

Resume 551

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 551

In the car across from the Beale Group, William Hood looked at Jayden Bower's figure and asked, "Did you find out his whereabouts last night?"

The man next to him said, "He sent his daughter to a dance class last night. I asked the dance teachers at the class, and they said he waited outside and never left."

"Is there surveillance there?"

"The teacher of the class said that the surveillance was broken a few days ago and that there was too much going on recently to fix it."

William Hood was silent for a while and said, "Send someone to follow him. Be careful. Don't get caught."

"Yes."

"Where is Jameson Proctor?"

"Mr. Proctor is now..."

William Hood pressed his brow, "Forget it. Go straight to the Proctor Group."

Meanwhile, the Proctor Group.

A woman sat on her knees, her face full of fear and panic, "I really don't know anything. The fire was so big, and I couldn't find my child. I just wanted to find someone to help. I..."

Jameson Proctor threw a file in front of her.

His face was vaguely shrouded in a layer of coldness. He said nothing, but the atmosphere was filled with a sense of pressure.

The woman opened the file with trembling hands, only to find that it contained her identity information and home address.

She went completely pale.

Jameson Proctor said in a cold voice, "You only have one chance, and I don't want to hear any more nonsense."

The woman looked at him, and a wave of fear spread through her heart.

She dared not hide anymore and stammered, "I... I am a walker-on. A few days ago, a man found me, asked me to act in a play, and gave me a two thousand yuan performance fee. I usually get only a few hundred for each job. Two thousand is high pay. I..."

The woman's eyes moved to Matthew Gray, "Then the man gave me his photo and told me to pull him whenever I saw him coming down the stairs when there was a fire, so that's why I..."

Jameson Proctor said, "Photo."

The woman hurriedly fished it out of her bag and handed it over with trepidation.

Jameson Proctor looked at it and held it out to Matthew Gray, "Remember when this was?"

The photo was obviously taken from a distance.

Matthew Gray looked closely for a moment, then said, "Mr. Proctor, this would be two months ago. It was when we hadn't moved to the apartment"

Jameson Proctor took the picture over and asked the woman on the floor, "Remember what the man who gave you the picture looked like?"

The woman said, "I don't...I don't remember, but if I had a picture of him, I'm sure I could recognize it"

Jameson Proctor said, "Give her Jayden Bower's picture."

Matthew Gray opened his phone, tapped the screen a few times, and placed it in front of the woman.

The woman looked at it for a moment, then shook her head, "It's not him."

Matthew Gray said, "Mr. Proctor, if this is really Jayden Bower's plan, then he deliberately got close to Harley Cook. So far, it has been several months, but he has never revealed anything. He is really cautious. He must have other helpers."

Jameson Proctor did not speak and only after a moment said, "Can you guarantee that you can recognize that man whenever you see him again?"

The woman froze for a moment before realizing he was talking to herself and nodded, "I have a good memory! I can definitely recognize it."

Jameson Proctor said, "Take her down first."

Matthew Gray answered and took the woman out of the office.

When they left, William Hood arrived, "Someone testified that Jayden Bower had been at the dance class last night and hadn't left."

Jameson Proctor looked unchanged, "It'll only convince the fools. Keep looking."

Jacob Green said, "Mr. Proctor, I'll check the man who gave her the photo first..."

Jameson Proctor said, "Guess why they did it now? The photo was taken two months ago."

Jacob Green was caught by his question, his face full of doubt.

Jameson Proctor continued, "Jayden Bower began to deliberately approach Harley Cook a few months ago, gradually gaining her trust.

Although I'm still not sure what Harley Cook actually said to him, no one but him can know more about their movements."

William Hood understood a little, "So Jayden Bower most likely knows Matthew Gray and others' existence, and then secretly took his picture. But if that's the case, the most appropriate place to do it would be in the old neighborhood. Why choose the apartment instead..."

Since Jayden Bower had long known Harley Cook's identity and who the child really belonged to, he must have also known that Jameson Proctor also lived here in the apartment.

According to his cautious character, there was no reason he would choose to do it in the apartment.

And by such a big fire as well, it was not quite like Jayden Bower's style.

Jameson Proctor said lightly, "He was waiting."

William Hood did not understand, "Waiting?"

"Waiting for an opportunity"

Jameson Proctor continued, "No matter who this information was sold to, he could get a huge profit from it, and if he did it himself, he couldn't do anything except blackmailing me. But he didn't dare, so he waited."

Jacob Green asked, "What Mr. Proctor means is that someone else now knows of the young master's existence, and then Jayden Bower takes the opportunity to work with them?"

Jacob Green stopped in mid-sentence.

He could not think of anyone other than the Proctor family who could make such a big deal, who was not afraid of making a big deal out of it, and who was willing to pay a lot of money to take the young master away.

William Hood said, "I have been watching the Proctor family. Through their information access, it was absolutely impossible to know this matter"

Jameson Proctor sneered, "Well, in the end, only they know how they got the information."

Jacob Green asked, "So...What do we do now? Do we go to the Proctor family?"

William Hood nestled on the sofa, "At the moment, this is all just his guess. There's no way we can just ask them to release the people."

"I'm going to find the evidence now"

Jameson Proctor said, "What do you think the old man is doing all this for? Even if the evidence is pasted on his face, he will not let them go."

William Hood added, "Take a step back. If they didn't do it, our move would inform them about the fact that Jameson Proctor has a son."

There was a moment of silence in the office.

After a long time, Jameson Proctor said, "Is Erica Proctor still alive?"

Jacob Green nodded, "Yeah...She's alive."

Although her head was not right anymore.

Jameson Proctor said nonchalantly, "Bring her back. I'll go to the Proctor family tonight."

Only then could he confirm his guess.

William Hood said, "Are you planning to taunt?"

Jameson Proctor got up and said nonchalantly, "Taunt? I'm just sending a gift."

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When Sharon Allyson arrived at the studio and saw Tiffany Momon there, she said, "Why don't you stay home for a couple more days?"

Tiffany Momon leaned over the table and spoke breathlessly, "I've been at home so much that I'm going to get moldy, and I think I could get depressed if I didn't get out"

Sharon Allyson laughed and sat down across from her, "Where's Daniel?"

"I don't know what he's doing. He said he'd pick me up later. I wish he would not come."

"He's staying at your place for the past few days?"

Tiffany suddenly became angry, "I don't know what he's thinking. I think I've made myself clear, but he still won't go away, and it's kind of annoying to see him every day"

Sharon Allyson raised her eyebrows and didn't say anything.

Tiffany Momon sighed, "Sharon, it's been almost half a month. Go with me to the surgery in a few days. I don't want him a long."

