

Resume 28

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 28

Was She Peeking at Me?

Jameson bluntly said, "How did you win the acting prize? Were the judges blind?"

Giana said nothing.

Jameson turned his gaze and looked at the woman who was standing at the side of the stage.

She casually placed her hand on the balustrade and slightly moved her long finger.

It felt so strange that Sharon was described as a "new lover".

Although he really wanted to deny it, Ms. Allyson was obviously more suitable for her.

Thinking of this, Jameson was a little annoyed.

Why hadn't she come beg him? Was a month too long? In the meantime, Sharon was so busy that she almost puked.

A model suddenly felt sick and was taken to the hospital.

But the problem was that each model's clothing and jewelry were tailor-made, and they were about to go on stage.

Finding a model that could walk on stage within a short time would be so difficult, not to mention that the model should have same sizes.

Just as Sharon and other fashion designers were at a loss, someone suddenly said, "How about Ally? You're about the same size as that model. As for your height, you can put on taller shoes."

Sharon was slightly stunned, "But I don't have any experience...."

Another designer said, "Firstly we should fill the vacancy. If this show fails, not only us, but even Lumiere Jewelry will become a joke."

Sharon fell silent.

Previously, Lumiere Jewelry had fallen into a scandal because of her.

Although it was clarified in time, it inevitably had some influence.

Lumiere Jewelry had attached great importance to this show, which could be seen from the busy staff in the magazine during this time.

If this show failed, many people's efforts would be in vain.

Sharon nodded, "I'll try my best."

After putting on her makeup backstage, Sharon looked at the pair of slender high heels and had an upset stomach again.

She grabbed the glass and drank some water.

She forcefully suppressed the nausea and adjusted her breathing.

The little fellow in her stomach was against her.

Ever since she checked the pregnancy, she never wore high heels again.

When walking outside, she tried to stay away from children around and walked on a flat road.

Suddenly, a staff member ran in from outside the door.

"Only one model left. Are you ready?"

Under everyone's gazes, Sharon put on her high heels and said, "Yes."

No matter what, she had been in this fight.

Sharon put her hand on her stomach and exhaled quietly.

Come on, little fellow! When Sheila came back from the first show to change her clothes, she happened to brush past Sharon, who was preparing to go on stage.

She was very satisfied with her performance.

If the Proctor Group decided to give her the MVP tonight, no one would have any objections.

However, when she saw Sharon at first glance, she instantly felt threatened.

If nothing else, Sharon's face was indeed attractive.

After dressing up like this, it was even more...

Sheila stood on the spot, her entire body trembling with anger, and her voice became even sharper, "What's she doing on the stage?"

A staff member whispered, "There seems to be something wrong with the model."

"She really knows how to make excuses. Clearly this b*tch wants to show off!"

Sheila looked in the direction where Sharon had left and clenched her teeth.

Both tonight's stage and Jameson belonged to her.

She would definitely not let Sharon have her way! At the show.

Jameson pinched his eyebrows and looked down at his watch, waiting for the show to end.

He was looking forward to seeing Sharon's expression when she found out that she was chosen.

Would she be pleasant? Or surprised? Or...Jameson felt excited after thinking.

Sharon had rushed into his arms and hugged his waist before.

Now that he thought about it, he didn't dislike it that much.

Just as Jameson's thoughts were getting further and further away from the show, the quiet audience suddenly erupted.

Jameson gently raised his eyes, fixing on the stage.

Sharon was standing only three meters away from him in a long black dress.

There was a flash of light on the stage.

Her skirt was embellished with diamonds, like starry sky.

Everyone knows that Sharon was beautiful.

But every time she went out, including the previous press conference where Lumiere Jewelry launched the First Love collection, she had hardly dressed herself properly.

And now, the gorgeous dress, exquisite makeup, and jewelry.

All of them set off her beauty.

This long black dress that was well-designed revealed her beauty which was so aggressive that surpassed all the other models on the stage.

At first, Sharon was a little nervous on the stage.

She had adjusted her breathing countless times.

But when she found two deep eyes that were staring at her, she was stunned for a moment and unconsciously clenched her fists.

Even if it was for that two million, she couldn't mess up this show! She wouldn't let them laugh at herself.

She took a deep breath and stiffly turned her gaze away.

Jameson pursed his lips, picked up the water bottle and took a sip.

"Was she peeking at me?" He said slowly.

"...I think she glared at you."

"Donate your eyes if you don't need them."

After Sharon stepped down from the stage, discussions broke out in the entire field.

They were all asking who she was.

Some said that she was a model, some said that she was a star, and some said that she was his future wife.

Only the staff of Lumiere Jewelry were particularly proud, "That's our designer!"

Amidst the noise, Jameson slowly stood up and walked backstage.

After getting off the stage, Sharon felt so weak.

Tiffany held on to her, "Sharon, are you alright?"

Sharon's hands and feet were all cold, "I...am fine."

Tiffany didn't think that she was fine.

She still had two more shows. She obviously could not make it like this.

As soon as Sharon took off her shoes, her stomach started to churn.

She didn't even have time to change her clothes and rushed to the bathroom to vomit.

Tiffany anxiously grabbed the cup on her desk and took some water.

After vomiting, Sharon felt much better and leaned against the wall weakly.

"Sharon, drink some water." Sharon's stomach was empty.

After drinking the water, she felt much better.

"I've already sent someone to contact the model. It'll at least take her 20 minutes to get here, and half an hour to put on makeup...."

Lance quickly walked over. In other words, no matter what, Sharon had to walk again.

Lance looked at Sharon's pale face and frowned, "Ally, are you feeling uncomfortable?"

Sharon shook her head, "It's fine. I can do it."

At this point, Lance had no other choice but to say, "Hold on a bit longer. I'll ask them to hurry up."

Before Sharon could reply, a cold voice came from behind her, "Hold on for what?"

Lance turned around and saw that it was Jameson.

He pressed down on his temples and said, "Mr. Proctor, something unexpected happened. We are handling it."