

Resume 541

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 541

When Sharon Allyson returned to the office, Dean Wilson was sitting leisurely in the sofa, humming a song and looking relaxed.

Sharon Allyson put down her stuff and sat down at her desk, "What's that look on your face?"

"Congratulations. You got 20 million from Kale Bee without any effort."

At that, Sharon Allyson paused, "Has the money arrived yet?"

"Yes, it arrived in half an hour"

"I can't believe he's so efficient."

Dean Wilson adjusted his posture, "You've sent someone to follow his a** every step of the way. How can he not be efficient? If not, I'm going to go after him."

Dean Wilson added, "What do you say? You gonna treat me to dinner?"

Sharon Allyson bristled, "Don't you eat enough here every day?"

"How is that the same? What I eat here is just for filling my stomach."

Dean Wilson said, "I work hard every day for you and for the Beale Group, so a meal is not too much to ask, is it?"

Sharon Allyson held out her hand, "Stop it. It sounds like you don't have any money"

Dean Wilson coughed, "Money is not the issue. It hurts my feelings to mention money. I mean, I would help you even if I didn't get any money for it."

Sharon Allyson said seriously, "Then give it back to me."

Dean Wilson looked around, "Eh, nice weather today."

Sharon Allyson withdrew her eyes and ignored him.

After a while, Dean Wilson said, "What are you going to do about Kale Bee now at this point?"

"First, collect his evidence. He has done a lot of things like this in the past. Although it was an exchange of interests and both sides were willing, it does not mean that he can do these things with impunity."

"That was when Tavis Beale was still in charge. The evidence must have been destroyed. We may not be able to find it."

Sharon Allyson said, "We have to find it. We can't just let him get away with it."

Dean Wilson tapped his fingers on the arm of the sofa, "You want to take down such scum as Kale Bee. I am one hundred percent in favor of it. But I have to remind you of one thing: Kale Bee has been in the Beale Group for more than ten years. Since he could climb to this position, he must have a lot of connections besides his ability"

After a pause, Dean Wilson continued, "You just arrived at the Beale Group not long ago. And you began to remove Tavis Beale's people immediately. Although from our point of view, it's no problem, in the eyes of others, it is inevitable that..."

Sharon Allyson said, "I know what you mean, but have you thought about it? The Beale Group has become what it is today because it is rotten from the roots. Tavis Beale is the source of that rot, and if you want to save the Beale Group, you must take these rotten parts out. Otherwise, the Beale Group will only continue to corrupt little by little until it dies."

Dean Wilson probably did not expect her to say such a thing, raising his eyebrows in surprise.

Sharon Allyson added, "But you're right. It's time to celebrate after such a large amount of money. You've worked hard this time. Help me organize a party for the executives, and you can choose the venue."

"Executives, so you still plan to call Kale Bee?"

"Yeah, he's paying for it. Shouldn't we call him?"

Dean Wilson laughed, "I think you're just trying to piss him off."

Sharon Allyson's lips lifted, "So be it. I'm going to see my friend tonight. So help me announce it."

Dean Wilson got up, "Alright then. I'm paid to work."

Half an hour later, word spread throughout the company that the Beale Group was having a party for all the executives tonight.

When Kale Bee heard the news, he had just arrived home and was so angry that he almost kicked a hole in the door.

He cursed for a long time and then held back his anger and ordered, "Tell them that no one is allowed to go, and anyone who goes will be out of the Beale Group first thing in the morning!"

The assistant said next to him, "But... Mr. Bee, we can only order our people around, but the ones Ms. Allyson got back, they don't listen to us."

Kale Bee yanked him by the collar and kicked him, "You're all f**king useless! If they don't listen to you, can't you think of some way to make them? If anyone goes, stop him on the way and break his legs. Let me see how he gets there!"

"Yes... Yes..."

But what Kale Bee didn't expect was that Dean Wilson had a countermeasure on his side.

While all his men were waiting by the cars of several top executives, Dean Wilson had long arranged a bus to pick up everyone.

After getting out, Sharon Allyson sat in the car and called Jameson Proctor.

Sharon Allyson said, "When are you coming home today?"

Jameson Proctor's voice was low, "What's wrong?"

"I have to go see Tiffany. I don't know when I'll be finished, and if there's nothing going on on your end, just go straight home."

"Alright."

Sharon Allyson heard his side was quiet, and she suddenly had a bad feeling.

She whispered, "You're not in a meeting again, are you?"

There was a pause of a few seconds on the other end of the line, and then the man's laughing voice came through in no hurry, "Yes."

Sharon Allyson, "..."

Before she hung up the phone, she quickly said, "Don't answer my phone next time in a meeting!"

Tossing the phone aside, Sharon Allyson let out a long breath before buckling her seat belt and driving towards Tiffany's house.

When she arrived downstairs, Sharon Allyson wanted to buy some fresh fruits and vegetables but remembered that Daniel had been to the market in the morning, so she went straight upstairs.

She stood at the door and rang the doorbell.

Soon, the door opened, and Daniel's figure appeared in the doorway, "Ms. Allyson, what are you doing here?"

Sharon Allyson said, "I came to see Tiffany."

Daniel turned sideways to make space for her, "She's in her room. You can go in."

"Okay."

When she entered the house, Sharon Allyson found that the entire living room was much brighter, and everything was neatly packed and clean, with not a trace of mess.

Daniel was making soup in the kitchen, and the smell was wonderful.

In the bedroom, Tiffany Momon was sitting on the bed, looking out the window with lazy eyes.

Sharon Allyson closed the door and walked over, "What are you looking at?"

At the sound of her voice, Tiffany Momon instantly came to life, "Sharon, you're here. Help me!"

Sharon Allyson, "?"

Tiffany Momon said, "I've been in bed all day, and Daniel won't let me go anywhere except to the bathroom. I'm so sick. I feel like my limbs are deteriorating. I can run ten laps right now!"

Sharon Allyson sat on the edge of the bed, "You should just lie down and rest."

"It's been less than a day, and I'm already in so much pain. When will this kind of life ever end?"

Sharon Allyson smiled, "When you're back on your feet, we'll go out and have some fun."

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After Sharon Allyson and Tiffany Momon chatted for a while, there were a few knocks on the door.

Daniel said, "Can I come in?"

Tiffany Momon let out a long sigh.

Sharon Allyson smiled and said, "Come on in."

Soon the bedroom door was opened, and Daniel, tray in hand, walked to the other side of the bed and placed the tray on the nightstand.

The aroma of food instantly filled the room.

Daniel looked to Sharon Allyson, "Ms. Allyson, stay for dinner. I've already made it."

Sharon Allyson said, "No, I have to go find Jameson Proctor later."

With that, she got up and said to Tiffany Momon, "Then you get some rest and call me if you need anything. I'll leave now"

Tiffany Momon nodded and extended her hand towards her, her face full of reluctance.

Sharon Allyson leaned over and gave her a hug, "I'll see you tomorrow."

"Nah, it's fine. Mr. Proctor is going to trouble me again. I'll come to see you when I'm better."

Sharon Allyson laughed, "He's not that bad."

Tiffany Momon let her go, "I won't see you off. Take care on your way back."

"Okay."

Sharon Allyson had just turned around when Daniel called out to her, "Ms. Allyson."

Sharon Allyson turned back, "What's up?"

Daniel said to Tiffany Momon, "Tiffany, you eat first. I'll go see Ms. Allyson off."

Tiffany Momon waved her hand in a hurry, "Go, go."

When she got into the elevator, Daniel said, "How is it going with Kale Bee? Just tell me what you need me to do."

