

Resume 381

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Robert shifted his gaze from Giana to Sharon with a mocking smile on his face, "What a coincidence! I wasn't expecting to see you here"

Out of courtesy and respect for him, Sharon nodded slightly.

Robert snorted in disdain, "All right.It's most unlikely that you'll win the championship.You really need a good celebration for the second prize.Otherwise, I'm afraid it might be the highest honor you can ever get"

Different from Sharon, Giana even didn't bother to show any respect.

She crossed her arms and said, "Where did you come from, gringo? It's really ridiculous for you to keep nagging others in poor Chinese.Didn't your Chinese teacher teach you how to speak?"

Robert glared at Giana frostily.

Robert recognized Giana whose posters could be seen in all the shopping malls, and she even endorsed quite a few luxury products.

Seeing this, Rita said in grievance, "Ms.Clarke, wasn't it too much to attack others in this way?"

Giana asked, "Who are you?"

Rita seemed embarrassed for a moment.

Just as she was about to speak, Giana said, "Well.I have no interest in you.It has nothing to do with me.But I have to clarify I'm not attacking others.I'm complaining about some old guy who's always sarcastic just relying on his seniority.But if you think I'm referring to you, then there's nothing I can do about"

"You..."

Sharon turned to Robert and said indifferently, "I respect and tolerate you, for you are senior.Thanks for helping me make sense of one thing, that is, the apple does not fall far from the tree.Your students are just like you.It doesn't matter whether I win or not.I just wish that you two would be as aggressive as you are now when you stand on a real international arena"

After that, she left with Giana.

When they were in the toilet, Giana said, "We shouldn't have left in such a way.I haven't cursed them enough"

"It's meaningless to talk to the people like them" Sharon said.

Rita's father was still lying in the morgue even without being buried, however, she was holding a banquet here.

It was quite ironic.

Sharon washed her hands before turning around to ask, "Did you fight with Ruben?"

Giana was stunned at her question for a moment and then said, "No."

"Then why did you get along in such an awkward way?"

Giana replied simply with a smile, "I'm not that familiar with him. So it's normal for us to feel awkward while staying together"

"Aren't you still shooting together?"

Sharon didn't believe what she said.

"Yeah, but we only act opposite each other in a few scenes and were in different casts. So we rarely see each other."

After washing hands, Giana said, wiping her hands with tissue.

"Are we as close as friends in your mind?"

Sharon didn't know about how Giana defined their relationship, as to Ruben...She smiled, "Anyway, thank you very much for taking care of Ruben these days"

"Not at all. That's what I should do"

Giana threw the crumpled tissue onto the sofa and suddenly said, "One more thing, did he tell you something?"

Sharon was puzzled, "What is it?"

Seeing that she seemed to know nothing, Giana discontinued this topic, "Well. It's not my business. Perhaps he's waiting for a proper time to tell you." The topic ended here, and Sharon did not continue to ask.

Unexpectedly, on the way back, Sharon ran into the director of the competition, Louis.

Louis walked over to her and said, "Sharon, shall we talk?"

She nodded and said to Giana, "You can go back first."

"Alright."

After Giana left, Louis and Sharon walked to the balcony of the hotel.

Louis said regretfully, "Your work is really good ... However, I have to say that it depends on various standards of judges."

Sharon smiled and nodded, "I know, and thank you very much for giving me this chance"

Louis sighed, "Don't be down. There will be lots of opportunities awaiting you. It's ability that counts, not this occasional ranking"

After chatting with Sharon for a while, Louis added, "I don't know if it's convenient for you. I want to arrange a show for your brand during this year's Fashion Week. Then your work will be seen by more people"

Sharon was stunned without expecting Louis would offer her such a great opportunity.

Only top designers could hold their special brand shows at the International Fashion Week.

If she had won the championship this time, she would have found it reasonable to receive Louis' offer.

In other words, only the champion could deserve it.

But...

Noticing her doubts, Louis smiled and explained, "Didn't I just say that neither the champion nor the second place meant nothing? In this industry, what we value more is the designer's potential. I think you are the best choice"

After hearing this, Sharon felt it hard to refuse the opportunity right in front of her.

However, she was unsure if she had enough time to prepare for this Fashion Week.

There was a lot of daily work to do in the studio.

If she was to accept this offer which even provided her with a special show for her brand, she would have to devote more time and energy to it.

She was afraid that she wouldn't be able to balance well between the studio and the show.

Louis added, "It doesn't matter. It'll take me some time to get the contract and related work ready. There are still a few days to go and you can think about it carefully."

Sharon exhaled in relief, "Thank you"

"Then I'll leave you to it. You can go back to think over the matter and just contact me once you make the decision"

"Alright."

After both of them left, Rita came out of the corner, looked at her phone, and then pressed the pause key of the recording.

When Sharon returned to the private room, Tiffany said, "Where did you go? The food cooled."

"I was having something to deal with"

After dinner, just as everyone was about to take a taxi to KTV, Giana said, "Sorry guys. I can't go with you because I still have to get up early to work tomorrow."

Sharon quickly got it and said, "Well, then ... Ruben is about to leave. He can drive you home."

Ruben frowned, "I..."

Sharon pulled him up and said, "Didn't you tell me just now that you have something to do in the school? You can drive Giana home.Hurry up"

Ruben pursed his lips, and just as he stood up and took a few steps forward, Giana turned around and smiled, "Don't bother.My driver is waiting for me downstairs.Go to have fun."

After that, she waved her hand at Sharon and Tiffany, took the items and left.

Ruben stood still.

Sharon whispered, "What's wrong with you? Didn't I ask you to apologize to her last time? Didn't you do that?"

Just as Ruben was about to say something, Tiffany came over and asked, "Was Ruben going back to school? Why haven't I heard of that? Aren't you going to KTV?"

Sharon forced a hollow laugh, "It doesn't matter.He suddenly changes his mind and won't leave"

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But in the end, Ruben did not go sing with them.

Seeing this, Sharon asked Tiffany and the other girls to go to the place for singing.

She would go after sending Ruben back.

In the car, Sharon said, "I heard from Jameson that you leave early in the morning and return late in the night every day.What have you been doing?"

Ruben was silent for a moment before he said, "I have to deal with something"

"What is it?"

He turned his head and didn't say anything.

Sharon knew that he didn't want to speak, so she didn't continue asking.

"Ruben, no matter what happens in the future, you can't be as impulsive as before.You only need to remember one thing.You are my younger brother, my only family member in this world, and no one is more important to me than you."

After a while, Ruben asked, "What about Jameson?"

Probably not expecting him to answer like this, Sharon smiled and said, "I can change my boyfriend, but you are unique."

"I know.I won't be impulsive in the future, nor will I let them threaten you with me."

Pausing for a moment, Ruben seemed to recall something.

He frowned and said, "You and Bridger.."

This matter was very complicated.

Sharon replied briefly, "He saved me, so we are even. Several days before, I found him and asked him to help me investigate Josh's whereabouts and I'll pay him the corresponding remuneration, that's all."

