

Resume 311

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 311

Then she said, "What are you doing now?"

Jameson's throaty voice came from the phone, "In a meeting."

Sharon hung up the phone.

In Jameson's office, it was so quiet that the sound of a pin falling could be heard.

A group of workers kept their breath, didn't dare to make a sound, and looked at each other.

Now, this scene was not worth mentioning because they had witnessed that Mr.Proctor used the Group's official account of Twitter to attack Internet trolls.

But it was the first time that they had seen Mr.Proctor behave this way.

In their memory, Mr.Proctor was not a henpecked man.

After the phone hung up, Jameson put down his phone and looked around in a cold expression, "Where were we?"

"About last year's project,' Jacob reminded.

Jameson nodded and pinched his nose, "Go on."

The lifeless office was like the cold winter, and there was some warmth.

After the meeting, Jacob followed behind Jameson and whispered, "Mr.Proctor, Daniel has gone to Stella Technologies.As for Patrick ...he still hasn't done anything."

Jameson said, "Talon has been watching him, of course, he wouldn't do anything."

Hearing this, Jacob was puzzled, "If Mr.Proctor indeed is ...would it be safer for him to give up the Beale Group's project now?"

"The project has been launched so they have to go on.In addition, they have been planning for so long, just for this step.How could they give up so easily?"

"But if they insist, there is a high possibility that Mrs.Proctor would be in danger."

After a pause, Jameson said, "Even so, it's too late to regret it now."

Jacob understood what Jameson meant.

Patrick had appeared in front of Talon.

If the project went smoothly, it would be fine.

In case Patrick did something, Talon now sent people to keep an eye on him.

If Patrick gave up the project suddenly, it would only deepen Talon's suspicions and Sharon would be more dangerous.

Sometimes fate was so miraculous.

If they knew about this earlier, everything would be different.

After taking a few steps, Jameson said, "Do you have any other plans tonight?"

"No " Jacob said.

Ever since Jameson and Sharon were together, Jacob had put off his dinner party at night.

Jameson said indifferently, "Sharon has another arrangement tonight. I'll go to see the little fellow."

Jacob nodded slightly, "OK, I'll go arrange it now."

Jameson said, "Did Evie take any action?"

"She should be about to take action."

The corners of Jameson's lips curled up, and he said coldly, "It's about time. If she's not anxious, I'll be."

In the studio.

As soon as Sharon tidied up, the door of the office was knocked on.

A girl stuck her head in and said, "Sharon, is it OK? We're ready to go."

"Yes, let's go."

The birthday party was in a tavern not far away.

There were a lot of snacks and wine.

Most couples came here, and people chatted with their friends in the tavern.

After Sharon sat down, the girl next to her whispered, "Sharon...

Ruben is not coming?"

Sharon smiled and said, "He still has something to do at school. Another time."

The girl's expression was somewhat frustrated, but there was no other way.

She could only say, "Alright."

When a group of girls sat together, apart from gossiping about the celebrities, they were also chatting about their own emotional life.

After they had narrated, someone suddenly said, "Sharon, what about you?"

Sharon was a little distracted just now and did not listen carefully.

Hearing this, she was stunned, "What?"

"How did you and your boyfriend get to know each other?"

Speaking of that, everyone was very interested.

After a series of trending on Twitter because of Saige, everyone had known that the cold and handsome man was the president of the Proctor Group.

Another girl said, "Sharon, is Mr.Proctor your ex-husband? Are you two together again now?"

"Mr.Proctor is so handsome.He's rich and gentle.I'm so jealous."

'What? What made you think he is gentle?' Sharon thought.

"Apart from Mr.Proctor, another man who comes to the studio frequently is handsome too.Sharon, is he your admirer?"

"Sharon is so beautiful and must have many admirers, but I still think she and Mr.Proctor are a perfect match.'

"I don't think so.If they indeed are meant for each other, they wouldn't be divorced back then.So you should see more people because the one pursuing you is not the best.After all, there are plenty more fish in the sea."

"What you said is wrong.Mr.Proctor is the most handsome and charming fish in the sea.'

"Speaking of which, Sharon, why did you divorce Mr.Proctor?"

Gosh, these girls were discussing lively, and directly asked Sharon why she divorced Jameson from the process how she and Jameson knew each other.

Sharon didn't know how to answer.

After thinking for a while, she said, "Perhaps it's because of mutual trust.But I think the most important is to meet someone you want to spend your rest life with at the right time.The feelings are mutual.No one is absolutely right, and wrong."

If she and Jameson did not meet in the Twilight Club, but in a different place with different identity.

It would have a better outcome.

A girl touched the elbow of a girl next to her, "Listen, Sharon said that.Don't complain about your boyfriend all the time.Love is mutual."

The girl pursed her lips and said, "If my boyfriend was as handsome as Mr.Proctor, I would be willing to slap myself in a quarrel, let alone understand him."

As soon as these words were spoken, they burst into laughter.

Sharon picked up a glass of sake and drank.

Then she couldn't help but laugh.

These girls had just graduated from university and were in their early twenties.

Some of them were even in their senior year.

There may be few times in life when there was such a pure and hearty laugh.

The girl sitting beside Sharon said, "Sharon, can I secretly ask you something?"

"Yes,"

Sharon nodded.

The girl whispered, "That's ...does your brother have a girlfriend?"

"He probably doesn't have one." Sharon said.

After a pause, she added seriously, "At least, as far as I know, he doesn't."

"Then do you know what type of girls he likes?" The girl asked.

This question got Sharon.

She had once asked Ruben, but she did not receive a specific answer.

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At eight o'clock in the evening, a black Rolls-Royce stopped in front of a residential building.

After the car door opened, Jameson's figure appeared in the night.

Jacob took something out of the car and followed Jameson.

Perhaps Evie would never have thought that the person she was looking for all over the world was in South City, under her nose.

As the saying went, the most dangerous place was the safest place.

In the house, Harley was preparing food for the little fellow.

Seeing Jameson, she hurriedly said, "Mr.Proctor."

Jameson said, "Where are they?"

"The child just woke up.Charlotte is with him in the room."

Hearing this, Jameson walked into the bedroom.

On the crib, the little fellow held a toy in his hand and looked around with round eyes.

After seeing Jameson, he grinned and giggled.

Charlotte turned around and said, "Why do you come all of a sudden?"

Jameson walked to the crib and said, "Nothing.I've decided on the spur of the moment."

Charlotte stood up and said, "You've just come in time.Play with the little fellow for a while.I'll go wash his clothes."

"OK."

As soon as Charlotte left, the little fellow's smile disappeared, and he pouted and looked deeply wronged as if he would cry in the next second.

Jameson looked at him without saying a word.

The little fellow began to clench his tiny fists tightly, moving his body, as if he was deeply wronged.

Charlotte's voice came from outside, "Don't just sit there. If he cries, you can hug him."

Jameson hugged the little fellow and whispered, "Just like your mother, you are quite petty."

The little fellow stayed in Jameson's arms and stopped crying.

His round eyes widened as he looked at Jameson curiously.

A smile appeared on Jameson's thin lips and he said, "For some time, I will come here with your mother. She also misses you."

As soon as he finished speaking, the little fellow clenched his fists, his face flushed, and it seemed that his entire body was exerting force.