Sharon Allyson said, "Is that what Daniel thinks too?"

"He didn't say so, but he's been thinking about it for so long that it's the equivalent of acquiescence. I don't want to drag it out any longer, and he's probably just taking care of me now for the sake of this baby, and having the surgery done sooner would give us both relief."

Sharon Allyson didn't know what to say for a moment, "Okay."

Tiffany Momon added, "So, you came to the studio today for something?"

Sharon Allyson took the designs out of her bag, "These need to be sent to the factory."

This time, there were designs for the fashion week, but also a few new models.

Tiffany Momon said, "Okay, I'll have them sent over later. Sharon, our studio has been open for a long time, and I've been at home recently. Should we open an online store? It'll help promote the brand."

Sharon Allyson nodded, "Yes"

"Then I will try to recruit a few people specifically responsible for the online store"

Sharon Allyson thought about it, "If we open an online sales channel, the current studio will be too small"

Tiffany Momon was also aware of this problem.

The current studio in addition to the outside store, was the restroom, the office, and the pantry.

There was not enough space to stock more goods.

Since they wanted to open online sales, the first thing to ensure was adequate storage.

If the products couldn't be sold out, they could expand other channels to sell them slowly, but if they waited for an order to be placed and then let the factory process it, it would definitely be too slow and would only reduce their credibility.

Tiffany Momon suddenly had an idea, and when she looked at Sharon Allyson, she found that the latter was also looking at her.

They both spoke at the same time, "Rent the next door as well?"

Sharon Allyson and Tiffany Momon hit it off and immediately contacted the person in charge next door.

Sharon Allyson spent the entire afternoon working on this, and by the time the contract was signed, it was already evening.

Tiffany Momon stretched her back, "Sharon, let's go eat hot pot."

Sharon Allyson said, "Can you eat that?"

"I asked the doctor. It's okay to eat just a little spicy. I've been eating bland food for days. I'm dying of cravings. Please, go with me."

Sharon Allyson smiled, "Okay"

She took out her phone and looked at it, still no word from Jameson Proctor.

Tiffany Momon touched her with her elbow, "Your Mr. Proctor is checking in? Ask him to join us. I don't care. As long as I can eat hot pot, I'm willing to go to a burning mountain"

"No."

Sharon Allyson explained, "Mr. Proctor seems to have had an accident yesterday. He went over in the evening and has not contacted me. I do not know what is going on there."

"Then do you want to go over to see?"

Sharon Allyson shook her head, "No, I asked Jacob Green. It's nothing serious. He hasn't contacted me, so he must be in a meeting. I'll ask him later."

"Okay, let's have hot pot then!"

Proctor family.

In the living room, the maids had just removed the dinner dishes when a man hurried in, "Master, something is wrong."

Master Proctor got up with his cane, "What's all the fuss about? What's the hurry?"

"Second young master has...has returned."

Master Proctor looked unchanged, "Isn't it normal for him to come back? You're not gonna tell me he came back holding a bomb?"

Next to him, Evie Rowland had little expression.

The man whispered, "He...brought Miss Proctor with him."

Master Proctor was appalled, "What?"

He thought Erica Proctor had died a long time ago.

How could she come back? Evie Rowland spoke up, "Did you get a good look? Are you sure it was Erica?"

"Yes, I saw it clearly. It was indeed Miss Proctor, but..."

Master Proctor hurriedly asked, "What?"

Before his man had time to answer, a voice came from outside the door, "If you're so curious, just take a look and see."

The next second, Jameson Proctor's figure appeared in the living room.

The moment Master Proctor looked up and saw him, he was obviously holding back his anger, but when he saw Erica Proctor being brought in behind him, his eyes widened.

Evie Rowland looked shocked, "What have you done to her!"

The Erica Proctor in front of them no longer had the domineering air back in the old days.

Her hair was messy; old and fresh bruises were all over her face; one of her arms was broken; the most terrible thing was that she was sitting in a wheelchair.

Although she was covered with a blanket, the bottom was obviously empty.

Jameson Proctor sat on the sofa and spoke without haste, "Don't get too excited. I didn't do anything to her."

Jameson Proctor raised his hand, and Jacob Green immediately stepped forward.

Jacob Green said, "Erica Proctor was convicted of murder and sentenced to twenty years in prison, and was held in Women's Prison. After entering the prison, Erica Proctor repeatedly physically assaulted plus verbally abused prison guards and fellow inmates and tried to escape from prison. In the process of escaping from prison, in order to avoid pursuit, she jumped from the third floor and broke both legs, as well as an arm, which was amputated by the hospital due to severe injuries."

Evie Rowland, who could not help but feel the chill in her back, looked at Jameson Proctor, "You...You arranged it all, didn't you?"

Jameson Proctor snorted, "If I had arranged it, I wouldn't have gone so easy on her."

Master Proctor pounded on his cane and cursed, "This is unacceptable! You've crossed the line!"

"I've crossed the line? Shouldn't you all reflect on why she refused to repent and spoke out of turn even when she was in prison? If she had realized her own mistakes, she wouldn't be in this situation today."

Master Proctor said, "She is your sister, you..."

"Sister?"

Jameson Proctor spoke slowly and deliberately, but his voice was wrapped in a cold chill, "When she pushed Sharon Allyson down the stairs, she should have thought of the consequences. I let her live. Isn't that enough?"

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Master Proctor said angrily, "In this condition, you might as well kill her!"

Jameson Proctor said nonchalantly, "I don't do anything illegal. If you want to help her out, you can do it yourself."

"What kind of nonsense are you talking about!?"

"All people should pay for what they've done, shouldn't they?"

Evie Rowland held onto the couch and calmed herself before saying coolly, "You think you're any better?"

Jameson Proctor laughed, "I'm not a good person in the first place, and if anyone wants to take revenge for her, I welcome it"

Master Proctor took two steps back in anger and covered his chest, "Well, well...I underestimated you before. Look at how arrogant you are. Jameson Proctor, the thing I regret the most in my life is to bring you, the illegitimate son, back to the Proctor family. The bad root in you can never be changed!"

"Arrogant? Then what I'm going to do next will be evil!"

"You..."

Before Master Proctor could finish his words, the people brought by Jameson Proctor already rushed in and went straight to the study.

Master Proctor said, "What do you want to do?"

Jameson Proctor said indifferently, "Don't worry, I won't do anything to you. I just want to borrow your seal."

"Don't even think about it!"

At this time, all of Master Proctor's men heard the commotion and barged in, and the two sides were just stalemated in the living room.

This was the first time that Jameson Proctor and the Proctor family had made such a big fuss since they had broken apart.