Ruben frowned even tighter, "Being even?"

"Actually, Ruben, if it weren't for Josh borrowing usury, Bridger wouldn't have come to us. Moreover, that matter was personally planned by Josh. Bridger was only responsible for retrieving the money that belonged to him."

Sharon confirmed and said after a long time.

Once, she hated Bridger as much as she hated Josh.

But now that she thought about it, what could she blame Bridger for? She was unable to judge whether he was good or bad, but she read human nature in Bridger's father.

It was as if everyone was just trying their best to survive, but their ways were different.

Ruben didn't say anything else, just quietly looking out of the window.

After the car stopped at the Star Lake Mansion, Sharon said, "I think your injuries are almost healed. When the weekend is over, you can go back to school."

Ruben nodded, "Alright."

Ruben opened the car door and turned around to ask, "Aren't you getting in?"

Sharon looked at the familiar place and shook her head with a smile, "I'm not"

"Then I'm leaving."

"Go."

After Ruben left, Sharon was absent-minded for a while before she drove away.

Star Lake Mansion.

As soon as Ruben entered the living room, he saw Jameson coming down the stairs.

"Where did you go?" He asked.

"To a reunion party"

Hearing this, Jameson couldn't help but frown, "What reunion party?"

Ruben deliberately said, "Didn't my sister call you?"

Jameson was stunned.

Ruben continued, "She just sent me back, and she hasn't been gone for long."

Jameson felt his temples twitch, then he coldly looked at Ruben, who was perfectly calm, and turned around to go upstairs.

Seeing that Jameson was drowned in displeasure, Ruben felt that his oppressed mood had improved a lot.

Returning to his room, Jameson took out his phone and was about to call Sharon when he suddenly stopped.

It wasn't just that she didn't want to go back to the Star Lake mansion, she didn't even want to come in even when she had reached the entrance.

Jameson casually threw his phone onto the sofa and turned to look at the quiet room.

He raised his hand to pinch his nose bridge and pursed his thin lips.

It was because of that guy.

After a long time, Jameson dialed William's number and asked indifferently, "Did you find him?"

William said, "Not yet. That guy is so cunning. I don't know where he took him. But isn't Dean pestering him? He shouldn't be able to make time to cause trouble for Sharon during this period of time"

"Keep an eye on the hospital. Don't let him have the chance to take advantage of it."

"Don't worry, the target has been transferred."

Jameson replied softly, "The new project of the Beale's has started. The rest of the matters will be handled by someone else. You have to ensure that Talon and Natalia don't have the chance to make a move during this period"

William said, "Okay"

After hanging up the phone, Jameson sat there and thought for a while before suddenly getting up.

As soon as he got downstairs, Ruben came out of his room and said, "Where are you going?"

"It's none of your business" Jameson said.

Ruben felt that it was not like he was looking for Sharon.

Did he have another woman? He was worried and followed.

Inside the black Rolls-Royce, Jameson looked through the rearview mirror at Ruben.

The corners of his lips curved up, and after taking some detours, he easily rid him.

Half an hour later, the car stopped in front of an ordinary residential area.

By the time Jameson arrived, the little fellow was playing alone in the cradle, his toys were full of saliva.

He stretched out his finger and poked at the corner of the little fellow's mouth, which was also stained with saliva.

Then, he frowned and took out a napkin to wipe it.

Charlotte came out of the kitchen, "You are here?"

Jameson threw away the napkin, "Why are you alone?"

"Harley's out for groceries."

"This late?"

Charlotte said, "We don't have much food in the fridge. I asked her to go to the supermarket to buy some."

Jameson said, "Next week, I'll take you to City C."

Charlotte was stunned, "Did Sharon discover this place?"

"She's been anxious to see you. I'll go with her next week."

Hearing this, Charlotte sighed, "How long are you going to hide it from her?"

Jameson sat on the sofa and said indifferently, "Until Evie is taken care of."

Charlotte asked again, "Then I'm leaving. What about the baby?"

Jameson looked at the cradle and said, "I will find someone to take care of him. You can just come back after some time."

"That's the only way"

They didn't chat much before the doorbell rang.

Charlotte thought that Harley had returned, so she walked over to open the door, only to see a strange young man standing outside with a cold face.

Charlotte asked, "Who are you?"

"I'm looking for Jameson" Ruben said.

Before Charlotte could reply, Ruben had strode in.

When Jameson saw him, he raised his eyebrows.

He probably didn't expect that he would actually be able to find this place.

If Sharon hadn't reminded him not to be impulsive on the way back, he would have punched Jameson's face.

At this time, Harley also came back and whispered, "Charlotte, what's wrong? Why is the door open?"

Seeing this, Ruben couldn't bear it any longer and grabbed Jameson's collar.

"Are you a monster?" He said angrily.

"What did you promise me back then?"

Charlotte closed the door and hurriedly walked over, "Jameson, this is..."

However, Jameson said, "It's fine."

He looked at Ruben and said, "Since I've let you know, I won't hide it from you."

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Ruben let go of him and frowned.

Just as he was about to say something, a soft thing held his fingers.

He was surprised.

But when he lowered his head, he saw a little baby, who was staring at him with his big round eyes open, grinning and making a vague sound.

Ruben subconsciously lowered his voice, "This is..."

Jameson sat on the sofa and said indifferently, "My son."

Ruben was irritated again, and his gaze fell on Harley, who had no idea what went on.

Harley was frightened by his gaze and realized that he had misunderstood.

She hurriedly waved her hand, "Mr. Proctor has invited me to take care of the baby. It's not what you think."

Ruben's eyebrows relaxed as he looked at Jameson, "What exactly is going on?"

"If you promise not to tell Sharon everything you saw here today, I will tell you the truth"

"As long as you don't betray her, why are you afraid that I'll tell her?"

Jameson raised his eyes to look at him, "I just don't want things to get worse"

When Charlotte saw this, she realized that the person who barged in was not a bad guy, so she said to Harley, "Harley, thanks for your time."

Harley nodded, put the grocery she had bought on the table and hurriedly left.

After the door closed, Charlotte picked up the little fellow on the sofa and said, "It's time to feed the baby. Take your time"

When Charlotte carried the little fellow into the room, the baby leaned on Charlotte's shoulder.

He still stared at Ruben and waved his small hand in the air, as if he was saying something.

Seeing his eyes and nose, Ruben was suddenly enlightened.

Actually, when Harley said that Jameson just invited her here to take care of the baby, an idea flashed through Ruben's mind.

However, he felt that it was so unbelievable that he just forgot it.

Ruben abruptly came back to earth, shocked, "The baby is.."

Jameson raised his eyebrows slightly, "Yes."

“Sharon doesn’t know?”

“She only knows that I have a baby, but she doesn’t know anything else.”

“Then why did you hide it from her?” Ruben asked.

Jameson said, “I told you that I don’t want things to get worse.”

