

## Resume 331

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 331

It began to rain heavily after Sharon drove for a short time.

The raindrops continuously drummed against the windshields in front of her.

Sharon didn't drive very often.

Because of the traffic jam caused by the heavy rain, she drove slower.

When she arrived at the Beale's, it was already more than an hour later.

As the car slowly drove through the gate, Sharon thought that if Jameson hadn't given her the car, she might have had to walk down the road against the downpour today.

When she stopped the car in front of the main house, a servant immediately took an umbrella and called her, "Ms. Allyson."

"Thank you," Sharon smiled.

The servant did not reply and silently went away.

When she went from the entrance to the upstairs, Sharon could feel that the attitude of servants towards her improved a lot.

Although they were not very kind, at least they would greet her instead of ignoring her like in the morning.

Sharon did not know if Talon and Natalia were still at the living room or if they went to their rooms.

After she entered her bedroom, she discovered that the things she had placed on the table seemed to have been touched.

Pursing her lips, she checked carefully to make sure that there was nothing missing.

Then she went into the bathroom after locking the door.

Not only did Sharon want to investigate the Beale family, the Beales were also investigating her.

After taking a shower, Sharon started to browse the news about designer competition.

Not long after, Sharon's phone rang.

It was from Tiffany.

Sharon answered, "Tiffany, what's wrong?"

Tiffany said, "Nothing serious. I'm packing. In the break, I call to learn your condition."

"Not bad."

After a pause, Sharon said, "Are you packing up so early?"

"I have no other choice. You might not believe that I met Daniel in the elevator again when I came back in the afternoon. Now I suddenly understand your feeling when you and Mr. Proctor met anywhere. I've contacted the moving company. I'll move out early tomorrow morning. I really can't stay here any longer!"

The corner of Sharon's mouth twitched.

She didn't know what to say.

After a while, she said, "Ask the moving company to send two more people over to help you. Move my things to your new apartment as well. After I find the truth, I'll come to get my luggage." Tiffany asked doubtfully, "Don't you move out all your things?"

Sharon was confused at her words.

"Mr. Proctor sent people over to carry your luggage. They left just now. I thought you asked him to help you."

Sharon was speechless at Jameson.

The jerk didn't reveal any information to her just now! Tiffany asked, "Does Jameson secretly carry your luggage?"

"Forget it," Sharon smiled with embarrassment.

"At most, I will move to live with him."

"Don't you intend to live with him?"

"I don't know."

As the saying goes, only distance can produce beauty.

If she lived with Jameson now, she would go crazy for him before long.

Moreover, if they lived together, it would not be as simple and easy as it was now.

Inevitably, she would face some problems that she did not want to face.

After chatting with Sharon for a while, Tiffany hung up the phone and continued to pack her things.

As soon as she put her luggage into a paper box, the doorbell rang.

Tiffany thought that her takeaway arrived and quickly ran over to open the door.

However, when she opened the door, she saw that it was Daniel, the last person she wanted to see at present.

Daniel keenly sensed the change of her expressions, from joy to coldness to numbness.

Daniel was confused.

Tiffany thought that she was going to move away anyway, so she did not put their relationship on the line, even for the sake of Trey.

She smiled and said, "What's up?"

Daniel coughed, "Can you return the umbrella I lent you last time? It's raining outside. I want to go out."

Hearing this, Tiffany kept silent for a long time.

"I seem to have left that umbrella at my parents' home. And you can use my umbrella."

Then Tiffany took an umbrella from the shoe cabinet and gave it to him.

Daniel took it, but didn't leave immediately.

Tiffany said, "Anything else?"

"That umbrella..."

Daniel's expression was serious.

"It is one of my mother's relics. Can you bring it to me the next time you come home?"

Tiffany was stunned, "What?"

Daniel continued in a mournful tone, "It was the last thing my mother used when she was alive. For so many years, I always carry it with me wherever I go. Of course, I don't mean to urge you. However, if you remember, please bring it back for me. It's okay if you don't remember. Perhaps it's time for me to let go of my obsession."

Tiffany was stunned by his words.

However, she couldn't believe Daniel completely.

He didn't have a bottom line because he even lied to her that he believed in Buddhism.

Tiffany tried to distinguish the emotions on his face.

She wanted to confirm whether what he said was true or not.

However, the sadness in Daniel's eyes was real.

Tiffany decided to believe in him this time.

"I indeed make a serious mistake" Tiffany smiled with embarrassment, "Since this umbrella is so important to you, I'll call my mother later and ask her if she sees it. If she finds it, I'll ask her to send it over to me and make sure that there won't be any damage along the way. What do you think of it?"

Daniel nodded slightly.

"Thank you so much."

"It's my pleasure."

After closing the door, Tiffany let out a long breath.

Then, she went into the bedroom and changed her clothes.

She quietly opened the door and looked around.

She gently closed the door and quickly ran into the elevator.

She drove all the way to the airport and went to the Lost and Found office to ask the staff if they had found an umbrella in the trash can a few days ago.

The staff member said, "It's all here. Try looking for it from them."

Tiffany thanked her.

After searching back and forth for a few times, she didn't find the umbrella Daniel gave her.

Standing there, Tiffany felt headache .

At that time, she shouldn't have been impulsive.

Now she knew Daniel was a man that liked to get with the ladies at the same time, as many as possible.

She should accept that fact that Daniel chose her as one of his targets.

Anyway it was she that wanted to attract his attention first.

Moreover, it was kind of Daniel to lend her the umbrella, his mother's legacy.

No matter what, she should not throw it away.

On the way back, Tiffany was absent-minded, blaming herself to the extreme.

Downstairs, Tiffany parked her car and walked toward the basement in a daze.

After entering the elevator, she suddenly saw that a man held an umbrella that was almost the same as the one that Daniel had lent her.

Tiffany was overjoyed with the surprise.

"Unexpectedly, I'm so lucky today" Tiffany said politely, "Excuse me, could you sell this umbrella to me? This is the legacy of my friend's mother. I..."

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The man looked at the umbrella in his hand and then at Tiffany, confused.

He couldn't understand what she was thinking.

She urged, "Please, I really need this umbrella. Sell it to me. Any price will do."

The man handed the umbrella to her.

"It sold ten in the convenience store downstairs. I'll give it to you if you need it."

Tiffany was surprised.

The corner of her mouth twitched.

She repeated, "It sold ten in the convenience store downstairs?"

“Yes.It was free as I bought things worth two hundred at a sales drive some time ago.” Tiffany could hardly breathe.

A few seconds later, she pushed the button for the first floor expressionlessly.

The man asked, “Don’t you want this umbrella?”

Tiffany gritted her teeth.

“No, thank you.”

After exiting the elevator, Tiffany rushed straight to the convenience store.

After confirming that the umbrella was only sold in this store and that it arrived half a month ago, Tiffany bought all of the umbrellas.

