

Resume 71

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 71

I Wish You Die Childless

After bringing Sharon to the president's office, Jacob said, "Ms. Allyson, Mr. Proctor is in a meeting. Please wait here."

"Thank you," Sharon nodded gently.

Jacob poured her a glass of warm water and gave her a warm reminder, "Ms. Allyson, Mr. Proctor is on a board meeting, and the chairman is also here. It might be very unpleasant, so if he loses his temper with you later, don't take it to heart..."

"It's alright. I wouldn't be surprised even if he strangled me with a rope on the spot, but thank you for your reminding me." Jacob didn't know what to say.

He subconsciously felt his neck itch and hurriedly left.

The board meeting was much longer than Jameson had imagined.

The night before, Albert announced Martin's marriage to Erica at Evie's birthday banquet.

After the marriage, Albert couldn't wait to change the situation of the Proctor Group and slowly seized Jameson's power.

Sharon waited from morning till night.

She was starving.

She wanted to go downstairs for dinner, but she thought of that inexplicable rule.

If she hadn't directly contacted Jacob today, she might have been stopped downstairs.

Luckily, Jacob also kept an eye on her.

Not only did he deliver lunch, but he also brought afternoon tea.

At one point, Sharon suspected that she wasn't here to negotiate.

After finishing the last piece of cupcake, she cleaned up the table and sat back on the sofa.

It was always better to be full than starving.

But when she was full, she got sleepy.

When Jameson returned to his office, he saw her lying on the sofa and sleeping soundly.

Leftover was in the trash can in front of him.

He immediately felt angry but somewhat amused.

He sat opposite her, loosened his tie, and shifted his gaze from her face to her belly, which was covered in loose clothes.

Sharon hadn't fallen asleep last night.

She had taken enough food and treated this place like home, sleeping soundly.

She rolled over in a daze.

Suddenly, she felt that half of her shoulder was suspended in the air.

She immediately opened her eyes and looked at the man standing in front of her.

She was stunned for a few seconds before realizing where she was.

Jameson sat back on the sofa and said coldly, "Have you slept enough?"

Sharon hurriedly rubbed her temples and adjusted her posture.

She sat upright and said, "Mr. Proctor."

"It's not deadline yet. You don't have to rush into the decision." Sharon pursed her lips and said, "Things have gone so far. No matter how long I think about it, I can't change the past. Mr. Proctor also won't give me another choice."

Sharon pushed the brown paper bag in front of Jameson and said, "This is not mine. I won't take it. And I believe that even if I sign it, Mr. Proctor can still make this contract void."

Jameson did not comment and sneered, "You are so smart. You never let me down."

Although this document gave half of his property to Sharon, it was like the relationship between a main card and a secondary card.

She had the right to use it, but she did not have the right to dispose it. There were some things that she couldn't dispose without his permission.

Sharon ignored the mockery in his words and continued, "I have two conditions. If Mr. Proctor can agree to my requests, I will also agree to yours."

"Speak."

"Firstly, you'll write off all the money I owe you. From now on, I don't owe you anything." Jameson looked at her with his dark eyes.

A few seconds later, he said coldly, "Alright."

Sharon clenched her hands tightly and said, "Second, I hope Mr. Proctor can help me solve my younger brother's problem. I know that you will find a way."

Jameson withdrew his gaze, his expression was indifferent, "Why do you think I would offend someone for you?"

"Mr. Proctor, it's not for me. It's for yourself."

"What?"

“Mr.Proctor, you should know very well that if I go to the Proctor’s to see your parents now, they will give me whatever I want.”

Jameson’s gaze froze slightly, and a then mass coldness filled his eyes.

Sharon could not help but shiver when she felt the change of his expression.However, she still did not take back her words.

If she bowed down to him in this negotiation, she would lose and get nothing.

After a long time, Jameson finally laughed out loudly, “Well done, Sharon.’ Although he was laughing, his eyes were filled with coldness.

“I only have these two conditions,’ Sharon said slowly.

“It should be easy for you, Mr.Proctor.”

“You have my word.”

Sharon finally felt relieved.

She slowly lowered her eyes and said, “Mr.Proctor, when do you like...?”

Jameson said coldly, “Tomorrow.”

Sharon probably didn’t expect it to be so fast, and she choked.

She was lost for words for a while.

Jameson looked at her coldly, “What’s wrong? Do you want to go back on your word?”

“No.”

Sharon shook her head gently, “Mr.Proctor, Thank you for giving me one night to prepare myself.”

“No, It’s just I’m not free today.”

Sharon stood up and said, “Then I’m leaving.I’ll get out of your hair.’

Sharon walked a few steps, and Jameson’s voice came from behind her, “Is there anything else you want to say?”

She stopped and smiled, “Actually, a lot.But Mr.Proctor, you may not want to listen.”

Jameson tapped the sofa with his slender fingers and said slowly, “I’m all ears.”

“Since you want to hear it so much, then I’ll just tell you directly.”

Sharon said, “Although there are a lot of things to say, there is only one meaning to them.It is my sincere and beautiful wish to you, Mr.Proctor, which is that I wish you a lifetime without a kid.”

Jameson was completely speechless.

After Sharon finished speaking, she left without looking back.

Of course, the biggest reason was she was afraid that the jerk would throw her downstairs in rage. After leaving the Proctor Group, Sharon finally felt that she had vented her anger.

Just as she was about to take a taxi, the road in front of her was blocked.

Sharon raised her head, her pupils shrank, and she took two steps back.

Josh's head was bandaged, and his smile was Strange. He looked funny but terrifying.

He said, "My good daughter, I knew I was right to wait here."

"You... Just as Sharon was about to say something, she felt someone covering her nose and mouth from behind. She didn't even have time to call for help when she was dragged into the van aside. This time, Josh was obviously prepared.

In the car, Sharon's hands were tied together, and she coldly looked at Josh, "What do you want from me?"

"Relax, Sharon. I'm your father. How could I hurt you? But since you're divorced, I naturally have an obligation to help you find another one."

Sharon felt a chill run down her back and asked in disbelief, "Do you know what you're doing?"

"Don't act so dramatically. If it weren't for me, would you have married into the Proctor family? I did it for your own good."

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Have You Ever Treated Me as Your Daughter

The president's office. Jameson opened the brown paper bag and took out the documents.

After looking at them for a while, he casually threw them on the coffee table. Soon, a knock sounded on the door.

"Mr. Proctor, the directors have all left," Jacob said. Jameson said indifferently, "Send someone to keep an eye on them. Albert will not give up."

"Got it."

Right now, Albert's intentions were too obvious.

It could be said that the seizure of power had become white-hot.

Any sudden incident would change the outcome of this matter.

As soon as Jacob left the office, the person in charge of the security department hurriedly walked over and said, "Mr. Jacob, something happened."

"What is it?"

The person in charge took out his phone and showed Jacob a surveillance video.

The surveillance camera was set up outside the main gate of the Proctor Group.

It was relatively far away, but its vision was relatively wide.

Although they could not clearly see the appearance of the person in the video, Jacob immediately recognized the clothes Sharon was wearing today and Josh, who had been wrapping a bandage wandering downstairs for several days.

Jacob immediately grabbed his phone and rushed into the president's office. Jameson didn't raise his eyes.

Just as he was about to speak, Jacob hurriedly said, "Mr. Proctor, Ms. Allyson has been taken away by Josh!"

