

Resume 431

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 431

The location was set at a private club.

Mr. Jones agreed instantly when Sharon mentioned the plan.

When Sharon was about to leave the house, Taloin and Natalia Beale were still in their rooms. So she noted down the address and handed it to a servant.

Since Talon Beale had agreed on it last night under such circumstances, there was no way he would change his mind.

Sharon headed straight to Ruben's school.

He got her call and came to the gate, "What are you doing here?"

Sharon said, "No classes today, right?"

"It's weekend. Of course no."

"Great. Hop on. I have somewhere to take you."

Ruben was about to say something but he stopped himself.

On the way, Sharon asked, "How are you and Giana?"

Ruben panicked, "What?"

"You went to her place last week, didn't you? Made any progress?"

Ruben, "....."

He began talking after a long while, "What progress is there to make?"

He had never thought about it.

No one knew her brother like she did.

She immediately noticed that he was down and she said, "Don't lose your heart. She never said she didn't like someone younger than her, did she? I'll ask around for ya. What do you say?"

"Forget it."

Ruben looked outside the window, "I'm not even thinking about her."

"Then what are you thinking about? School?"

She felt like a bad role model after she had uttered the words.

Ruben was a straight-A student and she wanted to talk him into a relationship.

"..." Ruben said, "No, I have other things to worry about."

"So what! Studying hard doesn't mean you can't have a relationship. And you like her!"

Ruben finally move his vision from the window, "How do you know!"

Sharon rubbed her eyes and said, "Even Jameson Proctor can tell. I'm your sister. Of course I know.'

"You didn't tell her, right?"

"Of course no! That's why I'm asking you right now."

Ruben recalled the last few meetings with Giana and replied, "Let's talk about it later.'

Sharon raised her eyebrows, "Fine."

Ruben glanced outside and asked, "Where are we going?"

"To see Talon and Natalia Beale.' Ruben frowned, "What for?"

Sharon answered in no hurry, "I asked Natalia Beale to apologize to you and they agreed."

"You don't have to do this for me, as long as....."

He couldn't utter the words "as long as you're doing well".

"I have to! I'm not gonna stand here and watch them do this to you. They will think we are just pushovers."

Mr. Jones was already there drinking tea when they arrived.

Entering the door, Sharon said, "Sorry for the wait, Mr. Jones."

He smiled, "No worries. I just got here a minute ago."

He then turned to the man behind Sharon and examined him a bit, "So, this must be your brother."

Sharon nodded her head and introduced Mr. Jones to Ruben.

Ruben respectfully lowered his head, "Mr. Jones, an honor to meet you."

Jones took out two tea cups on the table and started pouring tea in them, "Come and sit."

After they took their seats, he asked Ruben, "How old are you? Young man.'

"19"

"Still in college, I see."

"Yes, I'm a freshman. Jones lifted up his cup as he nodded with satisfaction, "I heard you have incredible grades and you were the number one student of the whole province.'

Jones recalled a small incident, about someone who had wanted to buy an admission letter but, without careful consideration, taken the highest score in the province.

But the admission letter had been returned to its owner eventually.

It happened some months ago, and usually Jones would not be interested in things like this, but to his surprise, that student with the highest score was the boy in front of him, who looked like Sharon.

It is said that daughters look like mothers and sons look like fathers.

Sharon resembled her father in some ways but this young man sure didn't.

Jones sighed without making it heard.

During chatting, Sharon noticed that Jones was paying much attention to Ruben.

Perhaps it was because of her mother.

So she said, "I'll ask them to make more tea."

The door was opened when she got up.

And the person entering was not Natalia but a servant of the Beales.

The servant spoke carefully, "Miss Allyson, Miss Beale had an car accident on her way here. She's now in the hospital..."

Sharon made an indifferent sound and asked, "Any details of her injury?"

"No. Only that there was a lot of blood. Quite severe."

"Oh. If that's the case, I'll visit her now."

The servant hurriedly said, "No.... It is not necessary."

Sharon knew that Talon Beale wouldn't change his mind but she didn't expect Natalia to pull this one off.

The servant carried a box ahead, "Miss Allyson, Miss Beale asked me to deliver this to you."

Sharon received and opened the box.

Inside it, she saw the necklace she had designed for the charity dinner.

She thought Rita Roose had hidden it somewhere, but it had been in Natalia's hand! Seeing her silent, the servant continued, "Miss Beale said, she had found it months ago next to a trash can. And only last night when she was organizing the room, she saw the logo on it and figured that it might be yours, so...."

Sharon closed the box and said, "She sure is skillful at finding things."

Sharon knew that Natalia was trying to find her way out by returning this.

It was no wonder to Sharon.

A person as proud as Natalia was incapable of apologizing.

Jones waved his hand at the servant and dismissed him.

After the door was closed again, he said, "Dear, don't trouble yourself with the Beales. It's not worth it. They will get what they deserve for what they've done."

Sharon put down the box, smiled, and nodded.

Jones then told Ruben, "You too, young man. Just be patient."

Ruben had no objection, "I will."

A few more sips later, Jones stood up, "Alright, it's time for me to leave."

Sharon replied, "I'll give you a ride."

"Just accompany me downstairs. My driver is waiting."

After seeing Jones off, Sharon turned to Ruben, "I'll take you back to school."

"No, I still have something to do."

"Sure. Where are you going? I'll drive you there."

Ruben went quiet for a while and said hesitantly, "Actually, there's something I haven't told you."

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Seeing him become so serious all of a sudden, Sharon also focused her attention, "I'm listening."

"I signed up with a TV company." Sharon didn't expect this one, "When?"

Ruben answered, "It's been a while. I thought I would tell you in the future but...."

Sharon stared at him, "You're afraid that I will disagree."

Ruben didn't answer. So she guessed right. Sharon laughed and patted on his shoulder, "Oh come on, I will not stop you. Whatever you choose to do, I will support you."

She added, "Besides, Tiffany said she would be the leader of your fan club if you became a star."

Suddenly, Sharon remembered something else, "Oh yes, Giana told me that there was something I should hear from you in person. Is this it?"

"I think so."

"Alright, but I have one requirement." Sharon said with a serious tone, "You can date, and you can be an actor all you want, but you cannot neglect your education."