Sharon Allyson said, "Thanks, but I've pretty much taken care of it. You just stay here and keep Tiffany company."

Daniel nodded and, after a moment, said, "But she doesn't seem to want to see me very much. I know I didn't make a good impression on you guys before, but I really want to take care of her."

After a pause, Sharon Allyson added, "Do you want to take care of her for a few days or for all the time after?"

At that, Daniel's brow furrowed slightly, and he didn't say anything for a while.

At that moment, the elevator doors opened, and the two of them walked out together.

Sharon Allyson continued, "Tiffany told me that you were thinking about it. This matter concerns the life of the two of you. It's indeed important to give it some thought, and whatever the result of your consideration, Tiffany will accept it. But still, if you do not like her, it's better to keep a distance. Do not confuse her."

For a long time, Daniel said, "I don't want to hurt her."

"I know. But it hurts her the most to drag things on and keep them ambiguous."

"Does she...still like me?"

Sharon Allyson paused, "That's between the two of you. I can't say. Daniel raised a hand and touched his brow, contemplating. Sharon Allyson took out her keys and unlocked the car, "I'll leave you to it then. Call me if anything happens to Tiffany"

"Okay." Daniel hesitated.

The words came to his lips, but he still did not make a sound.

Sharon Allyson saw his hesitant look and asked, "What's wrong?"

Daniel said, "Ms. Allyson, do you...already know?"

"Know what?"

Only after the words were said did Sharon Allyson react to what he was asking, and the corners of her lips pursed up gently without speaking.

Daniel said, "I understand what you are thinking about. Like you said, for some things to drag on and remain unclear is what hurts the most. And if Ruben knew, he would be happy for you, so you don't have to..."

Sharon Allyson said lightly, "Actually, I'm not just doing it for Ruben."

"Then what else?"

"It's been twenty years since it happened, and I don't remember any of those things or even what he really looked like. So, he is strange to me, and I don't know how I should get along with him.

"Perhaps you all think that I should feel happy, but I never felt this joy from the beginning to the end. I don't know why I'm in such a state of mind. Instead of making it awkward for both sides, I should just pretend I don't know anything."

In fact, about what she said, Daniel understood.

He had no family since he was a child and was later adopted by Patrick Matthias.

Family was also strange and unmemorable to him.

He grew up with Patrick Matthias and understood how important his deceased wife and daughter meant to him.

Daniel felt that it was not a solution for them to stay deadlocked like this and wanted to ask Sharon Allyson what she thought.

After a while, Daniel said, "He may have to go back to England in a few days."

Sharon Allyson was probably a little surprised.

She was silent before saying, "Tavis Beale...I thought we hadn't found him yet."

"We've been looking for Tavis Beale for so long, but there's still no trace of him. He's either dead or hidden, and whichever is possible, it's not something that can be solved overnight. The company still has a backlog of things to do, and we can't spend all our time here."

Sharon Allyson nodded gently, "I see."

Daniel said, "What's more, Trey Coe, Mr. Jones, and I are all here. We'll get him whenever he shows up."

"You're not going with him?"

Daniel shook his head, "No."

After a period of silence, Sharon Allyson said, "I'm leaving. I'll see Tiffany in a couple of days."

"Good."

On the way to Proctor Group, Sharon Allyson was a little distracted, not noticing that a car had been following her for a long time.

After driving for some distance, Sharon Allyson noticed a roadblock in the middle of the road, and she hit the brakes.

A car behind her slammed into her.

The car was swept out by inertia for more than ten meters, and Sharon Allyson held on to the brakes with sharp dizziness in her head.

When the car stopped, she leaned back in the driver's seat and felt the view in front of her blurred.

At that moment, there was a knock on the window, and a man's face was pressed against the glass, "Miss, are you all right? I'm sorry. I didn't notice you stopped suddenly. Open the door. I'll take you to the hospital..."

Sharon Allyson's hand had just touched the button to open the door when she remembered what Jameson Proctor had told her to stay in the car if something happened, not to open the door, and to give him a call.

Sharon Allyson struggled to reach for the phone next to her, but before she could dial Jameson Proctor's number, her consciousness became increasingly foggy.

The pounding outside was getting more and more intense and urgent, one after another, shaking her heart.

Sharon Allyson locked all the doors and windows before closing her eyes.

Outside, the man said, "She doesn't open the door. What do we do now? How about just smash the glass?"

The man's companion looked around, "Are you stupid? You want others to know that we are deliberately hitting her? There are cars coming from behind. Hurry up and call the police!"

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Jameson Proctor had just come out of the conference room when Jacob Green hurried up to him, "Mr. Proctor, something's wrong!"

"Speak."

"Ten minutes ago, madam had a car accident..."

Looking at the man's steeply changed face, Jacob Green hurriedly continued, "But it's not serious. It's just a rear-end. Now our people have sent her to the hospital. Mr. Proctor, rest assured that it was absolutely not life-threatening"

Jameson Proctor turned around sharply, walked towards the elevator, and said in a cold voice, "Did you check the driver who caused the accident?"

"Already checked. It seems to be an accident. Afterward, they were quite cooperative. And they followed together to the hospital."

Jameson Proctor's thin lips pursed slightly.

He went into the elevator and did not say a word.

Jacob Green followed him, "I'll go on to verify."

Jameson Proctor said, "First, block the news of her car accident from the public."

"Yes."

"Anyone who makes a move at this point is the one who did it."

Jacob Green nodded, "Understood."

Half an hour later, Jameson Proctor arrived at the hospital.

The men inside greeted him, "Mr. Proctor, the doctor said that madam only had a slight concussion. She just passed out temporarily. She just needs to stay in the hospital for two days for observation"

"Where is she?"

"Still in the ward."

Jameson Proctor paused in his steps, and his voice took on a chill, "Where is the tailgater?"

The henchman said, "The police are here. They are taking statements with them at the entrance of the ward."

"Lead the way."

“Yes”

In front of the ward, a man said, “Officer, we really did not mean to do it. There was a roadblock ahead. We did not notice. She suddenly braked, and we didn’t have enough time to react.”

The other person agreed, “Yes, yes, our car is damaged as well. We’ll contact the insurance company for repair costs. Unlucky us!”

The police officer looked at them, “You think you’re justified? You did not pay attention to the road. Are your eyes on the back of your head?”

The man said, “Hey, I’m not complaining or anything. But if it had been me, I would not have applied the brakes so sharply. This accident would not have happened. As you can see, women, have poor reactivity. They encounter something, and they panic...”

“Stop trying to shift your responsibility! According to the site monitoring and brake traces, the responsibility lies with you!”

“Yes, yes, in any case, both sides are at fault. Just punish us. We’ll accept it. So now we can go, right?”

The police officer said, “What’s the hurry? Wait until the person wakes up.”

The two men looked at each other and did not say anything.

At this time, a footstep came from the corridor.

Jameson Proctor appeared in front of them.

The two men saw this and immediately hung their heads.

When he approached, the policeman said, “Are you the family of the injured?”

Jameson Proctor stopped and said, “I’m her husband.”

“Okay, I’m just making a statement here, and I’ll have to do the same when she wakes up. You can go in and see her.”

Jameson Proctor nodded.

Before entering the ward, his eyes swept to the two men cowering next to him, then glanced at Jacob Green.

Jacob Green stepped forward and said, “Hello, I’d like to know exactly what happened in the car accident”

The policeman pointed to one of the men, “You, tell him what happened. Say it properly, and don’t pull any nonsense”

In the hospital room, Sharon Allyson lay in bed, her forehead wrapped in a circle of gauze, her breathing even and quiet.

