

Resume 91

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 91

Haven't You Hugged Me Enough?

Sharon gritted her teeth tightly.

So, she wasn't even a person in his eyes! Before Sharon could retort, Jameson said lightly, "Go change. Let's go for a walk."

"Didn't you just go walking yesterday?"

"You also ate yesterday. Why bother to eat today?"

Sharon was choked.

What an asshole. She swiftly turned around, slammed the door behind her and locked it.

Jameson took a look at the door lock before raising his head slightly.

Then, his Adam's apple moved when something occurred to him.

He retracted his gaze and cleared his throat, "I'll wait downstairs. Hurry up."

Sharon's sullen voice came out from the room, "Okay!"

What was the rush! Why didn't he go on his own if he was in such a hurry! Sharon still chose to wear Charlotte's retro skirt, a style that Jameson couldn't appreciate.

In order to keep the man waiting longer, she proceeded to put on a makeup leisurely.

When Sharon went downstairs, Jameson was standing in the courtyard with his back to her, one hand in the pocket of his suit trousers and the other one holding his phone while communicating.

He looked tall and straight.

His voice was deep and magnetic. It was pleasant to the ear.

A man, however terrible, was good-looking while concentrating on work.

Two minutes later, Jameson hung up his phone and turned to look at Sharon, who immediately turned her eyes away and said, "Sorry for keeping you wait. I..."

She was waiting for Jameson's sarcastic remarks, but unexpectedly he just thrust his phone into his trousers' pocket and said drily, "Let's go."

The neighbors were all on a trip at the invitation of Mary.

Normally, they would be outside of their houses in twos and threes.

But now, they were not around, so the whole street was extremely quiet.

Silently, the sunlight shone, enveloping this ancient long street.

Behind Jameson in a distance, Sharon walked and casually kicked the stones near her feet.

At the end of the street was a wide river.

In the past days, Sharon loved to stay here watching the sunset every day.

In those days, most of the residents of Bridge Street would be playing chess and walking birds here.

Now that they weren't here, it was much more deserted.

There were only a few passers-by and some children running around playing games.

Jameson stood by the river and looked at the scenery from afar.

He seemed to have got something in his head.

Sharon yawned behind him. She was really sleepy.

How come he was so energetic? Just as Sharon was about to fall into sleep, Jameson's voice suddenly came to her ears.

"Come here."

Sharon looked over and realized that Jameson had gone down the stairs.

Now, he was standing upright near a boat.

She managed to gather her spirit and then went down the stairs.

However, when she reached the last step, the far distance between her and the boat stopped her from moving forward.

Just as she wondered how to get on the boat, a slender hand reached out in front of her.

Sharon got stunned for a moment and lifted her head. Jameson seemed to be getting impatient.

"What are you doing? Come on up."

Sharon hesitated for a while before placing her hand in his palm.

When Sharon stepped on the boat, it shook slightly.

She couldn't stand firmly and accidentally fell into Jameson's arms.

Jameson put his hand on her waist.

After a few seconds, he asked, "Haven't you hugged me enough?"

Sharon instantly realized what happened and hurried to take a few steps back.

However, the boat in the water tended to be shaking.

Uncontrollably, she tilted backwards.

Just when Sharon worried that she might fall into the water, Jameson held her waist and pulled her back.

Jameson said, "Stop being so reckless! Be careful."

It was all his fault! Seeing this, the boatman smiled and said, "Mister and madam, please be seated. The waves are a little big today. Be careful."

Sharon opened her mouth and was about to explain when the boat shook again.

As a result, she got closer to Jameson.

When finally sitting down, Sharon hurriedly moved to the side, trying her best to keep a distance from him.

Jameson took a glimpse of her and snorted.

The boat staggered slowly on the river.

It was very quiet.

Only the occasional sounds of the wind sweeping tree branches could be heard.

The water here was very clear.

Sometimes, small fish could be seen swimming in groups.

Sharon leaned sideways on the boat, her hands gently flashing through the water.

It was cool and very comfortable.

Just as she was having fun, the man's voice rang from the side.

"Sharon, I hope you know that I'm working. This is not a date."

She withdrew her gaze, doubt written all over her face.

"What makes you say that, Mr. Proctor?"

"Didn't you just put on a makeup for me?"

Sharon found it hard to respond. She laughed.

"Mr. Proctor, you're really"

Jameson looked sideways and said in a solemn tone, "What?"

Sharon then turned serious and replied, "You're really a great observer to spot my intention."

Jameson ignored her and looked away.

Being interrupted by him, Sharon did not have the mood to fiddle with the water anymore. She sat there straight.

The boat was peacefully sailing on the surface of the river.

Both of them remained silent. Not long after, Sharon started yawning again.

The warm sunlight was doing nothing but hypnotizing her.

Finally, Sharon fell asleep.

She tilted her head and leaned against the shoulder of the man beside her.

Jameson looked down at her without too much emotions.

The boatman whispered, "Sir, are you coming for a vacation?"

After a few seconds, Jameson answered with a simple yes.

"Then what scenic spots have you two visited?"

"We just arrived last night. The trip doesn't really start yet."

The boatman said, "How about I give you some recommendations? Some places that young couples like to go."

When Sharon woke up, the boat was already moving towards the shore.

She stretched her body and was just about to move her stiff neck when she found that she was leaning against something.

After noticing that, Sharon hurried to sit upright.

Unfortunately, she hurt her neck and let out a groan.

Then she heard a snort from the man next to her.

He was mocking her ridicule behavior.

Sharon raised her hand to rub her neck.

She couldn't help but inquire, "Mr. Proctor, why didn't you wake me up?"

"Who can wake a person who pretends to be asleep?"

He thought she was faking her sleep just to lean against him? Before Sharon could argue with him, Jameson had stood up.

The boat stopped.

He stepped forward with his long legs and got on the shore.

Then, Jameson reached his hand for her.

Without bothering to speak to her, he only raised his chin and signaled for her to come down.

Sharon curled her lips and gently put her hand in his palm.

After getting off the boat, she instantly withdrew her hand. In case he would assume that she was taking advantage of him again.

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Are You A Turtle?

You Walk So Slowly! Jameson didn't even look at her as he withdrew his hand and walked up the stairs with his long legs.

After following a few steps, Sharon couldn't help but ask, "Do you want to go anywhere else? If not, I'll go back."

"No one told you that you should be more active when you're pregnant?"

Sharon said seriously, "The doctor only told me to rest more and to stay away from those annoying people and things as far as possible."

Jameson glanced over.

"However, being with Mr.Proctor can make me happy.Where else do you want to go? Let's make it quick.Otherwise, it will be dark soon.'

Jameson looked at the forced smile on her face and sneered, "I'm not going."

Sharon took a deep breath, it better be that.

The road back seemed to be much shorter than it was to this place, and it didn't take long for them to reach the door.

Sharon said, "Then I'll go upstairs.Call me if you need anything."

Without waiting for Jameson to reply, she ran away.

After returning to her room, Sharon sat in front of the bed and opened the draft.

However, she picked up the pen and did not draw.

Right now, her mind was filled with images of Jameson standing at the stern of the boat, stretching out his hand towards her.

After Sharon finished drawing, she habitually signed her name on the draft.

She put down her pen and stretched when Tiffany called.

Tiffany said, "Sharon, what are you doing?"

