

## Resume 421

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 421

Not unexpectedly, the birthday banquet ended earlier than planned in displeasure.

After the chaos, many guests who were influential in the business community all had their own ideas.

Before leaving, Sharon turned around to look at Sofia's father, who wore a frustrated face, and she whispered to the man beside her, "Do you know what's going on?"

Jameson smiled and answered, "I don't know, but somebody does."

Sharon was puzzled, "Who?"

After leaving the banquet hall, Patrick walked over and said, "Mr.Proctor, Ms.Allyson."

"Mr.Matthias" Sharon nodded.

Jameson said drily, "Today's drama might affect your future cooperation with the Berry Family.Are you leaving like this?"

Patrick smiled and answered with ease, "Well, this is not my business.I can't be any help even if I stay"

"Is that so?"

Patrick did not reply his second question.

Instead, he turned to Sharon and asked, "Ms.Allyson, do you have any plan tonight?"

Sharon did not know what he meant.

After a moment of shock, she shook her head gently and said, "No"

"Then how about I buy you two a drink?"

Sharon opened her mouth.

Before she made a reply, she turned to look at Jameson, who raised his eyebrows at her.

That meant he agreed.

"Alright" Sharon said.

She and Patrick hadn't seen each other much and therefore were not familiar.

But Patrick and Jameson were business partners, so perhaps there was something that they wanted to talk about through her.

On the roof of the hotel was an alfresco pub.

After finding a quiet seat in the corner, Sharon said, "I'm going to the bathroom.You two feel free to talk."

Unexpectedly, just as she got up, Jameson grabbed her wrist and said, "Didn't you want to know what happened tonight? Just wait a minute"

When Patrick was making orders with the waiter, Sharon sat down and whispered to Jameson, "Don't you two have something to talk about?"

Jameson said, "Who told you that?"

"Then...."

At this moment, Patrick's voice sounded, "Ms. Allyson, can I get you anything to drink?"

Sharon scanned the menu and said, "Two glasses of grape juice, please. Half sugar, thank you."

The waiter left after receiving the order.

Jameson's slender fingers gently tapped on the table and his thin lips curled up.

Patrick glanced at him, then looked at Sharon before slowly saying, "I just heard that Ms. Allyson is curious about what happened to the Berry Family tonight."

Sharon pursed her lips and nodded slightly.

If Jameson did this, she could understand why.

However, Jameson said that he was only here to enjoy this drama.

In that case, what happened in the Berry Family today was very weird.

After a pause, Sharon went on, "So, Mr. Matthias, do you know what's going on?"

Patrick said, "I am not quite sure, but I did hear a rumor before, which I thought was just, you know, a rumor, but seeing today's drama, maybe it's true"

At the same time, at the birthday banquet.

After all the guests left, Sofia was so furious that she smashed everything available in the hotel.

But even so, the anger was still blazing.

She must figure out the whole thing.

Sofia came out of the banquet hall and stopped the hotel staff in front of her.

"Did you see my father?"

The staff said, "No ...I didn't..."

Sofia then pushed him away, "Useless!"

The staff retreated to the side, angry but too coward to say anything.

Sofia looked around for a long time before she saw her father's assistant at the door of the lounge.

Just as Sofia was about to enter, the assistant stopped her and said, "Ms.Berry, Mr.Berry said no one is allowed to enter"

She frowned unhappily, "Including me?"

"Well..."

Sofia pushed him away, "F\*ck off.A\*shole"

As she spoke, she pushed the door of the lounge open forcefully.

The door banged against the wall.

Sofia's father turned around and frowned, "Sofia, what are you doing?"

Sofia ignored him and stared fixedly at another woman in the room.

"What is this crazy woman doing here? Tell her to f\*ck off!"

The woman looked at her, her face full of grievances and tears.

"Sofia, I am really your mother"

"Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!"

Sofia rushed over like crazy, but her father stopped her.

He said in a deep voice, "Sofia, calm down"

"How am I supposed to calm down? Dad, are you going to let this crazy woman slander me?"

"Stop calling her a crazy woman" Sofia's father looked at the woman sitting on the sofa and weakly sighed, "She is indeed your biological mother" Sofia's eyes widened in shock, "What did you say?"

Twenty years ago, Sofia's mother found out through a test that she couldn't bear children, but at that time, she desired to have one.

So Sofia's father privately adopted several children, Sofia's mother and the adopted children always failed to grow intimacy.

Sofia's father had no choice but to send the children back.

Not long after, Sofia's mother came up with an idea, which was to find another woman for her husband.

Once the woman became pregnant, Sofia's mother would also declare that she was pregnant.

When the child was born, she would take it as her own child.

At first, Sofia's father strongly disagreed, but he couldn't bear the constant request of his wife.

Besides, the woman was young, beautiful, gentle and considerate.

So he finally agreed and did it.

In less than a month, the woman was pregnant.

The baby was Sofia.

Ten months later, the child was born.

According to the previous agreement, Sofia's mother would give the woman a sum of money, and she would vanish from their life.

Unexpectedly, Sofia's father showed affection for that woman, so he had made many excuses to let that woman stay for a while longer.

Even if he hadn't said anything, Sofia's mother had noticed what was going on.

While Sofia's father was on a business trip, Sofia's mother sent that woman away overnight.

From then on, they never met again.

This was also the biggest distress in Sofia's father's heart.

After Sofia's mother died, he tried so many times to find that woman, but to no avail.

He used to think that maybe she was no longer alive in this world.

After Sofia heard the whole story, she sneered, "You think I'll believe your story? I'm telling you, no way! I'll never believe you"

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After hearing all of this, Sharon was stunned for a few seconds before she said, "This thing should be quite secret. Moreover, it has been so many years, so no one should bring it up. Mr. Matthias ... How did he know?"

Just as she asked this question, the waiter brought the drinks over.

Patrick smiled and took a sip of his coffee instead of answering.

Jameson said indifferently, "Mr. Matthias used to be from the South City."

This reminded Sharon.

It was more than twenty years ago, and Patrick probably knew about it at that time.

However, even twenty years ago, it was impossible to publicize this thing.

The only people who could know about it would be those who were related to it, or his acquaintances.

Then how did Patrick know it? However, at the very least, what was certain was that since Patrick knew about it in such detail, his identity at that time was definitely not simple.

Just as Sharon was lost in thought, Jameson's voice sounded again, "But I'm also curious, how did Mr. Matthias know so many details?"

Patrick put down his coffee cup and slowly said, "Because my wife and Mrs. Berry were friends, and I accidentally heard about her fake pregnancy. As for the other details, they were from my casual guess after hearing some gossips."

Jameson said, "I didn't expect Mr. Matthias to be such a guesser."

"I can only say that my luck is not bad" Hearing those, Sharon was somehow puzzled.

"Then ...since Sofia's biological mother has been gone for so long, why did she suddenly come back? Furthermore, she chose today. She shouldn't be stupid. She knows how much influence her appearance today will have on Sofia."

Patrick looked ahead with a blank expression.

"Perhaps it is just a coincidence"

"Mr. Matthias is right. If she hadn't plotted against you, she probably wouldn't have had the chance to know that her biological mother was someone else, and perhaps there wouldn't be such a coincidence" Jameson said slowly.

Sharon felt even more dumbfounded when she heard this. Was this the coincidence?

"Then Sofia's father and birth mother.."

"He's not innocent. If he hadn't allowed Sofia to do those things, there wouldn't have been such a retribution. As for her biological mother, why do you think she suddenly appeared after disappearing for so many years?"

Jameson took a sip of the cold drink in front of her and said slowly, "He's not the only one who has a daughter. Am I right, Mr. Matthias?"