Jameson's expression instantly turned cold.

He stood up and walked out with his long legs, "When did it happen?"

"Ten minutes ago."

"Send someone to look for them immediately. Check every place Josh often goes to."

Jameson's jaw tightened, and his voice sounded cold as if it was covered in ice.

"Especially in Twilight Club. If you see Josh, immediately detain him."

Josh took Sharon to an underground casino.

After covering her mouth with adhesive tape and tying her hand with cloth, Josh said, "My dear daughter, don't blame me. You are the one who is ruthless at the first place. If it weren't for you deceiving me, I wouldn't have been beaten so badly that I almost lost my life. But don't worry, I'm not as heartless as you. I still find a good family for you."

When Josh got off the car, Bridger was already waiting there.

"Do you have the money?" Bridger said.

Josh rubbed his hands and said with a smile, "Yes, of course."

As he spoke, he glanced into the car and said, "See?"

Bridger followed his gaze.

Through the window, he saw a pair of beautiful and cold eyes, Josh said, "What about her? My daughter is worth more than a million, right?"

Bridger frowned, "Here you go again." "What do you mean by again? This is my daughter. Shouldn't she pay my debts for me?"

Josh leaned closer and covered his face with one hand.

He lowered his voice and said, "Don't worry, I've contacted someone. He's at the hotel beside us. He'll give me the money later, and I'll give it to you immediately. I won't go back on my word."

Bridger lit a cigarette and said, "I've never seen a father like you. No one would believe that she's your daughter."

Josh rolled his eyes and quickly said, "How come? We share the same blood. How come she is not my daughter? She is my daughter and she couldn't do anything about it. It's her fate!"

Bridger turned his head and scoffed.

Not long after, Josh received a phone call. The person he contacted had arrived, asking him to bring Sharon over.

Josh nodded and bowed.

After hanging up the phone, he said to Bridger, "Did you see that? The money will be in hand soon! If you help me get her in, I will give you another 100,000."

"Come on, I won't earn this wicked money from you."

Josh didn't care at all, "I gave you this offer because I've known you for many years. If you don't want it, then forget about it."

Josh opened the car door and pulled Sharon out of the car.

Sharon looked at him emotionlessly, and only indifference remained in her eyes.

Only when they were far away did Bridger withdraw his gaze and extinguished the cigarette with his shoes.

Sharon was unlucky to be Josh's daughter.

When they arrived at the entrance of the hotel, Josh saw that Sharon didn't make any noise, so he felt much more at ease.

He felt that her current appearance did not look good, so he tore the adhesive tape off Sharon's mouth.

However, Josh was extremely cunning after all.

He was still afraid that Sharon would run away, so he did not untie the cloth that was tied to her hands.

Unexpectedly, after entering the hotel, Sharon, who had been silent for a long time, suddenly called for help to the front desk.

Josh was startled.

He quickly dragged her back and explained with a smile, "This is my daughter. She has something wrong with her brain."

Josh warned Sharon in a low voice, "Drop the stupid ideas. You won't be able to get away tonight no matter what. Be good. If it were them, they wouldn't care about your feelings.' The indifferent gaze of the receptionist had made Sharon give up completely.

This place was right across from the underground casino.

It could be imagined that how many such shameful illegal transactions were made here.

Hearing Josh's words, Sharon sneered, "Have you ever treated me as your daughter?"

“Sweetheart, I have no choice. It’s Jameson’s fault. Why didn’t he give me another million since he is so rich? If he is as generous as before, none of these would happen.”

“When did he give you the money?”

Sharon frowned.

“Two months ago. You don’t give it to me, so I can only ask him for it.”

As Josh said this, he laughed disdainfully, “At that time, he told me to drop the bad ideas about you. I thought he loved you so much, but now it seems he doesn’t love you at all.”

Sharon was slightly stunned.

Jameson had never told her about this matter...

Jameson was so mean to her, why didn’t he mention it? As they spoke, Josh had brought her to the room that had been arranged beforehand.

At the door stood two men in suits. Josh pushed Sharon forward and said, “I’ve brought her. Where’s the money?”

A man threw him a bank card.

Josh frowned discontentedly, “Watch your manner. Maybe I will be your boss’s father-in-law in the future!”

Josh took the card and said to Sharon, “Sweetheart, don’t worry. You own half of the money here, and you won’t be wronged.” Sharon closed her eyes, not wanting to look at him again.

After Josh left, one of the two men pushed her into the room.

Sharon’s hands were tied, and she staggered a few steps before looking at the layout inside.

This was a fun room for entertainment, surrounded by purple lights, making people dizzy.

The boss they were talking about wasn’t here.

Sharon suddenly felt the urge to vomit.

She ran to the bathroom and retched a few times at the toilet but did not vomit.

Sharon looked around and found the landline in the room.

She quickly tried to call the police, but when she was about to dial out, the phone line was broken.

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Spending Money on Peace

Upon getting the money, Josh left happily. A black Rolls-Royce stopped in front of him as soon as he reached the first floor.

The moment the door opened, Jameson got out of the car with a grim expression.

He glanced sideways at Josh, and the look in his eyes indicated a brewing storm. Trembling, Josh took a few steps back.

Just as he was about to explain, Jameson passed him and strode into the hotel.

Jacob hurriedly followed behind him.

After making a phone call, he got the exact location and reported, "Mr. Proctor, it's the 9th floor."

Jameson continued walking towards the elevator.

Seeing them in a rush, the receptionist hurriedly asked, "Who are you people?"

The manager of the hotel ran to them and kept shaking his head at her to stop her from asking.

On the ninth floor, Jameson's subordinates quickly subdued the two men guarding the door.

He looked at the manager and said coldly, "Open the door."

"Yes, yes."

The manager didn't dare to disobey him, and hastily did as asked.

Sharon was sitting by the bed, disheveled, her eyes devoid of any emotion.

The moment the door was opened, she seemed to regain her senses and grasped the ashtray stained with blood.

When Jameson came into her view, Sharon was stunned, as if she hadn't expected to see him there.

Without turning his head, he instructed, "Wait at the door." Jacob replied, "Yes, sir."

Jameson took off his jacket and walked forward.

He squatted in front of Sharon, draped his jacket around her shoulders, and tried to take away the ashtray in her hand.

She didn't loosen her grip, just staring at him.

Jameson said, "I'm here. It's over."

Sharon didn't respond.

He thought she was still in shock, but that was not the case.

She was thinking maybe she should hit him in the head as well.

Gently, Jameson got the ashtray out of her hand and tossed it away.

Then he gathered her in his arms to get her out of there.

At the door, he paused and looked back at the room.

"Leave no traces." Jacob nodded.

On the way to the car, Sharon remained quiet in his arms.

What was on her mind was beyond his knowledge.

Jameson placed her in the back seat and instructed the driver, "Go to the hospital."

"I'm not going!"

Sharon reflexively raised her head. Jameson looked at her.

Only then did Sharon realize that she had overreacted.

She clenched her clothes and muttered softly, "Didn't you say that we would go tomorrow? You can't go back on your word."

Jameson was too angry to speak.

Did she think he was forcing her to have an abortion? He turned away and said coldly, "Do whatever you want."

Since they did not make it clear where they were going, the driver was put in a difficult position.

However, he did not dare to ask in this tense atmosphere. So, he made a decision himself and drove towards the Star Lake Mansion.

Curling up in a corner, Sharon somehow felt dizzy.