Ruben unconsciously raised his voice, “But that’s her baby! You know how sad she is because of him, but you ...don’t you think this is going too far?”

Jameson looked sullen.

“This child is so young and has been treated since birth.If it was you, would you tell her? To make her even sadder when she has been painful and helpless enough?”

Ruben was surprised.

Suddenly, he was lost for words.

After a few seconds, he said, “But is she fine now? Why do you still...”

“Before you went to look for your father, did you tell her everything?”

Ruben suddenly fell silent, probably feeling the same.

It was quiet in the room.

After a while, Jameson stood up and said, “Remember what you promised me.If you break your promise, the baby will never know that you are his uncle”

Ruben did not say anything.

He saw Jameson walk out the door and then he looked around the room, “Are you leaving?”

“Otherwise?”

Jameson asked him, “Or are you staying here?”

Ruben withdrew his gaze and left with Jameson.

On the way back, Ruben said, “You just said that he has been treated since birth.How is it now?”

“He’s weak and often sick.The doctor will come to give him examinations regularly”

“Then when will he get better?”

“When he grows up, his immunity will probably improve a little”

Hearing this, Ruben frowned and didn’t say anything else.

After having fun in the karaoke bar, they left.

Because Tiffany had drunk, she did not drive back.

Sharon took her back.

On the way, Tiffany said, "Sharon, what are your plans for the future?" "Me?"

After thinking for a while, she said, "Just work in our studio to make it better."

Actually, she had been engaged this year.

Early on, she had been busy preparing for the competition, meeting and dealing with many troubles.

She hadn't intervened in the studio's affairs.

Tiffany nodded and said, "I think so too. Look, after these few months, our studio has become famous in the country. Furthermore, we haven't advertised yet. Later, we can invite some celebrity bloggers to have some live commerce. We will definitely become better!"

"Yes" Sharon nodded gently.

"So I say, not winning the championship is not a big deal. The second place is not bad. You are always the first in my heart! The best!"

"Are you trying to comfort me?" Sharon smiled.

Tiffany blinked, "You got me."

"It's alright. This result is within my expectations. Moreover, it's a rare opportunity for me to participate in such a wonderful competition. Not to mention, I've even won a medal."

Tiffany nodded in agreement with her words, "Yes, yes, yes! You're right! I think so too! This is a precious experience."

The karaoke bar was not far from where Tiffany lived, and it took about ten minutes to get there.

Tiffany pulled the car door and said, "Sharon, I'm leaving. Be careful on your way home and text me when you get home"

Sharon suddenly said, "Tiffany."

When Tiffany heard her serious tone, she sat back down and asked nervously, "What's wrong?"

Sharon told Tiffany everything that Louis had said to her.

After few seconds, Tiffany said, "I may have drunk. Wait for me to sort it out. So that Louis, he said that he wanted to help us make a special show at International Fashion Week?"

"Yes." Sharon said.

Tiffany slapped her thigh excitedly, and she came to her senses.

"This is good! Wonderful! Did you agree?"

"Not yet. I'm thinking about it."

"Just say yes! I told you, rankings really don't matter! Look, God rewards us!"

Sharon said her own concerns, "But we have been designing for our customers. If it's a special show, there will definitely be a lot of jewelry needed. I'm afraid I can't take care of it."

Tiffany calmed down a bit, "That's right. It's true that we can't finish many jobs at once"

After reflection, Tiffany added, "How about we stop customization from now on. Just work on our original design, so that you can spare more time to prepare for Fashion Week."

"No customization?"

"Yes. Let's see if this is feasible. If possible, we'll do it this way"

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Sharon hadn't thought about this yet, but Tiffany's words reminded her that their original intention in starting the studio was to make their own brand but not to do customization. It would be a reversal of the cart before the horse if they turned to focus on customizations.

"You're right" Sharon said.

"I'll think about it." Tiffany patted her shoulder in relief.

"I'm glad you think so. I'm leaving. See you tomorrow" Sharon nodded.

Seeing that Tiffany was staggering when she got off the car, Sharon said, "Shall I send you up?"

"Thank you, but no. I'm almost there. Take an elevator and I'll be at home"

Tiffany closed the car door and waved to her, "Just go. Call me when you get home"

"Alright."

After Tiffany disappeared, Sharon withdrew her gaze and drove away.

Tiffany walked to the entrance of the elevator, reached out and pressed the button.

She stood at the side and waited for the elevator.

As she watched the elevator descend, she gradually felt that the changing numbers became blurry.

After a few seconds, Tiffany couldn't help but burp.

Right at this moment, she suddenly heard the sound of rapid footsteps coming from behind her.

Tiffany subconsciously turned around.

But before she could see clearly who it was, she was suddenly carried into a warm embrace.

Tiffany was dumbfounded.

She struggled in an attempt to break free, but she heard a low voice, "Are you still angry with me?"

Tiffany was confused.

Was she so drunk that she started to hallucinate? Tiffany stretched out tentatively and pinched on the man's waist.

Then, she heard the man's muffled snort.

Oh, it was not an illusion.

She pushed him away fiercely and couldn't help but curse, "Are you crazy..."

Daniel looked at her and said sincerely, "I'm sorry. It's my fault. I promise I won't do it again."

Tiffany did not know why he did that.

The elevator door just opened, and she was reluctant to mess with him anymore.

She entered the elevator with a sullen face.

Unexpectedly, Daniel followed after her the moment she walked in.

Tiffany frowned.

Just as she was about to continue cursing him, another man entered the elevator.

She had no choice but to swallow her anger and curse.

Daniel stood behind her all the way, either pulling on her bag belt or pulling on the corner of her clothes.

It seemed that he and Tiffany were intimate.

Tiffany was so annoyed that she carried her bag to the front, wrapped her clothes tightly, and stood against the elevator wall.

After that, she raised her head and met the unfamiliar man's gaze.

Seeing Tiffany, the stranger looked away as if nothing had happened.

Tiffany was fretful.

Even if she only glanced at that stranger, this feeling was much more disgusting than the man standing behind her.

As soon as the elevator arrived, Tiffany hurried outside.

As expected, Daniel followed, as did the strange man.

He stood not far from them, pretending to be looking for the key.

Tiffany reached out and hesitated. Neither of Daniel and the stranger looked kind.

If she opened the door now, would something happen? Just as she was hesitating, Daniel's voice sounded, "Darling, I came here to apologize to you. Let's get in, okay?"

It gave Tiffany goose pimples when she heard Daniel's "darling".

She raised her eyes and met Daniel's gaze.

Daniel squinted and gently raised his chin to signal to her.

Tiffany turned around and looked at the strange man standing not far away.

She quickly opened the door and entered with Daniel one after the other.

After the door closed, the stranger finally stopped moving.

He looked at the tightly closed door, and slowly walked over.

Inside the room, Tiffany had just entered when she picked up a baseball bat she had bought to protect herself in the entrance.

She said to Daniel, "Stop, don't move!"

