

Resume 471

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 471

Sharon bit her lip, answering not.

“What do you wanna eat? I’ll go get it for you,” said Jameson in a stern voice.

“Whatever is fine.”

“Wait here then. Don’t move around. Just ring the call bell to get the nurse if you need anything.”

“Aight,” said Sharon as she looked at him, confused.

‘Why is he not happy again!?’ In an instant, Jameson left the ward.

Sharon took a deep breath and then started looking for her phone, which was nowhere to be found. She was too exhausted to get off the bed to look for it, so she sat there waiting for Jameson.

He was back very soon, bringing a big load of food.

“I can’t eat that much!”

“Even though I’m a nobody to you, I still need to eat,” said Jameson indifferently.

‘What is wrong with this person!? What did I do NOW?’ Sharon was about to put away the quilt and get off, but Jameson ordered, “Stay there.”

It was way too intimidating that she immediately lay back on the bed.

Jameson put a bowl of plain rice congee on the little overbed table along with a few bland side dishes and then returned to the tea-table.

“?”

Sharon took a look at the food in front of Jameson and that in front of her, “This is it for me?”

Jameson kept a straight face, “You said whatever is fine, right?”

“I did. But I can eat other things as well, you know? Didn’t you buy a lot of food?”

“These are mine,”

Jameson uttered these words deliberately.

Sharon took a deep breath. She decided to swallow the anger this time.

But the food got more and more bland and unappetizing as she was eating. But the dishes on the other side were all her favorite.

‘He’s doing it intentionally! He doesn’t even like spicy food!’

Sharon began to plead, “Mr. Jameson, can I taste that....”

“Nope.”

“Just one bite....”

“You won’t get a half.”

Sharon curled her lip up.

‘Fine! A**hole!’ She moved aside the congee and small side dishes, lay down again, and covered her head with the quilt to block the tempting smell of the food.

The doctor and the nurse came after a while to examine her. They said that she had fainted only because of too much stress and anxiety.

A few days’ rest would be sufficient to bring her back to good health.

“So when can I get out of here?”

“Well...”

“Half a month,” said Jameson.

Sharon was shocked, “I passed out, yes, but I didn’t break my leg. Why do I need to rest for so long?”

The doctor coughed, “Well, your condition is not serious, but you really shouldn’t work yourself too hard now. Anything or anybody could influence your mood and, therefore, your recovery. So it would be better if you could rest until you fully recover.”

The doctor didn’t even give Sharon a chance to object to it.

“So we’ll be leaving now. If you need anything, just ring the bell.”

Sharon didn’t get a chance to talk to the doctor.

“Did you hear what he said? Sleep now” said Jameson. “It was only advice, and I can choose not to take it!”

Jameson didn’t say anything. He simply stared at her, lips pursed.

Sharon knew nothing good would come out of his mouth, so she hurriedly turned her back at Jameson, “Fine, fine! I’ll sleep now. Let’s talk tomorrow.”

It went quiet behind her.

Sharon was indeed tired.

Not long after her eyes were closed, she fell asleep.

After no one knew how long, she felt that someone got on the bed and hugged her from behind.

Perhaps they had been together for long enough that even inside the ward, she didn’t feel any discomfort at all. She spontaneously turned around and buried herself in his arms.

Jameson held her waist and put his chin on her head. The ice in his eyes slowly melted. He realized that she had never intended to tell him about what happened today. If he hadn’t rushed there, she would’ve collapsed there without help.

At this thought, his anger flooded back.

Seeing her sleep so peacefully, he couldn't help but bit her lip, leaving faint tooth marks on it.

Sharon felt the pain and was about to push his head away, but he had already withdrawn his mouth and put her in his arms again.

After what had happened, it was best for her to stay in the hospital.

Or she would be worried to death again about all the messes out there.

The police station.

When all the formal procedures were dealt with, it was already 11 at night.

Josh Allyson was put into prison directly as he was an escaped convict, to begin with.

As for the case of hiding the corpse, they still need to wait for further notice as the case progressed.

He was cursing and yelling at Ruben when he was taken away, screaming that Ruben would always live under his shadow because he was his biological father.

Ruben kept his face expressionless the whole time, not saying anything.

Upon exiting the police station, Tiffany said, "Ruben, he's a mad man. Everything he said was bullsh*t. Don't take it to heart."

Ruben was thinking about nobody knew what, but he nodded and simply replied, "Ok."

Tiffany had her mouth open but couldn't utter a word.

Her efforts were futile.

"It's late. I'll drive you back to school,"

Daniel proposed.

"No, it's fine. The gate is closed already."

"How about you go to my place?"

"No, thanks."

Tiffany asked, "So where are you going to stay for the night?"

"Don't mind me. I have places to go."

"That won't do. I have to take you back safely, or how can I report to your sister? She is hospitalized right now. You don't want her to worry, do you?"

Ruben frowned and spoke no more.

Daniel added, "Anyway, you should just stay at the hospital tonight. I'm not going back tonight, so no one would bother you."

Tiffany sensed something strange.

She turned to look at Daniel and found that he was looking at her as well.

'He's not gonna follow me around, right?' She ignored him straight away and then said to Ruben, "If you want to stay in a hotel, that's fine too."

"I'll go to the hospital," said Ruben after a while.

"Jameson Proctor is there with your sis. You're sure you wanna spoil their time?"

"...."

Ruben paused for a second and said, "I won't go in then."

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Tiffany wanted to talk him out of it, but it seemed useless to her. This kid was more stubborn than Sharon.

"Then let's go together. I want to check on Miss Allyson as well," said Daniel.

'.....This guy is everywhere.....' thought Tiffany. Arriving at the hospital, they saw that the lights in the ward were off.

"They should be asleep now. Let's just leave," Tiffany quietly said.

Ruben sat down on a chair, head leaning against the wall.

"You guys can go. I'll just stay here."

"But...."

Tiffany couldn't get to finish her sentence before she was interrupted by Daniel, "Then we will go now. Just call us if you need anything."

Ruben nodded.

Daniel held Tiffany's hand and took her outside the hospital. She struggled to free her hand from him, frowning.

"How can you leave Ruben alone there? He...."

"He ain't gonna sleep tonight anyway," explained Daniel.

"Instead of letting him go somewhere we don't even know, we should just leave him there with Jameson Proctor's men watching over him. And Miss Allyson is in there as well, so he should be able to stay calm and not do anything stupid."

What Daniel said made sense to Tiffany.

After all, Daniel was the one who took the biggest blow.

Why did he have such a human scum as his father? If only they were not biologically related!

“What ya thinking?” asked Daniel while leaning closer to her.

Seeing the approaching face of Daniel, Tiffany subconsciously moved back a little.

But behind her were the steps, and she fell back completely unprepared.

