

## Resume 521

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 521

At the entrance of the Proctor family.

No matter how the servants of the Proctor family explained, the group of people did not leave.

Finally, Master Proctor appeared in front of the crowd with a crutch and a face full of anger, "What ya gonna do?"

A reporter said, "Master Proctor, it's rumored that Sharon Allyson disappeared after attending the Proctor family's party, and thus we would like to hear what you think about this."

Master Proctor said angrily, "You already said that she disappeared after the party, what can I think? That I should have sent bodyguards to protect her around the clock?"

One of the Beale Group's executives said, "Ms. Allyson disappeared because she came to the Proctor Group's dinner party. Shouldn't the Proctor family be responsible for that?"

"There were so many people coming to the Proctor family's party; if I were responsible for everyone, wouldn't I be overwhelmed?"

At this time, another reporter said, "We just received information that Ms. Allyson never left the Proctor family at all. Some people say that her disappearance is an incident self-directed by the Proctor family. What does Master Proctor think about this?"

Master Proctor's voice grew colder, "What do I think? Get whoever said this to face me directly!"

As soon as Master Proctor finished his words, many more reporters competed to ask more questions.

There was a lot of noise.

Master Proctor's face was getting ugly.

He said in a stern voice, "That's enough! If you want to go in and look for her, just help yourself! But be warned that if you don't find anyone, don't blame me for not showing mercy!"

The men did not answer, nor did they have any intention to back down.

Just as the two sides were at a standstill, everyone received the news of Sharon Allyson's appearance almost simultaneously, and after a couple of verbal apologies, they all left.

Silence finally returned to the surroundings.

Master Proctor drew a deep breath on his crutch and looked at the direction they left.

This was much more difficult to deal with than he previously thought.

He did not expect that in just a year's time, Sharon Allyson was no longer the humble little girl he could control.

Judging by the way things were going today, it was almost impossible to use her to keep Jameson Proctor in check.

Back in the main house, Evie Rowland sat on the sofa in the living room with a cold face.

Master Proctor walked over and sat down across from her, "I'm doing this for the greater good. If they break in tonight, the Proctor family will be humiliated."

Evie Rowland sneered, "Does the Proctor family have any face?"

Master Proctor did not say anything; he frowned and thought before saying, "You have been looking for Charlotte Clarke for long. Have you heard from her yet?"

Evie Rowland said, "What? You want to make it up with her?"

Master Proctor was upset, "What are you talking about? You're too old to be kidding like this."

Evie Rowland ignored him.

Master Proctor said in a deep voice, "As you can see, now Sharon Allyson is so different from before, that we can not do anything to her. But to deal with Jameson Proctor, this is just the beginning. It is thus necessary to find Charlotte Clarke. With such a bargaining chip in hand, we will be able to negotiate other terms with him."

After a pause, he added, "It is much easier to control Charlotte Clarke than Sharon Allyson, so what matters now is to find out where she is."

Evie Rowland said lightly, "Do you think it's that easy to find her?"

"I heard earlier that you already have a lead on her"

Evie Rowland snorted, "That was false information that Jameson Proctor threw at me on purpose"

Her people were informed that Charlotte Clarke was in Costspool, but when they went there, she had long since moved out.

Then they searched several places one after another, but all in vain.

Jameson Proctor was clearly just walking them around for fun.

She now suspected that Charlotte Clarke was in South City.

Master Proctor said, "No matter what, we have to find her as soon as possible, and only if we have her in our hands can we ensure that everything go smoothly."

Evie Rowland got up, seemingly not wanting to talk to him any further, and got up straight away to go upstairs.

At the stairway, Jeffery Proctor turned his wheelchair and went back to his room.

On the other side, Sharon Allyson sat waiting after the call with William Hood.

William Hood said that Jameson Proctor was on the plane home.

She finally dropped her worry.

Not long after, a car pulled up in front of Sharon Allyson, the door opened, and down came Daniel.

He walked over to Sharon Allyson, "You good, Ms. Allyson?"

Sharon Allyson nodded, "I'm fine."

Daniel breathed a sigh of relief, "Good to know. What were they trying to do?"

"They wanted to use me to threaten Jameson Proctor, so they put on this show. As for the situation on Jameson Proctor's side, I'm not sure yet."

Daniel said, "He's fine, don't worry about it."

Sharon Allyson nodded and suddenly remembered something and said, "How did you know I'm here?"

"William Hood told me." Sharon Allyson nodded in response.

Jameson Proctor must have been in contact with their side.

By this time, William Hood had also arrived.

He said, "Come on, I'll take you back."

Sharon Allyson got up, "Okay."

Daniel called out to her, "Ms. Allyson."

Sharon Allyson turned back, "Is there anything else?"

Daniel pursed his lips, "Nothing. Just go back and get some rest"

"Thanks."

Sharon Allyson walked up to William Hood's car, and, as if she sensed something, looked at Daniel's car which was parked a short distance away.

The windows were peep-proof and nothing could be seen.

After a few seconds of staring, Sharon Allyson withdrew her gaze in silence and bent over to get into the car.

William Hood said to Daniel, "We gotta go."

With that, he got into the car after Sharon.

After the black Bentley was driven some distance away, Sharon Allyson said, "You take me to the airport."

"Are you going to pick up Jameson Proctor?"

Sharon Allyson gave a gentle nod.

William Hood said, "It's a ten-hour flight from London to South City, and he won't even be there yet even if you go back for a sleep."

Sharon Allyson said, "I can't sleep now"

William Hood thought about it, didn't say anything more, and drove to the airport.

Back into the car, Daniel said, "She's gone."

William raised his hand to rub his eyebrow and said without any emotion, "Let's go, too"

"You are obviously worried about her. Why don't you go see her yourself?"

"Even if I meet her in person, what can I say?"

Daniel said, "Actually, I feel as if she already knows it"

William paused, "When did she know?"

"I've no clue yet. It's just my rough hunch. I haven't verified it."

William frowned and did not speak for a moment.

Daniel added, "If you are thinking that there is something wrong with Ruben Allyson, I can go talk to him."

After a moment, William spoke out, "I heard that before Josh Allyson died, Jameson Proctor sent his DNA to be tested."

"...Yes."

"And the results still haven't come back, do you know why?"

Daniel didn't say anything.

William said, "This is just a topic that everyone including I, Sharon and Ruben wants to avoid. It's better to pretend it doesn't exist than to open up the old scar"

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 522

Jameson Proctor was returning by helicopter, so William Hood took Sharon Allyson directly to the private pavilion airport.

