

Resume 301

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 302

Talon slowly said, "Ms. Allyson, your mother should be Tavis' wife. Maybe she took the pocket watch and photos from Doris."

When Mr. Jones heard this, he was unhappy, "You're not making any sense. Ms. Allyson looks so much like Doris, so she must be Doris' daughter. How could she be..."

"Mr. Jones," Talon interrupted him, "Doris' daughter is Natalia. I know this better than anyone else. If you don't believe me, I can take Natalia to do a paternity test."

Mr. Jones held his walking stick and did not say anything.

Talon showed the photo to him and said calmly, "I think you also know how much they hate me. If Doris had this photo, she wouldn't have done this."

Talon referred to the fact that the photo was scratched and the scratched part was where a man's face was.

"The picture was scratched by Josh. My mother died when I was very young," Sharon said.

Natalia continued, "If I remember correctly, Ms. Allyson, you also have a younger brother, right?"

Before Natalia could finish her words, Sharon understood what Natalia implied.

Sharon looked Natalia in the eye, and smiled, "Yes"

Natalia added, "Ms. Allyson, I don't know why you came with the pocket watch, but my mother died in an accident twenty years ago. Moreover, my mother only has one daughter. Thus, I don't think you can get what you want."

"Miss Beale, what do you mean?"

Sharon said indifferently, "I find this watch in my mother's belongings and find out it has something to do with Mr. Beale, so I'm here to ask him a few questions. Don't be nervous, Miss Beale."

Talon said, "Ms. Allyson, now that you have all you need, can you return the pocket watch to me? I don't know who your mother is, and I don't want to dredge up the past. However, since it belongs to Doris, Ms. Allyson, you should give it back to me." Sharon said slowly, "This is left by my mother, so it won't be fake, and I won't give it to anyone else. However, Mr. Beale, you said it belongs to your wife. This proves either you or I am lying. Do you agree with me?"

"Ms. Allyson..."

Natalia said unhappily.

Mr. Jones gestured Natalia to keep silent, and said, "I don't think what Ms. Allyson said is wrong. Talon, that explosion created too much mysteries. Maybe someone changed Doris' daughter. We'd better not draw a conclusion now. Ms. Allyson and Doris look alike while Natalia looks like you. I think it's too strange, so we should get to the bottom of this."

“Why bother to do this? Why not do a paternity test...?”

Talon gave a faint smile and said, “Yes, Mr. Jones is right. We should investigate it carefully.”

Natalia frowned, not knowing why Talon agreed to such an absurd reason.

Sharon added, “Before I find out the truth, I want to move to the Beale’s.”

Talon remained silent, but Natalia suddenly stood up and said coldly, “Impossible!”

Sharon looked up at her and said calmly, “Miss Beale, you have no right to refuse. We are all the same now.”

“How dare you...”

Talon interrupted Natalia, “You can live with us. However, if it turns out that you have nothing to do with Doris, I hope you can apologize publicly.”

“Alright.”

Sharon smiled, “But if it’s proved that my mother is your wife, Miss Beale should apologize to me. Apart from that, I hope she can move out of the Beale’s and never claim to be one of the Beales or the Beale Group.”

Before Natalia could say anything, Talon said, “Okay.”

Mr. Jones nodded, “I agree. Even if Ms. Allyson isn’t Doris’ daughter, she should be a member of the Beale family. It’s reasonable for her to live in the Beale’s.”

Natalia knew that no matter what she said, it was useless, so she rushed out angrily.

Mr. Jones stood up with his walking stick and said to Sharon, “Sharon, please take me out.”

“Alright.”

Just as Mr. Jones took a few steps with the help of Sharon, Talon said, “Ms. Allyson.”

Sharon turned around with a cold look, “Mr. Beale, is there anything else?”

Talon said, “If your mother is Doris, then you are also my daughter. You should call me ‘Dad’.”

Sharon said in a plain voice, “If you are my father, I won’t call you that, because you have never been responsible for me. I just want what I deserve.”

Her attitude, coupled with the reason she gave, was perfect.

She helped Mr. Jones out of the hall.

As they walked down the stairs, Mr. Jones said in a deep voice, “Although he has agreed that you can live in the Beale’s, it is inevitable that he will cause trouble for you. You must be careful.”

Sharon pursed her lips and said, “Mr. Jones...”

Mr. Jones patted her on the shoulder with affection, “Trust me. You’re definitely Doris’ daughter. However, there are some things that I can’t tell you right now. You’ll know them in the future.”

Talon conceded because he had no choice.

What he said later meant nothing.

It was just a show.

He knew he shouldn't quarrel with and confront Sharon now.

"I didn't expect you and Doris to have survived that explosion. Tell me what happened to you after that?"

Mr. Jones looked at Sharon gratefully.

Sharon opened her mouth, but didn't know where to start.

Mr. Jones also realized something, so he smiled and skipped this topic, saying, "Well, it doesn't really matter anymore. If he knows you are still alive, he will be very happy."

"Who?"

Sharon was confused.

Mr. Jones did not answer this question, but said, "It's courageous of you to question Talon on such an occasion today. From now on, everyone in South City may discuss this matter and there will be many people waiting for the result, so Talon won't dare to openly do anything to you. You can live in the Beale's. As the saying goes, the most dangerous place is also the safest. Just call me when you need help." Sharon nodded and said, "Thank you, Mr. Jones: After helping Mr. Jones to the car, Sharon couldn't help asking, "Mr. Jones, can I ask you a question?"

Mr. Jones nodded, "Go ahead."

After a pause, Sharon said, "Is Talon..."

Mr. Jones coughed and interrupted her.

Then, he smiled and said, "Don't overthink. Time will tell."

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After Mr. Jones left, Sharon heaved a sigh of relief.

Just as she turned around, a black Rolls-Royce stopped before her.

Then, the window was slowly rolled down, and in the car was Jameson.

He looked at her and gestured, "Get in the car." Sharon looked left and right, pulled open the car door and got into it.

Jameson asked, "Is everything settled?"

She nodded and said after a moment of silence, "I will move to the Beale's in two days."

He looked at her and pursed his lips.

Sharon peeked at him and whispered, "I will take care of myself, so don't worry. Besides, many people have seen this today, so it's impossible for Talon to..."

"You've posed a big problem for me."

"What?"

Sharon was a little confused.

Jameson crossed his long legs, and said calmly, "The Beales probably don't like me, so I have a slim chance to move into the Beale's with you."

"..Sharon. She knew it! This Jerk would care nothing but sex. Sharon sneered, "Mr. Proctor, how modest you are! The Beales not only hate you, but also want to kill you."

Jameson raised his eyebrows, "Then you have to be careful."