Daniel stretched out his arm and casually pulled her back with his arm around her waist.

Tiffany’s face immediately turned awkward.

Why was there physical contact so often as if she intended it to happen!? After regaining balance, she kept a distance from him right away.

With a faint smile on her face, she said, “Well, you must be exhausted after a long day. Let’s part here. I’ll...”

“Where do you live now?”

“Huh?”

“I went to your place last night, and there was no one there.”

“I mean—after what happened, how can I still stay there?” muttered Tiffany.

‘Wait.....Why was he looking for me?’

“You live in a hotel now?”

Daniel went on asking.

Tiffany hesitantly nodded, confused about what he wanted to do.

“I’ll drive you.”

“No thanks! I’ll just take a cab,”

Tiffany rejected him almost at the same time.

After that, she hurried to the street only to find it almost empty.

There were hardly any private cars, never mind taxis.

She got out the phone and called an uber.

The driver was 5 miles away from her.

Daniel was still there, standing right behind her.

She was a little annoyed and wanted to get a closer car, but it was already the closest one. She had no choice but to awkwardly wait there.

As for Daniel, he was just standing there, doing who knows what.

Tiffany held her phone with two hands, struggling to her stiffened body in a perfect posture. Ten minutes later, a white car finally stopped in front of her.

Tiffany verified the plate number and got in.

Daniel noted the number down as well before leaving. He still had a lot to do tonight, so he couldn't keep following her.

Upon leaving the hospital, he headed to Jones's place.

Three men were awaiting his arrival.

They were all there for the incident that happened today.

"How is it? Everything's taken care of? Was that body identified?"

Jones hastily asked as he got up on his crutches.

Daniel nodded, "Although it hasn't been examined yet, we are pretty sure about it. The police were notified as well. Nothing will leak out."

Jones was trembling in anger.

"How absurd! Why on earth does such a person exist? I'd never seen this kind of thing in my life!"

Trey Coe supported him by the arm.

"Calm down, Mr. Jones. You should be careful with your temper. It's not good for your health."

Jones sat back down, but his face was still showing red, "I just can't imagine—so many years in that wall, she....."

He started coughing.

Patrick Matthias joined the conversation, "And Josh Allyson?"

"In jail."

"What did he say?"

"He said....."

Daniel suddenly felt fortunate that he, instead of Patrick Matthias, had been there today, or the situation would've been entirely out of control.

He paused for a while and went on, "He said the dead will be buried anyway. He buried her in his own house, not somebody else's. So what's the big deal?"

Patrick snorted. His face was terrifyingly pale.

Jones spoke up again after some time, "Where's the body now?"

"In autopsy. After the procedure, we can hold the funeral. It's just..."

"What is it?"

Patrick took over, "The remainings need to be claimed by a relative."

Jones coughed a few more times, "Then a relative will be there. It's all over now. Tavis Beale has been exposed. You might as well tell Sharon everything. What is the point of hiding it now?"

Patrick kept a stern face, not saying anything.

Trey Coe jumped in to explain, "Sharon and Ruben grew up together. He was the only family member to her in the world."

Jones frowned, "So what? I've seen the kid. Both his looks and character are decent. And after all, he is Doris's child. You...."

Daniel cut him off, "Ruben and Miss Allyson were indeed born of the same mother. Nevertheless, his father is Josh Allyson, who had repeatedly put Sharon in danger. Now we even found out about the body.... If we are to tell Miss Allyson the truth, it will be an extremely delicate situation for everyone."

Jones sighed heavily.

"Is it confirmed? The child is really not...." Daniel shook his head.

They had verified more than once—Ruben was indeed Josh Allyson's son.

Patrick Matthias got up, saying, "It's late. You should rest now."

Jones nodded.

Daniel and Trey Coe followed behind him.

"How is Sharon?" asked Trey quietly.

"I went to the hospital. Jameson Proctor was with her. They were asleep already."

"Check on her again tomorrow."

"You're not going?"

Trey Coe forced out a smile, "Jameson Proctor would chase me away at the gate."

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Having slept since the afternoon, Sharon woke up the next day before dawn. She stretched her body and then turned around to see Jameson next to her. She softened her breaths, trying not to wake him.

He was all likable while asleep.

Sharon watched him for a while and then carefully removed the quilt from her to get off the bed. But her wrist was held.

"Where you going?" came Jameson's hoarse and tired voice.

"I.... I'm going to the bathroom" said Sharon quietly.

"You're awake? It's still very early. Sleep more."

Jameson agreed with his eyes closed, but his hand was still grabbing her tightly.

“Jameson?” Sharon bent over.

There was no reply.

She spoke again, “I am really going to the bathroom. I’m not gonna run away.”

Finally, her hand was gradually loosened.

After getting out of the bathroom, Sharon didn’t feel like sleeping again, so she went to the window to glance outside.

The sky was starting to turn bright, and there were some people on the streets already.

Although summer was approaching, the morning was still foggy.

It was probably freezing as well.

Having stood there for a few minutes, Sharon went back to the bedside.

“Jameson?” she said softly.

“I want to take a walk downstairs. I’ll be back in half an hour. Keep sleeping.”

After these words, she took her coat and left the ward. But she was surprised to find the person sitting outside.

“Ruben, why are you here?” Ruben obviously hadn’t slept at all. He looked weary.

“You feeling better?” asked Ruben.

“I’m all good now.” Sharon looked at him and frowned, “You were here the whole night?”

Ruben dodged the question, “Great, I’ll be leaving then.”

“Wait,” Sharon stopped him. She turned around to look inside the ward and then took Ruben out. It was very quiet in the hospital’s garden.

Sharon retracted her hand, “I know what you’re thinking. Just stop. You are my brother, and that’s all. Do you understand?”

Ruben pursed his lips and laughed self-deprecatingly.

“Ruben, Josh Allyson is the one that did everything. Do you understand? It has nothing to do with you.”

After a long while came Ruben’s voice, “It does, though.”

Sharon didn’t hear it clearly, “What?”

“I said it does!”

Ruben looked at her with helpless eyes, “Josh Allyson is my father. The same blood flows in our bodies. I will never be rid of his shadow!”

“Ruben.....”

“Just stop. I know.....”

“What do you know? If you really understand, you wouldn’t be standing here right now. Ruben, you can’t decide your own birth. But that’s fine because you can decide your future. You are not Josh Allyson, and you will not repeat his path. You are my brother, and I’m freaking proud of you! You should understand— you are the closest person to me in the world.”

Sharon went on before Ruben could talk, “I don’t care what Josh Allyson said to you last night. You just go back to school and study hard! Have you forgotten what you said to me? You said you would make a lot of money for me to live a carefree life! A man should always keep his promise. I’m still waiting for ya!”