"Don't worry about it. I won't."

Actually, Sharon never worried about it, because Ruben had always been an outstanding student.

Sharon went back to her car and gave Jacob Green a call, asking him to help her find out which hospital Natalia was in.

She departed right away after she received the address.

At the hospital.

The doctor advised Natalia after he had wrapped bandage on her, "Don't touch water and come back after two days." Natalia frowned and got up impatiently, "Yeah, yeah."

She walked out and immediately saw Sharon.

She sneered, "You come here to make sure I'm injured?"

"You knew that it would only be credible if you made it look real enough. You sure sacrificed a lot for an act."

"And thanks to you. You must be laughing inside right now."

"I'm sorry. I really shouldn't." Sharon replied.

Before Natalia could say anything, Sharon continued, "What I should do, is to celebrate by firework."

Natalia gritted her teeth, "You think you have won, don't you? Sharon Allyson, sometimes I admire you, you know? Jameson hated you so bad that he wanted rid of your child. But you are still with him after all that. Don't you feel disgusted with yourself?"

Sharon's face remained still, "And you're just as admirable for displaying friendship when, in fact, you despise me. Don't you feel disgusted with yourself?"

She didn't wait for Natalia to answer, "Miss Beale, you always say that if I hadn't shown up, you would've been Mrs. Proctor. You took me as an enemy since the very beginning, and if I remember correctly, you looked down on Jameson Proctor as well, thinking he was an illegitimate child who didn't deserve the high-blooded Miss Beale."

Natalia's expression changed, and could not utter a word.

"But Miss Beale, do you actually believe that everything you own is legitimate?"

"What are you trying to say?"

Sharon laughed, "Just asking. I gotta go now. Rest well."

Natalia watched her leaving, trying to look proud and dignified.

When Sharon got out, she saw someone to her surprise.

Jeffery Proctor looked at her and smiled, "It's been a long time, Sharon."

"Mr. Proctor."

"What are you doing here? Are you feeling unwell?"

"No, I'm here to.....take care of some business."

She paused a bit, "How about you? Are you sick?"

Jeffery put his hands on his knees, "It's nothing serious, just an old problem. Although I can't even use them, they still hurt a few times every year."

He lifted his head and said, "If you have time, let's find a place and catch up."

"OK."

Inside a cafe, Jeffery began, "How have you been?"

Sharon gently smiled, "Not so different from before."

Jeffery drank a little coffee and said, "I heard that you and Jameson got back together." "Yes."

He laughed, "That's a good news. I know him. He's only tough on the outside. He always likes you."

Sharon kept smiling and didn't know what to say.

She hadn't met Jeffery since he apologized to her after the car accident. Sharon never knew what to think of Jeffery either.

On the one hand, Jeffery was one of the few people who treated her nicely; on the other hand, his mother was the person who planned the murder of her child.

After a while, Jeffery spoke again, "I also heard about you and the Beales. What is your plan now? If you need any help...."

Sharon shook her head, "No, I'm going to move out." Jeffery seemed surprised, "Why?"

"Perhaps I'm not welcomed by the Beales, but I have no intention of staying there anyway. Besides, I went there only for money, and I've got it. Now it's time to go."

"Sharon, you are not that kind of person."

She smiled, "Maybe I deceived you well. In the past, I had nothing and dared not hope for anything. But now, I've experienced this life and learned just how important money is. Money is everything."

Both of them sat quietly for a minute, and then Sharon's phone rang.

It was Jameson.

She saw it and then said to Jeffery, "I have some work to finish. It was nice meeting you again, Mr. Proctor."

Jeffery nodded, "Good bye."

Sharon smiled and left. When she got outside the cafe, the phone had stopped ringing.

Sharon called back as she was walking towards her car.

Jameson asked, "Still in the hospital?"

"Just got out. I'm going back to my studio now. What's up?"

Jameson replied unhurriedly, "You've taken care of everything there?"

"Well, I guess so."

"Then I'll come and take you home."

Sharon, "...."

"Of course. That's why he called me"

Sharon got into her car, "Tomorrow then, tomorrow morning. I'll pack tonight."

Jameson agreed happily, "Great!"

Sharon fell into thoughts for a few seconds and then decided to speak what was on her mind, "I.....I Saw your brother.'

"Jeffery?"

"Yes.His legs are hurting and he came for checkups."

Jameson frowned, "What did he tell you?"

Sharon let go of a deep breath, "Nothing.Just chatting."

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When Sharon returned to the Beale's house at night, Talon was in the study.

She went and knocked on the door, then Talon's voice came from inside, "Come in.'

Seeing Sharon coming in, Talon asked, "What's wrong? You're not satisfied with the apology?"

Sharon replied, "Miss Beale didn't even show up.How would I be satisfied?"

Hearing that, Talon narrowed his eyes.

He'd obviously heard about what had happened.

Sharon spoke again, "But worry not, Mr.Beale, because I am not here to talk to you about that.'

"Then what are you here for?"

"I'm leaving here."

Talon probably didn't expect that she would so suddenly propose this, so he frowned and didn't know what to think.

Sharon calmly continued, "Recently I've come to realize that the Beale's to me is a completely unfamiliar place.It reminds me of nothing from my childhood, and I don't see the point of staying here any longer."

After a while, Talon answered, "If you insist, I won't keep you.But the anniversary of the Beale Group is in a few days.Leave after it is finished."

Sharon's brows moved a little and lips pursed.

"So he really has some secret plans during the celebration." She thought.

Talon saw that she was silent, so he added, "Why? You've been here for a long time.Just few more days are not gonna hurt.Don't tell me you worry that I will do something bad to you!"

Sharon smiled, "Of course not.I just was expecting that I would be invited."

"You claim to be Doris's daughter, so you should attend the celebration, of course."

"If that's the case, I will do as you wish."

Back to her bedroom, Sharon massaged her cheeks which were hurting from fake smiling all day. She stretched her neck for a while and then headed to shower.

When she got out, she heard her phone on the bed vibrating.

Sharon got on her bed and picked up the call, "Yes."

Jameson from the other side asked, "Finished packing?"

"No....."