There was a strange reaction in her body.

After a while, she peeked out of the window and said, "My home is not in this direction."

Jameson glanced sideways at her and asked, "Where is your home?"

"It's..."

Sharon lowered her head.

"Forget it. I don't have a home. I don't have anything."

Jameson ignored her.

Half an hour later, the Rolls-Royce stopped at the Star Lake Mansion.

Jameson said indifferently, "Get out of the car." Holding the car door, she slowly walked out.

He took a few steps and then looked back at her.

"Why are you standing there? Do you want me to carry you?"

Sharon snorted inside. That was an absurd idea.

She would rather rip her head off.

Then, someone said to her, "Mrs. Proctor, let me help you." Sharon turned her head.

Beside her was Jameson's personal doctor.

"Thank you." Before she could take two steps, Sharon felt her limbs go soft.

Then everything around her was a blur.

Just as she was about to fall unconscious, Jameson turned around and carried her inside without a word. Sharon forced her eyes open.

"I didn't ask you to carry me."

"Shut up."

"Okay."

On the second floor, after the doctor examined Sharon, he walked to the door and said, "Mr. Proctor, it's nothing serious. The baby was only frightened. Mrs. Proctor just needs to rest in bed for a few days, and then the baby will be fine."

Jameson looked at Sharon who seemed sound asleep, and frowned.

"Why was she like that?"

The doctor coughed awkwardly.

"Judging from Mrs. Proctor's condition, she must have inhaled ecstasy, and..."

"And what?"

"The drug must have been mixed with an aphrodisiac."

The doctor hurriedly explained, "But don't worry. The dosage is very low. If you're afraid that it will affect the baby, you can take her to the hospital tomorrow for an examination."

Jameson pressed his lips.

"I see."

The doctor said, "If there is nothing else, I'm leaving."

"Okay."

Before walking out of the door, the doctor whispered, "Mr. Proctor, sex is fine with a woman who is three months pregnant or above. But you must be careful."

Jameson didn't expect him to say that. After the doctor left, he closed the door and walked to the bedside.

With his hands in his trouser pockets, he looked down at the woman lying on the bed.

In fact, Sharon did not fall asleep.

Her pale face now had an abnormal flush.

Her eyelashes fluttered, and her rosy lips were tempting.

Jameson's throat bobbed.

He shifted his gaze away to her wrists that had been tied with cloth.

There were traces of mottled and dried blood.

She must have struggled hard.

He fetched a hot towel from the bathroom, wiped the blood off her wrists, and bandaged them.

When she opened her eyes, Sharon quietly watched him do all that.

After a long while, she called, "Mr.Proctor."

"Go ahead; he said without raising his head.

"Did you give Josh money?"

Sharon pursed her lips.

"What's the difference to give it to you or to give it to him?"

Jameson tossed the Band-Aid wrapping into the trash can.

"Don't worry, I promised you that the debts were squared, including his.I won't ask you for the money again.'

"Why did you give it to him?"

She knew that Jameson had a way to deal with an unreasonable man like Josh.

He wasn't a pushover, and he hated her.

Logically speaking, he would never be threatened by Josh.

Jameson glanced at her and said, "I just wanted to get some peace.' Sharon averted her gaze to the ceiling.

"Mr.Proctor, that was a lot of money you spent on peace.'

"I didn't expect you to be so ruthless,' he responded.Sharon knew what he was referring to, and said indifferently, "If there was someone you wanted to protect, you wouldn't have felt that way."

Jameson looked at her belly.

"Protect? If I had taken you to the hospital tonight, would you have smashed my head too?"

Sharon remained quiet.Jameson knew that he had guessed correctly.

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Are You Just Pretending to Be Hurt?

Sharon coughed and unnaturally looked away.Although they were clear about this matter, how embarrassing it was to Say it out.

Jameson looked at her coldly, his handsome features showing no emotions at all.

After a few seconds, Sharon lifted the blanket and said, "I've caused trouble for Mr. Proctor today. I'll leave first..."

Jameson stood in front of the bed, his hands in his pockets, his expression cold.

Sharon was originally weak.

Forcing herself to get out of bed had exhausted almost all of her strength.

The moment she stepped on the ground, her eyes darkened and she subconsciously grabbed something to prevent herself from falling down.

After she got better, she looked at her hands.

She grabbed Jameson's shirt.

Sharon managed a weak smile and retracted her hand.

However, after losing the support, she could not help but fall backwards.

Jameson reached out his hand and wrapped it around her waist.

The momentous inertia caused them to fall onto the bed together.

Sharon blinked her eyes, her face red and her eyes wet.

Jameson reached out his hands to steady himself above her on the bed.

He stared at her and his voice was husky and alluring.

"What did that look mean?"

Sharon turned her gaze away.

What did he mean? She just felt that she was burning, and she couldn't help but...want to get close to him.

Jameson grabbed her chin and forced her to look at him.

He said slowly, "Tell me what you want to do."

Sharon did not answer.

She just felt that even if they were so close, she couldn't know what he was thinking.

Today in the office, he acted like a piece of ice that could not be melted, cold and heartless.

However, in the blink of an eye, he rushed over to a place where he shouldn't appear to save her.

In order to wreak vengeance on her, there was no limit for him.

He just did a trick and she bore tens of millions in debt.

However, he had never mentioned that Josh had asked him for money.

After getting married for three years, she had thought that she knew about Jameson, but now she realized that she had never really understood him.

Seeing her distracted, Jameson frowned impatiently, "Speak."

"Nothing," Sharon said slowly.

"I suddenly find you quite handsome."

Jameson didn't know what to say.

Suddenly, Sharon raised her hand and wrapped it around his neck.

Sharon raised her head slightly and pressed her lips on his.

Jameson narrowed his eyes.

It had been more than four months since she filed for divorce.

It had been a long time since they were so close.

He wrapped his arms around her waist and kissed her lips.

Sharon took the opportunity to retaliate by biting his tongue.

However, Jameson kissed her more fiercely.

Everything proceeded naturally.

At the last step, Sharon subconsciously grabbed his hand and said, "You...please be gentle."

When he looked at her alluring eyes, Jameson's heart suddenly softened, and he whispered, "OK."

It had been too long since they done this. Sharon was a little nervous and scared.

Just as he started, she cried.

Jameson stopped and looked at her expressionlessly, "Are you just pretending hurt?"

"No ...it hurts."

"I've not seen you in such pain even for the first time."

"That's different..."

At that time, she was drugged, and she was already unconscious.

Can she feel any pain clearly? Jameson said, "Do you need something like sex toys?"

Sharon didn't say anything anymore.

Could this jerk be considerate to her now? Jameson kissed her on the forehead and slowed down his voice, "It's okay. Right?"

Sharon sobbed and clenched his arm tightly with her fingers.

By the time it was over, Sharon was so tired that she fell asleep.

Even if Jameson carried her to the bathroom to wash up, she didn't have the slightest sign of waking up.

Jameson pulled the towel and wiped her dry before placing her on the bed.

Without the cover of her clothes, her slightly bulged lower abdomen became even more obvious.

Jameson looked down and bent his knee, squatting beside the bed with his palm gently covering it.

Even though Sharon was already asleep, she still raised her hand reflexively when she noticed someone approaching.

A crisp applause sounded in the quiet room.

Jameson was stunned, and then he raised his eyes.

His eyes were cold and filled with anger.

However, Sharon did not know.

