

## Resume 461

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 461

Sharon was busy nowadays. She was occupied with not only work in the studio but also the task Jameson found her—discussing every day with the interior designer about the details of the redecoration.

It was only an excuse she had thought of, but Jameson accepted it.

She had originally planned to remodel the bedroom, yet, to her surprise, he wanted to change the whole Star Lake Mansion.

Not just the inside, but the garden as well.

Every little detail will be examined and fixed carefully according to her liking.

It was a big project for Sharon.

The designer waited outside every morning before the studio opened.

He would stay there for the whole day, carrying his tablet to her whenever he found her free.

Only when Jameson came to pick her up in the evening would he let go of her.

She suspected that Jameson did it intentionally.

No, she was sure of it.

Tiffany followed as Sharon hid inside her office for the hundredth time.

“Sharon, I wanted to ask you this before. Why do you want to remodel the house?”

Sharon laughed bitterly, “Don’t mention it! I can’t believe I did this to myself!”

Tiffany sat opposite her, “But it looks like that asshole takes this to his heart. He’s doing everything according to your will.”

“What are you talking about? This is torture!”

It was to preoccupy her so that she couldn’t do anything about the other matter.

Tiffany sighed, “I want to be tortured like this! Spending his money freely. How good is that!”

Sharon laughed upon hearing this, “Has Daniel come looking for you recently?”

“Nope. Why would he look for me?”

Tiffany bent over the desk and went on, “He would ask me to buy him dinner. So he’d better not come. Save me the money!”

Sharon went silent and said no more. Asher Lawson had stopped coming as well. The studio was quiet and peaceful. It would be better if the designer could stop coming, too.

“Let’s go out for dinner tonight. Tell your Mr. Proctor not to pick you up.”

It was the monthly dinner party for the studio.

Sharon nodded, "Alright."

She had long wanted to get away from him for a while.

In the afternoon, when Sharon was making coffee, the designer came to her again, "Miss Allyson, about the place we discussed earlier, I have a new idea....."

"Okay, let's use that!"

"I'm sorry, Miss.Mr.Proctor asked me to make sure that everything has to be managed according to your liking." Sharon frowned.

"Fine."

The designer hurriedly summarized the plan they had discussed in the morning and added in the new elements.

Sharon had been daydreaming the whole time, and she nodded with approval when he had finished.

"I think it's great! Let's do it."

The designer felt a great relief.

"So Miss Allyson, the other....."

"Oh, by the way, we have a gathering dinner tonight, as you can see.We're girls so I won't bother to invite you.You can get off early today."

"But....."

"I'll call Jameson later" Sharon said.

"I'm not going anywhere besides the studio today, so you don't have to keep watch on me."

The designer felt sweat on his forehead as he was listening.

He laughed casually, "Oh, Miss Allyson, don't make fun of me! How would I dare to monitor what you do? Since Miss Allyson has other business to attend to, I won't disturb you, and I'll come back tomorrow."

He left with his tablet in a hurry.

Upon leaving the studio, he called Jameson Proctor immediately, telling him the whole situation.

"Alright," replied Jameson coolly.Jameson cut the call and got another call from Sharon right after.

"You busy?"

"No, why?"

"I'll have dinner with the girls, so you don't need to come tonight."

"Oh.I need to work overtime as well.Send me a text when you finish."

"..." She felt defeated.

"Alright, alright!"

"Can't he give me any personal space?" thought Sharon.

Jameson smiled a little when he heard the busy tone from the other side. Someone knocked on his door at this moment.

"Come in" he said as he put the phone away.

Jacob pushed the door open.

"Mr. Proctor, we got news of Natalia Beale."

"Where is she?"

"Around the Berry Family. I've already sent men there"

Jameson frowned slightly, "The Berry's."

"Yeah. And I also got the information that Mr. Berry has not been returning to the place for a long time. Sofia Berry, on the other hand, has gone abroad after putting the house for sale at a meager price. She really wants to sell it, apparently"

Jameson sneered as he sat in front of the desk, "Natalia Beale has always been proud and thought herself intelligent. But in the end, she fell into Sofia Berry's hands."

"Mr. Proctor, you're saying that Sofia sold her out?"

"Who else?"

Jameson started tapping on the desk with his slender fingers, "These two seem to have no connection, and the Berry Family only got into trouble recently. So no one will think of investigating the Berry Family."

"But why does she want to sell the house after she has allowed Natalia to stay?"

"It was just a lie. Sofia Berry is no generous woman. Natalia never looked at her with a straight eye before, so she was waiting to laugh at her embarrassment the whole time. She had no intention to really help her."

"D\*mn. Women are scary" Jacob sighed.

Jameson raised his eyebrows slightly, remembering the woman that was giving him a lot of troubles recently.

He unusually agreed with him, "Yeah. Indeed."

After a while, Jameson asked, "How about Talon Beale? Any news?"

"Nothing. But I heard that Patrick Matthias left this morning."

"Where did he go?"

“It’s not clear.He came back at noon to find something, but it went in vain.”

Jameson slowly replied, “Looks like he was fooled by Josh Allyson.Is there any lead on the grave of Sharon’s mother?”

Jacob shook his head.

“Miss Allyson said that her mother died when she was giving birth to Ruben, so I checked all the information during that period and found only the death certificate.”

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The dinner party didn’t end until ten o’clock.Some of the girls’ boyfriends came to pick them up, while some took a taxi home by themselves.

Tiffany Momon took the car keys out of her bag, “Sharon, how are you going to get back? I’ll give you a ride.”

Sharon Allyson laughed dryly, “Jameson is on the way to pick me up.He’s coming soon”

Tiffany Momon tsked, thinking herself unnecessarily officious.

She said, “Then I’ll stay here with you until that cad arrives.”

It had recently started to bustle, and the streets were now noisy and lively with pedestrians.

After a while, Sharon Allyson asked abruptly, “Tiffany, are you free tomorrow?”

“Sure! I have no work tomorrow was the reply.

Sharon Allyson pursed her lips, “Can you run some errands for me?”

“Sure thing! How can I help?”

Sharon Allyson fished out an elevator card from the bottom of her bag, “I don’t know exactly which one they live in, but that apartment is four households per floor, so you will have to...”

Tiffany Momon took the elevator card over, “Knock at all the doors on that floor, right? No problem! Just let me know who you are looking for and what he or she looks like.”