Sharon licked her lips, "I need a few more days.'

"I thought we agreed on tomorrow!"

Sharon adjusted her lying position, "Talon Beale won't let me go. He says I have to wait until the anniversary celebration is over.'

Jameson's voice went cold, "And you said yes?"

"I have no choice."

"Go pack now and I'm coming tomorrow.' "No. It's just a few more days."

"Sharon Allyson,' Jameson lowered his voice, "Do you think he has good intentions for keeping you?"

Sharon answered, "I know he doesn't, and that's why I'm staying."

As they had no idea what Talon's plan was, Sharon's staying was the only way to find that out.

Besides, Talon had asked her to stay, then he would definitely make her stay.

If Jameson was to take her by force, it would destroy whatever courtesy that was left between them.

Talon was a real wolf in sheep's clothing.

There was nothing he wouldn't do when he was desperate.

Sharon assured Jameson again, "I will take care of myself. Didn't you say that Talon Beale can't do any harm to me as long as you're here?"

"You believe that?"

Sharon, ".....I was only talking about before. It's a whole new situation now. Don't you understand?"

"Fine, I got it."

Sharon knew that his worries were not without reason, and she didn't want to argue more either.

"I'll pack the things I need. Clothes and all that, I'll just leave them here. Are you happy now?"

"That's more like it.' Sharon yawned, "I need to sleep now. Good night."

Thunders started roaring later that night and rain was pouring.

Sharon was woken by a nightmare.

When she opened her eyes, she saw that the curtain was blown wide open by the wind and rain was falling inside the room.

She got up to close the window but saw Talon Beale downstairs getting in his car.

‘Where is he going at this hour?’ Sharon frowned.

She hid behind the curtain when the headlights went on.

As the lights faded, she turned and watched the car moving through the gate.

She went back to her bed and took a look at the time.

It was 3:30.

She thought for a while and then put on a coat.

‘Perhaps even Natalia has no idea of his departure; maybe now is the time’

But she knew the door to the study was probably locked. She came to Talon Beale’s bedroom door and lightly pushed it open.

After making sure there were no monitors, she turned on her cellphone flashlight and started searching.

Talon was cautious and left nothing important on his desk but a few books.

Sharon searched around and found nothing.

As she was about to leave, she saw a painting on the wall.

Suddenly, a few fragments of memories flashed in her mind and she took down the painting.

Behind it was a secret compartment but there was also a combination lock.

Sharon looked at the painting again and surprisingly remembered a series of numbers.

She curiously punched them in.

And it was unlocked.

Sharon found a box.

Inside it was a half burnt pocket watch.

Sharon hurriedly took out her phone and took a picture of it.

When she was about to check the other objects in the box, some light came from outside the window.

‘He’s back!’ Sharon put the box and painting back where they had been and rushed to her bedroom.

She then heard footsteps coming from the hallway.

Sharon took a deep breath and went back to her bed, only to be shocked by her sweat-soaked back.

Talon didn't make any noise again after he had returned to his room.

'It's only twenty minutes. Did he change plans or was he going somewhere close?' Lying in bed, Sharon remembered the photo she had taken.

Thanks to the night shot function, the photo was clear enough.

The pocket watch was half burnt.

Sharon remembered that according to the record from the warehouse, her father had bought two pocket watches.

One in her hand and the other.....was definitely the one Talon had.

Sharon put down her phone and closed her eyes, but slowly fragments of memories came back to her.

It poured nonstop the whole night and she was kept awake.

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Tonight Sharon got up at 7.

She had not much to carry so her bag was about the same size as usual.

Outside, the rain was falling like mad, and it cooled the weather which had seemed to be rising not long ago.

Sharon glanced back as the car was leaving the Beale's. It should've been her home instead of her enemies'.

But she would return someday, when everything was over, when she finally revealed the truth so that her parents could rest in peace.

Jameson called her very soon.

She picked up and said, "I've already left the house."

Jameson was happy to hear that, "I will pick you up tonight."

"I got it."

"Such a clingy man." She thought.

She put her phone back. Before she had the time to finish smiling, a man had rushed out from the side. She pulled the brake immediately.

Just as she was getting out to check what was wrong, the passenger seat was opened and a low voice followed, "Drive, now!"

Sharon turned to him.

His face was half covered by a cap, but she recognized him right away.

She stomped the pedal and drove off immediately.

In a minute, some men pursued and found nothing here.

One of them said, "You guys keep looking. I'll go and report to Mr. Beale."

Ten minutes later, Talon Beale was inside the study, and he spoke in rage, "What did you say?"

His man repeated with a scared face, "We just found that the man had been following us and he had discovered where we keep Josh Allyson, and...."

Talon yelled, "And?"

"And...he probably got on Miss Allyson's car."

Talon frowned violently, "Sharon Allyson? Are you sure?"

"We checked the footage. During the period, Miss Allyson was the only one leaving by car, and that man just disappeared like a ghost, so we suspect, he must have escaped by Miss Allyson's car."

Talon Beale lowered his voice, "Let our men watch Sharon Allyson. See if she makes any strange move."

"So...how about Josh Allyson? Do we move him?"

"How? Jameson Proctor's men are watching, and besides...."

Talon narrowed his eyes and didn't finish the sentence, "Just keep a close watch over Sharon."

Sharon pulled over after driving long enough. She stared at Bridger Fowler's bleeding abdomen, "You...."

"I found where Josh Allyson is."

Sharon was hit by surprise and could only begin talking after a few seconds, "I saw Rita Roose. She said she had seen you some time ago."

Bridger nodded, "They were chasing me, so I didn't come for you. After I had escaped, they moved Josh. I followed them for a while and found where they keep him."

If his words were true, Talon Beale must have visited Josh Allyson last night.

But there was no way to know what they had talked about.

Sharon came back from thoughts and focused again on Bridger's wound, "Got it. Now let me take you to the hospital."

Bridger seemed a little shocked, "You're not gonna look for Josh?"

"Later. If I go now, it will be too dangerous. You have been noticed and Talon must've set up more defence. They won't let him go easily."

Sharon started the car.

"I can't go to the hospital." Bridger said.

Sharon knew the reason.