Master Proctor was so angry that he asked everyone to come over.

As long as Jameson Proctor's people dared to take another step forward, it was not impossible to start a fight here.

This was the Proctor family, his territory! Could this rebellious son really do anything to him? Jameson Proctor sat on the sofa, tapping his fingers on his knee, waiting for something.

A few moments later, Jacob Green said, "Mr. Proctor, all the people that the chairman can use are already here"

Jameson Proctor swept his eyes around, "Let's begin."

Master Proctor's heart was shocked at his words because he did not expect that he really dared to make a move.

Just as he was about to retreat from the place, he found that those men of Jameson Proctor just took out their cell phones and started taking pictures of them.

When Master Proctor's men reacted, they all hurriedly stretched out their hands to block their faces, but the photos had already been taken.

Master Proctor was stunned.

Jameson Proctor got up, "Well, it seems like the seal can't be borrowed, so I'll leave first."

"Stop right there! What the hell are you trying to do!?"

Jameson Proctor looked back, "You're right. I'm so arrogant now, and sooner or later, I'll get my comeuppance. I don't wanna die not knowing who the murder is."

After the words, Jameson Proctor lifted his leg and left the living room.

Jacob Green and a group of his men followed him out.

After they left, the man next to Master Proctor said, "Master, what are we..."

Master Proctor spoke in annoyance, "Get out now."

He then ordered in a low voice, "The backyard, keep a close eye on it."

He always felt that Jameson Proctor's visit was not that simple. His men responded and left.

Erica Proctor slumped in her wheelchair, her eyes unfocused. She had probably long gone mad.

Seeing this, Master Proctor waved his hand and said, "Take her away too. It's disturbing."

The henchman asked, "Ok...but where?"

"To prison, or a madhouse, anywhere. Don't let me see her again."

Erica Proctor was spoiled by Evie Rowland.

She was arrogant and domineering and caused a lot of trouble, and she deserved this fate.

After Erica Proctor was taken away, Master Proctor looked at Evie Rowland, who was pale, and said in a deep voice, "All right, didn't Jameson Proctor say that it was an accident? And it was her own

fault. Since she knew she was in trouble, she should have stayed in jail and rehabilitated herself instead of making such a mess.”

Evie Rowland sneered, “So you think Jameson Proctor is going to put me in jail or turn me into Erica?”

Master Proctor frowned, “I told you not to go against him like that. Erica Proctor could have the nerve to push Sharon Allyson down the stairs and cause her to miscarry, but it was your authorization. Why did you have to... If Sharon Allyson’s first child had been born, things would not have turned out this way!”

“You think you can control him just because you have his child in your hands?”

“Of course! The Proctor family values bloodlines above all else, and if it weren’t for that, I wouldn’t have gotten him back!”

“I’m telling you, from the moment the Proctor Group was handed over to Jameson Proctor, you can’t get it back, and it’s absolutely impossible for you to control Jameson Proctor with his child. Now, it’s up to you. Either he dies, or I die!”

Evie Rowland said with some madness in her look, “Even if I die, I will not let him live happily!”

Master Proctor sighed, “You...”

Evie Rowland ignored him and went upstairs.

Master Proctor stood in the living room for a while, still unsure of the situation in the backyard, and walked over with his cane.

On the second floor, Jeffery Proctor sat in his wheelchair, his head leaning against the wall quietly.

He had been there for nobody knows how long.

When he reached the backyard, Master Proctor heard the baby crying as soon as he entered the side room, and he asked unhappily, “Why is he crying again?”

The two nannies were also at their wits’ end, “The baby seems to be recognizing strangers and won’t let us get close to him, and...”

“And what!”

“And he won’t eat anything, and he seems to have a fever.”

Master Proctor frowned, “Did you call the doctor?”

The two nannies hesitated for a moment and did not speak.

Master Proctor turned to his men and said, “Hurry up and get a doctor and see what’s going on.”

The men responded and left.

Master Proctor put down his cane, “Give me the baby”

The nanny handed the little one over.

But he cried more fiercely in Master Proctor’s arms, and his voice was hoarse.

Master Proctor sank his face and handed him over to the nanny again.

He asked, "Hasn't he eaten anything since last night?"

"He was starving in the morning. He ate a little, but it didn't take long for him to throw up again."

"You guys are so capable! You can't even handle this little thing!"

The two nannies mumbled and didn't dare to make a sound.

The doctor came in a short while later, examined the little one, put a fever patch on his forehead, and said to Master Proctor, "The child is still young, so it's hard for him to adapt to a sudden change. It's better to have someone, who he's familiar with, take care of him."

Master Proctor pondered for a moment and ordered, "Bring the young woman."

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In the room, Harley Cook was lying on the edge of the bed, looking haggard.

Charlotte Clarke looked much calmer, sitting in the sofa, not much expression on her face.

Since last night, they had been locked up here.

Those people did not give them food.

Not even a drop of water was sent over.

Finally, the door was opened.

Harley Cook stood up alert, "What do you want?"

The man who came in said nothing but tugged her by the arm and walked out.

Harley Cook struggled desperately, "Let go of me! Let me go!"

Charlotte Clarke got up and said in a cold voice, "Are you a bandit? Is this how Noel usually lets you do things?"

The man heard her call Master Proctor by his first name and knew who she was, so he paused and hesitated for a moment before releasing Harley Cook.

Harley Cook trembled with fear and immediately hid behind Charlotte Clarke, clinging to the corner of her coat.

The man said, "The young master is sick and crying. The master asked us to take her there."

At that, Harley Cook was stunned and was about to go with him.

Charlotte Clarke grabbed her hand.

Charlotte Clarke said, "I've been taking care of the baby. It's useless for her to go."

The man hesitated a little, not knowing what to do.

Charlotte Clarke continued, "Let her stay here while I go over"

"But Master ordered that..."

"If he doesn't agree. Tell him to come to me if he dares."

When the man saw this imposing manner of hers, he did not dare to delay, "Then I will go and ask the master."

"Wait."

Charlotte Clarke said, "Send some food and water over. Three meals a day. We are not your prisoners."

The man nodded and left quickly.

When he was gone, Charlotte Clarke closed the door and whispered to Harley Cook, "After I go over there, be careful on your own. They're after the baby and me. They won't do anything to you."

Harley Cook took her hand and cried out in anxiety, "Charlotte, I can't let you go to such a dangerous place."

Charlotte Clarke said, "Don't worry. I have a plan. The little one is still there, and I'm his grandmother. I have to go."

"It's all my fault. It's all my fault. If it weren't for me, you wouldn't have been brought here..."