Jameson Proctor sat next to her, holding her warm hand, and let out an inaudible sigh of relief.

His heartbeat finally calmed down.

It took more than 20 minutes before Sharon Allyson's eyelashes twitched, and her eyes slowly opened.

Jameson Proctor gently stroked her hair and whispered, "How are you feeling?"

Sharon Allyson looked over at him, with her long thin eyebrows furrowed, and moved her lips.

Her voice was a little dry, "Dizzy."

"The doctor said you had a mild concussion. Dizziness is normal. They'll be here to check on you in a few minutes."

Sharon Allyson nodded.

Her hand was holding on to his.

"I'm fine. Don't worry."

The corner of Jameson Proctor's lips hooked up, "Good."

Within a few minutes, some doctors came in and examined Sharon Allyson and said, "So far, there seems to be nothing wrong except for a mild concussion, so let's observe for a few days and then release her when everything is normal"

After the doctor left, the police came in to take Sharon Allyson's statement.

Jameson Proctor exited the ward.

Jacob Green came up next to him, "Mr. Proctor, I got everything clear"

Jameson Proctor looked at the two men with a cold gaze.

The man hurriedly said, "Sir, we did not want this to happen. But this kind of accident is inevitable, right? Besides, we all suffered minor injuries. The front of our car is dented. It's..."

With Jameson Proctor's increasingly indifferent eyes, his voice slowly weakened.

After a few seconds, Jameson Proctor said, "Since it was an accident, you can go now."

The two men paused, seemingly not quite convinced.

They probably did not expect that he would just let them go.

Jameson Proctor said, "What? You want me to drive you?"

"No, no, no, we'll go by ourselves."

"Yes, yes, go by yourselves."

The two people left quickly.

Jameson Proctor said faintly, "Follow them"

"Yes."

The two men exited the hospital and left in a cab.

Jacob Green received the news and said to Jameson Proctor, "Mr. Proctor, they are very cautious and did not show anything."

Jameson Proctor said, "Keep following and go verify their identities."

Jacob Green responded and left.

Meanwhile, one of the men returned home and immediately took out his cell phone and dialed a number.

"Mr. Bee, it's done"

"Well, did Jameson Proctor suspect you guys?"

"Well...[it should be no.]"

Kale Bee scolded, "What do you mean should be? Dumba**!"

The man said, "Jameson Proctor probably really thought it was an accident too, and he just let us go.

But we were afraid he'd send someone to follow us, so we went straight home, and he definitely couldn't find out anything."

Kale Bee snorted coldly, "Not bad. It should teach her a lesson. If she dares to be so arrogant again, what awaits her next time will be more than just a small car accident.

"Mr. Bee, we were going to give her a little punishment today, but she wouldn't open the door, and there were other people coming, so we had to stop."

"Forget it. This is enough. More than that will make people suspicious."

Kale Bee added, "Just do what you gotta do in the next few days. Do not come to me. When it's over, I will arrange for you to go to another city. Do not come back. We don't want Jameson Proctor to find out anything."

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After the police left, Jameson Proctor re-entered the ward, saw Sharon Allyson sitting there with a sad face, walked over, and asked, "Still dizzy?"

Sharon Allyson looked over at him and blearily said, "I'm hungry."

Jameson Proctor, "..."

He said, "I'll ask the doctor what you can eat."

Sharon Allyson nodded but took Jameson Proctor's hand as he was about to go out, "Wait. Are you done with the company? I'm ok here. If you're busy..."

Jameson Proctor raised his hand and flexed his fingers.

He wanted to hit her forehead, but when he saw that she was wrapped in gauze, he didn't do it.

Instead, he hit her nose and said, "What's going through your head all day?"

Sharon Allyson rubbed her nose and said, "I didn't think anything of it before, but since I've been at the Beale Group, I've realized how much energy and time it takes to run such a big company, not to mention the Proctor Group. I'm caring for you."

"Stop thinking about all that nonsense and go to sleep."

"I can't sleep. I'm hungry."

Jameson Proctor, "I'll go get the doctor. You lie still."

Sharon Allyson, "Ok."

After Jameson Proctor left, Sharon Allyson leaned back on the bed and found her phone on the side table.

It had a message from Tiffany Momon half an hour earlier, asking if she was home yet.

Sharon Allyson replied "yes" and then felt dizzy again, so she put the phone down and closed her eyes to rest.

A short while later, Jameson Proctor came back, carrying a bag of food in his hand.

Smelling the aroma of food, Sharon Allyson felt instantly much more refreshed.

Jameson Proctor set the paper bag aside and raised the small table in front of the hospital bed.

Sharon Allyson was about to reach for the cutlery when Jameson Proctor said, "Sit down."

She leaned back again.

Jameson Proctor sat on the edge of the bed, took out a spoon, scooped up a spoonful of porridge, blew to cool it, and put it into her mouth.

Sharon Allyson saw this and smiled.

Jameson Proctor raised his eyebrows slightly, "Are you stupid?"

Sharon Allyson was confused, "Huh?"

"You're so happy to be lying in a hospital bed."

Sharon Allyson said, "It's just the first time I've seen you take care of someone like that, and I thought..."

"Thought what?"

"It's kind of weird."

Jameson Proctor, "..."

The smile on Sharon Allyson's face widened, and her mood hadn't been this good for a long time.

After a bowl of porridge, Sharon Allyson felt much more comfortable.

She said, "Jameson Proctor."

The man's voice was low, "Hmm?"

"When can I get out of the hospital?"

Jameson Proctor said, "You're not dizzy anymore?"

Sharon Allyson, "..."

Still a little bit.

Jameson Proctor put the small table down, "Don't think about getting out of the hospital. Just stay here for a few days, and don't worry about anything else."

"But..."

Jameson Proctor looked over nonchalantly.

Sharon Allyson immediately shut her mouth.

Jameson Proctor continued, "Dean Wilson is watching the Beale Group, and Kale Bee is under watch as well, so you don't have to worry."

Sharon Allyson was about to say something, but Jameson Proctor said, "I have asked Jacob Green to investigate evidence of Kale Bee's corruption and bribery over the years. When he finds it, he will give it to your people."

Now, Sharon had nothing to worry about.

At this time, Jameson Proctor's cell phone rang.

He looked at it and said, "I'm going out to take a call. You rest first."

"Ok."

After Jameson Proctor went out, Sharon Allyson yawned, and after she had eaten enough, sleepiness set in again.

She put down her pillow, lay back on the bed, and closed her eyes.

By the time Jameson Proctor returned, Sharon Allyson was sound asleep.

He took off his coat, lay down next to her, pulled her into his arms, and kissed her gauze-covered forehead.

After two days in the hospital, Sharon Allyson felt almost recovered and could be discharged in a day at most.

As she was languishing in her hospital room, there was a knock at the door.

Sharon Allyson looked up just in time to see Giana Clarke enter.

With a bouquet of flowers in her arms, Giana Clarke closed the door and took off her mask, "I'm not disturbing you, am I?"

Sharon Allyson froze, "What brings you here?"

She hadn't told anyone about the accident, including Tiffany and Ruben, for fear they would worry.

Giana Clarke put the flowers on the windowsill, "Mr. Proctor said you were too bored to be alone in the ward and asked me to come and talk with you."

Sharon Allyson laughed dryly. He was really thoughtful.

Sharon Allyson said, "Ignore him. If you have work to do, go about your business. I'll be out tomorrow"

Giana Clarke sat in a chair next to the bed, "I've just come back from a tour, and I don't have any other work yet. But if I hadn't heard from Mr. Proctor that you were in a car accident, I wouldn't have known it. You haven't told Tiffany and... Ruben Allyson?"