Daniel raised his hands with his eyebrows raising, showing that he had no ill intentions.

Tiffany remained vigilant, "What exactly happened to you? And the stranger just now..."

Hearing the footsteps outside the door, Daniel stretched out his index finger and pressed it on his thin lips, signaling for her to shush.

Tiffany glanced at the door.

She picked up the slippers beside her and threw them away.

Probably not expecting her to do so, Daniel pressed his tongue against his teeth and quickly leaned sideways.

The slippers hit the door, and the man outside was shocked.

He quickly moved and stopped eavesdropping.

Tiffany walked into the living room, but she didn't put down the baseball bat in her hand.

Standing at the kitchen door, she said with a cold face, "You can say it now"

Daniel said, "Okay, I apologize to you for what happened just now. That person has followed me all the way. I had no choice but to..."

"Follow you? But what does it have to do with me? Don't get me involved."

Daniel smiled and said, "They're probably investigating why I opened a shop next to your studio."

Tiffany was also puzzled, "Why?"

"I...." Daniel looked at her.

"It doesn't matter about reason, but I might have to trouble you to put on a show with me later." Tiffany said without hesitation, "No, I refuse."

Daniel said slowly, "It's complicated. I don't know how to explain to you. But in the present situation, Ms. Allyson is in danger"

Tiffany was puzzled.

Why did he mention Sharon suddenly? Seeing her puzzled expression, Daniel explained patiently, "In your studio, there are only you and Ms. Allyson. They know I come because of one of you"

Tiffany muttered softly, "We have so many employees."

Daniel held his tongue. He paused and continued, "I'm serious."

Tiffany organized her thoughts and said, "In other words, you opened your shop next door to our studio because of Sharon?"

Daniel nodded in acknowledgement.

"Why? You know her..."

"I can only tell you that because we have the same enemy. The reason why I did that was to protect Ms. Allyson. I have no other intentions, absolutely"

Tiffany slowly put down the baseball bat in her hand and stood still.

"Then what do you mean now?" Daniel smiled.

"Stay with me"

Tiffany looked wooden as she picked up the baseball bat.

Daniel explained, "I mean it's a performance. When they believe that I come here because of you, it won't hurt Ms. Allyson in any way. When it's over, I promise I won't disturb you anymore. I'll disappear from your life."

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Sitting on the sofa, Tiffany pondered for a long time. She lowered her eyes slightly, as still as a statue.

Daniel stood opposite her. He even thought that she fell asleep. He asked tentatively "Why don't you put down the thing in your hand first? You look kind of scary."

Hearing his words, Tiffany hugged the baseball bat tighter.

Daniel coughed. Then he gave up trying.

After a while, Tiffany said, "When you're talking about our common enemy, do you mean Talon?" Daniel nodded.

Tiffany asked, "Then you and Natalia..."

Daniel said indifferently, "All is just an act. I approached her out of some ulterior motives. She knows this. And she is also using me"

After a while, Tiffany said, "An act? Just like what we are doing?"

"Not really" Daniel said, "We did this for justice. It is different."

Tiffany said, "Okay."

After a few minutes, Daniel asked, "So, have you made your decision?"

Tiffany said, "Are you sure they won't hurt Sharon if I agree to be part of this show?"

"At least, they won't get anything from me to threaten her. And if they want to get something on her through others, I'll try to stop them."

Tiffany frowned, "Who are you? Or should I say, what is your purpose?"

Daniel smiled and said, "I'll tell you when the show is over"

When Sharon returned to the Beale's, she suddenly felt she was overwhelmed.

All the servants did their best to avoid her, just like the first day she came here.

When she got to the living room, a servant said to her, "Ms. Allyson, Mr. Beale wants you to see you in his study"

After saying that, she quickly left without getting Sharon's reply. Sharon stood there for a few seconds. Then she went to Talon's office. She knocked on the door.

Then she said indifferently, "Mr. Beale, what can I do for you?"

Talon was organizing a pile of documents.

He raised his head and said, "Have a seat"

Sharon curled up her lips slightly as she walked to his opposite and sat down.

Talon pushed a document in front of Sharon.

Sharon glanced at it.

It was a formal accusation against Natalia.

She smiled and said, "What is this?"

Talon did not answer her question.

He only said, "I know that you and Natalia have always been in conflict because of Jameson. However, no matter what, this is a family matter. There is no need to make such a big disturbance."

Sharon said, "Mr., Beale, I don't understand your words. I am not the prosecutor. What does it have to do with me?"

"But you are the source of this indictment. As long as you clarify that all the allegations are not true, then the indictment will be invalid."

Sharon understood what he meant.

Dealing with someone like Leilani was a piece of cake for Talon.

But she was involved in this matter as well.

Talon knew many people were keeping a close watch on him and Sharon, so he didn't dare to take that risk.

Thus he asked her to deny Leilani's allegations in the indictment.

Her denying would mean that what Leilani said was untrue.

Then Talon could use a little trick to turn this incident into a self-conducted show of Leilani.

He would make people think it was Leilani who was blackmailing him.

It was indeed a great plan.

But Talon was stupid to think that she would do what he said.

Sharon said, "Mr.Beale, I once asked you whether what Natalia has done can be shown to the public in your eyes.I also believe that in this incident, I am the victim who has never received the apology I deserve.Why should I stand up for others?"

Talon said, "We can settle this in private.You are a Beale now, and you have the responsibility to protect the reputation of the Beale family"

"Mr.Beale, that's not true.Although I live in the Beale's now, I have never gotten anything from the Beales.Then where is that responsibility come from?"

Seeing that he could neither threaten nor persuade Sharon, Talon narrowed his eyes.

His expression turned colder.

Finally, Talon said, "Tell me what do you want."

Hearing this, Sharon smiled, "Mr.Beale, you are decisive"

Sharon took out the share transfer letter and placed it in front of Talon.

Seeing this, Talon said, "This is what I have promised you.If this is what you want, I can sign it now"

"No."

Sharon said, "Instead of taking shares of the Beale Group, I'd rather have something concrete"

Talon knitted his eyebrows.He got a bad feeling about what Sharon was going to say.He asked, "What do you want?"

Sharon said the name of a few places and added, "I want these lands."

"No way!" Talon said sternly.

These lands were valuable.

The Beale Group had some projects there.

If he gave the lands to Sharon, it meant that she would have the greatest say and control all the projects.

Sharon smiled and said, "It doesn't matter if you disagree.I told you what I want.I've done the calculation.These places are only one-third of the Beale Group's properties.I deserve these"

"You want too much! If I give these to you, you would not be able to manage them properly by yourself.Eventually, you will ruin the Beale Group!"

"Mr.Beale, you can rest assured on this.I understand that I know nothing about business, so I only want the lands.I won't interfere in any of the company's projects.I just want money" Talon sat there gloomily.

He didn't say a word. He thought at most, Sharon wanted to turn her shares into money.

If she only wanted the share, he could find a way to control her.

But the lands were concrete properties.