"This is not the time to blame yourself. Let's talk when we get out of here."

On the other side, Master Proctor listened to his man's report, and his brow furrowed high.

He thought for a while before saying, "Do as she says."

The man responded and left.

Master Proctor looked again at the little one who had cried himself to sleep and went out of the backyard with his cane.

When the man returned, he brought food and water.

Charlotte Clarke drank some water but did not feel like eating. She then let the man take her to the baby.

Harley Cook looked at her back and secretly gritted her teeth.

Charlotte was right.

No matter what the situation was, she had to get out of here first. She also had to go and tell Mr. Proctor that Charlotte and the baby were here.

Harley Cook wiped the tears from her face and began to eat.

Only when she regained her strength could she think of a way to leave.

The moment she saw the baby, Charlotte Clarke's heart, which had been anxious all day and all night, finally was solaced. She went up to check on the little one and asked the nanny next to her and was completely relieved when she was sure he only had a fever.

It didn't take long for the baby to wake up.

When he opened his eyes and saw Charlotte Clarke next to him, he just deflated his mouth and looked aggrieved but didn't cry.

Charlotte Clarke picked him up and put the bottle the nanny handed her into his mouth.

The little one was hungry and took a big suck from the bottle.

Soon, the bottle was emptied.

Charlotte Clarke held him and walked around the room for a while, but the little one fell asleep again, clutching at her clothes.

The nanny came forward and tried to take the baby back, "Leave him to me now."

Charlotte Clarke dodged sideways, frowned, and said coldly, "Don't touch him"

The nanny had no choice but to back away.

After the little one fell asleep, Charlotte Clarke put him in his crib and didn't leave the crib again, not letting anyone from the Proctor family come near except the doctor.

In the black Rolls Royce, Jacob Green looked at all the photos coming in on his phone, "Mr.Proctor, it's all sorted"

Jameson Proctor closed his eyes and said, "Take it to her for confirmation, and after that, find a way to find them and find out the exact location."

"Yes." Jacob Green was silent, then said, "Mr.Proctor, this afternoon, Madame asked for you.I said you were in a meeting, dealing with some small matters in the company."

Jameson Proctor slowly opened his eyes, "What else did she say?"

"Nothing, Madame probably didn't want to disturb you and didn't ask anything more."

"Where is she now?"

"She went back to the studio this afternoon, and now she's having dinner with a friend."

Jameson Proctor's thin lips pursed slightly, and only after a few seconds did he say, "Go with them back to the company"

"Okay."

Jacob Green slowed down and pulled over.

Immediately after Jacob Green got out of the car, other men came over, and he got into the driver's seat.

Jameson Proctor took out his cell phone and dialed Sharon Allyson's number.

Sharon Allyson said, "Hello?"

There was some noise on her end.

Jameson Proctor slowly said, "What are you eating?"

"I'm having hot pot with Tiffany and Daniel. Are you done yet?"

Jameson Proctor pressed his temples, "Just finished a meeting."

Sharon Allyson said, "So when are you coming home? If it's too late, I'll come over later."

She seemed to be eating spicy food.

When she spoke, she gasped a little.

Jameson Proctor could imagine what her expression was like.

His lips curled down, "No need."

"You're leaving now?"

"Yeah, I'll come to you right now."

Jameson Proctor looked out the window, "I want hot pot as well."

Sharon Allyson replied readily, "Sure, I'll send you the address then. Come on over"

"Okay."

After hanging up the phone, Sharon Allyson's message came through.

Jameson Proctor dozed off a little.

His face was expressionless.

After half an hour, the black Rolls Royce stopped in front of the hot pot restaurant.

His man said, "Mr. Proctor, we're here."

Jameson Proctor looked out of the window and was about to get out of the car when he saw Sharon Allyson sitting in the window seat.

He did not know what she was saying to Tiffany, but her little face was red, her smile bright and radiant.

It had been a long time since he last saw her smile like this.

Jameson Proctor was lost in thought.

A few minutes later, the voice of his man came again, "Mr. Proctor?"

Jameson Proctor sat back and said indifferently, "Go back."

"Back to...Where?"

Jameson Proctor was silent for a moment, "The company."

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In the hot pot restaurant, Jameson Proctor had not arrived by the time they finished eating.

Sharon Allyson called him, but the phone was off.

Tiffany Momon saw the situation and asked, "Sharon, what's wrong?"

Sharon Allyson put the phone away and shook her head, "Nothing, Jameson Proctor just said he was coming, but..."

Daniel said, "Has something happened to the Proctor Group in the last two days?"

"Seems like it, but when I asked Jacob Green today, he said it was some minor matter within the company that has been resolved."

"Some minor matter within the company?"

At this, the corners of Sharon's lips pursed.

She guessed that Jacob Green might not be telling her the truth, but since they wouldn't say more, she didn't continue to ask.

But looking at Daniel, it seemed that this matter was even trickier than she had imagined.

After some thought, Sharon Allyson still asked, "Do you...Do you know what's going on over there?"

Daniel said, "I just heard this afternoon that Jameson Proctor had used all the people in his hands in the past two days, almost to turn the South City upside down. I have not seen such a big scene. I do not know the details, but I feel that this should not be just a matter within the Proctor Group."

"Could he be looking for Talon Beale?"

"Not very likely. Talon Beale has always been our main search; plus, he didn't do this even when he was looking for Natalia Beale before"

Tiffany Momon listened to their discussion and asked Sharon Allyson in a whisper, "He wouldn't have another woman on the outside, would he?"

The corner of Daniel's mouth twitched, "That's even less likely; it's just that..."

Daniel was halfway through his sentence when he thought of something and his brow furrowed, and his face darkened several times.

Sharon Allyson asked, "Do you know anything?"

A few moments later, Daniel snapped back from his trance and smiled, "Nothing; it's just something random that came to my mind. It's not important."

Sharon Allyson looked at the time, "Then let's go"

After leaving the hot pot restaurant, Sharon Allyson and Tiffany Momon said goodbye and got into the car parked on the side.

Tiffany Momon withdrew her eyes and asked Daniel, "Do you know what Jameson Proctor is doing?"

Daniel smiled sarcastically, "How would I know about his business?"

“You just acted weird; you must know something.”

Daniel was dumbfounded, and it took a few seconds before he said, “You’re overthinking it; I really don’t know.”

He had just received word earlier that the child of Sharon Allyson might not be dead, but their people had searched several times without the slightest clue.

And he had tried Jameson Proctor, but the latter was even more tight-lipped.

If there is anything worthy of Jameson Proctor’s attention in the South City, besides Sharon Allyson, it is probably the child.

But that’s just his guess.