Daniel was playing the piano in his house when the doorbell rang.

He opened the door and saw Tiffany with an umbrella in her hand.

Daniel asked, “What’s wrong?”

Tiffany smiled and answered, “Didn’t you say that this umbrella was left by your mom and it was very important to you? I thought that I couldn’t keep you waiting for so long, so I asked my mother to bring it to me.”

Daniel probably didn’t expect this.He was stunned for a moment before he said, “There is no rush.”

“It’s okay.” Tiffany handed him the umbrella.

“Is this your mom’s umbrella?” Daniel took it.

Since things had come to this, he had no choice but to continue to lie.

“Yes.There are traces of my mother’s use on it.I won’t make a mistake.”

As he said that, he looked at Tiffany.

“Could I meet your mom and express my thanks to her?”

“No need.” Tiffany pulled out a bag from behind her and took out many umbrellas.

“Your mom would be very grateful if she knew that she had a filial son like you.”

Daniel was rendered speechless.

Tiffany threw down the bag and turned to open the door.

Daniel took a step forward and grabbed her wrist.

He said awkwardly, “Sorry, I was just joking with you.”

Tiffany shook him off and said expressionlessly, “If both of us found it interesting, then it was a joke.But the truth is, you made fun of me again and again!”

After Tiffany finished speaking, she opened the door and entered without turning her head.

Daniel wanted to say something else, but the door slammed in front of him.

He rubbed his nose and looked at the umbrellas scattered all over his feet, writhing with embarrassment.

It rained all night.

When Sharon woke up, it was still drizzling outside.

She thought that she would be unable to sleep all night in this strange place, but for some reason, even though there was a pervading sense of menace, she had peace of mind.

She didn't remember anything from the past, but she had lived here for a few years.

After Sharon finished washing up, she changed her clothes and went downstairs.

In the dining room, Talon and Natalia were having breakfast.

When Natalia saw Sharon, she was angry.

She gripped the knife and fork and wished that she could cut Sharon into two like the food on her plate.

Talon greeted with a smile, "Morning, Sharon. Do you want to have breakfast with us?"

When did he begin to change the way he called Sharon? Sharon gave a faint smile and replied, "No, thank you. I have something to do. I have to go."

Just as she turned around and left, Natalia slammed the knife and fork onto the table, making a loud noise.

Sharon ignored her.

She didn't know what Natalia was up to.

Outside the studio, Sharon bought breakfast.

When she entered, she saw a few employees gather together, excitedly discussing something.

When they saw her, they quickly dispersed.

Sharon felt that it was a little strange, but she did not ask anything and entered her office.

As she sat down and began to eat breakfast, Tiffany rushed in with a newspaper.

"Sharon!"

"Aren't you moving this morning? Why are you here?"

Tiffany said, "It's not important. I'll move later. Look at this!"

As she spoke, Tiffany put the newspaper on the desk and exclaimed, "What a surprise! I didn't expect that Jameson was actually quite lustful!"

Sharon did not understand what she was saying.

When her gaze fell on the newspaper, she was taken aback.

“Hot news! The CEO of the Proctor Group passionately kissed a mysterious woman in the rain! They couldn’t bear to part from each other!”

Sharon choked on soybean milk and coughed, feeling that she was going to die.

Tiffany patted her back to calm her down and analyzed, “Professionally speaking, the angle and clarity of this photo are very good. It shot the side faces of the two of you. If it weren’t for this topic, the photo would have been a kind of art.”

Sharon’s face turned red from choking.

After she finally calmed herself down, she asked, “Where did this come from?”

“You don’t know it? It’s spread like crazy everywhere. Oh right, not only did it appear in the newspapers, it also became a hot search as soon as it was released. It has outshone Giana’s new movie. Jameson is more popular than a star!”

Sharon looked at the newspaper and said nothing.

After a while, she tried to argue, “What is this? The newspaper is unscrupulous! It just drizzled that night. Why did they say we kissed in the rain?”

As she said that, she clenched her fists and became extremely angry.

“We didn’t kiss passionately! It was just a brief kiss!”

Tiffany patted her shoulder and comforted her.

She knew what Sharon was trying to say.

“You are right. You didn’t kiss as passionately as before.”

Sharon didn’t say anything in response.

She bent over the desk and began to sob.

What a drama! For some reason, Tiffany felt that something was wrong.

“Hey Sharon, don’t you think this photo is too clear? It doesn’t look like it was taken secretly. And the title mentioned the Proctor Group. Isn’t the reporter afraid that he will lose his job?”

Sharon was too embarrassed to think clearly.

“What did you say?”

Tiffany knew what was going on.

She continued, “Forget it. It seems like this is the first time Jameson has appeared in public. Many girls become captives to his handsome face. They comment at the Proctor Group’s official account that they want to marry him.”

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In the large conference room, the senior management was discussing intensely how to respond to Jameson's romantic affair.

Sitting in his seat, Jameson was reading the newspaper, satisfied.

The discussion remained deadlocked.

Jameson put down the newspaper and said indifferently, "What's there to respond to? It's normal that people in love kiss each other. There is no need arguing about this matter."

Everyone present kept silent.

This was not a question of whether or not to fall in love.

This was clearly...

Wait, Jameson and Sharon were in love? When did he succeed? Jameson leaned back in his chair and crossed his legs.

"It's a good opportunity to make a statement, telling the public that I have a girlfriend, and the other girls don't have a chance."

The people present took a deep breath.

What a smart move! Jameson was openly challenging his father! Everyone in the Proctor Group knew that Albert had been arranging blind dates for Jameson recently, and many girls from eminent families had come to visit him.

If a statement was made, no one would come.

Even if they came, Jameson wouldn't let them leave so easily.

Most likely, they would be photographed and the photos would be put online.

Although this was a good solution to stopping the blind dates, he had openly offended many powerful people in the South City.

Perhaps only Jameson dared to do this.

Jameson swept his gaze across the crowd with different expressions and said in a calm tone, "My girlfriend is prone to be jealous. Is there anything else? If not, let's adjourn the meeting."

At the Proctor's Albert read the newspaper and trembled with anger.

After he received the news from the Proctor Group, he almost couldn't breathe and cursed, "What an unfilial son!"

Evie sat behind him, as indifferent as usual.

She said, "If Jameson was obedient, he wouldn't do this."

Albert frowned.



“Stop being sarcastic at this time. You know what you’ve done. If Sharon is really Talon’s daughter, the first thing she wants to do is to get revenge on you!”

Hearing this, Evie laughed.

“She grew up in a slum. Even if she is dressed in gorgeous clothes, she is still cheap. I’ll wait for her to take revenge on me and see what she will do.”

After saying that, Evie got up and went back to her bedroom.

A servant followed behind her and whispered something.

Albert became angrier.

Neither Jameson nor Evie listened to him.

They simply ignored him.

Although Evie’s family was no longer strong enough, Evie still had other forces to back her up.