Sharon did not notice what he said at the end.

Instead, she looked at the cold drink in his hand and said, "Don't you have one? Why are you drinking mine?"

"Yours is sweeter" Sharon was lost for words.

So was Patrick.

Patrick raised his hand and pressed down on his temple, ignoring Jameson's question, "It's getting late. I still have something to do"

After a pause, he said, "Let me send Ms. Allyson back"

Sharon probably didn't expect him to say that. She was stunned before shaking her head, "No need, Jameson will send me home"

Patrick nodded slightly.

"Then I'll take my leave."

After Patrick left, Sharon withdrew his gaze and looked at Jameson without saying a word. Jameson met her gaze, and his black eyes darkened a little.

A few seconds later, he suddenly approached.

"What are you doing?"

Sharon retreated a little.

Jameson leaned back in his seat and said, "Didn't you say that couples couldn't help but kiss each other when they looked at each other?"

Hearing this, Sharon's entire face turned blushed.

She lowered her head and bit on the straw, vaguely saying, "I was just babbling. I saw this on the Internet."

"Really? But I think it makes sense" Sharon did not want to continue this waffle and directly changed the topic, "What you said to Patrick ...What exactly does that mean?"

Jameson raised his eyebrows, "What?"

"I always feel that there are words behind your words. I don't really understand" Jameson smiled and said, "It's good that you don't understand. It's no good for you to know about these things."

Sharon curled her lips and said, "But there's one thing I understand"

"Huh?"

"Sofia's mother suddenly appeared after disappearing for so many years. Was she called here by someone for money or something?"

Jameson said slowly, "I don't know much."

Sharon said, "Then tell me what you know" Jameson said, "How about staying with me tonight?"

Sharon was stunned.

She turned her head and said, "Forget it. I don't really want to know"

Jameson continued, "Talon won't be in the country in the following days. Even if you don't go back, there won't be any problems."

"Why do you..."

Sharon wanted to say how he knew it, but before she finished speaking, she felt that it was an unnecessary move.

He was always focusing on Talon, so he must have already known.

After thinking for a while, she said, "Then do you know what Talon is doing abroad?"

Jameson said, "My answer to this question is the same as my last answer just now."

Sharon looked at him with dissatisfaction and disgust.

After a while, she stammered, "I ...didn't bring anything with me"

Jameson asked, "Such an excuse?"

Sharon pursed her lips and said, "There's one condition. Don't go to Star Lake Mansion."

Talon wasn't around, and Natalia had set up a trap for her. She didn't really want to go back.

Jameson replied without hesitation, "Alright."

On the way, Sharon couldn't help but ask, "Can you tell me now?"

Jameson said calmly, "What's the hurry? We have an entire night tonight. We can talk slowly"

Sharon always felt that when he said the words "Talk slowly", he paused for a moment, meaning something else.

Well, a man with ulterior motives.

Not long after, this black Rolls-Royce stopped in the basement of the community.

After going upstairs, Jameson poured her a glass of water and brought her clothes from his bedroom.

"Wear this tonight. I'll have someone send clothes here tomorrow" Sharon nodded, took the clothes, and went into the bathroom.

Even though Jameson rarely came to live here, it was well-furnished.

After Sharon finished shower, she found a hairdryer to dry her hair.

She looked at the bathroom and planned to buy something she needed when she came back tomorrow.

She didn't know how many days Talon would be abroad.

Probably, she would have stayed here for the next few days.

When Sharon went out, Jameson was standing in front of the French window and making a phone call.

Sharon could vaguely hear that it seemed to be related to the demolition of Bridge Street.

She sat cross-legged on the sofa, took out her phone, and sent a message to Tiffany, briefly describing the situation today.

After sending it, she hugged her knees and blinked at Jameson's back.

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Ten minutes later, Jameson's phone call was over. He walked over and stood beside Sharon. He hooked up a strand of her hair with his long fingers and whispered, "Why don't you blow dry it?"

Sharon said, "My hair is a little long. It's too troublesome. I can leave it to dry"

"Hold on" Jameson withdrew his hand and walked into the bathroom.

Very quickly, he came out with a hairdryer and stood behind her.

He adjusted the wind speed and temperature to mid-range and gently blew her hair.

"Always remember to blow dry your hair. If it's too long, you can cut it off a little."

Sharon was stunned. She didn't know what to say for a moment.

The hairdryer operated very quietly, almost without noise.

“Mr.Proctor” Sharon said.

“What?”

“Can you tell me about Sofia’s biological mother now?”

Jameson smiled, “Didn’t you say that you dont want to know?”

Sharon gritted her teeth and turned to stare at him.

This b\*stard! Jameson smiled more brightly.

Seeing that her hair was almost dry, he put the hairdryer aside and said, “Alright, I was kidding you”

“Then tell me now” Sharon said.

Jameson sat beside her and slowly said, “After leaving the Berry Family, Sofia’s biological mother married a man and gave birth to a boy.Recently, her son was arrested for fighting.She urgently needs a large sum of money to solve it.”

Before Jameson could finish his sentence, Sharon had guessed that Sofia’s birth mother was probably here for money.

Jameson continued, “However, she has not been behaving herself these past few years.After she was sent away, she tried so hard to get more money from the Berry family.Although Mrs.Berry is not in her right mind, she is quite nimble in dealing with these things”

“After a few times of trying, Sofia’s birth mother gave up.The reason why she came to make a big fuss in Sofia’s birthday banquet this time was because she learned that Mrs.Berry had died a few years ago.”

After hearing this, Sharon was silent for a while before she said, “Then how did she get this news?”

Jameson put his hand on her shoulder and slowly said, “Perhaps it is a coincidence”

“Is it really a coincidence?”

Sharon did not believe.

Jameson met her suspicious gaze and smiled silently, “It really has nothing to do with me.When Sofia was born, I didn’t enter the Proctor family.Like you said, these old things are extremely secretive, and few people know about them.It’s not that easy to find out.”

Sharon nodded and didn’t ask any further.

There was no need for Jameson to hide this from her at all.

Since he had said that he didn’t do it, then she should believe him.

But it would be too inconceivable to see it as a coincidence.

Just as Sharon was lost in thought, Jameson stood up.

Sharon subconsciously reached out and grabbed his hand, “Where are you going?”



“Take a bath” Jameson leaned over and placed his other hand on the armrest behind her.

He stared at her with his black eyes, and his voice was hoarse and flirting, “No hurry, baby”

She hurriedly loosened her grip on him, “Who ...who is in a hurry? I haven’t finished asking yet”

Jameson smiled and rubbed her head, “Wait for me.”

After a pause, he added, “I’m in a hurry”

Sharon was lost for words.

Just as Jameson entered the bathroom, Sharon’s phone rang.It was Tiffany.

Tiffany said, “F\*ck! What a good show! Tell me more about it!”

Sharon told her everything that had happened tonight in detail.

After hearing these, Tiffany said excitedly, “Who did this? Wasn’t it your Mr.Proctor who did good deeds without leaving a name?”

“It’s not him”

“That can only mean that Sofia deserves it.God is helping us” Tiffany continued, “When will Natalia get this kind of retribution?”

After a moment of silence, Sharon suddenly said, “Is Daniel by your side?”

“He just sent me home, and has left.What’s wrong? Do you want to talk to him?”

Sharon said, “Forget it, it’s nothing”

This thing was definitely not a coincidence, nor was it because God was helping them.

She was the only one who had a conflict with Sofia recently.

Moreover, the fact that Sofia’s birth mother was found meant that the person behind all of this had money and strength.