Before she could talk, Bridger had handed her a phone, "I'll get off here. Call me when you are ready."

Sharon asked before he got off, "Have you seen Rita again?"

Bridger answered, "No, and I will never see her again."

He added, "Thanks for taking care of Mr. Roose for me."

Sharon smiled, "You're helping me as well."

Bridger pushed open the door, adjusted his cap and disappeared in the crowd.

It was not yet work time when she arrived at the studio, and the door to the piano studio was still locked.

But Sharon noticed something: the black car across the street had already arrived.

If she remembered correctly, it usually would arrive when Daniel got here.

So it came for her this time? Sharon unlocked the door to the studio and started organizing the bills on the counter.

Not long after, the girls and Tiffany arrived and greeted her, "Good morning, Sharon."

Sharon lifted her head, "Morning."

Tiffany yawned and walked towards her, "Sharon, you're here so early today."

Sharon replied, "Yeah, I couldn't sleep. Didn't Daniel give you a ride?"

"No, he called this morning and said he had something to do. So I came myself."

"Did he say what he was gonna do?"

Tiffany shook her head, "Nope."

The workers from the piano studio arrived.

So they were open today as usual.

Sharon said, "Tiffany, I'm going to the office. Tell Daniel to see me when he arrives. I need to ask him something."

"Sure."

Sharon entered the office and shut the door. She pulled out the pocket watch from the drawer and compared it with the one in the photo.

They indeed had the same designs.

She then took out the necklace she had received from Natalia yesterday and put them together and went deep in thought.

Tiffany rushed in at noon, "Sh*t, did you see the news, Sharon?"

Sharon raised her head, "No, is it the aftermath of Sofia Berry?"

“No, no, not that.’ Tiffany put a phone in front of Sharon and said, “Look! The police found a body in a river.It was Floren’s!”

Sharon’s eyes widened, and she immediately took over the phone.

There was no picture but only a few words mentioning what they had discovered from the body.

Floren was somewhat of a celebrity, so his identity and information were quickly spread after the news had come out.

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The police report stated that Floren had died the night before.

His body had been tossed into the river, and if it weren’t for the rain last night, he wouldn’t have been found until many days later.

He had been hit heavily on the head, and on his body, they found stab wounds of varying depths.

It seemed to be an act of revenge.

But the mortal wound was not yet confirmed.

Tiffany exclaimed, “Well, you reap what you sow, indeed! It’ll always get back at you.But scary to think that this guy was just talking to me on the phone, and now he’s a corpse.”

Sharon put down the phone and didn’t know what to say all of a sudden.

After a while, she said, “And Rita Roose?”

“No idea,’ Tiffany thought for a second and then asked, “You don’t think Rita killed him, do you? It’s impossible.Rita would’ve had no chance against someone as big as Floren, not to mention that he was thrown into the river.It required a lot of strength, and only a man could’ve done that.’

Sharon agreed with her.If she hadn’t met Bridger and learned that he hadn’t seen Rita recently, she would be thinking that Rita Roose was the biggest suspect.

Without the help of Bridger, Rita couldn’t have done all that.

Tiffany asked again, “Now Floren is dead, why hasn’t there any progress with the bribery case? Those two judges can really hold their breath.If it were me, I would’ve strangled Sofia Berry to death long ago!”

Sharon answered, “Let’s just wait.”

The two judges were so involved with the Berry Group, that even if they wanted revenge, they would not be so impulsive as to sacrifice their own interests.

And Sofia Berry was not having a good time anyway.

Her father had accepted her biological mother into their house, and it even looked like he was going to marry her, despite the fact she was crying and begging him not to.

Now that the whole South City knew about it, she felt ashamed to even go out.

All she was doing were screaming at the woman and smashing things as a way of protest.

The Berry's was like a war zone thanks to her.

Daniel came unhurriedly after noon, holding a red rose.

The girls were used to it.

Tiffany was a little embarrassed, though.

She dragged him to Sharon's office.

"She's waiting for you."

Daniel handed her the flower and raised his brows, "I'll be back soon and tonight....."

"Oh, shut up and go in!"

Sharon was searching for Floren's news when she heard the loud noise and saw Daniel being pushed in.

She mocked, "Nice entrance."

Daniel coughed, "Tiffany says you're looking for me. What's up?"

"Do you see that car outside?"

"Yeah, it's been following me. But I didn't see it this morning. I thought it was gone. But I guess it just came here and waited today."

That was also why he had had the chance to take care of some business.

Sharon said, "I think they are here for me today."

Daniel's smile faded, "Why is that?"

"I told Talon Beale that I was moving."

"And what did he say?"

"He said no. He asked me to wait until the anniversary celebrations over." Daniel frowned, "He's definitely planning something. Don't listen to him. You should leave right now."

Sharon nodded, "That was my plan as well, but....."

She paused for a few seconds and then continued, "I met Bridger Fowler earlier. He told me that they had kept Josh somewhere not far from the Beale's."

Daniel knew what she wanted to do.

"You want to stay and find out where?"

Sharon pursed her lips lightly, "Josh has been in his hand for a long time. They have met more than once. I don't know what Josh has told him or what he wants to do with Josh, but I am certain that he has some big plans during the celebration. And Josh is the key."

“But you should also know that whatever he’s going to do will be aimed at you.”

“That’s why I’m staying.Maybe I can find more useful information.’

“Has Mr.Proctor agreed?”

Sharon opened her mouth but couldn’t answer.

Jameson Proctor would be here tonight.

She hadn’t come up with what to tell him.

Daniel added, “You know it’s dangerous, and he will not let you do it.Just drop it.We will find Josh now that we know he’s there.’

“What do you mean by ‘we’?” Sharon asked.

“I mean.....Mr.Proctor and me! I believe he also has been tracking Josh.”

Sharon slowly replied, “Jameson is doing this for me, but why are you?”

Sharon didn’t give him a chance to explain.

She immediately added, “It’s a bit too much even for friends, don’t you think so?”

Daniel thought for some time and sighed, “Actually, it’s Trey Coe.He was afraid that you would reject and worried that Mr.Proctor wouldn’t be happy about it.So he asked me to take care of you.”

Sharon laughed, “If it’s Trey Coe, then it will be even less necessary.He’s helped me enough.And it’s more than I can repay.’