What’s more, judging by Sharon Allyson’s reaction, she shouldn’t know anything.

IN this situation, he can’t go talking nonsense.

Tiffany Momon was just trying to scam him, and when she didn’t get anywhere, she brushed it off, “Okay.”

On the other hand, Sharon Allyson sat in her car and dialed Jacob Green’s number.

The person who answered the phone was Jameson Proctor.

Hearing his voice, Sharon Allyson paused before saying, “I thought you said you were coming over for hot pot? But where are you now?”

Jameson Proctor’s voice was very light, “There was a temporary incident at the company, so I’m back.”

Sharon Allyson was silent before she said, “Then why is your phone off?”

“The battery is dead when I was going to call you.”

“Are you going back tonight?”

“No, there’s still a lot on my plate; you rest first.”

Sharon Allyson said, “Okay.Well, bye.”

Jameson Proctor said, “Bye, take care on the road”

After hanging up the phone, Sharon Allyson stared at the phone screen for a while and drove away.

Sharon Allyson went to the restaurant Jameson Proctor used to go to, packed a few light dishes, and then went to the Proctor Group.

As soon as she got off the elevator, she ran into Jacob Green.

Jacob Green was probably not expecting to see her, and after a momentary freeze, he was afraid to look at her, “Ms.

Allyson.”

Sharon Allyson saw his shifty eyes darting around and asked, "Are you not feeling well?"

Jacob Green laughed dryly, "May...Maybe a little; it's all the overtime I've been working lately."

Sharon Allyson thought about his salary and began to pity him, "Where's Jameson Proctor?"

"Mr.Proctor is..."

"In a meeting?"

"No...No."

Thinking that Jacob Green seemed to have just come out of the president's office, Sharon Allyson said, "I see, you go ahead."

Jacob Green called out to her, "Ms.Allyson."

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

Jacob Green said, "Mr.Proctor is resting; why don't you come tomorrow..."

"It's okay; I'll just bring his stuff in and leave; I won't disturb him."

Looking at Sharon Allyson's back, Jacob Green let out a breath; now facing Sharon Allyson, he felt sort of guilty, let alone facing Mr.Proctor.

Gently pushing open the door of the president's office, Sharon Allyson poked her head inside.

Jameson Proctor was indeed sleeping on the couch.

If Sharon Allyson was right, he should have been restless from last night to now.

Not to mention a single bite of the meal.

He was like this every time he got busy.

Sharon Allyson slowed down, walked over, put the paper bag on the coffee table, and picked up Jameson Proctor's jacket sitting next to him.

Sharon Allyson leaned over and covered him up, then maintained her position and stared at him for a moment.

There were faint dark circles under his eyes.

It did look like he was so exhausted.

She determined to go back tonight and make some soup to reduce his internal heat and bring it to him the next morning.

Sharon Allyson stood upright and was about to leave when her wrist was gripped.

The man's voice sounded slow, but he still didn't open his eyes, "Why are you here?"

Sharon Allyson said, "Just passing by; have you eaten yet?"

“No.”

“No lunch or no dinner?”

Sharon Allyson paused, then added, “Or even breakfast?”

At that, Jameson Proctor’s lips curled, and he opened his eyes to look at her, “So concerned about me?”

Sharon Allyson didn’t bother to pay attention to him, pulled her hand out, and took the food out of the paper bag on the coffee table, “Eat up, or you’ll die of hunger before your work kills you.”

Jameson Proctor reached around her waist and pulled her into his arms, “Feed me.”

Sharon Allyson, “...”

Jameson Proctor continued, “I’m so exhausted; I don’t want to move.”

“You don’t want to move? But you’re actually acting rude already...”

With this, Sharon Allyson still took the cutlery and fed something to his mouth.

But Jameson Proctor didn’t eat much before he said he was full.

Sharon Allyson looked at the half of the food left and said, “Okay, it’s better than nothing.”

Jameson Proctor said, “It’s getting late; let me take you home.”

“No.”

Sharon Allyson sorted out the rest of her things, “I’ll just go back by myself; you go on with your rest.”

Jameson Proctor stared at her back and was silent for a moment before he said, “We’ll stay at Star Lake Mansion from now on, okay?”

“I saw the news; the apartment was burned quite badly. Anyway, since it is fully furnished, let’s live there from now on”

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 556

Jameson Proctor added, “I mean, all the time after that, you can’t move anywhere else.”

Sharon Allyson slowly turned her head and looked at him.

Only then did she get the vague feeling that Jameson Proctor was not in the right mood when he spoke to her today.

It wasn’t the commanding tone he used to have, and it wasn’t as overbearing and unreasonable.

Somehow she felt that he was begging her to stay.

Jameson Proctor met her gaze, “?”

Sharon Allyson suddenly reached out to feel his forehead, “Are you sick?”

Jameson Proctor, “...”

He pulled her hand down and held it in his palm, "No."

"Then why are you saying weird things?"

Jameson Proctor raised his eyebrows, "You mean telling you not to move out? Weird how?"

Sharon Allyson nodded seriously, "Isn't it weird enough? If it were before, you would have said, 'No!', 'No way!' or 'mustn't', but you just said 'can't'."

"What's the difference anyways?"

"The difference is big; the diction 'can't' is going to sound a few points weaker than the first few."

Jameson Proctor said with amusement, "You're just overthinking it."

Sharon Allyson bristled, "Did you do something wrong? Or are you really having an affair with a woman?"

"Go back to bed early; you've been using your brain too much and are hallucinating."

Sharon Allyson, "...He was back to his disgusting self now. Sharon Allyson pulled her hand out of his palm, "Okay, I'm out of here; you go back to work."

Jameson Proctor got up and put on his suit jacket.

Sharon Allyson turned back to him, "I'm really okay on my own, so you..."

"Didn't say I'd see you off; I'm just going back too."

Sharon Allyson, "?"

Jameson Proctor, "You've reached the point of suspecting that I have a woman out there; how can I afford to leave you alone?"

Sharon Allyson, "..."

She should not have messed with him.

On the way back, Jameson Proctor kept holding her hand, leaning back in the back seat with his eyes slightly dozing, not sure if he was asleep.

Sharon Allyson also did not bother him, as letting him rest was always right.

When they arrived at the Star Lake Mansion, Sharon Allyson went into the bedroom and asked, "Who will go showering first? You or I?"

Jameson Proctor pulled back his tie with one hand, and his voice took on a hint of weariness, "Lady first."

"Okay, but I'm going to wash my hair tonight, so I might be a little slow; if you're in a hurry, you can shower in the quest bedroom."

"Okay."