Albert had to rely on her to deal with Jameson.

Albert stood on his walking stick, his expression cold and gloomy.

He knitted his eyebrows and pondered over something.

The moment the Proctor Group’s announcement was made, it caused a huge uproar online.

Many girls who were attracted by Jameson’s handsome face was confused.

“What happened? Proctor is in love? I’m so sad. I shouldn’t have taken it seriously!”

“I didn’t expect this to be the prelude to the announcement of a relationship. Proctor is rich, handsome, and powerful. He is completely different from some stars who hide their relationships.”

“Who’s his girlfriend? Is she a star? Or the daughter of a powerful family? She looks pretty.”

“If you don’t know about Proctor’s romance, you can read the statement that the Proctor Group made some time ago. I didn’t expect that they would be together so soon. Mr. Proctor is good at chasing girls!”

“I have known the whole story. I saw his girlfriend’s photo. She’s really beautiful and talented, and she has a good figure. Why did they get divorced? Wasn’t he happy to live with such a beautiful wife?”

“I like this match. When are they going to get married again?”

“I also like them! When will they get married again?”

Never did Sharon think that after the Proctor Group made the statement, the Twitter of the studio had more than 100,000 followers.

They asked when she would join Twitter.

The studio hadn’t opened an online sales channel yet, so many people went to their site in the afternoon.

But none of them saw Sharon.

It was because Sharon went to help Tiffany move.

Now, given the Proctor Group's statement, she was convinced that Jameson was the one who ordered to take the photo.

Tiffany and Sharon lived here for a few months and had many things.

Tiffany didn't want to waste them, so she took all of them away.

The two movers brought the heavy items downstairs.

Sharon and Tiffany each brought a suitcase and waited for the next elevator.

Sharon looked back.

"Have we brought all the things?"

"Yes," Tiffany said.

"The landlord said that she is out of town and would come to inspect the house when she comes back." Sharon nodded.

She felt sad to leave because there were some unforgettable memories.

Just then, their neighbor opened the door. And the elevator came. Tiffany anxiously pulled Sharon inside.

"Let's go!"

Seeing the elevator door slowly close, Tiffany finally let out a sigh of relief.

However, someone else in the elevator heard the footsteps outside and kindly pressed the button to open the door.

Tiffany was speechless.

Daniel stood at the elevator door and paused for a few seconds before walking in and greeting them, "Hello, Ms. Allyson."

Sharon did not know what happened last night.

She smiled at him and nodded.

Tiffany didn't respond.

She looked away and didn't say anything.

Daniel didn't say anything either and just stood there quietly.

Sharon felt that there was something wrong between the two of them.

They would greet each other before.

What was going on? There was a moment of embarrassment in the elevator.

When the elevator reached the first floor, Tiffany pulled the suitcase with one hand and Sharon with the other, walking out with an angry face.

Not long after they left, Daniel called Tiffany from behind.

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Tiffany took no notice of him and dragged Sharon forward.

Seeing this, Daniel could only stand still.

After leaving the community, Sharon asked, "Did something happen to Daniel and you?"

Tiffany sneered and told her the whole thing about the umbrella.

After a long silence, she did not know what to say.

Tiffany said, "I already feel that he must be going soft in the head and that he is deliberately targeting me. I just pleased him a few times when he moved here, and he held grudges against me until now. What's wrong with him?"

Sharon asked tentatively, "What if he just wanted to make conversation? He probably didn't expect that you would run to the airport to look for the umbrella."

"It's even more hateful to make conversation! He was chasing after Natalia. Why did he want to talk with me? Does he think that he can have me at his beck and call? Although I can do that considering his beauty, but not in a way like him."

Sharon touched his eyebrows and felt speechless.

After putting the suitcase in the trunk, Tiffany calmed down a bit.

"Forget it, I won't make a fuss about the trifles with him. After today, we will never have a chance to meet again in the future."

Sharon really wanted to say that according to her experience, things normally went against one's wishes.

If you did not want to see someone, you would normally soon see him.

Tiffany told the driver of the moving company to follow her car.

She snorted and set off happily.

Tiffany's new house was not far away and was only twenty minutes' drive to the studio.

The new house was in the opposite direction of her old one to avoid Daniel.

After her move, it was already past work time and Sharon returned to the Beale's directly.

Ever since she learned the lesson from yesterday, she had always carried important things with her before she left.

The things on the table seemed to be in a mess but were actually placed in a particular order.

If they were moved, she would be able to tell.

When Sharon returned, she looked around the room.

Everything was normal.

She took out a miniature surveillance camera from her bag that she had bought today and placed it in a corner, where the camera happened to be able to shoot the entire room.

She could control the surveillance system remotely.

With this, she could soon know who entered her room and what they did.

After getting all things done, Sharon took a shower and then saw that someone gave her a buzz.

It was Jameson.

Sharon sat on the bed and picked up the phone.

"It's so late. Mr. Proctor, can I help you?"

Jameson said, "What are you doing?"

"On a date." Jameson got puzzled.

"Where? With whom?" He said unhappily.

Sharon leaned against the bed, flipped through the magazine and said slowly, "With a handsome young man. How can I tell you where I am?"

Jameson said, "How young is he?"

Hearing the sarcasm in his voice, Sharon remembered what happened last time.

She thought for a while and said, "...Younger than you."

"Do you think I'm old?"

"How dare I? Mr. Proctor is so charming, with so many girls calling you husband..."

Jameson interrupted her, "Are you jealous again?"

Sharon turned silent.

She wasn't a jealous lover.

How could she be jealous every day! She just wanted to satirize him.

Jameson smiled and said, "I only have one wife."

Sharon did not expect Jameson to say that.

She curved her lips and then asked, "Did you find someone to post that news?"

Sharon also understood that it was probably because the Proctor family had been arranging blind dates for Jameson.

Therefore, he came up with this method to solve this once and for all.

Jameson said, "The photo is good. If you like, I can give you the original copy."

"...No, thanks."

The photo taken at the Matchmaker Temple was still lying in her studio.

After a pause, Sharon asked again, "Are you still at the Proctor Group?"

Jameson replied, "Yes, I got much work to do lately."

"Then"

Sharon wanted to say something but kept to herself.

It was better not to say anything until everything was done during this period.

She said, "Then take your time. I'll go back to sleep."

Jameson said, "That's it?"

"Yes." Sharon said in a puzzled voice.

"So many girls are calling me husband. How about you?"

Sharon was silent for two seconds before hanging up the phone.

The jerk was really cheeky! During the three days in the Beale's, both Talon and Sharon maintained their seemingly harmonious relationship.

Under this harmony, they had their own thoughts and plans.

Sharon had already confirmed the location of Talon's study and bedroom, and Talon had been secretly investigating Sharon's past, trying to find out who was behind her, or to find evidence to prove that all her words were false.

Just as they were secretly doing their own things, the designer competition started as scheduled.