Sharon Allyson said, "You go back first; I'll just wait for him here."

William Hood nodded; he did have a lot on his plate for the time being.

He said, "Hit me up if there's anything wrong"

"Okay."

After William Hood left, Sharon Allyson leaned against the car window and looked out quietly.

After a strenuous, long night, the sky was now beginning to brighten up in the distance.

It wouldn't be long before the sun rose.

Sharon Allyson drifted off into sleep.

A short while later, she was awakened by the vibration of her cell phone.

Sharon Allyson opened her eyes and saw that it was Ruben Allyson calling. She cleared her throat and picked it up, "What's up, Ruben?"

Ruben Allyson said in a deep voice, "Where are you now?"

Sharon Allyson swallowed her words back.

After all, Ruben was calling her so early and in this tone, which meant that he most likely already knew about last night's incident. She said softly, "I'm at the airport, waiting for Jameson Proctor to return."

Ruben Allyson said, "Send me the address and I'll come find you."

Sharon Allyson said, "No. I'm totally okay now. Just go to school."

Ruben Allyson frowned, "How can you be okay after so much disturbance?"

Besides making a call to William Hood, Sharon Allyson hadn't checked her phone at all since she got out of the Proctor family.

She was still not sure what was going on.

She smiled, "It's really fine. If I were not okay, how could I still be sitting here on the phone with you right now? The Proctor family was just bluffing, as they wouldn't dare to do anything to me."

Ruben Allyson pouted and didn't say anything.

Sharon Allyson said, "Come on; go to school now. I'll meet you there in a couple of days."

"No."

Ruben Allyson said, "I'll go over to the apartment tonight."

"Ah... That's fine. I'll be back in the evening, too."

Hanging up the phone, Sharon Allyson finally checked her phone and saw that Tiffany Momon had called her twice and sent her quite a few messages.

She must have slept too deep to hear the notifications.

Sharon Allyson saw that the phone did not have much power left, so she did not call Tiffany Momon back.

Instead, she just sent a message over saying she was safe now.

While the phone had yet to die, Sharon Allyson checked the web news to get caught up.

There were several pieces of news about her disappearance after attending the Proctor family's party.

But there was also a clarification that the incident was just an oops.

It was obvious that the Proctor family had intervened.

The incident actually didn't cause much of a stir, and people didn't take it to heart.

Only those close to her knew full well that this was definitely not an oops.

That's why Ruben and Tiffany called her.

Before Sharon Allyson could continue reading, her phone ran out of battery and shut off.

She put the phone down and let out a breath and closed her eyes again.

Not long after, there was a knock on the car window.

Sharon Allyson lowered the window.

The person outside handed her a bag, "Ms. Allyson, here's food and water."

Sharon Allyson took it, "Thank you."

After a pause, she added, "What time is it?"

"Thirty past nine."

"How long before Jameson Proctor arrives?"

"Mr. Proctor should be here at three in the afternoon."

Sharon Allyson nodded, "Could you please get a charger for me?"

"Okay, hold on."

Sharon Allyson put the bag aside and got out to stretch.

When the charger was brought over, she said thank you and got into the driver's seat.

Instead of waiting here, she thought it better to go over to the Beale Group.

After her phone was charged to full, Sharon Allyson explained to her guard outside and drove off immediately.

At the Beale Group, Sharon Allyson had just entered the office when Jayden Bower followed her in, "Ms. Allyson, are you okay?"

Sharon Allyson sat down in her seat and smiled slightly, "Yes. What's wrong?"

"After the news of your disappearance came yesterday, I, Ivan and a few others went to the Proctor family, only to be told by Master Proctor that you weren't there, and then we received word that you had arrived home, so we went back."

Sharon Allyson remembered the disturbance last night and asked, "Were there many people who went last night?"

Jayden Bower nodded, "In addition to us, there are a few media reporters, and the other...I just don't know who they were."

Sharon Allyson said, "Got it, thanks for your hard work. I appreciate it."

Those people should be from Daniel's side.

Jayden Bower said, "Since Ms. Allyson is fine, I'll get back to the grindstone."

“Go ahead.”

After Jayden Bower left, Sharon Allyson rubbed her temples.

Hardly had she opened the draft when Dean Wilson walked in, “Finally, I see you sitting in front of me alive! If you were back a little later, I could have been sent directly to the crematorium.”

Sharon Allyson, “...Dean Wilson sat across from her, “How was it? Did you get any clues last night when you went deep into the tiger’s den?”

Sharon Allyson pursed her lips, “They used Jeffery Proctor’s injury to trick me into going over to this plan, about which you should already know.”

Dean Wilson laughed dryly, “We failed to think it through, otherwise we would not have put you in danger”

Sharon Allyson shook her head, “In fact, I was safe over there.

They just wanted to use me to make Jameson Proctor agree to their conditions.

But if I weren’t there last night, the real danger would have befallen Jameson Proctor.”

“What does that mean?”

“Jeffery Proctor told me that they have two plans, one is to use me to threaten Jameson Proctor last night. And the other one is their last resort. That is, if the first plan fails, they will let Jameson Proctor stay in London forever”

Dean Wilson frowned, “Whose plans are these?”

Sharon Allyson said, “Jeffery Proctor said ‘they’, so they should be from Master Proctor and Evie Rowland.”

“And when did Jeffery Proctor learn about this?”

“Not long ago I think; he said he was informed after they’d made all the arrangements.”

Sharon Allyson said, “The reason he helped them keep me there was also for Jameson Proctor’s safety”

Dean Wilson was silent for a while before uttering, “No wonder. If Jeffery Proctor knew they were doing this in advance, he would have stopped them.”

Sharon Allyson said, “They should be planning it for a long time, so I’m really worried about Jameson Proctor.”

Dean Wilson said, “Jameson Proctor is away on business simply because the company over in London had some urgency. He went there literally unprepared. If they’ve made all the preparations to make a move on Jameson Proctor beforehand, then it is indeed quite troublesome. But don’t worry. Even if this is the case and they want Jameson Proctor to stay in London forever, that is not that simple.”

“As long as Jameson Proctor is okay...”

Sharon Allyson paused before saying again, "So...now that Jameson Proctor has agreed to their terms, is there any other way to undo all of this?"

Dean Wilson smiled, "No need to rush. When Jameson Proctor comes back, you'll know how."

