Sharon."

"What's wrong?"

Sharon pulled her mind back.

Trey pursed the corners of his lips and said, "I'm sorry to call you over at such a time."

Hearing this, Sharon smiled faintly, "It doesn't matter. We have already eaten together with Ruben at noon. Furthermore, we can see each other at any time. Never mind."

Very quickly, the car arrived at the Coe's.

When they got off the car, Trey said, "Sharon, my parents might ask when we will get married. You don't have to worry. I will answer."

Sharon gently nodded, "Alright."

In front of the Coe's, Sharon took a deep breath.

Although it was a playacting, she was somehow nervous.

Just a second before they entered, Trey suddenly held her hand.

Sharon was stunned and subconsciously wanted to pull out her hand back.

But then, Trey's mother came out and smiled gently, "Trey is back."

With that, he looked at Sharon and said, "This is Sharon? Look really beautiful."

Sharon nodded and greeted her, "Hello, auntie. I'm Sharon."

Trey's mother grabbed her arm and said, "Please come in! Don't stand at the door. Come in."

In the living room, Trey's father was sitting on the sofa watching the news related to scientific research, and he looked serious.

Trey's mother held Sharon's hand and introduced her to Mr. Coe, "Rex, come here. This is Sharon."

"Hello, Uncle." Sharon said.

When Trey's father looked at Sharon, he paused for a few seconds.

From Sharon, he seemed to see someone else.

Seeing this, Trey stepped forward and patted him on the shoulder, "My girl is greeting you. Why are you stunned?"

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 266

The Crazy Jerk

Hearing this, Trey's father immediately nodded to Sharon, "Sit down."

Meredith said, "Sharon, dinner will be ready in a minute."

Sharon said, "Mrs. Coe, let me help you."

"No, it's not necessary. It's the first time you visit our house. Grab a chair."

As she spoke, she shouted to Trey, "Trey, come here to talk to Sharon. Help her with the fruits and snacks on the table."

Trey smiled and walked over, "got it." Meredith said something to Trey's father and went into the kitchen.

Trey's father turned off the TV and looked at Sharon, pushing his glasses up his nose.

He said, "Ms. Allyson, how old are you?"

"25. After the Spring Festival, I will be 26."

"Then you are the same age as Trey. He is a few months older than you."

After a pause, he continued, "You came here with Trey to celebrate the Spring Festival. What's your parents' take?"

Trey frowned, "Dad!"

Trey's father suddenly remembered what he was told before, so he stopped asking.

Sharon kept smiling and replied gently, "My mother passed away when I was very young, and my father died recently."

Trey's father picked up the teacup and took a sip.

"I am sorry. Ms. Allyson, I'm sorry for your loss."

"Mr. Coe, it's all right." Sharon visited as Trey's girlfriend, so it was logical for his father to ask about her family.

Trey's father said, "Oh, right, Trey said that you were schoolmates. But after he went abroad, you were out of contact. And he met you again on the class reunion a couple of months ago. Is that so?"

"Yes" Sharon nodded lightly.

"Maybe it's the destiny."

Then Meredith came out of the kitchen with the dishes.

"It's time for dinner. Let's eat first and talk later."

Trey's father stood up, "Let's have dinner first."

Walking to the kitchen, Sharon wanted to help with the dishes.

But Meredith said, "Sharon, take a sit. Trey's father will help me with that."

Trey said, "It's fine. They've always been like this, helping each other."

Sharon smiled.

Growing up in such a harmonious family, Trey must be very happy.

Trey's father and mother set the table soon.

Meredith turned on the TV and played the Spring Festival Gala.

She smiled and said, "If there's no Spring Festival Gala, it can't be called a Spring Festival."

As she spoke, she walked to the table and said to Sharon, "Sharon, have a try. I don't know if you like the dishes or not."

Sharon smiled, "They are delicious."

Meredith felt relieved, "I am very happy that you like it. I am not good at cooking. Trey's father and I were busy with work, so we seldom eat at home. I only learned cooking in recent years."