"Why should I be careful?"

"I withdrew from the marriage with Natalia because of you. They must detest you very much."

"You are really good at the blame game."

"I'm just pointing something out." Sharon didn't want to argue with him, and she thought it was a torment for her to communicate with him.

After a while, she said, "Did you notify Mr. Jones and ask him here?"

Jameson said, "If you want to thank me, you know what I want."

Sharon was enraged, "I don't know it at all"

She didn't want to talk to him anymore, so she closed her eyes and pretended to be asleep.

Seeing this, Jameson pulled her into his embrace without saying anything.

Sharon was indeed tired, so she didn't struggle.

After a while, the car stopped at the door of her studio.

Jacob looked at the rearview mirror and whispered, "Mr. Proctor, you have a meeting in half an hour."

Jameson looked at Sharon who was sleeping in his embrace and glanced at his wristwatch, "Never mind."

Jacob did not say anything else.

He got out of the car and got ready to delay the meeting.

In the car, Sharon woke up in a few minutes.

She moved her stiff neck and squinted out of the window, "When did we arrive here? Why didn't you wake me up?"

Jameson said, "You won't be able to sleep beside me in the following days. You should cherish it."

Sharon was speechless.

“Jameson, you must be insane” Picking up her things, she decided to get off the car.

However, Jameson pulled her back and stroked her hair, saying, “Do you know what it means to move into the Beale’s for you?”

Sharon said after a moment of silence, “I know.”

It meant that regardless of the rise and fall of the Beale family, she would be involved with it.

Moreover, she provoked Talon before so many people today.

Talon would not forgive her.

Even if he pretended to be nice, he would plot against her in many ways.

Not to mention Natalia.

However, if Sharon were afraid of this, she would never find out what happened twenty years ago.

Even though Mr.Jones did not answer her, she was almost certain that this Talon was exactly Tavis, but the real Talon, her biological father, had probably died in that explosion.

In the past, she wouldn’t bother to know the truth because she preferred a peaceful life, but Jameson was right that she couldn’t live a quiet life.

Now that she got the closest to knowing the truth, she couldn’t stop.

Moreover, maybe the truth itself was not important.

What was important was to reveal who this Talon was.

Thinking for a while, Sharon said, “It should be my destiny to do this.”

Jameson pursed the lips and slowly said, “Call me when you need help.”

Sharon nodded and thought for a while before saying, “Mr.Proctor, there’s something I need your help with.”

“Go ahead”

“Natalia mentioned Ruben to me today.Besides, she asked someone to frame Ruben before, so I’m afraid she will do harm to Ruben this time.”

Jameson toyed with a strand of her hair, and said softly, “Don’t worry, Ruben is much smarter than you.”

Sharon pushed him away angrily, but that strand of hair was ripped out.

Jameson looked at the strand of hair in his hand and fell silent.

Sharon said through gritted teeth, “Go away!”

She picked up the things and slammed the car door shut.

Jacob, who was waiting outside, got shocked and trembled, 'She looked happy just now, but why is she angry now?'

After a minute, Jacob opened the driver's door and got into the car, "Mr.Proctor, do you want to postpone the meeting?"

Very quickly, Jameson said in a flat voice, "We still have twenty minutes left, so we can arrive on time.Notify the others of the meeting."

"Yes, Sir."

After twenty minutes, they arrived at building of the Proctor Group.

Just as they got off the elevator, an assistant walked to Jameson and said, "Mr.Proctor."

Jameson stepped forward and asked, "What happened?"

"Master Proctor is waiting for you in the office.And he asks you to see him when you come back."

Jameson walked to the meeting room without stopping, "I'm not available now, and tell him to wait for me."

With an awkward look, the assistant looked at Jacob for help.

Jacob whispered, "Tell Master Proctor that Mr.Proctor has an important meeting."

Hearing this, the assistant nodded and left.

Jacob took the documents and walked into the conference room.

In the president's office, after hearing what the assistant said, Albert's face darkened, but he couldn't show his anger.

Instead, he gestured for the assistant to go out.

Jameson was much more powerful now, so Albert expected him to be so imperious.

Albert rubbed the end of his cane and muttered, "How's the investigation going?"

"The Beales don't say anything.However, according to the news from the scene, Mr.Jones was also there.It seems what we heard is true."

Albert sneered, "Sharon is really shrewd.She actually wants to benefit from the Beales.How ambitious she is! No wonder she didn't want anything when she got divorced."

"Mr.Proctor, should we continue the investigation?"

"Yes.If Sharon knows something unspeakable about Talon, you must find out what it is.This time, I will definitely crush the Beale Group and the Beales!"

Suddenly, Albert thought of something, so he asked his subordinate to investigate it.

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On the other side, after Natalia came out, she immediately went to find Daniel.

“Did you know that Sharon would be here today?” She asked coldly.

Hearing this, Daniel raised his eyebrows.

“I don’t. Why do you ask?”

“I saw that you are quite close, so I thought she would tell you in advance.’ Daniel smiled and said, “You’re wrong. Ms. Allyson and I are just neighbors. Other than occasionally greeting each other in the residential area, there’s nothing else ... No, I am not sure. After all, she is someone Trey likes, So we inevitably have other contacts.”

Then Daniel said, “But no matter what, we are just a little more familiar with each other than normal neighbors. How could she tell me such a thing?”

Natalia crossed her arms around her chest and took a deep breath without saying anything.

Daniel quietly observed her expression and casually asked, “I just went out to take care of something, but I heard that Ms. Allyson went to Mr. Beale. I’m not sure exactly what happened.”

“Forget it.”

Natalia frowned and said impatiently, “I don’t want to talk about this. Can you tell me now?”

Daniel smiled.

“Of course I can if you really want to know.’

“Get to the point.”

Daniel leaned against the working table behind him and tapped his finger on the table.

“It’s nothing much. It should be the same as what your father told you.”

Natalia harbored anger towards Sharon because she was about to live in the Beale’s, and she didn’t hold it back.

“I don’t want to hear what I know, but what I don’t know.’ Natalia said sternly.

Daniel took out the photo and placed it in front of Natalia.

He slowly said, “This person is Tavis, your father’s younger brother.’

“Then?”

“He coveted everything your father had obtained. He was filled with resentment. Twenty years ago, he kidnapped you and your mother and planned an explosion.”

Natalia grew more and more impatient, “I know all of this. Can you say something...”

Daniel smiled.

“What you have known is superficial.”

Natalia was slightly stunned, “What do you mean?”

Daniel did not answer, but continued, "Everyone thought that Tavis' accidental death in this explosion was his karma, but no one knew that he survived."