Sharon Allyson said, “A woman in her twenties, short hair, fair-skinned and pretty.”

“Are there any other features?”

Sharon Allyson recalled and confirmed that there weren’t many obvious features on Harley Cook, so she said, “No.But that’s enough to recognize her.Then you excuse yourself into her room and see if there’s a baby.If yes, call me immediately and try to make her stay.I will be coming soon.”

There were just four households on that floor.

So it seemed unlikely for there to be another woman who was similar to Harley Cook and had a baby at home.

If there was, it could only be explained that someone did it on purpose.

Tiffany Momon looked at Sharon Allyson's serious face and assured her, "Don't worry. I'll get it done."

Sharon Allyson added, "They may have someone outside to keep watch, so when you get there, be careful not to get caught."

"Noted! I'll be most careful"

As soon as Tiffany finished her sentence, the black Rolls Royce pulled up in front of them.

Tiffany Momon waved goodbye at Sharon Allyson, "Sharon, I'll leave you alone then. See you tomorrow"

Sharon Allyson smiled, "See you tomorrow"

Jameson Proctor sent the designer over to monitor Sharon every day so that she wouldn't have time to mind anything else.

But if he had sent Harley Cook elsewhere, he could have done it without having to go this far.

Therefore, she suspected that Harley Cook must still be there. But the problem was that she couldn't go outside, as Jameson Proctor's men knew her.

If she went, she might get caught before she reached the door.

She had no choice but to ask Tiffany for help.

The car door opened from the inside, and Jameson Proctor's voice came, "What are you doing?"

Sharon Allyson withdrew her thoughts and got into the car without saying a word.

Staring at her depressed look, Jameson Proctor asked abruptly, "You still have PMS?"

Sharon Allyson, "....."

She looked at the driver in the front row, then glared at Jameson Proctor, "Shut up."

Jameson Proctor raised an eyebrow, "I'll take you somewhere tomorrow"

"Where to?"

"Bridge Street."

Sharon Allyson froze, "Has Jameson already known that she will send Tiffany over to the apartment? Why else could he ask her out exactly tomorrow?"

Displeased with her hesitation, Jameson Proctor asked again, "Don't you wanna go?"

Sharon Allyson said calmly, "...Why do you wanna go there all of a sudden?"

"The demolition of the building will start the day after tomorrow. Since you have a particular liking to that place, don't you wanna take one last look at it?"

Sharon Allyson was about to refuse, but suddenly she changed her mind, "Okay"

Her reasoning was: if she went with Jameson, he would definitely let his guard down, and she could keep an eye on him in case he contacted someone there.

In the meantime, Tiffany Momon parked her car and walked towards the neighborhood.

Somehow she felt as if she was being stalked, but when she looked back, she saw nobody there.

A cold breeze blew by at this time, sending chills down her spine, and she covered her neck with one hand.

It made no sense.

She didn't even drink anything tonight, but why was she hallucinating? Tiffany Momon tightened her grip on the phone and quickened her pace to leave.

Luckily, just as she reached the ground floor, there was an elevator coming down.

When the elevator door opened automatically, she hastened to walk in.

When she got to the door of her home, Tiffany breathed a sigh of relief as she entered the code.

There was a beep, and the lock opened.

She pulled the door open and was about to enter when a man suddenly hugged her hard from behind.

"Tiffany, Tiffany, I really miss you! Forgive me, please. I promise I'll never contact that woman again. Let's be together from now on!"

Tiffany Momon smelled alcohol on the breath of him, so she struggled hard, "Are you a nerd? What are you doing here this late? let go of me, or I will call the police!"

Asher Lawson didn't let go; instead, he tightened his hands around her and kissed her indiscriminately.

Tiffany Momon's hands were under his control, so she couldn't push him at all.

She had to sway her head widely to avoid him, "Asher Lawson, you're fu\*king crazy! I'm warning you for the last time: Don't get fresh with me! Or you'll be sorry for the rest of your life!"

"How can you make me sorry? Oh, through your boyfriend? Where is he? I bet he is not a nice type either. Can he be as good as me? Don't you remember our...OOOOQUCHI!!!"

Tiffany Momon was slammed against the wall by force, and behind her was Asher Lawson's mournful scream.

Before she had a chance to look back, Daniel's cold voice came, "Get in"

Tiffany Momon gasped and as she grabbed the doorknob.

After pausing for two seconds, she entered the house and shut the door without hesitation.

Even though she was inside now, she could hear the noise of Asher Lawson being beaten outside.

It was a one-sided beating instead of a fight.

After who knew how long, the noise finally stopped.

Asher Lawson had escaped.

Daniel's voice rang out hesitantly, "Are you okay?"

Tiffany Momon crouched on the floor with her back against the door, her eyes reddening, "What do you think?"

"But I can't see through the wall..."

Tiffany Momon, "....."

Daniel asked tentatively, "Why don't you open the door for me to check if you are okay?"

Tiffany Momon sniffled, "No need. Off you go."

"Or let me take you to the hospital?"

Tiffany Momon was annoyed, "I said no! Just leave me alone. Why do you care about me so much?"

Daniel felt helpless, "Can't you be a little reasonable? He's the one who bullied you. Why are you so mean to me instead?"

"Men are all the same!"

Daniel, "....."

After a few seconds, his voice came again, "Then I'm leaving?"

Tiffany Momon held both legs with her head buried between her knees, not saying a word.

After the sounds of footsteps and elevator doors, it was all silence...

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Tiffany raised her head, staring emotionlessly ahead with her tired eyes. She never expected Asher Lawson could look for her all the way here.

And in such an insane manner. She realized for the first time how terrifying a man's power could be.

If... If not for Daniel, she couldn't imagine what would've happened tonight.

After crouching for who knows how long, Tiffany's legs felt numb when she finally got up. She braced herself against the door panel to get up.

There came a couple of knocks when she was just about to move inside the room. She was startled, and her whole body became alert.

It couldn't be that son of a b\*tch Asher Lawson again, could it? Her hand had just reached the baseball bat placed in the entrance hall when Daniel's voice came from outside, "I saw your hand was scraped, so I bought some medicine. It's right by the door. Come and get it."

Daniel got no response at all.

He frowned in worry as he moved closer, "Tiffany, did you hear me?"