Just as Sharon was about to reply, she looked down and saw the painting on the table.

She didn't know if it was due to guilt, but she immediately closed the draft and smiled awkwardly, "Nothing ...I just drew a draft.What's wrong?"

Fortunately, Tiffany did not notice her strangeness.

She only said, "I'm so bored in South City alone.It will be weekend tomorrow.Why don't I come and have fun with you for some days? The photos you sent me earlier are quite nice."

Before Sharon could think about it, she subconsciously said, "Don't!"

Tiffany was puzzled, "What's wrong?"

"I mean ...it's too far. Moreover, you only have two days, so you can't have much time for fun. Next time. The next time you have a long vacation, you can come here."

"Alright then, I saw Asher several days ago. He and that home wrecker were very intimate. Back then, he pretended that he was going to die without me. It's really disgusting. Men are all liars. They always yearn for more and can never be satisfied."

So what? Once Asher left, he busied himself.

Feelings were nothing to people like him.

Even Asher was like this, let alone...

Tiffany complained for a while, then told Sharon to take care of herself and hung up.

Sharon put down her phone and opened the draft book again.

After thinking for a while, she tore off the page and rolled it into a ball and threw it into the trash can.

She took a deep breath and picked up her spirits.

She began to draw a draft of the design.

Sharon was immersed in her work, completely unaware that it was getting darker and darker.

After a long time, the door was knocked twice.

Jameson's voice sounded, "Sharon, are you asleep?"

Sharon got up and reluctantly opened the door, "Mr. Proctor, what's the matter?"

"Go out for dinner.' Only then did Sharon realize that it was time for dinner.

However, didn't this jerk refuse to eat out? Why did he change his mind? Jameson looked out of the window and said, "It's cold tonight. Bring a coat.'

"Oh."

Sharon went back to her room to get a coat and went downstairs.

When she left the house, she saw the Maybach that was parked by the roadside.

When Sharon saw Jameson walk over with long legs, she thought that they would go somewhere far away.

Food was the most important thing for human, so it was better to stop being pretentious at this time.

But what she didn't expect was that when she opened the door to the back seat, Jameson also opened the door to the driver's seat.

Sharon was lost for words.

Jameson looked at her with an unhappy face, "Sit in front."

Sharon silently closed the door and walked to the passenger seat.

On the way, Sharon had been looking out of the window, wanting to ask Jameson where they were going.

But he would probably not answer, so she gave up.

As the car drove farther and farther away, the surrounding became brighter and brighter.

Looking at the bustling crowd, Sharon guessed that they should be in the downtown.

This jerk was quite picky about the place for his meal.

He had to come all the way here to eat.

After Jameson stopped the car, they walked forward.

There were many people here.

Sharon was pregnant, and her legs weren't as long as his.

Not long after, she was squeezed and left a long way behind.

She wasn't in a hurry.

It was best if they got separated.

They would eat on their own and went home without disturbing each other.

But not long after, she heard a cold and deep male voice above her head, "Are you a turtle? You walk so slowly!"

Sharon replied without thinking, "Are you an ostrich? You walk so fast!"

Jameson was overwhelmed.

Sharon did not know what kind of place he was taking her to.

Her belly had long since started to rumble, and the baby was also protesting, causing her to feel sick.

She wanted to vomit but unable to.

Jameson saw that her face was a little pale and her lips were slightly pursed.

It was rare for him to not lose his temper.

He only said, "We'll be there in five minutes."

"If I had known that you were so picky, I would have eaten two steamed buns at home."

Jameson's face darkened, "Sharon, don't push me."

Sharon ignored him and continued forward.

Jameson was half a step away from her and slowly followed behind her.

He blocked the crowd for her.

When Sharon noticed this, she felt even more irritated and unconsciously quickened her pace.

But before she could walk far, Jameson's voice sounded, "Here we are."

Sharon followed his line of sight and saw endless bright yellow lights and stalls on both sides of the street.

All kinds of snacks, accessories, toys, clothes...Everything was dazzling.

"This is...?"

Before she could finish asking, Jameson had lifted his leg and walked in.

The jerk's kindness lasted for less than two minutes.

Standing on the street filled with stalls of snacks, Jameson looked at Sharon and said, "What do you want to eat?"

Sharon didn't stand on ceremony with him.

She ordered a lot of snacks in one breath and then asked symbolically, "How about you?"

"Just take care of yourself."

OK.

She was just asking randomly.

Just as Sharon was about to find a place to sit down, she realized that Jameson was standing there alone with no intention of moving.

She kindly reminded, "Mr.Proctor, the waiter will send them over when they are ready.You don't have to wait here for it."

Jameson said, "I know."

Not knowing if it was an illusion, Sharon seemed to have heard him gritting his teeth.

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I'll Give You Another Chance

When she was in college, there were streets like this around the campus.She and Tiffany used to go shopping there at night.

However, it was not so grand and prosperous as this street.

Unexpectedly, Jameson would like such a crowded place.

Very quickly, the snacks that Sharon ordered were served one after another.

With the chopsticks, she was about to have them when she found that Jameson was browsing through the documents on his phone.

After some hesitation, she handed the chopsticks to him.

The jerk just took them without looking up.

Curling her lips with dissatisfaction, she took another pair.

When she was halfway through the snacks, Jameson put down his phone and glanced at the food on the table.

“Why don’t you have these?”

After swallowing the food, she explained “I order these for you.”

Jameson pushed the boxes in front of him to her and said indifferently, “You just need to take care of yourself.”

Sharon was speechless.

He was really an ungrateful person.

Sharon had planned to order her favorite snacks for herself.

Seeing him busy with work, she changed her mind.

Now that he didn’t appreciate it, she could enjoy these delicious snacks on her own.

After having various kinds of snacks, she couldn’t help burping.

Jameson took a glance at her, “Have you had enough?”

“No more, I’m full. I will go to...”

Sharon planned to ask for a packing bag.

Before Sharon finished her words, Jameson picked up his chopsticks again and started having her leftovers.

Sharon was stunned and confused at his behavior.

What did he want to do this time? Noticing her surprised look, Jameson said in a flat voice, “We had better not waste food.”

Obviously he misunderstood her.

Sharon didn’t explain it and looked away.

The streets were brightly lit at night.

Most of the people who came here together were on intimate terms, such as lovers, friends, or family.

However, Sharon and Jameson were divorced.

It was hard to imagine that they would have dinner together on a street like this.

Just as she was lost in the thought, Jameson finished, “Let’s go.”

“Alright.”

Sharon was about to walk towards the exit when she noticed that Jameson was walking towards the busier streets.

Sharon was more confused.

After walking a few steps, Jameson found that Sharon did not follow him.

He turned to look at her and said indifferently, "I won't hold you in front of so many people. Don't be delusional."

Sharon managed a weak smile, but she didn't find any grounds for complaint.

Finally, she speeded up to walk in front of him.

Jameson continued to follow her unhurriedly like before.

Sharon covertly glanced back a few times.

'Is the jerk crazy? What exactly does he want to do?' Before Sharon figured it out, she was attracted by the stuffed toys at a street stall.

After picking out a few, she was about to pay by phone when she heard the sound of payment.

Sharon turned to look at Jameson in disbelief.

His distinctly outlined face showed an unhappy look, "Why are you looking at me?"