After muttering to herself, she rolled over and curled her body into a protective position.

Jameson gritted his teeth fiercely.

He stood up and left angrily.

He originally wanted to slam the door hard to wake up that heartless woman, but finally he reduced his strength and just gently closed it.

Jameson walked to the study and called someone.

Very quickly, Jacob answered the phone, "Mr.Proctor."

"How's everything going?"

He said indifferently.

"I've investigated it clearly.The usurer has limited Mrs.Proctor's father to repay the money within three days.After he failed to find you many times, he started to think of Mrs.Proctor.Moreover ...he was the one who planned this matter.' Jacob continued, "Mr.Proctor, there's one more thing.'

"Say it."

"Before this, the usurer went to find Mrs.Proctor's younger brother.They had a dispute and were caught into the police station.Since the usurer could not find Mrs.Proctor's father, they want to ask Mrs.Proctor to repay the money.That night, Mrs.Proctor's younger brother went to Twilight Club..."

Thus, he sold the admission notice.Jameson looked out of the window.

It was hard to know what he was thinking.

He paused for a few seconds before saying, "Don't let him appear in front of Sharon again."

Then Jameson said, "There are some problems with the cooperation in London. Book the tickets for tomorrow and I'll go there myself."

Even though Jacob was very clear that there was no problem with the cooperation in London, and that it was progressing smoothly, he did not refute him.

"Tomorrow morning or afternoon?"

He asked tentatively.

Jameson replied emotionlessly, "Eight o'clock in the morning."

"Alright, I'll book it now."

"Wait."

Jameson said after a moment of silence, "During my absence, send someone to follow Sharon so that the Proctors will not discover that she is pregnant."

"OK" After hanging up the phone, Jameson stood in the study for a long time before returning to his bedroom.

On the bed, Sharon curled up, occupying just a small spot, as if she could fall down at any moment.

Jameson walked over to the bed and pulled her over.

Sharon moved uncomfortably, but was pressed into his embrace.

She finally looked for a place to breathe comfortably and poked her head out in grievance.

Jameson looked at her pitiful expression, the corner of his lips curled up for no reason, and he felt happy.

After a long time, he said in a very low voice, "I hope you can give me a satisfactory answer when I come back."

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You Are Not His/Her Friend Yet

The next day, when Sharon woke up, Jameson had long disappeared from the room.

The servant knocked on the door outside.

"Are you awake, Mrs. Proctor?"

Sharon rubbed her temples and sat up.

Her voice was hoarse, "Yes."

Very quickly, the servant came in and said, "Mrs. Proctor, breakfast is ready. Shall I bring it up for you, or will you go downstairs to eat?"

"I'll go downstairs."

“OK.”

The servant answered and turned to leave.

Sharon sat on the bed for a while before her strength gradually recovered.

She could no longer wear the clothes yesterday and went to the wardrobe to get a set.

As soon as she sat at the table, the servant brought breakfast.

Seeing her tired expression, the servant whispered, “Is there something wrong with you, Mrs.Proctor?”

Sharon shook her head, “It’s okay.I just feel a little dizzy.”

The servant added, “Before Mr.Proctor left, he asked me to take you to the hospital.When do you want to go?”

What Sharon didn’t want to hear the most now was the word ‘hospital’.

She paused for a long time before asking, “Where is he?”

“Mr.Proctor is on a business trip.It will take at least a week for him to return.’

“Business trip?”

Sharon didn’t know what Jameson was thinking.

Didn’t he say that he was going to the hospital with her today? Or did he think that this matter was not important to him at all, so he could just casually find someone to go with her?

The servant nodded, “Yes.Mr.Proctor said that while he was away, we must take good care of you.”

Sharon pursed her lips and did not say anything.

This jerk was really ruthless.

Even if he didn’t want this child, he shouldn’t do such a thing.

He didn’t have the least sense of responsibility.

Jameson stood by and stayed out of this.

He even went on a business trip.

When he returned, it was all over, and he didn’t need to be condemned by his conscience.

This was too vicious.

Sharon fiercely chewed on the food in her mouth and put down the knife and fork in her hand loudly.

The servant was stunned, “Mrs.Proctor?”

“I’m full,”

Sharon took a deep breath.

"Then please wait a moment, Mrs.Proctor.I'll pack up the tableware and then go to the hospital with you."

Sharon glanced outside the house.

The driver had been waiting there for a long time.She couldn't run away.

She nodded, "OK."

On the way to the hospital, Sharon looked out of the window and didn't say anything.

It seemed that Jameson was indeed correct.

Sex and love were two different things.

Last night, she was hotheaded.

Somehow, she thought that she might have a chance.

Sharon wanted to discuss it with him today.

However, this jerk was ruthless.

He even went on a business trip today in order to not give her a chance to go back on her word! The servant just knew that Jameson had asked her to go to the hospital with Sharon for a check-up later.

She did not know what was wrong with Sharon.

After arriving at the hospital, she asked, "Mrs.Proctor, which department should we register?"

At this moment, Sharon was looking around.She had sketched the escape route in her mind.

Hearing this, she said casually, "It's up to you."

The servant remembered that she said that she had a headache.

She thought that Sharon might have a cold, so she chose respiratory department.

When they got to the doctor's office, Sharon suddenly stopped and said calmly, "I want to go to the restroom.Wait for me here."

The servant nodded, "Alright."

After entering the restroom, Sharon stuck her head out and looked outside.

After confirming that no one was following her, she hurriedly left in another direction.

Leaving through the back door of the hospital, Sharon took a taxi and told the driver the address of her apartment.

In the car, Sharon opened the window and heaved a sigh of relief.

She did not expect Jameson to believe her so much, allowing her to sneak out so easily.

It seemed that in his eyes, she really did not have a reason to keep the child.

However, this was also good.

At least, she got a chance to escape.

Back to the apartment, Sharon simply packed her luggage and decided to find a place to hide.

Thus, Sharon did not tell anyone.

She found a station without checking the ID card, took a tattered bus, and went to another city.

In the hospital, the servant waited for half an hour before realizing that something happened.

By the time she looked for Sharon, Sharon had long disappeared from the hospital.

Didn't she want to see a doctor? Why would she escape? Nine o'clock in the evening, London time.

Jameson stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window and received a phone call from the South City, "Mr.Proctor, Mrs.Proctor is missing...'

The servant told everything from the beginning to the end.

She went to the hospital with Sharon for an examination; Sharon found an excuse to go to the restroom, and then she couldn't find Sharon.

Jameson didn't seem surprised and said indifferently, "I know.'

After hanging up the phone, Jameson put his phone in his pocket and looked out of the window.

He put on a serious face, and it was hard to know what he was thinking. Half an hour later, his phone vibrated.

It was a message from Sharon.

"Mr.Proctor, you said that I didn't have a reason to keep this child. I admit that I really do not have a reason. However, as a mother, I also do not have a reason to give up on him. I promise that I will disappear forever with this child and will never let him disturb you."

Jameson glanced at it and replied: "Whatever you want.' Very quickly, the phone vibrated.

"You are not his/her friend yet. Please send the friend verification request first. After the verification is passed, the conversation can only be held"

Jameson was stunned.

He frowned, closed his eyes, and took a deep breath. He threw his phone on the sofa beside him and didn't know what to say.

Not long after, his phone rang again.

It was William.

"Things have been settled. However, because of you, although Barret did not say anything, he is very unhappy."