Ruben lowered his head, quiet.

Sharon patted him on the shoulders, “Alright, go back to school now.”

“Yeah”

Ruben softly replied.

Sharon watched as he went away and then retracted her vision. She was just about to finally take a walk when she saw a man standing not far away.

“When did you come down?” asked Sharon as she was walking over.

Jameson looked at her with his dark eyes, answering, “Just now.”

Sharon didn’t believe him. If she guessed correctly, Jameson must’ve followed her down. When she left the ward, he must be awake.

“Let’s get back,” said Sharon.

“I thought you wanted to take a walk.”

“Not anymore.”

“Are women all so changeable like you?”

“....”

Sharon glared at him, “Are you going back or not—because I am not gonna wait for you!”

Jameson pursed his lips and followed along. Back on the bed, Sharon checked the time. It was Six. Still couldn’t sleep. She looked at the frowning man on the sofa.

“You’re not gonna sleep?” asked Sharon.

“You go ahead.”

Sharon fell into thought for a moment and then spoke up again, “Have you taken care of the matter with Bridger Fowler?”

Jameson looked over with some anger on his face.

“You promised me” said Sharon.

“I also told you not to meet him alone.”

“But...”

“You didn’t even think about calling me yesterday.”

“No, that’s not what happened. Bridger Fowler asked Ruben and me to go. I didn’t know what would happen until the wall was taken down. I didn’t have the time to tell you!”

“Excuses” replied Jameson indifferently.

Sharon immediately corrected him, “No, not excuses. The truth!”

Jameson leaned back against the sofa, leg crossed, “What else? Just spit it out.”

Sharon licked her lips, “How do you know there’s something else?”

“It’s all on your face.”

“It’s...it’s about Ruben.”

“You want me to find out if he is really Josh Allyson’s son?” Sharon nodded.

“They’ve confirmed already.”

Sharon figured that it was probably Daniel. He had asked her about it a long time ago. Besides them, nobody should care about it.

“I don’t know how they verified it. But I don’t think they’ve actually done a paternity test.”

“You want a paternity test?”

“You know Josh Allyson is full of sh*t. The more he says Ruben is his son, the more I doubt it. And he seemed to quite enjoy using himself to insult Ruben. And he was under Tavis Beale’s control before, so they had no way to do the test.”

“What if the result is not what you want to see?”

“Then I’ll have to accept it.”

“Fine. I’ll have people get it done.”

Sharon smiled, “Thanks.”

“I’d much prefer some actions over words.”

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Jameson didn’t leave until Tiffany came at ten. Before leaving, he said to Tiffany, “Watch over her. Don’t let her get out of the hospital.”

Jameson showed no facial expression at all while saying these words. He was so intimidating that Tiffany couldn’t help but nod.

After the door was closed, she complained, "What's wrong with him again? He's treating you like a prisoner."

Sharon laughed dryly, "He's mad at me."

"For what?"

"For yesterday. I didn't tell him I was going to see Bridger Fowler."

Tiffany tsked, "So Mr. Proctor feels jealous of every single male. I mean-Trey Coe is understandable because he has pursued you before, but Bridger Fowler....."

"He thinks Bridger Fowler is dangerous."

Tiffany was with Jameson on this.

She nodded in agreement, "Yeah, he's actually right. Bridger Fowler is dangerous. He's with Rita Roose! Mr. Proctor is right to worry about you. You shouldn't meet him alone next time."

"Unlike Rita Roose, he is not corrupt inside. He only does what he does because of life."

Tiffany sighed, "Anyway, I haven't heard about Rita Roose for a while.

How is she? Have they found the murderer of Floren? Sharon shook her head.

"I've no idea. The police said they will inform me when they catch the person. So I guess they haven't yet."

As for Rita Roose, there was no news about her since the call last time.

Bridger was staying at Josh Allyson's place all this while, entirely out of contact with her.

"What did the doctor say?" asked Tiffany.

"Nothing serious. Just stress. That's how I passed out."

"Well, I say you should really get some rest. You were busy every day and had so much on your mind. I would be stressed out as well if I were you." Sharon nodded.

"I want to see a therapist."

Tiffany was a little surprised, "It's this bad?"

"No, not for this. Actually, I wanted to go for some time. And I happen to have a lot of time recently."

"Is it about.....when you asked me to check the apartment that day?" Sharon didn't deny it.

"I have been having this feeling that my child is still alive.....and I was so certain every single time, but I always turned out to be wrong. Everything was made up by my mind.....Perhaps there's something wrong with my head."

"Nah. It's just that there were so many coincidences. And you said to me as well-Jameson was hiding something from you-perhaps you are right....."

"He is hiding something, yes, but not this." Tiffany asked curiously, "Then what is he hiding?"

"I always feel that there's someone behind Daniel. And if I guess correctly, that person is Patrick Matthias."

"Patrick Matthias?"

"Right."

Trying to recall the name for some time, Tiffany suddenly remembered, "An! It's that gentleman, right? I also heard a girl say that his temperament was very much like Talon.....no, Tavis Beale's."

Sharon was stunned at these words. She didn't take it seriously back then, for she had not sensed any connection between Patrick Matthias and the Beale Family.

But now, she was certain that he was the man behind Daniel. But she had been thinking so hard just who he was.

Now at Tiffany's words, she suddenly had a glimpse of an idea.

"Do you think so too?" asked Sharon.

Tiffany started thinking, head tilted.

"It's been many months. I don't have a deep impression of him. But that of Tavis Beale, I do."

Since the explosion twenty years ago, Tavis Beale had deliberately pretended to be another person.

It was a mask he put on to live with a different identity.

But a man's temperament and demeanor are engraved in the bones.

Even with a different face, Tavis Beale gave away in some small details an air of resentment from time to time.

It was just that nobody had ever tried to think in that direction, so these details were never intentionally and seriously taken into account by anyone.

At the same time, someone who looked entirely different but gave away a sense of similarity came.

Tavis was faking it, but this person seemed to really be it.

And he came with a purpose-it was to go against Tavis Beale and expose him to the public.

And even.....to protect herself.....and make a big fuss trying to find out her mother's grave.....

Combining all these pieces of evidence, she could only come up with one answer.

Sharon was so deep in meditation that Tiffany had to wave her hand in front of her to pull her back.

"Sharon, what ya thinkin'?" Sharon retracted her thoughts.

She opened her mouth, not knowing what to say.

"Are you ok?"

Tiffany felt Sharon's forehead with her hand, "Should I call the doctor? If something happens to you, your Mr. Proctor won't let me get away with it."

Sharon held her hand and said, "Tiffany, I just had a horrifying thought."

"What is it?"

"Tell me—if my father were alive, would he let go of Josh Allyson?"