Jameson was lost for words.

When Charlotte came in, she saw the little fellow was naked, and Jameson with a cold look was lifting the little fellow's legs and about to change baby's diaper.

Charlotte showed a wry face, walked over, and said, "How could you change a diaper like this way? It is easy for him to catch a cold if you take off the little fellow's all clothes."

Jameson was silent for a moment before he said, "When I changed his diaper just now, something was on him." Charlotte didn't say anything.

She carried the little fellow directly into the bathroom and prepared to bathe him.

After taking a shower, the little fellow quickly fell asleep.

Harley had also tidied the living room up.

She came into the bedroom and whispered, "Mr. Proctor, Charlotte, if there's nothing else, can I take a night off?"

Charlotte nodded, "Sure, you can do your own business."

"Thank you, Charlotte. Then I'll leave."

As she spoke, she hurriedly picked up her things and left.

After the door closed, Jameson turned his gaze and said indifferently, "She seems too often to ask for leave recently?"

Charlotte was folding the little fellow's clothes and said, "Occasionally, Harley asks for leave. But it's almost at nighttime. But she comes back early in the morning, so it won't be a trouble."

Jameson narrowed his eyes and didn't say anything.

"What's wrong?" Charlotte looked at him.

"Nothing."

Charlotte said, "Well, it's getting late. The little fellow is also asleep. Do your own business. Don't stay here anymore."

Jameson looked at the crib, not knowing what he was thinking.

Downstairs, Harley found the car she familiar with and sat on after she was out of the community.

She wore her seat belt while saying with a lingering fear, "So scared. I thought I wouldn't be able to get out tonight."

Jayden in the driver's seat said, "What's wrong?"

"Well ...the male master of the family has been back. I worry that he won't let me take time off."

Jayden smiled, "Is he aggressive?"

Harley said, "No, it's just that his personality is a little bit indifferent, but he's still quite nice."

Jayden added, "What kind of work does he do? He doesn't seem to be at home often?"

Harley said vaguely, "Maybe, he is often on business trips."

Then she said, "Well, how about going to the cinema tonight? It's been a long time since we went to the cinema."

Hearing Harley changed the topic, Jayden did not continue to ask, but the smile in his eyes revealed a bit of calculation.

On the way, Harley leaned against the car window and quietly listened to the music playing in the car.

Harley was the secretary of a subsidiary of the Proctor Group.

She had been bullied because she rejected the hidden rules of her superiors.

Once, Mr. Proctor came to inspect the company.

Harley's leader had deliberately arranged for her to attend the dinner party to humiliate her.

She had thought that she was doomed.

But Mr. Proctor saw through her leader's filthy and dirty plan and reorganized the subsidiary, which undoubtedly helped her see the light of hope again.

After that, Harley had always treated Mr. Proctor as her benefactor.

After she received the temporary task of taking care of the kid, she never asked for other questions she shouldn't ask, not to mention talk about it.

It was an accident that she met Jayden.

Not long ago, when Harley went grocery shopping, she met thieves and her phone was almost stolen, but Jayden appeared out of a sudden and helped her.

Harley bought him dinner for showing her gratitude and asked for his contact information.

In this way, they became familiar with each other.

She knew that Jayden was a single father with two children, but he was very caring, thoughtful, and always gave her unexpected romance and surprises.

Even so, she didn't tell him anything about the little fellow and Mr. Proctor.

She just said that she worked as a babysitter.

Except that, Harley didn't say anything else.

After coming out of the tavern, a few girls took a taxi to go home.

Sharon thought that here was not far from where she lived, so she went home on foot.

A girl asked, "Sharon, how about we give you a ride?"

Sharon smiled and said, "I am a little full. It's OK for me to walk home."

"OK. Be careful on your way home. We have to go now. Bye-bye."

"Bye-bye. You, too. Text me when you go back home."

Sharon smiled and waved at them.

After they all left, she turned her gaze and put her hand in her coat pocket.

She turned around and walked step by step.

These girls had made Sharon drink quite a bit at night, but the alcohol content was not high.

Apart from slight dizziness, there was nothing uncomfortable, and she also felt spirited.

Just as Sharon took a few steps, the phone in her pocket rang.

It was Jameson.

The man's throaty voice sounded, "Is it over?"

"It's just over. I'm ready to go home."

"Walk home?"

"How do you know..." Sharon stopped and looked around.

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Not far away, a man's tall and upright figure appeared in her sight.

He held a bouquet of red roses.

Sharon was slightly stunned as she slowly put down her phone.

However, the smile on her face couldn't help but become more and more obvious.

It was so unexpected that the jerk could be so romantic, and he actually brought flowers to see her.

Jameson walked up to her and said, "Why don't you call me when it's over?"

Sharon said, "How did I know that you are waiting nearby?"

She planned to text him when she got home.

Jameson asked, "Get into the car."

Sharon shook her head.

"I'm a little full. I want to walk back home." Jameson suddenly bent over and sniffed.

"Have you drunk?"

Sharon stretched out her hand to make a gesture.

"A little bit. I'm not drunk at all."

The corner of Jameson's lips curved when he heard this.

He said, "I'll drink with you after you get back."

Looking at his expression, Sharon knew that the jerk did not have any good intentions.

She turned around and walked forward.

She said, "No, thanks." The right amount of drinking is good for health. Drinking too much will only shorten my life expectancy.

Jameson followed her and said, "Where did you get this nonsense?"

"Could there be any words as irrational as those of yours?"

Jameson said, "I'll be free tomorrow. I can have a date with you. Where do you want to go?"

Sharon thought of it for a while, and then she turned to him.

"But I have to work. Tiffany has something to do in her home. The studio can't be left empty."

When she finished it, Jameson raised his eyebrows, "Is her home?"

Sharon didn't say anything.

She seemed to have slipped out something.

Sharon immediately skipped the topic and looked at the bouquet of roses in Jameson's arms.

"The flowers. Aren't you going to give it to me?"

Jameson looked down and asked, "Do you want it?"

Sharon was confused.

What else? If not, why was he carrying them in his arms? Wasn't it for her? Jameson said, "I picked it up on the way just now. If you want it, I'll give it to you."

Sharon gritted her teeth and glared at him fiercely before she turned around and strode away.

Jameson chuckled and followed her up.

“Alright, I’m just kidding. I just bought it for you.”

“Oh.” She didn’t believe it.

Jameson said, “It’s a little heavy. Aren’t you going to walk back home? You don’t have much strength, so you’ll pant after you walk a few steps with it.”

Sharon couldn’t bear it.

She refuted unyieldingly, “What’s wrong with my strength? Mr. Proctor, please don’t underestimate any woman, okay?”

“Then let’s continue tonight.”

“Alright, I…”

After saying that, Sharon finally realized what he was referring to. She got angry.

“Continue by yourself!”

The jerk couldn’t think of anything else but sex in his mind.

Just as she was about to leave out of anger, her hand was gently held.

Jameson asked slowly, “Are you angry?”

The jerk knew it yet he asked! Sharon didn’t want to talk to him.

At this time, a couple passed by.

They also seemed to be quarreling.

The woman cried and said, “Look at that! He is so handsome, and he bought flowers for his girlfriend! Today is our first anniversary of being together. Not only did you not buy flowers for me, but also couldn’t remember it!”