Once he transferred the ownership of these lands to her, it would become hers.

At that time, if anything unexpected happened to Beale Group, if he wanted to sell the lands or solve problems related to the projects, he would need her assent.

Talon could not agree to her terms.

Sharon was not in a hurry.

She said slowly, "Since that's the case, I'll leave you alone. Take your time and think about it. I'm not in a hurry. The one who was indicted should be the anxious one."

After that, Sharon got up and left the study.

Talon looked at the share transfer letter in front of him.

His expression became even gloomier.

Just as Sharon was about to enter her room, Natalia's voice came from behind.

Sharon turned around and said, "Miss Beale, what can I do for you?"

Natalia said coldly, "You must be the one behind this."

Hearing this, Sharon smiled and said, "If thinking this way can make you feel better, I am fine with that. But..."

"But what?"

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Sharon stared at her and said, "I won't have the chance if you didn't set all this up."

Natalia was startled, and then she sneered, "Don't go tasting victory just yet"

"Well, I won't. After all, compared to what you did, what I did is not worth mentioning" Sharon said indifferently, "Actually, I have one question for you, though it's kind of unnecessary. Anyway, I think you don't mind telling me the answer, do you?"

Natalia crossed her arms around her chest, waiting for Sharon to speak.

"You are the one who told Erica about my pregnancy, aren't you?" Sharon said.

Natalia was very calm.

"You seem to be pretty sure that it was me. Then you'll not believe whatever I say. But it seems that you think it shameful about your pregnancy and it's strange that you would question me after so long"

"Pregnancy is not a shame. It's just that some people are too dark inside."

Then Sharon turned around and entered the room.

Natalia took a deep breath, her expression as cold as it could be.

She went back to her room and saw that her phone was vibrating.

It was an unfamiliar number.

Natalia hung up impatiently.

After a while, the person called again.

Natalia picked it up and Rita's voice came from the phone, "Miss Beale, this is Rita."

"What is the matter?"

Rita carefully said, "I know you don't like Sharon, so I..."

Natalia said in a low voice, "What?"

Rita paused for a while before replying, "Although you didn't say so, I could feel it. But don't misunderstand, Miss Beale. I'm not threatening you. Look, I've got something that I think you might be interested in"

"Well."

Natalia sat on the sofa and said, "I'm afraid that you got me wrong. I don't hate Sharon. She didn't hurt my interests, so why would I hate her? You are not trying to do something to hurt her under the guise of me, aren't you?"

Rita bit her lips and said, "No, Miss Beale. I just think that a person like Sharon did not deserve everything. She doesn't deserve to be liked by Mr. Proctor, nor does she deserve to move in the Beale's, let alone ..."

Natalia continued, "To win the designer competition?"

Rita did not answer and that was a yes.

Natalia casually said, "But you were the champion. So she really doesn't deserve it, nor does she have the competence"

"I have a recording. You'll understand everything after listening to it"

After some noise, Natalia heard the conversation between Louis and Sharon at the restaurant.

After listening to the recording, Natalia didn't say anything.

Rita couldn't help but get angry, "Only the winner has the qualification to show up at Fashion Week, but Louis just gave this opportunity to her. Don't you think that it's unfair?"

Natalia said, "It's just a competition. The only loser is the one who takes it seriously" Rita then said, "It must have something to do with one person"

"Who?"

“President of the Proctor Group.”

Natalia asked, “What do you mean?”

Rita said, “The Proctor Group is the organizer of this competition, and when Sharon was still in Lumiere Jewelry, Mr.Proctor always gave Sharon all kinds of fashion resources.I have reason to suspect that the entire competition was operated by the Proctor Group and the committee, so it doesn’t matter who is the champion.”

Sharon would be the only winner anyway.

“You’re talking about the Proctor Group.You’d be better stop talking nonsense if you don’t have any evidence” Rita clasped to her phone.

She had expected that Natalia would be angry with Sharon.

After all, Natalia used to be Mr.Proctor’s fiancée, but now Mr.Proctor and Sharon were together again.

She did not believe that Natalia would let it go so easily.

After a while, Rita said, “The recording and Sharon’s relationship with Mr.Proctor are the best evidence”

Natalia said, “Even if you have evidence, so what? You already know that it was a deal.Are you going to expose them? Right now, the only newspaper that is not afraid of the Proctor Group is probably its own”

Rita fell silent for a while, but she got some key information from Natalia’s words.She had to find a reporter, who was not afraid of Jameson, to expose it.

Rita frowned.

After pondering for a while, she suddenly understood what Natalia had meant.

Mr.Proctor had always been at odds with the Proctor family and she wanted to expose this matter without involving herself in it.

The best way was to give this recording to the Proctor family.

Before she could reply, Natalia said, “Alright, I’ve already told you everything I know.It has nothing to do with me and you’d better keep it to yourself.Even without the Proctor Group’s support, do you think Sharon won’t have the chance to hold a brand show at Fashion Week?”

Rita gritted her teeth.

She just could not accept it! Rita said, “Thank you for your reminder.I know what to do now”

After Rita hung up, Natalia put down her phone and smiled.

Sharon would get in trouble soon.

Perhaps Natalia didn’t even have to do anything and Sharon would be ruined.

On the other side.

After hanging up the phone, Rita was confused.

She did not know how to contact the Proctor family.

Moreover, when she had reported that someone in the Proctor family was Sharon's sugar daddy, she had already incurred hatred of them.

Although she had been acquitted, Bridger had been watched closely by the Proctor family ever since then.

If she contacted them now, she might even be questioned the reason for doing so.

Rita thought for a long time.

She took a recorder and prepared several copies of the recording.

Then, she put it into a box and walked out.

Next, she found the phone number Bridger had given her and paid for an express delivery to send the recorder to the Proctor's.

On the box she wrote "For Master Proctor only".

Then Rita heaved a sigh of relief.

Just as she was about to take a taxi home, she received a phone call.

Floren sounded dissatisfied on the phone, "I've been waiting for you all night. When will you come?"

Rita frowned disgustedly and hung up.

Then she blocked him.

After thinking for a while, she called Bridger and then she called home again, but no one answered.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 387

In the morning, Sharon arrived at the studio, only to find Tiffany nowhere.

So she asked one of her colleagues, "Did you see Tiffany?"

Her colleague said, "No. Usually Tiffany has already arrived at this time of day. What's going on today?"

"I'll call her" Sharon said.

However, no one answered.

Tiffany was drunk the day before, and she even didn't answer the phone.

So Sharon was a little worried.

She took the car keys and decided to go over and check on her.

But at the door, she saw Tiffany get off a Porsche and Daniel get off from the driver's side.

Sharon was surprised.

What? Was she mistaken? Apart from Sharon, other girls working in the studio also came over and watched them with curiosity, which embarrassed Tiffany a bit.

Tiffany entered the studio quickly.

Daniel looked at her back and raised his eyebrows.

Then, he entered the Piano Studio next door.