Tiffany thought for a moment and answered, "Of course not. Even I want to cut him into pieces. Killing him would be too merciful."

Sharon muttered, "Then.....how about Josh Allyson's son?"

Tiffany suddenly felt chills down her spine, "Geez! That's a tough one. If you ask me, Josh Allyson's evil doings are his alone. Nobody else should take the blame. You and Ruben grew up together. He was the only family member to you. I know that you will never put him in the wrong.

"But as for your father.....I'm really not sure. People have different ways of thinking about this kind of thing. It would only depend on him, I guess. From a pure bystander's perspective, he and Ruben were not related, and Josh Allyson tried to harm you so many times and even put your mother.....Ruben is that man's son.....When people are raging, they could lose all their sanity. And acts of vengeance sometimes seem inevitable as well..."

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At this moment, someone knocked on the door. Sharon looked over. It was Daniel. He entered the ward and then put down the flowers in his hand.

"You feelin' better, Miss Allyson?"

"Much better, thanks."

Tiffany felt uncomfortable the moment he got in.

Hence, she found an excuse to get out since they probably had something to talk about anyway.

After the door was closed, Daniel began, "It's good to see you well, Miss Allyson.....You don't have to worry about anything besides your health right now. Mr. Proctor and w.....will take care of everything."

Sharon thought for a few seconds before asking, "How do you plan to take care of it?"

"We'll have to wait for the autopsy results first."

They had kept Josh Allyson before for details of the past and also the whereabouts of Doris's grave.

But now, it seemed to matter no more.

"No matter what, Josh Allyson was the one who did everything," said Sharon.

Daniel nodded, "I understand."

Sharon didn't think he understood at all, so she added, "It has nothing to do with Ruben."

“Of course not! Why.....why do you mention this all of a sudden?”

“Just saying.You saw Josh Allyson yesterday as well.He was like a mad dog, biting anyone in sight.He wanted to pull Ruben down to he*! with him.”

Daniel felt the same about this.

Josh Allyson was spitting venom and fire yesterday.

Even though everyone had known what kind of a character he was, having him as a father was an entirely different pain to swallow.

Daniel sat down on the sofa, speaking slowly, “Ruben’s already twenty-three.He’s a grown man with his own thoughts and ideas.I believe he will not take it to heart.And Mr.Proctor has already made sure that it will be kept secret.It won’t do him any further damage.”

Sharon agreed, “And now I even doubt if he really is Josh Allyson’s son.”

Daniel was surprised to hear this.

“Miss Allyson, what do you mean?”

“Perhaps you don’t know Josh Allyson as well as I do.He’s full of sh*t.And he loves to see others in pain.He repeatedly mentions that Ruben is his son-he wants to see Ruben suffer! It’s hard for me to believe that he’s really Ruben’s father at this point.”

Daniel frowned, “But we’ve checked everything.....”

“Everything can be faked,”

Sharon looked at him calmly, “even a man’s past and face.Am I wrong?”

Sharon’s question caught him unprepared.He was so uncertain about it that he had to look away from her gaze.

Before he could talk, Sharon spoke again, “Tavis Beale managed to fake his identity for such a long time, so why is it so improbable that Josh Allyson managed to tamper with the birth record?”

Hearing her say “Tavis” instead “Talon” was a big relief.

He even agreed with her opinion.

“Yeah, it makes sense.Josh Allyson looks like a coward, but he’s rotten to the core.It’s beyond the average man to hide a corpse behind the closet for so many years.”

Sharon nodded, “That’s why I think the truth is not that simple.”

After some contemplation, Daniel asked, “But how could Josh Allyson anticipate what would happen now from so many years ago-when Ruben was just born-and then decided to change the birth record?”

“He didn’t.When he died in prison, Ruben and I went to clean up his belongings.We came across his diary.Based on it, he loved my mom for a long time.He loved her mad.After the incident of the Beale Family, my mom, for some reason, took me to move in with him and even married him.

“But if my mom had been pregnant before that, Josh Allyson would take Ruben as his own son for the sake of saving face—or even for the sake of love. It makes sense either way.”

“I understand your point now. I will investigate it.”

Sharon smiled faintly, “It’s fine. Jameson’s already on it.”

Daniel didn’t say anything more after this. Speaking too much would only cause her suspicion.

Sharon went on talking, “Ruben lived with you for some time. It must be a lot of trouble for you, but I can see that you two get along well. Would you do me another favor?”

“Miss Allyson, I will do my best.”

“I want you to take care of Ruben for me.”

This unexpected request confused him. Although he liked Ruben, they didn’t really see each other that often.”

“Ruben stays in school most of the time. We don’t get to meet each other often. But if he needs anything, I’ll always offer my help.”

He didn’t think Ruben would ever ask him for help, though.

Sharon smiled to put an end to this conversation, “Thank you so much.”

Daniel didn’t stay any longer.

After some casual exchange, he said his goodbye.

Upon getting downstairs, he saw Tiffany sit on a long bench not far away, looking at the sky, deep in thought.

He stood still for two minutes and eventually decided to go to her.

Tiffany didn’t have enough sleep.

She felt tired and drowsy under the comfortable and warm sunlight.

As she was about to fall asleep, a deep, sexy male voice came, “Found a good place yet?”

Tiffany woke up with a start.

All the sleepiness was gone in a second.

She turned in the direction of the voice and found that Daniel, since who knows when, had sat down next to her.

After a while, she finally remembered how to talk, “Na.....Nah, I’m too busy right now.”

She moved a bit by bit away from him as she was talking. Daniel looked unaware of it.

He went on, “I’ve asked the landlord next door. He says you can move back in anytime you want.”

Tiffany faked a deliberate smile, "Nah, it's fine. I don't like to linger on things of the past. I'd rather find someplace new right now."

"Well, tell me when you find a place then. I'll help you move."

'...Wow, how kind of you!' thought Tiffany in sarcasm.

She put an arm on the bench and clasped it on the edge with her fingers.

"I thought you're leaving, right? When?" asked Tiffany hesitantly.

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In the ward. Sharon couldn't find her phone anywhere. She gave up. It must be that a**hole Jameson Proctor who took it.

After a short while, Tiffany came back with her head down, looking sluggish and upset.

"Did Daniel come and talk to you?" asked Sharon.

Tiffany nodded and then curled up on the sofa.

"What did he say?"

Tiffany answered in anger, "I asked him when he's leaving. Guess what he said!"

"What?" Sharon moved next to her.

"He said he's not!"

Tiffany clenched her fist and went on, "He's fking not! If I had known this sooner, I would've never.... I thought we would never see each other again, so what's the big deal if I indulged a little bit. But now, he's fking not leaving!!!

"It was just a one-night stand. It should be like nothing to him. But why does he suddenly act so close to me and offer to help me move? What does he want?"