"Arrange for his son to go abroad. I'll talk to him about the cooperation after I get back."

William wanted to say something but swallowed his words. Sometimes, Jameson was very stubborn.

If you didn't say anything to him, he would let things take their course. The more you said to him, the more extreme he became.

He even insisted on doing this to prove that he didn't like Sharon.

After a pause, Jameson said, "Find out where Sharon was. Send someone to secretly protect her. Don't let her know."

"OK, I know."

At this time, there was a knock on the door and Jacob walked in, "Mr. Proctor."

Jameson put away the phone, "What is it?"

Jacob said, "Master Proctor has been contacting the various directors recently. He wants the Morton family to be on the board of directors."

It was the decisive moment now.

Jameson's absence at this moment undoubtedly gave them an excellent opportunity to seize power.

Jameson said indifferently, "Has anyone agreed?"

"We have confirmed that three directors would support Master Proctor. The rest may still be watching. Mr. Proctor, do we have to go back?"

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 76

The Jerk Is Quite Vengeful

A week later, Sharon finally settled down. It was a small city, far from the prosperity of the South City.

And without the urbanization, it still retained its foot bridges and running streams, offering a different view.

The neighbors also took care of each other, making it quite livable.

When she called Tiffany, Tiffany was very surprised and did not understand why she suddenly left.

After the divorce, Sharon always wanted to live in a place where no one knew her.

But it had been delayed by all sorts of things.

Jameson offered her a reason to escape this time, and she finally made up her mind.

It was a good place with fresh air and bright sunshine.

Everyone here was warm and kind.

She had also communicated with Lance.

If there were any problems with her work, he could contact her on the phone.

Fortunately, she was only responsible for the design and she could send the electronic files directly.

However, Sharon did not know how long this leisure and quiet life could last.

She knew very well that it would be easy for Jameson to find her.

Jameson didn't destroy her.

Perhaps the last remaining kindness had awakened Jameson conscience.

Sharon liked to sit on the bench by the river in the afternoon, watching the setting sun fell and then slowly walking back.

The landlord was an old lady with an odd temper.

She looked like a middle-aged woman, but always dressed like she was in her seventies or eighties.

Unsmiling and cold, she wasn't fond of square dancing like others.

She would read financial newspaper every day.

Although Sharon was a little curious, she had never asked.

The landlord lived on the first floor while she was on the second.

It could be said that they did not disturb each other.

After returning, Sharon asked, "Charlotte, I bought a bouquet of flowers. Is there a vase for those flowers?"

"In the courtyard. Help yourself."

The cold female voice came from the room.

There were many small bottles and jars in the small courtyard.

Sharon found a suitable one for her flowers and poured some water.

Charlotte walked out with a tray and said, "It's your food. Get it yourself." Sharon smiled and said, "Thank you."

Although they signed the contract with the rule of no-interference each other, Charlotte would prepare the meal for Sharon when she cooked.

Sitting at the dining table, Sharon licked her lips and praised sincerely, "Charlotte, it tastes really delicious."

Charlotte glanced at her and said, "You are the first person saying that I cook well."

"What? But it is indeed delicious."

Sharon took a sip of fish soup and said, "If anyone says your food is not tasty, I will be the first to disagree."

Charlotte laughed silently, "My son said my cooking is terrible and he would rather eat the bark. I didn't expect you would speak highly of it."

What a jerk!

"Does your son come back often?" Sharon asked casually.

Charlotte paused for a moment and said, "I haven't seen him for many years."

"Years go by, and your cooking must be improved a lot. If your son eats the food you cook now, he will definitely not say such words."

Charlotte smiled and said self-deprecatingly, "Forget it. He won't praise my cooking. He hates me. How could he eat the food I cooked?"

Sharon slightly shook her head, "No, there is no deep hatred between the mother and son. Even if there is any misunderstanding, it can be resolved."

Now that she was pregnant, Sharon could really understand a mother's love for her kid.

There was no mother in the world who didn't want her child to be good, and she could sacrifice everything for her baby.

"How could you know that?" Charlotte said.

"I just know that."

"Then why did you run away from home? Didn't you quarrel with your parents?" Sharon paused for a few seconds.

Charlotte turned her gaze away and said, "I'm just saying. It's alright if you don't want to say it."

"I didn't quarrel with my parents. My mother died in childbirth when she gave birth to my little brother. I was so little then that I forgot what she looked like. I didn't run away from home. I just wanted to live in a new environment," Sharon said with a smile.

Charlotte served her another bowl of fish soup, "Alright, let it go. Enjoy the meal."

At night, lying on the bed and staring at the bright moonlight outside the window, Sharon was unable to sleep.

She suddenly realized that she seemed to have forgotten something very important.

Sharon took out her phone card from the drawer and hesitated for a long time before dialing a number.

The phone was picked up at the end of the ringing and she said softly, "Mr. Proctor, it's me."

"Go ahead."

The man's voice was somewhat hoarse and sleepy.

It was obvious that he had been roused from his sleep.

Sharon grabbed the quilt and waited for the coming mockery.

"Mr.Proctor, I know that I broke the agreement between us, but I promise that I will never appear in front of you again.I want to beg you about my younger brother..."

"What are you begging me for?"

Sharon gritted her teeth and said, "I know I am shameless to ask for that, but I think Mr.Proctor would agree."

On the other end of the phone, Jameson sneered, "You know that you are shameless.Then how could you say such words?"

"You misunderstood me about the designer competition three years ago.Mr.Proctor, I know you are regretful after getting the truth.That's why the Proctor Group would support a designer from Lumiere Jewelry.I would give up the opportunity.If you really want to make up for it, then..."

Jameson interrupted her, "Didn't you reject it before?"

Sharon was lying through her teeth, "I didn't know your good intentions then, but now I understand.As a bigger person, I hope you wont argue with a person like me."

Jameson said after a moment of silence, "You know yourself well.You are shameless enough."

Sharon pursed her lips and did not refute,"Then you agree?"

Jameson said indifferently, "Agree or not agree, it is a question."

Sharon was speechless.

Could this jerk make it clear? Very quickly, Jameson said, "Sharon, if you call me at midnight next time, don't expect me to agree to any of your requests."

She quickly said, "Sorry, it's my fault."

"Anything else?"

Sharon looked out of the window and said after a few seconds, "It's fine.Bye, Mr.Proctor.Have a good dream."

Before she hung up the phone, Jameson's voice sounded, "Don't you curse me to die without children this time?"

The jerk was quite vengeful.

She smiled and said, "What do you mean? How can I curse you? I wish you a long life and you would live happily with your children and grandchildren..."

Jameson hung up on her.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 77

Misunderstanding

The next day, just as Jameson went downstairs, Jacob ran over to him swiftly and said, "Mr.Proctor, something happened!"

Whether it was before or after their engagement, Martin had always been cold to Erica, and their families only regarded their marriage as a business cooperation, not caring about their feelings.

The only one who took this engagement seriously was Erica.

She was afraid that Martin would dislike her and reject this marriage, but after the engagement, she had nothing to fear.

Sharon's pregnancy was like a thorn in her heart, and she blamed Martin's indifference and alienation on Sharon.

Sharon didn't get pregnant during the three-year marriage with Jameson.

How could she be pregnant after their divorce? Erica thought that Martin was likely to be the baby's father.

Early this morning, Erica made a scene at the dining table.

However, she was very smart.

