

Read Novel Ex-Husband Wants Badly To Resume Their Marriage Chapter 2

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How Can You Be So Shameless?

After learning that Sharon was about to divorce, Tiffany, her best friend, insulted Jameson passionately for ten minutes and then said, "That man really didn't give you a penny? He spent a lot on those wild models, yet he actually did this to you, his wife?"

"It's not like that. I've taken a lot of money from him these past three years. It would be his mercy not to take it back."

"You can't think that way. You're a couple. What's his is yours, and what's yours is still yours! Besides, he sleeps with you every day for free. What's wrong with you using his money?"

Sharon's temples twitched, "Can't you mince your words?"

Tiffany calmed down, "I'm sorry, I can't help it."

Sharon sat on the sofa, trying to hold back, but she still couldn't.

She cursed, "Today, when I asked for the divorce, that man actually asked me how much money I wanted. He didn't even look at the divorce agreement, as if he was afraid that I would bite off a piece of his flesh! Is it that scary?"

"Then why do you want to divorce? Just stay with him, and whoever lasts longer will win."

Hearing this, Sharon calmed down again, "Oh, Sheila is pregnant."

Sheila was a well-known young model, and she was very close to Jameson.

Anyone could tell that their relationship was extraordinary.

Sharon and Jameson had been married for three years. She knew how much Jameson hated her.

Going home twice a month was all he could tolerate. Every time they made out, it was a routine, and Jameson had no feelings for her at all.

He would use any way possible to cause her pain.

Sheila was not the first woman close to Jameson, and Sharon did not take it to heart.

Until a week ago, when she was happily choosing gifts for their upcoming anniversary, Sheila suddenly appeared in front of her with the pregnancy test report and proudly announced, "I'm pregnant. It's time for you to give up the title of Mrs. Proctor."

When she saw the pregnancy test report, all of Sharon's self-deception in the past three years had become a real blow.

Those agonizing memories were in front of her eyes as if they were telling her, "Sharon, do you think this woman in front of you is shameless and disgusting? But wasn't that what you have done? You threatened Jameson with the baby in your belly so you could marry him!"

"You are disgusting to Jameson as Sheila is to you."

Now, someone had just repeated her method.

Tiffany was furious, "How could this be the same? At that time, you were married to Jameson. He was single, but Sheila knew that you were there, but she still did that. She is just a shameless homewrecker!"

"It doesn't matter anymore."

Sharon said, "Actually, I didn't sleep well every night during the past three married years. No matter what, he was indeed forced to marry me back then. Now that we are divorced, it's good. I don't owe him anything anymore."

Tiffany passionately insulted Jameson and Sheila for half an hour before bringing Sharon, who was asleep, to her bedroom.

"You can stay with me here. Anyway, my boyfriend is not here. This house is so big, and I'm scared to live alone."

Sharon yawned and nodded, "Good night."

The next afternoon, the divorce agreements were placed on Jameson's desk, and the signatures at the end seemed to be demonstrating against him.

Jacob looked at his boss's increasingly cold expression and took a step forward.

"Mr. Proctor, I just confirmed with the Star Lake Mansion. Your wife moved away last night. She didn't take anything except her personal belongings."

Jameson closed the divorce agreements and casually threw them aside, "Leaving without taking anything? Tell me, what kind of hard-to-get trick is she playing with me this time?"

Jacob didn't answer.

He wasn't his wife.

How would he know what their relationship was like? Jameson did not intend to hear any useful answers from him.

He said in a low voice, "Get out."

Jacob took two steps and then walked back, "Mr.Proctor, the necklace custom-made in Paris has arrived.Now we..."

This was Jameson's gift to his wife for the third anniversary of their marriage, but now, it was useless.

"Throw it away.' The man spoke emotionlessly.

"Yes."

After Jacob left, Jameson picked up the divorce agreement again.

He fixed his gaze on the signature, and he sneered, his face cold.

How could a woman who had sacrificed herself in a bitter play, who tugged at his sleeve in the Twilight Club and begged him to save her, who came to force him to marry because of pregnancy, and who was so vicious that she would use any means to achieve her goal, suddenly find her conscience? She just had a new purpose.

Jameson crumpled the paper in his hand and threw it into the trash can.

Sharon waited for a few days, but still no news of Jameson.

No one replied to her on WeChat as usual.

The first day: "Have you received the divorce agreement? I have signed it.If you have time, let me know.Let's go to the Civil Affairs Bureau to complete the formalities."

Act generous and considerate, gentle and obedient.

The second day: "Hello? Have you seen my message? Do you have any complaints about the divorce agreements?"

Probe carefully and seek proof boldly.

The third day: "Mr. Proctor, I know you're busy with your work, but can you spare some time to divorce me?"

Restrain herself but be unyielding.

The fourth day: "Jameson, are you a real man? Why are you dawdling? If you really don't want to see me, hurry up and go through the formalities with me. We will never meet again in the future. Thank you."

There was no need to endure it anymore.

The fifth day... She got an auto-reply from WeChat: "The other party has activated friend verification. You are not his (her) friend yet. Please send a friend verification request before chatting."

LOL...

Such a disgust.

Sharon put down her phone, stood up, and headed for the Twilight Club.

However, she didn't seem to be lucky.

Instead of meeting Jameson, she met his next wife.

Sheila invited her friend over for dinner.

She saw Sharon standing there just as she walked to the door.

She immediately smiled disdainfully and walked over on her high heels.

Her tone carried a hint of mockery, "Don't tell me you haven't given up yet. Do you want to come here to find Jameson?"

Sharon glanced at her indifferently and did not say anything.

"How can you be so shameless? I told you I was pregnant, yet you still wouldn't leave Jameson. Don't you know how disgusting you look?"

Sheila was more emotional when she saw Sharon's timid expression.