In the studio, those girls beat Sharon to the punch and asked, "Tiffany, why did you come with Daniel? What happened to you?"

"Are you dating? But you didn't want to see him just several days ago!"

"What exactly is going on? Come on. Tell us!"

Tiffany blushed.

After a while, she stammered, "Actually ...he's asking me out."

Everyone was dumbfounded.

Even Tiffany felt it was unbelievable, let alone others.

She gently pushed them away and said, "Girls, let's cool it on the gossip, okay? Get to work. Go."

Then, Tiffany entered the lounge.

After making a cup of coffee, Sharon came in and closed the door of the lounge.

Sharon sat on the sofa and looked at Tiffany, who was curling up on the sofa, "Tiffany, what exactly happened?"

Tiffany poked her head out shyly and said, "Just like I said, he's asking me out."

Sharon wasn't interested in gossip.

Instead, she asked seriously, "Is he serious about you?"

"Who knows? Anyway, that's what he said. Sharon, don't worry. I haven't said 'yes' yet."

Tiffany put her arms around her legs.

"You're tempted."

Words failed Tiffany.

She had no choice but to pretend to be unwilling to date Daniel so that everything seemed natural.

Maybe she could even take the chance to realize her dream of being a field-playing juggler by not saying yes.

Sharon said, "Don't say yes so easily even if you want to. Daniel is good, but he seems to be not that reliable in a relationship"

Tiffany nodded in agreement, "I agree"

Tiffany asked, "Hey, what about our talk yesterday? Did you think about it?"

Sharon nodded, "Yeah."

Tiffany realized her decision immediately and said excitedly, "Then I'll tell other customers that we don't provide customization anymore. It would be an appropriate time after you finish all the designs."

"Alright." Sharon stood up and said, "I'll go back to my office now. You can find me here"

"Ok."

After returning to the office, Sharon decided to call Jameson.

He picked up very quickly and said in a deep voice, "Darling, you miss me now?"

Sharon was speechless.

"In your dream!" she said later.

Jameson smiled, "Why did you call me, baby?"

"Did you do that? The lawsuit against Natalia." Sharon asked.

She was quite angry about what happened to Ruben.

But she was busy with the competition at that time and planned to use Leilani to retaliate after the competition.

However, to her surprise, Jameson fixed it secretly.

Jameson said slowly, "It doesn't have much to do with me"

Sharon doubted it, "MUCH? It still has something to do with you, right?"

"She tried to defend her own interests. I just introduced a lawyer to her"

"Dean?"

"Yes."

Sharon took a tumble.

Dean's return wasn't a coincidence.

Leilani had regained consciousness for some time and would definitely take revenge on Natalia after suffering such a loss in vain.

It was in her nature.

As for Dean, although he was only a lawyer, his family was famous in the South City.

Talon would not fall out with Dean, so he had to use Sharon as a ladder.

Jameson had actually made all these plans a long time ago, yet she didn't notice it at all.

As Sharon remained silent, Jameson asked, "What's your deal with Talon?"

Sharon curled her lips and said, "Well.Nothing gets past you"

"I'm the director of this play.If I can't see that, I must be wasting my time"

"I asked him for pieces of land."

"Did he agree?"

"He refused" Sharon said.

Jameson said mildly, "That's no surprise.It's abnormal if he had agreed"

"Anyway, I'm patient.Just wait and see."

"Dean will not let go of this matter.So, Talon will talk with you in three days at most."

After a pause, Jameson added, "When it's over, I'll take you on a trip."

Sharon asked, "Where are we going?"

"Where do you want to go?"

Before Sharon could speak, she heard knocks on the door from the phone.

Then, Jacob's voice was heard, "Mr.Proctor, the meeting will begin soon."

"Wait for me after work" Jameson said to Sharon after nodding at Jacob.

A smile touched Sharon's corner of mouth, "Sure."

After hanging up the phone, Sharon took out the business card that Louis gave her yesterday from her bag and dialed the number.

She said, "Hello, Louis.It's Ally."

Hearing her voice, Louis smiled, "I think I already know your answer"

"Thank you" Sharon smiled.

"But I need some time to prepare for it.I still have a lot of work to do in the studio" Sharon continued.

"Take your time.There are still several months before Fashion Week anyway.You still have much time left."

Louis also told Sharon that she would send the contract to Sharon when everything was ready.

After the phone call, Sharon looked at the customization orders, took a deep breath and started to work.

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At the same time, at the Proctor's.

Just as Albert came out of the study, a servant hurriedly walked up to him with a parcel in his hand and said, "Mr.Proctor"

Albert glanced at it and frowned.

"What is this?"

"This was sent here last night.I was told that Mr.Proctor must open it by himself"

He snorted disdainfully, walked to the sofa with his walking stick and then said coldly, "Who is it to make such a request?"

The servant stood aside and did not dare to speak.

Albert said, "Take it and throw it away"

The servant nodded and said, "Yes."

When the servant was about to leave the living room, Albert suddenly said, "Wait."

The servant turned back right away.

Albert said, "Open it.I want to see what's inside."

The servant said yes and opened it in front of him.

There was only one recording pen inside.

Albert raised his chin and signaled for the servant to turn it on.

After listening to the recording, Albert frowned and asked, "What is this?"

"Ms.Allyson recently participated in a competition.This should be her conversation with the organizer of the competition" said one of Albert's subordinates.

Albert looked disgruntled.

"Why did they send me this?"

The subordinate explained, "The Proctor Group is the organizer.At that time, there were many rumors that questioned the authenticity of this competition.Rumor had it that that Mr.Proctor had told Ms.Allyson the competition rules in advance so that Ms.Allyson could win the championship.But all the rumor was groundless, and in the end, someone else won."

Hearing this, Albert slowly narrowed his eyes.

He picked up the recording pen and listened again.

Albert was such a smart person.

After his subordinate's explanation and the recording, he instantly understood the sender's message.

He sneered and tossed the recording pen away.

"It's the first time someone was So bold to use me in my life."

However, with this recording in his hands, he only needed to tamper with it to convict Jameson of abusing his power for personal gain.

This was a good way to get the Proctor Group back.

He said to his subordinate, "Send this to our people. They know which part to play"

His subordinate picked up the recording pen, nodded and left.

Albert was sitting on the sofa.

After a while, he said to the servant waiting at the side, "Go and find out who sent this. I want to see who has the guts to use me!"

At night, before a pile of drafts Sharon raised her head, stretched and saw it was already dark outside.

She picked up her phone and looked at it.

It was nine o'clock.

Sharon got up and looked around the studio but didn't find Jameson.

"Didn't the jerk tell me to wait for him? Where is he?! Just as Sharon was about to call him, she thought that he might be busy, so she dropped it.

She'd better go find him.

After packing her things and locking the door of the studio, Sharon drove to the Proctor Group. Just as she was halfway there, she suddenly received a phone call from Tiffany.

"Sharon! Did you see the news online?"

"I'm driving" Sharon said.

"I didn't check my phone. What's wrong?"