From the current situation, if Jameson didn’t do this, then the only person she could think of was Daniel.

Although he still refused to reveal the reason why he had helped her, he had indeed done a lot for her.

After chatting with Tiffany for a while, Sharon heard the sound of water in the bathroom stop.

She quickly lowered her voice and said, “OK, that’s it.We’ll talk about it tomorrow.I gotta go.Goodbye!”

Putting away the phone, Sharon stood up and was about to go to the bedroom when the bathroom door opened.

Sharon turned around and said, “Why are you so fast?”

Jameson said, “Fast?”

Sharon was stunned.

Jameson casually brushed his wet hair and walked over.

He put the hairdryer beside him in Sharon's hand and said, "Help me dry it."

Sharon couldn't help but mutter in a low voice, "You really can't afford to suffer any losses."

Her voice was too low and mixed with the sound of the hairdryer.

Jameson didn't hear it clearly, "What?"

"Nothing" Sharon blew his hair and combed it with her hand.

Jameson said, "What are you looking for?"

"I want to see if you show any signs of middle-aged baldness."

Jameson was lost for words.

He took a deep breath and whispered, "Did you find it?"

"No."

Sharon seemed to be a little disappointed. Why was this man's hair condition better than hers?

"Done."

Sharon turned off the hairdryer.

She pulled the plug and was about to put the hairdryer back in the bathroom when someone grabbed her wrist.

She was unprepared and fell into the man's arms the next second.

Jameson hugged her waist and said, "Didn't you say that you had something to ask? Continue"

Sharon raised her hand and said, "Let me put this...."

Jameson took the dryer from her hand and threw it to the side, "Forget it."

Sharon's gaze slowly shifted from the hairdryer to his face.

Then, she said seriously, "Do you know why Talon went abroad?"

"I know"

"What ...is it?"

Jameson said indifferently, "He is transferring his property" Sharon didn't expect to hear this answer, so she couldn't help but open her eyes wide"

"Really?"

"Yes, otherwise, why would he choose to go abroad at this time?"

Sharon frowned, "If we find out anything useful from him after he moves all his property away, we won't be able to deal with him anymore, right?"

Jameson said, "No, this only means that the Beale Group won't be able to last long."

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Previously, Sharon Allyson was of opinion that the Beale Group was not affected much compared to before, but as Jameson Proctor thus concluded, she began to realize that the Beale Group was far more complicated than she had imagined.

It seemed that the current Beale Group was nothing but an empty shell or kickshaw, completely worthless already.

Thinking about this, she said, "But the Beale Group has just partnered with Patrick Matthias. It's a huge project. Talon Beale just couldn't leave at will now, could he?"

Jameson Proctor said, "It's not just a project for Talon Beale anymore. It's his last camouflage indeed"

Sharon Allyson asked, "What does that mean?"

"As long as the project is going smoothly, no one will suspect that the Beale Group is currently struggling, and the partnership with Patrick Matthias comes as a chance for Talon Beale to transfer his money abroad right and proper. When he achieves his ultimate plan, he can just leave without caring about how the project progresses"

Sharon Allyson frowned, "Does that mean he's ready to leave a mess for Patrick Matthias to clean up?"

"Something like that."

"Then ....."

Sensing what she was thinking, Jameson Proctor said lightly, "Don't worry, Patrick Matthias has his plans as well."

At this, Sharon Allyson pursed her lips and nodded gently.

She was so focused on her thoughts that she didn't notice that the man's hand had lifted the hem of her shirt and groped inside.

"By the way, I always thought ....."

Sharon Allyson was halfway through her sentence when she finally sensed Jameson Proctor's movement.

She looked down to check it out and then looked up immediately, glaring at him.

Jameson Proctor lowered his head and nibbled on her neck, his voice low and hoarse: "Anything else?"

Before Sharon Allyson could speak, her mouth were gagged.

After a long French kiss, Jameson Proctor kissed her brow, "Let's talk about it tomorrow, okay? I won't run away"

Sharon Allyson: "....."

For the rest of the night, Jameson Proctor didn't let go of her from his clutch.

Sharon Allyson eventually fell asleep out of exhaustion.

Jameson Proctor leaned over and kissed her brow, tucked her in bed and then exited the bedroom.

Standing in the living room, Jameson Proctor dialed Matthew Gray's phone number: "Sharon Allyson will be staying here recently. Tell them all not to go out until these days are over"

"Noted."

Having hung up the phone, Jameson Proctor looked out the window at the night scene, remained silent for a while, and then dialed William Hood's number: "How's it coming along?"

William Hood answered: "They are still bickering. Guess we won't have a single peaceful moment tonight. Speaking of which, Patrick Matthias is really resourceful. How on earth did he know such things? What's more, he actually managed to tackle it handsomely! It looks to me like Sofia Berry will have to behave herself next time."

Jameson Proctor spoke slowly and methodically: "After the plane crash, Talon Beale and Tavis Beale were able to snatch the Beale Group back from those eyeing it, thereby saving it from the verge of bankruptcy. That speaks volumes about their ability"

"Too true. If it wasn't for that conspiracy twenty years ago, the Beale Group would never have made it this far"

"The reason why he was conspired was because he never thought that the one closest to him would one day betray him and ruin his family" William Hood knew perfectly well who "he" was.

After a moment, William Hood added, "Although Talon Beale is currently abroad, he'll surely know the truth when he comes back"

"He isn't unable even to fend for himself now, let alone to mind Berry family's business. Even if he finds out the truth, it's already too late"

William Hood said, "They've been laying the trap for so long, and they're finally going to collect what's inside it."

Jameson Proctor added, "Still no word about Josh Allyson?"

"No, but I did find something interesting"

William Hood said, "Talon Beale's men have been following Rita Roose for some time now"

Jameson Proctor frowned slightly, "What for?"

"My hunch is that Bridger Fowler has escaped. As they've found out about Bridger Fowler's relationship with Rita Roose, they are following her to see if they could find Bridger Fowler through her."

Jameson Proctor was silent for a moment before saying abruptly, "What's the old man doing these days?"

William Hood probably did not expect such a question from him, so he paused for a few seconds before asking: "I guess he's just plotting on how to make a comeback"

“Since he’s having nothing much to do, send him a gift.”

“What gift?”

Jameson Proctor said nonchalantly: “Regarding the reporters infiltrating the Proctor family and the incident of the recording not long ago, he absolutely won’t go easy with it”

William Hood understood what he meant: “Okay, let me arrange it this instant”

After making the call, Jameson Proctor stood in place for a while longer.

Nobody knew what he was thinking.

Ten minutes later, he returned to the bedroom.

At the sight of the sleeping beauty, a small smile curled up the corners of his lips.

He turned off the bedside lamp and took her in his arms.

In the Proctor family, eight o’clock in the morning.

Master Proctor just came down from the second floor when a man hurried in and whispered a few words in his ear.

Master Proctor frowned heavily: “Did she do all this?”

The henchman nodded: “Yes.”

Master Proctor swung his cane around: “Bring her in! Right now!”

After his henchman left, Jeffery Proctor was pushed over by the servant.

Seeing his face full of anger, Jeffery asked warmly, “What’s wrong, dad?”

Master Proctor sat down in the sofa and said, “The person who sent the recorder here is exactly the one who sent the reporter into the Proctor family! He is just too rampant! He never takes me into account at all!”

Jeffery Proctor said, “It’s all in the past now”

“In the past? Do you know how much damage I have suffered because of these two incidents?”

Master Proctor was burning with hatred, “If there wasn’t a Proctor family still here, the Proctor Group would have become Jameson Proctor’s alone!”

