

Read Novel Ex-Husband Wants Badly To Resume Their Marriage Chapter 6

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Let's Get Divorced. I Don't Want Anything

After saying that, she lost all her consciousness.

When she woke up, she was in an unfamiliar room with an unfamiliar man lying beside her.

Seeing the clothes scattering by the bed, she realized what had happened last night.

She felt that her throat was somewhat dry.

She couldn't be sadder.

But then, she began to comfort herself.

At least, he looked normal, at least a thousand times better than the fat man she met last night.

Recalling last night's experience, Sharon was worried about Ruben.

She quickly put on her clothes and intended to go.

When she got out of bed, the man on the bed seemed to be disturbed.

He frowned slightly.

She quickly covered his head with the blanket and patted him lightly, whispering, "It's fine. Go back to sleep."

It seemed that she was pacifying a baby.

Sharon didn't run away until the man under the quilt calmed down.

The creditors had come to their home.

Luckily, Ruben wasn't at home because he was out looking for Sharon.

Sharon called Ruben to tell him that she was safe.

She also reminded him not to go back home but to stay with his classmates for some days.

She went to Tiffany's place for asylum.

It had been two months in her hiding.

Unexpectedly, one day Sharon found that she was pregnant.

When Sharon woke up, it was just four in the morning.

She got up and drank a glass of water.

She sat in the living room and began to watch recent movies and TV series about first love, trying to feel the ignorant pure love and sweetness in her past again.

Three days after Sharon locked herself in the room, she finally had a design idea in her mind.

Just as she was about to draw the pattern, she received a call from an unfamiliar number.

She put down her pen and said politely, "Hello, who is it?"

"...Ms. Allyson, I'm Jacob, Mr. Proctor's assistant. Mr. Proctor is going to the Maldives on business tomorrow. Do you know where his blue and white striped shirt is?"

Sharon couldn't be more annoyed to be interrupted when she just had an inspiration, and it was such a trivial matter.

This made her suspect that Jameson was deliberately looking for trouble.

She immediately said impolitely, "What's wrong with him? We've divorced. It's none of my business. Ask the nanny."

After saying that, she hung up without hesitation. Two minutes later, Sharon's phone rang again, and the screen lit up with Jameson's name.

After a moment of silence, she answered the phone.

"Sharon, come back in half an hour."

"|..."

This time, Jameson hung up before she could reply.

Sharon held onto her phone and wished she could beat this bast*rd up.

She took a deep breath and calmed down before getting up and leaving the room.

Seeing this, Tiffany couldn't help but ask, "Sharon, where are you going? It's so late."

"I want to kill Jameson!"

"..."

Of course, Sharon was joking.

How could she possibly fight against Jameson? When she arrived at the Star Lake Mansion, the servants had rested.

It was strangely quiet.

Sharon pushed open the bedroom door on the second floor and saw Jameson sitting on the sofa, dressed in his home attire.

He was going through the information with his slender fingers.

Even when he heard Sharon's movement, he did not look up to look at her.

Sharon walked straight to the cloakroom and rummaged through the cabinets before finding the blue and white striped shirt that Jacob had mentioned.

The moment she saw it, she was surprised.

In the first year after getting married, when she knew that Jameson was going to Hawaii on a business trip, she bought it for him.

It was perfect to go to the beach wearing this shirt.

When she gave the shirt to Jameson, he just looked at her indifferently, "Don't try to please me in such a cheap way. I can see through your scheme with a single glance. Save it."

Sharon, puzzled, wondered if she had done something wrong.

Since then, she had never bought anything for Jameson again. He had disliked that shirt, but now he had purposely summoned her to come back for it.

Was he taking revenge on her or playing tricks on her deliberately? If not, what was wrong with him? Sharon picked up the shirt silently and walked out of the cloakroom.

She placed it on the bed.

Just as she was about to speak, she heard that Jameson was on the phone with someone.

His voice was low, and he didn't even give her a single glance, as if she didn't exist.

Sharon had planned to talk with him about the divorce.

However, seeing that it was not the right time, she turned around and left.

She came in a hurry and left in a hurry.

When she walked out of the bedroom, Jameson finally raised his head and looked at her back.

He probably didn't expect her to leave so soon.

He pursed his thin lips and said softly to the phone, "Well, that's all. Goodbye."

As soon as Sharon walked to the living room downstairs, Jameson stopped her.

He stood on the stairs and looked down at her condescendingly.

He looked as cold as ever, "Have you found the shirt?"

"I put it on your bed."

"That's all?"

"What else?"

Sharon was puzzled.

Jameson frowned in displeasure, "I'm going on a business trip for a week. Is the shirt the only clothes that I will wear?"

When he had to go on a business trip the next day, Sharon packed his luggage for him.

As his wife, she had worked hard for three years.

But she hadn't expected that not only did she never benefit much from this marriage, but she also became Jameson's maid.

Sharon said calmly, "Mr. Proctor, I have to remind you that we are divorced, so it is not my responsibility to find you a shirt and pack your luggage. Please go to your maid or your next wife. Could you not call me whenever you want? Thank you."

Jameson's expression did not change as he walked down the stairs and stopped in front of her.

"Then let me remind you, we haven't filed for divorce yet. You are still my legal wife. It's your job."

"...Is it not negotiable, is it?"

"I won't say it twice."

Sharon pursed her lips and took out her phone to find the number.

"Alright, since you like to instruct others, then I'll ask Sheila to pack your luggage. She must look forward to it and come here right away."

However, before she could dial Sheila, Jameson snatched her phone away.

Jameson looked at her with a cold face, "Sharon, I've been too indulgent with you, haven't I?"

Sharon looked at her own hand, in which the phone was gone. She sneered and said.

"Mr. Proctor, please watch your language. I can't afford your courtesy." Jameson looked even gloomier.

"Stop your trick. Sharon, don't challenge my bottom line again and again. I've been patient enough. Just tell me what you want."

Sharon paused for few seconds before he said, "Didn't you say last time that I wanted the Proctor Group? Will you give it to me?"

"Never."

"Then let's get divorced. I don't want anything."

Jameson frowned impatiently and put his hand into his pants pocket, "What else can you say besides this?"

Sharon was confused.

Didn't he want to get rid of her all day long? Why was she begging him for a divorce now?