Did she pass out from crying? Deciding to call her instead, Daniel pulled out his phone, but the door opened at this moment.

Tiffany's hair was messy, eyes and nose red, and clothes wrinkled. She even held a baseball bat.

Daniel moved back a little subconsciously and lifted both his hands, "Relax. I'm just here to give you some medicine."

Tiffany asked with a heavy nasal voice, "Where is it?"

Daniel picked it up from the ground and handed it to her. Tiffany took it over with head lowered.

"Thank you" said Tiffany after a long while.

"Oh, it's nothing."

"You're not leaving yet?"

Tiffany looked at him.

"Oh, yes! I'll be going right away."

They fell into silence for a moment.

"You wanna come in?" Tiffany asked finally.

Daniel lowered his eyes to her hand and said, "Perhaps, you can put that down first."

Tiffany almost forgot she was holding the baseball bat. She threw it aside casually and then turned around.

Daniel licked his lips lightly and then followed.

Tiffany sat on the sofa.

When she raised her arm, she found that she also had bruises on both arms, besides the scraped skin.

They hurt a lot. She began applying the meds.

Daniel asked on the couch next to hers, "He's been doing this for a while?"

Tiffany confirmed, "Before, he only went to the studio. I don't know how he found here"

"How many years were you together?"

"Why do you want to know?"

Tiffany turned her head to him.

Daniel raised his hands again.

"Sorry, just asking."

"We were together since college for four or five years. We had planned to get married last year, but then he cheated on me."

"Get married?"

"What are you so surprised for? Is it against the law to get married?"



Daniel stretched his mouth a bit and said, "No...I just think..."

"Marriage for you is so distant that you've never thought about it, right?"

Tiffany casually questioned.

He didn't deny it. Tiffany had known that he wasn't the marriage type since she first met him. He was so handsome that it made him a player visible to the naked eyes.

Tiffany began to take care of the trash after dealing with her arms.

"There's still some there" Daniel pointed at her face.

"What?" Tiffany asked in confusion.

Daniel moved that pointing finger to a spot on his own face, "There's blood-right here."

Tiffany raised her hand to touch her face, "Here? Ouch!"

She used her phone as a mirror and saw a wound as big as a fingernail on the left side of her chin.

Blood was coming out slowly. She twisted open the iodine again.

It was somewhat inconvenient to do it with one hand holding the phone.

So she decided to go to the bathroom, but Daniel took over the cotton swabs in her hand.

"I'll help you."

He moved by her side.

Tiffany looked at him with pupils enlarged.

Daniel gently rubbed her wound with the cotton swab.

And when, after some time, their eyes met, he stopped the movement of his hand.

The room was quiet, the lights were tender, and the breaths were uncertain.

Aman and a woman, alone in a room; the moment was just right.

He moved the swab away and his lips closer.

When the lips were about to touch, Tiffany raised her hand and slapped him.

She said in a calm voice, "Of course, you men are all jerks!"

"....." Daniel covered his mouth and coughed, retracting back to a certain distance from her.

"Sorry, if there's nothing else, I'll be goin...."

Tiffany grabbed his hand before he could fully get up.

Perhaps he didn't anticipate Tiffany's action, that he accidentally fell into the couch.

"You....."

Tiffany got on top of him and kissed him.

The scent of male and female hormones collided fiercely, fermenting rapidly in the air and boiling up.

After a lengthy kiss, both of their breaths were uneven.

Daniel tightened his arms around her waist and spoke in a lowered voice, "Are you sure about this?"

Tiffany wrapped her arms around his neck; the color of the lips was brimming under the light.

She answered, "We're all adults, and it's not the first time. I don't need you to be responsible for anything. What are you worried about?"

Daniel's eyes became determined as he kissed her again.

The temperature was rising, and, in no time, the room was filled with gasping and moaning loud and quiet. The following morning, the phone's vibration woke Tiffany up.

She answered with her eyes closed.

"Tiffany, I'm going to Costspool today. I'll be back tonight at the earliest, tomorrow at the latest."

Tiffany was still very tired that she only responded by instinct, "So should I still go to that place today?"

Sharon confirmed, "Yes. But there's no hurry. I'll text you when I got off the plane."

"Aight."

"Go back to sleep. Jameson is here. Bye"

Tiffany put the phone under the pillow.

Suddenly, she felt a hand on her body.

After two seconds, she had fallen out of sleepiness completely. She opened her eyes and got up abruptly.

Lifting the quilt, she saw a half-naked man lying next to her.

At that moment, she heard thousands of explosions in her head.

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Daniel was probably blurred by the sudden onslaught of light as he frowned his beautiful brows slightly.

Looking at the messy bedsheet and the clothes on the floor, Tiffany gradually recalled everything that had happened last night.

She let in a deep breath, wondering if she was insane.

'What have I done?' She started to regretfully scratch her hair and even felt like ending her life.

Although she had more than once told Sharon that she wanted to find some playboy for a one-night stand, she was only saying things.

She never expected it to actually happen.

And if it was anyone else, she could simply put on her clothes and leave like they were strangers.

But the guy was Daniel.

'Oh my god! So annoying!' she said to herself.

Tiffany quickly dressed and then went to the bathroom with clean clothes in her hand.

She only hoped that Daniel could be a qualified one-night stander and leave quietly; if they met again in the future, he would still pretend that nothing had happened.

With this wish in mind, Tiffany made a big noise while in the bathroom—loud enough to wake him up.

And she carefully blow-dried all her hair to extend her stay in the bathroom, waiting for him to get out.

She came out after a whole hour.

As soon as she went to the kitchen for a cup of water, a voice came from behind, "Morning."

'.....Why is he still here?' Tiffany thought.

Tiffany choked on water upon hearing his voice. But she remained still, not turning back to face him.

Daniel walked over.

"Are you going to the studio? I can give you a ride."

"Thanks, but no. I've some other thing to do."

Daniel moved his eyebrows a little and continued, "Get another place. He'll probably come again"

Even he didn't say so, she would be looking for a new place.

"I'll check on the internet later"

They were quiet after that for a long while.

Daniel broke the silence by saying, "The place you and Miss Alyson rent before is still available. Maybe....."

"No, it's too big for one person."

At this moment, the phone in Tiffany's bedroom rang, saving her from the situation. She immediately ran to it and closed the door on the way, blocking everything outside.