Sharon didn't know how to answer.

'What's wrong with him?' Jameson almost drove Sharon crazy.

At this time, Jameson's phone rang.

He turned to find a relatively quiet place to answer the phone.

With a smile on his face, the owner of the stall handed the toys to Sharon.

"He must be your husband. You are a good-looking couple."

Sharon was about to say no while he continued, "Do you come here to hang the blessing token or float river lanterns?"

"What?"

Sharon did not hear him clearly.

"The Matchmaker Temple is the most famous place to visit. Many couples come here to hang the blessing token, which works like a charm. If you write your names on it, the matchmaker will..."

Jameson walked towards them as the owner tried to introduce more details to her.

Smiling with embarrassment, Sharon hurried to interrupt the owner, "I know ...I know. Thank you. We'll be leaving now.'

Fortunately, Jameson did not hear the owner's words. Otherwise, he would have mercilessly mocked her for her fantasies. Sharon left the stall with vigorous strides.

Jameson walked up to her, frowning, "Why are you in such a hurry?"

"I... 'm suddenly sleepy. I want to go back now and you can stroll around the street by yourself."

"You are such a slacker!" Sharon didn't contradict him.

Jameson said in cold voice, "I won't carry you in my arms no matter what tricks you play."

Sharon really felt a little tired at the moment.

After two seconds of silence, she was forced to embark on this journey.

And she didn't know when it would end.

After walking for a few minutes, Sharon saw a river where there were many bright and resplendent lanterns.

People came here to float river lanterns.

After going forward along the river, they arrived at a long corridor. The corridor was overcrowded.

Young people held the blessing token with their names written on it.

They wanted to find a good place to hang it.

Looking at these people, Sharon understood why Jameson had brought her here.

Since the resort was under discussion, Jameson should come to inspect the tourism industry personally to see if it could satisfy the hotel occupancy.

She was too reckless, and yet there was still a moment she thought...

After coming her sense, Sharon turned to find Jameson standing by the river, who was gazing at the river lanterns, looking all tranquil.

She walked over and said, "Mr. Proctor..."

"Sharon."

Jameson interrupted her and said indifferently, "I'll give you another chance."

"What do you mean?"

Sharon did get it at the moment. Jameson tilted his head to look at her.

His thin lips moved slightly and slowly, "Marry me."

"Thank you for giving me this opportunity, but I don't need it."

Jameson sneered coldly and looked away, "Don't rush with your answer. You won't be so fortunate next time."

Sharon kept silent.

It wasn't the first time he had asked her to marry him again.

Before Sharon said anything, Jameson continued, "I don't want to hear others complain about me because of you."

Sharon curled her lips with dissatisfaction, "Mr.Proctor, I will explain the misunderstanding to Mary.'

"You don't have to explain.' Jameson added, "We both know you are an irresponsible person, leaving me without saying goodbye."

Sharon knew that she had made mistakes in dealing with their relationship.

Therefore, smiling with embarrassment, she didn't say anything.

After a while, Jameson continued, "I'll give you enough time to think about it and tell me the answer before I leave."

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Why Can't You Stop Making Trouble for Me

On the way back, Sharon did not say anything in accordance with the occasion.

Perhaps only Jameson, a bast*d, could righteously utter such irrational remarks.

After arriving home, Sharon whispered, "Mr.Proctor, I'll go upstairs and take a rest now.'

"OK."

It seemed that Jameson didn't want to say a word besides that indifferent response.

This attitude was the true color of the br*t.

After returning to her room, Sharon locked the door tightly and went to the bathroom with her clothes in her hands.

She did not take a rest at noon.

Moreover, she had been to so many places with Jameson.

Now, she really wished she could finish her shower and go to bed as soon as possible.

Unexpectedly, in the middle of her shower, the light above her head suddenly went out.

A few seconds later, the water became ice-cold.

Sharon immediately turned off the shower and groped for her towel in the darkness.

She wrapped her hair and slowly put on her clothes before she could open the window and look out.

Naturally, the whole street was blacked out.

Bridge Street had a long history, and its circuits were also old.

There have been power failures from time to time.

However, this kind of accident happened mostly in the daytime, so it didn't bring about much impact on people's life.

Moreover, the problem could be fixed very quickly.

It was the first time that power outage had happened at night since Sharon moved here.

She walked out of the bathroom and groped for her phone on the table.

She turned on the flashlight, and slowly went downstairs.

Sharon remembered Charlotte once told her that the candles were kept in the locker in the hall.

However, after finding out the candles, Sharon realized something even more embarrassing.

She didn't have a lighter.

She had searched everywhere she could, but she still couldn't find any lighter.

Sharon turned around and looked at the pitch-black door.

She sighed helplessly and asked, "Mr.Proctor, are you asleep?"

A few seconds later, the door was opened.

Jameson looked at her coldly and asked, "What's the matter?"

"Well ...the electricity is off.Do you have a lighter? May I borrow it to light some candles."

Jameson said very ruthlessly, "Didn't you get sleepy for a long time? What else do you want to do besides sleeping when the power is cut off?"

She didn't respond to his rude remarks.

In a pleading manner, Sharon was always in a good temper.

She said, "I still have some foam on my hair.So I have to boil water to wash my hair.'

"With what?"

"Charlotte has a coal stove.I've seen it before.It's supposed to work."

Jameson pursed the corners of his lips and asked, "Where is it?"

"It should be in the kitchen,' Sharon said.

"I can't remember.I have to see whether it's there or not."

She paused without forgetting what she was here for.

"By the way, could you please lend me the lighter?"

"No."

Sharon didn't say anything.

You would never resume matrimonial relation with me! To hell with you, bast*rd! Jameson came out of the room and took a candle from her hand, walking straight to the kitchen.

When Sharon followed him to the kitchen, the candle had already been lit on the shelf, and the tiny flame was swaying in the wind.

Jameson took out the stove from a pile of debris. He glanced at Sharon.

"What are you doing here?" He said unhappily.

"Well, I..."

"Wait outside."

With the help of the candles on the shelf, Sharon lit up the candles in her hand.

When she left, she kindly left one for Jameson.

At the courtyard, Sharon put the candles she had on the stone table, rubbing her hands and looking up at the sky.

Without the city lights, the moon in the sky looked even bleaker and brighter.

Before long, Sharon heard some noise coming from the kitchen, but she did not see Jameson come out.

She tried to hold it back but she failed.

She finally asked, "Mr. Proctor, is it the case that you don't know how to use it?"

After a few seconds of silence, a voice came from the kitchen, "Shut up!"

"Alright."

Sharon waited for another ten minutes before she saw Jameson coming out with a coal stove mismatched with him in any case.

After placing kettle on the stove, Jameson squatted on one knee and turned to her.

"Speak it out if you anything else to say."

Sharon blinked and said, "I'm hungry." Jameson remained silent.

Sharon thought he might mock her by saying "You've got a dog's belly that cannot get enough with food".

After all, he had already used many animals to describe her tonight.

She muttered softly, "A pregnant woman is easy to get hungry. Besides, I didn't take the initiative to mention it."

"So it's my fault?"

Jameson ignored her and took out his phone.

Seeing that he was calling Jacob, Sharon said immediately, "Mr.Proctor, please don't do it.I didn't really mean it.Please don't bother Mr.Jacob when it's so late."