Sharon Allyson grabbed her pajamas and went into the bathroom.

Jameson Proctor stood on the balcony, knocked a cigarette out of its case, bit it between his lips, and lit it.

After a while, Jacob Green's call came through, "Mr. Proctor, she's identified that the person who gave her Matthew's photo is the one from the chairman's side."

The answer was expected.

Jameson Proctor flickered his cigarette and said lightly, "Be careful when you do it; don't let the old man know."

"Yes."

Jacob Green asked again, "Regarding this woman, what should I do?"

Jameson Proctor said, "Keep her under detention for now; maybe she can be useful later."

After a pause, Jameson Proctor added, "Has the anchor been found?"

"She went to River City two days before the accident, but her previous identity information seems to be false; we are still looking for it."

Jacob Green hesitated, "Mr. Proctor, half an hour ago came the news, the men William left in South City seem to be poking around what we are doing in the past two days. I'm afraid that Ms. Allyson will know it sooner or later; or you should tell her first?"

Jameson Proctor spoke emotionlessly, "Tell William Hood to put a few fake messages out about Talon's whereabouts, so that they don't mess up."

"Okay, I'll arrange it now."

Hanging up the phone, Jameson Proctor crushed out the cigarette in his hand and lit another one.

Telling Sharon Allyson the truth in this situation now would only make her hate him.

Only by bringing the little one back to her would he hold a chance for her forgiveness.

Half an hour later, Sharon Allyson came out of the bathroom and she looked at the man standing on the balcony, "Didn't you go wash up?"

Jameson Proctor crushed out his half left cigarette, "Going now. Once he was in the bathroom, Sharon Allyson walked out onto the balcony, looked at the piles of cigarettes in the ashtray, and frowned. Had he actually smoked so much? After she cleaned out the ashtray, she went back downstairs to heat up a glass of milk. Jameson Proctor came out of the bathroom just as Sharon Allyson returned with the milk.

Sharon Allyson put the glass in his hand, "Drink this."

Jameson Proctor said, "I don't have an appetite."

Sharon Allyson said, "Drink it even if you don't have an appetite; you didn't have much food tonight and... Forget it, just drink it!"

Jameson Proctor's dark eyes smiled at her fierce look and he tilted his head to finish the milk.

Sharon Allyson took the empty cup and pulled him to sit on the sofa, "Let me massage you a bit; you can go to sleep if you feel sleepy.I've set the alarm clock.I'll call you tomorrow"

"So thoughtful?"

"Cut the crap."

Sharon Allyson took a pillow and put it on her lap and yanked his head over again.

Jameson Proctor brushed the pillow away as he lay down and laid his head directly on her lap.

Sharon Allyson didn't bother with him, and her fingers gently pressed his temples.

Jameson Proctor closed his eyes for a moment before saying, 'How was your trip back to the Beale Group today?"

"Pretty good."

She didn't say anything about Kale Bee coming to her office to make trouble, as she didn't bother with him.

It would only add to the distraction if she let it out.

Jameson Proctor said, "I may not be able to find the time in the next two days, so you can go directly to Dean if you need anything; if he can't solve it, just go get William Hood."

"Got it."

"Kale Bee is not as simple as you think; the water behind him is very deep.Since you've found out enough things, do not continue now.I will let William Hood take care of the rest and let you know if there's any update."

At that, Sharon Allyson paused, "But if I want to convict him, this alone is not enough"

"Convicting him is not an easy task, and it doesn't have to be done in a few days.As long as Floren's killer is not found, he will not be able to leave South City, so there is plenty of time for us to investigate."

At this, Sharon Allyson pursed her lips, "In fact, I always suspect that Floren's killer was Rita Roose, but without Bridger there to help her, I really can't figure out how she actually did it.And the police also investigated her, but they found nothing wrong."

Rita was far smaller and weaker than Floren, so killing him and dumping his body was definitely not something that she alone could manage.

"If you can't figure that out, just let it be.Rita Roose has now disappeared.When she reappears, things will be clear naturally"

Sharon hadn't been informed of the disappearance of Rita Roose.

But if that was the case, she was almost 100% sure that Rita's disappearance was caused by someone behind her.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 557

Since Charlotte was taken away, Harley had been very obedient and cooperative. She was originally brought in by the way, without much use, so the guards were not very attentive to her, and several times after serving her meals, they even forgot to lock the door.

Harley quietly observed for two days before making sure that those people left immediately after delivering the meals.

So there should be no one guarding her.

As long as she didn't run into those people when she went out, there would be no problem.

And every day from three to five in the afternoon, there were a lot fewer people in the neighborhood, as if they were afraid of being discovered by others.

At noon on the third day, Harley received the meal delivered to her, and, as the man was about to lock the door and leave, she suddenly spoke, "Is the child well?"

The man spared her a glance, "Don't ask what you shouldn't ask."

"I'm...I'm just worried about him; he hasn't been well since long ago, and it takes him a long time to recover every time he gets sick. I know he means a lot to you guys, so perhaps you'll take good care of him, right?"

"He's well already."

Harley smiled, "Then I'm relieved. Thanks."

The man didn't answer again, and simply closed the door and left.

With her interruption, he really forgot to lock the door.

Harley saw this and finally breathed a sigh of relief, feeling her entire back wet with sweat.

She now just needed to wait until three o'clock, and then she could escape from here.

By 2:30, the sky began to slowly darken, and not long after, the rain fell.

This weather was ideal for escape.

Harley clenched her fists and felt that the heavens were helping her.

At 3:20, she quietly opened the door to her room and saw that the hallway was hushed.

She cautiously moved forward, seeking the light, and found the exit.

When she got out of the building, Harley immediately hid in the grass outside and looked around.

The place was bigger than she thought, and it seemed like the place she was staying in was the backyard.

As far as she could see, there were even more lofty buildings around her.

Harley remembered that the door Jayden had brought them in through that day didn't take long to reach, so she must not have been through the front door there.

The back door was definitely around here.

Thankfully, there was plenty of grass and trees, and a long wall of flowers for ease of hiding.

Drenched in the rain, Harley moved carefully along the wall of flowers, stooping and cowering.

She was really lucky to have picked this time to escape, not to mention it was still raining. She didn't see a single soul in the entire backyard.

But nevertheless, this place was really big.

It took Harley at least half an hour going back and forth here before she finally found the back door.

Harley was pleased to see this.

However, there was a security booth at the door, and two men inside were talking.

After looking around for a while, Harley found vines wrapped around the walls and, most importantly, a spot that was still in the blind spot of the surveillance. She went around to that spot and tugged on the vines to climb up.

Soon, the palm of her hand was cut with a bloodstain.