"Holy sh*t! I don't know what to say. Some idiot recorded your chat with Louis and put it online. Many people are saying that this competition was held for making you famous. It had zero impartiality. Now

that the Proctor Group's official account and the organizers have come under heavy criticism. It's just a bunch of keyboard warriors who are asking them for an explanation"

"When did it happen?" Sharon frowned.

"Half an hour ago. I just saw it. Where are you now? Have you returned yet?"

"I'm on my way to find Jameson."

Tiffany said, "Why don't you turn around? I feel that the Proctor Group must be in a panic right now. If you go, you may not see him"

Sharon pursed her lips and said, "It's fine. I'll go take a look first. If I can't see him, then I'll leave."

After hanging up, Sharon checked Twitter and saw that this matter already topped the trending topics, which was tagged with a special icon to show how influential it was.

She clicked on the first video.

It was a 30-second recording of Louis' words.

He said he wanted to give her brand an exclusive show.

None of the things she had said was there.

At that time, she said she needed time to think about it after he made the offer.

The comments below were appalling.

"Sh*t! Mr.Proctor did put great efforts into maintaining his wife-doting persona.He even did this.He really holds high the banner of capitalism"

"As a designer, I'm really disgusted by it.If he really wants to help her make a splash, he should just give her the best resource.This unnecessary acting just made fools out of us.Is he mad?"

"Back when Ally took part in this competition, I felt that there must be something fishy about it.I didn't expect it to be like this.I just felt sorry for other competitors.They painstakingly created their works, but ran into a rigged game.They competed for nothing."

"What a big act! I have to bow down to Ally for her tricks.Even after divorce, she is still his babe.Maybe write us a tutorial when she's free."

Apart from these, there were also many people who just left insulting comments.

Sharon took a breath, put down her phone, stepped on the accelerator, and whizzed towards the Proctor Group.

At this time, the Proctor Group was enveloped by a burst of oppression, and no one left work.

Sharon got straight on the elevator and walked to the president's office.

When she saw Jacob standing at the door in silence, she walked forward and asked, "What's going on in there?"

"Master Proctor is here" Jacob whispered.

Sharon frowned.

Just as she was about to speak, she heard something crashing into the wall.

Jacob took Sharon to the lounge beside and said, "Ms.Allyson, wait here for Mr.Proctor"

Sharon nodded and sat on the sofa.

Very quickly, Jacob poured her a cup of warm water.

Sharon remained silent for a while before asking, "Has this accident dealt a blow to the Proctor Group?"

Jacob said, "This is groundless and shouldn't have much impact.A clarification will settle it, but you know that ...Master Proctor has always wanted to replace Mr.Proctor, so..."

Although he didn't finish speaking, Sharon got his point.

Now, it was undoubtedly the Proctors were using this to go against Jameson.

At this time, Jacob's phone rang.

He said to Ms. Allyson, "Ms. Allyson, I'll go out now. If you need anything, you can call me."

"Alright."

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Sharon sat in the lounge for half an hour while she kept browsing the news on her phone.

The discussion on the Internet became even more intense.

Many people who claimed that they were designers came out to fight for a fair explanation.

However, none of the designers who had participated in the competition had come out.

These people were obviously paid posters, and the manipulator intended to make a big fuss.

Sharon's eyes hurt as she turned off her phone.

Another half an hour later, footsteps came from the door.

Sharon hurriedly got up, but it was Jacob that came in.

"Ms. Allyson, Master Proctor has called an emergency board meeting. I wonder when it will be over. Why don't you go back now?" Jacob said.

Hearing this, Sharon remained silent for a few seconds before nodding lightly, "Alright."

Even if she continued to stay here, it wouldn't be of any use.

After sending Sharon downstairs, Jacob hurried back.

Turning around and looking at the illuminated building, Sharon frowned but immediately made a decision.

Sitting in the car, Sharon took out her phone and dialed Dean's number.

After the call was through, she asked, "Are you busy now? I want to talk to you."

Dean happened to be on the street, "I'm not busy. Where shall we meet?"

After she asked him where he was, Sharon chose a coffee shop that was halfway there.

Ten minutes later, Sharon and Dean almost arrived at the same time.

When he saw Sharon, Dean raised his eyebrows.

Even if Sharon didn't say anything, he knew why she came to find him.

Sitting in the coffee shop, Dean said, "I have seen the news. Are you planning to file a lawsuit against those rumor makers? However, the rumor has been so widely spread that it probably won't help much."

Sharon shook her head, "I want to ask you about the prosecution of Natalia"

Dean startled.

It was indeed beyond his expectation.

He paused for a moment before saying, "Talon is trying to put off the prosecution. But don't worry, I can do it in less than a week..."

"Tonight."

Dean instantly thought that he had heard wrongly and asked again, "What?"

Sharon whispered, "Tonight, send a lawyer's letter to Natalia in the name of Leilani. The rest of the contents can be ambiguous. However, it must be pointed out that Leilani went to make a scene in my studio because of Natalia's instructions. Besides that, Leilani once attacked my brother who was only a student"

Dean instantly understood what she meant.

The Beale Group had been trapped in scandals because of the project some time ago, but now, if Natalia was accused of using shameless and even dirty means to hurt a student, the public opinion towards the Beale Group would probably be even worse.

"Are you planning to use this to divert public attention?"

Sharon nodded, "This is only one of my intention. A week is too long, which will give Talon enough time to make other preparations. Only by doing so can he be caught unprepared"

"But if you do this, Talon will definitely know that this matter has something to do with you" Sharon smiled,

"From the beginning, I am a thorn in his eyes. Even if I don't do this, will he spare me?" Dean felt that what Sharon said made sense as well.

If they were afraid of offending Talon in the fight against him, they could just kneel on the ground and beg for mercy.

"Okay, I'll go back to the law firm now."

Dean looked at the time and said, "The fastest lawyer's letter can be sent in an hour. Is that okay?"

"Sure." Sharon stood up, "Thank you."

"You're welcome. It's my work."

With that, Dean did not stay any longer and left.

However, Sharon did not leave.

She sat in the coffee shop and dialed Louis' number.

Louis was also dumbfounded by the matter.

But issuing a clarification and statement would not help at all when netizens were consumed with hatred and suspicion.

They could also not provide any evidence to prove that the fact was not what it was on the Internet.

In this situation, it was like asking yourself to think of a way to prove that you were yourself.

These rumors were strange and unreasonable.

After receiving Sharon's call, Lewis said, "Ally, we are discussing how to respond to this incident. Don't worry, we will definitely give a reasonable explanation"

Sharon said, "I've caused you trouble. I'm calling to ask you who attended the dinner that day"

Lewis was stunned, "You mean this recording could have been leaked by someone who had the dinner that day?"

"No."

Sharon pondered for a moment and continued, "The judges who went to the dinner that day probably didn't give me low marks."

Hearing this, Louis recalled the situation carefully.

When the final result came out, Robert invited all the judges to dinner in the name of Rita.