Jameson put down his phone and looked at her quietly, and then he asked, "Then what do you want?"

"I have some snacks in my room ...Mr.Proctor, could you please help me to take them down?" Sharon said reluctantly.

If it hadn't been the power outage, she would have done it by herself long ago.

Jameson stood up and said, "Wait here."

Sharon smiled as a response to his indifference.

She said, "Thank you, Mr.Proctor.It's all in a small basket on the desk.Please just take some of them at will."

On the second floor.

Sharon's desk was right beside the window, and the moonlight was faintly shining on the table.

It was quiet and gentle.

Jameson found the basket full of snacks at a glance.

He didn't have any interest in selection, so he simply picked up the whole basket of snacks.

He just walked for a couple of steps before he stepped on something.

Jameson took a step back and crouched down.

Sharon supported herself with her hands on the table and looked at the flickering candles in front of her.

She was slightly distracted.

Ever since the last night, Jameson's attitude towards her has become very strange.

Although his words were still so unpleasant to hear, he actually took care of her in detail.

Could it be the result of the change of living environment? Not knowing how long it had past, something was suddenly put in front of her.

Sharon stopped thinking and raised her head to see the basket full of snacks.

Her lips moved as she wanted to say something.

Forget about it.

Jameson was already willing to condescend to fetch her snacks.

What else can she expect him to do? "Thank you, Mr.Proctor." she said with a smile.

Jameson said unhappily, "I don't need 'thank you.I'd prefer you stop making troubles for me."

Sharon ignored his words.

She opened a bag of snacks.

"Mr.Proctor, do you want some?"

"No."

That sounded good.

Anyway, she just asked him out of politeness.

Sharon felt much better when she ate her snack.

Jameson sat beside her.

His black eyes were fixing on her.

After a while, he suddenly said, "Sharon.

"What?"

In the darkness, Jameson frowned slightly and looked down at her belly.

His thin lips moved, but he still didn't say the rest.

Sharon asked, "Mr.Proctor?"

Jameson looked back and said indifferently, "It's good for the mind if you eat less junk food."

Sharon didn't know what to say.

At this moment, the water on the stove boiled.Sharon put down her snack.

Just as she was about to get the basin, Jameson had already stood up and disappeared into the darkness.

Two minutes later, he came out with a kettle of cold water in his hand.

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Why Don't You Like Me?

Sharon never expected that one day, the jerk Jameson would boil water for her to wash her hair.

His status put aside, it felt bizarre.

To Sharon, it was like the treat before execution.It freaked her out.

She said, "Mr.Proctor ...I will do it myself."

Jameson returned coldly, "Be quiet.' Sharon said no more.

Warm water flowed down from the top of her head and into the flower bushes.

Even though Sharon couldn't see the whole picture, she guessed that it must be a very happy and warm scene.

Of course, the premise was that the jerk did not have a cold face.

Apart from that, every move of them was serene and slow, giving people the impression that they were an ordinary loving couple.

As soon as this thought popped up in her mind, Sharon was shocked and subconsciously dodged from him.

Jameson held her shoulder and said unhappily, "Don't move. Didn't you say the temperature of the water was okay?"

Hearing that, she was even more tempted to imagine the happily married life they could have.

"I was bitten by a mosquito," she said after a moment of silence.

"I didn't know both men and mosquitoes were attracted to you."

"Since I'm so attractive to men, why don't you like me?" she retorted.

Jameson was lost for words.

In fact, Sharon regretted what she had said as soon as she finished speaking.

She knew nothing good could come from that jerk.

Unexpectedly, just then, the lights in the courtyard suddenly lit up.

Immediately after, the electrical appliances in the house and the street lamps were restored to power.

She hadn't gotten the answer yet. But it didn't matter.

The light in the yard was glaring.

When she turned her head to avoid the light, she accidentally met his calm eyes and hurriedly turned away.

After wrapping her hair in a dry towel, she said, "Thank you, Mr. Proctor, I'm going upstairs."

Reaching the room, Sharon quickly locked the door and let out a breath of relief.

It was so close.

If Jameson had answered her, his mean words might be irritating enough to give her another sleepless night.

Sharon went back into the bathroom to blow-dry her hair. Before she could finish that, she sneezed.

At night, while lying on the bed, Sharon looked out of the window quietly, thinking about what had happened earlier that day.

Jameson had acted too strangely.

She couldn't help wondering, 'Does he like me?' What he did just didn't make sense.

By midnight, still unable to interpret his behavior, Sharon yawned and dozed off. It was a sound sleep.

The next day, she didn't wake up until there was a knock on the door.

She slowly opened her eyes.

When she sat up, she felt dizzy and had a stuffy nose.

Sharon stayed on the bed for a while before she got up to open the door.

Leaning against the wall, Jameson glanced at her and said, "I didn't expect you to hold a grudge."

"What?"

"Just because I said you ate too much, you didn't have to starve yourself." Sharon was confused.

She turned around and looked out of the window, only to find that the sun had risen high in the sky. It seemed almost noon.

"I don't have any appetite," Sharon said sluggishly.

"You enjoy your meal."

After saying that, she turned around to go back to sleep. Jameson grabbed her wrist and felt her forehead with his other hand.

"Go to the hospital," he ordered.

What he said still bothered her.

She reflexively shook off his hand and stammered, "Not necessary ... I just need to sleep for a while." Jameson could easily read her mind.

Hands in his pant pockets, he looked at her and scolded, "Sharon, use your head. If I was to get rid of the baby, would I have let you stay here for more than half a month?"

"No matter what, you don't want the baby. Anyway, I won't go." Jameson sneered, "It's best if your cold gets worse. Then before I make a move, your..."

Sharon hurriedly covered his mouth with her hand to stop him from finishing his sentence.

"Mr. Proctor, be a good person."

Making harsh remarks was always his style.

Running out of patience, he asked sternly, "Are you going or not?"

"Fine, I'll go. Thank you for the ride, Mr. Proctor."

Jameson was surprised.

"Did I ever say I was going to take you there?" he asked with a long face.

She said, "Never mind. Please move."

She walked past him, but before she could go far, he scooped her up.

She raised her head and saw his chiseled jawline.

"If you passed out here, it would waste more of my time," he said.

Sharon decided to ignore him.

He could say whatever he wanted.

She didn't have the strength to quarrel with him.

In the hospital, the doctor said that Sharon had caught a cold.

She just needed to take some medicine and rest.

As he said that, the doctor looked at Jameson, who was standing at the door with a cold expression.

"How could you let her catch a cold in such weather? As her husband, you should take good care of her. You're too irresponsible." Sharon hurriedly explained, "No ...he is not..."

"He is not what? Listen, young girl, women suffer the most when they're pregnant. Although you've passed the morning sickness phase, when your belly begins to swell, all parts of your body will change. When that happens, it'll be even more uncomfortable."

Then the doctor looked at Jameson again and scolded, "When a woman is willing to give birth to your child, it is a sign of love for you. Cherish her."

Hearing this, Jameson glanced at Sharon.

She couldn't figure out what he was thinking.

Sharon was embarrassed, feeling blood surge up into her head.

Somehow, she gathered some strength and stood up.

"Thank you, doctor. I'll remember that. Bye."

She quickly rushed out of the consulting room.