"You..."

Just as she spoke, Natalia was astounded and suddenly realized that something was wrong.

She paused for a moment before asking, "Then where is Tavis now? Is he the one who ordered Sharon to move to the Beale's?"

Daniel said, "I don't know, but have you ever thought about who survived that explosion since your father and Tavis look so much alike?"

"What do you mean?"

Natalia looked at Daniel.

"It's nothing. It's just my guess. Of course, you don't have to believe it. After all, there's no evidence to support these things. If you need to know it, I can investigate again."

Natalia sneered, "No need, I already know. Sharon must be Tavis' daughter who didn't die."

She came back just in time.

In addition, Tavis wasn't dead.

As long as they found out what happened back then, they would end up doomed! She would definitely let Jameson know that annulling the marriage back then was the stupidest mistake he had ever made in his life! She was the only one who could really help him in this world.

Seeing Natalia leave, Daniel slowly put on a cold face.

In the Proctor Group.

In the president's office, Albert impatiently asked his assistant, "How long will it take for Jameson to finish?"

The assistant wiped his sweat and said, "It ...should be ending soon!"

"I've been sitting here for two hours! Did he take me seriously?"

He said while knocking his walking stick against the ground.

The assistant didn't dare to say a word, not even daring to breathe.

Albert said, "Go get him! Tell him to come back now!"

"But ...but Mr. Proctor never let anyone disturb him during meetings..."

Albert said angrily, "Screw him! He deliberately left me here! He is getting ruder and ruder. He doesn't even know who makes the current him! If I knew that he was so arrogant, I shouldn't have..."

Before he could finish his sentence, a male voice came from the door, "Shouldn't have what?"

Albert took a deep breath, but he didn't continue.

The assistant nodded towards Jameson, "Mr. Proctor."

Jameson raised his hand towards him and signaled him to leave.

Seeing this, Albert's subordinates bowed slightly to pay their respects to Jameson and left immediately.

After the office door closed, Jameson sat opposite Albert, his slender legs crossed, and his tone was not polite at all.

"Get to the point." Albert was unhappy, "Jameson, although I left you wild recently, I am still your father. Shouldn't you be respectful?"

Jameson's lips twitched as he sneered, "Why don't you just cut to the chase? This way, not only will it reduce the unnecessary communication between us, but it will also be more efficient in pushing things forward. Of course, if you're only here to correct my attitude, then I'm sorry. I'm born with that."

Albert's expression became even uglier when he heard this, and in his heart, Jameson was getting closer and closer to a real example of ingrate.

He remained silent for a while, but still chose to get to the point.

"You should know about Jeffery's cancellation of the engagement with the Beale family," he said.

"There's no need for me to tell you." Jameson remained silent, waiting for him to continue.

"Our family has annulled the engagement with the Beale family time and time again. The Beale family hates us to the bone. You should know this better than I do."

Jameson's lips curled up and his long fingers tapped on the armrest of the sofa after he heard this.

He didn't expect that when Sharon returned to the Beale family, the one who was most anxious was not Talon, but his father.

Albert ignored his rudeness.

"Erica's matter is over. This matter is her fault, and I don't plan to pursue it any further. It's time for you to reconsider the matter of getting married."

"Get married? To who?"

"I've recently found a few women whose family background matches yours. I'll arrange a blind date some time later. Jameson said calmly, "Match my background? Some kind of illegitimate daughters?"

Albert frowned tightly, "What nonsense are you talking about! They are all daughters of influential families, you..."

"Oh, then I don't deserve them."

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After Master Proctor left with anger, Jacob knocked on the door of the CEO office.

Jameson stood up and walked towards the desk, "Come in."

Jacob placed some documents on his desk.

“Mr.Proctor, here are the minutes just now, as well as some documents for your signature.” Jameson replied coldly.

Jacob couldn't stifle his curiosity, “Why did the Master Proctor suddenly arrange a marriage for you...”

Jameson sneered while he opened the document in front of him and said indifferently, “For what else? He is afraid that Sharon will plot against him with me, if she is proved to be a Beale.That's why he can't sit still.”

“Then the news winged its way to the Master Proctor ...”

Jameson narrowed his eyes and didn't say anything.

This time, Albert must have been keeping a close eye on the Beale Group's bidding party, for advantage and swoop.

Therefore, it wasn't surprising for him to receive this news at the first possible moment.

Jameson said, “Did you find Josh?”

Jacob answered, kind of guiltily, “Not yet ...He's too good at hiding.We've ambushed in the underground casinos, but he seems to have noticed that and never shows up again.”

Jameson pinched the bridge of his nose, “Forget it.Find out how he escaped from prison first.He can't do it by himself.”

“You mean someone is helping him?”

“Josh can't disappear for no reason.If he could control himself and stop gambling, he wouldn't have come this far.”

Jacob nodded slightly, “I'll nose it out.”

“Wait.”

Just as Jacob was about to leave, Jameson said.

Jacob asked, “Yes, Mr.Proctor?”

Jameson licked his thin lips and said slowly, “Keep it a secret from Sharon.”

Jacob kept a straight face and said, “Yes, Sir.”

It seemed that Mr.Proctor was increasingly experienced in chasing his wife.

His efforts for their relationship paid off finally.

After Jacob left, Jameson took out his phone and dialed William's number.

“How's it going?”

“I'm keeping an eye on him.After the bidding, he went home and did not do anything else.”

“What about Daniel?”

“So did he.He went straight home.” Jameson smiled.

It seemed that these people did have enough patience.

William added, “I can’t find any information about Patrick’s daughter.In other words, either there is no such person, or...”

“He thought she was dead.”

William paused for a while and said, “As what you said, possibly, Sharon is ...and should she be...”

Jameson interrupted him, “It’s too early to say that.Keep your eyes on them and let me know if there’s any news.’

In the Studio.

Ever since Sharon came back, she had been staying in the office, looking at her pocket watch, lost in thought.

For some reason, she always had a feeling that the truth was near at hand and within her reach.

She should have almost touched it.

Mr.Jones must have known everything.

After a while, she heard a knock on the door.

Tiffany poked her head in, so Sharon put down her pocket watch, “Tiffany, what’s wrong?”

Tiffany said, “Are you busy with your design drafts?”

Sharon shook her head and pressed her temples, “No, why?”

Tiffany raised her hand from her back.

On her hand was a bag filled with milk tea and pastries.

She said, “Look at what I brought you.Eat them first.”

As she said that, she put it on Sharon’s desk and said, “I am going out for a shooting and after that, I’m going to see my new apartment.I won’t be back here today.Be careful when you go back home by yourself.”

“Okay.”