Trey said, "Sharon cooked well."

Meredith said in surprise, "Is that so? You must teach me your skills."

Sharon was embarrassed, "Mrs. Coe, Trey is just kidding. I just can cook a few dishes."

“Sharon, you are humble. Trey’s choosy about food. If he likes it, you must be a top chef.”

Then she said, “When did you learn to cook?”

Sharon said, “I have been living with my younger brother since I was a child, so I’ve been cooking for him since then.” However, at that time, Sharon was not that good at cooking. But after she got married with that jerk, her cooking skill was improved a lot.

She was guilty for Jameson and she had nothing but cooking to make up for it.

So, she learnt about it all day at home.

Meredith probably heard from Trey about her family, because she didn’t ask about her parents.

All of a sudden, the doorbell rang.

Meredith put down the chopsticks and went to open the door.

But she was stunned when she opened the door, because there were an armful of roses in sight.

“Good evening. May I ask, do Sharon Allyson live here?”

Meredith thought that the flowers were ordered by Trey.

She immediately smiled and took it, “Yes, she’s here.”

Closing the door, Meredith took the flower inside and said, “Sharon, this is for you.”

Sharon was somewhat surprised.

She looked at Trey.

He frowned and clenched his fists.

Meredith gave it to Sharon and said, “Good job, Trey. I forgot to remind you.”

Trey looked annoyed but he didn’t say anything.

Meredith had scarcely sat down when the doorbell rang again.

She walked over and opened the door.

There was another bunch of roses outside, so she asked doubtfully, “You’ve just delivered them. There are already roses here.”

The delivery man did not answer.

He just put the flowers down and left. Meredith felt weird.

She held the flower inside, “Trey, what’s the matter? Why don’t you Call the shop and tell them they sent the flowers twice.”

Before she could finish her sentence, the doorbell rang for the third time.

Meredith looked at the door and noticed something.

Sharon pursed her lips and said, "Mrs.Coe, I'll get the door."

As she was about to stand up, Trey stepped forward and said, "I'll go."

He opened the door and there was another deliveryman.

Trey said coldly, "Where is the person who asked you to deliver the flowers?"

"I...I don't know either.I was told to send the flowers over"

"How many more are there?" The deliveryman stammered.

Apparently, he knew it but he didn't want to tell him.

The deliveryman found that Trey didn't want to take the roses, so he told Trey, "Just look out.The flowers downstairs are all for Ms.Allyson."

They talked in a neither loud nor low voice, so the people inside the room could clearly hear what they said.

Meredith walked to the window and looked out.

It was astonishing.

There were dozens of people standing there, holding roses in their arms.

Sharon also saw this through the window.

No one in the world but that crazy jerk would do such a thing.

Taking a deep breath, Sharon took her bag and said.

"Mr.and Mrs.Coe, I'm sorry, but I have to go."

As long as she stayed here, the jerk won't stop sending flowers.Meredith did not know what was going on.

She walked over and patted Trey on the shoulder, "What are you doing here? Hurry up.Go after Sharon."

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 268

Can I Do It If I Tell You?

After entering the bar, Sharon went straight to the bar counter and ordered a glass of wine.

As soon as she sat down, someone came over and chatted up, "Lady, are you alone?"

"Yes." Sharon replied with a smile.

The man said, "It's the fate that brings us together.Shall I treat you a drink?"

As he spoke, he gestured at the bartender and said, "Give this lady a Blue Margaret."

As soon as he finished speaking, a tall and slender man appeared beside him.

"If you love to pay the bill, how about buying me a drink? I'm alone, too."

The man was speechless.

This guy must have something wrong. Jameson leaned against the counter and blocked Sharon. He lightly tapped the counter with his slender fingers.

"What's wrong? You only buy women drinks?"

The man forced an awkward smile and patted his shoulder.

"Of course not. Since it is the New Year, I can buy you a drink and make friends with you. What do you want? Just order." Jameson said, "Thank you."

After saying that, he looked at the bartender and said, "A glass of Louis XIII."