When she got the medicine from the pharmacy, Jameson appeared behind her and said indifferently, "You look energetic."

She didn't know what to say.

Jameson continued, "Looks like I don't need to carry you anymore."

"Mr. Proctor..."

"Yes?"

"Could you just shut up for a second?"

Sharon took a deep breath.

"You don't need to take what the doctor said to heart. It's my personal decision to keep this baby. It has nothing to do with you."

Jameson said unhurriedly, "I know.' Just as Sharon breathed a sigh of relief, he continued, "Yes, it has nothing to do with me that you want to give birth to my child.Nor does the case when you secretly drew me on the paper."

His tone was dripping with sarcasm.Sharon was too shocked to respond.

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What a Capable Liar You Are

Never could Sharon have thought that he would see the piece of paper that she had torn off.Her face immediately turned red, and she was on no ground to refute it.

Jameson said indifferently, "Where are your excuses?"

After holding back for a long time, Sharon said, "It's ...for my practice!!"

Actually, even herself didn't believe what she said.

However, that jerk was wired differently.

Perhaps he would buy it.

At this moment, Jameson's thin lips curved up, and a low laugh overflowed from his throat.

"..." Sharon stammered.

What was so funny! Jameson said, "Let's go for a meal.I'm hungry."

After tossing and turning for more than half a day, they finally got home after eating.

Sharon completely ignored the jerk and went upstairs to sleep.

But who would have thought that just as she was lying on the bed, a knock on the door was heard.

Sharon restrained her temper and got up to open the door, "What's the matter, Mr.Proctor?"

Jameson held a glass of water in his hand and said, "Take the medicine."

"I'll take it after I wake up."

"Take it before sleep.' Jameson's tone and attitude were tough, and he gave her a sense of pressure that he could pour the medicine into her mouth if she didn't.

Sharon took the glass of water over and slowly walked to the desk to put it down.

She unfolded the medicine given by the doctor, threw it into her mouth and swallowed it by drinking a few mouthfuls of water.

After taking the medicine, Sharon turned her head around and found that Jameson had already sat on the sofa in her bedroom getting to work, with the laptop on his laps.

Sharon, "?"

"Mr.Proctor, I'm going to sleep, she reminded impolitely.

Jameson did not raise his head and said indifferently, "I didn't forbid you to sleep.' Sharon gritted her teeth and said, "Thank you for Mr.Proctor to bring me water.I have already taken the medicine.You can leave now."

Jameson's long fingers paused for a moment.

He gently raised his eyes to look at her, and then looked out of the window and said, "The scenery here is pretty good.'

Did it mean he wasn't going to leave?! Without Sharon's speaking, Jameson said, "Didn't you say I didn't care about you? You sleep on your own.I'll stay here with you.'

"...I Didn't say it!"

"It's all the same." Jameson didn't really care about it.

He just said, "Sharon, I don't want to be called an irresponsible person because of you.Go to sleep.I don't want to say it a third time."

She had never known that the jerk cared about other people's words.

Forgot it, she couldn't do anything to him anyway, so she might as well not to get more angry.

"Mr.Proctor, please close the curtains."

Sharon laid on the bed with her back to him and pulled the blanket.

Jameson said, "..."

After a few seconds of silence, the sound of the curtains closing could still be heard.

Sharon was lying on the bed, the corners of her mouth couldn't help but raised.

The light was so dark that she wanted to see how the jerk worked.

He couldn't sit here all afternoon.

For a long time, there was no sound in the room.

Sharon began to get sleepy after taking the medicine.

She rubbed her head against the pillow and fell asleep.

Not aware how long, Sharon felt the bed move slightly.

She slept blankly and did not notice anything.

She only turned around and habitually hugged something.

She found it cold and comfortable, and then rubbed against it.

When Charlotte returned, it was almost dark.

She did not find Sharon in the courtyard.

She thought that Sharon should still be sleeping, like before.

After putting the rice into the pot, she went upstairs to call her.

She knocked on the door and said, "Sharon, are you there?"

Sharon rubbed her eyes and replied in a hoarse voice, "Yes."

"It's time for dinner. Get up."

Charlotte paused for a moment and asked, "Has Jameson left?"

Just as Sharon wanted to answer, she suddenly realized that something was wrong.

He was supposed to be sitting on the sofa.

Why was he on her bed and hugging her waist? Before Sharon could recover from her shock, Charlotte's voice spread over again, "Sharon?"

She didn't have time to think, "What? ...Well, maybe he has left. I was asleep in the afternoon and didn't see him."

Charlotte said, "Alright, then I'll go down."

As soon as Charlotte left, Sharon heard a low and hoarse male voice beside her ear, "What a capable liar you are."

"...." Sharon was lost for words.

Who was she telling the lie for? Sharon hurriedly pulled his hand away and got up.

"Mr. Proctor!"

She said angrily.

Jameson sat up, one of his long legs slightly bent, and his voice carried a hint of exhaustion, "What's wrong?"

"You..."

Sharon even couldn't say anything about his arrogance.

After a long time, she said, "I can call the police for this!"

Jameson said, "You want to call the police because I'm in your bed?"

"This isn't about in my bed, it's about sleeping beside me without my permission!"

"But you have slept beside me for quite many times."

"We weren't divorced back then. It was legal."

Jameson said after a long while, "Oh, really?"

Sharon was suddenly speechless, because Jameson's indifferent attitude reminded her of that night not too long ago. That was indeed after the divorce.

Jameson stood up and said, "If you don't call the police, I'll leave now."

"...," Sharon didn't know what to say.

The jerk was quite complacent.

Just as he opened the door, Sharon hurriedly said, "Wait!"

Right now, Charlotte was cooking in the kitchen.

He would just happen to meet her when he went downstairs.

Sharon said, "I'll go down first ...You can come down later."

After saying that, she hurried downstairs before Jameson could say anything.

Just at this moment, Mary brought something over and was talking to Charlotte in the courtyard.

Seeing this, Sharon breathed out gently.

Fortunately, she was smart to not let Jameson come downstairs.

Otherwise, if he saw Mary, she would be unable to explain herself no matter how eloquent she was.

But Sharon didn't expect Jameson to come in immediately after she came downstairs.

This jerk was deliberately trying to piss her off, isn't he? Compared to Sharon, Mary was the one who felt shocked most when she saw Jameson.

She widened her eyes and said in disbelief, "Jameson ...Mr.Proctor, why are you here?"

After all, he was a powerful man.

It was inappropriate for her to call him Jameson.

Jameson nodded slightly at her, "Hello, Mary."

Mary was even more surprised when she saw that he was wearing slippers.

"He is my son" Charlotte explained softly.

"What!"

Jameson did not care about what was happening behind him.

He glanced coldly at Sharon and returned to the room.

Sharon noticed that his shirt seemed to be a little dirty.

This ...wasn't her fault.

He had only himself to blame.

This was what he deserved for getting onto her bed without her permission.

Just think about it.

At the door, Mary was dumbfounded, as if she could not accept this fact for a long time.

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Maybe It's My Fault

After Mary left, Charlotte whispered to Sharon, "Did you fight again?"

Was it so obvious? Sharon tried to say something but she was too embarrassed to tell Charlotte the reason.

She could only lie calmly, "There's nothing serious. Perhaps he was in a bad mood."