Daniel stood still for a few seconds and eventually decided to leave.

After the sound of the door shutting, Tiffany let out a sigh of relief.

Her body seemed to have no strength left as she collapsed onto the bed, depressed.

The plane landed in Costspool at one in the evening.

Just like South City, it was drizzling outside.

Sharon sensed fresh air as soon as she got off the plane.

This place was indeed a more suitable place for living than South City.

On the way to Bridge Street, Sharon was looking outside the window on which the rain was meandering downward.

She turned to ask Jameson, "If the rain keeps falling, will the demolition go on as scheduled?"

"It would be delayed if it keeps raining, but no more than two days."

"Are you going to stay until it's finished, or you can go whenever you want?"

Jameson looked at her, "How long do you want to stay here?"

"It's up to you. There's not much to do at the studio these days. If you must stay, I can stay longer with you."

Jameson raised his eyebrows upon hearing this, "You need me so bad?"

'Nothing serious ever comes out of this as\*hole's mouth!'

Just as she was thinking, the car parked at the entrance.

They arrived at Bridge Street.

The driver got off and walked to the backseat door, holding an umbrella in hand.

Sharon reached out her hand to open the door, but Jameson grabbed her.

"Wait here."

He got out, took over the umbrella from the driver, and then walked around to the other side.

As the door opened, Sharon saw Jameson hold the umbrella, standing with his back straight in the drizzling rain.

It was indeed a good sight.

That was about the only good quality he had.

Sometimes it would make her less angry by just looking at that face.

After getting off, Sharon and Jameson walked shoulder to shoulder down Bridge Street.

Perhaps there wasn't any resident left as there wasn't a sign of life at all.

The yellow leaves piled up in the long street, quiet and melancholy.

Sharon stopped outside Charlotte's house.

"You wanna go in?"

"No."

Sharon shook her head.

What was the point of visiting if the person was no longer there? They came to a small river. Sharon watched as the rain fell onto the surface of it, stirring up one ripple after another.

It was just the same as before.

Not one bit had changed.

Having stood there for some time, Jameson asked, "Anywhere else you want to go?"

"It's still raining. Let's just go to the hotel."

Jameson looked down at his watch.

"Fine. I have a meeting at four. Let's go."

Sharon's eyeballs rolled around as Jameson mentioned the meeting.

Good chance.

Jacob Green was not with them this time, making things much easier for her.

Jameson ordered food after they arrived at the hotel.

It was about time to go when he finished eating.

"I'll be going. Get some rest. I will take you out tonight."

Sharon got up with him and asked, "Where's the meeting?"

"It's right here in the hotel" he answered, "I'll be back by six."

"I'll go with you. I have nothing to do anyway" Sharon added, "I'll wait outside. Don't worry. I won't bother you."

Jameson raised his foreheads lightly upon hearing this.

The way she behaved was much like three years ago. She was kind and obedient back then.

Not giving him a chance to consider, Sharon pulled him towards outside, "Let's go. Don't you have a meeting? You'll be late"

After arriving at the meeting room, Sharon noticed that she had met all these people.

She casually greeted them and then said to Jameson, "I'll be waiting outside."

"Alright."

Sharon turned around after two steps, "Do you want me to hold your phone for you?"

"What?"

"I remember that you always give your phone to Jacob during meetings. I can answer the calls for you and tell you after the meeting."

Sharon kept calm as she uttered these words-only in this way could she hide her true intention.

Jameson's thin lips slightly pursed.

It wasn't evident whether he had detected something. He said nothing and handed over his phone.

Sharon said as she received it, "Don't be nervous. I won't check on your phone."

"You won't find anything anyway."

"You mean—I can check it however I want?"

She had just read it online that no girl can smile after searching through her boyfriend's phone.

Jameson said nonchalantly, "Do it. The password is your birthday."

When did he change it? It made her feel strangely uncomfortable.

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As the meeting began, Sharon was sitting in the lounge next door, looking at the phone on her knees. She never intended to check his phone. She simply wanted him to have no chance to contact the men in South City. She took a deep breath and then dialed Tiffany's number on her own phone, asking her to leave right away.

Tiffany had long been ready to move.

Upon taking her call, she left immediately.

Sharon sat in the lounge as time went by slowly. Her long wait had begun.

During this whole time, Jameson's phone didn't ring even once.

An hour passed, and her phone rang again.

It was from Tiffany.

She felt out of breath as she hurriedly picked up the call, "Hey Tiffany, how's it going?"

"I've searched through all these apartments. I found a middle-aged couple and a single male. There was no one in the other two, but I asked around. They said that a young couple lives in one of the apartments, and the people in the other apartment left two months ago and haven't come back.

"I even met a guard on patrol. He had no impression of the person you talked about, and he's never heard child's crying here before."

Sharon didn't know whether she should feel glad or down. So, it was nothing but a coincidence? Perhaps, the keycard she picked up didn't belong to Harley Cook.

But she really.....

Tiffany continued, "Sharon, I can stay here until night if you're still concerned. Perhaps I should check the surveillance as well?"

"No, just go home, Tiffany."

After hanging up the phone, Sharon leaned back against the couch and pressed her brows, suddenly feeling weary.

If it kept on going like this, Sharon would think she had become sick and oversensitive due to the high pressure.

Whenever she felt close to the truth, it would turn out to be the opposite of what she had thought.

Every single time! Sharon looked blanky outside the window, feeling empty inside.

After some time, the door was open, and Jameson came before her, "What's wrong?"

Sharon retrieved her thoughts, "Nothing. Just a little dizzy"

Jameson put a hand on her forehead and frowned.

"It's a little hot. You should go to the hospital."

Sharon shook her hand as she pulled down his hand, "I'm fine. It's probably just the weather these days. I'll take some medicine and rest."

Jameson took off his coat to cover her with it, "Let's go."

"Your meeting's over?"

He softly confirmed.

Sharon got up and handed over the phone, "There was no call but a couple of texts. I didn't read them. Probably work-related."

Jameson raised his eyebrows, "How come you didn't read them. I told you the password, right?"

"I don't know if I could end up smiling, so I figure I might as well not do it."

"....." Jameson went quiet.

Sharon took his hand and said, "Let's head back. I'm a little sleepy."

"Ok."