After arriving at the venue, Sharon sat down according to the seat arranged by the organizer.

Since she was already quite famous in the country, many people came to greet her.

Through the crowd, Sharon saw Rita's figure from afar.

This was a designer competition, so it wasn't strange to see her.

Soon the opening ceremony began.

The host first greeted everyone in English, then went straight to the point without wasting any time and introduced the rules of the competition.

After he finished speaking, the translator stepped forward and introduced the rules again in Chinese.

The tournament is divided into three rounds, the preliminary round, the second round and the final.

The preliminary round was open to everyone.

The organizer would assign a topic one day before the start of the competition.

Of the many participants in the competition, only ten could enter the second round.

During the second round, the organizer would assign ten topics based on the strength and style of each participant.

These ten participants would draw lots to determine what their topics were.

It means that they were likely to get the topic that they weren't good at.

Only three designers could make it to the final.

Different from previous years, they would not give any topics in the final this year.

Designers should find the hidden topic with their intuition and complete the works on the spot.

The organizer would then announce the winner. The rules were widely discussed by all the participants.

Though dissatisfied with the arrangement, they had no other choice. The competition was hard, and it could be seen that the organizers had raised their requirements.

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In addition to testing designers' acuity, it also tested their observation and the skill in capturing small things.

This also meant that after the competition, the organizer would offer a better platform.

Sharon looked around, then her eyes met a pair of dark and quiet eyes.

She whispered, "Why are you here?"

Jameson put his arm on the seat behind her and raised his eyebrows, "the Proctor Group is one of the organizers of this competition. Didn't I tell you?"

Sharon looked at him with a forced smile, "Perhaps Mr. Proctor has short memories."

The jerk must have done it on purpose.

At this moment, the host's voice came from the stage.

They temporarily changed the rules and invited several debutantes from South City to be judges.

The points they gave would account for 10% of the total points.

These young ladies had been familiar with gold, silver, and jewelry, so they have their own high standards for the jewelry.

Sharon followed the host's gaze and smiled.

Very good.

She even began to suspect that this new rule was meant to let her fail.

Because she saw Natalia and Sofia amongst the few young ladies.

The God had opened a window for her and blocked all the ventholes.

So exciting.

Jameson followed her gaze and knew what she was worried about.

He said, "Your work was acknowledged by the organizer. Otherwise, they wouldn't have sent you an invitation letter. Even if they maliciously gave you low marks, it wouldn't affect you much. Besides, you have me."

Sharon smiled and said, "Then why do you think they would give me low marks?"

Jameson said calmly, "Perhaps they are jealous of your beauty."

Sharon looked at him wordlessly.

The jerk was so good at finding excuses.

The preliminary round would be held two days later, and the topic would be given tomorrow night.

After the rules were stated, there was a small party.

Many designers were busy greeting the judges.

These judges were all bigwigs in the jewelry industry.

Even if designers didn't win the prize in the end, it would be good to get familiar with them.

These seemingly polite greetings had so many interests underneath.

Sharon planned to go back directly, but she remembered that the organizer had sent her an invitation letter and she shouldn't just leave like this.

She stood up and went to thank the organizer.

The person in charge of this competition was called Louis.

When Sharon found him, he was chatting with other judges of the competition.

Before Sharon could speak, Louis saw her and greeted her with a smile in English, "You must be Ms. Ally. You look as beautiful as in the photo."

Sharon did not expect that he would remember her.

She smiled and replied in English, "Thank you. Thank you very much for inviting me to join this competition. I am very honored."

"You're welcome."

Louis said as he looked at the man standing behind her.

“If Mr.Proctor hadn’t shown me your work, I wouldn’t have known such an outstanding designer.I look forward to your work this time.”

Louis said as he nodded towards Jameson.

When Sharon turned to look at him, she saw the man raise his eyebrows towards her.

After they exchanged greetings, Sharon pulled Jameson aside and asked, “Did I get an invitation to this competition because of you?”

Jameson took two glasses of champagne and handed her one.

“I just showed him your work.It was his decision to invite you.”

Sharon knew that although the jerk didn’t say anything, he still felt guilty about her losing the first place in the Emerging Designer Competition.

Otherwise, when she was still in Lumiere Jewelry, he would not beat around the bush and found a reason to support her, though everyone, including her, had thought that he was going for Sheila at that time.

Sharon thought for a while and then asked tentatively, “Is this the third gift for our wedding anniversary?”

Jameson chuckled and drunk up the champagne in his glass.

“How is that possible?”

He paused for a moment and looked at Sharon with his eyebrows raised.

He said ina tempting voice, “Are you looking forward to it?”

Sharon seemed to have been embarrassed by his gaze.She hurriedly looked away and coughed.

“I’m not ...looking forward to it.I’m just curious.”

The jerk himself said that he would give her all the gifts for the three years of marriage.

Now that she already got the gifts for the first and second years, she had not seen the third gift.

Jameson said, “Don’t worry, I’m still preparing it.It’s definitely a gift that you would like.”

Sharon did not believe, “How much would I like it?”

Jameson bent down and whispered a few words into her ear.

Sharon blushed and subconsciously covered his thin lips, “Shut up!”

How could he say such words in public? Jameson curved his lips and gave a soft kiss her palm.

Sharon’s face turned even redder, and she quickly withdrew her hand.

She felt that her arm was numb because of the kiss.

“Mr.Proctor, Ally” Lance said as he walked over with a glass of wine in his hand.



Ever since she left Lumiere Jewelry, Sharon had not seen Lance for a long time.

She waved her hand and said with a smile, "Mr.Carter."

Jameson was dissatisfied with her smile.

He had seen this smile before when Sharon met Martin, Trey, Lance, and many other people.

However, she rarely smiled at him.

Before Lance could speak, Jameson stood at the front of Sharon, blocking his sight.

Lance looked puzzled.

Sharon also noticed Jameson's actions.

She moved a little bit when putting the glass back and continued chatting with Lance.

The jerk was so Sensitive but kept saying that she was jealous every day.

It seemed that he was the jealous lover.

Jameson pursed his lips, indicating his dissatisfaction.

At the same time, Jacob came over and said, "Mr.Proctor, Louis invites you over.He wants to discuss with you about the arrangements after the competition."

"Wait for me here" Jameson nodded and said to Sharon.

"Rita also took part in the competition, did you know that?"

Lance's face clouded over as soon as Jameson left.

"I just saw her " Sharon nodded gently.

"I just found out that one of the judges this time was her teacher," Lance whispered.

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Although Rita claimed that she left Lumiere Jewelry voluntarily.

But actually everyone knew what she had done before.

And Sharon withdrew her lawsuit and did not hold Rita accountable.

Lumiere Jewelry also followed the principle of "merry meet and merry part" and didn't reveal much to the public.

After leaving Lumiere Jewelry, Rita quietly stopped for a period of time.