Sharon patted her on the shoulders, "It's ok. Just wait and see since he's not going anywhere now. Maybe he really likes you."

Tiffany let out a hollow laugh, "No way! He's a real player who's never serious with anyone. I don't want to be one of the hundreds of girls whom he will never love back!"

'Well, that was a good point', thought Sharon.

"I'm fine here alone. You should go back to the studio."

"That won't do!"

Tiffany rejected straightforwardly, "Your Mr. Proctor has asked me to kee...to accompany you. I'm here with a task. If I leave right now, he will definitely give me a hard time."

"....."

Sharon said, "He's taken my phone away. I can't go anywhere."

“Seriously?” asked Tiffany.

“That man is really something. Nobody can go anywhere without his or her phone nowadays. Is he trying to punish you or something?”

Sharon laughed, “Perhaps.”

“That’s more reason I can’t go. You will be bored as h**life I do. At least I can chat with you, or you’ll start thinking about all sorts of ridiculous things again.”

In the afternoon, Sharon lay back on the bed.

The television was playing some game show, but she couldn’t pay attention to it at all.

Her thought was elsewhere. She didn’t want to stay at this place any longer—not even one more day, never mind half a month.

Seeing that Tiffany was sleeping on the sofa, she quietly and slowly moved down the bed and got out of the room. She really needed to take a walk after lying on the bed for the whole day.

It was about 3 in the afternoon.

Sharon avoided the crowd and went to the garden at the back of the hospital.

As she was about to sit down and enjoy the sun, she saw a familiar figure.

The person turned around and seemed to be leaving.

Upon seeing Sharon, her expression turned anxious.

Sharon met her in the eye, spoke up calmly, “Miss Morton.”

Aylin Morton’s hands clasped together. She was nervous and hesitant as she finally walked towards Sharon.

Seeing the patient gown on her, Aylin asked, “Miss Allyson, what happened to you?”

“It’s nothing. I passed out because of anemia.”

Out of politeness, she asked Aylin as well, “And you? Why are you here?”

“My.....My father had a cerebral hemorrhage and was just resuscitated.”

Not expecting such an answer, Sharon nodded slightly, “Oh.....I won’t keep you then.”

“Miss Allyson.....” said Aylin.

Her hand was grabbing her skirt tightly.

“Yes?” Sharon looked back.

Aylin was about to say something, but she stopped as she saw that there were other patients strolling around.

“Martin.....he’s on his way here as well.” Sharon was surprised.

She asked after a few seconds' pause, "Is Mr.Morton's condition so severe?"

"Actually, he has been unwell for quite a while.Even though he was saved this time, the doctor was not optimistic about the future.He asked us to be ready.....My father is afraid that he will pass away without warning as well.So he really wanted to see Martin for the last time."

When Sharon returned to the ward, Tiffany had just woken up and prepared to look for her.

She sighed in relief, "Sharon, where did you go? I was So worried.I thought you ran away."

Sharon gently smiled, "Where can I go? I was just taking a walk."

Tiffany yawned and lay back on the sofa.

"Want some Fat Nerd Merry Drink(refers to coke in China) to fresh up?" proposed Tiffany as she pulled out her phone.

"Tiffany."

"Yeah?"

"I met Aylin Morton."

"Aylin Morton?"

Tiffany got lost for a bit.

"Oh! Martin Morton's elder sister, right?"

Sharon nodded, "Yeah, her."

"What's she doing' here?"

"Mr.Morton is hospitalized.It's quite serious.Martin is gonna be here soon as well."

Tiffany couldn't help but sigh, "Da*n.The Mortons are really unfortunate these years.Their foreign business is just about to grow large, and now Mr.Morton fell ill.The Morton Group really needs someone in charge right now.Martin probably has to stay this time."

She immediately followed up with another point, "Now compared to Martin Morton, Trey Coe is like a joke.Your Mr.Proctor is about to have a GREAT time soon."

Sharon didn't say anything.She was looking outside the window, completely immersed in thought.

"Hello?"

Tiffany waved her hand in front of her, "I was just kidding.You don't actually like him, right?"

"..She took down Tiffany's hand, "Duh-II am just thinking about Aylin."

"What about Aylin?"

"She was a little strange just now.She was way too nervous when she saw me."

"Did she do anything to you?" asked Tiffany.

The incident at the Proctors' -Aylin was the one who had planned it.

Sharon had never told Tiffany about it, but she couldn't help but frown upon hearing Tiffany's speculation, "You really think so?"

Sharon remembered that when Aylin confessed to her and left the studio, her facial was full of regret and guilt. It was nothing like the panic she just showed.

"Of course. Only people who are hiding something bad will show that kind of face. But it doesn't make sense. The Mortons have been fairly lowkey these days. They are afraid of the tiniest trouble. Aylin Morton has no reason to do you any harm as it will definitely provoke Jameson Proctor." Sharon gently shook her head.

Perhaps she was overthinking.

If Aylin really wanted to hurt her, why did she apologize to her last time and even warned her about Natalia Beale? Sharon stopped thinking about it at this point.

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Tiffany stayed with Sharon until Jameson came.

"I want to get out," said Sharon to Jameson.

Jameson, sitting on the sofa, stretched his tie and slowly replied, "I thought we agreed on half a month."

Sharon had her mouth open, wanting to say something, but she felt that it was useless.

And she remembered what Tiffany had told her in the afternoon.

So she licked her lips, lay on the bed, and said, "Fine. Half a month then. Anyway, Martin Morton is gonna be here soon. I can chat with him."

"???"

Jameson had only learned the news regarding Mr. Morton this afternoon.

The Morton Family kept it a secret from the public, perhaps waiting for Martin Morton to come back and take charge.

"Who told you this?" asked Jameson.

"I met Aylin Morton downstairs. She told me."

"They are in this hospital?"

"That's right. Maybe-it's fate."

Jameson scornfully laughed and got up from the sofa.

"What are you doing?"

"I thought you wanted to leave. I'm gonna get you out."

He left immediately afterward.

Sharon looked at his back and smiled "It worked!"

On the way back, Sharon asked, "Do you have my phone?"

Jameson answered with a straight face, "Yeah."

'.....What a child! thought Sharon.

"Give it back to me!"

protested Sharon, "I have things to do."

"Like what?"

"Well, business, duh! I haven't touched my phone since yesterday. What if someone's looking for me?"

"There's none."

"Have you checked my phone!?" Sharon froze for a second.

"Anything I shouldn't see?"

".....Well, it's not like that. It's just.....Shouldn't you have at least told me before you did it? What about trust!?"

Jameson didn't seem bothered at all, "Have you ever trusted me?"

Sharon couldn't help but grimace "What an a**hole, she thought "I've never seen such a petty man!"

