

Read Novel Ex-Husband Wants Badly To Resume Their Marriage Chapter 17

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Do You Want Me to Take It to Mrs.Proct

It was unexpected, but Sharon's expression didn't change.

"There was a collaboration that we were talking about.And I just brought her to a few events."

"Alright."

Jameson grabbed her wrist and said with impatience, "I've explained.What do you want?"

Sharon stared into his eyes and said ina serious tone, "Thank you for explaining to me, but ...you don't need to.We are going to get a divorce."

"Didn't you divorce me because you thought that she was pregnant and that I had cheated on you?"

He had always thought that Sharon wanted to divorce him because she had other plans, but Jacob said that she could be angry with him and want him to tell her the truth.

He couldn't understand why she was angry.

However, when he saw her brother today, he understood.

Sharon didn't say anything, so Jameson continued, "Sharon, why can't you trust me? I won't let any woman bear my child, including you.Do you understand?"

His words were like a needle that pierced into Sharon's heart.

She certainly understood.

He had never forgotten to use contraception during the last three years of marriage.

Sharon also knew that it was because he still held a grudge against her for using the child to force him into the marriage.

After a while, Sharon said, "I'm pregnant."

Jameson squinted and clenched his hands.

Then, he said in a cold voice, as if the room's temperature were falling, "Sharon!"

"Didn't you ask me what I wanted this time? Jameson, I'm pregnant. I have to plan for this baby's future. I want half of the property under your name and the shares of the Proctor Group..."

Jameson shook her hand away, "Enough!"

Sharon knew that he wouldn't believe it, so she took out the pregnancy test form from her bag and handed it to him.

Unsurprisingly, Jameson didn't even look at it, and he just tore it apart, "How many times would you use this excuse, Sharon? Or, do you think I am that stupid and would be fooled by you a second time?"

Sharon looked at the fragments scattered all over the ground and forced a smile, "You see through me already? It seems that I'll have to use another way the next time."

"There's no next time.' Jameson stood up and said in a cold voice, "Nine a.m. tomorrow. Civil Affairs Bureau. I don't want to hear any excuses this time.' Sharon didn't say anything.

Only after Jameson walked out of the private room did she bend forward and pick up the paper on the ground.

It was three years of marriage.

She got to know Jameson very well.

She knew ...that pregnancy was taboo for him.

If he heard it, he would explode.

At the door of the private room.

Ten minutes had passed, and Tiffany had ants in her pants.

However, the manager beside her blocked the door and refused to let her in, as if she were a thief.

Tiffany looked at the time.

Just as she was about to call the police, the door opened.

Jameson walked out with an aura of coldness and strode away.

Even the manager didn't dare to speak to him.

Not long after Jameson left, Sharon also came out.

Tiffany was relieved, "Sharon, what's happened? Why is that jerk ...Jameson inside?"

"I'll tell you when we get back."

Then, she turned her eyes upon the manager, "Where's my brother?"

The manager said, "Ms. Allyson, please follow me." After the fight, Ruben had been locked in a storeroom of Twilight Club, and he kept quiet the whole time.

Hearing the door opening sound, he stood up, but he didn't expect to see Sharon.

So, he frowned and said, "Why are you here?"

Tiffany, who was following Sharon, stepped forward and gasped, "Dear Ruben, what happened to you? Did the jerk beat you?"

Ruben turned his face away and didn't say anything.

Sharon looked at him.

It was not like that he beat Jameson, but more like that he wanted to beat Jameson and yet ended up being beaten by Jameson's bodyguards.

His wound was more serious than Jameson's.

Sharon whispered, "Ruben, let's go."

Before leaving, Ruben went to pick up his things in the dressing room and then went to the manager.

Hearing that he was resigning, the manager was surprised but also felt that it made sense.

After what happened tonight, he basically figured out what relationships they were in.

He didn't know that Ruben was Sharon's brother, but now he did.

It would be disrespect for the Proctor Group if he continued to let Ruben work here.

Ruben said, "I was too impulsive. I apologize. And I will make compensation."

The manager patted his shoulder, "Ruben, don't say that. You punched Mr. Proctor, which could be serious. But Mr. Proctor doesn't want to hold you responsible. And you'll still get your wages."

Ruben pursed his lips and did not refuse.

Then, he bowed, expressed his gratitude, and left.

Getting out of Twilight Club, Ruben saw Sharon and Tiffany waiting at the door.

Ruben walked over and lowered his head, saying, "I'm sorry."

Sharon smiled and said, "Don't be. It's not your fault."

"Didn't you divorce him because he cheated?"

"Well ... There're other reasons. However, he explained to me just now that he and Sheila are not in that kind of relationship."

Ruben frowned and said in disbelief, "Did you believe him?"

Sharon said, "It doesn't matter. We're getting a divorce soon."

Seeing their sad face, Tiffany said, "Alright. Forget about those annoying people. Ruben, I heard that you got the highest score in the province. We need to celebrate. Why don't we celebrate it today? You choose a place, and I'll pay!"

Ruben said with depression, "Don't bother. I have to find a job when I go back."

The school would begin in about one month, and he had to find another job.

Tiffany was about to say that he didn't need a job and that she would give him money, but Sharon touched her arm secretly.

So, Tiffany's words changed into, "Alright. Then next time."

She had almost forgotten that Ruben had been an independent person since he was a child.

He even refused to take Sharon's money.

Sharon enjoined, "Remember to dress the wound when you get home.

Be careful of infection."

Then, Tiffany said, "Let's go. Get in the car, and we'll take you home."

"I don't live at home. Josh's back."

Sharon paused before asking, "Doesn't he hounded by his creditors?"

"No one hounds him now. He seems to have paid it off."

"Where did he get the money?"

"I don't know. He seems happy these days. He should have a lot of money." Ruben put his bag on the back and said, "I'm leaving. Bye."

Then, he left in the opposite direction.

Tiffany looked at his back and sighed, "He's so stubborn. Just like you."

Sharon smiled, "Let's go."

In the Rolls-Royce.

Jacob looked at the persons on the other side of the street and then turned his eyes upon the beautifully wrapped gift box on the passenger seat.

Then, he whispered, "Mr. Proctor, do you want me to take it to Mrs. Proctor?"