The young man said anxiously, “Well …whether I buy flowers or not has nothing to do with my face. Sorry, I am really too busy with my work and forgot it. Tomorrow, I will definitely make it up for you. Is that okay?”

“Today is the anniversary. What’s the point of doing it tomorrow?”

After saying that, the girl ran away while she was crying.

The boy stood there.

He tended to find a flower shop nearby, but it was too late now.

The shops around him were all closed, let alone the flower shop.

Sharon looked at the scene for a while.

Suddenly, she stretched out her hands to Jameson.

She said, "Give it to me."

Jameson raised his eyebrows, "What?"

"Didn't you say that it was for me? Give it to me."

Jameson realized what she meant and handed the flowers over.

Sharon hugged the flowers for a few seconds, smiling slightly.

She walked towards the youth.

The young man was stunned when he saw her coming.

Sharon gave him the flowers and said, "Here you are. Give this to your girlfriend."

"That's too much for you. Anyway, she is so angry. I suppose there is no need to do it anymore." Sharon smiled and said, "It doesn't matter. Most of the time, what a girl needs is a sense of ritual, especially on an important day like the anniversary. The reason why she is angry is because she cares so much about your relationship."

When the youth heard this, he did not refuse.

He took the flowers over and said, "Thank you. I'll transfer the money to you."

"No, it's unnecessary. As long as you don't mind this ... this is something my boyfriend gave me."

The man hurriedly said, "No, I won't. You and your boyfriend are so affectionate. I really appreciate you two. I hope we could be as sweet as you."

Sharon really wanted to say that their relationship could not be a good example for him to follow.

In the end, she just smiled and said, "Go quickly to find her."

The young man thanked her repeatedly and nodded slightly to greet Jameson.

Then, he carried the flower and chased after his girlfriend.

After he left, Jameson walked to Sharon's side and said, "You don't feel angry anymore?"

Sharon ignored him.

Jameson grabbed her wrist and said, "Didn't you say I was your boyfriend just now? Why do you ignore me?"

Sharon didn't respond to that.

How could the jerk hear her remarks since she said those in such a low voice? Jameson asked, "Shall I buy another one for you?"

Only then did Sharon slowly say, "No need."

"Why?"

Jameson paused for a while and then said, "Don't you get angry because I didn't give you the flowers?"

Sharon felt her temples twitching.

She felt that the jerk was talking about something completely different from her thought.

Seeing that she didn't say anything, Jameson asked, "Now that you want it so much, why did you give it away?"

After a while, Sharon said, "I just feel that he needs it more than me, and I don't really want it!"

"Is that so?"

Sharon looked at him.

"Forget it, you won't understand it anyway. A girl could be really sad if she didn't receive any gift on the anniversary." Jameson pursed his thin lips.

Suddenly, he took her hand and walked back.

"Hey, what are you doing?"

"Buy you a gift."

"...I'm just kidding. Haven't you made it up for me?"

Jameson said, "If it worked, would you bring it up again?"

Sharon fell silent.

The jerk was indeed capable of pointing out the problem.

She didn't really mean it.

Besides, when a girl was in a quarrel, wouldn't it be a common way to bring up the problems in the past? It was almost twelve o'clock when she got home after that had been done.

Jameson did not show any courtesy as he took off his coat and went directly into the bathroom to have a shower.

Sharon was just about to hang up his suit when she smelled something on his clothes.

Sharon leaned closer.

Apart from the smell of milk, there was also a strange smell mixed with it.

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Jameson didn't change the clothes.

When he came out, Sharon was cooking in the kitchen.

He walked over, wrapped his arms around her waist from behind, and breathed to her ear, saying, "How do you know I haven't had dinner yet?"

“...I’m not making it for you.”

As Sharon spoke, she got away from his arms and put the vegetables into the boiling water.

Jameson frowned in displeasure, “Then who’s it for?”

“Me.”

“But you said you were full.”

“I’m hungry now.’ Hearing this, Jameson looked at her belly and said thoughtfully, “Are you pregnant?”

What a nut! Sharon kicked him out of the kitchen, “I’m busy now. You go have fun by yourself.”

Jameson walked into the living room and just as he sat down, the doorbell rang.

Sharon came out and said, “Go and see who it is.”

Jameson did not even raise his head, “No need. It must be someone who sells baby stuff.”

It seemed that he hadn’t given up yet.

Sharon curled her lips.

She knew that Jameson would not say anything else other than mocking at her.

So she did not open the door, either.

The person who rang the doorbell soon left.

Soon, Sharon came out of the kitchen and placed the food in front of Jameson.

Jameson looked at her and smiled, “For me?”

“For the dog.”

Jameson was speechless.

Sharon went back into the kitchen for a long time.

After finishing his meal, Jameson went to wash the dish.

In the kitchen, he saw Sharon making sushi and asked, “Why are you making so many sushi rolls?”

“To feed ...”

Sharon stopped abruptly.

She suddenly remembered that she would also eat it, so she couldn’t say the “dog” thing.

Jameson whispered, “What?”

After a while, Sharon said, “You said we are going to have a date tomorrow, so I...am preparing some food.”

Jameson smiled as he raised his eyebrows, “May I help?”

“You ...”

Sharon wanted to ask him to stay in the living room, but in the end, she handed him a potato and said, “Wash it.”

She didn’t know what would happen in the Beale’s, so she wanted to have a wonderful date with him before that.

With Jameson’s help, though not very much help, Sharon made it faster.

It didn’t take long before she prepared the food and put it in the fridge.

Just as she was about to clean up the kitchen, Jameson said, “You go take a bath. Let me handle this.”

Now that he had said so, Sharon wouldn’t refuse.

Just as she walked out of the kitchen, she heard a thud from behind.

Jameson broke a plate.

Sharon closed her eyes and consoled herself.

After all, Jameson hadn’t done this before.

It was good for him to have this intention and attitude.

She went back to the bedroom for her pajamas.

As soon as she walked to the bathroom door, she heard two plates being broken in succession.

He was not cleaning them up by breaking them up, was he? Sharon took a deep breath.

Forget it, she was going to move away anyway.

At that time, Tiffany wouldn’t cook much and those dishes would be a burden for her.

By the time she came out of the bathroom, the plates in the kitchen had been almost broken by Jameson ...

He was not in the living room.

Sharon turned off the lights and went back to her bedroom.

Jameson was lying on the bed, casually flipping through the magazines at the bedside.

Sharon couldn’t help but curl her lips.

Jameson looked up at her.

After a moment of silence, he said, “I have a set of limited-edition tableware. I’ll let Jacob deliver it to you tomorrow.”

“No need. You can keep it and have fun with it.”

Then Sharon walked to the desk, pulled out the chair, and took out her draft.

Jameson closed the magazine, "Don't you sleep?"

"I can't sleep yet,' Sharon said without turning back.

"Good night to you.' She clearly knew what Jameson was thinking, so how could she fall into this trap? She could still feel the sore.

Jameson got up, walked behind her, and sat down by the bed.

When Sharon turned around, she was shocked by him.

She stammered, "You ...why are you sitting here?"

"I'm waiting for you."

"Don't wait for me,' Sharon was a little uneasy under his hot gaze.

"Well ...designers usually have more inspiration at night.Sometimes I will stay up the whole night for the work."