"You can have the phone," said Jameson before Sharon could answer his question.

"But only if you stay home for a few days or go with me to the company."

Sharon shouted almost immediately after his words, "Stay home!?"

Jameson smiled faintly.

Sharon realized that she had fallen for his trick.

"If you feel bored alone. I can work from home to keep you company."

".....Wow, thank you so much."

"I'll ask Jennifer to cook for you. You can go anywhere you like, but someone has to accompany you. It's either her or me."

"I am not a kid! Why do I need someone to follow me?"

"If you pass out again, where am I gonna find you?"

"It was just an accident,"

"Didn't you hear what the doctor said? You're stressed out and unstable. And you need to rest well. If you encounter further shocks, you will probably faint again."

"How come I don't remember that last part?"

"It's a logical conclusion."

Sharon moved her vision outside the window to halt the conversation. He always had reasons.

There was no point in arguing further.

Having returned to the apartment, Sharon took a shower and then locked herself in the guest bedroom.

Just as she expected, he started knocking on the door soon.

Sharon buried her head under the quilt, pretending to be asleep.

"Do you want your phone or not?" asked Jameson deliberately.

She pulled down the quilt and considered his offer.

"Your brother texted you," came Jameson's voice again.

"What did he say?" asked Sharon as she sat up on the bed.

"I haven't read it."

Sharon took her time to put on her shoes and then walked to the door.

After opening it, she reached out a hand to Jameson.

Jameson grabbed it under her watch.

"....."

Sharon looked at him expressionlessly, "I want the phone!"

Jameson raised his eyebrows, "Oh, I misunderstood."

Sharon wanted to say something, but Jameson tightened the grip and pulled her out of the room. He held her waist with one arm.

"Why are you sleeping here?"

"Didn't the doctor say I'm stressed out and unstable?"

"Yes?"

"I think, under such conditions, it's better if I stay alone, or I'll affect you as well."

"Who says you're affecting me?"

Sharon replied with his own words, "It's a logical conclusion."

Jameson twitched his eyebrows.

Sharon took over the phone and found many text messages but Ruben's.

All the texts were unread. So he had lied to her about checking her phone.

"Didn't you say Ruben texted me?"

“He didn’t? Then I saw it wrong.”

Sharon knew it would be like this. He had all the excuses in the world.

She freed herself from his embrace and headed back to the guest bedroom.

“I’m going back to sleep.....”

But she was pulled back.

Jameson carried her in his arms and dropped her on the bed of their bedroom.

“Stop messing around and be a good girl, ok?”

“I’m not messing around. I want to calm down by myself and think about some things.”

“What do you want to think about?”

Sharon moved her face away from him, “Nothing.”

Jameson held her chin and turned back her head.

“You’re so good at giving others consolation. How come when it comes to yourself, you’re struggling so hard to get through?”

“I’m not troubled by Josh Allyson. I’m just.....”

“Just what?”

Jameson stared at her with his dark eyes.

Sharon opened her lips but didn’t make a sound.

Jameson waited patiently.

After a long while, she finally opened up, “I’m afraid that HE will hurt Ruben.”

“Who?”

Sharon stopped talking again.

Jameson pressed against his teeth with the tip of his tongue.

He slowed down his voice, “You.....you already know it?”

“I should’ve known it earlier. There’s no causeless kindness, and there’s no hatred out of nowhere.”

It was not a coincidence at all at the cemetery.

Patrick Matthias was there precisely to help her.

Maybe he had known it since a long time ago.

Jameson rubbed her head and asked, “So what’s your plan? Confront him?”

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Sharon shook her head, "He has known it before I do, yet he never spoke up. He must have his reason."

"So you have forgiven him."

"He's never done anything wrong to me. What is there to forgive him of?"

Besides, she was quite grateful that they had not brought it out on the table.

Otherwise, she couldn't even imagine what would happen if Ruben found out. By that point, everyone would feel uncomfortable.

Jameson frowned as if he had seen through her mind.

"All you need to worry about is what you want, not what others want."

"But Ruben is my little brother and my only...."

"Sharon Allyson, it doesn't matter if it's 'only' or 'one of'. You are yourself, first and foremost. There's nothing wrong whatsoever to live once for yourself."

Sharon opened her mouth, wanting to object, but Jameson cut her off, "Do you know why you're so stressed out? Because you always try to take care of others' feelings. You always overthink. That's why your life is so overwhelming."

"I don't always do that-I just don't want Ruben to..."

"Ruben is twenty already—a grown-up—and if he can't even handle this, do you think your efforts are worth it?"

Sharon replied, "But this is what I want to do. No one is more important to me than Ruben is. If I had to pick someone among all, I would choose him."

"Not even I?"

Sharon met his eyes and said softly, "Why...why do you have to make a fool of yourself?"

"..."

Jameson turned off the light and said, "Good night."

Sharon blinked her eyes in the dark, "You mad again?"

"No," Jameson revealed nothing in his voice.

"You were the one that asked such a question. Why did you have to do it when you already knew the answer? Didn't you tell me I have to think about what I want first? That's what I did!"

"Cool," Jameson snorted.

Seeing him like this, Sharon raised the corners of her lips, feeling better significantly.

"I want to go shopping tomorrow. What time is Jennifer gonna be here?"

"She'll be here when you're up."

“Ok.”

‘This a**hole sounds like he had swallowed explosives!’ Perhaps due to the sufficient amount of sleep she had got for the past two days, she was in a much better mood that she didn’t feel like sleeping at all.

And the idea of igniting the explosive lying next to her seemed alluring.

“Mr.Proctor,” she spoke in a seductive voice, “President Proctor—-“

Jameson didn’t react to her at all.

Sharon twisted a little in his arms and then poked him on the waist, “You’re asleep?”

He remained silent still.

“What a pity,” said Sharon.

She was going to turn her back to him when he grabbed on her wrist tightly, “What you talking about?”

“Never mind.I can’t fall asleep, so I thought we could have some fun, but since you’re tired, let’s just sleep, goodni.....”

Jameson sealed her mouth with a kiss.

At the last moment, he had been lying next to her; now, he was on top of her, emitting a sense of dangerous desire.

“You’re not going to sleep” he said.

Sharon felt regretful afterward “This a**hole was the kind of man who never puts down grudges.Why did I offer myself to him like that!?”

It was like slapping herself in the face.It was already noon when she woke up the next day.

Jameson had left for the company.

Whiling washing, Sharon couldn’t help but make a “tsk” sound when she saw the marks Jameson had left on her body. She put on a shirt with a collar to cover them up.

When she left the bedroom, the wonderful smell of cooked rice came to her.

Jennifer came out from the kitchen and greeted her with a smile, “Madam, good morning.Lunch will be ready in just a while.”