Jeffery Proctor sighed silently: “Isn’t Jameson your son as well? Why do you always harbor such an intense hatred for him?”

Master Proctor snorted: “Only those who obey me are my sons. Those I can’t control are my enemies for sure!”

Jeffery Proctor did not speak again.

An hour later, Rita Roose was brought in.

As she stood in front of Master Proctor, her face was full of panic and her hands were tightly twisted together.

Even if she was trying to say something, she couldn't even make a sound.

Master Proctor sized her up before asking: "So you are Rita Roose?"

She stammered in reply, "Yes .....yes Master Proctor threw the recorder in front of her"

"Is this your stuff?"

Rita Roose gritted her teeth and got trembling all over, not daring to say anything.

Master Proctor said sternly: "Are you deaf to me or just dumb? I'm asking you a question!"

Rita Roose was instantly stunned and fell to the ground.

After a long time, she finally answered: "Yes .....is mine....."

Master Proctor sneered and slapped the thing heavily onto the table: "You got a lot of nerve, huh? How dare you set me up!"

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Roose turned pale all of a sudden.

"No...it's not like that.I just wanted to..." she explained, lips trembling.

"What did you want?"

Master Proctor narrowed his eyes, "Perhaps you dare not offend Jameson Proctor, so you want me to take full responsibility for this?"

Rita Roose was almost breathless out of fear.

Her entire body quivered so badly that she didn't know what to say.

At this very moment, Jeffery Proctor spoke from behind her in a very clear yet low voice: "Don't be afraid.Please stand up first"

Rita Roose got stunned with eyes wide open.She turned around but didn't dare to move an inch further.

Jeffery Proctor smiled as he leaned over and gave her a hand.

Looking at his palm, Rita Roose hesitated for a while.

Finally, she grabbed onto his hand and rose from the ground.

In the meantime, Master Proctor sounded dissatisfied: "Jeffery, you don't have to show mercy towards everyone"

Jeffery Proctor said: "There must be some misunderstanding about it.Didn't we find that the one who got a reporter into our family was actually a man?"

"That might be her accomplice!"

Jeffery Proctor looked at Rita Roose: "It's still not too late to tell the truth. Rest assured, if you didn't do it, we will definitely NOT blame you"

Rita Roose stood beside him and kept biting her lower lip. She finally said: "I didn't do it. I don't know what's going on.. Leaning on his walking stick, Master Proctor called her names"

"We've got all the evidence now and you are still lying!"

Rita Roose was so frightened that she hid behind Jeffery Proctor, saying abruptly: "It really has nothing to do with me! But I... I do know the man who sent the reporter. He has always been..."

"Been what?"

"He has always been helping Sharon Allyson.."

After making up her mind to fake innocence at all costs, Rita Roose calmed down a bit.

"Moreover, it was exactly he who took Sharon away from the Proctor family. I really don't have the slightest idea as to why I became his accomplice. Perhaps I somehow offended Sharon in the designer competition, so she framed me in retaliation"

At her words, Master Proctor squinted his eyes and remained silent for a long time.

There was indeed a man in the car on the day when Sharon Allyson left the Proctor family.

As per his investigation afterwards, that man was definitely not related in any way to Jameson Proctor.

If that was the case, then Sharon Allyson was the one who plotted the whole thing! It was almost unbelievable that she should be so foxy as to have fooled everyone including him!

After pondering for a while, Master Proctor said, "How do you explain the recorder then?"

Compared to before, his tone had been much softer.

Rita Roose gritted her teeth and decided she might as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb: "It was... Miss Beale who ordered me to do so"

Master Proctor frowned: "Miss Beale? Which Miss Beale?"

"Natalia Beale, the daughter of Mr. Beale."

"Ahh, I see. But how did you know her?"

Rita Roose clenched her fist as she kept lying: "Like Sharon Allyson, I used to work as a designer for Lumiere Jewelry. Back then, Miss Beale was not yet engaged to Mr. Proctor, but she already knew that Sharon was Mr. Proctor's ex-wife, so she deliberately approached Sharon, and she often made use of me in dealing with her"

Master Proctor said, "So, it was Natalia Beale who bribed the judges in the designer competition?"

"No, the bribery was engineered single-handedly by Sofia Berry"

"Sofia Berry? How come there was still another one involved?"

Rita Roose took a deep breath before saying, "Sofia Berry was holding a grudge against Sharon after being rejected by Mr. Proctor, so she bribed the judges and let me do it for her. After all was done, however, she kicked me down the ladder. That's why I took the recorder to Miss Beale, who instructed me to come to you, as I was convinced by her that Chairman Proctor is currently the only one who dare offend Mr. Proctor"

As Sofia Berry and Natalia Beale both kicked her aside, she simply had no choice but to go for broke now! After hearing this, Master Proctor snorted: "They really did a number on one another!"

Jeffery Proctor chimed in slowly: "If they weren't engaged, it wouldn't have ended up in this mess. Natalia had done nothing wrong in this case."

"You are still speaking up for her even at a time like this? Are you aware what situation the Proctor family is currently in because of her?"

Jeffery Proctor said, "As long as you stop in time, Jameson will not go too far I suppose" Master Proctor snickered: "Stop in time? Don't you forget how Sharon Allyson got an abortion! Are you really thinking that Jameson Proctor will let your mother off the hook?"

At this, Jeffery Proctor didn't speak anymore.

Master Proctor got up to walk upstairs with his walking stick.

Before he left, he looked at his men: "Take care of it."

Rita Roose took two steps backwards, fear reappearing on her face.

Jeffery Proctor raised his hand as a gesture to stop Master Proctor's men.

Then he looked at Rita Roose and said, "I'll see you out."

Rita Roose felt hesitant at first, but when she saw that the men who was going to step forward had retreated, she finally sighed a breath of relief.

Jeffery Proctor was wheeling himself out of the house when Rita Roose suddenly rushed over to catch him up.

Walking to the garden, Rita Roose couldn't help but say, "Thank you"

Jeffery Proctor's voice was gentle: "No worries."

"You are Mr. Proctor's....."

"I'm his elder brother" At that, Rita Roose was a little surprised: "Does Mr. Proctor really have a brother?"

As soon as she finished the sentence, the wheelchair stopped.

Rita Roose turned her head before she realized that she'd said something improper.

She hastened to apologize, "Sorry, but it's just that I've never heard of that before..."

Jeffery Proctor looked at the rising sun in the distance with his fair and clear face being expressionless.



Rita Roose stood next to him but did not dare to make a sound.

After a while, Jeffery Proctor said: "You just said that the person who took Sharon away has been working for her?"

Rita Roose froze for a second before pinching the corner of her coat and nodding.

"Do You really know that person?"

"Just...a little.We are not acquainted enough in fact."

"Hmmm.." said Jeffery Proctor, looking back at her.

"You know that Sharon had her miscarriage in the car accident, right? The culprit was exactly the man who was driving the car then" Rita Roose stammered, "I don't really know"

"It's okay if you don't know" Jeffery Proctor added, "But, may I know the man's name and where he lives?"

Rita Roose's lips parted but no sound came out.

She felt that if she told him about Bridger Fowler, this seemingly gentle man in front would definitely not go easy with her.

Jeffery Proctor smiled: "Do you mind telling me?"

The sun had risen, but Rita Roose somehow got a chill down her spine.

She hurriedly let it all out about Bridger Fowler.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 426

Sharon Allyson woke up to find that the sun was already blindingly bright outside.She rolled over and squinted to get her phone.