“But...”

“Thanks anyway! I’ll be fine.”

Daniel couldn’t say more.He nodded and decided to leave.He turned at the door, “You should discuss it with Mr.Proctor.I don’t think he’s willing to risk you.”

Sharon sighed after Daniel had left.She looked out through the window.

No, he would definitely not agree.

Sharon checked the time and quickly finished some work.She decided on a trip to the Proctor Group.Her car had only moved for a short distance before she saw the black car follow up.

“Of course” She thought to herself.

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Sharon didn’t go up right away when she had arrived at the Proctor Group building.

Instead, she went to the nearest dessert place and packed some to bring to Jameson.

Jameson was in a meeting.

Jacob told her, "Miss Allyson, it'll be over in half an hour. Please wait here."

"Alright."

She picked something from the bag to offer Jacob, "I bought a lot. Try this one."

Jacob didn't expect to have his share of dessert, "Oh, how sweet of you!"

He received it as he was expressing his thanks.

At this moment, some other assistant knocked and asked Jacob to deal with some files and documents.

Jacob coughed and said, "Call for me if you need anything, Miss Allyson."

Sharon nodded, "I will."

After he had left, Sharon sat in the sofa and started browsing her phone.

Soon, she felt sleepy.

She hadn't slept at all last night, and her eyelids were so eager to fall. She fell asleep.

When the meeting was over, Jameson walked out and saw the sleeping woman in the sofa.

He stopped and said to the two top executives behind him, "Can you guys come back after an hour?"

The two understood him and left in haste.

Jameson shut the door and sat down next to Sharon.

He wanted to wake her but saw that her face looked extremely tired.

Obviously, she hadn't got enough sleep last night.

Jameson untied his collar and covered her with his jacket.

Then he started reviewing some documents on the table.

Sharon slept for 4 hours.

When she finally awoke, it had been dark outside. She stretched and yawned.

Her hand touched something.

Jameson's voice came, "What did you do last night?"

Sharon lifted her head and saw Jameson looking at some documents right next to her.

She slowly got up, feeling a little dizzy, but she didn't forget to flatter, "Just having trouble sleeping thinking about you."

Jameson turned to her, "Really?"

"Not really."

Sharon was hungry and picked up a cake on the tea table.

Jameson just watched and said, "So you bought it for yourself?"

Sharon took a bite and said, "I'm just helping you."

She reached out her hand again, only to be stopped by Jameson, "It's ok. I can eat 'em it."

'What a stingy man!' She thought.

She lay down again and stared at the ceiling blankly.

She was not fully awake yet.

Jameson asked, "You have no work today?"

"Of course I do.'

"Then why are you here?"

Sharon looked at him and winked, "I miss you."

Jameson laughed out loud, put his arm on the backrest behind her and licked his lips, "Got into trouble, didn't you?"

Sharon protested, "I'm not a kid!"

She took another piece of cake secretly, but this time not into her own mouth but Jameson's.

"This is really good. Try it."

Jameson lowered his head and ate it.

"So? How does it taste—"

She couldn't even finish her sentence because her lips had been covered by his.

He put his tongue inside her mouth and wrapped his arm around her waist.

He put her on his lap and started kissing her even deeper.

Sharon couldn't breathe, and she pushed him away lightly as a sign of protest.

A while later, Jameson let loose of her.

"What do you think?" he said, his voice low and guttural.

Sharon was confused, "What?"

"Weren't you just wondering how it tastes?"

Sharon's face reddened.

'Tsk! This man's so gross!' Jameson then asked, "So, what are you actually doing here?"

"Yes?"

Sharon licked her lips.

After all that eating, kissing and flattering, there should be a chance now.

She started softly, "I want to talk about me moving from the Beales."

Jameson replied, "There's nothing to talk about."

"I haven't even said anything!"

"I know what you're going to say."

Sharon didn't give up, "Hey! I've thought about it. I do want to live with you, but with the situation now, I'll have to stay there."

Jameson laughed dryly, "You gave me a treat and then a slap on the face."

Sharon ignored his words and continued, "I know it's dangerous, but I don't want to give up half way."

"Oh. Is that why you divorced me?"

"How is that the same thing!"

Jameson let go of her and moved to the desk, "Give me a minute. I still have some work to finish."

"I'm leav....."

"Don't you dare!"

Sharon looked at the dessert on the tea table.

"Shouldn't have bought it!"

She then slowly moved before Jameson and bent over on the desk.

"Mr. Proctor."

"What?"

"You're pretty good-looking."

Jameson didn't even lift his head, and he answered calmly, "I know."

Sharon gave up. She didn't even bother to look at him until he had finished his work, "Done?"

Jameson confirmed and then said, "Let's go home."

"Actually, I have one more thing to tell you."

Jameson expressionlessly looked at her, as if he was waiting for her to come up with more absurd excuses.

But Sharon looked dead serious, "I know where Talon Beale keeps Josh. When I find him, I will come back."

"You find him, and then what?"

"And then....."

Sharon thought for a while, "I think Talon Beale will kill him once he's not needed. But I have something to ask him."

"What is it?"

Sharon softly replied, "I want to know where my mom's grave is, and if Ruben is really his son."

Jameson started tapping his long fingers on the desk, "Do you think he will tell the truth?"

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Sharon had thought about this question as well, but she would definitely regret if she didn't even try. She would feel sorry for Ruben.

After a while, she answered, "Even if he's not willing to tell me, I can still find some information from him. The only way to know what Talon Beale's plans are is me staying there."

Jameson looked at her quietly.

Sharon met his eyes with determination. She then continued, "I will keep contact with you, and whenever I sense danger, I will leave right away. Okay?"

Jameson got up and said, "Let's go."

Sharon felt defeated.

All that effort was worthless.

Jameson reminded her, "Remember what you said, you have a brother to take care of."

"Ruben is making money already. He doesn't need...."

Jameson stopped her with his cold gaze.

Sharon shut up immediately.

Jameson didn't speak at all on the way, and she couldn't tell what he was thinking.

Sharon tried to check on him, "You mad at me?"

"Yeah."

She muttered, "Remember how you always say that I'm petty and narrow-minded?"