Jameson asked, "Do you have any inspiration now?"

"Of course!"

"Then draw."

Sharon was lying to him.

She had no inspiration now.

However, she could only forcefully draw as she had said so.

Soon, she stopped.

She put down her pencil and turned to look at Jameson.

"I can't draw with someone watching me."

Jameson looked up at him.

Although he didn't say anything, Sharon could tell from his expression that he didn't believe her.

She rubbed her nose and closed the manuscript.

"Forget it.Let's sleep."

After lying on the bed, Sharon immediately wrapped herself up in the quilt.

Jameson turned off the light and lay beside her.

He dragged her out and hugged her in his arms.

Sharon crossed her hands on her chest and strongly refused, "I don't want it!"

"What?"

Sharon could only shift her strategy and whisper, "Please, I'm still in pain."

In the darkness, Jameson smiled and asked, "Where?"

"Everywhere!"

Jameson said slowly, "Then let's do more and you'll get used to it."

She kicked him under the blanket and turned to face the window.

A few seconds later, Jameson came up again, but he only gently hugged her waist and didn't do anything.

Sharon rolled her eyes in the darkness.

After a while, Sharon said, "Mr. Proctor, can I ask you something?"

"Yes?"

"Where did you go tonight?"

It fell silent behind her.

Jameson did not answer the question.

Sharon continued, "It's OK if you don't want to say anything."

Just as she closed her eyes, Jameson said, "I went to the mall."

Hearing this, Sharon said, "Did you meet anyone?"

"No."

After a pause, Jameson said, "A child ran into me."

"No wonder there is a smell of milk on your clothes," Sharon suddenly understood.

"No, there's also a strange smell." Jameson said calmly, "He drooled on my clothes. Perhaps that is what you smelled."

She had even got closer to sniff. How stupid she was.

Jameson asked, "Do you want to sleep or not?"

Sharon immediately said, "Yes! Yes!"

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Although she had agreed to go out with Jameson, Sharon still had to go to the studio in the morning.

When she woke up, Jameson was still asleep.

Thinking that he must be very tired from daily work, she didn't wake him up.

After leaving a note on the bed, she left.

She stood in front of the elevator and waited.

Suddenly, the next door opened.

It was Daniel.

He looked around to see if Jameson was there.

After confirming that Jameson was not here, he quickly walked out.

“Good morning” Sharon greeted him.

“Good morning ...Are you going to work?”

Sharon nodded, “I have an appointment this afternoon, so I have to go to the office in advance.”

Daniel stood beside her and said, “Speaking of which, I don’t think I’ve been to your studio yet. May I go with you today?”

Sharon knew that he had something to say, so she smiled and said, “Sure.”

After walking out of the block, Daniel turned around to see if Jameson was following them.

Seeing this, Sharon asked, “What are you looking for?”

Daniel laughed, “No. By the way, is Mr. Proctor staying with you recently?”

Sharon was a little embarrassed and didn’t know what to say.

Fortunately, Daniel did not continue this topic.

He got down to the business and asked, “I don’t quite understand what happened at the bidding meeting the day before yesterday. I wonder if you can...”

As Sharon walked, she said, “A few months ago, Josh escaped from prison and died accidentally. While Ruben and I were packing his things up, we discovered a suitcase, inside which there were some of my mother’s stuffs.”

Daniel asked, “What are they?”

“There were a few photos and a pocket watch. Only then did I realize that Josh was not my biological father. The photos of my biological father had been cut by Josh maybe out of jealousy.”

“Is that pocket watch Talon’s?”

Sharon nodded gently and said, “At first, I only thought that Talon might know my biological father, but I never thought that he might be my father until I found the purchase record of the pocket watch.”

Daniel frowned, “Why did you think that Talon might know your biological father?”

“Because Ruben had once advertised on the newspaper, trying to find that person. But Talon stopped him and blocked the news.”

“When did this happen?”

“One or two months ago.” Daniel frowned.

“In other words, Talon knew that you were looking for him and didn’t want you to find out more. That’s why he deliberately intercepted all the information. Furthermore, he should have known who you were when you were looking for him with the photos.”

Hearing this, Sharon was silent for a while before saying, “Yeah, maybe.”

“But don’t you find it strange?”

Sharon was puzzled, “What’s so strange?”

Daniel said, “The Beale family is so powerful. Now that he doesn’t want you to find any clues, how did you find them?”

Sharon paused for a while before saying, “Well ...my friend helped me find the person in charge of the pocket watch factory back then. He took me to the warehouse, where all the purchase record had been kept.”

“Ms. Allyson, listen, I don’t have any other intentions. The information that the person gave you is correct that the pocket watch did belong to Talon. Your direction is also correct. It’s just that someone might intentionally lead you to investigate in this direction. Have you ever thought about what will happen next once you go to see Talon with this pocket watch?”

Daniel continued, “No matter how well you prepare, you will be in danger.”

Sharon understood what he meant.

She had never thought about this before and she now realized it was so strange.

After all, it finally led to Talon.

Moreover, Talon had been on guard against her, so it should not be so easy for her to find him.

Thinking of this, Sharon hurriedly took out her phone and called the person in charge of the factory, but it was the wrong number.

She called her friend then, but the friend didn’t know the exact situation, either.

He said that it was the person in charge who had contacted him in the first place.

Sharon put away her phone and pursed her lips.

There were other people aiming at Talon.

Sharon suddenly turned to look at Daniel.

Daniel subconsciously took two steps back.

He smiled embarrassedly and said, “Ms. Allyson, what’s wrong?”

Sharon said, “How do you know that my direction is right? I only said that the pocket watch belongs to Talon, but I didn’t tell you about my suspicions. However, you seem to have known what I’m thinking clearly.”

Daniel didn't expect her to figure it out so quickly and even began to suspect him.

He could only smile and said, "This ...Natalia told me this."

"Natalia told you what I am suspecting? No way.She probably doesn't even know why I have to enter the Beale family, but you do."

"I...How would I know? I was just analyzing it."

"No, actually, you've been warning me to be careful of Natalia and Talon since a long time ago.You know a lot, and even more than me."

Sharon paused for a while and then said, "The reason why you approached Natalia and dealt with Talon is ..."

Daniel hurriedly interrupted her, "No, Ms.Allyson, you really misunderstood.You said that I was intentionally approaching Natalia and dealing with Talon, so that means I must have investigated their background clearly.Otherwise, I might die.'

Daniel never thought that Sharon was so clever and had got him.

She was really smart.

His explanation was reasonable.

Sharon nodded and kept walking forward.

Suddenly, she turned around and asked, "Are you still going to the studio?"

Daniel said, "Yes.I want to have a look.' Daniel stroked his head and quickly followed up.

After a while, he said, "Ms.Allyson, there's something I want to know."

"Yes?"

"Since Josh is not your biological father ...then Ruben ..." Sharon stopped.

After a few seconds, she said, "I also need you to do me a favor."

Daniel nodded.

"Don't mention everything in front of Ruben" Sharon said.

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At noon, Sharon finally finished her work.

As she stretched, her phone rang.

It was Jameson.

He said in a deep and low voice, "Have you finished your work yet?"

Sharon checked the time and said, "Wait for me for another half an hour."

She still needed to make arrangements for the studio.