When she saw the time, she sat up straight away: How came it was eleven oclock already! Obviously, the alarm clock somehow didn't go off! Sharon Allyson hurriedly got out of bed and opened her bedroom door, only to find Jameson Proctor walking towards her with a bag, greeting, "Awake now?"

Sharon Allyson was annoyed: "When did you wake up? Why didn't you awaken me?"

"I saw you sleeping safe and sound, so I didn't have the heart to interrupt you."

"But I'm late!"

Jameson Proctor said: "I thought you were off today"

Sharon Allyson: "....."

She suddenly calmed down.It seemed like...right.

It was Sunday.

She'd been working so hard in the studio these days, that it almost slipped her mind there was such a thing as Sunday.

Sharon Allyson yawned as she went back into the bedroom, "I'll go back to sleep then."

Jameson Proctor grabbed her waist from behind: "Don't sleep now. As you rarely get a day off, why not go on a date with me?"

Sharon Allyson turned around, "Don't you say that we are gonna go see a movie again!"

Jameson Proctor: "....."

At this, Sharon Allyson's lips curled up a bit.

She began to feel so good that her sleepiness was gone.

Taking the bag of clothes over from his hand, she went into the bedroom.

Just as she was about to change clothes, the door suddenly opened.

Sharon Allyson hurriedly covered her chest with whatever she could get and spoke angrily: "You just came in without knocking?"

Jameson Proctor said, "If you feel bad for being peeped on, you can peep on me in return"

With that, he began to unbutton his shirt.

Sharon Allyson: "....."

She hurriedly said, "Stop, stop, stop!"

Sharon Allyson turned her back to him and hastened to put her clothes back on.

But for reasons unknown, the underwear buttons seemed to act against her.

Now matter how she tried, they just couldn't be aligned.

At that moment, the man's low voice sounded from behind: "Do you need support?"

Sharon Allyson gave up the struggle.

She said with reddening ears, "Be quick!"

Jameson Proctor raised an eyebrow and buttoned up her underwear effortlessly.

Without waiting for his next move, Sharon Allyson had already run away from him and slipped into her clothes.

Once dressed, Sharon Allyson said, "Where are we going?"

"To the painting exhibition."

"What time does it start?"

Jameson Proctor looked at the time: "It's still not too late even if we go after lunch."

As Sharon Allyson went to wash up, Jameson Proctor's cell phone rang from the couch.

He picked it up, walked out of the bedroom and answered, "Speak."

“Mr.Proctor, the president has talked to Rita Roose already.But the latter denied that she did all those things and instead blamed them all on Bridger Fowler, Natalia Beale and Sofia Berry” Jameson Proctor snorted as if he was not surprised.

The caller continued, “The president was going to have Rita Roose taken care of, but .....

“But what?”

“He was stopped by Mr.Jeffery Proctor” Jameson Proctor said, “Hmm.Got it.”

“So, do we still have to keep an eye on Rita Roose?”

Jameson Proctor said lightly, “No.She has betrayed Natalia Beale and Sofia Berry.Do you think they will let her off the hook?”

As Rita Roose got those two involved,the old man definitely wouldn't go easy with any of them, be it Natalia Beale or Sofia Berry.

As for Rita Roose, there was still a Floren waiting for her.

Jameson Proctor had just put away his phone when Sharon Allyson came out of the bathroom: “What happened?”

She seemed to have just heard two familiar names.

“Nothing much, Jameson Proctor said, “Are you done?”

Sharon Allyson said, “Yes.”

Since it was weekend, there were huge amounts of people coming for the exhibition, and thus the place that was originally quiet and full of artistry was now as noisy as a market.

After strolling for a while, Sharon Allyson pointed to a painting, surprised and unexpected: “That one was exactly the same as what I saw here last time! I didn't expect to see it again after so many years.”

Jameson Proctor tilted his head and asked, “You came here before?”

Sharon Allyson blinked and withdrew her eyes somewhat sheepishly: “Yes”

“When?”

“Just .....back in university” Jameson Proctor said, “With Martin Morton?”

Sharon Allyson smiled at him without a word, and then she continued on her way.

Jameson Proctor licked his teeth and followed.

He spoke nonchalantly, “It seems that you were quite idle while in university”

All of a sudden, Sharon Allyson felt as if the whole hall was filled with a smell of jealousy.

She raised the corner of her lips and said deliberately, “Not bad.Even if I was busy, I still had to spare time for a date with my crush or something”

Jameson Proctor sneered twice but didn't say anything.

As they kept strolling along, Sharon Allyson suddenly saw a familiar figure from not far away, and the latter saw her as well.

Tiffany Momon ran over: "Sharon, if I had known earlier that you were coming to this exhibition, I would have asked you to join me. Why didn't you rest at home today?"

Sharon Allyson laughed dryly, "Just came on the spur of the moment... Did you ..... come with Daniel?"

Tiffany Momon looked back and couldn't help but grimace: "Yes! He was gone shortly after we went in. Since he's always so busy, he shouldn't have promised to come with me. Even if he does come, he's nowhere to be found now"

After a pause, Tiffany Momon said: "Eh, do you remember the time we skipped class in junior year for the painting exhibition? There is a painting you liked at that time I remember. You know what? I just saw it again!"

As soon as Tiffany Momon finished her sentence, a cold male voice sounded from behind: "Skipped class?"

Tiffany Momon snapped her head around, "Mr. Proctor? Didn't see you coming!"

Sharon Allyson coughed and tried to pull Tiffany Momon away, but the latter failed to get her hint as she craned her neck: "We skipped class a few years ago. Is there any problem with that?"

At that, Jameson Proctor suddenly smiled, "I was just curious. Was there anyone else skipping class besides you?"

"I don't think so. The fewer people skipping class, the less likely we were to be noticed. The fact we were always safe speaks volumes about that"

Tiffany Momon said, her voice getting smaller and smaller. She couldn't help but touch her neck and asked Sharon Allyson in a whisper, "What's wrong with Mr. Proctor? I feel weird about him today..."

Sharon Allyson was already so abashed that she wished to hide away into a crack in the ground.

It was she who initially wanted to abash this sick man.

How could she expect that things backfired so fast? Jameson Proctor said, "I have to go out for something. I'll be back soon."

After he left, Tiffany Momon couldn't help but tsk: "Men are much the same everywhere. They promise to keep you company while actually they always find an excuse to leave."

Sharon Allyson let out a silent sigh, thinking it would be better to sleep at home.

Tiffany Momon withdrew her eyes and looked at her, "By the way, that guy named Floren gave me a call this morning"

Sharon Allyson frowned: "He called you?"

"Yes, it seems he was inquiring about cooperation. I felt there was something wrong with him, so I just hang up the phone."

Sharon Allyson pursed her lips: "I think it's because I ignored him that he contacted you."

Tiffany Momon said, "But how did the dog-eat-dog show between him and Rita Roose stop? I've been expecting a follow-up for so long."

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 427

Having been focused on Sofia Berry these days, Sharon Allyson didn't actually pay attention to the two of them.

However, since Sofia Berry had fallen out with the two judges, it was already impossible for Floren and Rita Roose to stay clear as this was brought up again.

Suddenly, Daniel came out of nowhere, "Hullo, Miss Allyson!"

Sharon Allyson was distracted from her thoughts and then nodded with a smile.

Daniel said again, "I've heard about what happened last night. Miss Allyson, please take my congratulations."

"Congratulations for what?"

"Sofia Berry set Miss Allyson up, so the scandal from years ago is exposed. That really sounds like a case of bad karma"

At this, Tiffany Momon murmured, "Do you really think yourself a Buddha who knows the exact workings of karma?"

Daniel, "....."