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 523

In the afternoon, Sharon Allyson saw that it was almost time, so she left the Beale Group and prepared to go to the airport.

Just as she went downstairs, she saw a man leaning against the Rolls Royce not far away, his posture casual, his dark eyes quiet, and looking in her direction.

Sharon Allyson froze and barely had time to react before she subconsciously ran over to him, jumped into his arms and wrapped her arms tightly around his waist.

Although everyone had been telling her since last night that Jameson Proctor was safe, the uneasiness and fear could not be dissipated from her heart.

He stood in front of her, and she held him in her arms so tight that she could feel his body heat.

It was exactly at this very moment that she felt everything was real.

Jameson Proctor wrapped his arms around her, his voice low but gentle, "Just miss me so much?"

Sharon Allyson held him a little tighter, her voice uncontrollably choked, "I almost lost you..."

Jameson Proctor patted her back and said comfortingly, "I'll be wherever and whenever you wanna see me."

Sharon Allyson's voice was thickly nasal, "I was...I was going to pick you up..."

"I arrived ahead of time. I knew you were anxious to see me, so I came here right away."

Sharon Allyson didn't say a word.

She did want to see him so badly that she even fancied a sight of him as soon as he got off the helicopter.

Jameson Proctor rubbed her head, "As I've flew so long to get back, can you do me the honor of getting off work early tonight?"

Sharon Allyson nodded, "Sure."

With Dean Wilson taking care of everything in the Beale Group, Sharon was not in any mood to do anything at the moment, so it was a pure waste of time to stay here.

Jameson Proctor pulled open the car door and inclined his head toward her, "Get in."

On the way back, Sharon Allyson leaned on Jameson Proctor's shoulder, feeling her tense nerves completely relaxed, and fell asleep after a while.

Jameson Proctor wrapped his arm around her and let out an inaudible sigh of relief.



If something untoward happened to her while he was away, he might have gone crazy.

Sharon Allyson slept so long that when she woke up, she was in her bedroom in the apartment, and it was pitch-dark outside.

Jameson Proctor was lying next to her, breathing evenly.

Sharon Allyson watched him quietly for a moment before kissing him on his thin lips.

Then she gently lifted the covers and got up.

When she entered the kitchen, Sharon Allyson opened the refrigerator and saw that there were no more ingredients inside.

In the last few days when Jameson Proctor was away, she hadn't had even a single square meal yet.

Sharon Allyson checked the time.

In the morning, Ruben said he would come over in the evening, and now he should be coming soon.

She didn't want to go out, so she just sat in the sofa and ordered some take-out.

After about ten minutes, the doorbell rang.

It was Ruben Allyson who arrived.

Sharon Allyson opened the door, only to find Ruben Allyson in wet clothes, so she asked, "Is it raining outside?"

Ruben Allyson said, "A little."

"Come on in."

Sharon Allyson said, turning into the bathroom and bringing a towel out to him.

Ruben Allyson took it and looked around the room, "Isn't Jameson Proctor back yet?"

Sharon Allyson said, "He's sleeping."

Ruben Allyson was silent before saying, "What happened last night?"

"It was...a long story"

Sharon Allyson knew that if she didn't tell him everything, he would still be worried. So she told him the whole story.

Ruben Allyson's brow was furrowed after hearing it.

Sharon Allyson went to pour water for him, "Well, it's all over now. I'm fine; you don't have to worry."

Ruben Allyson said, "What about Jameson Proctor?"

Sharon Allyson paused, "I don't know. I haven't had a chance to ask him yet"

As soon as she said that, Jameson Proctor came out of the bedroom and looked at Ruben Allyson with tired, dark eyes, seeming displeased.

Jameson Proctor sat down on the sofa and spoke unhurriedly, "What are you doing here?"

Ruben Allyson said, "Nothing."

He then said to Sharon Allyson, "Since you're fine, I gotta go."

Sharon Allyson said, "Hmmm...why don't you stay for dinner? It's still raining outside."

"I'll take a taxi."

Sharon Allyson went after him and gave him an umbrella from the foyer, "Take it with you, or you'll catch a cold later."

After Ruben Allyson left, Sharon Allyson closed the door and walked up to Jameson Proctor, whispering, "What are you doing? It's a rare occasion that Ruben comes here."

Jameson Proctor leaned back in the sofa with fingers against his temples.

He smiled and reached out to pull her in his arms, "Why did he have to come at this time? To be a third wheel? But his leaving is quite sensible."

Sharon Allyson, "..."

She sat on Jameson Proctor's lap, feeling his body a little hot, so she reached out and touched his forehead, and then touched her own, "Are you getting a cold?"

Jameson Proctor made a low muffled sound, "A little."

"Did you take your medicine yet?"

"No."

Sharon Allyson wanted to get up and get him his medicine, but then remembered that he was on an empty stomach, so she thought it better to wait until he ate later.

Jameson Proctor said, "Did they give you a hard time last night?"

Sharon Allyson shook her head, "No. Not at all. Even your big brother was for your sake. He did all this to protect you..."

"Dean Wilson told me on the phone, I know."

Sharon Allyson added, "So is there any way to undo all this now?"

Jameson Proctor said lightly, "The board meeting of the Proctor Group is just two days away."

"What are they trying to do with this board meeting?"

"Since they got the shares of the Proctor Group from me, they will definitely let everyone know about it, so this board meeting will be the most suitable time for them. I guess, the old man should intend to let

Jeffery Proctor take the shares and justifiably enter the Proctor Group. This way, as long as I don't object, others will have to acquiesce."

In any event, the old man's approach of pushing Jeffery Proctor to the front was undoubtedly the smartest.

No matter what means they used to get it, if Jeffery Proctor was forced to take on this matter, Jameson Proctor would definitely not treat him as ruthlessly as he did the Master Proctor.

Instead, he would try to show Jeffery Proctor his due respect.

And precisely because of this, they had the opportunity to take advantage of it.

Sharon Allyson tentatively spoke, "So you...would object?"

Jameson Proctor's laugh was dry, and didn't reach the corners of his lips, or his eyes.

He said, "They bet on Jeffery Proctor, and there is really nothing wrong with it. I won't do anything to him."

"But Jeffery Proctor was also just at their mercy, as he has no interest in the Proctor Group. If he is the one who enters the Proctor Group, it will just be Master Proctor using his name to do what they like."

Jameson Proctor put his arm around her waist and his chin on her shoulder.

He said slowly, "Things can't go that far."