Tiffany asked again, “Sharon, when are you going to move over?”

“Two more days,’ Sharon said.

Tiffany sighed in her heart.

Suddenly, she remembered something and said, “Does Ruben know about this?”

"I haven't told him yet. Let's keep it secret for a while."

Tiffany said, "Don't worry. I won't slip up."

As she spoke, she made a zipper-closing gesture around her mouth.

Very quickly, Tiffany said, "Sharon, eat first. I'm leaving. Kinley and the others are here, so you don't have to worry about the studio. Just mind your own business."

After Tiffany left, the office became quiet again.

Sharon took a deep breath and opened the computer for her sketching work.

Minutes and seconds passed.

When she raised her head again, it was already dark outside Sharon looked at her phone.

It was already nine o'clock.

She stretched her neck and walked out of the office.

At this moment, the studio was closed.

There was no one in the shop.

Sharon went to the pantry for a glass of water.

Just as she took a sip, she heard footsteps at the entrance.

Subconsciously, she thought that it was Jameson, so she said without turning her head, "Just wait outside. I'll be right..."

"Sharon." It was Trey.

Slightly surprised, Sharon put down the cup and turned around.

Trey stood at the door and smiled at her, "Are you off work?"

Sharon nodded gently.

Trey pursed his lips and said, "Sharon, would you like to have dinner with me?"

"Excuse me?" Sharon paused for a moment.

Just as she was about to reply, she heard a cold male voice, "Why not? We can't refuse Mr. Coe's kindness."

Trey was lost for words.

Jameson appeared beside Trey.

Standing tall and straight, he looked at Trey with the faintest smile, "Interesting that I've never missed Mr. Coe's treat. I am lucky."

Trey gave a hollow laugh, then looked at Sharon.

His eyes narrowed when he remembered what she had said when he came.

He then said, "Welcome, my pleasure to have Mr. Proctor."

Jameson said, "Then please wait outside for a minute. We'll be out soon."

Trey nodded absent-mindedly and left the studio.

"What are you gonna do?"

Sharon looked at Jameson unhappily.

Jameson raised his eyebrows, "Do you really want to eat with him alone?"

She didn't, but she felt that Trey had something to say with her.

She hadn't decided when this jerk appeared and muddied the waters.

Jameson said, "I'll go with you."

"Stop that. He obviously has something to tell me. What can he say if you are with us?"

"Why can't he say if it's an honest thing?"

Sharon didn't know what to say.

This jerk had a glib.

A dead could come back to life with his tongue.

Sharon took the key and looked at Trey outside.

She whispered, "Alright. Come with us but talk less. No ... Don't talk at all, not even a word!"

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Although Sharon asked Jameson to talk less, the one who didn't talk was Trey.

The atmosphere was so awkward that Sharon felt uncomfortable.

On the other hand, Jameson, who sat beside her, was calm and relaxed.

Sharon really wished that she could be as calm as Jameson was, so she wouldn't be on pins and needles.

By the time a waiter came to take order, Trey handed the menu to Sharon directly, "Sharon, what would you like to have?"

Just as Sharon reached out, Jameson took over the menu.

After ordering several Sharon's favorite dishes, Jameson sat there without saying a word anymore.

The atmosphere was frigid again.

Sharon smiled awkwardly, "That's all."

The waiter nodded and left.

Trey would not talk about other topics due to Jameson's presence.

He only had a casual conversation with Sharon.

The meal went on in this awkward atmosphere.

When Sharon went to the bathroom, Jameson said, "Mr.Coe is here for what happened today at the Beale Group's tender conference if my judgment is correct."

Hearing this, Trey smiled faintly, "No.I haven't even participated in the Beale Group's tender conference.How would I know what happened then? I just come to see Sharon."

"Well, I really should find a time to visit Mr.Coe's parents."

Hearing this, Trey's expression turned cold gradually.

Jameson continued indifferently, "Neither do I care why you are always here, nor what you want to do as long as Sharon is not getting involved."

"Don't worry, Mr.Proctor.I won't hurt Sharon even without your advice."

When Sharon came out of the bathroom, she noticed that Trey had left.

She knew that Jameson must have said something unpleasant.

She walked to Jameson and picked up her things, "Let's go."

If Trey really wanted to see her, he would contact her again.

Jameson raised his eyebrows and stood up.

He left with Sharon.

They arrived at downstairs.

As soon as Sharon touched the handle, the door opened.

Jameson got off the car first.

Sharon looked at him.

What was this jerk going to do then? Sharon got off the car and closed the door.

Jameson walked to her.

He stopped in front of her and said, "I'm still hungry.Could you cook some food for me?"

"Haven't you told me that you are so lucky to be invited to dinner? Why are you still hungry? Do you know what people call those who attend dinner and are still hungry yet?" Sharon said angrily.

Jameson's lips curved but did not reply.

He walked forward and said, "Hurry up, I'm hungry.' Sharon felt that this jerk made an excuse on purpose.

After back home, Sharon asked, "What would you like to have, Mr.Proctor?"

"Whatever you cook is fine with me."

Sharon snorted and didn't debunk him.

The jerk was so persnickety.

He told her that he would take whatever she cooked for him.

He surely was not here for having food.

Sharon would not prepare him a big meal.

Seeing two tomatoes in the fridge, she made a tomato fried egg noodle for him.

Sharon heard someone knocked on the door when she was cooking.

Sharon tilted her head and looked over.

She was too busy to answer the door now.

Soon, Jameson said, "Busy with your cooking, I will get it."

"OK."

She immediately turned her gaze back then.

Jameson opened the door.

He looked at the man outside without any surprise.

He curved his lips coldly, "What is it?"

Daniel did not expect that Jameson would be here.

He was stunned for two seconds.

Then he said calmly.

"I'm here to see Ms.Allyson."

Jameson looked back and replied indifferently, "She's busy now."

"Then I'll be back later."

As soon as Daniel was about to leave, Jameson said, "Are you here for Natalia? Or for someone else?"

Hearing this, Daniel stopped and turned to him with a smile.

"You are paranoid.I came to see Ms.Allyson ...for borrowing soy sauce.' Jameson said slowly, "Is that so?"

"That's it.We are neighbors and we help each other.Isn't that right, Mr.Proctor?"

Sharon tossed in noodles by then.

Hearing their conversation, she took a bottle of soy sauce with her and handed it to Daniel.

“This is the only one I have. Is that okay?”

“...That’s fine. I’ll return it to you as soon as possible.”

Sharon smiled and said, “It’s fine. No hurry. Take your time.’

Daniel nodded at Jameson and left.

After the door was closed, Sharon realized that the water was boiling.

She hurriedly ran into the kitchen again.