But based on what she did in the past, it was hard to guarantee that she wouldn't cause any trouble in this competition.

Hearing this, Sharon pursed her lips and said, "I will be careful."

Lance came here to remind her.

After a brief chat, he left.

Sharon stood there for a while and looked at the time.

Why didn't the dog man come back? Just as she was about to wait for him outside, the person they had just mentioned walked over.

Although Rita is no longer as arrogant and disdainful as she used to be, she still looked unkind.

She said indifferently, "See you in the competition. I will let you know who is the real designer. I am not like someone who gains success by her connections and relationships with powerful people."

As soon as she came over, Sharon knew she had no good words.

Sharon smiled and said, "Alright, I'll show you the level of a real No.1 designer."

Hearing this, Rita's expression changed. Even if she didn't want to admit it, she could never change the fact that she had taken Sharon's first place and thus she could go to Paris.

"So arrogant."

Behind them was a strange and mocking man voice. Sharon turned her head.

The voice came from a middle-aged and mixed-race man with a pair of gold-rimmed glasses.

When Rita saw him, she lowered her head as if she was wronged.

The man should be Rita's teacher.

Robert looked coldly at Sharon.

"Ally, right? I've seen your previous works. Although you are talented, there are many better and more talented designers in the world. You'd better be modest."

Sharon said indifferently, "Not everyone is worthy of respect. And why should I be modest in front of a disrespectful opponent?"

"You mean that I'm not worthy of your respect?"

"You are a senior in the design industry. I should respect you. However, since you are a senior, shouldn't you also pay attention to your words and deeds?"

Anyway, Sharon had offended them before, and she didn't mind making it worse.

Even if she didn't strike back, they wouldn't stop making trouble for her.

After that, Sharon ignored their reactions and turned around to leave with a smile.

Robert looked at her back and frowned unhappily, "How could you lose to such a person? Did I teach you nothing these three years?"

Rita whispered, "Master, you saw her just now. She came with Mr. Proctor. I..."

Robert chuckled, "It is an open competition. I don't believe that she can still rely on someone to gain success and break the rules. Don't worry, the first place in this designer competition will definitely be yours."

With that, Robert turned around and looked at her impatiently, "Don't lose my face again!"

Rita secretly gritted her teeth and clenched her fists, "I won't."

After leaving the venue, Sharon stood by the stairs and took out her phone.

Just as she was about to call Jameson, the man's voice came, "Didn't I tell you to wait for me inside? Why did you come out?"

Sharon put away her phone and looked at him, "I still have work to do in my studio. I have to go back."

Jameson said, "I'll send you off. They hadn't seen each other for several days, and Sharon didn't refuse."

She just said, "What about my car?"

Jameson turned around and looked at Jacob.

Jacob immediately understood, "Ms. Allyson, give me the car keys."

Oh, couple tricks are so boring.

After a while, Sharon realized it was not the way to back to the studio.

She turned around and asked, "Where are we going?"

"Have lunch." Sharon curled her lips.

The jerk probably hadn't had enough time to eat lunch before.

"Are you busy with business?" She asked.

Jameson raised his eyebrows and said, "No."

"Then why haven't you eaten yet?"

"There was no food as delicious as yours. I don't want to eat it." Sharon was speechless.

Her face blushed.

After a long time, she asked, "Mr. Proctor, have you recently ...signed up for some kind of training class?"

Jameson asked, "What?"

"It's ...It's the class that teaches people sweet talk."

Sharon paused and then said, "If that's the case, then you'd better drop it out as soon as possible. Don't waste money."

Jameson said, "?"

After lunch, Jameson drove Sharon back to the studio and left.

Actually Mr.Proctor was really busy recently.

Otherwise, it wouldn't be possible that he hadn't seen Sharon for days.

However, even if the jerk left, Sharon didn't feel comfortable.

She had even paid a painful price for her silly words in the car.

As soon as she arrived at the studio, Tiffany walked over and handed her the key.

She bantered with Sharon, "Where did you go on a date? Even the car was driven back by the jerk's assistant."

Sharon avoided her eyes and stammered, "We just ...just have lunch.No time for a date..."

She just wanted to run to the office.

With sharp eyes, Tiffany noticed, "Why is your lower lip bit?"

Her lip was bit and it hurt.

Jerk! Sharon said vaguely, "I accidentally bit my lip during lunch.Two design drafts need to be done this afternoon.I'm not going to talk to you anymore.I am busy."

Then she hurriedly slipped away.

Returning to the office, Sharon did not have time to think about the competition.

She had to finish the work first and then she would have enough time to prepare for the competition.

At night, when she arrived at the Beale's, she was stopped by Talon when she went upstairs.

It was rare that he speak to her first, "Sharon, Natalia told me that you participate in the designer competition?"

Facing his sudden care, Sharon knew it would not be a good thing.

"Yes " she smiled.

Talon said, "I've seen your design before.You could definitely win the prize this time."

"Thank you."

Just as Sharon was about to go upstairs, Talon added, "If you have time tomorrow, come with me to a place."

Before Sharon could reply, he continued, "Anyway, you should come and take a look."

The first sentence was an inquiry while the second was a threat.

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Since he had said so, Sharon did not refuse any and only said, "Alright."

After a pause, Sharon asked, "What time will it be?"

Talon said, "I have to go to the company tomorrow morning. When I'm done, I'll pick you up at your studio. I haven't been there. I can take the chance to have a visit."

Hearing him mention the studio, Sharon frowned.

Was this a threat? Talon stood up and said, "Then it's settled. I'll go back to my room first."

Sharon nodded gently and waited for him to leave before she went upstairs.

Even if it was a threat, all she could do was to be cautious.

Talon had never been to her studio before.

But he knew where it was.

All night long, Sharon was tossing and turning.

She didn't know where Talon would take her, but she had a bad feeling.

The next morning, at eleven o'clock, Talon appeared at the door of her studio as he had said.

As soon as Sharon walked out, she heard him say, "Can I go in and take a look?"

This was hard to refuse.

"It's my pleasure to have Mr. Beale here," Sharon said indifferently.

Talon moved his leg and stepped into the studio.

After a tour, he stopped in front of Sharon's office and said, "This is?"

"This is where I work," Sharon said.

Talon nodded slightly and didn't insist on going in to take a look.

He looked at his watch and said, "It's almost time. Let's go."

Before leaving, Sharon looked at Tiffany and hinted Tiffany that she would go out now.

Tiffany made an OK gesture.

After they left, a few girls in the studio surrounded Tiffany.

"Tiffany, who is that man? He looks so rich and graceful. Is he Sharon's father?"

Tiffany curled her lips and said, "He is just pretending to be rich."

"Why do I think that he have come to our studio... No, maybe it's not him. They are just very alike. I can't recall that person."

Hearing this, Tiffany looked over and was puzzled, "Very alike?"

"Yes. I feel that they are quite resemble to each other. And they seem to be at the same age. I wonder who that man is."