“Ok,” Sharon smiled back.

She poured herself a cup of water and sat down slowly at the dining table.

She sent a text to Tiffany: Tiffany, are you at the studio?

Tiffany replied immediately: Yeah, what’s up?

Sharon: Let’s hang out in the afternoon.The work at the studio was not much these days.So she accepted the invitation right away.

At this moment, Jennifer came out from the kitchen, carrying a tray.

“Madam, you must be starving. Sorry for the wait,” she served the food as she was speaking.

“Thank you so much for coming all the way over here.”

“Oh, it’s nothing. The Star Lake Mansion is being redecorated. Mr. Proctor gave me a long break with full salaries! I felt so guilty about it. It’s good that I can come and look after you now.”

Sharon finished half of the soup and asked, “Star Lake Mansion is already being redecorated?”

“Yeah. I went there yesterday. It’s completely changed. There’s a lot more flowers and plants in the garden, and the colors inside the house are much warmer.”

Jennifer then cautiously asked, “Madam, you and sir will move back afterward, wont ya?”

“Maybe we will,” Sharon smiled softly.

She didn’t seem willing to talk about the subject, so Jennifer stopped asking and went to clean up the kitchen.

After lunch, Sharon went to the sofa.

As she felt fully recharged, she texted Tiffany, telling her that she was heading out.

At the underground parking, Jameson’s driver approached, “Ma’am, Mr. Proctor asked me to drive you.”

Sharon didn’t say anything. Since the driver was already there, it could only mean that Jameson had planned everything.

There was no point protesting.

As the car slowly exited the parking lot, sunlight gradually fell onto them.

The weather was great.

When they arrived at the shopping mall, Sharon saw Tiffany from along distance.

She turned to Jennifer and said, “Jen, my friend is here. You should find a place downstairs for a cup of tea. I’ll call you when I finish.”

Jennifer nodded, “Of course.”

Jameson’s order was to keep her company. Now that her friend was here, she didn’t have to keep following her.

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Sharon hadn’t been to the shopping mall for a long time. But she wasn’t running out of different clothes to wear.

Every now and then, Jameson would order people to switch the clothes in the closet into the latest fashionable ones.

So she didn't have much to buy for herself except the ones that she fell in love with at first sight. Mostly she just bought things for Jameson.

Tiffany mocked, "Do you have to do it with me present!?"

Sharon smiled, "By the way, isn't your birthday coming in a month? What gift do you want from me?"

"A boyfriend."

"....Never mind."

Tiffany sat on the sofa in the store and watched the happy couples outside pass by.

"Why is it so easy for them!? How come I can't meet anyone normal? All the men I meet are a**holes!"

She paused a little and went on, "And I have no idea what my mom's thinking. She's been calling me recently to go to blind dates she set up."

"Blind date?" Sharon was shocked to hear this.

"Yeah. Her classmate's son, working for a state-owned business—stable job—and a decent person he is, nothing like that piece of sh*t Asher Lawson."

"So, are you gonna see him?"

Tiffany sighed, "I don't want to, but my mom says "If you don't go to the blind date, then don't you ever come back home again"

But to be honest, this kind of person is definitely marriage material—life will be very stable—but I just.....I can't treat marriage like this.

If there's no love, I might as well get a roommate.

Sharon nodded in agreement, "She's just worried about you. Talk to her. Tell her what you really think."

"I'm tired. I get a headache every time she nags me. I'll just go to date and then find some excuse to say no to him. That's an answer to my mom as well."

"That works too."

After a while, Sharon's phone rang. It was Daniel.

She walked to the side to pick up the call.

"Miss Allyson, the results are back."

Sharon immediately felt nervous, "And?"

"I don't know the details yet. You'll have to come with me. The forensic doctor will tell us. Where are you right now? I'll pick you up."

"Just send me the address. I'm outside right now. I'll go there by myself."

"Alright."

Daniel sent the address right after the call.

Sharon put away her phone and then walked towards Tiffany, "Tiff, I have something to do right now. I need to go somewhere."

Tiffany was drinking milk tea.

"What is it?"

"My mom's autopsy results are out."

Tiffany stood up abruptly, "I'll go with you."

"Wel.....Daniel's also there. Are you sure?"

Tiffany took a few seconds to think and then laughed, "So what? I'm going there for you, not him! I'll just ignore him."

Tiffany was curious about the matter as well, and she was also afraid that Sharon would pass out like last time.

Seeing that she was determined, Sharon didn't object further.

After getting in the car, she gave the address to the driver.

In half an hour, they arrived at their destination.

"Jennifer, wait here for me. I'll be back soon."

"Madam, take your time."

Daniel was waiting outside already.

Besides him, there was also Trey Coe.

"Sharon, you didn't tell Ruben?" asked Trey Coe as they were walking over to him.

"He's in class. I haven't told him about it. And I don't know the situation yet.....I'll tell him later."

Although she had always believed that her mother died of giving birth to Ruben, the series of events that had happened made her doubt if the truth was really that simple.

So, before she found out the final truth, she couldn't tell Ruben.

"Let's go," said Daniel.

The doctor was awaiting them inside.

"Are you guys the family of the deceased?"

"I am," said Sharon.

The doctor then took out a document, "We have identified the cause of death. It was a lethal strike on the skull."

Sharon was thunderstruck.

She repeated in disbelief, "Strike on the skull?"

The doctor nodded and presented the paper before her, "This is the test result. You can have a look."

Sharon picked it up with a frown and then started reading it discreetly.

The doctor continued, "When the body was sent over, we received information that she had died of childbirth. But I have scrutinized the body. Although only a skeleton was left, and it increased the difficulty of the examination, I can be certain that she didn't die of childbirth. And there is obvious evidence of impact on her skull, which was also her fatal injury."

Sharon lowered her eyes, bit her lip, and didn't know what to say.

Daniel took over the document from her and placed it on the desk, "So, she was murdered."

The doctor nodded, "The impact was on the back of her head. Perhaps, it happened during an intense conflict, and she accidentally fell backward and hit the wall with her head. She passed away, unfortunately, because there was no immediate medical attention."

Sharon's eyelashes were trembling. She closed her eyes slowly.

Now everything was clear.

Josh Allyson had been lying all along.

It was he who killed her mother and hid her inside the wall.

Perhaps he was afraid or guilty....that was why he raised up Ruben and her. It was also a way to avoid people's suspicion.

But he showed his true character as time passed by. Sharon suddenly felt lucky just to survive under him.

"Sharon, are you ok?"

Tiffany gave her an arm immediately.

Sharon opened her eyes while shaking her head, "I'm fine."

But she was pale.

How could she be fine? Tiffany looked at the doctor and asked, "Is there anything else? If not, we'll be on our way."

"Just need the family member's signature."