Seemingly clear about the whole thing, Charlotte sighed, "He has always been into putting on a long face to others since his childhood."

Sharon thought to herself. It was just as what she had expected.

Charlotte said, "Alright, just leave him alone. Let's have dinner. It was not long before Jameson came out after changing his clothes. He was still having a frosty look, as if someone here owed him money.

Everything had been okay before she knew Jameson was Charlotte's son.

Now that she knew that, she couldn't help but feel a little embarrassed to sit at the dining table with them.

She naturally regarded herself as an outsider, let alone interfering with their affairs.

However, during dinner, Sharon observed them carefully.

Perhaps because of their respective personality, Charlotte and Jameson dealt with each other in a plain and natural way.

They neither gave too much attention nor showed estrangement and indifference, which was quite different from their last meeting.

This was good.

For Sharon, she only had vague memories of her mother.

She forgot her mother's appearance, and even details about daily life with her mother.

Even if one day, Josh told her that she was abandoned by someone else, and was picked up by him, she would believe it.

When it came to Josh, her thoughts were wandering.

After that night, she consciously tried to blot out Josh, deceiving herself that he was dead.

He must be spending his time at leisure somewhere with a large amount of money.

If possible, she wished he would never appear again in her life.

After dinner, Charlotte went to the kitchen to wash the dishes.

Sharon was about to go upstairs to have a rest when Jameson grabbed her wrist and said, "Where are you going?"

"Go to bed. Or where else can I go?"

He frowned and said, "Are you a pig? Can you still fall asleep after the whole day's rest?"

Sharon looked at him calmly.

"Mr. Proctor, is there anything I can do for you?"

Jameson rose from the chair and said indifferently, "Go out for a walk with me."

"Mr. Proctor, I have walked along this street with you for countless times these days. Please take your time and do it yourself. I won't..."

"Go with me or not?"

Sharon was speechless with rage.

She complained to herself, 'This jerk was really annoying.'

Apart from threatening her, he could do nothing!' She angrily took a step forward and said, "Fine, go!"

Jameson smiled faintly and then followed behind her.

The neighbors had returned from work, and the streets were bustling with people.

Some elder women passing by even greeted Sharon occasionally.

However, when they saw the man behind her, they showed surprise and seized up the couple, finally giving a knowing expression.

Soon, Sharon felt quite embarrassed and even wanted to find somewhere to hide.

Things were worse now.

The jerk said that night that he was married, and now everyone knew she was pregnant.

There must be all kinds of rumors about them hereafter.

Nevertheless, Jameson, who always took these things seriously, seemed not to notice anything.

He remained calm, and kept a distance of half a meter behind her.

Sharon quickened her pace and perfunctorily walked along the street to the end.

She said, "Mr. Proctor, maybe you can walk on by yourself. I really want to go back."

This time, he said nothing and only agreed in a low voice.

On the way back, Sharon finally couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Proctor, can I ask you a question?"

“Yes.”

“How long will it take you to complete the rest of your work here?”

Jameson turned to her with a cold gaze.

“If you have something to say, just say it.”

Sharon stopped and said sincerely, “I feel that people tend to gossip about a man and a woman living in the same house anyway, even if they are a normal couple, let alone a divorced couple like us who should keep a distance in all aspects ...Of course, I’m not driving you away.You can stay here as you please.I mean I can take a hotel room for a couple of days.”

Jameson said coldly, “Why didn’t you remember to keep a distance from me when you seduced me?”

“...Sharon blushed slightly and was somewhat shy to say anything.

“Mr.Proctor, can you ...use another word? To be exact, it was mutual at that time.Don’t make it sound like I forced you.”

“Maybe you were daydreaming about that” Jameson said and then left.

“This is just my suggestion, Mr.Proctor.I believe you should have noticed it as well.It is really improper for us to live together now,’ Sharon said.

“What do we mean to each other?”

“We’re divorced now...”

Jameson mercilessly interrupted her, “We’re divorced now but still bedmates, aren’t we?”

Sharon felt that she really couldn’t continue chatting with him anymore.

‘Couldn’t he talk like a normal person?’

Obviously, Jameson didn’t want to talk to her either.

Neither of them spoke during the rest of the journey.Jameson did not walk behind her as before, and quickly left her far away behind him.

Sharon was a little tired after a long walk, so she sat down in a chair to have a rest.

The jerk was really bad-tempered.

He just got angry all of a sudden.

She was just discussing with him, but she didn’t mean it.

Even if she moved out, she would be the one who was suffering.

Sharon sat there for more than ten minutes.

Although she was still annoyed, she felt much more refreshed than before after walking.

She took a deep breath and rose to her feet.

When she was about to return, she saw Jameson standing not far away and staring at her coldly.

She even did not know when he had returned.

Perhaps because she was pregnant and a sentimental person, her tears fell when she felt somewhat aggrieved, coupled with the influence of the wind.

Jameson was speechless.

He walked up to her and said, "Do you think you have a point?"

Although his words were still unpleasant, his tone was much softer than before.

Sharon turned her head and rubbed her eyes.

"No one else has a point when you're at odds with them. Whatever you say is right, and others are always wrong and scheming."

"You're always more eloquent than me. No one beats you in this."

"Then don't talk to me." Jameson smiled.

He couldn't tell whether she was Childish, or their fight.

Sharon felt more and more aggrieved, and burst into tears.

Just as she was about to leave him alone, he suddenly grabbed her wrist to him and gently patted her back.

"Alright, maybe it's my fault. Don't cry, darling." Sharon was stunned in his arms and said unwillingly, "Maybe?"

Jameson said, "Don't push your luck."

"Fine."

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If She Talked About It, She Wouldn't Be

After another night of rest, Sharon had been much over the cold. She had slept too long yesterday, so she woke up at about eight o'clock.

When Sharon went downstairs, Charlotte was cooking breakfast.

She probably didn't think Sharon would get up so early.

"Sharon, you're going to have to wait. Breakfast is not ready yet."

"It is fine, Charlotte. I'm not hungry."

"I think I need to take a walk." "Okay, come back soon."

"OK."

It was getting cooler these days.

There was a ray of sunlight in the sky, but it wasn't giving any warmth.

Near the small bridge, the ground was bestrewn with golden fallen leaves.

Autumn was coming.

After a slow walk, Sharon went back to the house.

When she was going in, someone suddenly pulled her from behind.

She turned around, "Mary?"

Mary took a peek inside, gestured for Sharon to keep quiet, and then took her to her own house.

Sharon seemed perplexed, "Mary, what happened?"

Mary closed the door and said, "Sharon, I want to ask you what you think of Mr. Proctor?"

What did she think of Jameson? If she talked about it, she wouldn't be sleepy.

She could talk about the jerk for three whole days.

Sharon thought for a while and asked, "Why did you bring this up?"

"You know that he is Charlotte's son, don't you?" said Mary.

Sharon nodded.

"That's kind of a coincidence, isn't it? When we received the tip that our houses would be tore down and reconstructed, Charlotte said she has a son. And her son is so ungrateful that he hasn't come to see her in last 20 years."

"I did some research last night, and there is a new fraudulent scheme. They are looking for the elders who have lost their children and live alone. Then they would pretend to be the elders' kids and cheat them of their money."

"What?"

Mary, were you being too crazy about this? Mary was very worried.