Sharon Allyson shook her head, "It's not that big of a deal, and it was just an accident, so telling them would only make them worry."

Speaking of Tiffany Momon, Giana Clarke said with a gossipy face, "She's... How's she doing with Daniel?"

"Daniel is taking care of her at her house these days, and I feel like there's something going on."

"I also think there may be a chance. Tiffany is so beautiful. Daniel is not blind. And doing it with friends, how can there not be feelings involved? If not, how awkward will it be afterward?"

Sharon Allyson felt that she had a point.

After a moment of silence, Sharon Allyson said, "Have you... Have you been in touch with Ruben lately?"

Giana Clarke peeled an orange, "No, we haven't had much contact since I went on the roadshow."

"He's probably just been doing a lot of school stuff."

Giana Clarke nodded and handed her the peeled orange.

Sharon Allyson took it and, after a moment's thought, still said, "How's his entry into the entertainment industry going these days?"

Giana Clarke said, "He hasn't told you?"

"No, I haven't seen much of him lately, and I don't really understand a lot of things in the entertainment industry."

Giana Clarke said, "I heard that their company seems to be preparing to do a talent show, mainly to push him. Don't worry, with your brother's face, even if he does not do anything, as long as he stands in front of the screen, he will be able to charm thousands of girls."

Giana Clarke added, "But I talked to him before and heard him say he seems to have someone he likes. Who is it? Do you know?"

Sharon Allyson choked on the orange and coughed several times.

Giana Clarke rushed to pat her back, wondering, "You don't know?"

"No... No, I just ate too fast just now. He told you that he has someone he likes?"

“Yeah, but not specifically, and when I asked him again, he just ignored me.”

Sharon Allyson tugged her lips: “Maybe he felt that the girl he liked didn’t like him and was too embarrassed to give you any further information.”

Giana Clarke waved her hand, “How is that possible? Let me tell you. You really underestimate your brother’s charm. I can guarantee that all the little girls these days like his type.”

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“Stop thinking about all that nonsense and go to sleep.”

“I can’t sleep. I’m hungry.”

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After a bowl of porridge, Sharon Allyson felt much more comfortable.

She said, "Jameson Proctor."

The man's voice was low, "Hmm?"

"When can I get out of the hospital?"

Jameson Proctor said, "You're not dizzy anymore?"

Sharon Allyson, "..."

Still a little bit.

Jameson Proctor put the small table down, "Don't think about getting out of the hospital. Just stay here for a few days, and don't worry about anything else."

"But..."

Jameson Proctor looked over nonchalantly.

Sharon Allyson immediately shut her mouth.

Jameson Proctor continued, "Dean Wilson is watching the Beale Group, and Kale Bee is under watch as well, so you don't have to worry."

Sharon Allyson was about to say something, but Jameson Proctor said, "I have asked Jacob Green to investigate evidence of Kale Bee's corruption and bribery over the years. When he finds it, he will give it to your people."

Now, Sharon had nothing to worry about.

At this time, Jameson Proctor's cell phone rang.

He looked at it and said, "I'm going out to take a call. You rest first."

"Ok."

After Jameson Proctor went out, Sharon Allyson yawned, and after she had eaten enough, sleepiness set in again.

She put down her pillow, lay back on the bed, and closed her eyes.

By the time Jameson Proctor returned, Sharon Allyson was sound asleep.

He took off his coat, lay down next to her, pulled her into his arms, and kissed her gauze-covered forehead.

After two days in the hospital, Sharon Allyson felt almost recovered and could be discharged in a day at most.

As she was languishing in her hospital room, there was a knock at the door.

Sharon Allyson looked up just in time to see Giana Clarke enter.

With a bouquet of flowers in her arms, Giana Clarke closed the door and took off her mask, "I'm not disturbing you, am I?"

Sharon Allyson froze, "What brings you here?"

She hadn't told anyone about the accident, including Tiffany and Ruben, for fear they would worry.

Giana Clarke put the flowers on the windowsill, "Mr. Proctor said you were too bored to be alone in the ward and asked me to come and talk with you."

Sharon Allyson laughed dryly. He was really thoughtful.

Sharon Allyson said, "Ignore him. If you have work to do, go about your business. I'll be out tomorrow"

Giana Clarke sat in a chair next to the bed, "I've just come back from a tour, and I don't have any other work yet. But if I hadn't heard from Mr. Proctor that you were in a car accident, I wouldn't have known it. You haven't told Tiffany and... Ruben Allyson?"

Sharon Allyson shook her head, "It's not that big of a deal, and it was just an accident, so telling them would only make them worry."

Speaking of Tiffany Momon, Giana Clarke said with a gossipy face, "She's... How's she doing with Daniel?"

"Daniel is taking care of her at her house these days, and I feel like there's something going on."

"I also think there may be a chance. Tiffany is so beautiful. Daniel is not blind. And doing it with friends, how can there not be feelings involved? If not, how awkward will it be afterward?"

Sharon Allyson felt that she had a point.

After a moment of silence, Sharon Allyson said, "Have you...Have you been in touch with Ruben lately?"

Giana Clarke peeled an orange, "No, we haven't had much contact since I went on the roadshow."

"He's probably just been doing a lot of school stuff."

Giana Clarke nodded and handed her the peeled orange.

Sharon Allyson took it and, after a moment's thought, still said, "How's his entry into the entertainment industry going these days?"

Giana Clarke said, "He hasn't told you?"

"No, I haven't seen much of him lately, and I don't really understand a lot of things in the entertainment industry."

Giana Clarke said, "I heard that their company seems to be preparing to do a talent show, mainly to push him. Don't worry, with your brother's face, even if he does not do anything, as long as he stands in front of the screen, he will be able to charm thousands of girls."

Giana Clarke added, "But I talked to him before and heard him say he seems to have someone he likes. Who is it? Do you know?"

Sharon Allyson choked on the orange and coughed several times.

Giana Clarke rushed to pat her back, wondering, "You don't know?"

"No...No, I just ate too fast just now. He told you that he has someone he likes?"

"Yeah, but not specifically, and when I asked him again, he just ignored me."

Sharon Allyson tugged her lips: "Maybe he felt that the girl he liked didn't like him and was too embarrassed to give you any further information."

Giana Clarke waved her hand, "How is that possible? Let me tell you. You really underestimate your brother's charm. I can guarantee that all the little girls these days like his type."

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Jameson Proctor watched her back and licked his teeth for a few seconds before he looked down and resumed working on the paperwork in front of him.

Time passed, and soon, the sound of Sharon Allyson's even breathing came.

Jameson Proctor got up and turned off the lights in the room, leaving only a small desk lamp above the bed.

He stood at the edge of the bed, looked at Sharon Allyson for a moment, then suddenly gently lifted the corner of the pillow and slowly pulled out the paper.

A lifelike tortoise appeared in front of him.

Jameson Proctor, "..."

He leaned down and pinched Sharon Allyson's nose, waiting for her to lose her breath before releasing it again and whispering, "Heartless woman"

Sharon Allyson rubbed her nose, probably feeling uncomfortable, and turned around, turning her back to him and going back to sleep.

Jameson Proctor tucked the paper back under the pillow and turned to go into the bathroom.

Sharon Allyson woke up the next day before dawn.

She looked at the man next to her, who was getting dressed, and sat up, rubbing her eyes, "Are you going to the office so early?"

Jameson Proctor said, "I'm getting my work done early so I can come to get you out of the hospital this afternoon."

"I told you I could..."

Jameson Proctor put a tie in her hand, "Help me since you're awake."