She did not mention Sharon's name.

She only said that there was a woman who was pregnant with Martin's child, and she wanted Albert to help her get rid of the woman.

Even if Albert found out the woman that she talked about was Sharon, it had nothing to do with her.

When Albert heard Erica's words, he was ablaze with anger.

In fact, he didn't care about whether Martin and Erica loved each other.

However, Martin's affair would be a discredit to his family.

Moreover, it happened a few days after Martin and Erica were engaged.

At this critical juncture, it would affect the cooperation between the two families.

Jacob said, "Mr. Proctor wants an explanation. The Mortons are on their way to the old mansion."

Jameson asked calmly, "How did Erica know that?"

"I'm not sure yet. I'm going to investigate now."

"No need."

Jameson walked out as he said in a cold voice, "I'll go ask her."

In the Proctor's Albert sat on the sofa silently with the walking stick in his hands, his face cold.

Erica, who was sitting opposite to him, was crying bitterly. Albert became impatient after a while.

"What's the use of crying now? You were determined to marry Martin. You know he doesn't like you. It is normal that he has an affair." Erica sobbed, "That woman has been pestering him, and now she is pregnant. They don't care about my feelings."

Albert shouted angrily, "Don't worry about the baby! Martin would not dare to have it!"

Evie glanced at the door and chipped in, "You are right. Not every illegitimate child has such a good luck."

After she finished her words, Jameson came.

A servant greeted, "Mr. Proctor." Jameson nodded.

His face was expressionless.

The dining hall went quiet, and the moment turned sour.

Erica stopped crying anymore and sobbed.

Just then, Jeffery went downstairs.

He said with a sigh, "Jameson, come with me to the garden. I have something to say to you."

After they left, Albert frowned and asked, "Do you have to provoke him now?"

Evie sneered, "I didn't provoke him. I was just telling the truth."

Then she turned to look at Erica and continued, "Erica, you should never underestimate a man born out of wedlock. It is possible that in the near future, he will snatch away everything you have."

Erica knew nothing about what happened in the past.

She nodded and was more determined to get rid of Sharon and her child. Not long after, Morton and his wife Keira came with Martin.

Albert stood on his walking stick and tried hard to suppress his anger.

"Tell me. What happened? And who is that woman?"

Martin looked coldly at Erica and replied, "Nothing happened."

"You don't have to deny it. I didn't mean to denounce you. Instead, I want a solution."

Morton began in a deep voice, "I know my son well. He would never do such a thing."

Keira asked, "Martin, is there a misunderstanding?"

Erica stood up from the sofa and yelled, "How could it be a misunderstanding? I saw it clearly with my own eyes! They met each other many times in private, and Martin always protects that woman!"

Keira said helplessly, "Erica, don't jump to a conclusion based on what you saw. Prove it."

"Can't the baby in that woman's belly prove their relationship? Alright, I won't pursue this matter further. If she has an abortion, I'll pretend that this never happened."

"Erica, are you done?"

Martin couldn't bear it any longer.

Erica burst into tears again.

“Look, he is still protecting that woman.If he had nothing to do with that woman, and that child was not his, would he react all that much?”

Keira pulled on Martin’s sleeve and frowned.

“Martin, calm down.Speak properly.Since Erica has already said so, there must be such a person.Just tell us what happened.’

“She is a friend of mine.I admit that I like her, but she has rejected me,’ Martin explained.

Then he said to Erica, “Are you satisfied with this answer?”

Erica did not expect that Martin would admit he liked Sharon in front of everyone.

She became angry from embarrassment.

“I knew it! I knew you liked her! What’s so good about her that she has fascinated you? Even my cousin...’ Halfway through her words, Erica realized that she had spilled the beans, so she covered her mouth.

Albert frowned.

“Erica, tell me clearly, what happened to your cousin?”

“What’s wrong with me?”

Jameson’s cold voice came from behind.It sent a chill down Erica’s spine.

Erica was terrified.

She stammered, “No, nothing...”

Jeffery said, “Erica, since Martin has explained everything clearly, stop making a scene.Apologize to Mr.Morton and Ms.Keira.”

“But...”

Jameson said indifferently, “You were just engaged.You can call off the engagement at any time if you want.’

Erica stopped talking, but obviously, she was unwilling to give up.Jeffery apologized to Morton and Keira to subside their anger.

Although Jeffery had a low status in his family, he was the gentlest and most courteous.

If he wasn’t disabled, the Proctor Group wouldn’t be under Jameson’s sole authority.

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He Would Definitely Kill Her!

Martin looked at Jameson for a while before he left and wasn’t sure if he already knew about Sharon’s pregnancy.

"Martin; Jameson called out to him in a faint voice, "I don't want this to happen again.'

Martin stopped, he thought for a few seconds and asked, "Mr.Proctor, are you worried about Erica?"

Jameson didn't answer but questioned, "She is my cousin, shouldn't I do that?"

"I really didn't expect that.Although you are not a good husband, you are at least a good brother.'

Jameson gradually calmed down as he looked coldly at Martin.

Seeing this, Martin nodded and turned to leave.

Jameson turned around and saw Erica standing not far away.

Albert and Evie were sitting on the sofa, and they both wore a long face.

This matter should have been Martin's fault, but after such a fuss, Erica was unable to produce any evidence.

It was more like the Proctor family was messing around.

Albert said sternly, "Erica, tell me everything.Is Martin not willing to admit it, or are you making trouble for no reason?"

Jameson was here.

Erica did not dare to be presumptuous anymore.

Fortunately, Jeffery opened his mouth and saved her.

"Erica is young, and she takes her feelings so seriously.

It is inevitable that there will be some misunderstandings.

Fortunately, the matter has been explained clearly, and the Morton family did not say anything else."

As he said that, Jeffery said to Erica, "Erica, you can't do this again.You and Martin are both adults.If you want to stay with him for your life, then you should settle the conflict privately.Don't involve the parents of both sides.'

Erica lowered her head in grievance, "Understood."

Since Jeffery had said this, Albert had no reason to get angry.

He couldn't vent his anger, so he snorted coldly and went upstairs with his walking stick.

After he left, Evie also stood up, looked at Erica, and then at Jameson.

She left, lost in thought.

Jeffery said, "Erica, take me back to my room."

Erica answered and pushed Jeffery's wheelchair into the elevator.

But just as she calmed down, she met Jameson on her way back to her room.

"Jameson..."

Jameson stuck his hand into his pocket and said with a calm expression, "Follow me."

Following Jameson into the garden, Erica bit her lower lip and couldn't help but say, "Jameson, I didn't say anything bad about her, nor did I tell my aunt and uncle who she is. I really..."

Jameson interrupted her coldly, "When did you know she was pregnant?"

Erica probably didn't expect him to ask this, so she became even more nervous.

She couldn't say that it was on her aunt's birthday party.

Sharon fell into the water that night, so her cousin would definitely suspect her.

She said, "Just two days ago, I heard Martin Say...Jameson's expression did not change, "Martin personally told you?"

Erica bit the tip of her tongue and nodded heavily, "He said that Sharon was pregnant with his child. Even if we got engaged, he wouldn't leave her."

Jameson stood there, his cold face showing no emotions, and Erica didn't know if he believed it or not.

"Jameson..." Erica probed.

"She has Martin's baby. Do you want her to deliver it?" Jameson looked away and said in a cold voice, "What does it have to do with me?"