However, a few of them found excuses to refuse the dinner.

The judges who voted for Sharon, except for Robert and Louis, did not seem to be there.

What a coincidence that was! The silence of Louis had told Sharon the answer.

So she explained to Louis, "Imagine that you are the judge and you give a high mark for the work you support, but in the end this work does not win an award, but another work wins an award. Would you go to the dinner of the designer who wins the award?"

Louis was stunned.

Normally speaking, he wouldn't.

On the one hand, it was embarrassing because he didn't give a high mark.

On the other hand, he felt sorry for the work that had the potential to win an award but lost.

At that time, he felt that it was very strange that Sharon did not win the championship.

Rita's work was not bad, and it also has its own highlights.

However, no matter what, Rita's work was still inferior to Sharon's.

Why he went to the dinner was that he was the man in charge of the competition.

No matter who won the award, he should show his congratulation.

Thinking of this, Louis suddenly understood.

Sharon also confirmed her conjecture at this moment.

She did not even need to doubt who gave the recording to the media.

After all, there were only a few people in the hotel that day.

She knew best what Rita was like.

If she had thought that it was normal for her to lose or win in the competition, then this incident was enough to prove that Rita had cheated in the competition.

It was because of this that Rita was afraid of being deprived of the opportunity that originally belonged to the champion.

In other words, if Rita deserved this championship, there wouldn't be such a mess.

Louis said in a low voice, "I will investigate this incident carefully and give you an explanation as soon as possible."

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 390

At 11:30 in the evening, when the discussion about the designer competition was in full swing on the Internet, a lawyer's letter came out.

To everyone's surprise, this lawyer's letter was actually sent to the heiress of the Beale Group, Natalia.

At first, this trending topic was hidden.

But when it was almost twelve o'clock, someone suddenly said that he knew about the story in the comment area.

He noted that the undergraduate mentioned in the lawyer's letter was the student who came out first in the province in last year's college entrance examination.

After this comment, many students began to pay attention to this incident.

They were all cursing Natalia for being insane and despicable with a student.

Some of them even tried to get official organizations to follow this incident.

Even at twelve o'clock, the discussion was still heated.

Even the topic was removed from the trending lists for several times, the netizens relentlessly continued discussing under the topic, which also attracted other people to follow the incident.

"Holy sh*t, this indeed reveals the ugly side of the group. The hashtag is removed from the trending list again and again. Unlike the designer competition, it's obvious that the Beale Group doesn't have justice on its side this time with the student"

"We've come to this point. The incident has been widely discussed, but the Proctor Group seems to be candid and hasn't even removed the trending topic. Couldn't we have made a wrong target?"

"Yes, I have found something strange. Didn't you guys notice that the ones who made the biggest scene were all a group of infamous designers? Those who are truly famous and have participated in this

designer competition don't show up. Do those guys who had no qualification to the competition have the face to curse on the Internet?"

"I also feel that those guys' curses were really malicious, but I didn't dare to say that at that time. If there is really a problem with the competition, those designers are not idiots, and they will definitely speak out for themselves. Some people are just too sick with their hatred for the rich, so they keep cursing to vent their dissatisfaction."

"To be honest, I really like Ally's works. Her First Love Collection was so popular, and I have bought all the items of the collection. I really love them."

"I'm working for Lumiere Jewelry. I've come to reveal that Mr. Proctor even directly planned to support Ally and give her the top fashion resources, but Ally refused without hesitation. It would be ridiculous to say that Mr. Proctor probably held this designer competition to support Ally"

"I also don't think Mr. Proctor is that kind of man. If he wants to give Ally something, he will give it directly. Does he need to do such a silly thing?"

In addition to these pertinent remarks, there were still many opposition voices, but the situation and public opinion were clearly much better than before.

However, the comments about Natalia were almost negative.

"Does the Beale Group think that we have forgotten the previous scandal? Now, the heiress of the group does such shameless thing to a student. The group would better stop doing such shameless things. Shame on them!"

"Actually, I'm not surprised that Natalia did this. The scandal last time was so serious that even someone lost his life. The group just punished a few higher-ups. The Beale Group is rotten to the root, so how could we expect that Natalia would do something good?"

"D*mn it, I just saw the trending topic. The student is from our school. To say he's booksmart is an understatement. He is a genius. And, he is incredibly handsome!"

"By the way ...do you have any photos?"

Soon, someone uploaded a photo of Ruben in class.

"Holy sh*t! Natalia, die! You actually hurt my future husband! You're pi*sing me off!"

"My gosh, what a gorgeous boy! I want to marry him!"

"Aren't you too crazy?"

"My God, poor boy! Why was he so unlucky to meet a b*stard like Natalia Beale?"

"Why doesn't he make his debut as an idol? I'm crazy about him! I would do anything for him!"

With the topic going viral on the Internet, the topic rushed to the top of the trending list until the system broke down.

That night, the share price of the Beale Group continued to fall, hitting an unprecedented low.

At the same time, in the Proctor Group.

When Albert was forcing Jameson to give an explanation to all the directors, Jacob hurriedly came in and said, "Mr. Proctor, Master Proctor, directors, the situation on the Internet is now under control."

Hearing this, not only was Albert surprised, but Jameson who put on an indifferent look looked over.

Albert asked calmly, "How is it taken under control?"

Before he came, Albert had arranged everything.

The incident would only get more serious.

How could it suddenly be under control? Jacob said, "We didn't make it. It's because something else happened and public attention was diverted."

Albert frowned, "What is it?"

Jacob didn't say anything more about the specific situation.

He just said, "It's about the Beale family."

At this time, Jameson said in an indifferent tone, "Do you think the meeting needs to continue?"

In the big conference room, a group of people looked at each other and did not dare to speak.

It was so quiet that even the sound of a needle falling could be heard.

Albert stood on his walking stick and said, "We have nothing to do with the Beale Group. You have to confess your problem"

Jameson sneered, "My problem?"

He swept his gaze around, "What's wrong with me? It's just a rumor. Do you believe it just because of the untenable posts on the Internet? You may interrogate me even in the middle night?"

The group of people lowered their head, fearing to meet Jameson's gaze.

Albert said, "Those comments on the Internet are not groundless. Otherwise, why did you choose the designer who won the second place instead of the champion? Didn't you do something unknown to others?"

"Why? Because the championship should be hers."

Jameson said indifferently, "If I want to do something, I will just give the Proctor Group to her. Why did I just give her a brand show for Fashion Week?"

As soon as these words were spoken, the originally quiet meeting room became even more silent, and only the heart beats of the people present could be heard.

It was not surprising that Albert was enraged.

He stood up and slammed his hands on the conference table, "Do you know what you're saying? You're simply..."

Compared to Albert's fury, Jameson was rather calm, "I was just saying it, and I didn't really give the company to her. After all, when I transferred half of my shares to her, she didn't want it"

Hearing this, Albert took a few steps back angrily, as if he was going to faint in the next second.