"Just think. They haven't seen each other for twenty years. Now Charlotte is going to be rich, and the man said he is her son. That just doesn't sound right."

"Wait ... Mary, don't you remember? James ... Mr. Proctor is a real estate developer. He probably won't cheat Charlotte out of her compensation."

Mary paused for a while and then said, "Yes, I forgot. I was so busy thinking about how she could have a son. But it is even stranger. Since he is that rich, it is easy for him to find Charlotte, right? Why didn't he show up for so many years?"

Sharon was also puzzled at that.

She did not ask what had happened before, but based on what Jeffery had told her and Jameson's attitude, she had a vague idea that it was not of Jameson's own volition that he was taken to the Proctor's.

Sharon guessed that Albert might be putting pressure on Charlotte to give Jameson to him.

Mothers always hoped their kids had a good life. Maybe that was why Charlotte left.

Sharon couldn't help wondering what she would do if she were Charlotte.

What if, a few years later, Jameson changed his mind, asked her to give him the baby the child and then kicked her out.

What was she supposed to do about it? Mary touched Sharon and asked, "Sharon, what are you thinking? Do you also think I have a point?"

"Nothing. Mary, don't worry. Mr. Proctor is Charlotte's son. They... They are quite similar."

"I'm not worried. I just thought that Charlotte has been alone for most of her life. She doesn't seem to have any relatives. I'm afraid she had been cheated."

Sharon smiled, "Don't worry, Mary, She won't."

Mary nodded, "By the way, I don't know why Julian moved away without saying goodbye. What..."

"Mary, I have to go back for breakfast. Bye!"

When Sharon ran out of the house, Mary sighed.

Perhaps because Charlotte was there, Jameson didn't treat Sharon as a maid.

Sharon finally had time to do things she liked.

Lately the series designed by Rita had also come out.

It was quite popular.

With the Proctor Group's support, she was even bolder. In Lumiere Jewelry, she treated everyone like dirt except Lance.

But Tiffany was not convinced.

She had fights with Rita several times.

Rita once said triumphantly, "When your works are presented at international exhibitions, you can speak with me."

Tiffany wanted to slap Rita in her face, but Tiffany's colleagues were holding her back and telling her to calm down.

"Well, she did spend a few years studying in Paris, which was something you gave up on."

Why is she so cocky? They might think the Fashion Week was set for her."

"You were wrong."

Sharon said as she was working on the draft.

"It wasn't that I gave up on it. I was forced to give it up."

Tiffany sighed on the phone, "Yes, a man who loses position may be subjected to much indignity. Didn't Rita say she comes from a rich family? She always put English words in her sentences when speaking. Someone saw her father came to see her that day, and then we all knew she isn't rich at all."

Tiffany felt much better after talking with Sharon.

She said, "I went to the school to see Ruben yesterday. He is fine. Don't worry. Did you ask the jerk for help again?"

"I don't know who else to turn to."

Sharon said after a pause.

"Fine. Only he would throw his weight around. But he's not bad this time. Why would he even agree to help you? I know he is an unforgiving man."

Sharon was speechless, because she just turned around and saw Jameson standing behind her.

He was holding a glass of milk in one hand and put the other in his pocket.

He stared at Sharon coldly.

When Tiffany heard no answer, she thought there was something wrong with the phone, "Sharon? Are you still in here?"

Sharon gave a short laugh, "He's pretty nice, and he isn't an unforgiving man..."

"Pretty nice? That jerk never said something nice, didn't he?"

"No, no, no..."

Sharon covered the phone with paper in panic, but she didn't expect that Jameson would put the glass on the table and turn around her chair.

Then he leaned over, put his hand on the armrest of the chair, stared at her with his black eyes, and said in a low and gentle voice, "Why don't you tell her why I agreed to help you first?"

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 99

Does He Like You

Tiffany, who was on the other end of the line, was lost for words.

After ten seconds of silence, she officially said, "Hello, Mr. Proctor. I'm Sharon's new friend. My name is Jocelyn."

"Is that so?" Jameson said faintly.

"Yes. Nice to talk to you. I will leave you two alone."

Then she hung up quickly. The room fell into a deathly silence after that.

Sharon had never wished she could disappear from this world.

The man's eyes were dark and cold.

She snapped her gaze back and slowly looked down, trying to avoid his eyes.

But just as she thought, Jameson's arms closed, and she was almost held into his embrace.

Sharon stopped and hurriedly sat back in her chair.

She looked out of the window and laughed, "Mr.Proctor, look outside..."

"I want an explanation."

Sharon's eyes quickly rolled.

How could she explain this? She couldn't tell him that was what they call him privately.

There were some things that people just needed to understand, but they didn't have to talk about it.

Sharon thought for a while and said seriously, "Mr.Proctor, I didn't hear a knock on the door.'

"I did."

All right, there was no way to find a problem with him.

Just as she was racking her brain to think of how to answer, Jameson suddenly retracted his hands and stood up, saying softly, "The milk is getting cold.Drink it first."

Sharon hurriedly got the milk cup, as if she had grasped at straws.

But before she drank milk, he sat on the sofa and said, "You can think of a reason after drinking it."

She choked on the milk.

Then she drank the milk slowly, licked her lips, and said earnestly, "Mr.Proctor, I'm sorry, It's my fault."

He did not raise his head, "Why do you say that?"

"I shouldn't scold you in private.Most importantly, I shouldn't let you hear it."

"You mean that you can scold me behind my back?"

Sharon waved her hand, "No, no, of course not."

Why was the man so aggressive? Although she was wrong in this matter, he still spoke ill of her.

Jameson ignored her and left.

Seeing him walk away, Sharon felt that she had come back from the dead.

After a while, Tiffany phoned her again and asked, "Sharon, are you still alive?"

Sharon got speechless.That was a narrow escape.

Tiffany added, "Aren't you in the South City? That man...Why is Mr.Proctor with you?"

Sharon laughed hollowly, "It's a long story."

"Cut it short.' Sharon got speechless again.

Sharon could only tell her things that had happened these days.

She did not mention that Charlotte was Jameson's birth mother.

Tiffany shouted, "Sharon, why do I always feel that he likes you? It doesn't make any sense.'

"I don't know what he's thinking. Anyway, he'll leave in a few days."

"What about you? Aren't you coming back with him?" Sharon shook her head.

She wanted to say something, but she felt that it was meaningless.

Sharon didn't want to leave, but she just didn't know if things would go as she wished at that time.

She said, "Maybe it is the best choice to not come back."

At least, she could stay away from those troubles.

After hanging up, she looked at the clock. It was eleven o'clock.

She had a backache after sitting too long, so she planned to go downstairs to take some exercise.

In the courtyard, Mary was picking vegetables with Charlotte when she saw Sharon come down and said, "Sharon, have you finished work?"

"Not yet,' she said.

"There's no hurry. I'm a little tired, so I come down and take a walk."

Mary added, "It's good to take more walks. You don't look pregnant yet. When your belly gets bigger, it won't be convenient for you to exercise."

After a few casual chats, Charlotte went into the kitchen to cook.

Mary pulled Sharon to sit at the stone table and painstakingly asked, "Sharon, is it really impossible for you and Julian to be together?"

Sharon said embarrassingly, "Yes, thank you for your concern. I really don't want to consider these things right now."

"How can you not think about it? Girls should think about themselves."