"No ...Nothing. I think you have been very nice to her recently. I thought you were going to get married again." Jameson sneered and left with long legs without saying anything.

After taking a few steps, he suddenly stopped and warned without turning his head, "I don't want anyone in my family to know about her pregnancy except you." Erica was stunned.

She felt a chill rising from her feet.

"I...I won't tell anyone." After Jameson walked far away, Erica felt that she was saved.

She turned around and was about to return to her room when she saw Evie walk out.

Erica had heart in her mouth and said, "Aunt Evie, did you hear everything?"

Evie crossed her arms around her chest and said indifferently, "If I didn't hear it, wouldn't you tell me?"

"No, it's my cousin who won't let me..."

Evie smiled disdainfully and didn't take Jameson seriously, "Since you are so afraid of him, how could you have the courage to push Sharon downstairs?"

Erica was afraid that Jameson would hear her since he was not far away, so her voice became a little sharp, "Aunt Evie!"

"Don't worry, I've dealt with everything that happened back then. He won't find out." Erica bit her lips tightly.

Because she was afraid, her face paled.

At that time, when Sharon was lying on the ground, a lot of blood flowed from between her legs.

Although she kept saying that Sharon wasn't pregnant, she wasn't sure because there was so much blood...

If Jameson knew, he would definitely kill her! Before Erica could reply, Evie said, "Erica, you should know that Sharon's child cannot be kept, right?"

Sharon sneezed.

And she rubbed her nose.

Recently, it rained every day, and the temperature in the whole city dropped a lot.

However, the clothes she brought were all T-shirts, so she needed time to buy clothes.

Charlotte took out a few of her clothes and gave them to her, "They are all my old clothes. If you don't mind it, you can wear them."

Although these clothes were quite old-fashioned, they were quite retro.

Every piece of clothes was neat and tidy, as if they were just bought.

"Thank you, Charlotte."

Sharon was beautiful, and when she changed into Charlotte's skirt and knitted jacket, she looked like a girl from a little town. She was bright but not gorgeous.

She walked in front of Charlotte in a skirt and said, "Charlotte, how is it? Does it look good?"

Charlotte had a rare expression of satisfaction on her face as she nodded, "Not bad."

"Then I'll go out. Charlotte, do you have anything you want to buy? I'll bring it back for you."

Charlotte said, "Get some wool for me." Sharon nodded, "Alright, what color do you want?"

"Whatever you want."

When Sharon went out, the male tenant of the house next to Charlotte also happened to go out.

When he saw Sharon, he warmly greeted her, "Ms. Allyson, where are you going?"

"I'll just walk around and buy something."

"It's quite far from here to the downtown. Why don't I send you there?"

Sharon smiled and said, "Thank you. No need. I'll just walk there myself."

The male tenant had no choice but to give up and reluctantly leave.

After the rain, the weather was very good.

The mild sunlight shone through the clouds. The golden fallen leaves covered the entire street, making it lovely.

Sharon first went to buy the wool that Charlotte wanted, and then went to the hospital to have a maternity test.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 79

No Wonder He Didn't Have the Time to Check on Her

Perhaps it was because her life and mood had improved since she came here, the doctor said that the baby in her belly was well developed and super fit.

She only needed to wait a few more months before the little fellow would be born.

When Sharon returned home, there was a financial newspaper in the courtyard.

She put the things on the table and was about to bring the knitting wool to Charlotte when she saw something on the newspaper.

The Proctor Group.

Recently, the shareholders had gone through tremendous changes because of Martin and Erica's engagement.

It had hit the headlines for many days.

Jameson should have been occupied these days, so he didn't have the time to check on her.

At this time, Charlotte walked out of the room and saw Sharon reading the newspaper.

She asked, "Do you enjoy reading financial newspaper?"

Sharon quickly regained her senses and smiled, "No, I'm just browsing."

Charlotte looked at the newspaper and thought for a while before saying, "You must be from the South City."

"Yes," Sharon nodded.

Charlotte seemed to want to ask something, but the question stuck in her throat.

She asked instead, "Did you buy the knitting wool?"

"Here you are." Sharon handed the bag to her and said, "Charlotte, I bought some clothes on my way back. I'll return your clothes after washing them."

Charlotte said indifferently, "Forget it, you can keep it. They don't fit me anymore."

After this, she went back to her room.

In the evening, Julian Huntington knocked on the door, "Ms. Allyson, Charlotte, I bought some pastries. It's too much for Mary and me, so I bring you some."

It was normal for neighbors to share things with each other.

Sharon took it without thinking too much.

The next day, she bought some fruit for them on her way back.

However, things had gone beyond her expectations.

"Ms. Allyson, my mother sent me some specialties. Have a try."

"Ms. Allyson, my friend brought me the chocolate from abroad. I'm not a fan of chocolate. You should have a try."

"Ms. Allyson, my company gave me these cinema tickets as a benefit. If you have time, let's go to the movies tomorrow night."

At this point, Sharon knew that this guy must have a crush on her.

After Julian left, Sharon didn't know what to do with tickets in her hands.

Evie sat at the stone table and wove the sweater.

She asked, "He has sent you something five times in the past two days, right?"

"Yes."

"This young man is good. I heard that his parents are both teachers. He works in a state-owned enterprise. He has a promising and steady career." Sharon was speechless.

Charlotte looked up at her and said, "You should have a date with him."

Sharon smiled, "Charlotte, it's not the best time for me."

"I know you're pregnant. What's the big deal?"

Hearing this, Sharon was stunned and asked, "How did you find out?"

"It's easy to figure out the truth. The people living here are all middle-aged women with children. Everyone knew about your pregnancy on the first day you arrived." Charlotte continued, "You came here to start over. Why do you care so much about the past? Julian really likes you. If you want to give him a chance, you can ask him about it tomorrow while you're watching the movie. Love is a choice made by two sides. It's fine for you to take the lead."

"No man can accept the fact that I'm pregnant." Sharon said.

"There are always exceptions. How can you know if you don't try?"

Charlotte said, "You should tell him the truth. If he can accept it, he will come to tell you. If he can't, it's alright. He won't bother you in the future."

Sharon was surprised.

This was indeed the most effective way.

Sharon never wanted to hide her pregnancy, but she didn't think it was necessary to tell everyone about it.

When her belly started to show itself in the future, everyone would know about it.

But she didn't expect an admirer like Julian.

She thought for a while before she said, "I'll talk to him tomorrow."

Charlotte showed Sharon what she was working on and asked, "Do you like it?"

Only then did Sharon realize that what she had knitted these past two days was actually a pair of baby socks.

It was half past six in tomorrow's night. Sharon waited Julian in front of the cinema in Charlotte's skirt.

In a while, Julian ran over.

He was sweating all over and said, "Sorry, I was stuck in traffic on the road. I ran all the way here. Am I late for the movie?"

Sharon smiled and said, "No. The movie won't start until ten minutes later. You are right on time."

Julian heaved a sigh of relief, "Thank god. Let's go in."

Sharon did not move and said, "Julian, I want to tell you something."

"Let's talk about it after the movie. My colleague said that this movie is really good."

Hearing this, Sharon nodded and said, "Alright."

This was the first time Sharon had come to the cinema alone except for Tiffany.

Fortunately, Julian didn't talk to her during the movie.

He just watched the movie with all his attention.

After the movie, Julian stretched and asked, "Are you hungry? Let's go have dinner." Sharon said, "Perfect. Let's go."