"Oh, so you admit it now?"

"Yeah, I am narrow-minded, that's why you're the only one on my mind"

Jameson tried to keep cold, "Where did you learn to talk like that?"

"From you."

Jameson didn't bother to talk anymore and concentrated on driving.

Sharon tried to chat, "Did you watch the news?"

“No.”

“Floren is dead.”

“No idea who that is.”

“_....He’s the one that helped Rita Roose cheat in the contest and claimed that she had bribed the judges”

“Cool.”

Sharon took a breath and added, “According to the police, he died of revenge, and Rita was the only one with this kind of motivation. But the difference between their sizes! I don’t think she could’ve done it”

“It could be some older grudges from others.”

Sharon nodded, “He was quite a b*stard and it wouldn’t surprise me if some other people wanted him dead.”

“Right.”

One word again! Sharon stopped talking and tried to get some nap.

Jameson turned and looked at her for a second, wanting to say something, but he decided not to.

Half an hour later, the car stopped at the Beale’s door.

Jameson took off his seat belt and got out of the car.

Sharon walked beside him, “Jacob will pick you up?”

“Yeah.”

Sharon expressionlessly looked at him and said, “Jameson Proctor”

“Yeah?”

“You a**hole!”

After that, Sharon immediately got in the car and drove through the gate with no hesitation.

Jameson simply moved his eyebrows a little and then checked the time.

Jacob should be here soon.

Jameson stood on the side of the road and pulled out a cigarette.

Just as he was about to smoke, a white car stopped near him.

Natalia opened the door and stood in front of him, “Jameson, what are you doing here by yourself? Where is Miss Allyson?”

Jameson put back the cigarette and indifferently replied, “You have something important to tell me?”

Natalia laughed loudly, “Just chatting! Why so serious?”

“What do you want to chat about? When I’ll get married or whether you wanna attend our wedding?”

Natalia’s expression became ugly, “We grew up together, but you always treat me with such a bad attitude.”

“I have the same attitude towards everyone”

“Not to Sharon!”

“You’re not Sharon”

“I don’t get it! What exactly do you like about her?”

“Well, you don’t have to get it.”

Jameson glanced at her and said in a bored tone, “You should focus more on yourself.”

As Jameson was speaking, a black Rolls-Royce stopped beside them.

Natalia stood there and watched him get in the car.

She blinked a few times, and her face grew cold.

Meanwhile, at the Beale’s, someone was reporting to Talon Beale about Sharon.

“Besides those, has she seen anyone else?”

“We started watching her when she arrived at work, so before that.....”

Talon impatiently waved his hand, “Alright, I know.”

Natalia entered after Talon’s man had left the room.

“Dad.”

“What’s the matter?”

Natalia bit her lips and said, “I want to say sorry.It was my mistake that led to.....”

“It’s ok.It’s all in the past.”

Natalia followed up, “I heard from the servants that Sharon Allyson wanted to move out.But you didn’t agree, why.....”

“Natalia”

Talon stopped her, “Do you see the vines in the garden?”

Natalia looked out through the window, “Yes.”

“You can see it well, but if you want to get it, you’ll have to go past the window and walk a long distance.But if you cut it down in advance and put it in a basket, then you can get it by stretching your arm.”

Natalia knew what her father meant but still frowned, “but.....”

“Get ready for the celebration. And after that, we go to Australia, and you’ll never have to see her anymore.”

Natalia was shocked, “So we will not come back again?”

Talon answered, “There will be no need. I don’t have to tell you how bad the situation with the Beale Group is now. And the mess you made didn’t really help, even though it has been cleared. We can’t stop people from gossiping about it. I’ve prepared everything in Australia, and we can just go right away”

“But....but what about the things we gave Sharon Allyson? Are we not gonna take them back?”

Talon Beale laughed, “If she wants them so bad, let her have them, only if she has the nerve to do so.”

Natalia wanted to say more, but Talon had already turned around, “Alright, get ready. We’ll leave right after the celebration. And don’t tell anyone yet. When we get to Australia, there will be no need to keep contact with your old friends.”

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The next day at noon, Sharon suddenly received a phone call from the police. They said that Floren had come to the studio sometime before his death. And they needed to talk to her to see if they could find any useful information.

Sharon hung up the phone and left the office.

“Where are you going?” Tiffany asked.

Sharon answered, “It’s the police. They said they needed to talk to me because Floren had come to our studio.”

Tiffany frowned, “What do they need you for? You’re the victim!”

Sharon smiled, “I just need to record a statement. Don’t worry. I’ll be back soon.”

“Alright, call me if you need anything.”

“I will”

At the police station, Sharon was questioned about her identity and her relation with Floren.

And she was also asked when the last time she had seen Floren was.

Sharon told everything truthfully.

After the questioning, the police nodded, “Thanks for your cooperation.”

“You’re welcome”

She paused a little and then asked, “So...how’s the investigation?”

The police was just about to answer when Rita Roose came.

She glanced at Sharon and walked towards them, “I’m Rita Roose. I’m here to make a record.”

The police told Sharon, "Well if there's any progress, we will inform you later."

"Okay.Thanks."

Then the police turned to Rita, "This way."

Rita followed along and her facial expression was just like before.

Sharon watched her back and didn't know what to think.She didn't leave right away after she had gotten out from the station.She was waiting.

Rita came out after a whole hour.

Unlike Sharon, Rita's conflict with Floren was well-known, and Floren had even claimed to be attacked by someone sent by Rita Roose, and as a result, he had been in the hospital for days.

So it was only natural that she had become the prime suspect for Floren's murder.

But as Sharon had thought, it could only have been a man.

Rita Roose? She was no match for Floren under any conditions.

When she was questioned about her hiring a thug to attack Floren, she gave the same answer as before.

She said that Floren had been harassing her for quite a while, and he had slandered her because he hadn't succeeded in getting what he had wanted.

The police couldn't find anything to back his accusation, but only records of his ugly behaviors.

So they decided to let go of Rita.

Rita saw Sharon standing not far away when she walked out from the police station.

She tightened her fist and seemed not as calm as she had been.

Rita sneered, "You're happy now?"

"Happy about what?"