Jameson said, "Alright."

After hanging up, Sharon walked out of the office.

Although it was a small studio, there were still many things to do.

Tiffany used to be in charge of it.

Sharon was only a designer.

It took her one hour to make all arrangements.

As soon as she ran out of the studio with her bag, she saw the Rolls-Royce before the gate.

Sharon opened the car door, got in, fastened the seat belt and said, "Let's go."

"How about having lunch first?"

"Alright ...Wait, let's go home first. I left the food I made last night here." Jameson turned his head slightly.

"Look behind."

Sharon turned around and saw that all the food had been packed in food boxes.

She gave a smile, which, however, faded away soon because she was a little worried about the food.

Jameson looked at her, "What's wrong?"

Sharon laughed awkwardly, deciding to let it go.

"Nothing. Let's go to dine first. Where are we going after lunch?"

"You'll know when we get there."

As the car started, Sharon realized that Jameson wasn't wearing a suit as usual.

Instead, he was wearing casual clothes, which made him look more easy-going.

Noticing her gaze, Jameson turned around, with a touch of smile sparkling in his black eyes.

"Why do you look at me like that? You wanna have lunch or just want me?" Sharon was speechless.

"Jerk, you'd better shut up" He was always frivolous! They had lunch at a restaurant nearby.

After that, Sharon found it was already past three o'clock.

They must be quick.

Otherwise, the time would run out soon.

As they walked out of the restaurant, Sharon saw Jameson walking slowly.

She directly pulled him forward and said, "Hurry up!"

He raised his eyebrows slightly, "Why?"

"I want to go home and sleep."

Jameson grabbed her hand and strode forward faster.

Half an hour later, the car stopped at the entrance of a large club.

It seemed that Jameson was no stranger to the club.

He took her directly into it.

Sharon followed behind him and looked around.

She found that it was a super large club, which covered an area of at least thousands of square meters.

Jameson said, "Do you want to play golf or ride a horse?"

Sharon didn't respond immediately.

Thinking of what had happened at the resort that night, Sharon didn't want to choose any of them.

Having noticed a big map on the wall, she let go of Jameson's hand and walked over.

There were not only a golf course and horse race, but also a shooting range, rock climbing gym ... and even racing tracks.

As expected, it was a place where the rich blew away their money! Sharon looked at Jameson and said, "Any other options? I'd like to go rock climbing. That's more exciting."

Jameson put his hand in his pocket and said, "I only know how to play golf and ride a horse."

Sharon curled her lips and walked towards the rock-climbing gym.

"There must be a coach in such a big club. I'll find a coach to teach me."

Jameson licked his thin lips, "The coaches are all men. Aren't you afraid of octopus hands?"

"Better than yours" Sharon felt annoyed at the thought of Jameson's flighty behaviors when he taught her how to play golf.

That was why she wasn't interested in golf nor horse riding.

But to Sharon's surprise, she saw an acquaintance as soon as she got there.

Wow! It was really a club for rich people! She felt a bit regretful then.

Natalia untied the safety rope around her waist and turned around to wipe her sweat, only to see Sharon.

She snorted coldly and threw away the towel in her hand.

"Looks like the club lets everyone in now."

Her friends looked at Sharon too with a look of curiosity and disdain.

Jameson stood behind Sharon with a cold expression.

They withdrew their gazes.

The coach asked Natalia, "Miss Beale, do you want to try again?"

Natalia said coldly, "No, I'm not in the mood. She bums me out!"

Then, she picked up her bag and left.

Her friends hurriedly followed her away.

After they left, Jameson asked mildly, "Was that what you wanted? Did you feel it exciting?"

"Shut up!"

Sharon gritted her teeth.

She didn't expect that she would meet Natalia here. How dare he laugh at her!

Jameson smiled, "Do you still want to go rock climbing?"

"Of course! Why not?"

If she said "no", she would be taken as a coward.

As soon as Sharon stepped forward, the coach took out two sets of climbing equipment: "Mr. Proctor, here you are."

Jameson only took one set and let the coach leave.

When he put on the protective gear for Sharon, Sharon looked at him suspiciously, "Didn't you say you didn't know how to do it?"

"It depends on who you are." What a crafty jerk! After everything was ready, Jameson taught her how to climb and how to exert strength.

Then, he took a step back and said, "Go."

Sharon took a deep breath, stepped on a protruding rock and grabbed another.

She tried to climb up.

But her legs trembled after climbing only two or three meters.

Just as she was thinking about going down, she heard Jameson chatting with the coach who had returned.

Jameson said indifferently, "How high did Natalia climb just now?"

The coach was a bit puzzled.

Why did Mr. Proctor ask about Miss Beale when there was another woman with him? The coach smiled awkwardly and said, "Miss Beale climbed about ...ten meters."

"I see." Jameson fell silent.

Sharon clenched her teeth and continued to climb upwards.

However, it was her first time going rock climbing.

She wasn't skilled enough yet, so she could not climb any higher after climbing one meter.

As she looked down, she realized that she had climbed high above the ground.

The coach who chatted with Jameson was already gone.

Only Jameson was standing there, smiling significantly.

It seemed that he was waiting for her to beg for his help.

Sharon didn't want to do so.

Therefore, she pressed her body against the rock, panted and remained still.

Then, Jameson asked, "Do you want to come down?"

Sharon said stubbornly, "No, thanks. I can see beautiful scenery here."

"So are you going to stay there all afternoon?"

Sharon was silent for seconds and decided to compromise.

"How can I get down?"

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Jameson said unhurriedly, "Beg me."

"...Please."

"Sounds perfunctory." Feeling her hands would soon get cramp, Sharon resisted the impulse to scold him, "Help me down first. I can only pay lip service now."

Jameson replied, "Actually, that's fine by me." Sharon was confused.

Jameson looked up at her, his eyes burning mischievously, "Think this over. What should you call me?"

Jerk? Bast*rd? Or Grandet? That would be inappropriate.

Seeing the speechless Sharon, Jameson continued, "Come on! I'll help you down."

Sharon looked away from Jameson, her heart racing.

She realized what the jerk meant, but she found it difficult to address him that intimately.

Even during their three-year marriage, she had never called him that, let alone now.

While she was still hesitating, her legs began to tremble and she almost missed her footing.

Sharon suddenly felt that she had set a trap herself.

At the bottom of the trap, Jameson was waiting for her.

A moment later, Sharon murmured something quickly.

Jameson raised his eyebrows, "What did you say? I didn't hear you."

Sharon's ears went red and hot.

She gritted her teeth and vaguely uttered the word.

"Honey."

She paused for a moment and then added feebly, "Please."

Jameson smiled and stepped forward to help her down.

He didn't force the word out her in bed the night before yesterday.

Sharon fell straightly into Jameson's arms.

Resting her chin on Jameson's shoulder, Sharon wished she could kill the jerk.

Fortunately, there was no one else here.

Otherwise, she would bitterly repent her folly.

Not far away, Natalia saw the scene and sneered as she left.

Jameson was still smiling when he helped Sharon take off the protective gear, "This is really exciting. We should come again next time. There would not be a next time! This jerk could come himself! Sharon silently cursed. If she had her time again, Sharon would definitely refuse to go out on a date with Jameson.

She must have lost her mind.