Sharon Allyson bristled, moved a little, and did not want to get out of bed, so she simply knelt on the edge of the bed, put the tie around his neck, pulled him over, and muttered in a small voice, "I don't understand why you have to move in with me in the hospital"

Jameson Proctor's lips hooked down.

He smoothly wrapped his arms around her waist, "Good that you know. In the future, when I am sick, you also have to stay with me like this."

"What's all this nonsense? I've never met anyone who looks forward to being sick as you."

Sharon Allyson tied his tie and sat back down on the bed, "If you're really busy this afternoon, then..."

After a pause, Sharon Allyson took a compromising step, "Just have Jacob Green pick me up."

Jameson Proctor leaned over and kissed her on the brow, "Don't worry, if I say I'll come, I'll come, so be good and wait here."

"Got it."

After Jameson Proctor left, Sharon Allyson stretched out and went into the bathroom to wash up.

She had slept early last night and was completely energetic at the moment.

By the time she got out of the bathroom, the sky outside had opened up a bit, and in the distance, you could even see a ray of sunlight passing through the clouds.

It was a beautiful day.

Sharon Allyson was making her bed when she saw the painting under her pillow, and the smile on her face couldn't help but widen.

She wondered what Jameson Proctor's face would be like when he saw it.

With a few hours left, Sharon Allyson idly found paper and pens from a drawer, then plopped down by the coffee table and began sketching lines.

By noon, Sharon Allyson had done three drawings.

Now he could stop complaining.

Sharon Allyson got up and was just moving her neck when her cell phone rang at the foot of the bed. She walked over, picked up the phone, and saw that it was Daniel calling.

Sharon Allyson probably knew what he was calling for and paused for a few seconds before picking up, "Hello."

Daniel said, "Ms. Allyson, are you... Are you busy right now?"

"Not busy. Go ahead."

"Patrick Matthias will leave on a 3:00 p.m. flight today"

Sharon Allyson pursed her lips, "I know."

Daniel said, "Did Jameson Proctor tell you?"

"Yeah."

"Then you... What's the plan?"

Sharon Allyson took a breath and looked out the window, "I don't know. We'll see."

After a pause, she added before saying, "How's Tiffany doing these past two days?"

"Much better. I went with her to the hospital yesterday for a checkup. The doctor said she could move freely as long as she doesn't get too much stimulation."

Sharon Allyson opened her mouth but didn't say anything in the end.

After all, this was their decision. Her interference would be pointless.

After a while, Sharon Allyson continued, "Okay. I'm a little delayed these days. I'll go see her in a couple of days."

"Okay. I'll pass it on to her."

After hanging up the phone, Sharon Allyson sat on the edge of the bed, wondering about something.

Soon, the nurse came in to bring lunch.

Sharon Allyson snapped out of her thoughts and said thanks.

After she ate, she put all the things in a suitcase. She had been hospitalized here for three or four days and had few of her own things here.

Most of them belonged to Jameson Proctor. It's true what she said. He had almost moved in.

She couldn't believe this man.

By the time Sharon Allyson had almost finished packing, Jameson Proctor had arrived.

Sharon Allyson said, "Why are you here so early?"

"It's 1:30 already."

Sharon Allyson looked at the time and realized that it was indeed late.

She said, "I'm all packed up. Let's go."

Jameson Proctor took the suitcase from her hand, "Wait. Jacob Green is doing the paperwork."

Sharon Allyson said, "Then I'll go ahead and change."

"Go ahead."

Sharon Allyson grabbed the clothes that were sitting on the bed and went into the bathroom.

Not long after, Jacob Green came in, "Mr. Proctor, it is done"

Jameson Proctor nodded and reached out to take it.

"I'll be out, then."

As soon as Jacob Green left, Sharon Allyson got changed and came out of the bathroom.

She folded her gown and put it on the bed and looked at the sheet in Jameson Proctor's hand, "Is the discharge done?"

"Yes, let's go." Sharon Allyson's breath felt fresher as she walked out of the hospital again.

The sun was now shining over the city, and the heat was coming up all around.

Summer was just around the corner.

Sitting in the car, Sharon Allyson opened the window and enjoyed the wind for a moment before realizing that this was not the way back to her apartment.

She turned her head to Jameson Proctor, "Where are we going?"

"The airport."

Sharon Allyson, "..."

She slowly raised the window and leaned back in the back seat, not speaking for a moment.

Patrick Matthias would leave at 3:00.

No wonder Jameson Proctor had come to pick her up at 1:30.

It was just the right time to go over there.

Jameson Proctor said, "I know you haven't thought about it yet, so you don't have to get out of the car later. I'll go see him off."

Sharon Allyson was silent, "You're going alone...Isn't that weird?"

“No, it’s not.”

Sharon Allyson said, “He doesn’t think it’s weird that you’re going to see him off?”

Jameson Proctor laughed silently, “Well, do I not have to leave him a good impression? In the end, he’s your father, and who knows what will happen in the future?”

Sharon Allyson, “...”

Seriously? Leave him a good impression? Sharon Allyson ignored him.

When their car was parked in front of the airport, Patrick Matthias’s car also happened to stop.

Jameson Proctor saw this, looked out of the car, withdrew his eyes, and said to Sharon Allyson, “I’m going down. You can stay here.”

Sharon Allyson gently pursed her lips and nodded, “Okay.”

Jameson Proctor pushed open the car door and got out.

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Matthias got out of the car and seemed a little surprised to see Jameson Proctor standing there and approached, “What brings Mr. Proctor here?”

“I heard that you are returning to England today and came to see you off.”

Jameson Proctor added, “I haven’t been able to thank you for what happened before.”

Patrick Matthias said lightly, “It’s nothing, but I still let him escape. When we find out exactly where he is, I will send someone to tell you.”

Jameson Proctor nodded, “Thank you very much.”

Patrick Matthias, “...”

It was the first time he had seen Jameson Proctor being so polite to anyone.

Even to his own father, Jameson Proctor was saber-rattling.

His attitude now was a little inscrutable.

After a while, Patrick Matthias said, “Mr. Proctor, you are very polite.”

At this time, the car window down, Matthew Dillon stretched his head out, “Uncle Patrick Matthias, can we go?”

Patrick Matthias turned his head to look at one of his men, “Take him in first”

“Yes”

Jameson Proctor frowned slightly, “You’re taking him to England?”

Patrick Matthias said, “The boy’s parents are dead. Staying here is just a disservice to him.”

Jameson Proctor looked colder, and his tone was not as amiable as before, "Mr. Patrick Matthias is quite considerate of other people's children."

Patrick Matthias knew what he meant and was silent for a while before saying, "I'm just doing what I can."

"So you're not going to come to South City after you go back to England this time?"

Patrick Matthias did not speak for a moment.

Jameson Proctor said, "Twenty years ago, you already caused a tragedy because you mistakenly trusted your enemies. Now, what you should do is to try your best to redeem this, not run away."

"I'm not running away. I'm just..."

Patrick Matthias paused before saying, "I don't want her to get hurt."

"Then think of ways."

Patrick Matthias looked at him and spoke slowly, "I appreciate Mr. Proctor coming to talk to me about this today, but Mr. Proctor should also be clear about one thing. If I had a daughter, I would never let her marry you, and as for why, I think you should know very well."

Jameson Proctor, "..."

He looked down at his wristwatch, "It's getting late, Mr. Patrick Matthias. Goodbye."

At this time, Patrick Matthias's men also came to hurry him.

Patrick Matthias said, "I'll trouble Mr. Proctor with everything during my absence from South City."

"You're welcome. It's what I should do."

Only after Patrick Matthias entered the airport did Jameson Proctor lick his teeth without moving.