Sharon Allyson didn't understand, "What do you mean?"

"That contract has to be delivered to the old man to be most effective, but London is so far away from here; there is no guarantee they can deliver it."

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 524

Fortunately, the takeout Sharon Allyson ordered wasn't spicy at all.

After the meal, she went to get Jameson Proctor's medicine and poured another glass of warm water for him, "Take this medicine first. If the fever doesn't go down tonight, we'll have to go to the hospital tomorrow"

Jameson Proctor threw the medicine into his mouth, picked up the glass of water and tilted his head to drink it, his Adam's apple sliding up and down.

He said, "It's okay. I just need to rest for a few days."

Sharon Allyson knew that he hadn't had much rest in London in the past few days, and had returned by helicopter overnight.

Even a man of steel couldn't stand it.

She said, "You go rest then. I'm going to take a shower"

Jameson Proctor took her wrist and raised his eyebrows, "Co-shower?"

Sharon Allyson, "..."

She slapped his hand away, "You have a cold already. Can't you tone it down a bit?"

With that, Sharon Allyson took the clothes and went straight into the bathroom.

Jameson Proctor had got his clothes changed, suggesting that he already showered on his way home.

No wonder.

As a calculating man, how could he lie in bed unshowered after such a long helicopter ride? After the shower, Sharon Allyson felt that the exhaustion of the past two days had also been removed.

When she went out, Jameson Proctor was standing on the balcony talking over the phone.

Sharon Allyson did not disturb him as she went back to her bedroom.

The call lasted for half an hour.

When he came in, Sharon Allyson said, "Is something wrong again?"

"No. Just minor things. Nothing important"

Jameson Proctor went to lie down next to her, turned off the light, pulled her into his arms and whispered, "Go to sleep."

After sleeping all afternoon, Sharon Allyson was not sleepy at the moment.

Her eyes were closed.

But the more she tried to sleep, the more awake she became.

After she rolled over from side to side several times, Jameson Proctor said, "Can't sleep?"

Sharon Allyson whispered, "Is it bothering you? I'll go out then..."

She was just about to get up when Jameson Proctor put his arm around her waist, "No, I couldn't sleep either."

Not waiting for him to continue, Sharon Allyson said, "Just close your eyes then. It will at least get you relaxed. Don't bother with meaningless things."

Jameson Proctor, "..."

He laughed and pressed his thin lips to her ear, "What am I bothering with?"

Sharon Allyson ignored him with silence.

Jameson Proctor's big palm went into her waist and his voice was muffled, "Tell me exactly what I was bothering with. Huh?"

Sharon Allyson held his hand down, "Anyway... just set your mind free for the time being. It will do you good. Now, close your eyes for a little while longer and you'll fall asleep."

It took a few seconds before Jameson Proctor's voice came from the darkness, "Sharon Allyson."

“What for?”

“During my absence, were you that afraid you wouldn’t see me again?”

Sharon Allyson remembered what she had said downstairs at the Beale Group, and her face reddened and her voice stuttered, “Why are you suddenly ...talking about this?”

Jameson Proctor said, “Nothing...just to double confirm.”

“Didn’t I say that this afternoon?”

“Just want to hear you say it again.”

Sharon Allyson, “...”

She couldn’t help but whisper, “Why are you so troublesome even when you’re sick?”

Jameson Proctor, “Troublesome?”

“Nothing, nothing, just...”

Sharon Allyson said seriously, “Never go to dangerous places again in the future, or I will worry”

Jameson Proctor nodded yes and hugged her.

Sensing her guard down, he finally spoke his mind, “I’ve come back from the dead this time.Shouldn’t you give me a little reward?”

Sharon Allyson, “?”

What kind of bullsh\*t was that? Jameson Proctor continued, “For example, if I upset you, you’ll forgive me as soon as possible.”

“That still depends.”

“Under what conditions will you forgive me then?”

“If you are being unreasonable with me, I can forgive you.”

Jameson Proctor was not happy, “When did I act unreasonable?”

Sharon Allyson said seriously, “Many times.”

Jameson Proctor pressed his tongue against his teeth and then said, “What about the conditions where you won’t forgive me?”

Sharon Allyson said, “What other conditions can there be? So...you’ve cheated on me? If you’ve got hooked on someone else, why are you still afraid to upset me anyway?”

“You are being funny.There is no such thing.”

“Then what are you trying to say?”

Jameson Proctor closed his eyes, “Nothing much.Just go to sleep.I suddenly feel sleepy.”

Sharon Allyson, "...He had actually learned the essence of her snubbing technique. Still unable to sleep, Sharon Allyson tried to get out of Jameson Proctor's arms and go outside to draw the draft. But as soon as she moved, Jameson Proctor's hand on her waist tightened, "Didn't you say, close your eyes for a while longer and you'll fall asleep?"

"That was just an obvious lie. You fool."

Jameson Proctor, "..."

After a while, Sharon Allyson spoke up again, "Jameson Proctor, did you fall asleep?"

"No."

Sharon Allyson gently pursed her lips, "Last night, William came to find me."

"Did you see him?"

"No, he was in the car and didn't come down."

Sharon Allyson said, "And the other day when something happened to the Beale Group, he helped me behind the scenes."

"That's what he's supposed to do. You don't have to feel any guilt towards him."

Sharon Allyson sighed, "That's true, but..."

Jameson Proctor knew what she was thinking and whispered, "It's more of his choice than yours. In other words, it's the best solution for now."

Sharon Allyson knew, too, that this was the only way.

If she wanted to protect Ruben, she had to pretend she didn't know anything.

Even if he was her real father.

Sharon Allyson didn't know when she fell asleep, and when she woke up, Jameson Proctor was no longer next to her. She rubbed her eyes and walked to the living room, only to see Jameson Proctor working at his computer.

Sharon Allyson sleepily walked over to him and touched his forehead almost by instinct, and then breathed a sigh of relief, "Thank God. It's not hot now"

Jameson Proctor smiled and took her hand into his, "I told you it's okay."

Sharon Allyson stood there, sobering up a bit, "Aren't you going to the office today?"

"No, so that I can stay with you today"

Sharon Allyson was silent for a few seconds, "I'll be tied up."

There was nothing going on at the Beale Group for two days, so she could go back to the studio and see Tiffany Momon.

Jameson Proctor said, "I know you're busy, but can't you give me an evening?"

The corner of Sharon Allyson's lips lifted, "Let me see..."

Jameson Proctor said, "You're going to the studio?"