Sharon picked up the pen and signed on the paper.

Trey Coe suggested, "Sharon, I'll take care of the rest. Go home and rest now."

Sharon put down the pen, "It's ok. I don't have many memories of her left, but...." She was trying hard not to cry, "This time, let me see her off."

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Since Trey Coe and Daniel were there, things went very smoothly. Even the cemetery was decided in advance with the help of them.

After the cremation, the staff sent the ashes to the cemetery for burial.

On the way, Sharon Allyson called Ruben Allyson to inform him of the address of the cemetery, then leaned against the car window and looked out quietly.

Tiffany Momon whispered, "Are you okay, Sharon?"

Sharon Allyson smiled at her, "I'm fine. Don't worry. I'm used to it."

Tiffany Momon sighed silently and patted her shoulder to comfort her, not knowing what to say.

For who knew how long, the car came to a slow stop.

Sharon Allyson withdrew her thoughts and took a breath.

Just as she was about to reach for the car door, it suddenly opened from the outside.

She looked up at the man outside, asking unexpectedly, "What are you doing here?"

Jameson Proctor bent down and took her hand that was hanging in mid-air, "How could I not come for such a big event?"

Sharon Allyson pursed her lips and got out of the car. She had messaged Jameson Proctor on the way to the identification center when she received Daniel's call.

He hadn't replied yet, so she assumed he was in a meeting and didn't expect him to come over.

As soon as she got out of the car, Sharon Allyson spotted Mr. Jones who was standing not far away on a crutch, face clouded.

It seemed that Daniel had informed him of what happened.

Sharon Allyson looked around, only to find no one else there.

Jameson Proctor knew what she was thinking, so he just put his arm around her shoulder, "Come on."

It began to drizzle.

Sharon Allyson stood in front of the grave, her eyelashes slightly drooping.

Jameson Proctor held his umbrella and stood beside her.

A short time later, Ruben Allyson arrived as well.

However, Ruben did not come forward; instead, he just stood quietly at a short distance, looking expressionless in the foggy air.

There was much attendance.

But all remained silent throughout the burial.

After the tomb was sealed, Mr. Jones let out a deep sigh, "After so many years, Doris's finally put to rest."

Jameson Proctor's voice came slowly, "It may not be that easy"

Mr. Jones looked at him and couldn't help but frown, "What do you mean?"

"What happened after that explosion back then? Why hadn't she gone to anyone for help for so many years? Why did she marry Josh Allyson? Why was she killed by Josh Allyson? It still leaves many whys and hows to which the answers have yet to be known."

Mr. Jones furrowed on his crutch, but could not answer a single word.

Jameson Proctor continued, "I'm afraid only Josh Allyson knows."

Daniel said, "But we have done whatever could be done, yet he still refused to say anything truthful."

Jameson Proctor said, "That's because he knows that he still has his uses and thus you won't kill him."

"Any good idea to have him tell us the truth?"

"No."

Sharon Allyson tugged on his sleeve, gesturing for him to stop.

Jameson Proctor took her hand and spoke lightly, "I'm just reminding y'all that it's not that simple and don't you let your guard down too early."

Trey Coe remained silent for a while before saying, "It was Tavis Beale who started all this. Even though he has hidden away, finding him is just a matter of time. Does Mr. Proctor mean....."

"If Tavis Beale were the sole culprit, things couldn't be easier for sure."

Mr. Jones asked, "You mean, there are accomplices beside Tavis Beale?"

Jameson Proctor said, "It's just my guesswork. Based on your knowledge of Tavis Beale, you have searched every nook and cranny he could possibly hide in, and you've even hired detectives to help. I dare say, even if Tavis Beale had wings, he could hardly fly away. The answer is thus clear: Someone has come to his rescue."

Mr. Jones said, "It's not that we haven't thought about this possibility, but we've interrogated anyone who has had contact with him, but no results yet"

"Since he knows you guys are looking for him, he surely will go somewhere you least expect it"

Daniel sniffed and asked, "So, Mr. Proctor is suspecting that the person hiding him has no previous contact with him, at least in the open. But he has to help him out for some reason. And this certain reason is most likely related to what happened twenty years ago. Is that right?"

"Maybe."

There wasn't any evidence for such speculations yet.

Once again, the group fell silent.

At this time, Sharon Allyson spoke softly to Jameson Proctor, "I want to go somewhere. May you go with me?"

Jameson Proctor looked at her and said slowly, "Okay"

Sharon Allyson bowed slightly toward Mr. Jones before saying goodbye to him.

Then she walked back over to Ruben Allyson and Tiffany Momon, "Tiffany, Ruben, let's go"

Ruben Allyson nodded, looked at the tombstone, and followed her out.

When Tiffany Momon turned around, she met Daniel's eyes and felt her scalp tightened.

She rushed off immediately.

Once outside, Sharon Allyson stopped, "Tiffany, I have to go somewhere. Can you do me a favor by driving Ruben back?"

Tiffany Momon was just about to respond when Ruben Allyson asked, "Are you going to Josh Allyson?"

"Yes. Even though he's lied so much, I'd like to ask him one last time."

"I'm going as well."

Sharon Allyson shook her head, "Don't you go."

Ruben Allyson's brow furrowed slightly, "But..."

Sharon Allyson said, "I have Jameson Proctor with me. Don't worry. Just go back to school."

Before Ruben Allyson could say anything more, Tiffany Momon had grabbed onto his arm and dragged him into the car, "Obey your sister, please. Don't get involved with such a mess. That Josh Allyson is just an old bast... What can you expect from a hog but a grunt? you are right not to go."

As bad as Josh Allyson might be, he was still Ruben's father, so Tiffany Momon swallowed "bastard" back.

Sharon Allyson smiled at Ruben Allyson, "Don't worry. I'm just going to try my luck. If I don't get any answer, so be it."

Ruben Allyson's thin lips pursed as he withdrew his eyes and got into the car.

Tiffany Momon waved at Sharon Allyson, "Sharon, we'll be going then."

Sharon Allyson nodded, "Take care."

They rode in the same car that Sharon Allyson rode out in. When the car pulled away, Jameson Proctor took Sharon's hand, "Let's go."

In the car, Sharon Allyson asked, "It seems you've known something?"

"Huh?"

"You've never told me about what you said today. Why the sudden change?"

Jameson Proctor kept holding the steering wheel as he said faintly, "I do not know anything new yet. I just"

Sharon Allyson followed up by asking, "Just what?"

"I just found something suspicious"

Jameson Proctor's dark eyes narrowed and his voice went colder, "The year when the mishap befell the Beale family, it happened that Jeffery Proctor had a car accident, and I was picked up and returned to the Proctor family."

At these words, Sharon Allyson could not help but widen her eyes and look at him incredulously.