Harley did not let go, gritting her teeth to continue; she struggled and finally reached the walltop, only to find the outside of the wall bare with no vines.

And this wall was at least two meters high.

Harley looked around and got cold feet, but at the thought of Charlotte, the sick little one, and Jayden who used her... She only hesitated for a moment, then closed her eyes and jumped outside.

The moment she landed, she clearly heard the sound of her bones breaking, and could not help but scream.

Harley endured the sharp pain coming from her body and hastily covered her mouth.

It was raining heavily, and her voice was swallowed by the sound of the rain.

When Harley got up, she looked at the blood that had gathered on the ground and no longer knew where the wound was. She didn't have time to be afraid. She dragged her injured leg and arm and started running down the road.

Harley ran for at least ten minutes without seeing a single car. Her vision was getting blurred by the water, and just as she was about to faint, she suddenly saw a headlight in the rain. She instantly saw hope and hurriedly stood in the middle of the road, waving at the car.

Soon, the black car stopped in front of her.

Harley tapped on the car window and shouted through the rain, "Please give me a ride, I..."

At that moment, the window slowly lowered and Jayden's face appeared in her line of sight.

Jayden turned his head to look at her and smiled slightly, "Harley, where do you want to go?"

Harley looked at him. Her pupils instantly dilated. She was full of fear as she subconsciously stepped back. The hope she saw just a moment ago instantly disappeared to the bottom of the valley.

Harley pulled her legs out and ran, but her legs were injured, and in the rain, she could barely run.

Jayden took a few steps forward and grabbed her, sighing, "It's raining so hard; why are you doing this?"

Harley struggled desperately, and her fists kept falling on him, "Let go of me! Let me go!"

"Let you go? So you can go talk on us to Jameson Proctor?"

"You son of a bi*ch! Mr. Proctor will definitely find out the truth; he won't go easy with you!"

Jayden said indifferently, "I am not the mastermind of this incident; at most I am but an accomplice. If he wants to settle the score, I will have to go to the bottom on his list. When he remembers me, I will be no longer in South City."

Harley pleaded, "I beg you to let me go. I have escaped unnoticed. Just pretend that you did not see me. They will never know!"

"But you just said, Jameson Proctor won't go easy with me? If I let you go now, won't I set free a tiger back to the mountains?"

Harley felt a pang of despair and said helplessly, "You... You've been approaching me on purpose from the beginning, haven't you?"

Jayden laughed, "This is quite a coincidence. It just kind of happened that I saw Jameson Proctor and Sharon Allyson with a child in the playground at the mall, but at that time I couldn't be sure of anything, so I had to follow you who took the child away and look for a chance to get close to you. But I did not expect that it was really Jameson Proctor's son. So it was not in vain that I played with you for so long"

Harley cursed, "You creep!"

"I am a creep, then what are you? You acted as if that Jameson Proctor is your savior and you can't betray him, but in reality, I was just being nice to you a bit and you told me everything."

"I ..I didn't..."

"Of course, you didn't tell me directly that is Jameson Proctor's son. But do you think everyone in the world is a fool? With just a little bit of checking, I will know what is going on"

Harley's whole body instantly lost its strength and fell to the ground.

It was all her fault, it was all her fault...

If not for her, things wouldn't have turned out this way.

Jayden squatted in front of her, "You said that Jameson Proctor won't go easy with me. That's fine. But do you think he'll go easy with you?"

Harley jerked her head up to look at him and felt a chill run through her from head to toe.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 558

When Master Proctor heard the report from his men, his eyebrows wrinkled fiercely, "Where is she now?"

"She's been brought back and now is in the side room"

Master Proctor pondered for a moment and walked out with his cane.

In the side room, Harley Cook was soaked to the skin, crouching in the corner, shivering, and the rain and blood already pooling on the floor.

Jayden Bower sat in a chair not far from her, also wet, but in a much better condition than Harley Cook.

Upon hearing footsteps coming from the doorway, Jayden Bower hurriedly stood up.

The next second, Master Proctor's figure appeared in their sight.

After entering, he swept a glance at Harley Cook and asked unhappily on his cane, "What's going on?"

Immediately, one of his men said, "Master, it was our negligence that allowed her to escape."

"So negligent that you didn't even notice that she had escaped?"

Master Proctor raised his voice and hit his cane on the ground, "Is this how you do your job!?"

All those in the room hung their heads, remaining dead silent.

Master Proctor snorted and walked up to Harley Cook, "Raise your head."

Harley Cook trembled, looked up at him, then quickly lowered her head and hugged her legs, biting her lip to death.

Master Proctor said, "You risked your life and escaped from here just to sneak a message to Jameson Proctor? You want him to kill me?"

"I..."

Harley Cook said, "I didn't...I just wanted Mr.Proctor to come and save Charlotte and..."

"Save?"

Master Proctor seemed to have heard a big joke, "What do you take my Proctor family for? That child is the seed of the Proctor family; this is his home! How could Jameson Proctor let someone as stupid as you take care of the child, who can't tell the difference between what's important and what's not?"

Harley Cook didn't dare to speak again, and was shaking badly.

Master Proctor turned around and swept his eyes at his men, "What a bunch of losers! You can't even iron this little thing out!"

With this, he began to walk out, as if unwilling to be bothered by this trivial matter, and ordered, "Keeping her is of little use in the first place.Since she wants to run away, let her die."

Someone answered, "Yes."

Master Proctor walked to the door, suddenly turned his head again, looked at Jayden Bower, raised his hand towards him, and said, "You, come here."

Jayden Bower walked up to him, "What's up, Master?"

Master Proctor said in a deep voice, "You have done a good job on this matter, but I have nothing to reward you. Why don't I leave it to you personally, so you'll get it done cleanly?"

At that, Jayden Bower was shocked, "Me?"

"What? You don't dare?"

"Chairman, I'm not..."

Master Proctor interrupted him, "All right, since you did the job for me, you're my man. But since you can take my money, you can take other people's money as well, which I don't feel comfortable with. Either you kill her yourself, or you both die here today."

Jayden Bower could not have imagined that Master Proctor would turn his back on him.

But apparently, Master Proctor was not discussing with him.

After he finished, he ordered the henchmen in the room to keep an eye, and then left the side room.

Jayden Bower frowned, turned his head to look at Harley Cook, a bit of ruthlessness making its way into his eyes, and slowly walked towards her.

Sharon Allyson looked out at the rain in a slight daze.

Dean Wilson waved his hand in front of her, "Is there a UFO?"

Sharon Allyson, "..."

She withdrew her gaze, "What's up?"

Dean Wilson leaned back on the couch, "You haven't forgotten what day it is, have you?"