Sharon Allyson nodded, "What about you? Will you stay at home?"

"I'm going to the Proctor family."

At that, Sharon Allyson was a little surprised, "What are you going to do at the Proctor family?"

Jameson Proctor lightly said, "You were missing in the Proctor family, which was really big news for me. How can I not go there?"

"But ..."

"Don't worry. I'm just going there for a talk. I'll pick you up tonight."

Sharon Allyson knew he had to be doing more than just talking.

There must be something else going on.

But she nodded, "Okay."

Then she added, "I'm gonna wash up. While you are in the Proctor family ... do be careful. It's best not to get into a head-on confrontation with them."

Now that Master Proctor already showed his tendency to kill him, he definitely wouldn't be safe if he went to Proctor family alone.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 525

When Sharon Allyson arrived at the studio, Tiffany Momon was standing in the doorway, about to throw up, her whole face white without a trace of blood.

Sharon Allyson walked over to her and gently patted her back, "Tiffany, are you okay?"

Tiffany Momon turned her head.

Her voice was weak, "Sharon, you're here. I'm fine. I'm used to it now"

"Let's go in first."

After entering the office, Sharon Allyson went out to pour Tiffany Momon another glass of water and asked, "Have you been throwing up a lot these past two days?"

Tiffany Momon leaned over her desk and nodded gently, "I can't even eat. I throw up when I eat."

With that, she let out a long sigh, "I can now finally understand how you felt when you were pregnant. It's really too painful. I don't want to have a baby for the rest of my life."

Sharon Allyson laughed and sat down across from her, "It's actually just hard in the early stages of pregnancy. The bigger the baby in your belly, the more amazing it will feel."

Tiffany Momon picked up the water in front of her and took two sips, "Forget it. I'm not going to be able to experience this amazing feeling. I just hope that the half month will pass soon and it will be over sooner."

Sharon Allyson paused before saying, "Did you ...talk to Daniel?"

"Yes, he said he had to think about it, and I guess he was shocked."

Tiffany Momon said, "He's a man after all. He was just being polite. I am not a kid, so I understand what he meant. Anyway, I'll just wait half a month. That will put an end to it."

At that, Sharon Allyson gently pursed her lips and did not make much judgment.

This was a matter between the two of them.

She couldn't say much right now. She could only know what would happen when the time came.

"Don't mention it anymore."

Tiffany Momon added, "You came to the studio today. Is there nothing else going on at Beale Group?"

Sharon Allyson nodded, "The project has officially started, and it's going relatively well so far, but I can't understand those things about the business. It's Dean Wilson who is helping me."

When she heard the name Dean Wilson, Tiffany Momon thought, "That unreliable-looking dude at the bar last time?"

Sharon Allyson laughed, "That's him."

Tiffany Momon sighed, "Sure enough. These people all look unreliable, but in reality they're all so capable. I'm different, I look unreliable, but in reality I'm even more unreliable."

Sharon Allyson knew that pregnant people are prone to sentimentality and stroked her head, "Well, what do you want to eat for lunch? I'll treat you."

"Aren't you going to eat with your Mr. Proctor?"

"He's not picking me up until tonight."

Tiffany Momon rubbed her hands together, "Then I'll accept your offer. I didn't have much appetite these days. I must have a big meal to kick off my appetite"

"Good."

Meanwhile, the Proctor family.

Master Proctor received the news that Jameson Proctor had returned. He sank his face, waving his hand to order the maids to go down. He sat in the study for a few more minutes before he went out with his cane.

In the living room, Jameson Proctor sat on the sofa.

One could not see any emotion from his face.



The old man walked to sit down opposite him and spoke indifferently: "You hate this family so much. Why did you come back?"

Jameson Proctor looked unchanged and spoke slowly and methodically, "You went to the trouble of inviting Sharon Allyson over. I thought you wanted to see me, so here I am uninvited."

The man's eyebrows twitched as he heard this, and he said, "If it wasn't for Sharon Allyson, you wouldn't have come back in this life."

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 526

"That's not necessarily true. If you were to die one day, I would definitely come back to see you off."

Master Proctor's anger instantly rose, and his cane pounded the ground, "What kind of nonsense are you talking about! Jameson Proctor said, "You are so old. Half of your body is in the ground already. How have you still not lived long enough to understand that life and death is destiny and cannot be forced."

"You want me to die soon!"

"Don't you also want me to die now?"

Jameson Proctor casually broke the last bit of courtesy between him and the Proctor family.

Master Zhou's face sank. He could not answer the question for a moment.

Jameson Proctor's voice got a little colder, "I'm fine with whatever you want to do to me, and you can come for me any time you want, but if you touch Sharon Allyson, I won't hesitate to send you to hell."

After his words fell, the whole living room fell into a dead silence.

After a while, Master Proctor said in a moderate tone, "What are you talking about? Besides, she didn't do anything wrong."

Jameson Proctor said, "Nothing happened this time, but if it happens again..."

Master Proctor said in a deep voice, "Jameson, when I gave you Proctor Group, I said that you should put the Proctor Group first in everything. Now you say such things for a woman. You have gone too far!"

"For the sake of a woman?"

Jameson Proctor said indifferently, "Didn't you know how important she was to me before you put on such a big show to trick Sharon Allyson into coming here?"

Master Proctor frowned, avoiding the seriousness of the matter, "Tricked? The door of the Proctor family is open. If she wants to stay, can I kick her out?"

Jameson Proctor snorted, "I'm done talking. It's your decision whether to listen to me or not."

After Jameson Proctor left, Master Proctor sat in the sofa and couldn't help but curse, "Crazy, what a crazy person!"

Evie Rowland came down from the second floor, "It's not the first day he's crazy. Do you only know it now?"

Master Proctor really did not expect Jameson Proctor to come directly to him because of Sharon Allyson. This greatly exceeded his expectation.

It meant that Sharon Allyson was more useful than even he imagined.

If he dared touch Sharon Allyson again, Jameson Proctor might let hell break loose. It was even possible that he would get nothing in the end.

After a silent moment, Master Proctor said, "How is your search for Charlotte Clarke. No clues yet?"

Evie Rowland had her hands around his chest.

Her tone was indifferent, "No."

Master Proctor wrinkled his eyebrows, "You should also pay attention to this matter. It is best to find Charlotte Clarke before the board of directors, so that we also have a bargaining chip in hand, so as to deal with temporary situations.

"What temporary situation? I thought you have arranged everything properly."