Jameson followed her.

The noodles were ready soon.

Sharon placed the bowl on the dining table and said, “It’s done. You can have it now.’

Jameson pulled up a chair and sat down, “Aren’t you going to have some with me?”

“Thank you, I’m full.”

While Jameson was having his meal, Sharon cleaned up the kitchen.

She checked the time.

It was almost eleven o’clock.

Why hadn’t Tiffany been back yet? Sharon walked into the living room and called Tiffany.

It took quite a while to connect.

Tiffany said, “Sharon, what’s up?”

“Haven’t you found an apartment?”

“Yes, I have. I’ll move over there by this weekend.’

“When will you be back?”

Tiffany paused for a moment, and then chuckled, “I’m not going back tonight. Wish you have a pleasant evening.”

Sharon was lost for words.

What was going on? Sharon turned around and looked at the man in the dining room.

She walked to the balcony and whispered, “Has Jameson threatened you?”

“Well ...No.”

Tiffany was lying in a big bathtub and sipped red wine.

“Sharon, you must have misunderstood Mr. Proctor. He is a nice guy. He is the model and benchmark in the business world. Mr. Proctor is handsome and kind. He is enthusiastic about philanthropy and environmental protection. Moreover, he also cares for the weak and understands people...”

Hearing Tiffany’s words, Sharon was silent for a moment before spoke, “How much did Jameson give you?”

Tiffany’s expression did not change and said, “No. How can you even say so? I have the highest respect for Mr. Proctor, and this is my praise.”

Then, she whispered quickly, “He just granted me a right to use a seven-star luxury suite whenever I want.”

Sharon’s temples throbbed.

Before she could speak, Jameson hugged her from behind.

The man’s warm breath was on her neck, which was sensitive and thrilled.

Sharon held her phone tighter in her hand and she could not make a sound.

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Hearing the unusual voice on the other end of the phone, Tiffany immediately said, “I should be asleep. Bye-bye.”

She hung up the phone without hesitation.

The busy tone was ringing.

Jameson slightly kissed behind her ear and said in a low, hoarse voice, “Are you finished?”

It was not finished.

It was obviously interrupted by the jerk.

Before Sharon could speak, the man moved his kiss from behind her ear to her neck.

It was itchy and numb.

Sharon couldn’t help but clenched her fingers tighter and tried to control her breath, “It’s getting late, you should....”

Jameson gently bit her fair skin, “What should I do?”

Sharon hissed in pain and said, “Are you a dog?”

“I can be anything.”

Jameson grabbed her shoulder and turned her around.

Then, he pushed her against the railing and bit her lips, “Your friend won’t come back tonight. Can I stay?”

“No....”

Before Sharon could reject, her mouth was firmly blocked.

Even if he didn't speak, there seemed to be a voice echoed in her brain, "I'm not discussing."

The cold wind blew wildly, but Sharon didn't feel anything.

Instead, she felt as if she was thrown in a large stove, so hot that she could not breathe.

Jameson touched her face and deepened his kiss.

Not long after, Sharon's knees felt so weak to stand.

She stretched out her hands and placed them on Jameson's chest and then retreated and gasped for some air.

Her eyes were filled with tears, "Alright.Fine...."

Jameson's deep eyes were fixed on her beautiful lips.

He leaned forward to kiss her again, "As you said."

Sharon was curious.

What did she say? Jameson let go of her and loosened his tie, "Are there any clothes for me?"

Sharon realized what he really wanted and looked at him with caution.

Without a second thought, she said, "No!"

"Alright, I don't care."

He took off his tie and threw it on the sofa, heading towards the bathroom.

Sharon gritted her teeth and had to get him Ruben's clothes.

She came to the door and knocked, "I'll leave them here."

"Bring them in.' Sharon was speechless.

Sharon choked off her idea to kill him and opened the door.

Just as she was about to put the clothes on the dresser, she saw him facing her.

His shirt was half unbuttoned, revealing his robust chest.

Further down were the faint six-pack abs.

Sharon instantly found her eyes burning.

She quickly put her eyes back and faltered, "Here are clothes, I should...'

When she was about to leave, Jameson leaned beside her, with one hand against the wall and looked sideways.

He began with a low voice, "Which towel is yours?"

“Don’t use my towel! There’s a disposable one over there. Use that to wash....” Sharon pointed casually.

Jameson bent over and came closer to her, “Where?”

“Wash wherever you like.”

As Sharon spoke, she wanted to escape from Jameson’s arms, but what she didn’t expect was that Jameson suddenly retracted his hand and she fell directly into Jameson’s breast.

The man’s thin lips curled up.

He put his arms around her waist, “Don’t rush. We still have time tonight.”

Sharon blushed and stomped him viciously.

Jameson grunted and said, “Old habits die hard, isn’t it? You should change that.”

“I’ll never!”

Sharon ran out of the bathroom before he could notice and blocked the door.

She wished that she could lock it from the outside and let the jerk stay in it all night.

Anyway, she knew what he was thinking.

When Sharon went to do dishes, Jameson had finished his noodles.

It seemed that he was really hungry.

She didn’t understand why he insisted on joining the fun.

Was he going to practice a hundred ways to embarrass himself? Coming out of the kitchen, Sharon sat on the sofa and turned the TV on to drown out the sound of water from the bathroom.

A minute later, her phone rang.

It was Trey.

Sharon picked up.

“Hello, Sharon? This is Trey. I’m sorry I went AWOL tonight. I’ve been a little busy.”

“That’s fine.”

Sharon paused and said, “Is there anything you want to tell me?”

Trey went silent on the phone.

In the end, he did not say it out.

He said, “I’ve been occupied recently. I just want to meet you. I didn’t mean anything.”

Sharon’s lips tightened.

She could tell that something was wrong from Trey’s serious face today.

However, since Trey was unwilling to talk, she would not insist.

“Sharon.”

“Yes.”

Trey took a deep breath and said, “Mr.Proctor and you are....”

“We’re together.” Sharon said.

Even though Trey had known the answer, he didn’t want to give up and asked the question.

He was relieved hearing Sharon’s answer and smiled faintly, “Then I wish you happiness.”

“Thank you.”

Apart from these two words, Sharon did not know what to say.

Before hanging up, Trey said, “Sharon, whatever happened, you must watch out for Talon and Natalia.’

She disconnected, and the bathroom door opened.Jameson walked out with his black hair half wet.

“Where is the hairdryer? I can’t find it.”

Sharon put aside her thoughts, put down her phone and went into the bathroom.

She took out the hairdryer from a drawer of the dresser and handed it to him.

She asked, “Are you really looking?”

“I am.” Jameson took the dryer and plugged in.