The little girl racked her brains, but she couldn't figure out who the man resembling Talon that had been to the studio was.

However, at this moment, Tiffany was completely focused on Sharon's safety.

She did not take the little girl's words very seriously and was only thinking about what to do.

Just as Tiffany took out her phone and prepared to send a message to Jameson, a familiar figure appeared in the studio.

The little girl who was thinking hard widened her eyes and whispered beside Tiffany, "So handsome!"

"Who? Who is handsome?"

As Tiffany looked over, the joy on her face instantly disappeared.

Tiffany froze there.

Why him again? Daniel walked up to Tiffany and coughed, "Can I talk to you in private?"

Tiffany didn't know what Daniel wanted to do, but it was annoying to leave things unsettled.

It was necessary for them to talk things through.

Tiffany nodded and walked out with Daniel.

She took a deep breath and said coldly, "You don't have to look for me anymore. I did like you. You are a handsome guy. I just did it on a whim. There are so many handsome guys in the world, so it doesn't have to be you. Now that I've completely moved on, you don't have to come to me from time to time and send me some special signals. I'm not..."

Daniel interrupted her slowly, "You misunderstand me."

Tiffany stopped and looked at him expressionlessly.

Daniel paused for a moment before saying, "I came to ask about Ms. Allyson."

Tiffany remained calm, "Okay."

F\*ck! She just humiliated herself.

Daniel added, "Will she attend the designer competition?"

Tiffany said, "Of course she will."

"I know" Daniel said after a moment of silence.

"Then I'll go." Tiffany was speechless.

Was there something wrong with this guy? He came here to ask such a meaningless question.

Daniel took two steps and said, "Oh right, I didn't see Ms. Allyson just now. Where is she?"

Tiffany's eyelids twitched and she replied, "She just went out."

“With whom? Mr.Proctor?”

“Her father, your future father-in-law.He said that he wanted to take her to a place.”

Hearing this, Daniel’s expression became serious.

He nodded and quickly left.

Tiffany couldn’t help but snort.

Daniel reacted so big when he heard Talon.

It seemed that he wasn’t lying.

He really came to look for Sharon.

She made a fool of herself.

The car drove for a long time before finally stopping in front of a cemetery.

After Talon got off the car, the driver immediately took out a bouquet of flowers from the back seat and gave it to him.

Talon took it and went straight inside without saying anything.

Sharon followed behind him and had guessed his intention.

Finally, Talon stopped in front of a tombstone and bent down to put the flower in front of the tombstone, “Since you said that Doris is your mother, then you should come to see her.”

Hearing this, Sharon only smiled, “Mr.Beale, you are wrong.”

Talon looked at her with a calm expression, “Why?”

“As I said, my mother died after giving birth to my younger brother.Since that’s the case, then the one lying here is not my mother and has nothing to do with me.”

Talon added, “Then where is your mother buried? I should go and see her.” Sharon pursed her lips and remained silent.

Mr.Jones had also asked her this question before, but unlike Mr.Jones’ sincere concern, Talon was only probing.

Sharon did not know where her mother was buried.

Sharon had no memory of her.

Josh had never taken her and Ruben there once.

In this world, only Josh knew where her mother’s grave was.

Talon seemed to have predicted that she would not be able to answer.

He only said, “Since you don’t know where she is buried, then this place is also for her.It is reasonable for you to pay a respect her here.”

Sharon didn't want to. She didn't even know who was lying in there in the name of her mother. Moreover, rumor had it that Tavis deliberately framed Talon and ended up dying with all his family. However, they suspected that Tavis survived by pretending to be Talon and escaped with his mother. If she was right, beneath this tombstone might be Tavis' wife. She would never bow to her enemies.

Talon said indifferently, "Now what? Didn't you say that Doris is your mother. Why aren't you willing to bow to her?"

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Sharon suddenly felt that Talon brought her here deliberately. There were two purposes.

One was to take the opportunity to ask where her mother had been buried, and the other was to make her kneel to his wife like this.

If Sharon didn't agree, he would have a reason to say that she was unfilial.

Undoubtedly it would give him an excuse to say that Sharon came to the Beale family for some unknown purposes.

"Fine"

"Focus on the big picture"

If Sharon wanted to find out more information, she could not be kicked out of the Beale family by Talon at this moment.

It was no big deal to kneel here.

She even called Josh father so many times.

Just as Sharon was about to kneel down, a voice came from the side, "Mr. Beale, Ms. Allyson."

Talon and Sharon looked over at the same time. No one expected that Patrick was here.

Patrick held a bouquet of flowers in his hand and smiled at them.

"Are you two here to worship somebody?"

Talon was obviously unhappy with his interruption, but he didn't show it.

"Mr. Patrick, you are here..."

Patrick said, "I came to see an old friend. I didn't expect to meet you here so coincidentally."

Patrick looked at the tombstone in front of Sharon and saw the woman's smiling face.

"Who is this?"

"She is my wife" Talon answered.

"This is Mrs. Beale. Sorry I didn't know that."

Talon waved his hand and said, "Mr. Patrick, see you later."



Patrick nodded and continued to walk forward.

After Patrick took several steps, the subordinate waiting outside the cemetery hurriedly walked over and said something to Talon.

He looked awful.

Talon looked at Sharon and wanted to say something, but he suddenly turned around and said, "I have to go now. You can stay and accompany her for a while."

After saying that, Talon strode away.

When he reached the door, he turned around and took a look, and said to his subordinate, "Keep an eye on them."

Sharon stood there, staring at the photo on the tombstone and lost in thought.

After a long time, Patrick's voice came again, "Ms. Allyson."

"Mr. Patrick" Sharon recovered herself.

Patrick smiled and nodded.

Then he looked at the tombstone and seemed to be thinking about something.

After a while, he said, "Ms. Allyson looks like your mother very much."

"I don't remember what she looks like" Sharon said.

"Every time I see a photo, it seems I can remember something, but it's like I'm in a dream."

When Sharon just looked at the photo, it seemed she was looking at a stranger.

Patrick added, "You will remember it finally."

Sharon lowered her eyes and got back to a good mood.

She raised her head again, "Has Mr. Patrick finished worshipping your old friend?"

"Yes. It's such a coincidence. If I knew that Mrs. Beale's tomb is here, I would have come to worship her."

"There's no need to do it" Sharon smiled faintly.

"I don't know who is buried inside."

Hearing that, Patrick looked at her and curled his lips, and said nothing.

He asked, "Ms. Allyson, are you leaving?"

Sharon nodded, "Alright."

After leaving the cemetery, Patrick asked whether Sharon needed him to send her back.

Just then Talon's subordinate walked over and said, "Ms. Allyson, the car is parked nearby."

It seemed Talon was careful about this and he didn't leave her here alone.

Sharon said to Patrick, "Mr. Patrick, I'll go first"

"See you later." Sharon asked the driver to send her back to the studio.