"Floren's dead, and I become the biggest suspect.You can consider it a revenge"

"Interesting.It sounds like you think I set it all up.Why are you worried if you didn't do it?"

Rita tried to calm herself, "I'm just saying."

Sharon looked at her and asked, "Have you seen Bridger Fowler?"

Rita became cautious, "Why do you care?"

"I'm simply asking.I have some questions for him as well."

"I don't know anything about him.So don't ask me.His death really doesnt have nothing to do with me!"

"It's either yes or no.Have you seen him?"

Rita gritted her teeth, "I told you I don't know.Stop it!"

Rita walked past Sharon.

Sharon stared at her back and softly mentioned, "You are involved in his death, aren't you?"

What was more, she also wanted to shift the blame onto Bridger Fowler.

The last time Sharon had mentioned Bridger in front of her, she had kept an annoyed face for Bridger's failure to take care of Floren.

But today she was really cautious.

The police would sooner or later find out about the relationship between her and Bridger.

What would the police think if she reacted like this? Would they believe what she said or would they think she was trying to protect Bridger? Rita couldn't hardly move.

She struggled to look back at Sharon, and said viciously, "Sharon Allyson, even if you hate me so much, calling me a murderer is a little bit too much!"

Sharon replied, "Do you want to say that, although you didn't do it, you are happy that somebody did it? And it will be even nicer, if that somebody is a wanted criminal?"

"Yes, I know Bridger Fowler, and we grew up together. But I was abroad for three years and I had no idea of what he did in these three years, and it's also none of my business. I stopped contacting him completely when I learned exactly what kind of person he is. And you? You keep mentioning him in front of me and try to defend him. Perhaps it was you who killed Floren, and you try to blame it on me!"

Rita was looking elsewhere when she talked to Sharon. She didn't dare to look into her eyes.

Sharon laughed and said, "Well said. But I have to remind you of something. Why is he wanted by the police? Do you really believe that you can just get away with it by shifting the focus onto him?"

"I don't know what you're talking about! I'm not going to admit anything I haven't done."

Sharon didn't want to talk to her anymore, but she remembered something after she had taken a few steps, "Do you know about your father's death?"

Perhaps not having expected to hear this from Sharon, Rita turned pale immediately, "Sharon Allyson, how evil you are! First you tried to frame me as a murderer, and now, you said such a horrible thing about my...."

Sharon interrupted her, "He passed away a month ago. I am just trying to inform you. Rita Roose, what a nice daughter you are."

Sharon went straight back to her car after she had finished.

Rita went completely speechless.

"Dead? Impossible! This evil woman is talking nonsense!" She pulled out her phone to call home, but she stopped suddenly.

"Dead....Not so bad, is it?" Now no one is there to hold me back and make others look down on me.

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Seeing Sharon return, Tiffany hurried to her side and pulled her to the pantry, "What's going on? What did the police say?"

Sharon shook her head, "Nothing new."

Tiffany was disappointed, "That Floren must have a lot of enemies. It will take the police long to find out who the murderer is."

Sharon felt thirsty, so she turned and poured herself a cup of water, "I saw Rita Roose at the station."

"Rita Roose? What was she doing there?"

"Same as me"

Sharon took a few sips and continued, "But it feels like....."

"Like what?"

"Nothing. Let's just wait for the police report"

"Fine. Oh, by the way, I'm going to that bar with Nikki. You want in? Let's relax a little. I called Daniel as well. You should take Jameson, too."

"Probably not, he's still mad at me."

This a**hole hadn't called her since last night.

She even had texted him "morning", but he still hadn't texted back.

"Fine then. We'll be better off without him."

Sharon sighed, "You guys can go. I still need to finish the design."

"Alright. I hope you could finish it soon. Take some rest."

"Yeah."

That whole afternoon, Sharon stayed in her office working.

After she had finished her last drawing, she stretched her body and saw that it was dark outside.

It was approaching 11. So late already! Sharon checked her phone.

The a**hole still hadn't replied.

'Who's petty now, huh?' Sharon packed and left the office.

She called Jacob Green on her way out.

"Miss Allyson, what's up?"

"Is Jameson there?"

"Yes, he's still in a meeting. He's really busy today."

“Where is he living these two days? The Mansion or the apartment?”

Jacob recalled that Sharon didn't like Star Lake Mansion, so he answered, “Probably the apartment.”

“OK.”

She hung up the phone and headed straight to the apartment downtown.

On the other side, Jacob was slow to realize the call had been cut.

Jameson came out of the meeting room after ten minutes.

Jacob hurried and said, “Miss Allyson called”

Jameson nonchalantly said, “And?”

“She asked if you were still working.”

Jacob then reported his answer to the question, “And I told her, yes, you are, you are really busy today”

Jameson remembered that he had not replied to the message he had received this morning.

And he asked, “That's it?”

“No.....”

Jacob recalled the rest of the conversation, “Miss Allyson also asked whether you were staying at Star Lake Mansion or the downtown apartment these days.”

Jameson frowned, “And what did you say?”

“The downtown apartment, sir.”

Jameson became nervous and hurried to the lift. He called Sharon on the way a couple of times, but she didn't pick up.

Jameson ordered, “Drive faster!”

Sharon had muted her phone this afternoon when she had been working, and she hadn't turned the sound back on. She was driving and had no idea of the incoming calls.

Having parked the car, Sharon turned and noticed that the black car was still following her. She didn't bother with them and headed to the apartment.

It was already late, and not many people were outside.

It was dead quiet.

When Sharon reached the apartment building, she saw a familiar figure from a short distance.

She froze for a second and then widened her eyes, trying to see it more clearly.

But the lights were dim and she had no way of identifying the figure.

Without thinking, she pursued.

It was not far away, and she was almost there.

Just as she was about to speak, Jameson showed up before her.

He had run here, and he was short of breath.

Sharon looked at him in confusion.

Jameson kept his cold tone, "How come you're here?"

"Just passing by"

Sharon remembered about the figure and pushed Jameson aside, but it was long gone.

Jameson asked, "How did you manage to pass by this place?"

Hearing Jameson's mocking again, Sharon said with a straight face, "Maybe I'm blind."