The droplets slid down as he was blow-drying his hair, along his lower jaw, through the protruding adam’s apple and silently into his collar.

Sharon licked her lower lip subconsciously and felt her throat dry and itchy.

Before she could find an excuse to leave, the low roar of the dryer continued.

Jameson casually rubbed his wet hair and a few drops spayed on Sharon’s face.

She raised her eyes and was about to speak when she met his crooked smile.

He said, “Can’t take your eyes off me?”

At this moment, Jameson’s voice was low and sexy.

He was dressed in Ruben’s clothes, making him a few years younger.

His cold black eyes were a bit purer than those of college students, and even his face features were much softer.

The sudden change of his style had a great impact on her since he was usually wearing a suit.

Just standing there, Jameson seemed to exude his charming from the inside out.

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Sharon withdrew her gaze, coughed and said calmly, "I just didn't expect that Ruben's clothes would fit you quite well, Mr.Proctor.'

"Really? I feel a little tight."

When Sharon heard this, she couldn't help but look at the position of his shoulders.

"I think it's just right.Where do you feel tight?"

Jameson said slowly, "Pants."

Sharon was lost for words.

What was he thinking? Sharon held back her anger and went back to the bedroom.

Then she brought her pajamas back.

Seeing that Jameson's hair was almost dried, she immediately kicked him out of the bathroom and locked the door from the inside.

After making sure that he could not get in, she went to take a bath.

Jameson stood at the bathroom door for a while, and when he heard the sound of water, he coughed once and left.

He walked to the dining room, poured a cup of cold water, and raised his head to drink it up.

At this time, the sound of knocking came again.

Jameson's expression gradually turned cold as he put down his cup and walked to the door.

Outside the door, Daniel hugged a bottle of soy sauce and smiled at Jameson politely, "Mr.Proctor, you are still here."

Mr.Proctor leaned against the doorframe and said, "Is there a problem?"

"Mr.Proctor, not at all.Ms.Allyson and I are neighbors.She is just a girl, so I should take care of her.'

Jameson said impatiently, "What do you want?"

"I..."

Daniel looked at the soy sauce in his hand and handed it to Jameson.

"I'm here to return this."

Just as Jameson was about to reach for it, Daniel dodged.

"Where is Ms.Allyson? I borrowed it from her, so I think it would be better for me to return it to her."

"She's busy."

Jameson looked at him expressionlessly with a cold gaze.

Daniel forced himself to laugh dryly, "If that's the case, then I'll return it tomorrow.'

"You don't have to. Keep it."

Daniel righteously refused, "No, I can't. I said that I borrowed it, so I must return it. I am not a greedy person."

Jameson said, "Trey came before, then you come. Since he cares so much, why doesn't he come by himself?"

Daniel pretended to be confused, "Mr. Proctor, what do you mean by him?"

Jameson narrowed his eyes and didn't say anything.

Daniel continued, "This is embarrassing. Mr. Proctor, you know how Trey feels about Ms. Allyson. It's not once or twice since he went to see Miss Allyson. As for me, Miss Allyson and I are neighbors. We live so close, and we occasionally visit each other."

"That's enough."

Jameson didn't bother to listen, so he said coldly, "You don't have to explain it to me. Just tell him that as long as I'm here, the Beale family can't do anything about Sharon. I don't care what he is up to, but Talon's people are watching him. It's best to clean up this mess first, then we can talk about other things."

"Mr. Proctor, you mistake us. I..."

Before Daniel could finish his sentence, the door in front of him had been closed.

He was rejected totally.

The smile on Daniel's face gradually disappeared.

It seemed that they could not ask Sharon any more questions.

Furthermore, from Jameson's words, it was obvious that Jameson should have figured.

However, it seemed that Jameson did not intend to tell Sharon everything he had found.

Daniel raised his hand to pinch the bridge of his nose and carried the soy sauce back.

"Who were you talking to at the door?"

Sharon poked her head out of the bathroom.

Jameson sat on the sofa with his slender legs crossed.

"Salesman."

"Sell what?"

"Soy sauce." Sharon was confused.

She retracted her head, closed the door, and continued to dry her hair.

If she wasn't mistaken, it should be Daniel.

Daniel got the invitation letter for the bidding conference for her, so he was curious about what happened today.

It was not surprising that he wanted to ask her about it.

When Sharon was halfway through her hair drying, she suddenly stopped.

Trey had probably come to look for her today because of the bidding conference either.

A few minutes later, Sharon came out of the bathroom.

She looked at the man on the sofa who was watching the financial news.

After a moment of silence, she asked, "Mr. Proctor, aren't you going to sleep?"

Jameson seemed to be waiting for her words.

He directly picked up the remote and turned off the TV.

He stood up and said, "Which room is yours?"

Sharon pointed at a room and said, "That one." Jameson walked to the door of the room and turned around to see Sharon enter another room. He scratched his eyebrows and followed.

Just as Sharon was about to close the door, she saw the man behind her and immediately blocked the door, "What are you doing?"

"Didn't you say that is your room?"

"Yes. Why?"

Sharon said calmly, "You sleep in my room, I sleep in Tiffany's room."

Jameson was lost for words.

He wrapped his arms around Sharon's waist and didn't plan to waste any more words.

He directly picked her up and walked into the room.

Sharon struggled a few times, but it didn't work at all.

She was instantly thrown onto the bed.

Before she could dodge, the man's powerful body covered her.

All lights were off in the room.

Sharon could not see his expression clearly.

She could only feel his breathing.

The hormones in her body were also rapidly secreted.

Jameson gently rubbed the most sensitive spot on the back of her neck with his long fingers and lowered his voice.

“Don’t you want to sleep with me?”

Hearing his words, Sharon suddenly blushed.

Even through it was dark in the room, she could still feel the man’s burning gaze.

She turned her gaze away and found an excuse, “This bed is too small.If two of us are sleeping together, I’m afraid...”

“Is it smaller than a sofa? Is it smaller than a bathtub? Is it...”

At first, Sharon did not understand what he meant.

When she understood, she was instantly embarrassed and angry.

She used her hand to cover his mouth without thinking.

“Shut up!”

Jameson pursed his thin lips and kissed her palm.

Sharon subconsciously pulled her hand back.

Just as she moved her hand, the man pressed her hand down on the bed and kissed her again.

Sharon felt that her entire body was soft, and she didn’t have any strength at all, let alone push him away.

Not long after, her breathing became a little heavier.

There was a sound of clothes rubbing against each other, and a cold breeze came in.

At the last moment, Sharon suddenly became sober and said, “No!”

Jameson was stunned for a few seconds.