Mary said and sighed, "What exactly do we want in our lives? We just want comfort, freedom and care."

Then Mary talked with Jameson, "Is that right? Jameson."

Sharon got speechless.

Jameson gave a faint hum, walked closer and sat in front of her.

Hearing someone agree with her, Mary happily said, "Sharon, you have to move on. What's done is done, and there is no turning back. If you don't like Julian, I will look for another one for you. Just stop thinking about your ex-husband, he's not a good person..."

"Auntie Mary." Sharon hurriedly interrupted her, "You really misunderstood. It's not what you think. My ex-husband..."

"You have fallen deep. Even now, you're speaking up for your irresponsible ex-husband."

Mary seemed to think that she could not convince Sharon by herself, so she pulled Jameson in and said, "Jameson, there should be many outstanding young talents in your company. How about introducing them to Sharon."

Jameson took a deep look at her, "Ms. Allyson, do you need it?"

"...No, thank you."

Jameson added, "I really didn't see Ms. Allyson's deep affection for her ex-husband. It's really touching."

Sharon got speechless again.

Jerk, shame on you.

When Mary saw that she couldn't convince Sharon, so she could only helplessly sigh and change the topic to Jameson, "Oh right, Jameson, last time I heard you mention your wife, you two are really close, right?"

"Perhaps," Jameson said.

Hearing this, Mary immediately noticed that something was wrong with his marriage.

She immediately said, "Jameson, I am well-experienced. If you believe me, you can tell me. I will give you a solution."

Sharon really didn't know where to put herself.

She said, "Auntie, I still have something to do, so I'll..."

Mary pulled her back and said, "Sharon, listen to this.

Perhaps it will be useful to you.

Marriage is a subject that you have to learn.' Jameson said slowly, "She quarreled with me and lost her temper. She ran away."

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Since You've Asked

Mary shook her head and said, "She must have a bad temper. Why didn't she clam down and talk to you? What happened after that? Did you go find her?"

"Yes."

"Then did she go back with you?"

"No. She is pregnant with my child and is dating someone else."

Mary was shocked and slapped her thigh.

She said angrily, "Are you kidding? How could she do that? She should not date another man even if you are having a fight. She's cheating on you! It's bigamy! She's carrying your baby. Oh, she..."

Sharon, who had been sitting aside and listening, could not help but add, "They had got divorced." Mary replied immediately, "Even if they got divorced, she should not... Wait... They had got divorced?"

Mary paused for a moment and asked in disbelief, "Jameson, you have got divorced?"

Jameson glanced at Sharon and nodded.

"Well..."

At this moment, Charlotte came out.

Mary had a loud voice, so Charlotte could hear her in the kitchen.

She felt it was embarrassing, so she made an excuse and got Mary away.

They went to Mary's home.

As they entered the door, Mary said, "Charlotte, I still had something to say to Jameson. I didn't expect him to be divorced. Don't you care about your son?"

"Both of them are divorced." Charlotte sighed.

"That's right."

Mary lowered her voice, "Hey, Charlotte. I think Jameson and Sharon are good for each other. Jameson is single now. I'll ask him next time. Maybe he..."

"Mary," Charlotte held her arm, "Didn't you see that they're talking about each other?"

"What..."

"They came from the South City. Both of them are divorced. She is pregnant and has left her husband, and he is here to look for his wife. Do you understand now?"

Mary didn't know what to say.

She had just accepted the fact that Jameson was Charlotte's son. Now she was lost in thought again.

After a while, she said doubtfully, "You mean ... Sharon's irresponsible ex-husband is..."

Charlotte nodded, "I didn't ask much about what happened. But I've talked to Sharon before. There seemed to be a misunderstanding between them. Jameson only believes what he sees. I don't know how to persuade him." Mary was not listening to Charlotte. Mary suddenly patted her forehead as she remembered that she had tried to get Sharon and Julian together in front of Jameson. And she had even cursed Sharon's ex-husband..."

She panicked.

Why did she do that? However, someone was even more embarrassed than Mary.

It was Sharon.

She was still in the courtyard, wondering whether she should leave or stay.

She didn't expect Mary to say those words.

What was worse, Sharon had offended Jameson not long ago.

This man spoke as if he was the victim.

He was cold and unfeeling.

He asked her to have an abortion, so she ran away.

But now he was talking as if it was her fault.

Jameson met her gaze.

He said in a flat tone, "What do you want to say?"

Sharon stared at him, "Mr. Proctor, you are a good liar. You came here for the acquisition, didn't you? But you told people that you were here for me. What you said was ...very misleading."

"What do you mean by 'misleading'? Did it make you feel that I like you?"

Sharon didn't reply. He was right.

She felt that Jameson liked her. She thought that Jameson would mock her, as he always did.

However, he said in a soft voice, "Sharon, sometimes 'I like you' doesn't mean anything."

In Jameson's eyes, she might be less important than a business document, even if he liked her.

Sharon lowered her head and kept silent.

Jameson was confused, "You've got the answer you want. Is there anything you want to say?"

After a while, Sharon said, "But you said it means nothing."

He was on a whim, or he had just taken her as a possession.

He was no better than Asher. Jameson stared at her.

Then he said, "Sharon, I think you should have a brain checkup the next time you go to the hospital. You have taken too much junk food. It might have made you slow in thinking."

Sharon was pissed off. He started to mock her again.

Sharon wanted to retort, but Charlotte came back.

After staying downstairs for a few days, Jameson asked for moving to the second floor, saying that the first floor was too humid.

Charlotte would not help him, so he turned to Sharon.

There were only two rooms on the second floor.

Sharon occupied one, and the one next to her room was vacant.

Sharon felt that Jameson had some secret plans, but she didn't know how to refuse him.

Sharon still owed him a favor on the matter of Ruben's admission letter, so she could only suppress her anger and help making his bed.

Jameson stayed there for half a month.

Sharon heard from Mary that the purchase case had settled down.

There would be an official announcement.

And people would start to move out.

Sharon thought that Jameson would soon leave here.

One morning, when Sharon walked out of her room, she saw Jameson leaning against the door of his room.

He looked tired.

The man asked, "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to the hospital. I have an antenatal checkup."

Then she deliberately asked, "Does Mr. Proctor want to go with me?"

Jameson said, "Since you've asked, I will go with you." Sharon was surprised.

She shouldn't have asked him. She would rather go by herself.

Jameson said, "Wait for me downstairs. I'll change my clothes."

"OK."

It was early in the morning and Sharon felt sleepy.

She yawned as she got out of the door.

A neighbor passed by and said, "Sharon, good morning. You have got up early today."

Sharon smiled and said, "Yes. I'm having a walk."

"Why are you alone? Where's Mr. Proctor?"

Sharon paused when she heard that.

Mary had told many people about their matter, so now everyone living in the street knew that they were a couple.

It did bring some convenience.

She didn't have to explain when she went out with Jameson, though she was forced to do it.

At this moment, Jameson showed up.

The neighbor smiled and said, "I knew it. Well, have a good day. Bye."

After she left, Jameson looked at Sharon and said, "You haven't had breakfast."

Sharon collected herself and said, "The checkup today is to be taken on an empty stomach. But Charlotte should have prepared the breakfast. You can..."

Jameson stepped forward and interrupted her, "Let's go."