Jameson massaged the trembling muscles in her arms and asked, "Feeling better?"

"No, I want to go home."

Jameson turned a deaf ear to this and whispered, "You just need to do more exercise. Can't you just admit you are not strong enough?"

Sharon curled her lips, in no mood of talking to him.

Jameson massaged for a while before saying, "Alright, where else do you want to go?"

"Home."

"Are you sure?"

Jameson gave her a meaningful glance.

Sharon laughed dryly, "No. Just joking. Let's go to..."

Before she could finish the words, she suddenly heard a burst of applause not far away.

She said quickly, "What's going on? Let's go and take a look."

The applause came from the racecourse.

A match just ended.

When they walked over, they saw William get out of the car.

He took off his helmet and said, "I'm old for this. I can't beat you young guys."

"Mr. Hood, you are too modest. You came second because of the new car. If you drove your usual car, the first place would surely be yours."

William raised his hand and laughed, "Alright, stop it. That's too much."

Before Sharon could work out what was happening, Jameson took her hand and whispered, "Let's go."

Unfortunately, he was a step slow.

William saw them through the crowd and asked, "What brings you here, Mr. Proctor?"

As he spoke, he saw Sharon and added meaningfully, "So there is a beauty with you."

Sharon finally understood why Jameson was taking her away.

The way William spoke suggested that he was not a serious person.

He also taught Jameson all kinds of rubbish.

Hearing William's greeting, most of the club members knew that Jameson was here and began to sizing Sharon up.

Jameson glanced coldly at William.

Realizing what he had done wrong, William coughed and handed his helmet to the person beside him, "You guys enjoy yourselves. I'll be with Mr. Proctor." Then, he greeted Sharon, "Ms. Allyson, long time no see."

Sharon smiled in reply, trying to be polite.

They walked for some time.

William looked at Jameson, clearly wanting to say something.

Jameson's lips compressed into a thin line.

He stopped to ask Sharon, "What would you like to drink? I'll go and get some."

"It's your call."

"Wait here. I'll be back soon." William said, "Ms. Allyson... I'll go with him. You can just wander around here."

Sharon smiled and nodded, "OK."

After they left, she stood in the shade and called Tiffany, "How is your mother doing?"

Tiffany said, "She is much better. The doctor said she would be discharged from the hospital in a few days. What about you? What are you doing?"

"I'm hanging around in the street." Sharon whispered.

Hearing this, Tiffany asked tentatively, "Are you on a date?"

Sharon was stunned.

How could she guess the truth straight away? Noticing her silence, Tiffany knew that she was right.

She chuckled and asked, "How is it? Where are you?"

Sharon found it hard to explain in a few words.

Before they could say much, Tiffany's mother summoned her, so they hung up.

The sunlight thrust out through the clouds.

The surroundings were much warmer.

It looked like spring had come.

Bored with standing there, Sharon strolled along the sunlit ground.

She didn't walk far before hearing whinnies behind her.

Sharon looked around and saw a horse galloping towards her.

The horse was only a few meters away from her.

It was too late for Sharon to dodge.

Just as the horse was about to hit her, she landed in a warm embrace.

Then inertia sent them rolling on the ground several times before stopping.

Then a man's voice sounded above her head, "Are you hurt?"

Sharon recovered from the surprise and hurriedly got up, "I'm fine. Are you alright?"

Jameson lay on the ground and said after a moment of silence, "No."

Hearing this, Sharon's heart was in her mouth.

Staring at him, she dared not to touch him, "Is it a fracture? Or something else? I...I'll call an ambulance..."

Jameson grabbed her hand when she took out her phone, saying, "It's not that serious. I'll be fine if you can call me 'honey' again."

Sharon was speechless.

She gave Jameson an angry push.

How could the jerk still be in the mood to joke at such a moment? The staff of the stable rushed over, frightened by what had happened, "Mr.Proctor..."

Jameson slowly sat up, wearing a cold and frosty expression.

Though he said nothing, the overwhelming aura was suffocating.

William subdued the horse and asked with a frown, "How did this happen?"

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That employee felt cold sweat trickling down his back.

He answered nervously, "I ...I don't know.It seems this horse suddenly went frantic ...Because we didn't pay attention to it.We lost control of the horse..."

Jameson stood up and said coldly, "Find out why."

The employee nodded, "I'll take it to be examined now.Mr.Proctor, would you like to see the doctor?"

"No."

"Yes"

Jameson and Sharon spoke almost at the same time.

Jameson turned his head and looked at Sharon, "There's no need for that."

Sharon insisted.

When Jameson fell to the ground with her in his arms, she heard the collision.

Although Jameson said he was fine, she didn't believe him.

The employee looked at Jameson.

Then he looked at Sharon.

Finally, he turned his gaze to William asking for help.

William handed the reins of the horse to him, "You stay here and do your work.I'll bring Mr.Proctor to the doctor."

"Thank you, Mr.Hood.I will immediately tell you after we find out the reason of the accident."

William nodded, "Okay."

After that employee left with the horse, William clapped his hands to shake off the dust.

Then he said, "Let's go, Mr.Proctor.Let's go to the doctor to check if you are injured.Otherwise, someone might be really worried."

Jameson looked at him coldly, "What good can you do there? Leave us alone."

William didn't know what to say.

Jameson held Sharon's hand and walked towards another direction.

William had nothing else to do.

So he went to check on the horse with that employee.

This was a huge club with a lot of facilities.

People can do all sorts of things here.

In case of some playboy accidentally got injured, there was even a small private hospital with medical help available.

On the way to the hospital, Jameson said to Sharon, "I'm fine. Why don't we stop going there and wasting our time?"

"No. It is just a little check. It won't hold you long."

Sharon frowned and said, "Why didn't the thoughts of wasting time come to you just now?"

Hearing this, Jameson curled up his lips.

He did not say anything else and walked forward while holding her hands.

After arriving at the hospital, Sharon asked the doctor to give Jameson a detailed check.

It turned out Jameson was fine apart from some bruises.

When he hit the ground, he must have bruised.

Jameson looked at Sharon and raised his eyebrows slightly, "Are you at ease now?"

Sharon ignored him and asked the doctor, "He fell badly just now. Should we have another check-up?"

The doctor smiled and said, "Don't worry, Mrs. Proctor. I can assure you that Mr. Proctor is fine. How about this? I'll get you some ointment for his bruises. Apply it on his bruises, he will be as good as new after some time."

Sharon wanted to say something else, but Jameson said in a deep voice, "Mrs. Proctor, if you're worried about me, why don't you check me yourself?"

Sharon was speechless.

Her face instantly flushed red.

What nonsense was this jerk talking about? Looking at the smile on the doctor's face, Sharon felt very embarrassed.

She stammered, "No ... Forget it. I need to use the ladies' room."

As she spoke, she hurriedly fled from this place.

After staying in the bathroom for about ten minutes, Sharon finally felt her face stop burning.

She took a deep breath, took out a piece of paper, and walked out while wiping her hands.

When she got to the doctor's office, she saw Natalia.

At the same time, Natalia also saw her.

After that showdown, Natalia stopped dealing with her courteously without sincerity.

Natalia coldly retracted her gaze and went straight into the office.

Sharon threw the paper into the trash can and turned around to go downstairs.

In the office.

Natalia looked at Jameson who was wearing a coat.