"It's true, but .."

There was a little problem in London.

The people they sent there had not returned.

Even though there were faxes and copies, as long as that document didn't reach him, he could not rest assured.

Master Proctor narrowed his eyes.

After all, those men were not his loyal followers, plus he had fallen into Jameson Proctor's hand for so many times.

He was afraid that there would be more accidents.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 527

Jameson Proctor had just walked to the garden when a voice came from behind him, "Jameson."

He turned around, only to find Jeffery Proctor sitting in a wheelchair not far away, restful and undisturbed.

Jameson Proctor walked over and said in a light voice, "You heard everything just now?"

Jeffery Proctor nodded gently, "Yeah... You did not do anything wrong; if I were you, I would have done the same"

Jameson Proctor said, "You could have stayed out of this."

Jeffery Proctor smiled a little dryly, "It's just that I can't help myself."

He was a member of the Proctor family, and his mother had done something bad to Sharon Allyson, so how could he stay out of it? Even if he knew nothing could be undone, he could still drag it out for a while.

Jameson Proctor sat on a bench, looking at the sun rising in the distance, and slowly said, "If you want, when this is over, I'd like to send you to a suitable place to live"

"What about my mother?"

Jameson Proctor's voice was indifferent, "She has done something bad, so she has to bear the consequences."

Jeffery Proctor sighed, "Jameson, I know that what she has done is irreparable in any way, and I feel sorry for you and Sharon. But what can I do? She is my mother after all, she's been doing everything for me for over twenty years. I know full well her despair and pain, but I can't even do the least for her."

Jameson Proctor withdrew his eyes and said, "Rest assured. I won't do anything to her, as long as she gets the punishment she deserves."

"If I can, whatever the punishment is, I hope I can take it for her."

Jameson Proctor remained silent.

Jeffery Proctor looked around aimlessly for a long time, and then said, "Jameson, do whatever you wanna do. Don't hold back for my sake, please. If they are really defeated, I can also breathe a sigh of relief."

When he said this last sentence, his tone was a bit relaxed.

It seemed like he had been waiting for this for a long time.

Jameson Proctor looked at him and frowned.

Twenty years ago when he was taken back to the Proctor family, the old man and Evie Rowland quarreled with each other fiercely.

Evie Rowland was like crazy, as she shouted out swear words like "bast\*\*d", "dirty", "lowly", etc.

The old man sounded helpless.

But for this accident, the Proctor family would have had an heir.

If so, even if the illegitimate son died outside, he would not care.

While still a kid, Jameson Proctor stood in the doorway watching them quarrel, his face expressionless. It was Jeffery Proctor who wheeled himself over and took his hand, saying gently, "You are Jameson, right? My name is Jeffery Proctor, I am your brother."

Jameson Proctor turned his head, and his young face carried a bit of misanthropy and icy hatred.

At that time, Jeffery Proctor seemed to have just come out of the hospital not long ago, and thus he had yet to master the skill to operate the wheelchair.

As a result, he often lost his balance and fell to the ground.

With a bruised face, he smiled at Jameson Proctor, "Don't just stand here. Let me take you to your room."

Later on, every time Evie Rowland gave him a hard time, Jeffery Proctor would always come to his rescue.

He would also send snacks to his room in the middle of the night, when Evie Rowland wouldn't let the maids give him food to eat.

And when he went out to school, he would sneak a bank card into his school bag for fear that the little money the old man gave him wouldn't be enough.

It was only after Jameson Proctor took over the Proctor Group business and gradually emerged as a leading figure when Evie Rowland began to restrain herself.

In this family, only Jeffery Proctor treated him as a person, as a relative, as a brother. However, Jeffery's mother was Evie Rowland.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 528

No matter how hard he tried, Jeffery Proctor could not strike a balance between the two sides. He was so tired that he wanted relief.

However, Jameson Proctor could not find one either.

After God knew how long, Jeffery Proctor asked, "Is Sharon okay? She should have been scared the other night."

"It's okay, she's not that timid."

Jameson smiled, "After this time, I think Sharon looks much better than before. I can see that you are treating her better. If only it happened earlier."

Jameson Proctor raised his eyebrows, "As you said a long time ago, I like her."

"It's often the case that lookers-on see most of the game."

Jameson Proctor looked at him, "True. It's hard for those a\*s-deep in it to find a way out. But there are a million ways to solve things, so I don't think it has to go that far."

The smile on Jeffery Proctor's lips stiffened, "Jameson..."

"Death is not a relief; it's just an escape."

Jeffery Proctor lowered his head and did not speak.

Jameson Proctor got up and said, "Gotta go."

Jeffery Proctor nodded, "Be careful on the road."

Looking at Jameson Proctor's back, Jeffery Proctor put his hands on his senseless knees and took a long time to withdraw his gaze.

Yes, death was never a relief.

It was just an excuse for cowardly and useless people.

Sharon Allyson hung out with Tiffany Momon for a lunch outside, and then did some chores back in the studio.

By the time she finished her work, it was only around four o'clock in the afternoon.

It was early and there was still plenty of time.

Sharon Allyson called Jameson Proctor, but he didn't answer.

That shouldn't happen.

He said he went to the Proctor family in the morning.

As it was impossible for him to lunch there, he must have been back already.

Sharon Allyson dialed again, but still no answer.

She had a sinking feeling all of a sudden.

She hurriedly rushed out of the studio, but when she saw the Rolls Royce parked by the roadside, she finally breathed a sigh of relief. She was scared to death just now, as she thought Jameson Proctor had an accident in the Proctor family.

Sharon Allyson walked over to the Rolls Royce and stood close to Jameson Proctor.

He was biting a cigarette between his thin lips, his dark eyes trained aimlessly ahead, as if thinking about something.

He didn't even notice Sharon when she came closer.

Sharon Allyson had never seen him lost in thought like this.

She reached out and waved her hand in front of his eyes and spoke tentatively, "Sweetie, did you just break up?"

Jameson Proctor, "..."

He turned his head.

At the sight of her, he removed the cigarette from his lips and asked hoarsely, "You done?"

Sharon Allyson nodded yes, "I've finished my work for a long time. Why didn't you answer my phone when I called you?"

Jameson Proctor subconsciously picked up the phone next to him and whispered, "Sorry, it's on silent mode; I didn't hear it."

Sharon Allyson leaned over the car window, her dark eyes staring at him, "What's wrong with you? Are you in a bad mood?"