Sharon paid for the dinner.

Julian wanted to transfer money to her.

He said, "I asked you out today. How can I let you treat me to dinner?"

Sharon smiled and said, "It's fine. You paid for the movie tickets. The dinner is on me."

Julian understood what she meant, but he was still unwilling to accept it, "The movie tickets were given by my company, and I didn't pay for them either."

"It doesn't matter." After leaving the restaurant, Julian whispered, "Ms. Allyson, can I just call you Sharon?"

"Sure."

"Sharon, I'm 29 years old. My parents are teachers in my hometown. They are covered by pension. I also..."

“Julian.”

Sharon gently interrupted him, “Thank you for telling me this. However, I don’t want to be in a relationship for the time being. I just want to raise the child by myself.”

Hearing this, Julian was a little anxious and said, “But you are an unwed mother. It’s inconvenient for you to raise the child all by yourself. I am willing to help you.”

Sharon was not surprised that he knew about her pregnancy.

She said, “We met half a month ago. We don’t know each other. Besides, it’s impossible for your parents to approve our relationship.”

“Love will come in time. I’ll just tell my parents that the child is mine. They’ll definitely be very happy!”

Sharon shook her head and said, “You’ve just met me and had a crush on me. But soon, the novelty will wear off.”

“But...”

“Thank you for the movie tonight. I’ll excuse myself.”

After this, she turned around and left.

Tonight, the moonlight was very bright.

The world was bathed in moonlight, quiet and bright.

Sharon walked along the river and kicked a stone along the way. She had a good time.

Suddenly, the stone rolled beside a chair not far away. On the stone chair sat a man.

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He Had No Intention of Letting Her Go Indeed

Under the moonlight, the man’s upright nose, thin lips, and square jaw line looked just perfect. He raised his head slightly, as if he was looking at the sky.

He didn’t notice her arrival.

When Sharon saw him, she quickly turned around and wanted to run.

But Jacob greeted her before she could run away. Sharon had no choice. She could only turn around and slowly walk to Jameson.

In the end, she stood in front of him and said, “Mr. Proctor, why are you here?”

Jameson didn’t look at her and said, “I’ll let Jacob report my schedule to you in the future.”

He sounded a little angry in the dark. Sharon didn’t know what to reply.

If you didn’t want to tell me, then you could keep it to yourself. He was such a jerk.

Sharon didn’t know what he wanted from her.

After standing there for a while, she asked, "Mr.Proctor, when did you come? Did you have your dinner yet?"

"I arrived when that guy said 'my parents were teachers in my hometown'.

Sharon frowned and said, "Did you eavesdrop on us?"

Only then did Jameson slowly turn his head and look at her coldly, "I happened to hear your conversation.If you're afraid of being heard, why don't you guys chat in your bedroom?"

Sharon took a deep breath.She didn't want to argue with him.

Jameson continued, "You're quite attractive to men.Martin just got over you, and then you got another admirer.You just couldn't live without a man, aren't you?"

"Mr.Proctor, I learnt from the best."

Jameson was speechless.He looked at her outfit carefully.

His beautiful eyebrows knitted slightly and asked, "What are you wearing?"

"It's fashion.It's something you don't understand."

Sharon tossed her hair back and looked elsewhere.

Jameson snorted as he stood up and tidied up his sleeves.

He just left without looking at her.

Sharon stood there for a few seconds before she turned around.

She saw Jameson get into a black Maybach which was not far away.

She was still a little dumbfounded until the car was out of her sight.

How could he leave like that? He came here to scold her for dating another man.

Could it be that he was just in a bad mood? Sharon felt puzzled.

When she returned, Charlotte was watering the flowers in the courtyard.

When she heard the sound of the door opening, she did not raise her head and asked, "How was it?"

Sharon said with hesitation.

Charlotte stood up and said, "You must reject Julian, right? Since everything goes your way, why are you still unhappy?"

Sharon hesitated for a long time before she said, "I met my ex-husband on my way back."

"Did you guys quarrel?"

Sharon shook her head gently, "He suddenly came to me and said some strange words.Then he just left.I don't know what he's here for.' Charlotte said indifferently, "He misses you."

Sharon was speechless.

Sharon said, "Charlotte, come on. I'm serious."

"Why did he come all the way from the South City when you weren't married anymore? Isn't he here to see you?"

"What he did made no sense," Sharon said as she sat in the chair.

"He did all kinds of crazy things, but he always has reasonable explanations.

But one thing for sure is that he hates me." Charlotte continued watering the flowers and said, "Silly girl. If he really hates you, why would he marry you?"

"It was complicated back then. His parents forced him to marry me because of my pregnancy. That's why he always thinks me as a scheming woman who could do anything to get what she wants."

"Then have you explained it to him?"

"I have. But he doesn't believe me. He thinks I'm trying to quibble."

Charlotte sighed and said, "Divorce might be the best choice if he had no trust in you."

"That's right. But I felt that he became even stranger since the divorce. He became so unpredictable."

Sharon rested her head on the table and zoned out.

Charlotte smiled and said, "He was acting like a reckless child."

Sharon nodded in agreement. That jerk was quite childish.

Early the next morning, Sharon heard a low voice coming from outside the window.

Everyone was talking with serious expressions, as if they were discussing something important.

After freshening up, she also joined them to gossip.

"What's the matter?"

Mary whispered, "I heard that there is a developer who is planning to purchase our houses and rebuild them into a resort hotel."

Another aunt said, "The news came out of the blue. I've never heard of it before. If this place is demolished, where do we live?"

"Yeah, we've lived here for decades, and our children aren't around. We only have each other."

"The street will definitely change greatly after the resort hotel is built. I'm afraid it's hard to find such a suitable place to enjoy our retirement."

"You tell me. The air here is fresh and the environment is friendly. Anyway, I don't want to leave."

After hearing this, Sharon suddenly realized something.

She seemed to know what Jameson was doing here. He had no intention of letting her go indeed.

Sharon pursed her lips and turned to leave. She was not far away from the crowd when Charlotte came out of the room.

She asked, "Where are you going so early?"

Sharon said, "I have something to do. Charlotte, I'm going out. Don't wait me for lunch."

Charlotte nodded and said, "Mind your step. What's the rush?"

Hearing this, Sharon took a deep breath and slowed down.

She sent a message to Jacob and asked them where they were.

As if Jacob was waiting for her message, he immediately sent their location in the hotel.

Sharon gritted her teeth and stopped a taxi on the street.

When she was about to enter, she saw Jameson walking out of the hotel surrounded by a group of people.

She found that Julian was also a member of it.

However, Julian didn't notice her.

As soon as he went to work today, his boss told him that a big shot came from the South City to discuss the development of the resort hotel.

His leader asked him and some other colleagues to give him a reception.

Seeing so many people around, Sharon didn't go to find Jameson.

Instead, she hid in a corner and sent another message to Jacob, asking when they would be free.

Jacob replied, "Perhaps in the evening."

Then he sent Jameson's room number and said, "Mr. Proctor said that Ms. Allyson can wait for him in his room."

Sharon had nothing to reply.

What did this jerk think of her! Sharon took a deep breath and sent the message angrily, "Thank you. I'll come back later!"

After sending the message, Sharon angrily walked back home.

After getting off the taxi, she found that there were seven or eight black cars parked on both sides of the quiet river. The black Maybach that Jameson was driving yesterday is here too.