Sharon went on, "I mean is if you don't have anything else to do here, let's go back to South City. I don't want to stay here any longer."

"How about tomorrow morning? If it doesn't stop raining tonight, we'll have to settle another time for the demolition."

"Sure,"

Sharon nodded.

Jameson patted her on the head and laughed softly, "How come you're so sweet today?"

Much to his surprise, Sharon kept being sweet even after coming back to the room.

Jameson called the hotel to deliver some cold medicine.

As he was getting water for her, Sharon grabbed his shirt and threw her body on him.

Jameson lost balance and fell onto the sofa with her, trying his best to keep the water from spilling.

He stared at her with his dark eyes and said in a lowered voice, "No medicine?"

Sharon wrapped around his neck with her arms and looked at him with watery eyes.

"No."

"What do you want to do then?" he said with a magnetic and seductive voice.

Sharon's vision fell onto his lips. She lifted his chin and then kissed him.

Jameson hugged her slim waist with one hand and set the glass on the tea table with the other. He held the back of her head to reinforce the kiss, making him the dominant one in a matter of moments.

Sharon, who was under him, grabbed tight to the sides of his shirt.

The temperature in the room rose to the maximum in no time.

Jameson got up and kissed her on the lips, "Give me a minute."

Knowing what he was going to do, Sharon stopped him.

"Hmm?"

"Just do it like this"

Sharon panted softly with water in her eyes.

"Like this?"

"Yeah." Jameson looked at her quietly.

Sharon was unusually cooperative and active tonight.

At midnight, she finally closed her eyes, exhausted.

Jameson carried her up, saying gently, "Take the medicine before you sleep."

Sharon said with a weak voice, "I let you do it without a condom, and you ask me to take pills?"

"??"

He grabbed her shoulders and said, "Hurry up. You've gone delirious."

"I..."

Sharon opened her eyes with a significant amount of effort and then put the medicine in her mouth.

Jameson then turned to get the water and watched her drink it.

After that, he finally put her down on the bed.

Seeing that he was leaving, Sharon held him, "Where are you going?"



“Cleaning up the sofa.”

Sharon turned her back to Jameson as she pictured the scene of the sofa in her head, “See ya.”

Jameson smiled softly and put a quilt on her.

The sofa was a mess.

After twenty minutes, Jameson returned to the bedroom and found Sharon asleep.

He crouched down next to her on his knees and whispered, “Sharon, wanna eat?”

The only response he got was calm and even breathing.

Jameson tidied up her hair and then left the bedroom. He came to the balcony with his phone in hand.

“Mr. Proctor”

“What happened today?” Jameson coolly asked.

“That friend of Miss Alyson’s came. But don’t worry, Mr. Proctor. Everything was done according to your plan. There was no mistake at all. Mrs. Clarke and the young master have both moved to the other apartment building” Matthew Gray reported.

Jameson leaned against the rail and lit up a cigarette.

“Alright, “ he said in a voice in which it was hard to detect any emotion.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 466

Hunger woke Sharon up in the latter half of the night. She hadn’t eaten anything besides the medicine since she came back with Jameson after the meeting. She got up and found that Jameson was not on the bed.

Sharon put on a random shirt of his and then stumbled out of the room to find Jameson working on his laptop in the living room.

Sharon struggled to keep her eyes open under the sudden brightness.

“Why are you still awake?”

“I still need to finish some work” Jameson said as he turned to her.

“How come you’re up?”

Sharon rubbed her belly, replying frankly, “Hungry.”

“I ordered something. Check if it’s still warm. If it’s not, just order more”

Sharon saw the dining cart by the door. She immediately walked over and removed the lid.

“It’s still warm.”

Sharon served the plates on the dining table and was just about to get Jameson over.

But he had already moved next to her and put out a hand to feel her forehead.

“Feeling better?”

“Still the same.”

“Take medicine one more time after the meal.”

Sharon nodded as she sat herself down for food.

“Is it still raining?” asked Sharon halfway through the meal.

Jameson confirmed.

“So it will be delayed” said Sharon again.

“Yeah, but we can go back in the afternoon at the latest.”

Sharon contemplated for a while and then spoke up, “Well, if you’re really busy, I can go back by myself.”

Jameson lifted his head to look at her, “You were so clingy in the morning. Now you’re suddenly all cool?”

“.....”

Sharon was too weak to argue, “Eat your food!”

She lay back down on the bed after eating.

Jameson sat by her, asking softly, “Still not feeling well?”

“Nah, just sleepy.”

“Then sleep” said Jameson.

“We’ll head back tomorrow”

“Just go to work. You don’t have to teach me how to sleep.”

Jameson lifted the quilt and got under it.

“It’s ok. I’ll leave it for tomorrow. I know you can’t fall asleep without me.”

What a shameless man! Jameson turned off the lights and held her in the arms.

“If you’re still sick in the morning, let’s go to the hospital.”

Sharon closed her eyes, “We’ll see.”

She felt Jameson patting her on the back gently.

And for some reason, a weird emotion overwhelmed her. She spoke up without warning, “Jameson Proctor.”

“Yes?” the man answered in his low voice in the dark.

“Are you hiding anything from me?”

Jameson didn't hesitate at all as he calmly replied, “Why? All of a sudden.”

“Nothing.I just want to make sure” said Sharon, “If it's not your problem, then it's mine”

“What are you talking about?”

“It's nothing.”

Maybe she ought to see a therapist after returning home.So she thought.

A few seconds later, Jameson went on speaking, “You're under a lot of pressure these days.Now that the matter with the Beale Family is over, and you've done what you should've done.Just leave everything else to me.”

“I know.”

Sharon moved her body to hug him and said in a calm voice, “I really wish to believe you right now, which is why I will doubt you no more after your reassurance.But, if one day I find out that you're lying to me, that will be the end of us, and we will never...”

Her lips were sealed before she could finish her sentence.

“Are you not sleepy?” said Jameson.

“Are you feeling guilty?”

Sharon met his eyes.

Jameson lightly pursed his lips and fell into thought.

After a long while, he finally admitted, “I do have something that I haven't told you.But it's not up to me.”

Sharon frowned upon hearing this.

So she was right? Jameson continued, “All I can tell you now is Daniel has a background.He has connections with the Beales.But he doesn't seem to want you to know the truth.I cannot make the decision for him.”