The bar was surprised, and then said, "Sir, Louis XIII is not sold by glass."

"I know. Open a six-liter bottle and give me one glass. The rest is for the guests who come alone. It's on this sir."

The man's expression froze.

He said unhappily, "Are you here to cause trouble?"

Louis XIII was a top-notch French brandy.

Even hundreds of milliliters cost tens of thousands, let alone six liters.

It would cost at least hundreds of thousands.

He even didn't taste it himself.

"This guy must have done it on purpose!" Jameson said indifferently, "Can't you afford it? If so, don't pretend to be rich."

Just as the man was about to get angry, Jameson took out a black card from his wallet and handed it to the bartender, "Open a bottle for him. It's on my treat."

Then he said to the man, "Some beauty in this world is beyond your reach. The most sensible way is to cut the loss in time. This lesson is for free. You're welcome."

If the man didn't see Jameson take out a limited edition black card and open a bottle of Louis XIII without hesitation, he would definitely beat him on the face.

Seeing Jameson's extraordinary bearing, the man thought that this rich man wanted to flirt, so he left with embarrassment.

The bartender trembled as he held the black card, "Sir, we don't have a six-liter here..."

Jameson said, "Give me the same as hers."

"OK."

After the bartender returned the black card, he heaved a sigh of relief.

He worked here for a long time and saw quite a few rich second generation, but he had never seen anyone who opened a six-liter bottle of Louis XIII to treat others.

Jameson sat down beside Sharon, but it seemed that he still didn't want to talk to her.

Sharon ignored him as she looked at her phone.

Not long after, the bartender gave them the wine.

Sharon took a sip.

It was sweet at first, but then it was also a little hot.

This was the first time she drank such a strong wine, so she couldn't stop coughing.

Originally, she wanted to go home, but she couldn't vent her anger.

Then she drank all the wine at one go.

After that, Sharon felt hot and her cheeks were burning, not knowing if it was because there were too many people and it was too stuffy.

She checked the time and it was almost time to go back.

After leaving the bar, Sharon shivered in the cold wind.

She took out her phone and called Tiffany.

"Tiffany, what are you doing?"

"I'm watching the Spring Festival Gala. It is so boring ...Are you still at Trey's house? When will you be back?"

Sharon said, "No, I'm at the bar. I can't get a taxi. I'll send you an address. Come pick me up."

"OK, I'll start out now..."

Before Tiffany could finish her words, she heard noises from the other end.

Then a man said in a cold voice, "She's with me."

Although Jameson didn't finish a sentence, Tiffany already knew what he meant.

He must want to say, "She's with me, don't come."

"Alright. Mr. Proctor, please tell Sharon that I was drunk and can't drive."

Tiffany said seriously and she quickly hung up the phone.

On the other side.

Sharon looked at Jameson without expression and said, "Give me my phone."

But Jameson calmly put her phone into his pocket.

Sharon was speechless.

She said with anger, "What do you want?"

"Can I do it if I tell you?"

Even though Sharon was a little drunk, she still saw him through.

"No way!"

"Then I don't need to tell you."

Sharon gritted her teeth and said, "Didn't you want to ignore me? What do you mean now?"

Jameson said calmly, "I didn't ignore you. I just gave you enough time to reflect on your mistakes."

"What's wrong with you?"

He must be crazy.

'This jerk had gone too far! Reflected on my mistakes? No way!' Jameson said, "You know that Trey likes you. You went to his home to see his parents. Didn't you do it wrong?"

Sharon was so angry and she even felt more dizzy.

She didn't want to bicker with him so she just said, "Mr. Proctor, please give me my phone. I'm going home."

Jameson said, "Take it yourself."

"Can you be more shameless?" Jameson raised his eyebrows.

"Why do you scold me?"

Sharon wanted to keep elegant in public, otherwise, she would lose her temper and take off his pants to take back her phone.

Here was quite far from where she lived, and she didn't know the way.

Otherwise, she would walk back by herself.

This jerk must know that, so he dared to threaten her.