She seemed to be slightly stunned, "Jameson, why are you also here?"

Jameson took a deep glance at her and said calmly, "Don't ask questions you already know the answer to."

Natalia laughed, "I didn't! I accidentally got injured while climbing. I was just here to for a check-up. Why did you always assume the worst of me?"

"Then what should I say? What a coincidence? Are you injured, too? Are you here for a check-up?"

For a moment, Natalia was speechless.

The doctor coughed.

Then he said, "Miss Beale, come here. I'll give you a check."

Before Natalia could say anything, Jameson left the office.

Natalia turned to look at his back.

She bit her lips while seeing Jameson gradually disappear.

Jameson walked out of the hospital and saw Sharon sitting on the bench having a cold drink.

Her eyes narrowed as she basked comfortably in the sun.

Jameson walked over and sat beside her, "Where did you get it?"

Sharon said, "Just now, a handsome young man gave it to me for free because he thinks I am pretty."

Jameson wanted to say something, but words failed him.

He reached out to grab the cold drink in Sharon's hand and lowered his head to drink more than half of it.

"Hey, what are you doing?"

"I am just thirsty."

Sharon curled her lips and said, "Didn't you go to buy water just now?"

"I don't know where I left it."

Jameson looked at her, "Why are you sitting here?"

"If I go into the office, I'll disturb your little catch-up with your ex-fiancée," Sharon said.

Jameson licked his thin lips and whispered, "You are still jealous?"

Sharon sneered, "I am not jealous! I am just being considerate."

A smile appeared in Jameson's pitch-black eyes as he raised his hand and rubbed Sharon's hair, "Alright, considerate Mrs. Proctor. You want to sit here for a while?"

"Don't touch my hair. You ruined my hairstyle."

Sharon pushed away his hand and took out a small mirror to fix her hair.

This morning, after she got up, she braided her hair according to the teaching videos on the Internet.

But this jerk ruined it! Jameson said, "Stop looking into the mirror. You are pretty enough. Otherwise, why there is no one offering me free drinks?"

Sharon put down the mirror and snorted, "I am likeable. Mr. Proctor, you may never get to know what being likeable means."

They walked forward. A few minutes later, they saw a grey-haired old man selling cold drinks in front of a cute car.

Jameson raised his eyebrows, "Is this the handsome young man you're talking about?"

Sharon remained silent.

Shut up, jerk! Just now, Sharon wanted to buy some drink.

But this old man said that the stall was run by the club and all the drinks were free.

Jameson walked over and said indifferently, "Two, please."

The old man bowed towards them and got the cold drinks Jameson asked.

Jameson nodded slightly and bowed to receive that.

Looking at this scene, Sharon smiled.

People always said that Jameson was an arrogant man.

But in fact, he was always courteous towards people who deserved to be respected.

As for people who took him as an arrogant man, most of them were hypocritical.

Righteous and moral was their mouths.

But dirty and sinister were their hearts.

The Proctors taught Jameson to weigh the pros and cons so as to get the maximal profit.

They could never have imagined that Jameson, the illegitimate child, would develop his own way of doing things.

When Jameson got out of control, they hated him and feared him.

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On the horse farm, because of the accident just now, the staff here did not dare to let the rich kids ride horses anymore.

Instead, they gathered all the horses together for an inspection.

William had nothing to do.

So he stood there waiting for them to find why did the horse go frantic.

Other tourists heard that a horse almost hit someone just now, but they didn't know who that person was.

And it was a huge inspection.

Even though they couldn't ride the horse, they didn't leave.

They waited to see the result.

After Jameson and Sharon got there, the person in charge immediately greeted them and brought them to the lounge.

"Mr.Proctor, Mrs.Proctor, I'm sorry for the accident today.We will take all your losses."

"That's not what I want to hear.' That person wiped the sweat off his forehead.

"Yes ...Mr.Proctor, what you said is right.We have found out why the horse went frantic.There is a long nail in the horse's butt.This afternoon, we renovated the fences that keep the horses.Somewhat the nail got into the horse's butt..."

Jameson said coldly, "Do you want to say that the nail got to the horse's butt by itself or that horse sat on the nail?"

That person's legs were trembling.

He didn't know how to answer Jameson's question.

Obviously, someone had done this on purpose.

However, people who came to this club were either rich or powerful.

That employee did not dare to offend anyone.

He dared not to guess who was behind this incident.

The horse went frantic.

This might be an accident.

But why did it rush towards them? Jameson said, "Give me the list of people who have come to the horse farm this afternoon."

Hearing this, that person did not dare to refuse.

He hurriedly went to look for the registration form.

Jameson was not surprised to see Natalia's name on the registration form.

"Where is Natalia now?" He said coldly.

A staff member said, "Miss Beale has just come out of the hospital. She should be out of the club and ready to go home."

Jameson gently raised his eyes and said coldly, "Bring her here."

The person in charge didn't dare to provoke Natalia.

He stammered, "Mr. Proctor, this..."

"Tell her that if she doesn't come here, I will go directly to Talon tomorrow." While the person in charge was even more nervous, he also let out a sigh of relief.

This way, he didn't have to offend anyone.

He just needed to tell Natalia Jameson's words.

Sharon stayed silent throughout the entire process.

A horse suddenly went frantic.

This could be attributed to an accident.

However, the long nail in the horse's butt indicated it was all contrived.

She didn't want to take Natalia as a bad person.

But what Natalia did before made her very suspicious.

In other words, other than her, no one else would do such a thing.

Half an hour later, Natalia arrived.

She sat opposite Jameson and Sharon with a cold expression, "What can I do for you?"

Jameson threw the long nail taken from the horse in front of her.

Natalia looked at it and asked, "What is this?"

Sharon said, "Just now, a horse suddenly went frantic and began to attack people. This nail was taken from its body."

Natalia smiled, "Ms. Allyson, what you said is interesting. A horse went frantic. But does it have anything to do with me?"

As she spoke, she looked at Jameson and asked, "Is this the reason why you called me back?"

Jameson said calmly, "Of course not."

"Then what is that for? Jameson, you threatened me like that. If you don't give me a convincing reason, I have to think that someone is deliberately stirring up trouble."

As she said those last few words, she intentionally glanced at Sharon.

Jameson said, "Just now, you said that you were injured. Where did you get hurt?"

After he said this, Natalia's expression changed slightly.

She didn't say anything.

Jameson continued, "If I'm right, you went to the hospital just to confirm who was injured, right?"

Natalia quickly regained her composure, "I don't know what you're talking about.

I went to the hospital for a check-up because of an injury.

And I don't think I need to tell you where I injured.

That's my privacy.' "The doctor knows whether you are injured or not. I can ask him."

Natalia's expression turned ugly.

"What do you mean? I'm not your prisoner. You can't interrogate me. Jameson, I..."

Jameson interrupted her, "You know what you've done. At least better than me."

Natalia laughed, then she looked at the person beside him, "Ms. Allyson, is Jameson talking to me like this because you have always spoken ill of me?"

Hearing Natalia's sudden charge, Sharon smiled, "Miss Beale, you are quick-minded."

Natalia directly changed the topic.

Natalia said, "If I am not so quick-minded, I could do nothing but be slandered by you! Ms. Allyson, I wanted to be your friend. You said that you would stay far away from Jameson. You said you never want to have anything to do with him in this lifetime. But what about now?"