Sharon was stunned for a second.

“So this is what you're hiding?”

“What else?”

This was not what she was thinking.

“You know, sometimes, it's not that I don't want to tell you; it's just that it might not be a good idea for you to know certain things.”

“But...I have the right to know the things related to me.”

“People have their reasons for staying silent. But you will know all the truths one day. It’s just a matter of time”

Sharon opened her mouth but couldn’t find the words to object to him.

Jameson put his arms around her.

“Just let it go, for now, Sharon. Anyway, they cannot harm you anymore”

Sharon didn’t know what else to say.

Daniel had been helping her throughout the series of events with the Beales.

In the beginning, she thought that it was because of the common enemy they had.

But later, she found that their primary focus had always been to protect her.

Daniel even moved next to the studio for that reason.

She had always suspected Patrick Matthias to be the man in charge.

But it was still just a theory without proof.

But it had become more evident now as there were only these few people who, since the start of everything, were actually involved in the matters with the Beales.

Mr. Jones had definitely known the truth of Talon and Tavis Beale from the beginning.

Patrick and Daniel both knew Jones.

It was Patrick that had stopped Tavis Beale that day as well.

So, her theory must be correct.

But who exactly was Patrick Matthias? Seeing that Sharon was deep in thought and her attention was no longer on the subject they had discussed, he spoke up slowly, “So, don’t say these words so casually”

“Fine.”

When Sharon opened her eyes again, it was already noon. It was sunshine after rain outside, so bright that she couldn’t keep her eyes open. She stretched a little and then left the bedroom to find Jameson on a call.

Based on what she could hear, the demolition would set off on time, which meant today.

She got herself some water in the dining room and then took a long slow breath.

It was probably due to the sleep that she no longer felt the same heaviness on her mind as yesterday.

Having finished the call, Jameson came over, “It sets off at 3. We’ll take the plane at 5 back to South City. Does that sound good to you?”

Sharon nodded, “Ok.”

“Change. I’ll take you somewhere”

Sharon became alert, "Not the Matchmaker Temple, right?"

Jameson laughed softly, "Not unless you want to go there."

"Nope, thanks"

Having seen all those colorful photos symbolizing "happy ever after", she would not want to step into that temple ever again.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 467

To her surprise, Jameson took her to the showroom of the future Bridge Street. The showroom was quiet, with music playing in the background. The person in charge of the place came over to them, "How may I help you, Mr. Proctor?"

"Not much. We're just looking around."

"Ok. Then I'll get you guys some water."

Sharon was attentively looking at the planning map when Jameson got closer to her, "How is it?"

She turned to look at him and said, "I think it's pretty good. After it's done, it will become the largest resort in Costspool. The style is unique as well. It will surely attract many tourists."

Jameson's eyebrows moved a little as he didn't expect her to think from that aspect.

"And?"

"And....."

Sharon's eyes fixed on the model in front of her featuring a little river flowing across the resort, "What is this?"

"It's the river from Bridge Street, expanded." Sharon suddenly recognized it.

No wonder! In fact, besides the old residences on the sides, this river was the most distinctive feature of Bridge Street.

When the weather was hot, it was more comfortable to sit by it and enjoy the breeze than to stay in an air-conditioned room.

The river flowed all the way down until it formed a lake at the end.

The lake was redesigned as well.

It became the scenery spot right next to the hotel, with boats floating on it.

Sharon noticed that the entire resort was designed around the river and the lake, with some new elements added on top of that.

No wonder it resembled Bridge Street so much, keeping the essence of it without seeming abrupt at all.

"How long is it going to take?" asked Sharon after fully comprehending the project.

"Three years if it goes smoothly five if not." Sharon nodded.

It was a large construction.

Three years did seem incredibly fast.

“Let’s enjoy our vacation here when it’s finished.”

Jameson smiled, “Sure.”

It was already night when they arrived at South City.

In the car, Sharon turned on her phone and found several missed phone calls from unknown numbers. She peeked at Jameson.

He was looking through some documents.

After getting home, Sharon carefully entered the bedroom and then closed the door.

“What’s wrong?” she called back.

“You’re not in South City?” answered Bridger Fowler.

“I went to Bridge Street, but I’m back now. I was on the plane when you called. What happened?”

“You should come here tomorrow. I found something hidden.”

“Hidden?” Sharon was confused.

“That’s right. We’ll talk more tomorrow.”

He paused for a while and then continued, “You’d better bring your brother as well.”

Sharon held tight to her phone. She realized it was something serious.

“Alright, I’ll take him with me.”

After hanging up, Sharon called Ruben to ask if he had classes the next day.

“Only one in the afternoon,” said Ruben.

“Ok then. I’ll pick you up.”

“Did Josh Allyson get into trouble again?”

“No, Josh Allyson is.....he won’t cause any more problems.”

Although she had never asked Jameson how he had dealt with Josh, she was certain that Josh was having a good time.

Besides that, she knew nothing. She only took it as if he died in prison.

“I’ll wait for you at the gate then” said Ruben.

Sharon agreed.

Just as she was putting back her phone, the door opened.

Jameson asked, "Who are you talking to for so long?"

"Ruben. I'm going to meet him tomorrow."

"Did something happen?"

Sharon didn't want to tell him about Bridger Fowler yet.

Jameson wouldn't be happy to let her meet him.

And anyway, she still didn't know any details at the moment, so it was too early to tell Jameson.

She kept a straight face, "Nothing. I haven't seen him for a while. I'm his sister. I should pay more attention to him."

Jameson let out a "hmm" of agreement, "You're right. And I'm his brother-in-law. I should meet him often as well."

"..." Sharon started pushing him out, "Geez! Don't follow me everywhere. Work on your own things."

Jameson wrapped his arms around her, "Fine. I was just joking. Let's go take a shower?"

"Go by yourself. I..."

"Let's go together."

She couldn't resist at all as she was already being dragged towards the bathroom.

The next day, Jacob awaited them at the underground parking.

"Mr. Proctor. Miss Allyson," he greeted them with a smile.

Behind him was a Bentley.

Sharon turned confusedly to Jameson.

Jameson explained as he handed over the key to her, "Your car's under repair. Drive this one for now so that you don't have to use others' cars."

Sharon said, "Ehhh... Does it take that long to fix a rear-ended car?"