Jameson Proctor pulled his lips into a smile, "Nope."

"It's written all over your face."

As soon as Sharon's eyes fell on the ashtray in the car, she couldn't help but frown, "How many cigarettes have you been smoking this afternoon?"

Jameson Proctor said, "Nope."

"Can't you answer me more seriously? I'm confused!"

With that, Sharon Allyson went to pull the driver's door, "You get out and take my car. Yours smells of cigarettes."

Jameson Proctor got out of the car, closed the door, and then reached out to take her in his arms.

Before Sharon Allyson had a chance to say anything, he said in a muffled voice, "Don't move. Let me hold you for a while more."

Sharon Allyson placed her hand gently on his waist and could actually guess a few reasons why he was acting this way.

She whispered, "Have you seen your big brother?"

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 529

Jameson Proctor gave a low muffle, "I have."

Sharon Allyson didn't say anything else, thinking that it must have been an unpleasant situation.

Sharon Allyson gently raised her hand and patted him on the back, silently reassuring.

After a long time, she whispered, "Go home. I'll cook for you. What do you want to eat? You can eat anything you want!"

Jameson Proctor's voice rose slightly, "Anything?"

Sharon Allyson, "..."

She shouldn't have bothered him! Sharon Allyson loosely withdrew her hand, "Okay. Let's go."

Sitting in the car, Jameson Proctor looked at her sideways, "Don't go home."

Sharon Allyson drove and asked, "So, where do you want to go?"

Jameson Proctor said, "Where do YOU want to go?"

Sharon Allyson said seriously, "Go home and sleep."

"That's ok too."

Sharon Allyson didn't mention it and simply shut up.

After a few seconds, Jameson Proctor typed an address into the navigation and said lightly, "Go here."

Sharon Allyson looked at it, "Okay."

The address was in an old city district.

South City is big, so big that Sharon Allyson felt like she had never been to this side before.

The car drove for an hour before reaching the address.

After stopping the car, Sharon Allyson pulled open the door and saw broken houses surrounded by broken walls, deserted.

It looked like no one had been living there for a long time.

And this place was old, like a forgotten corner, and didn't fit in with the bustling city.

As Sharon Allyson wondered how Jameson Proctor could have brought her here, he came to a stop next to her, leaned in front of the car, looked into the distance, and said, "I lived here before I was taken back to the Proctor family."

Sharon Allyson froze and looked over again, "Here?"

"Yeah."

"Then how...It turned out like this."

Jameson Proctor said, "A few years ago, a developer bought the place, and everyone moved out."

Sharon Allyson said, "You bought it?"

Jameson Proctor looked over at her and smiled, "Not me."

"Huh?"

"That developer bought this place because he heard that the government was going to focus on developing this place, but to his surprise, when the mayor was changed, and the previous project was reorganized, the place was left unattended and became what it is today."

Sharon Allyson was silent for a while and then whispered, "I don't understand you rich people's world. You spent so much buying this place, but just threw it away?"

Jameson Proctor put a casual hand on her shoulder and said slowly, "If you're just investing and not getting any income, it's better to stop in time."

Sharon Allyson thought it over and felt that was true.

This was an old district, and this corner was the end of the entire district.

If not for the government's plan to focus on the development of this place, there would be nothing to earn here.

In the distance, the sun was slowly setting.

Sharon Allyson leaned on Jameson Proctor's shoulder and looked at the rows of houses in front of her.

This was indeed quite similar to Bridge Street.

All neighbors lived next to one another, and there were many small disjointed alleyways.

It was quite a quiet place in the middle of all the hustle and bustle.

No one would think of this as a corner of South City.

After a while, Sharon Allyson suddenly felt something strange and looked up from Jameson Proctor's shoulder, "You and Charlotte had always lived here?"

"Yeah."

"No other relatives?"

"No."

Sharon Allyson thought that from the first time she saw Charlotte, she felt that she was different from ordinary people.

Although she was dressed simply and plainly, the connotation and temperament that she embodied from the inside out were even far beyond Aunt Evie.

Sharon Allyson thought about it before saying again, "Do you know who else is in Charlotte's family?"

Jameson Proctor lightly said, "I did not ask. We were here since my birth."

Sharon Allyson always felt that Charlotte was not the kind of person who would be a mistress to someone, and this was certainly not her real home.

So there must be some other hidden story about what happened back then.

Some time passed, and the sunset was no longer visible.

Jameson Proctor spoke up and said, "Let's go."

"Okay."

On the way back, it was Jameson Proctor who drove.

The journey was a bit long, and with some traffic, Sharon Allyson leaned back against her seat and fell asleep.

When she opened her eyes again, she realized that this was not the way back.

She moved her stiff neck, looked around, and asked sleepily, "Where are we going?"

Jameson Proctor's voice was rare and soft, "Home"

"Home? Is this the way?"

Jameson Proctor's lips hooked down and slowly said, "Home is this way."

After the car turned right, Sharon Allyson realized that this was the way to Star Lake Mansion.

She suddenly remembered that Jameson Proctor had said before he left for London that they would move here when he returned.

Sharon Allyson had completely forgotten.



A few minutes later, the car stopped in front of the Star Lake Mansion.

Sharon Allyson got out of the car, stood at the entrance, and looked out to see the entire garden hung with lights.

There were swings, vines, and a yard full of flowers...

The place was designed according to her ideas but also incorporated other elements.

At a glance, it looked very much like home.

It was no longer the cold Star Lake Mansion of old.

Sharon Allyson turned her head and met the eyes of Jameson Proctor.

The latter raised an eyebrow at her, "Go inside and take a look."

Jameson Proctor took her hand and walked inside.

Although she already had an idea of what it would look like, Sharon Allyson was still stunned for a moment when the door opened.

The place was exactly as she had imagined, even more comforting, warmer, and brighter than she had thought.

There was a lot of greenery around the place, and it was full of life.

Jameson Proctor took her hand and continued upstairs. He pushed open the bedroom door and turned on the light.

Sharon Allyson's lips slowly showed a smile.

The place was completely changed.

It did have, indeed, the look of a home.

However, when she saw the children's room, Sharon Allyson woke up with a start.

Jameson Proctor looked at her face and whispered, "What's wrong?"

Half a second later, Sharon Allyson looked at him, "Do you remember, I told you that I had something to tell you?"

Jameson Proctor said, "Yes."

Sharon Allyson pursed her lips. Her eyelashes fluttered violently. Her throat was a bit astringent.