Sharon took a deep breath.

Since this jerk was here, Jacob must be nearby.

After looking for a while, she saw the Rolls-Royce pulled over at the roadside.

Sharon walked straight over and opened the car door to get on it.

"Please drive me home, thank you." Jacob was surprised.

He didn't expect that she would get in the car.

Then the door on the other side was also opened.

Jameson said indifferently, "Go."

Jacob replied, "OK."

Sharon leaned against the seat with her eyes closed.

She just let it go.

The jerk would not do harm to her.

After a while, the black Rolls-Royce stopped in front of an ordinary residential building.

When Sharon opened her eyes, Jacob was no longer there.

Only Jameson leaned against the car and smoked.

She didn't know what he was thinking.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 269

I Have Accepted It

Sharon opened the door and staggered off the car.

Leaning against the car door, she didn't fall.

She said weakly, "Mr.Proctor, what are you looking for? Looking for some place to bury me?"

Jameson said nothing.

He knocked the ash off the cigarette and looked at her.

"I was going to give you a present, but it looks like you don't need it.' Sharon said, "Sending me home is the best present for me."

And she added, "Thank you."

Jameson said, "Since you went to Trey's home with him, I don't intend to give the present to you.'

"Alright."

Sharon answered perfunctorily.

Just as she was about to get into the car, the jerk said calmly, "Mary's son lives here.' Sharon stopped at once.

Jameson had expected she would be like this.

He put out the cigarette and said, "It looks like you really don't need it.Let's go."

Sharon was stunned for a while.

Then she suddenly said, "Wait."

Jameson looked at her and raised his eyebrows.

Sharon said seriously, "Mr.Proctor, you just have had a drink, so you can't drive.Why don't we have a cup of coffee before Jacob comes back?"

Jameson casually put his hand on the car and tilted his head, raising his chin.

Sharon followed his gaze and saw Jacob smiling at her.

She was speechless.

She came up with another excuse, "I'm a little drunk. I want to get some fresh air. You can go back. Give me my phone."

"I don't think you are drunk."

Sharon lied, "I am always like this when I am drunk."

Jameson thought of something.

He smiled mischievously, "Is that so?"

"Of course!"

Jameson put it directly, "You beg me for that. I can take you up there."

Sharon knew it.

The jerk was always like that. She hesitated for a moment.

Jameson was not in a hurry. He waited for her to say something.

In the end, Sharon gave up, "Please."

"I don't need you to say 'please'."

Sharon said, "Give me my phone. I'll pay for it."

"I don't need money, either."

"Mr. Proctor, just tell me what you want?"

Jameson slowly said, "Come here."

Sharon looked at him vigilantly.

After taking two steps, she stopped.

Jameson laughed, "It isn't close enough. Come in front of me."

Sharon pondered for a moment and knew it was a trap.

She immediately said, "Forget it, I'm not going there."

She turned around to leave, but Jameson grabbed her wrist.

Then she was pulled into his arms.

Jameson said, "I told you to come here."

"Are you mad at me?"

Jameson held her waist tightly.

Sharon struggled to get rid of him, but he wouldn't let her go.

"Mr.Proctor, what do you want from me?" She said in a desperate tone.

"Sharon, today is the Spring Festival."

"I know.Do you think I'm really wasted?"

Jameson gazed at her, "Are you still mad at me?"

Sharon knew he was saying about the roses.

She smiled faintly, "Does it matter if I am mad at you? You never change."

"No.I won't change."

"So why do you ask me about that?"

"I just feel that in the Spring Festival, no matter what I do, you should forgive me.'

"Do you need me to forgive you?" Sharon said with a surprised look.

"You do what you want.You always like that.You never think about others."

"Shut up." Sharon was annoyed.

"I believe that you want me to forgive you.But you are yelling at me now."

Jameson asked, "Now, you are begging me to take you up there."

"Fine" Sharon said.She was so triumphant that she forgot what she was for.

"So, what do you want?" She asked.

Jameson said, "It is not good to be angry in the Spring Festival."