Jacob stepped forward, "Miss Allyson, in fact, it's not the repairing that takes time. It's the insurance. The negotiation has not been settled, so the car was left there as evidence at the insurance company."

Sharon didn't know much about insurance and stuff, so she could only nod and say ok to it.

She opened the car door and said to Jameson, "Well, I'm off."

Jameson smiled gently and held her hand, "Drive safe."

"I always do."

"I'm saying, before you get on the car, you should check if there's the sign of forced entry on the door. Check the seatbelt, the brake, the gas, and everything. Make sure nothing seems off. And then start

the car.If some stranger knocks on your window, do not roll it down! Keep it up and call me immediately.”

Sharon rarely saw Jameson speak in such seriousness, so it felt weird to her.She asked, “Has something happened?”

“No.Just be careful, unless you want me to come and get you every day.”

“\_....Thanks.I’ll pay attention to it.”

Sharon got in the car.

Jameson knocked on her window before she could start driving.

The window was down after a few seconds.

“Anything else?”

Sharon showed her face.

“I have a meeting in the afternoon.So don’t wait for me.Just get back by yourself.I don’t even know when it’s going to finish.”

“Alright, alright,”said Sharon.

“So, can I go now?”

Jameson put his hands back into the pockets.

“Go.”

The white Bentley soon disappeared from sight.

Jacob walked over to Jameson.

“Mr.Proctor, why don’t you tell Miss Allyson about the car accident?”

Jameson coolly replied, “She had her nerves on edge at all times when she lived with the Beales, and now she finally has some time to relax.Don’t tell her yet.Keep sending men to watch closely over the studio.Don’t give Natalia or Tavis Beale any chance to touch her.”

“Understood!”

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 467

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“Understood!”

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 469

As Bridger was smashing the closet, everyone just held their breath and watched with absolute attention.

There was little space behind the closet for Bridger to move around as he entered.

“Do you see anything?” Sharon stepped closer.

Bridger tossed his head with a frown.

He felt confused.

Why would Josh Allyson spend all this effort to make this one-person high compartment but keep nothing in it? Ruben walked in and then set his eyes on the compartment.

He put a hand on the side of it and then said, “The wall in this room is different. It’s badly made, and some places are not even plastered.”

Sharon’s mouth slightly dropped.

She understood what Ruben was talking about, but she still couldn’t get her head around what Josh Allyson had hidden here that was worth the effort of building an entire wall behind the closet.

Tiffany moved her head over as well, asking softly, “It’s a lot of work to take down a wall. Should we get a professional team to do it?”

Bridger looked at the mottled surface and tried knocking on it with the stick.

Some pieces fell off immediately.

“This wall is not sealed with cement. It won’t be hard.”

It was clear that Josh Allyson had limited energy and ability while making the wall.

The sole purpose of it was for hiding something, so the construction was finished casually.

Bridger identified the largest crack on the wall and then smashed it with full strength with the stick.

The entire wall collapsed right away.

And in a corner behind it, a rectangular wooden box was placed.

Tiffany was shocked, "So he really hid something here. Could it be some big treasure?"

Sharon was struck dumb by it.

A bad feeling came upon her that she couldn't help but grab Ruben's arm.

Bridger crouched down, took out a knife from his pocket, and pried open the box.

At the very second that the box was opened, everyone was thunderstruck.

Tiffany Momon felt a chill climbing up her back and almost bit her tongue when she wanted to talk.

She subconsciously moved back a little but suddenly stumbled upon something. She turned and found Daniel looking ahead.

His facial expression was worse than Sharon's.

After a long while, Sharon closed her eyes, speaking with a trembling voice, "Call the police."

She had always thought Josh was nothing but a shameless gambler.....But she had never expected this!! Ruben's face was taut, as if he was struggling to hold back some emotion.

Tiffany took out her phone and was just about to call the police when Daniel grabbed her hand, "Wait."

"Wait? For what?" Tiffany was bewildered.

"Miss Allyson, I need to speak with you" said Daniel.

Sharon got her composure back and turned to Bridger, "You should leave now. I'll tell the police that we found this by accident."

Bridger nodded.

It was an earthquake in his heart as well.

Who would have imagined a good-for-nothing coward like Josh Allyson would dare to hide a corpse in here!? After Bridger had left, Sharon came to the living room with Daniel.

"What do you want to talk about?"

"It might sound offensive to you, but I think you can already tell—what's inside is probably your....."

"I know,"

Sharon interrupted him with a weak voice.

"If we call the police right now, the news will definitely be spread. And it would inevitably cause a huge uproar. It will only give Tavis Beale a chance to take advantage of the chaos."

Sharon frowned, "So what are you proposing?"

"It should be dealt with quietly. I will take care of it in a decent manner."

Sharon shook her head, "I appreciate your offer, but this is my mother. I have no reason to leave it to you."

"Miss Allyson, by this point, you should understand that I will never do you any harm."

"No, you will not. I know it. But I'm just curious why you reacted so much when you saw my mom's corpse, more than Ruben and I did. Who are you? What do you want?"

He was unable to answer the question.

After a while, he closed his eyes, confessing, "Miss Allyson, what I can tell you right now is that we have Josh Allyson. We have tried very hard to get him to tell us where your mother's grave is. But he kept lying to us and got us running everywhere. Our only wish was for your mother to rest in peace."

"Then give me a reason—just one—that I should leave her to you guys." Daniel still couldn't answer.

Sharon went on, "Ruben and I are both here. From my perspective, calling the cops or not, I can find no reason to leave this matter to people who are not at all related to us. You say that you have Josh Allyson, and you've tried to find my mom's grave. I believe these! But, do you really think these are sufficient to convince me? You can't just keep asking me to believe you guys! For what!?"

After a brief pause, Sharon continued, "And who the he?! is this 'we' that you keep mentioning? And what is your relationship with my mom!?"

By this point, Tiffany and Ruben had come over, waiting, too, for Daniel's answer.

"I really can't make the decision"

Daniel let out a helpless laugh after a few minutes and then went into silence once more.

Finally, he gave in.

"Would you give me a minute? Let me make a phone call."

With this, he went downstairs.

Sharon sat down on the sofa, eyes closed.

In her head, all she could see was the scene behind the closet.