After sending her back, the subordinate returned to the Beale family.

Talon sat in the study and asked in a cold voice, "What did they talk about?"

The subordinate repeated what he had overheard in the cemetery.

Talon frowned and pondered.

Their conversation was normal and there was nothing unusual at all.

The subordinate asked, "Is Mr. Beale suspecting that Sharon was sent by Patrick?"

Talon said, "There is no reason she suddenly knew what had happened in the past. From her tone, she seemed to know who I am."

"Then why does Mr. Beale still..."

"In such a moment, it will cause more trouble if things get bigger." Talon narrowed his eyes.

"Besides, Jameson is with her."

Most importantly, Talon knew that once more secrets about the Beale family were revealed, the Beale family would suffer a devastating blow.

Then it would no longer be a problem that can be solved by letting two high executives take the rap.

Sharon was the best candidate.

Since she had come by herself, Talon was not the one to blame.

The subordinate added, "The investigation showed that everything is fine at Patrick's side. Mr. Beale..."

"That's the problem."

Talon sneered, "How can a businessman who has made such a big company does not have any tricks? Even Jameson has been fighting with the Proctor family for so many years, and he has removed much power of Master Proctor. Patrick is a Chinese who has no power backing him and achieved today's position. Do you think it's possible?"

One of the reason why Talon agreed to this cooperation was that he was satisfied with the strength of Patrick's company.

Another reason was that he wanted to let everyone know that everything was normal for the Beale Group and the project was still going on.

What's more, he did it naturally to sound out Patrick.

After a while, Talon said, "Go check who Patrick went to worship today, Or there is no such an old friend of him."

The subordinate responded and left. The door of the study was closed again.

Talon took out his pocket watch from the drawer.

His expression became cold and hostile.

He had successfully got over that thrilling night.

It was not easy for him to have everything he had now.

How could he let those people take everything away so easily? In the evening, Sharon received an email from the organizer of the competition.

It published the subject of the competition.

“Confession!”

The requirement was that the design show exciting romance of confession and be simple and straightforward.

This subject was not difficult.

It mainly depended on the designer’s understanding and potential.

The duration of the competition was one week.

In addition to the end product drawing, the designer had to finish the product and deliver it to the location requested by the organizer at 7pm a week later.

Submission before or after the requested time was not allowed.

There was not much time left for them for the design and product making.

Sharon thought of the things that happened in the cemetery in the afternoon.

She could not calm down to think about the design, nor did she have any inspiration.

When she raised her head and rubbed her eyes, she found that it was dark outside and raining.

The temperature dropped a lot these two days due to a cold snap. Sharon got up to get some water.

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In the studio, Jameson sat on the sofa and was dealing with the documents.

Sharon poured a glass of water and walked towards him, “This place has become your second office, Mr. Proctor. Why don’t you just move over directly?”

Jameson raised his eyebrows, “Do you mean it?”

“...No.”

Jameson closed the document in front of him and looked at Sharon, “When will you finish?”

Sharon slightly pursed her lips, “I don’t know.”

Sharon was out of her idea now. Perhaps she would be here the whole night.

Jameson saw her sad face and guessed a bit, then asked, "Did you get the design theme for the competition?"

Sharon sat on the sofa beside him and gave a sluggish hum.

"What's the theme?"

Sharon looked at him and said, "Don't you know, Mr. Proctor?"

The corner of Jameson's lips curved upwards, "The Proctor Group is just the organizer of the competition. I won't intervene in it. If I do, it will have an impact on you."

Since Rita had said that she reached so far because of Jameson, others would think that she had some connections even though they didn't say it out loud.

Once Jameson knew the theme beforehand, even if he didn't tell her anything, rumors would appear no matter what.

Sharon curled her lips. She didn't expect the jerk to be so considerate this time.

Jameson casually placed his arm on the back of the sofa and loosened his tie, as if he was waiting for her reply.

"Profession of Love" Sharon said slowly.

Jameson raised his eyebrows slightly, as if he didn't understand.

Sharon continued, "The theme for this competition."

"Then why are you so upset?"

Before Sharon could reply, Jameson said, "Has no one ever professed their love to you?"

Sharon didn't know how to reply.

"This Jerk, what the hell was he talking about?" Jameson moved slightly and leaned over in front of her.

He looked at her with his dark eyes and said slowly, "Didn't you receive a lot of professions?"

Sharon felt a little guilty when she was watched by such a blunt gaze.

She retorted, "Then ...how about you? you are no better than me."

After saying that, Sharon regretted it.

They were like kids quarreling and trying to win over the other.

Sharon's ears flushed and she didn't want to talk to Jameson anymore.

Sharon got up and wanted to go to the office.

"I'm going to continue the design draft. If you have nothing to do, go back."

Jameson grabbed her wrist and slowly said, "What's the hurry? Don't you have no inspiration?"

“What?” Sharon wondered.

“What did he want?” Jameson said, “If you have ideas, you wouldn’t be angry.”

Sharon took a deep breath and said, “Oh.”

He sounded right.

She couldn’t think of any good ideas so she was a little irritated.

Jameson continued, “I know what your problem is.”

Hearing this, Sharon looked at him with a questioning expression, waiting to see if he could provide her with some good advice.

Under her gaze, Jameson said unhurriedly, “As a designer, you fail to fully comprehend the theme you got. How can you have any idea? Your design of ‘First Love’ is based on your experience.” Sharon frowned.

For some reason, what Jameson said actually made some sense.

Jameson said, “So, if you want to find some inspiration, you have to profess your love to someone once. And I can play such a role for your sake.”

Sharon became speechless.

So this was his intention.

She was actually hoping to get a good idea from him.

Sharon opened her mouth to say something, but she stopped.

It seemed that she had never professed anything to anyone.

Although Martin and her liked each other before, no one took the last step to start a relationship.

It was more impossible when she was with Jameson.

This jerk said nonsense all day long and had never profess to her.

Profession seemed to be quite impossible for them.

That was the sort of thing you would do when you were young.

At the time, you had no idea of what was love and all you could see was the one you love.

And you could choose a specific time and place to express your love.

Sharon simply could not picture such a thing between Jameson and her.

Sharon felt awkward.

It seemed that people found it harder to express their likeness when they were getting older.

They always failed to say so.

Did profession only exist in the early stages of a relationship? No, it was not.

On the contrary, each pair of lovers deserved professing their love out.

Suddenly, Sharon was inspired and pulled Jameson's hand away, "I'm back to work. You should go back now.'

Jameson was speechless. He looked at his empty hand and gently licked his thin lips.

After Sharon entered the office, she was totally immersed into her design, drawing her draft at a fast speed.

When Sharon finally finished drawing the draft, she realized that it was already two o'clock in the middle of the night.

Now she was in the middle of her design and didn't want to go back, so she decided to complete the final drawing as well.

Sharon stretched her neck and was just about to continue working when a knock came on the door, "Come out and eat something."