Sharon Allyson bit her lips hard to hold back a laugh.

In a few seconds, Sharon Allyson said again, "I was just wondering if you guys have anything to do with what happened last night?"

Daniel felt confused, "We guys?"

"It was not Jameson Proctor who brought Sofia Berry's biological mother. I believe you guys are the only ones left to be able to help me" Daniel replied, "I am very glad that Miss Allyson trusts me so much and I do wish I were. But unfortunately, I didn't know anything beforehand"

Sharon Allyson sort of doubted, "Really?"

Daniel coughed to shift the topic, "Are you here alone, Miss Allyson?"

"I came here with Jameson Proctor. But he stepped out just now. Guess he'll be back soon" Jameson Proctor walked over with his long legs as soon as Sharon Allyson finished speaking.

Following him were two exhibition staffs carrying a painting wrapped up in an oiled paper.

"What are you doing?" asked Sharon.

Jameson Proctor replied, "Haven't you been fond of this painting since years ago?"

He leaned over to whisper in her ear, "Why not take it back with you? In memory of the days when you dated your crush..."

Sharon Allyson, "....."

Pfui! That piece of sh\*t really was shameless! Tiffany Momon watched all through this and understood now what she had done wrong.

She regretted so much that she felt like face-slapping herself.

It was 4 o'clock after the exhibition.

Sharon Allyson was going to shop around for some daily necessities, so she asked Tiffany Momon to go with her.

Jameson Proctor and Daniel followed closely behind.

Daniel said, "I never expected that Mr. Proctor could be so easy going!"

Jameson Proctor put a hand in his pants pocket and said indifferently, "Such a busybody you are, ugh?"

"What did you mean, Mr. Proctor?"

"I can be fine with your cottoning up to Sharon Allyson. But if you show up with Trey Coe in front her one more time, I will definitely tell her everything"

Daniel chuckled, "Mr. Proctor really gets a sense of humor. What happened yesterday was just an accident"

"Say whatever you like."

Since they'd gone thus far, Daniel felt it better to cut to the point.

He asked, "Actually, I've always been curious about why Mr. Proctor would help us cover this up..."

Jameson Proctor snorted, "It's all in your mind."

Daniel, "Huh?"

Jameson Proctor looked at Sharon Allyson's back and said unhurriedly, "She has always just wanted to live a peaceful life, but too much has happened to her so far. She's actually exhausted already. If she's involved into more of it, I'm afraid she simply won't find it bearable."

"Mr. Proctor does care much about Miss Allyson. I'm just not sure if Miss Allyson would actually thank Mr. Proctor for all that you've done for her"

At that, Jameson Proctor gave him a sideways glance, "What else do you know?"

Daniel smiled, "I don't know anything else. I was just talking off the top of my head. Seriously, when does Mr. Proctor plan to let it all out to Miss Allyson?"

Jameson Proctor said coldly, "Just mind your own business"

As Sharon Allyson was picking something, Tiffany Momon stole a glance back at them and then whispered, "What are they talking about? Looks like they are going to fight?"

Hearing this, Sharon Allyson also looked back, "Probably not anything good."

Tiffany Momon picked up a packet of snacks and lamented, "I never dreamed that one day I would be in a supermarket with you and that cad.....no, two cads"

Sharon Allyson laughed, "Things change.You never know"

"Yeah, when you and Jameson Proctor got divorced, I even celebrated that you'd crawled out of the marital grave, but who could know you would crawl back in shortly afterwards?"

Sharon Allyson, "....."

"Why do you have to use that terrible metaphor?"

Tiffany Momon elbowed Sharon Allyson while inquiring further, "You've been back to Jameson Proctor for a long time.I've long since wanted to ask you, when will you resume your marriage?"

Sharon Allyson's hand stiffened slightly.

She paused for a few seconds before saying, smilingly, "You said I just crawled out of the marital grave, didn't you? Why have I to crawl back so hastily?"

"That makes sense...Anyways, it's good for you to just get along like this, because if you are having a hard time like before, you can just break up.But it's another story if you get married, for you'll probably have to think twice and choose to swallow it.It's even more so when you have kids and.." Tiffany Momon was halfway through her sentence when she suddenly realized that she seemed to have said something inappropriate.

She peeked over her shoulder to check Sharon Allyson's expression, only to find that she was getting her yogurt and didn't seem to have heard anything.

Tiffany Momon breathed a sigh of relief.

Thankfully, she didn't mind it.

Sharon Allyson said, "This yogurt is buy-one-get-one-free! Why don't you buy one too?"

Tiffany Momon quickly nodded, "Sure.Why not?"

The apartment where Jameson Proctor lived was furnished well enough, but there wasn't anything in the refrigerator yet.

Sharon Allyson had been free lately and it had been long since she last cooked, so she bought a lot of raw ingredients and foods.

Tiffany Momon looked at her enviously, "I miss living with you so much! You know what? I've been eating takeout for so long."

Sharon Allyson said, "I seem to remember that Daniel can cook?"

That was right.

He even came to her to borrow soy sauce earlier.

Tiffany Momon sneered, "He can cook? Are you kidding me? But yeah, if you count canned foods in."

Sharon Allyson laughed out loud, "You two are like a match made in heaven!"

Tiffany Momon felt it a headache to just have brought this up.

What Daniel had told her earlier was that she should just play along with him.

This way, those at Talon Beale would believe that he opened up a piano studio next to their studio, simply for the sake of her.

But oftentimes, while no one was around, he still kept playing along.

She couldn't even tell whether he meant it or not.

Tiffany Momon waved her hand, "Forget it. The mere thought of him suffices to disgust me. I would rather stuff myself to death with canned food than talk about him now"

Sharon Allyson glanced at the foods in the cart and then raised her eyebrows, "Why don't you come tonight? Let me cook a feast for you"

Tiffany Momon looked back from afar, "I'd rather not. I prefer my mental health to eating at your place. Being a third-wheel just ain't my thing"

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 428

When Sharon and Jameson returned, besides the paintings from the exhibition, Jacob Green had also sent his men to deliver Sharon clothes.

She looked at the packed closet and said to Jameson in amazement, "I'm only here for a few days. This is too many"

"Too many?"

Jameson took a quick look, "I don't think it's enough" Sharon went speechless.

'Seriously?' She thought.

Jameson put himself in the couch and spoke slowly, "You are not coming back ever again?"

Sharon was confused by his question and couldn't answer it without a pause, "That's...that's not what I mean"

"Then?"

Sharon twisted her lips.

There was no chance winning an argument against him.

She went to the kitchen and put the groceries into the fridge.



Soon, the empty fridge became full, and gave her a sense of being home.

She was surprised by such a feeling.

And she smiled unconsciously.

'Warm and cozy' She thought.

At this moment, Jameson walked in suddenly, and hugged her from behind, jaw on her shoulder, "Don't go back there. Just settle here."

Sharon answered, "But I haven't...haven't found anything yet."

"You've done well enough. You deserve the credit for what's going on with the Beale Group now"

"Really?"

She couldn't believe his words.

Jameson raised his eyebrows, "Really! What do I gain by lying to you?"

Sharon replied, "Do you say this with a clear conscience?"

Jameson did not answer.

It was almost the anniversary celebration of the Beale Group.

Sharon had a feeling that something big was about to happen.

Besides, she had already received a portion of the Beale Group property from Talon Beale.

The trip was not without its rewards.

But she had no chance of entering Talon's study.

There had been a lock before and now there was also Natalia Beale waiting to catch her red-handed.

Since she couldn't get into the study or find any more useful information, there was indeed no point in her staying there.

