

# Read Novel Ex-Husband Wants Badly To Resume Their Marriage Chapter 1

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Happy Divorce

“This is our third year of many years to come. Make sure to come home early. I have a surprise for you. Prepare to be amazed.” Message sent.

Sharon then nonchalantly put her phone to rest, turned the fire down to medium, chopped the greens, and busied herself in a good mood.

It was as if this piece of message, which would never receive a reply, had not affected her mood.

The servant said from the side, “Ms. Allyson, let me help you.”

“No, thanks. I want this to be from my own hands tonight.”

“Madame, you and Sir are truly made in Heaven,” said the maid with admiration and a hint of envy.

Sharon pursed her lips and smiled, but did not reply.

Was she deeply in love with Jameson? Rather than being in love, it was better to say that it was an act.

At seven o'clock in the evening, Jameson arrived home, and the servant left tactfully.

As soon as Sharon finished setting the bowls and chopsticks, the warm breathing of the man enveloped her.

Her chin was pulled over, and the man brutally sealed her lips.

She was stunned for a moment and reached out to push him away.

Jameson wrapped his arms around her waist, his long fingers pinched her chin, his black eyes narrowed, and he said coldly, “Isn't that why you called me back?”

Sharon explained softly, “That's not it. Today is our Anniversary; I actually do have a present for you.”

Jameson let go of her and tidied up his slightly wrinkled shirt.

“There’s no need for gifts. After all, all the surprises you’ve given me have only shocked me, not delighted me.”

Sharon pulled the corners of her lips and did not refute. She turned around and entered the kitchen.

Very quickly, the last dish was served.

Sharon sat opposite Jameson and poured red wine into his glass and then to hers.

She picked up her glass and said, “To our third wedding anniversary. Cheers.”

Under the light, the man had handsome facial features, a sharp jaw, a straight nose bridge, and slightly pursed thin lips, which indicated that he was not satisfied with the wedding anniversary dinner that only the two attended.

Sharon smiled and did not expect his response.

She picked up the glass of red wine and drank it all up.

After drinking, she poured a second glass.

One cup after another.

In the end, Sharon was a little drunk.

She lay on the table and looked at the man, who wore a cold face.

She drawled.

“Jameson, are you really not going to smile? Not even today?”

“What do you want me to do? Going crazy with you, or celebrating this boring anniversary with you?”

“How can it be boring? There are not many wedding anniversaries in life.

Maybe after this, there won’t be any next.” Jameson seemed to have heard a joke and said softly, “No? You will allow that to happen?”

With her eyes made moist by the warmth of the light, Sharon kept on rocking what was left in the glass.

“Perhaps ...No.”

Jameson didn’t want to waste time with her here, so he stood up and went upstairs.

He untied his tie and took off his jacket.

Just as he was about to untie his shirt, a pair of soft hands surrounded his back, and the overwhelming smell of alcohol followed.

Sharon said, "Don't worry, my gift hasn't been delivered yet..."

Jameson turned around and put his hands into his pockets, looking at her without saying a word.

Sharon's cheeks flushed as she looked at him seductively with a pair of watery eyes, making it impossible for him to look away.

Jameson's Adam's apple rolled.

Even if he didn't want to admit it, the person in front of him was undoubtedly beautiful, and only a blind man could keep his blood cold.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have been tricked by her back then.

Further down were the red wine-soaked lips, bright red, as if blood were to ooze out.

As the little hands slid into his shirt, he raised her chin almost without hesitation.

He placed his lips hard against hers and pried open her mouth by force.

Sharon was in pain and moaned.

By the time she got to bed, her eyes were unfocused, and she hooked around his neck.

The man held her with both hands, and his eyes curved as if he was mocking her.

"Didn't you say that you didn't want it?"

"Don't tell me you don't know that women mean the opposite of what they say."  
Jameson sneered and lowered his head to kiss her again.

Sharon took the initiative tonight.

She bit his lips, and a smell of blood permeated between their lips and teeth.

This kiss was like a game.

Only the winner gets to rock the bed tonight.

Just as he was reaching for something on the nightstand, Sharon said without warning, "Jameson, let's get divorced."

The man hooking on her body paused, "What did you say?"

Even though Sharon knew that he had heard it clearly, she still repeated, "Let's divorce."

Jameson's desire instantly vanished.

He slowly stood up and said coldly, "How much do you want?"

She was always like this. To get money, she would play all sorts of tricks.

"Not a penny." Sharon took out a divorce agreement from under her pillow.

"Take a look. If you have no objection, sign it."

Jameson's expression was gloomy, "Sharon, you'd better stop. I don't have time to play such a boring game with you."

"Didn't I say I was going to give you a surprise tonight? Look, isn't it a big one?"

Jameson looked at her expressionlessly, feeling that the smile on her face was somewhat dazzling.

Sharon smiled, "Jameson, I wish you a happy divorce."

Jameson pursed his thin lips and said a few seconds later, "Are you serious?"

Sharon nodded, "How is it? This way, there's only joy and no shock, right?"

"Alright, don't regret it."

Finishing this sentence, Jameson left.

The door was slammed shut.

Sharon lowered her head and looked at the divorce agreement that Jameson didn't take a look at.

After a long time, her lips twitched, and she finally smiled.

"Sharon, I also wish you a happy divorce"

That night, Sharon packed up all her things.

All her belongings were put into a suitcase.

Jameson bought her jewelry, bags, shoes, and clothes, but she didn't take them because he wasn't willing to give them to her.

As she and Jameson got divorced, these glossy things became flashy.

To her, they were useless.

When she left, Sharon looked at the divorce agreement on the coffee table and picked it up.

Passing by the dining room, Sharon looked at the dining table.

Jameson's tableware was clean and bright, completely untouched. This wedding anniversary was still as unwelcome as she had imagined.

Fortunately, it was the same day as the anniversary of the divorce.

When Jameson thought about it in the future, he might smile out of extreme boredom.

This was probably the most satisfying thing she had done after her marriage.

Sitting in the taxi, Sharon looked at the scenery outside and suddenly felt relieved.

She, who had been the mistress of a wealthy family for three years, was about to return to the slum.