She opened her mouth, but no sound came out.

Jameson Proctor stood in front of her and raised his hand to rub her head, "Baby, what's wrong?"

Sharon Allyson hung her head and said in a mute voice, "When I went to the hospital for my last checkup, the doctor said that I, in the future, might have a hard time getting pregnant and probably won't be able to have children"

“That’s it?”

Sharon Allyson nodded.

She had been relieved, but when she saw the children’s room, she suddenly realized that Tiffany Momon was not wrong.

Jameson Proctor actually still wanted children.

Jameson Proctor pulled her into his arms, “I have something to tell you, too.”

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 530

Sharon Allyson peeked out of his arms, her eyes clear and bright and vaguely watery, teardrops still hanging from her eyelashes. She sniffled and whispered, “What is it?”

Jameson Proctor saw this and sobered up immediately.

He licked his lips, reached out to wipe away the tear on her eyelashes.

He changed his mind and said, “If you like children, we can adopt one.”

Now was not the most appropriate time.

Sharon Allyson had only just forgiven him and was now willing to move back into the Star Lake Mansion.

If he were to tell her that the baby was actually alive and that he had been lying to her in various ways all along, she probably would leave right away with the child and go to a place where he couldn’t find her and never forgive him.

Sharon Allyson didn’t say anything.

Jameson Proctor pinched her ear, “Well, you shouldn’t be so down for such a small matter. What’s more, didn’t the doctor say that it’s difficult, not impossible? I’ll try harder.”

Sharon Allyson whispered, “It’s not like your trying is going to help.”

“Then let’s try together?”

Sharon Allyson, “...”

Jameson Proctor laughed slowly and held her in his arms again, “Don’t think about it so much. Just let what happens happens. If you have it, you have it. If you don’t, you don’t”

Sharon Allyson stayed in his arms for a moment before she muffled, “Jameson Proctor.”

“Hmm?”

“Never mind. It’s nothing.”

Jameson Proctor, “?”

Sharon Allyson nudged him a little, “Well, it’s late. Let’s go back. We’ll move our stuff here when we have time.”

With that, she headed downstairs.

Jameson Proctor followed her and asked, "What did you just want to ask me?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"You won't want to hear it."

"How do you know I won't want to hear it if you don't say it?"

Sharon Allyson stopped and looked at him with a faint expression, "I think you've had a strange attitude the last two days."

Jameson Proctor raised his eyebrows slightly, "What's strange?"

"Last night, you said something inexplicable, asking me to forgive you for whatever you've done, and then tonight, you said in that tone that you have something to tell me. I really don't want to guess in that direction anymore, or I'll really feel like I'm sick. I made it very clear to you then and gave you many chances."

"If it was just me overthinking, then I'll admit that there is something wrong with me. But if it's the opposite, then you really made me feel like a fool, being played by you all along."

In the face of what she said, Jameson Proctor looked unchanged, natural, and calm, "Played is not used here. I'll teach you when we get back."

Sharon Allyson, "..."

She gritted her teeth, "Can you be serious for a while?"

It didn't take much thinking to figure out what he was thinking again.

Before leaving, Sharon Allyson looked inside again, like she was a little upset.

Jameson Proctor sat in the driver's seat, "I'll have the stuff moved back tomorrow, and you can stay here every day from now on."

Sharon Allyson withdrew her eyes, thought about it, and said, "Why don't we move after a while. It's easier to get to the Beale Group and places from there."

Jameson Proctor was silent for two seconds before saying, "Okay."

As long as she didn't resist coming back here, everything was fine.

When they got back, Sharon Allyson went straight into the kitchen and made two bowls of ramen with the available ingredients.

Jameson Proctor leaned against the wall outside the kitchen, his dark eyes looking at her, wondering.

It was impossible to tell her now.

When Sharon Allyson brought the noodles to the table, she saw that Jameson Proctor was not in the living room and wondered where he had gone.

Not long after, she heard the sound of water coming from the bathroom.

'What's wrong with this guy? Why is he taking a shower now?' Sharon Allyson sat at the dining room table and took out her phone to look at the recent designs.

There were several pieces she had shown to Louis Iver and also got his reply.

Using these as exhibits for fashion week should be okay.

But the biggest problem at the moment was that there were too few pieces.

Not enough to for a show.

She still needed more time to prepare.

The good thing was that there were still a few months left.

She only hoped that it would go smoothly and nothing big would happen again, although it was basically wishful thinking.

Currently, Kale Bee's people did not like her and would try anything just to cause her trouble.

The only good thing was that she didn't make the wrong choice in bringing Ivan Gregory and the others back to the Beale Group.

She has observed.

These people were excellent in both character and ability to work.

There was absolutely nothing wrong with entrusting them with important responsibilities.

However, there was another uncertainty, Jayden Bower.

When Paisley Gregory first brought Jayden Bower to her, his searching gaze had made her uncomfortable, but in reality, he hadn't done anything crossing the line, and he seemed like a loving father when she met him at the mall before.

But Sharon Allyson was not sure which side he was on now.

He first went to the studio with Kale Bee to find her and seemed to be one of Kale Bee's people, but when she arrived at Beale Group, he helped her solve many problems.

He even helped her deal with Kale Bee.

Besides, back then, he had protected himself from the scapegoat incident, which could only prove his intelligence and tie with Kale Bee.

Jayden Bower could be used but not trusted.

Just as Sharon Allyson was lost in thought, Jameson Proctor's voice rang came behind her, "Thinking about something?"

Sharon Allyson put away her phone, "Nothing. Let's eat. The noodles are getting lumpy"

Jameson Proctor sat down next to her and asked, "Are you going to the Beale Group tomorrow?"

Sharon Allyson nodded, "Yeah."

"If Dean Wilson doesn't work hard, you tell me."

Sharon Allyson laughed, "He's basically taking care of Beale Group for me"

"Don't be nice to him. It's his job."

Sharon Allyson said, "Even if you are close, this is..."

Jameson Proctor said slowly, "I paid for it."

Sharon Allyson, "..."

As far as she knew, Dean Wilson charged a high fee for a ten-minute consultation, so how much did he have to pay him to stay at the Beale Group every day? Sharon Allyson, after careful consideration, said, "How much did you spend? I'll transfer it to you from the Beale Group's account. After all, he is the Beale Group's legal counsel. The Beale Group should pay for this."

After Jameson Proctor said a number, Sharon Allyson said seriously, "Are the noodles enough? If not, I'll make you another egg."