After a while, Sharon said, "I still have something to take care of. When it's done, I will move out of there."

Jameson frowned, "What's that?"

Sharon felt suffocated by his hug, so she peeled away his hands and said, "Talon Beale promised me that Natalia would apologize to Ruben. Now that Talon is not there, she will definitely play dumb about it. I will wait for him to come back"

James flicked his finger on her forehead, "You sure are serious about these trivial things."

"How is that trivial? Ruben is my younger brother and I'm obligated to look after him."

"When are you gonna look after me?"

“Do you need looking after?”

Jameson replied with a straight face, “I do, especially at night, when I can’t fall asleep alone”

Sharon gritted her teeth and picked up the kitchen knife next to her.

Jameson lightly smiled and gave her cheek a quick kiss, then left the kitchen with his long legs.

Sharon stayed and prepared a few dishes.

During the process, Jameson came and asked if she needed help but was kicked out by her.

Sharon noticed that there weren’t many dishes in the kitchen.

It was already eight when they finished dinner.

Sharon hadn’t had this much food for a long time. She felt so full. She proposed after having done the dishes, “Jameson, I wanna take a walk. You wanna come?”

Jameson took a look at the time and said, “I have a conference call in five. You go ahead first and I’ll catch you outside.”

“Alright.”

Right when Sharon was about to step out, Jameson came over with a jacket, “It’s cold outside. Take this.”

Sharon accepted it, “Got it. I’ll see you then.”

Although she had been here many times, Sharon had never really hung around the neighborhood much.

The surroundings to her were quite unfamiliar.

After walking for a while, she saw a man-made lake in front of her.

Many parents were there with their children.

She walked over, leaned on the fence, and closed her eyes.

The night breeze blew gently, already with some heat of summer.

She stayed for about half an hour and felt that the food was almost digested.

Jameson had not come for her.

Perhaps he was still busy.

Sharon decided to head back.

When she was reaching the bottom of the apartment building, she saw a familiar figure, and she shouted tentatively, “Ruben?”

The figure paused and turned slowly.

Sharon quickened her pace towards him, “It’s really you! What are you doing here?”

Ruben answered, “I’m...I’m looking for someone”

“Looking for someone? Jameson?” Ruben nodded.

Sharon said, “Why didn’t you tell me about it? We could’ve waited you for dinner”

Ruben replied, “I’m just passing by. Thought I might as well stop by”

Sharon nodded and asked more, “So what is it for?”

Ruben was not a good liar. He was afraid that Sharon might notice something wrong if he kept talking.

She had already found him strange.

Now that he couldn’t answer a word, she suspected even more.

She couldn’t figure out what Ruben could possibly have to do with Jameson.

Never mind the great distance from his school to this place.

Passing by? No way.

Something must be wrong.

“You.....”

Sharon was about to press more when a voice came from behind her, “He came to talk about Giana Clarke with me”

Sharon turned around and found Jameson standing not far away.

Jameson walked over with long legs, facing Ruben, “I’ve sent you the address. Go find her yourself.”

Ruben replied after a long pause, “.....”

After another moment of silence, Ruben spoke again, “I gotta go”

Sharon nodded, “Alright.”

When Ruben was gone, Sharon turned to Jameson and questioned, “Why is he looking for Giana Clarke?”

Jameson looked down at her, “What do you think?”

She couldn’t believe Ruben was taking such quick actions that he was already heading to Giana’s home.

Sharon asked again, “So he came all the way just to ask you that?”

Jameson answered with one hand in the pocket, “You know your brother. Can’t you see that he’s shy about it? Looking for me was just an excuse”

Sharon muttered, “I knew it. That was why I didn’t ask much”

Jameson held her with the other hand, “Alright. Do you want to keep strolling? If not, let’s go home”

“Hey, Jameson, I have a question for you.”

“Listening”

“Do you think Giana would like someone younger than her?”

Jameson raised his eyebrows, “Smaller than her, you mean?”

Sharon glared, “Younger!”

‘What does this pig think about all day long!’

Jameson answered, “Not sure. I’ll ask sometime”

“Nah. No need for that. If you asked her, it would be too obvious.”

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 429

All the way out of the neighborhood, Ruben Allyson finally stopped.

He looked back, lips pressing gently against each other.

Soon, Matthew Gray walked over, “Mr. Proctor says that Miss Allyson will stay here for a few days. So don’t visit the young master for now”

Ruben replied, “I know. If he had known Sharon was here, he wouldn’t have come over today.

After Matthew Gray left, Ruben Allyson’s phone vibrated, and he took it out to see that Jameson had sent him the address.

Ruben reached his hand into the pocket and took out the long dead headphones.

The past few days had been busy for him, that he had not returned them to Giana.

After a few seconds of silence, Ruben dialed Giana’s number, “Are you home?”

Giana Clarke said, “Just got back. Why? By the way, I will happen to be near your school tomorrow. You think I can come and get my headphones?”

“No. I’ll bring them over to you now.”

Giana Clarke: “What?”

Before she could have the chance to refuse, the phone was already hung up.

Giana looked at the darkened screen and couldn’t help but widen her eyes.

‘This kid is not actually coming over. Right?’

Giana hurriedly put down the phone as well as the fried chicken in her hand, and ran into the bathroom to look at the mirror.

She had washed up and changed into her pajamas already! Giana ran out the bathroom into the bedroom, and found a dress to put on.

She sat down at the dressing table again to fuss with her makeup.

After about forty minutes, she finally finished, and before she could even breathe a sigh of relief, she heard the doorbell.

Giana thought it was the barbecue she had ordered and thus ran over to it on her bare feet, "Coming ....."

The moment she opened the door and saw the person standing outside, her whole body froze.

Ruben asked, "May I come in?"

Almost subconsciously, Giana moved a little to the side to give him room to enter.

She had thought, by "bring them over" he meant "bring them downstairs" and thus she could go down to get it.

How did he know the exact address? Ruben passed her and walked into the living room.

When he stopped walking, Giana finally reacted, remembering that there was still a big mess on the dining room table that had not been cleaned up.

She closed the door and dashed to clean up the trash while laughing dryly, "I haven't had much food all day today, that's why Ruben's lips curved, "You're not gonna finish it?"

"Huh?"

Ruben's eyes fell on the fried chicken box and continued, "There's still plenty left."

Giana bowed her head, feeling a little annoyed, "No.....I'm not gonna eat it.I actually don't have a big appetite.This is just to relieve the craving.I'm already full."

Giana cleaned up the table quickly.She looked at the fried chicken in her hand, and couldn't let go of it.She put it in the refrigerator while Ruben was not paying attention.

When she came out, she realized that she hadn't even offered him a single cup of water.

So she asked, "What would you like to drink?"

"Anything."

Giana looked in the fridge and took a soft drink to him, "Is this okay?"

Ruben nodded, then took her headphones out of the pocket and handed them over.

Giana reached for them, but shuddered when her fingertips touched his palm.

She said, "Do you have a cold? Why are you burning?"

Ruben said, "No.Just excessive internal heat."

She coughed, took the headphones and placed them smoothly on the dining table.

For a moment, the room fell into silence.

Giana opened her mouth but did not know what to say, then simply gave up on herself.

Ruben withdrew his hand, "I should go now.Rest well."

Giana nodded almost instantly, "Yes.Take care on your way back"

Ruben licked his lips and turned to the door.

The bell rang.

Giana couldn't help but stare at the door, as if it were some great enemy.

She didn't have time to think, so she lifted her hand and grabbed Ruben, "I suddenly feel sorry for you to leave empty-handed since it's your first time visiting my place. Why don't you go in and try the bathroom out?"