"Miss Beale, you know why you approach me. You said you wanted to be friends with me. But in fact, you have an ulterior motive.'

"Ms. Allyson, your words are interesting. Why should I approach you with an ulterior motive? Back then, you were just Jameson's ex-wife disgusted by everyone. What can I get from you?"

"Then what you are doing now is revenge for Jameson breaking off the engagement? If that's the case, you're worse than me, Jameson's ex-wife disgusted by everyone. At least I do things fair and square. What about you, Miss Beale?"

Natalia liked to annoy Sharon with the fact that she was Jameson's ex-wife.

Sharon let Natalia do that.

After all, she could also say mean words to Natalia.

William and a few rich boys wanted to come in to see the fun.

But when they reached the door, they heard Sharon and Natalia's tit-for-tat conversation.

Then they retreated silently.

The battle between women was terrifying.

Natalia sneered, "You used a fake pregnancy to marry into the Proctor family. I don't understand how you can say 'fair and square'."

"Miss Beale, compared to what you have done, what I did is nothing."

Jameson gently pressed against his temples with two fingers.

Hearing their talk, he felt a headache.

At this time, the employee of the club, who had been waiting at the side, could not continue listening.

He was afraid that things would go ugly.

He said tentatively, "Miss Beale, Mrs. Proctor, should we talk about the accident just now?"

Natalia said with a cold face, "I told you it has nothing to do with me. What do you want me to say?"

Jameson said indifferently, "Today, the fences keeping the house are renovated. There is surveillance footage that records the whole progress. Do you want me to send it to the media, or admit what you have done now?"

Natalia probably didn't expect this.

Her expression stiffened for a moment and remained silent.

She knew that the fences were being renovated, so she took out a long nail while others were not paying attention.

However, at that time, her attention was entirely on Sharon, and she didn't notice anything else at all.

Therefore, she was not sure whether Jameson's words were true.

She didn't know whether there was surveillance footage.

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If Natalia admitted her crime but there was not surveillance footage, she would be fooled by Jameson.

But if she didn't admit but the surveillance footage did exist, Jameson would send the video to the media.

He was not considerate towards others at all.

What was worse, he was still hostile to the Beale Group.

Coincidentally, the Beale Group got into trouble now.

If people knew this video, the impact on the company and her would be inestimable.

Seeing that Natalia did not say anything, Jameson persuaded, "I believe you always think highly of yourself.

However, do you want to become a coward today?"

After a few seconds, Natalia took a deep breath and straightened her back, "Yes, I did it. Even if I stabbed the horse's butt with the nail, I can't order the horse to attack Sharon. Animals are intelligent. With so many people around Sharon, the horse chose her as the target of the attack. You should reflect on your past mistakes, Ms. Allyson."

It was the first time Sharon had seen someone shift blame on to others.

Sharon wasn't angry.

She just smiled and said, "Then Miss Beale means that I deserve to be bullied by Leilani in the South City?"

After a pause, Sharon said, "Well, Miss Beale, I forget to tell you that Leilani had a car accident but did not die. She came to herself last week and was transferred to the general ward two days ago. Quite conscious of the situation, she even recited your license plate number accurately.'

After Sharon finished, Jameson turned his eyes in her direction and raised his eyebrows at her, as if he was asking her why she hadn't told him about this.

Sharon wanted to tell him about it, but she didn't have the chance.

She was so busy with work every day.

If she was not attacked by the horse, she might tell him about it properly.

Tightly pursing her lips, Natalia crossed her hands on her knees.

She never expected that Sharon would discover her secret.

Sharon smiled gently.

"But don't worry, Miss Beale, I won't tell anyone else about it. After all, we will soon be one family. If I exposed what you've done, it would affect both you and the Beale Group. To me, it's not worth the candle."

Natalia stood up abruptly and strode away.

After she left, the smile on Sharon's face slowly disappeared.

The person in charge said, "Mr. Proctor, then I'll leave..."

"Okay."

Very quickly, only Sharon and Jameson were left in the lounge.

Leaning against the sofa, Jameson put his arm behind her, "Unexpectedly, you are good at bluffing."

"I'm not so good as you, Mr. Proctor. You can even make up the surveillance footage to threaten Natalia."

Jameson smiled, "Then it means that we are made for each other."

Sharon was speechless at his shamelessness.

The jerk was used to flirting with her, but he never found it disgusting.

Jameson said, "With these two things in your hand, she will restrain herself a lot after you come to the Beal's. However, you should be careful of Talon."

"I know," Sharon nodded gently.

She made preparations for making investigation alone in the Beale's.

When they left the lounge, the sky outside got darker and darker.

Sharon realized they had been delayed for a quite while.

Because of Natalia's interruption, they did not have the food that she had prepared carefully last night.

It seemed that they had to end the day disappointedly.

She had to take the food home.

After getting on the car, Sharon noticed that Jameson was not heading in the direction where he came.

Instead, he kept going forward and drove outside the city.

She turned around and asked, "Won't we go home?"

Jameson said, "We won't go home until we finish the date."

Sharon was speechless.

What were they doing that afternoon?

"Forget it. Anyway, we have arrived here. Even if we go home, we have nothing to do except having dinner or going to sleep"

"It is better to take advantage of this Opportunity to relax"

Half an hour later, the car stopped at the seaside.

Sharon did not expect Jameson would bring her here.

At first, she was stunned, and she beamed.

Jameson unfastened his seat belt and got out of the car.

He opened the door of the back seat and held a few food boxes in his hand, "Let's go." Sharon followed him.

After walking for a while, she discovered an elaborately decorated scene at the seaside.

Warm-colored ribbons were wrapped around the surrounding vines.

There was a layer of roses on the ground, with two cushions behind.

In addition to them, there were a bottle of red wine and two wine glasses.

It looked romantic and warm.

It was indeed perfect atmosphere for a date.

Unexpectedly, the jerk paid much attention to the date.

After sitting down, Sharon opened the food boxes one by one.

Seeing the terrible situation of the food inside, she paused for a moment.

Jameson coughed embarrassedly, "It doesn't matter, and we can still enjoy delicious food."

Sharon closed her eyes and smiled with a Jameson swallowed the sushi and said, "Here's my response to you." Sharon was speechless.

It had nothing to do with response.

Then Sharon decided to take care of herself and ignore him.

As she had dinner, she observed the scenery around her.

The sea in the night was not as magnificent and clear as it was in the day, but it had a different feeling under the illumination of the distant lighthouse.

She looked up and suddenly saw stars flickering in the night sky.

It seemed that it would be fine tomorrow.

Sharon touched Jameson with her elbow and her face was full of joy, "Mr.Proctor, look, there are so many stars! So beautiful!"

Jameson took a glance at her and said slowly, "The star beside me is even more beautiful."

Sharon paid all attention in the sky.

She did not hear what he was saying and subconsciously said, "What?"

"Nothing." Jameson handed her the red wine glass.

"You said you didn't drink enough last night.I'll drink with you."

"When did I say I didn't drink enough? I just wasn't drunk last night," Sharon looked at him.

Jameson's thin lips curled up slightly, "I believe it means that you don't have enough."

Sharon was speechless.He was just talking nonsense.