Sharon Allyson pushed open the car door and asked softly, "What did you just say to him for so long?"

Jameson Proctor withdrew his eyes, "Just a few casual greetings."

Sharon Allyson let out a silent breath, "Let's go back."

"Yeah."

Not far away, in a black car, Chown watched the scene. The corners of his mouth hooked.

He picked up his phone and dialed a number, "The man is gone. We can start moving."

When she got home, Sharon Allyson went to take a shower and came out feeling much more comfortable and without the smell of disinfectant from the hospital.

She rubbed her hair while opening the refrigerator, "What do you want to eat later? I'll go to the supermarket to buy some food."

Jameson Proctor came up next to her, "Just let Jacob Green do the shopping. You just got out of the hospital. Get some rest"

“Be merciful, please. Jacob Green has such a heavy workload every day. I’m afraid he’ll go bald one day and won’t be able to find a wife.”

Jameson Proctor raised his eyebrows, “Heavy workload? His annual salary is higher than the total profit of your studio.”

Sharon Allyson, “...”

When was she going to get over this naive sympathy? Sharon Allyson, “Forget it. I’d like to go for a walk. If you don’t go, I’ll go by myself...”

“Who says I’m not going? Go change.”

Walking through the supermarket, Sharon Allyson picked up quite a few things thinking that the fridge was already empty.

When they finally checked out, she realized there were two whole big bags.

Just after reaching the underground parking lot of the supermarket, Jameson Proctor’s cell phone rang.

He looked at the number and said to Sharon Allyson, “Wait for me.”

Then he walked to the side. Sharon Allyson nodded and started playing with her phone.

Jameson Proctor walked away before speaking, “Yes.”

Matthew Gray said urgently, “Mr. Proctor, something’s wrong. The young... The young master and the old lady are all gone”

“What did you say?”

Matthew Gray hurriedly said, “Ten minutes ago, a fire broke out in the apartment. The fire has spread to our floor, so I took the old lady and the young master downstairs. I had been following them, but a woman said her child was still upstairs and asked me to help. And the old lady and the young master just disappeared...”

“Where are the others?”

“We were not prepared in advance. All the residents were gathered downstairs at that time. There were too many people. They didn’t see the old lady and the young master.”

Jameson Proctor’s thin lips pursed slightly.

“Go find them. I’ll be back now”

“Yes.”

Hanging up the phone, Jameson Proctor walked back with big steps.

Hearing the footsteps, Sharon Allyson looked up at him, but saw his face strange, “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing. Let’s go back first.”

Sharon Allyson put away her phone and nodded.

But halfway through the car, Sharon Allyson realized that this was not the way back to the apartment.

She said, "Where are we going?"

Jameson Proctor had his hand on the wheel, his jaw tense, "There's a fire at the apartment. I'm taking you to Star Lake Mansion."

Sharon Allyson paused before realizing that he was going to drop her.

She asked, "What about you?"

Jameson Proctor said, "I have a little business to attend to."

"Is there something wrong with the company?"

Jameson Proctor turned his head to look at her, his expression softened, "I won't be back tonight. Rest early."

"I know you are busy. Don't worry about me."

Looking at Jameson Proctor's expression, she knew that something big must have happened to the Proctor Group, and all she could do was not to cause him any trouble.

Soon, the car stopped in front of Star Lake Mansion, and Sharon Allyson got out with two big bags of stuff, "Go ahead. I'm going back."

Jameson Proctor's thin lips twitched, but in the end, he didn't say anything.

He answered "okay" and quickly drove away.

Since they did not say they were coming back in advance, Jennifer was already off duty, so Sharon Allyson carried the bags with both hands and made two trips to get everything back.

She panted slightly, turned on the light, and looked at the cozy house, and the smile on her face couldn't help but expand.

After taking a break, Sharon Allyson put the things in the bags into the refrigerator one by one.

After everything was done, Sharon Allyson opened her phone, and the first message that popped up was the news of a fire in the apartment.

She flipped through the pictures of the scene; the fire was big.

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Twenty minutes later, the black Rolls Royce stopped at the entrance of the neighborhood.

Matthew Gray immediately went forward and said, "Mr. Proctor..."

At this moment, Jameson Proctor's body exuded a chill, as if he had just climbed out of hell.

His voice was cold and cold, "Did you find them?"

Matthew Gray shook his head, "We have searched the whole neighborhood, and the basement, and even outside the neighborhood, but no...They're nowhere to be found."

Jameson Proctor turned around and grabbed Matthew Gray by the collar, "What did I tell you?"

Matthew Gray hung his head, "It was a dereliction of duty on my part."

"Dereliction of duty?"

Jameson Proctor snorted and pushed him away, "Can you get them back by the word dereliction of duty?"

Jameson Proctor closed his eyes before saying again, "Have you found out what caused the fire?"

"Already investigating, but the fire was up in a flash, it seems..."

Not an accident.

"Anyone with a brain can see that it was not an accident."

He turned his head to Matthew Gray, "Remember what the woman who stopped you looked like?"

"Probably."

"Probably?"

Matthew Gray immediately said, "Clearly."

Jameson Proctor ordered, "Find her"

"Yes."

Matthew Gray responded and immediately left.

Jameson Proctor continued to tell his men who were waiting nearby, "Go contact the person in charge of the apartment. I want to know the cause of the fire immediately. Also, contact the police to retrieve the surveillance of the whole neighborhood. And if you find anyone who is acting suspiciously, no matter what he's doing, get him!"

"Got it, Mr. Proctor. I'll go take care of it now."

"Wait."

Jameson Proctor said, "Harley Cook also disappeared, right?"

The handlers nodded, "Yes."

"Call William Hood and tell him to check the whereabouts of Harley Cook's boyfriend."

After his men left, Jameson Proctor stood in the same place, looking at the noisy crowd in the distance.

His thin lips strained into a line, and he slowly clenched his fist.

Soon, the head of the apartment hurried over, "Mr. Proctor, I didn't know you were here, I..."

"Cut the crap."

The person in charge wiped his sweat, "I'll take Mr. Proctor over"

The fire had been extinguished, the entire floor was still dripping water, and the residents of the apartment were all complaining and scared.

When they got to the floor where the fire started, the person in charge said, "Mr. Proctor, be careful. It's full of water."

Standing in front of a dark room, the person in charge said, "This is where the fire started. I just asked the firefighters. They said that this room has a large number of flammable items. A little spark will immediately cause a fire."

"Who lived in this house?"

The assistant in charge hurriedly came forward and said, "This place was previously rented by a live-streamer as a storage room, but she had surrendered the lease two days ago. The landlord was out of town and hadn't had time to come over to inspect the house, plus the girl left directly without getting her deposit, so it was..."

Jameson Proctor stood on the balcony and looked upwards.

This was the 15th floor, only five floors away from the 20th floor where they lived.

Once this fire started to spread, Matthew Gray and the others had no chance to hesitate and would choose to go down the safe passage.

It seemed that these people were pre-planned.

The person in charge said, "Mr. Proctor.."

"Contact that streamer and verify if the stuff was placed here by her.

After the assistant left, the person in charge said again, "Mr. Proctor, you live on the 20th floor. The damage there should not be significant. Do you want to go up and take a look?"

Jameson Proctor nodded.

After walking two steps, he said, "I'll just go by myself. You can do what you need to do."

"Yes, yes."

When he reached the 20th floor, Jameson Proctor walked to the room at the end and entered the code to get in.

The room smelled like smoke, and the curtains and couch were mostly destroyed by the fire.

Jameson Proctor walked to the crib and looked at the bottles and toys inside that they hadn't had time to take away and started wondering.