She turned and wanted to leave, but her arm was grabbed.

"Don't go around if you're blind."

"You should ask for help. And maybe I'll give you a ride."

"I'd rather call the police!"

"You're not gonna ask me to drive you?"

"I'm not."

"Fine. Just stay here tonight then."

'This man is unbelievable!' Jameson lowered his hand down her arm and held her hand.

"Watch yourself! Aren't we still on bickering terms?"

"We're still bickering? When?"

Jameson was not bothered at all.

He dragged her towards the building, as if he was telling her, "You decided to come here, and you're not going back."

Inside the lift, Sharon tried to free her hand but failed.

As the lift was moving up, Sharon began talking, "I think I saw Harley Cook. Does she live here also?"

Jameson glanced at her and said, "You really are blind. You should get your eyes checked."

Sharon complained, "If you hadn't blocked me, I would've confirmed. It looked just like her!"

"Were you drawing the whole afternoon?"

"Yeah?"

"No wonder they're exhausted. But there's no need to worry. Just have some rest."

“I’m not f*cking worried!”

Sharon didn’t want to talk to him anymore, as she put her focus on how to free her hand from this man. She almost succeeded but then she was hugged by him.

Jameson said, “There are cameras in here. Don’t touch me like that.”

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 440

Meanwhile, at the Beale’s.

Talon Beale received a call from his men telling him that Sharon had gone to Jameson Proctor.

He didn’t say much but simply asked them to keep watching over her.

After he had hung up the phone, he looked outside for a while and then got up and left the study.

He hopped on a car parked in the garden.

The place they kept Josh Allyson was a warehouse not far away.

It used to store some debris but had been deserted around two years ago.

Nobody even passed by that place anymore.

So after Bridger’s escape, Talon had moved Josh here.

Inside the warehouse, Josh was lying in a bed watching a movie on an old television.

The place was not chaotic but definitely not tidy either.

Trash and newspapers were everywhere on the floor.

People would come and clean up from time to time.

Josh’s broken leg was laid still on the bed.

He was singing a relaxing song and didn’t think it was a terrible thing to be captivated at all.

The door was open and light came in.

Josh sat up straight and saw someone come in. It was Talon Beale.

His followers turned on the lights immediately after he had walked in.

Josh used his hands to cover his eyes which had not adjusted to the sudden brightness.

Talon sat in a couch across from Josh, “Have you made up your mind?”

Josh laughed and gave him a hand gesture, “I have told you already. Give me this number, and I’ll tell you whatever you want to know”

“You really ARE greedy.”

“What can I do? I raised up a daughter. But when she finally married and lived a wealthy life, she had forgotten about me. Not a penny from her! That ungrateful woman! So, you know, I have to make money myself.

“Are you not afraid that you’ll get the money, but lose your life?”

Josh nonchalantly replied, “I don’t give a d*mn. Just give me the money, and then we’ll talk. If I die, I’ll die with my cash! And hope for a better next life.”

“I see you’re quite open-minded.”

“Ha! Give me the money, and I’ll be at your service”

Josh continued, “Your money will not be wasted, you see, I still have your secret. If I get the money, I’ll disappear like a dead man, and never show up again. If I don’t have it, who knows what I’ll do?”

Talon kept his face calm, “What secret do I have?”

Josh’s burnt face looked twisted and his laugh sounded even more creepy, “You, are, not, Talon Beale. Doesn’t matter how good of an actor you are, you are still not him.”

Talon’s eyes were full of murderous intent.

Josh said, “If I dare to talk, then I’m not afraid of death. The man who got out, you know, I told him, I told him everything! If you kill me, he will reveal it to the public. But....if I get the money, I’ll split the money in halves with him. Only a fool will say no to that. Right?”

“Do you think people will believe your words?”

“Of course I have proofs.”

Josh smiled, “I buried them with my wife. Talon Beale would never have believed that his wife became mine! Hahaha. I’ll tell him when I meet him down there. Imagine his face when he hears it. I will LOVE IT!”

Talon got up from the couch and gave him a look like he was watching a dead man, “One more question. Answer it, and you’ll have what you want.”

Josh was generous, “One more? I’ll answer a hundred more!”

“Sharon Allyson’s brother. Whose son is he?”

Hearing this question, Josh’s face became more horrifying, “Mine!”

“Are you sure?”

“Well, I’m not sure with only this much money, He gave Talon another hand gesture, “How about this? Give me this number, and I’ll tell you!”

Talon stopped talking and left.

Josh lay back to the bed and complained, “At least turn off the lights for me!”

But all he got was the sound of the door closing.

Josh had to drag his broken foot and do it himself.

He saw through the crack that Talon had already got in the car. He spitted in that direction.

Josh Allyson had trained himself to be an excellent liar these years, because he was always chased by debtors.

The fact that he had told everything to Bridger Fowler was a lie that he had made up.

This kind of trick was nothing new to him.

He only hoped that he could make more out of it.

After getting in the apartment, Sharon drank a cup of water and felt hungry. She hadn't had any food since the afternoon. She opened the fridge and found only the things she had bought last time.

'It's better than nothing.' She thought.

When Sharon was pouring water into the pot, Jameson came behind her and hugged her by the waist, "How do you know I haven't had dinner?"

"I'm making food for myself!"

Jameson raised his eyebrows, "I thought you were on a diet"

Sharon had indeed said that.

"I was just joking. You actually believed that?"

She returned what was often said to her.

Jameson answered, "Oh I see. When you say no, what you really mean is, yes."

Sharon didn't have the time to argue because her shoulders were grabbed, and lips bitten.

She felt a little pain and wanted to push him away, but Jameson had already grabbed her rising wrist and pushed her against the counter.

After a long kiss, Sharon tried to catch her breath, "You're so annoying! I'm trying to make dinner. Get lost!"

Jameson pursed his lips and backed off.

Sharon turned around and said, "You said that Harley Cook would go abroad. Have they left yet?"

"No."

Sharon looked at him again and asked, "Why?"

"I told you, it's not that simple to get visa. There are a lot of procedures to go through."

Sharon nodded and turned to the stove, "You were so certain when you told me that. I thought they were leaving right away."

"So do you want them to leave right away, or not?"