Sharon was stunned.

"Hasn't he left yet?" She took two steps forward, opened the door, and looked at the man outside, "Mr. Proctor, why are you...?"

Jameson stuck his hand into his pants' pocket and said, "I can't sleep alone."

Sharon felt her eyelids twitch and felt that she could not respond to this sentence.

Looking over Jameson, Sharon saw that there was a lot of food on the coffee table.

She had been busy drawing the blueprints and hadn't had dinner.

Sharon walked over and sat on the sofa.

Looking at the hot food, she couldn't help but drool.

Sharon swept her gaze into thermal box and asked in surprise, "There's soup?"

Jameson sat beside her and said, "Didn't you like Soup?"

Sharon took a closer look and found that it was fish soup with fish mint in it.

"Did Jennifer make it?" She said.

As she spoke, Sharon took a small sip, but her brows frowned.

Jameson said, "What's wrong?"

"This taste..."

Sharon took another sip and looked at Jameson with uncertainty, "Are you sure that Jennifer made this?"

“Then who else could it be?”

“I feel like it was Charlotte.”

“You think so?”

Jameson took a sip of soup in the spoon in Sharon’s hand and said, “I think they are the same.They use the same ingredients.”

“Can you cook the same soup with the same ingredients?” Sharon said.

Jameson didn’t reply.

However, what the jerk said did make sense.

When she was still in the Star Lake Mansion, she had also said to Jennifer about Charlotte’s cooking method.

The soup was very fresh and thick once you put fish mint in it.Maybe she was thinking too much.

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Sharon stopped thinking and smiled, “Nothing.”

Tiffany picked up the drafts.

“Then I’ll leave.Call me if you need anything.”

“OK, off you go.”

In the morning, when Sharon went to the break room for water, a girl slowly moved over and whispered, “Sharon, can I ask you a question?”

Hearing the voice, Sharon was taken aback.

She unconsciously recalled the shameful scene in the morning.

She put down her cup and turned around with a smile, “Sure, what question?”

“It...”

The girl hesitated, as if she didn’t know how to say it.

Sharon didn’t urge and waited for the girl.

After a while, the girl said, “Sharon, do you still remember a guest who came to our shop? A middle-aged man in his forties or fifties.He looked very rich and graceful.”

Sharon was puzzled, “Why are you suddenly asking about this?”

The girl took a deep breath and said, “Yesterday, the one who came to the shop for you ...is your father, right?”

Sharon pursed her lips and signaled for the girl to continue.

“Seeing him, I can’t help but think of another man. I feel that they share the same temperament. That other man should have been to our shop before, but I just can’t recall it. I thought about it all night and still failed. Sharon, please forgive me. I’ve been obsessive since childhood. I have to think something through before stopping.”

Sharon smiled, “It’s fine. I do the same sometimes.”

The girl added, “There are so many people coming to the shop every day. You probably don’t remember the man. It doesn’t matter. I’m just asking.”

If the girl asked earlier, Sharon might have no impression.

This morning, however, she was thinking about this man.

Thus, the moment the girl mentioned it, Sharon knew who it was.

There was still a difference between Talon and Patrick, though.

Talon pretended to be gentle and refined.

After many years, a thick mask had merged with him.

He seldom revealed his emotions.

As for Patrick, he was born a gentleman.

Jameson was right, though.

Patrick was a businessman, so he could occasionally be calculative.

The two of them might be similar to a certain extent, but one would feel that they were completely different after careful observation.

“There seemed to be such a man” Sharon said, “I also have some impression of him.”

Hearing this, the girl took a breath, “Right? I knew it. They didn’t believe me when I told them. It’s good that there was such a man. It proves that I’m not hallucinating. Sharon, then I’ll go back to work.”

“OK.”

Back in the office, Sharon took out her phone.

She thought for a time before calling Trey, “Trey, do you have a moment?”

“Yes. What’s wrong?”

“Could you come out for a cup of coffee?” Sharon whispered.

Trey agreed without hesitation.

After making an appointment, Sharon picked up her things and told the girls in the studio before leaving.

After Sharon put the key into the ignition, she thought of something.



She took out her phone from her pocket and texted Jameson " I'm going to see Trey. I have something to ask."

Better to make it clear beforehand, otherwise the jerk will get jealous again for no reason. Jameson should be busy and did not reply.

The traffic was heavy.

When Sharon arrived, Trey was already there.

She sat opposite Trey and said, "Sorry to keep you waiting."

Trey smiled and called the waiter, "I was only two minutes ahead of you. What would you like to drink?"

Sharon ordered a cup of iced Americano.

Trey took the menu and ordered two desserts.

Then he returned the menu to the waiter, "That's all."

After the waiter left, Sharon did not beat around the bush.

She said, "When you went for me, ...did you have something to say?"

Trey probably didn't expect her to ask about this.

After a pause, he said, "Why are you asking this? Sharon, I had no other intentions. I just wanted to see you...."

Sharon said, "Mr. Jones showed up in the bidding conference of the Beale Group. He said in public that I'm Talon's daughter. Do you know about this?"

Trey nodded, "I've heard of it."

"Before that, Daniel reminded me many times to be careful of Talon and Natalia. So I guess he didn't approach Natalia out of love. Rather, he aims at something else. Am I right?"

Trey became serious on hearing her.

He opened his mouth, but he didn't say anything.

Sharon continued, "Given what happened in the Beale Group earlier and Daniel's actions, I have every reason to suspect that he has something to do with these things. Even if he did not personally plan them, he contributed to them in secret."

"Sharon, I...."

"I know that you and Daniel are more than friends. These are just my guess, and I won't tell anyone else. I won't ask whether your goal is to obtain or destroy the Beale Group. It has nothing to do with me."

As Sharon said, she took a deep breath, "I just want to ask, is there anyone else sharing the same goal with you?"

Trey laughed, "Sharon, you know that person."

Before Sharon could react, he continued, "In these things concerning the Beale family, Mr. Proctor has done as much as we have, if not more."

Trey added, "Actually, although Talon has managed the Beale Group in an orderly manner, he has many dirty deeds and thus many enemies. Plus, in the business world, one doesn't have permanent friends, only permanent interests."

Sharon didn't expect him to tell the truth, nor did she hold much hope. She only smiled faintly.

Just then the waiter served coffee.

This conversation was then ended.

Trey brought up another topic in time, "I heard that you participated in the Designer Competition. How are the preparations going?"

Sharon nodded, "Not bad. It's the preliminary round now. I'll wait and see."

"You have the capability. You should have gone international a long time ago, but..."

"It's all in the past."

Trey silently sighed, "Yes, all in the past."

'However, some things can be left in the past and some can't'

When they parted, Trey stopped her, "Sharon."

Sharon turned around, "What?"

"You..." Trey pursed his lips.

"If possible, don't investigate Talon. He's even more dangerous than you think."