After a long time, he turned to leave.

Opening the next door, he took out the suitcase from the checkroom and loaded it with Sharon Allyson's frequently used items and clothes.

Jameson Proctor had just arrived downstairs when William Hood's call came, "What's going on?"

“I have a very bad feeling.”

William said, “If it’s Harley Cook’s boyfriend who did it, at most he’ll just want some money. What can he do? Don’t worry. I’m on my way now. I’ll have news in a while.”

Jameson Proctor hung up the phone and gave the suitcase to the men next to him, “Take it to Star Lake Mansion.”

Meanwhile, the other side.

Harley Cook, holding the crying little one in her arms, looked at the back seat anxiously, “Where the hell are we going? What happened to Charlotte? She just can’t wake up.”

Jayden Bower drove the car and said in a warm voice, “She just inhaled too much smoke and is temporarily unconscious. She will be fine after a while’

“Then you have to say where you’re taking us! You have to say it.”

“Don’t worry about it. I’ll take you to a very safe place. No one will find out.”

Harley Cook was anxious, “But you can’t do it like this. You’d better give me your cell phone. I’ll make a call. They’ll be so worried if they know”

She had lost her phone on the way downstairs earlier and hadn’t had a chance to contact Mr. Proctor when Jayden Bower pulled her through the crowd and said he would take them out.

Harley Cook was holding the baby and trusted Jayden Bower, so she didn’t think too much about it and thought she’d go out first and then find Matthew Gray, but before she could go far, Charlotte suddenly fainted, and Jayden Bower helped Charlotte and took them to the car.

Harley Cook could not say anything before Jayden Bower drove the car away.

Jayden Bower looked over at her, “Harley, there’s actually something I haven’t told you.”

“What?”

Jayden Bower said, “Actually, I have been helping Ms. Allyson all this time, and as you should have seen, Ms. Allyson became the new head of Beale Group, and I am also her subordinate.”

Harley Cook couldn’t help but feel a little nervous, “So...So what?”

“Ms. Allyson already knows about what you’ve done.”

Saying that, Jayden Bower looked at the little one in Harley Cook’s arms and narrowed his eyes, “And also knew that this child is hers.”

Harley Cook was shocked, and her pupils dilated.

“No...It’s impossible. Mr. Proctor has been hiding it well. Ms. Allyson couldn’t have known.”

Jayden Bower sighed, “Mr. Proctor has been hiding it from Ms. Allyson, so Ms. Allyson is angry now that she has found out. She asked me to take the baby to a place where Mr. Proctor can’t find it, and she’ll wait for us there.”

Harley Cook was struck dumb.

Jayden Bower then added, "So you can't tip off Mr. Proctor. As to whether what I say is true or not, when we arrive later, you'll see."

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Harley Cook was a little hesitant, but the sound of the baby crying in her arms interrupted her suspicions, "Hurry up then. We were in such a hurry to get downstairs that we didn't bring any bottles or diapers, and he's probably hungry now."

Jayden Bower smiled, "Okay."

After half an hour, the black car slowly drove into the two carved doors.

Harley Cook looked at the unfamiliar place and couldn't help but grab Jayden Bower's sleeve, "Is Ms. Allyson really waiting for us here? Why do I feel like this place doesn't look like..."

"Don't worry. We'll be there soon."

Soon, the car passed the large garden and stopped at the side house.

Harley Cook looked out through the window, and when she saw the unfamiliar and cold faces, the uneasiness in her heart began to expand strongly.

But before she could ask any more questions, the car door opened from outside.

A man stepped forward and tried to take the child from Harley Cook's arms.

She wouldn't let go, "Who are you people? What the hell do you want?"

Jayden Bower's voice came from beside her, but it was not as gentle as usual and had a strange coldness to it, "Harley, you'd better give them the baby, or you'll be the one who gets hurt."

Harley Cook looked at him, shocked and angry, "It's you, you colluded with them. You..."

Harley Cook knew it was futile to talk about it now and turned to the man who had come to take the child, "Do you know whose child this is? If he knows what you have done, he will not spare you! If you want money, I can contact him. He will certainly agree to your conditions. Do not hurt the child!"

At that moment, in the silence of the night, there was the sound of a cane hitting the ground.

Before Harley Cook could react, the figure of Master Proctor appeared in her line of sight, snorting coldly, "Can Jameson Proctor still turn the tide now?"

Harley Cook saw him, and her whole body froze, "Master Proctor?"

"It's good that you know who I am. Save me from wasting time with you here."

Master Proctor looked at his men.

The latter took advantage of Harley Cook's unpreparedness to hastily carry the child over.

Seeing this, Harley Cook looked back and tried to grab the child, but someone immediately took control of her.

Master Proctor looked at the child and said without looking back, "Put them both in together."

His men nodded, knocked Harley Cook unconscious, and carried her into the house, while another opened the back seat of the car and took the unconscious Charlotte Clarke inside as well.

Master Proctor saw that the child kept crying and beckoned to the two nannies waiting nearby, "Take him inside first and see what's going on. It's the middle of the night, don't let him keep crying. I don't want him to be found"

Both of them answered at the same time, "Yes."

A nanny took the child from the men and walked around the side room where Harley Cook and Charlotte Clarke were kept and headed deeper.

Master Proctor pinned his cane and withdrew his eyes to Jayden Bower, who had already gotten out of the car, "All right, go back. Don't let Jameson Proctor find out. I won't give you any less than you deserve"

Jayden Bower smiled faintly, "Well, thank you, Master Proctor."

Master Proctor did not seem to want to talk more with him.

He waved his hand, indicating him to leave.

Jayden Bower looked in the direction the nanny left with the child in her arms, narrowed his eyes, and turned to leave.

After he left, a henchman stepped forward and asked, "Master, if we leave them here, they will be easily discovered by the young master. Should we change the place?"

Master Proctor said in a deep voice, "Jeffery hasn't been here for many years. The range of his activities is at most the garden. No need to worry about that. What I'm worried about now is Evie."

"Madam, she..."

"She has been looking for Charlotte Clarke and is not quite in her right mind.

If she knows that Charlotte Clarke is here, there is no guarantee that she will not do something reckless that will only disrupt my plans."

After a pause, Master Proctor added, "You guys stay here for a few days. No one can go in without my permission."

"Yes."

After Master Proctor's words, he pinned his cane and walked in the direction of the main house.

With such a large place, hiding a few people was easy for him.

Inside the house, Harley Cook and Charlotte Clarke were locked up together.

Harley Cook woke up and felt a soreness in her neck.

She saw Charlotte Clarke lying on the bed and rushed to push her, "Charlotte, Charlotte, wake up!"

Charlotte Clarke was unconscious because she had been drugged by Jayden Bower.

At the sound of Harley Cook's call, she slowly opened her eyes and asked with a headache, "Where is this?"

"This is...this is..." Harley Cook choked, unable to say a complete sentence.

Charlotte Clarke looked around and jerked awake, "Where's the baby?"

Harley Cook fell to the floor, sobbing uncontrollably, "They took the baby away. Charlotte, I'm sorry. It's all my fault."

Charlotte Clarke frowned, "What's going on? Tell me clearly."

Harley Cook told the whole story and then choked up, "It's my fault. I shouldn't have trusted him. If I hadn't gone with him, we wouldn't have..."

Charlotte Clarke closed her eyes, "Well, what's the use of crying now? What's more, according to you, whether it's that boyfriend of yours or the Proctor family, it was premeditated, and you were used."

"I...I...what about the baby, Charlotte? Are they going to hurt him?"