Tiffany sat next to her, patting softly on her back, "Sharon, don't overthink it. We can always call the police. It's the best solution in my opinion."

Sharon stared blankly ahead and replied after some time, "I can't believe Josh Allyson did this..."

"Yeah....It's sick. He's a fu\*king sicko! Keeping a body right behind his closet—he's sick beyond help!"

Ruben stood with his head lowered.

He spoke up without warning, "I need to get out."

Tiffany felt more scared after Ruben had left.

She moved closer to Sharon.

Who could imagine such a thing—twenty years after the death, without a proper tomb, the body lay there intact.

It was the first time they learned the entirety of Josh Allyson's evil.

He had lived with a corpse for twenty whole years! Now it didn't seem hard to believe at all that he could send his own daughter to the Twilight Club.

It was nothing to him! You can't judge a book by its cover.

Indeed!

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 470

At the Proctor Group. Jameson got out of the meeting room.

Jacob Green immediately came over, saying, "Mr. Proctor, something happened!"

"Sharon?" Jameson froze.

"Yes....but not exactly..."

"Can you just spit it out?"

"Madam and her brother Ruben went to Josh Allyson's house. And they.....they found....."

"Are you gonna say it or not?" Jameson became impatient.

It was not that he couldn't say it; it was just that after living 30 years in this world and working alongside Jameson Proctor, he could definitely be called a man of rich experiences—but what happened this time was even beyond him, that it was still sending chills down his spine.

"Mr. Proctor" said Jacob Green quietly, "Madam's mother was found."

"Found where?"

"In Josh Allyson's apartment..." Jameson was stunned.

"Are you sure?"

Jacob nodded, "We got the news from that side. Daniel was there as well. So we can be quite certain."

Jameson narrowed his dark eyes, paused for a few seconds, and then ordered, "Postpone everything else. I need to take a trip."

"Understood."

After getting in the car, Jameson asked, "What's the situation there now?"

"Do you mean Patrick Matthias's side or Miss Allyson's?"

"Both."

"Well, as of the moment, Madam hasn't called the police yet, probably stopped by Daniel. After all, if the situation escalates, it will be against everyone's interest. And if Tavis Beale is to learn the news, no one will know what to expect.

"As for Patrick Matthias, he should've heard about it from Daniel. But we have no idea yet what they plan to do next. Should we ask them, Mr. Proctor?"

Jameson's lips lightly pursed. He replied after a while, "There's no need. We'll wait and see."

Daniel hadn't come back yet after he went out for a call.

Neither had Ruben.

Sharon sat on the sofa, looking blankly outside the window, meditating on something.

After a long while, the sound of footsteps came from the door.

Tiffany got up immediately, wanting to say something.

But it was Jameson who came.

That would do, too.

It was less scary here now with his presence.

Wanting to leave them alone, Tiffany got out with the excuse of looking for Daniel.

Jameson sat down beside Sharon and reached out a hand on her shoulder, speaking softly, "Don't worry. I'm here. It'll be alright."

Sharon retracted her glance from outside and turned towards him in awe.

"Why are you here? I thought you had something to do today," said Sharon.

"Nothing's more important than you are."

Sharon unconsciously grabbed his shirt hard, murmuring, "How did it become like this....."

Jameson hugged her. He couldn't find the right words to say.

Sharon and Ruben had lived here for almost twenty years.

During those countless days and nights, never had they ever imagined that they were living with a corpse—then a skeleton—only one wall apart.

And the skeleton was none other than their mother.

Jameson patted her softly on the back, comforting her silently.



The sound of footsteps came once more from the entrance.

It was loud and messy.

Sharon lifted her head and saw that a man was thrown inside.

It was Josh Allyson.

He seemed to have got used to it as he got up as a matter of course and smoothly patted off the dust on his body. He saw that the closet and the wall behind it were completely destroyed. He was enraged.

Holding the broken leg, he stumbled over and shouted, "Who did this!? Who tore my fu\*king house down! Police! I'll call the police!"

Ruben came in after him and said in a cold voice, "I did it."

Josh Allyson, in an instant, rushed to him and grabbed his collar.

"You ba\*tard! I should've put you to sleep the moment you were born. What a waste of my time bringing you up! You ungrateful son of a bi\*ch!"

Josh was pulled away before he could finish, but insults were still coming out of his mouth nonstop.

Sharon walked to him, looking at him indifferently, "You wanna call the police? Ok, do it now. DO IT! I am curious to know what your sentence will be for hiding a corpse inside a wall for so many years!"

Josh spat on the floor and cursed, "What the he\*I do you know? She was my woman; I can bury her wherever the f\*\*k I want! What law did I break, huh? I....."

Seeing Jameson come next to her, Josh Allyson became hesitant.

But at this point, when everything was exposed already, he stopped caring anymore.

"People die, and we bury them. That's how things are! Why can't I bury her here? It's my house-I'm not using others' space—So why the f\*\*k not!?"

Sharon never expected to learn any helpful information from his mouth anymore. She just felt that her whole body was turning weak, and things before her were turning dimmer and dimmer. She wanted to hold Jameson but couldn't feel her arms; she tried to speak, but her throat wouldn't let her.

Before she lost her consciousness, she fell into a warm and reliable chest.

It was as if many people were calling her, yet nothing could she hear.

In front of her.....

Only darkness.....

In the hospital.

Jacob Green took a look at the patient and said softly, "Mr. Proctor, the cops are gone."

"The corpse?"

"Sent to the coroner. After the death cause is examined, we will prepare the funeral affairs."

“He hasn’t shown up yet?”

“No, not yet,” Jacob shook his head.

“Alright, leave us.”

After Jacob had left, Jameson turned back to Sharon and held her hand.

She seemed to feel it as she fluttered her eyelashes and then slowly opened her eyes.

“I’m in the hospital?” asked Sharon after finally re-focusing her scattered vision.

“Yeah. You passed out. How you feeling now?”

Sharon sat up.

“Still a little dizzy.....Where’s Ruben?”

“He went to the police station.”

Sharon was a little surprised, “Is anyone with him?”

“Daniel and Tiffany—they are both there.”

Sharon let out a breath of relief, “Okay.”

“Don’t worry about him. You’re the one lying in bed right now.”

“It must be really hard for him to accept.....”

“It is hard for him. Is it easy for you, though?”

He scanned the ward and continued, “to get over this?”