He said in a hoarse voice, “Is that no good enough for you?”

Sharon’s face already flushed to the point of blood red.

Ignoring the words of the jerk, she whispered, “I don’t have that at home ...Next time ...Next time!”

As she spoke, she wanted to escape.

Jameson pressed her back, took out a box from somewhere and put it in her hand.

He said softly, “Open it.”

“Where did you get this?”

As expected, the jerk was well prepared.

She shouldn’t have let him come up! Da*n! Jameson said, “Always be prepared.”

Sharon was lost for words and she didn't speak anymore.

Jameson's thin lips were pressed against her ears, and she could clearly feel his breathing.

"Baby, Shall we?"

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The next day, when the alarm clock rang, Sharon woke up.

She touched the bed as usual, but she didn't touch anything.

She closed her eyes and listened for a while before realizing that the alarm clock was under the bed.

Just as Sharon was about to reach out to get her phone, the hand around her waist exerted a slight force and pulled her back.

Sharon didn't see that coming and fell back into the man's embrace again.

Jameson kissed behind her ear, his voice hoarse and full of tiredness, "I don't want to get up yet."

"I'm turning off the alarm clock."

After a pause, Sharon said, "It's eight o'clock now. Aren't you going to the company?"

"I don't want to."

"But I have to go to the studio,' Sharon whispered.

After a few seconds, Jameson slowly opened his eyes and said in a hoarse voice, "Your energy is pretty good. Who cried and begged me to make it fast last night?"

Sharon was lost for words.

She blushed slightly, "Can't you say something decent in the morning?"

"I'm not a decent man. Why should I say decent words?"

As he spoke, his hand on her waist began to move upwards.

Sharon's breath became unstable, "You..."

Jameson gently kissed her on the neck and said, "Go later. Don't you have employees in your studio?"

"But..."

Before she could finish her sentence, her mouth was covered by a gentle kiss.

Soon, the morning passed.

By the time Sharon arrived at the studio, it was already one o'clock at noon.

She felt that her entire body was aching so much that she scolded Jameson over and over in her heart.

Tiffany was leaning on the front desk watching the drama.

Seeing Sharon walk in with heavy steps, Tiffany instantly put on a curious face and followed her into the office.

Just as Sharon turned her head, she saw Tiffany standing behind her.

She was shocked and patted her chest to comfort herself.

“What are you doing?”

Tiffany closed the office door, pulled a stool and sat beside her.

“How did you feel last night?”

Sharon felt uncomfortable when she saw this.

She rubbed her nose and sat on the chair.

“What feeling...”

“When are you moving to the Beale’s? I think I’d better not go back tonight. I should let you and Mr. Proctor spend more time alone. Other, I will ruin your mood and disturb you guys. I can’t let Mr. Proctor down, can I?” Sharon was a little embarrassed.

She stretched her neck and said with a tired voice, “Stop your nonsense.”

Tiffany continued, “Really? Am I talking nonsense? Look at the bruise on your neck.”

Hearing this, Sharon suddenly pulled her collar up.

She picked a turtleneck sweater today on purpose and made sure the bruise was covered.

Afterwards, she left the room.

Tiffany suppressed her laughter and said, “I’m kidding.”

Sharon patted her angrily and said, “I’m going to work on my design draft. You can go to work now.”

Tiffany stood up and said, “Oh right, when will you move? Something happened to my family. I have to go back these two days.”

“What happened?” Sharon asked.

“It’s nothing. My mom’s ankle is sprained. She’s going to stay in the hospital for a few days, but my dad can’t take care of her. It’s been a long time since I went back. I might as well take this opportunity to go back and see them.” Sharon nodded.

“Then you should go back. I think I will move there in these two days either.”

“That’s about the same time. I’ve told the landlord that we are going to return the apartment. I’ll move when I get back.”

At this moment, Sharon did not know where she would be and what she would be doing when Tiffany moved.

After thinking for a while, she said, “Call Ruben when you move and ask him to help you.”

“Then what if Ruben asks me where you are?” Sharon fell silent for a moment.

She almost forgot about it.

Tiffany patted her shoulder and said, “It’s just moving to a new house. I’ll just find a moving company. Relax, it’s not a big deal.”

Before Sharon could reply, Tiffany said, “If there is nothing else to do in the studio today, I will go back tonight.”

“Sure.”

Sharon said, “Just go. I’m here.”

Tiffany immediately booked a flight and went home to pack her things.

She dragged her suitcase out the door.

When she was waiting for the elevator, she suddenly heard something coming from the side.

The door of Daniel’s house opened.

The moment the elevator door opened, Tiffany dragged her suitcase and rushed in.

However, things didn’t go as she wished for.

Small probability event happened to her.

The wheels of the suitcase were stuck in the elevator slot.

Tiffany pulled it for a few times, but the suitcase didn’t move at all.

A few seconds later, Daniel’s figure appeared in front of her.

He looked at her and then at the suitcase stuck there.

“May I help you?”

Tiffany smiled perfunctorily and said, “That will be great.”

Daniel raised his hand and easily lifted the suitcase, as if there was no obstruction, and placed it at her feet.

Tiffany was slightly stunned.

Seriously? It was like she was doing it on purpose.

Tiffany pressed the first-floor button and retreated to the corner of the elevator.

Daniel pressed the B1 button.

During this time, neither of them spoke.

Tiffany crossed her hands in front of her chest awkwardly and kept comforting herself in her heart.

This should be the last time they saw each other.

When she returned, she would immediately move.

A few seconds later, Daniel suddenly said, "Are you going somewhere?"

Tiffany said calmly, "Yes, I'm going home."

The two of them were silent again.

At this time, the elevator door was opened again.

A group of people chatted and laughed as they came in one after another.

It should be a large family.

Tiffany leaned against the wall of the elevator, and Daniel retreated to her side.

The space in the elevator was small.

Previously, Tiffany had tried her best to keep a distance from him, but now that they were so close, she could even smell the faint scent on his body.

No, it should smell like canned food.

Tiffany couldn't help but laugh.

When she raised her head, she met Daniel's deep eyes.

She instantly stopped laughing.

Then she coughed and looked elsewhere as if nothing had happened.

Soon, the elevator stopped on the first floor.

Tiffany didn't want to greet Daniel anymore and quickly left with the family.

Daniel looked at her back and raised his hand to touch his eyebrows.

The elevator door closed again.

After Tiffany left the community, she realized that it was raining lightly outside.

She had left in a hurry, so she forgot to bring her umbrella.

She put her hand on her head and took out her phone to call a taxi.

Finally, she had booked a taxi.

However, it was five kilometers away from her, and it would take more than ten minutes for the taxi to arrive.