Sharon fell silent.

There was a reason for this.

"Okay." she said irritably, "Then can you take me up there now?"

"Are you still mad at me?"

"Not anymore!"

As soon as Sharon said that, Jameson kissed on her lips.

Then she heard fireworks start.

Before she could react, Jameson let go of her and whispered, "Happy Spring Festival."

Sharon was stunned.

It was only ten o'clock when Jameson took her phone away.

Now, it was twelve.

A few seconds later, Sharon pulled herself together and looked at him calmly, "Do you think I will forgive you because you said that to me?"

Jameson raised his eyebrows, "You said you are not angry anymore."

Sharon understood.

He said all that just to kiss her.

He had never ever felt he was wrong, and he didn't want to apologize at all.

Sharon took a deep breath and calmed herself down.

The Spring Festival had arrived, so there was no need to be angry about the last year.

"Then can we go up now?" She said.

"No."

Sharon flared into a rage immediately.

The jerk had taken advantage of her and had been lying to her! Before Sharon could curse him, Jameson said, "It's already twelve o'clock, so it is time for sleep."

Sharon wanted to kill the jerk.

He brought her here just for a kiss.

Jameson said, "I'll bring you here tomorrow."

On the way back, Sharon leaned against the car window and looked out.

The light from the streetlamps swung on her face.

After a while, she asked, "Mr. Proctor, why did you take me there?"

Jameson said calmly, "Didn't you want to see him?"

"I also want to see Martin. Why didn't you take me to see her?" Jameson looked horrible.

"I'm joking." Sharon grinned.

Sharon then muttered, "Sometimes, the greater the hope is, the greater the disappointment will be. I know what you mean. You don't have to comfort me in this way. I have accepted it."

"Accepted what?"

"You cannot get back what you have lost."

Jameson said, "But what if you never lose it?"

Sharon looked at him and said, "I hope you could stop saying in this way. I don't want that useless 'if'"

"If I can create hopes. I can help you."

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 270

I've Received Your Honorarium

Sharon simply closed her eyes and ignored him.

That jerk gave her a message, and she knew what he was up to.

Perhaps because of the alcohol, on the way back, Sharon did not fall asleep much, just dazing and feeling headache faintly.

She didn't know how long it took before the car finally stopped.

Sharon slowly opened her eyes.

Just as she was about to open the car door and leave, the man said indifferently, "Why don't you invite me up?"

"Mr.Proctor, do you need my invitation?"

Jameson raised his eyebrows and did not comment.

In the lift, Sharon frowned as she gently rubbed her temples.

Jameson glanced at her and said, "If you don't know how to drink, why would you get drunk?"

Sharon took a deep breath.

Who was it for? After opening the door, the living room was very quiet.

Tiffany should have fallen asleep.

Sharon walked into the kitchen and poured herself a glass of water.

Just as she was about to drink, someone snatched the glass from her hand.

Jameson said, "You can't drink cold water in this weather."

After saying that, Jameson entered the kitchen with the glass of water in his hand.

Not long after, he came out with the boiled hot water and placed it in front of her.

Then he asked suddenly, "How to make the hangover soup?"

Sharon was lying on the table, probably not expecting him to say that.

She was stunned for a moment before she said, "What?"

Jameson said, "Aren't you uncomfortable?"

Sharon laughed dryly, "I'm just a little dizzy.I just need to sleep.There's no need to bother you."

Jameson looked at her expressionlessly and repeated, "How to make it?"

"Just ...

I'm dizzy, I don't want to speak.' After saying that, she lay directly on the table.

She indeed came up with a brilliant excuse.

Jameson stood there for two seconds, gritting his teeth, and then he turned around and returned to the kitchen.

Not long after, Sharon heard the sounds of banging and crackling in the kitchen.

Recalling what happened in Bridge Street, she was really afraid that that jerk would blow up the kitchen.

Sharon raised her head and saw the tall back of the man under the light.

Inexplicably, she felt warm in her heart.

She propped herself up on one hand, supported her chin, and looked at him quietly.