Charlotte Clarke's expression gradually turned solemn, "If the Proctor family did this, I know what they are up to. The child will not be in danger for the time being."

Harley Cook wiped her tears, "Charlotte, don't worry. I'll find a way to get out of here and let Mr. Proctor come to your rescue!"

Charlotte Clarke let out a silent sigh and didn't say anything. Sharon Allyson woke up with a start. It was already three in the morning. She sat up, feeling her back sweaty and her mouth dry.

Just now, vaguely, she had a nightmare.

The fire twenty years ago and today's apartment fire inexplicably tied together, and the burning covered the sky.

And there seemed to be the faint sound of a baby crying in the fire.

Sharon Allyson lifted the covers and went downstairs to pour a glass of water to drink. She went back again and laid down in the bed, but she couldn't seem to sleep.

Perhaps it was because of the nightmare. She felt empty and unsettled in her heart. She picked up her phone, wanting to send a message to Jameson Proctor to ask him how he was doing there, but when the message was half typed, she deleted it.

She didn't want to cause him more trouble.

Sharon Allyson put her phone down and closed her eyes to force herself to sleep.

She had been at the hospital for the past few days, and although Dean Wilson was helping to keep an eye on the Beale Group, there was still a lot she needed to do.

Not to mention, the Kale Bee mess was still piling up there. It had to be dealt with as soon as possible.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 550

The next day, Sharon Allyson had just come downstairs when she heard the doorbell ring.

She thought it was Jameson Proctor coming back and rushed to open the door.

But there was Jameson Proctor's henchman standing outside. He pushed the suitcase in front of her, "Ms. Allyson, this is what Mr. Proctor asked me to bring you."

Sharon Allyson took it, "Thank you."

"You're welcome."

After the men left, Sharon Allyson took the suitcase upstairs and saw that it contained all her usual necessities and clothes.

The corners of her lips could not help but raise.

He could be quite considerate sometimes.

Sharon Allyson put away all the things from her suitcase, washed up, changed her clothes, and went out.

Just after arriving at Beale Group, Jayden Bower entered the office, "Ms. Allyson, are you feeling better? Do you want to rest for two more days?"

Sharon Allyson hadn't come in the past few days, and what Dean Wilson declared to the public was that she was sick.

Sharon Allyson smiled lightly, "Thank you. I'm fine now."

Jayden Bower put a file on her desk, "You're just in time. Here are this month's financial statements."

Sharon Allyson flipped through two pages and put it aside for a closer look later, "Has anything happened at the company in the last two days?"

"Mr. Bee, he..."

Seeing Jayden Bower stammering, Sharon Allyson said, "Just say it. What's wrong with him?"

Jayden Bower said, "Mr. Bee was accused of having something to do with a previous murder case, and he's been making a lot of noise these past few days. But Ms. Allyson, please don't worry. It's still only in the investigation stage, and it's said to be a personal vendetta that won't involve the Beale Group."

Sharon Allyson said, "I see. Send Ivan Gregory in."

Jayden Bower hesitated for a moment, "Ivan Gregory?"

Sharon Allyson looked up at him, "What's wrong?"

Jayden Bower shook his head and smiled, "Nothing. I'll go get him now."

"Go ahead."

Walking to the door, Jayden Bower looked back at Sharon Allyson, and his eyes narrowed.

She had recently left many important matters to Ivan Gregory, obviously avoiding himself.

But Jayden Bower also knew very well that Sharon Allyson was asking Ivan Gregory to deal with Kale Bee, so it was good for him not to get involved. He was now using their hands to get rid of Kale Bee.

As soon as Kale Bee fell, there would be no one who could threaten him.

He could also quickly get out of here.

Not long after Jayden Bower left Sharon Allyson's office, Ivan Gregory arrived.

Because of Jacob Green's help, evidence of Kale Bee's corruption and bribery surfaced. But these were not enough.

Not enough to completely take him down.

Ivan Gregory said, "Ms. Allyson, because of the murder case, Kale Bee is in great panic. He is now trying to find ways to transfer his assets. Therefore, many secrets are being revealed. If we continue to investigate, there must be more evidence"

Sharon Allyson nodded, "Let's do as you say, and send someone to keep an eye on Chell Peterson. Don't let Kale Bee's people get near her."

"Okay, I understand."

In the afternoon, Sharon Allyson was working on a design when the office door was kicked open, and Kale Bee came in cursing, "You finally came to the office. I want to settle the score with you today!"

Sharon Allyson looked up, but her expression remained unchanged.

And following Kale Bee in, several executives, led by Jayden Bower, were trying to stop Kale Bee, "Mr. Bee, Mr. Bee, take it easy. What's the matter?"

Kale Bee seemed to be very angry, "Take it easy? How the f**k do I take it easy!? Now there are people who accuse me of murder. If this continues, I will be in jail!"

Kale Bee shook off their hands and straightened his cuffs.

Standing in front of the desk, he slapped the desk hard and pointed his finger at Sharon Allyson, "Tell me, did you do this? You must be the one who put such a trumped-up charge on me."

Sharon Allyson leaned back against her chair and said unhurriedly, "That's interesting, Mr. Bee. I haven't been in the office for the past few days, so how could I have done it?"

"Don't you lie to me! Just because you were not in the office doesn't mean you couldn't do these things! You only had a concussion in that car accident. It didn't knock you retarded!"

Sharon Allyson paused and looked up at him, "How did Mr. Bee know I was in a car accident?"

The entire office was instantly silent.

Several senior executives were also puzzled and could not help but whisper, "Didn't Ms. Allyson not come to the office because she was sick? How did it become a car accident?"

Kale Bee obviously also noticed the slip of his tongue. He coughed twice and straightened his tie.

His attitude was not as arrogant as before.

He said, "I heard it from someone."

"From whom?"

Kale Bee said irritably, "I meet so many people every day. How can I remember so well?"

Sharon Allyson laughed lightly, "I know who Mr. Bee heard it from."

Kale Bee said warily, "Who?"

Sharon Allyson didn't answer the question, "Mr. Bee, what do you want to do exactly? If there is nothing else, I have to work. You can go now"

Kale Bee's face changed, and his anger rose again, "This is not over! I..."

"Mr. Bee, don't worry. The law is fair. You will not pay for what you haven't done."

Sharon Allyson slowly said, "But for what you have done, the truth will be found sooner or later"

Kale Bee did not dare to make too big a deal out of it.

After all, she got something on him.

Several other executives also followed Kale Bee and left.

The office was quiet again.

Sharon Allyson was holding a pen in her hand, tapping it on the desk. She had always thought that it was an accident, but now it seemed that Kale Bee had deliberately asked someone to do it.

Sharon Allyson flipped through the information in front of her.

Over the years, in addition to bribery, Kale Bee had done a lot more as the vice president.

But there was still a big gap between the money he had embezzled and the amount of money Jacob Green found that he had transferred overseas.

He also needed to spend a lot of money to take care of all those contacts he had.

Otherwise, he wouldn't be so difficult to bring down. So he must have a bigger source of money.

Sharon Allyson put the information away, put it in the bottom drawer, locked it, and got up with the designs she had drawn in the meantime, ready for a trip to the studio.

As she walked out of the office, Jayden Bower followed her, "Is Ms. Allyson going out?"

Sharon Allyson said, "I'm going to the studio."

“Then I’ll walk Ms. Allyson out.”

“No need.”

“I just heard Ms. Allyson talk about the car accident...To avoid a situation like this again, you should be careful.”

Sharon Allyson said, “I will’

Jayden Bower didn’t say anything more and sent Sharon Allyson downstairs.

After Sharon Allyson left, he looked around and turned around to go upstairs.