Tiffany looked around, thinking that if there was a taxi passing by, she would cancel the taxi booking.

At this moment, a black Maserati stopped in front of her.

Tiffany was stunned.

Did luxury cars come out to pick up customers? The door opened, and Daniel got out of the car with an umbrella.

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He walked to Tiffany's side and raised the umbrella above her head.

"To the airport or the high-speed railway station? I'll see you off."

Tiffany laughed dryly, "Thank you. I've got a taxi. It will be there soon."

"It's raining harder and harder," Daniel said.

"I'm fine. My taxi will be here soon. You can go first."

Tiffany picked up her phone and wanted to show him that she had called a taxi, but when she raised her phone, she realized that the driver had cancelled the order.

Tiffany was stunned.

This was unexpected.

Seeing this, Daniel's lips curled up, and he pulled her suitcase.

"Let's go."

Tiffany still refused, "I'm serious. You don't need to..."

"Didn't you say that neighbors should help each other?"

Should neighbors help each other? At that time, she just wanted to hook up with him, so she found so many excuses.

She didn't expect that his excuses were even more ridiculous than hers.

Seeing that the rain was getting heavier and heavier, Tiffany fell silent for a moment.

Daniel handed her the umbrella and quickly put the suitcase on the back seat.

He opened the door and got into the car.

Tiffany held the umbrella with both hands and hesitated for a few seconds.

Finally, she gritted her teeth and followed in.

Daniel asked, "Which airport?"

After Tiffany gave him the address, she still pretended to be polite, "Isn't it too troublesome for you? You should have work to do."

Daniel tapped the steering wheel with his index finger and drove the car away.

"No, it's my pleasure."

Since he had said so, Tiffany was no longer courteous.

She sat quietly and did not say anything.

After a while, Daniel said, "May I ask you something?"

Tiffany picked up her spirits and adjusted her sitting posture, "Sure."

With the sound of the rain, Daniel slowly said, "Earlier, I heard Ms. Allyson's father passed away. Is that true?"

Tiffany said, "Oh, it seemed so, but he is alive again."

"Alive again?"

"Yes! Maybe because he was so evil that even hell would not take him in and returned him to the earth. Then, he is alive again." Daniel pursed his lips.

"He shouldn't be Ms. Allyson's biological father, right?"

Hearing this, Tiffany couldn't help but look sideways, "How do you know?"

Only Sharon, Ruben, she, and Jameson knew about this matter.

After all, this was a rather private matter.

No one should tell Daniel about it, right? Daniel smiled and said, "I was there at yesterday's bidding conference."

Tiffany regained her calm and said, "I almost forgot that you are chasing after Natalia."

Daniel couldn't help but cough.

He didn't know how to explain.

Pausing for a moment, he said, "How did you find Ms. Allyson's pocket watch? And how did you know that it had something to do with Talon?"

Tiffany said, "It seems that after Josh died, Sharon and Ruben tidied up his things and discovered it. Ruben even had the newspaper publish a missing persons notice, but it was useless. As for how we found it was related to Talon..."

Tiffany was halfway through her words when she suddenly looked at him vigilantly, "Are you asking about this in order to tell Natalia?"

Daniel laughed dryly.

"No, I'm just curious. You are overthinking."

Tiffany did not believe him.

A person who lied to her that he did not eat because he believed in Buddhism, was no longer trustworthy to her.

Daniel continued to ask, "So, Ruben and Ms. Allyson share a same biological father or a same biological mother?"

Tiffany did not know why he was asking about this, nor did she know why he brought up Ruben.

She closed her eyes and said, "You should ask Sharon about this. If she is willing to tell you, then you would know the answer. I do not know either."

Daniel's thin lips twitched, and he didn't say anything else.

It took almost an hour to get to the airport because of the heavy rain.

After Daniel put the suitcase on the ground, Tiffany thanked her.

Just as she was about to leave, Daniel stopped her.

He took out the umbrella from the car and handed it to her, "It's rainy season recently. Take it with you."

Tiffany slowly took it and raised her head to look at Daniel.

Daniel was a little uncomfortable because of her staring at him.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing. I just suddenly remember something. Thank you. Bye."

With that, she walked into the airport without turning her head.

She once told Sharon that she was going to fall in love with a playa.

She didn't expect that a joke would come true.

In fact, it was not true.

It was only half true.

She had fallen in love with a playa, but the playa didn't not fall in love with her.

Tiffany thought and couldn't help but feel that it was a little funny.

Daniel was chasing after Natalia while sending her to the airport and giving her the umbrella.

Did he treat her a fish in the sea? Standing at the boarding gate, Tiffany looked down at the umbrella in her hand and threw it into the trash can without hesitation.

Goodbye, playa! Sharon looked at the heavy rain outside and gave Tiffany a call, but her phone was turned off.

She should be on the plane.

Sharon stretched herself and felt pain everywhere.

Just as she stood up and was about to take a walk, a knock sounded on the door.

It was an employee of the studio.

The girl said, "Sharon, we are going to have dinner together tonight. Will you join us?"

Hearing this, Sharon smiled and nodded, "Sure, why not?"

After the girl finished speaking, she stood at the door.

Her face was slightly red, and she seemed that she wanted to say something, but she was very embarrassed to say it.

“What’s wrong?” Sharon asked.

“Just ...Can you call your brother to join us either? We don’t have his contact.”

Sharon was stunned, then she smiled happily, “Sure, I’ll ask him, but I don’t know if he will work part-time tonight.”

“That will be great.Thank you for asking him.It would be great if he could come.If he couldn’t make it, then forget it...”

“Alright.”

After the girl left, Sharon took out her phone and dialed Ruben’s number.

The phone rang for a long time before it was connected.

Listening to the noises in the other end of the phone, Sharon said, “Ruben, you are not at school, right?”

“Yes, there’s something.’

“Where are you? Are you coming to dinner tonight?”

Ruben said, “I’m not coming.I have an appointment with someone.”

“Alright then.If you have time on the weekend, come over.I have something to say to you.”

“I see.”

After hanging up the phone, Sharon raised her eyebrows and thought for a while before calling Jameson.

Jameson was in a quiet place.

There was no sound at all.

“Are you busy?”

Sharon paused for a moment and whispered.

“Not so much.What’s wrong?”

“Nothing.I will have dinner with these girls in the studio tonight.I can’t have dinner with you.

“Can’t I go with you?” Sharon smiled.

She did not expect him to be wronged.

She patiently said, “They are all young girls.Why are you going?”

Then she said, “Right, what are you doing?”

On the other end of the phone, the man’s voice was low and slow, “Meeting.”

Sharon was silent for a while.