"What?"

Giana pushed him into the study, "Also, I have a lot of books here, so if you see something you like, just choose a few and take them with you."

After successfully pushing Ruben to the study, Giana ran to the door again, and said to the delivery man, "Sorry. I don't want this. Just eat it"

The delivery guy was confused, "I'm not supposed to.."

"It's okay. It's okay. You're welcome. You've worked hard too"

"Thank you for your kindness, but I can't eat spicy food."

She silently took the bag over, "Thank you. Take care"

When Giana returned to the living room with the bag, Ruben had already come out of the study.

She didn't want to pretend anymore, "Haha. The delivery is right on time. Do you want to join?"

"Sure."

Giana regretted asking immediately. She didn't expect him to accept the offer. She put the barbecue on the table and went to the fridge to get the fried chicken out again.

Ruben sat across from her and pulled out his phone, "Anything else you want to eat?"

Giana choked on her drink and waved her hand, "No. That's enough"

After a long day of shooting, she was tired and hungry, and she hadn't even taken a bite of the fried chicken when she got a call from him.

And with all the fuss, she got even hungrier.

She felt no need to protect her actress's perfect image anymore and started eating in front of him.

Halfway through the meal, she noticed that he hadn't eaten much, so she put down the barbecue in her hand, feeling a little guilty, "Why are you not eating?"

"I am afraid that you won't have enough if I eat." She choked again.

'What a bad impression I had made on this kid: Giana tried to get a drink, but realized that she had already finished her own can.'" Ruben opened the one in front of him with one hand and pushed it over to her.

“Thanks.”

Giana tilted her head and took several sips, feeling much more comfortable.

After a few seconds, Giana suddenly said, “How did you know my address?” Ruben replied slowly, “

Jameson Proctor told me.

Giana clenched her teeth.

‘Shameless businessman!’

Ruben looked at the time, “You go ahead and eat. I should be going now.”

Giana said, “Then you take care on your way”

“Well. I’ll still send you a message when I get back”

“Well that’s not.....”

Ruben got up, “See ya”

Giana walked him to the door and waved at him, “Bye.”

He nodded, “Good night.”

Closing the door, Giana Clarke returned to the table, looking at the half finished drink in front of her, and the image of that bony hand that had opened the can not long ago came to mind.

Giana hurriedly shook her head to put this ridiculous idea out of her mind.

‘He is just a college student, only nineteen years old. What am I thinking?’

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 430

Having lived at Jameson’s for a few days, Sharon felt truly relaxed, because she didn’t have to see Talon or Natalia Beale, although Jameson could be annoying sometimes too.

But she decided to go back to the Beale’s right when she learned about Talon’s return.

The moment she stepped her one foot inside the house, Natalia gave her a cold greeting, “So you take here as a hotel, don’t you? Come and leave as you please.”

Sharon smiled lightly, “Miss Beale, you misunderstood me. I’ve never had such thoughts! You see, not all of us are fortunate as you are, staying at home doing no work at all, only to chat and have your tea with friends when you’re bored. No, I am definitely not that fortunate. I have errands to run. Mr. Beale should know this”

Talon Beale came down from second floor as Sharon was speaking.

He said, “You mean, you were not in the South City for the past few days?”

“Of course not. It was only due to work. I got off late every day and didn’t want to disturb Miss Beale’s rest, so I found another place to stay the night.”

Talon stopped talking and gave Natalia a look, implying that she should go back to her room.

Natalia obviously didn't wish to obey, and just as she was about to speak, Sharon said, "By the way, Mr.Beale, I have kept my promise.When will you honor yours?"

"What promise?"

Sharon knew he wouldn't easily admit it, so she kept pressing, "It's normal for Mr.Beale to forget that, as you have many more important things to remember.But you have said to me, if I could make a statement that Miss Beale has nothing to do with everything that happened, you would make her apologize to my brother" She took a pause and continued, "Does that remind you of anything?"

Natalia spoke before her father could say anything, "Impossible!"

Sharon kept her smile, "Does Mr.Beale think so as well?"

Natalia begged in haste, "Dad..."

"Natalia,"

Talon stopped her.

He then asked Sharon, "How would you like her to apologize?"

Sharon answered, "I know it can't be made public, but the injustice done upon my brother should not be amended casually, which is why I have asked Mr.Jones to be the witness.If Mr.Beale has no problem with it, let's make it tomorrow.It's weekend and my brother will be available"

Talon frowned, probably because of the decision on the witness, but he didn't reply right away.

But Natalia couldn't hold back, "Sharon Allyson, you have gone too far!"

"And Miss Beale, you are the one to judge it?"

Sharon's face became indifferent and her voice grew colder, "You could've taken it out on me, but my brother! Has he done anything to you? And such a despicable action, Miss Beale, do you think what you did was honorable? Do you think it deserved praises?"

Natalia went pale, lips trembling, and could not speak a word.

Talon's voice finally came, "You don't have to speak more.Let me know the time and place."

"Much appreciated, Mr.Beale."

Sharon gave Natalia a smile and then headed upstairs.

Natalia turned to Talon in disbelief, "Dad, you're really gonna make me apologize to her brother? I..."

Talon raised one hand to stop her, "An apology is not gonna hurt you.It's not a big deal"

"How is that not a big deal? I'm not doing it!"Talon gave her a look, "Follow me to the study"

After they had entered the study, Talon spoke with a deep voice, "Didn't you tell me before that you were not involved?"



Natalia bit her tongue for a while, "I...I didn't."

Talon sat before the desk, face cold and angry, "Jameson Proctor possesses the most control over the Proctor Group right now. But do you really think Heng Proctor had no useful man? How do you think the Proctor family has made it this far?"

It was the first time Natalia heard his father talk to her like this.

Her face went all pale and she couldn't speak a whole sentence, "I.....I....."

Talon Beale's original plan was to return a few days later.

However, the Proctors were constantly giving him troubles that he had no other choice but to return hurriedly without taking care of his business abroad.

The Proctors were different from Jameson.

He had known Heng Proctor for many years and he knew that Heng held information others didn't have.

Even though with the power Heng had at the moment, he couldn't do obvious damage to the Beale Group.

But the devil's in the details.

In a time like this, he had to be cautious.

Talon felt exhausted, "Enough. Don't make it more difficult for me. Do as I say"

Natalia bit her lips and was afraid to speak more.

Returning to her room, she pulled out her phone and called Rita Roose.

"Was it you?" She said.

Rita responded after a short pause, "I don't understand, Miss Beale."

Natalia laughed scornfully, "Come on. Drop the act now"

"I really don't understand what you're saying. I have nothing to hide at this point"

"You'd better be telling the truth. If I find out you're stabbing my back, I will make you pay"

Before Natalia could hang up the call, Rita replied, "Miss Beale, it is not me but you who have been stabbing the other's back. Right from the beginning, I have been your scapegoat. You envy Sharon Allyson, but you don't want to admit it. Instead, you provoke me to do these things for you. Have you not thought that it might get back to you one day?"

"So it WAS you."

"What difference does it make? Because of you people, I lost everything and.....came to this. Even if we have to go to hell together, it's totally okay with me!"

Rita cut the call violently.

Natalia gritted her teeth.

On the other side, Rita put down her phone and started packing. She had sold the house and decided to start a new life elsewhere.

The doorbell rang. She thought it was the moving service and hurried to the door. But it was Floren, drunk. She was terrified and attempted to shut the door.

But it was too late already.

Floren burped and forced his way in.

Looking at her luggage, he laughed out loud, "Well, well, well. Where are you going? How about I give a ride?"