Jameson's suit jacket was placed on the back of the chair opposite her.

The cuffs of his white shirt were rolled up as he held his phone while looking for the corresponding ingredients.

From afar, Sharon could feel that he was out of place in doing all this.

Sharon couldn't help but think when she looked at him.

Every dog had its day.

In the past, when Jameson returned home drunk, not only did she have to adapt to his disposition, she had to make the hangover soup, only to receive a sarcastic mockery.

Now that the situation had changed, she should have been happy.

But for some reason, she couldn't be happy anyway.

Not knowing how long it took, Sharon slowly withdrew her gaze, picked up the warm water in front of her, and took a sip.

After she drank half a glass of water, a steaming bowl of hangover soup was placed in front of her.

The man was a little nervous.

"Try it."

Looking at the black liquid in the bowl and the unknown object floating in it.

Sharon immediately felt partially awake from the wine.

She said, "I'd better not. I suddenly feel that I'm not that uncomfortable."

Jameson said, "Try it. If you can't drink it, just pour it out."

Sharon felt that if she didn't drink it, that jerk was ready to directly pour it into her mouth.

Sharon held the small bowl gloomily and slowly put it to her mouth.

She took a sip.

A bitter smell instantly spread in her mouth.

Sharon couldn't help but cough violently.

Even poison would taste better.

Jameson pursed his thin lips and took the bowl from her hand.

He patted her back with one hand and said, "Forget it."

Sharon coughed for a long time before he said weakly, "Mr. Proctor, it's better not to force yourself to do something that you're not good at next time. Otherwise, you'll have to visit me in the hospital next time." Hearing this, Jameson curled his lips.

"You want me to do it for you next time?"

"...I'm sorry. My mistake. There's no next time."

"You're in such good spirits. It seems that you are indeed not uncomfortable."

Sharon said angrily, "Mr. Proctor, are you still not leaving?"

Jameson's hand on her back paused for a moment, then he withdrew it.

He frowned and said unhappily, "Are you so eager to drive me away?"

Sharon kindly reminded, "It's already one o'clock in the morning. Even if Mr. Proctor doesn't sleep, others still need to sleep."

Jameson pursed his thin lips and said after a few seconds, "You can sleep with me."

Sharon was speechless.

How on earth could he say such brazen words without even blushing? Sharon looked at him quietly, "If you don't leave, I will call the police."

Jameson looked down at his watch.

It was indeed getting late.

He took his coat, took two steps and turned back.

He took out the phone from his pocket and handed it to Sharon.

Sharon took it.

"Thank..."

But before she could finish her sentence, he caressed the back of her neck with his big warm palm and brought her forward.

The next second, Sharon felt a mischievous bit on her lips.

Immediately afterwards, the man said with a smile, "You're welcome. I've received your honorarium."

With the sound of the door closing, Sharon fell back onto the table, his entire body sickly.

At this time, Sharon heard a few tiny rumbles coming from the side.

She turned around and saw Tiffany lying in the living room with the curiosity about the gossip.

"Weren't you asleep?" Sharon's eyelids twitched.

Tiffany said, "When have you ever seen me go to bed so early? When I heard the door open, I ran to the door to take a look. When I saw that you came back with that jerk, I returned to my room. How was it tonight? Did anything exciting happen? Did he and Trey get into a fight?"

When Tiffany mentioned Trey, Sharon remembered that she didn't know what was going on with Trey.

She subconsciously took out her phone, but she realized that it was already midnight.

Sharon turned on her phone and saw several missed calls from Trey.

No wonder that jerk refused to give her the phone.

Sharon thought for a moment before she sent a message to Trey, saying that she had arrived home.

Seeing this, Tiffany leaned over and said, "After tonight, Trey would give up."

"I owe him."

Sharon pursed her lips.

"Well, actually, I should be blamed for this. I shouldn't make a match for you blindly."

Tiffany sat beside her and sighed.

"If it weren't for Jameson, Trey would be a good choice. Unfortunately, the order of appearances in life is very important."