Sharon Allyson was a little confused, "What?"

"Jameson Proctor's birthday"

"...Oh, right."

There had been a lot going on the last few days, and given Jameson Proctor's busy schedule, she had completely forgotten about it.

Dean Wilson asked, "Do you want to throw a party for him?"

Sharon Allyson thought about it and decided it would be a good idea. She felt that Jameson Proctor had been under a lot of stress lately and was not in a good mood, so a party might help him unwind.

Sharon Allyson looked at the time, "It's five o'clock already. Is it too late?"

Dean Wilson smiled, "As long as there is money, what can't be done? Just leave it to me, and you go invite friends over."

Sharon Allyson said, "All Jameson Proctor's friends that I can invite are just you and William Hood. The others I do not know well."

"Then just let it be. I mean, you call your female friends over as many as you can, and preferably all of them single."

Sharon Allyson, "?"

Is this a birthday party for Jameson Proctor? Or is this a bonding session? Dean Wilson also felt his intentions were a bit obvious, so he coughed, "It's a lot of people that make the party. I'm just trying to liven things up."

Sharon Allyson bristled, but at the thought that Jameson Proctor had never had a birthday before, she thought this really should be a blast.

With that in mind, Sharon Allyson sent messages to Tiffany Momon, Giana Clarke, and Ruben.

If she was right, there was a 99% chance that Daniel would follow Tiffany Momon, so she didn't have to call him individually.

After sending the message, Sharon Allyson got up, "Have you got the party scene done yet? If not, I'll go help set it up."

"No need. Your job is to bring Jameson Proctor there; I'll take care of the rest."

"Okay then, I'll go to the Proctor Group now."

Sharon Allyson had just walked downstairs when she saw Jayden Bower, who had returned in a mess covered in rain.

Seeing this, Sharon Allyson asked, "Didn't you drive?"

Jayden Bower said, "The car...It broke down on the road and got wet for a while, and it's raining so hard outside. Is Ms. Allyson going out?"

"Well, something's come up."

Sharon Allyson saw the cuff of Jayden Bower's right shirt tinged with red, and she said, "What's wrong with you?"

Noticing her eyes, Jayden Bower hurriedly blocked his right hand, "Nothing, I just fell and scraped the skin."

"Remember to disinfect it."

With this, Sharon Allyson lifted her leg to leave.

Jayden Bower tucked his hand into his pants pocket and quickly went upstairs.

When he got near the office, he rushed into the bathroom, desperately rinsing the blood on the back of his hand with water, and then pulled the paper next to him and covered it with several thick layers, holding it down to keep the blood from flowing out.

Back in the office, Jayden Bower got out the medical kit to apply some medicine to the wound on the back of his hand, and then wrapped it with gauze, opened the locked drawer, and quickly searched inside.

Now in this situation, he could not stay here much longer and had to leave as soon as possible.

But only if, after he left, Kale Bee could no longer threaten him with any reason.

So Kale Bee must be messed up first.

Finding the copy he wanted, Jayden Bower flipped through it, relieved, and took the file to Ivan Gregory's office.

He knew that Sharon Allyson had recently asked Ivan Gregory to look into Kale Bee's guilt, but no matter what he did, he couldn't get to the point.

Besides, Ivan Gregory had gone out early this morning.

There were no cameras in the area, so he just needed to put the file in Ivan Gregory's office, and no one could find out about him.

In this way, Kale Bee would soon be done for.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 559

When Sharon Allyson arrived at the Proctor Group, Jameson Proctor was in a meeting, and Jacob Green was out. She just sat in the office and waited.

By seven o'clock, Tiffany Momon and Giana Clarke both messaged her that they had arrived and that Ruben was stuck in traffic and should be arriving soon.

When Sharon Allyson saw this, she was about to go out and ask how long before the meeting ended when the office door was suddenly pushed open.

Jameson Proctor walked towards her on long legs, "Been waiting long?"

Sharon Allyson put away her cell phone, a smile making its way onto her face, "Not really. Do you have anything else to do?"

"Nothing much."

"Then I'll take you somewhere."

Jameson Proctor raised his eyebrows slightly, "Are you here for a date with me?"

Sharon Allyson took his hand and moved forward, "Take that as a yes; come on, don't be a grump."

The elevator door opened and Sharon Allyson was just about to enter when a man came out from inside, "Mr. Proctor, the person has been brought back, just..."

Matthew Gray was halfway through his sentence when he saw Sharon Allyson. He immediately stepped aside, nodding his head and standing still.

Jameson Proctor lightly sounded an "umph", and did not say anything else.

When she got into the elevator, Sharon Allyson remembered the scene just now and asked in a low voice, "What's up?"

Jameson Proctor took her hand and spoke with ease, "Nothing, the company lost a file and just brought back the employee responsible."

"Is that serious? We'd better not go out then."

"It's not that serious; they'll take care of it."

"Okay."

When they got downstairs, it was still raining.

After giving the driver an address, Sharon Allyson took out her phone to order a birthday present for Jameson Proctor, but after browsing online for a long time, she felt there was nothing new, and Jameson Proctor was so picky, so she struggled in vain to come up with something that would knock Jameson's socks off.

While Sharon Allyson was still hesitating, Jameson Proctor tapped her head, "What are you looking at? It took so long..."

Sharon Allyson looked up and blocked her phone screen, "Nothing. I'm moving to Star Lake Mansion now, so I thought I'd buy something. Do you have any recommendations or needs?"

Jameson Proctor said, "There's a charity auction next month. Let me bring you there and you can buy anything you like."

Sharon Allyson, "..."

That was not necessary.

She said, "I mean, the little things that go around the house."

Jameson Proctor raised an eyebrow, "This charity auction has all kinds of stuff. Wouldn't it be nice to buy some murals and china for decoration?"

Sharon Allyson opened her mouth, but decided not to utter any refutation.

Anyways, she could not get any helpful suggestions from him. She'd better figure it out herself.

Jameson Proctor rubbed her head with his hand, "In a few days, I'll give you a gift."

Sharon Allyson looked over at him, "What?"

"You'll know then."

"Can't you just say it now?"

Jameson Proctor said slowly, "No."

Sharon Allyson, "..."

Where did this car learn this old trick? There was some traffic, but they made it to their destination by eight o'clock.

When they got out of the car, Jameson Proctor looked around, "We date here? Are you serious?"

Sharon Allyson took his hand and moved forward, "This is it; let's go."

Tiffany Momon had just messaged her that they were all here.

When she reached the room, Sharon Allyson pushed open the door and saw that it was dark inside.

Just when she wanted to ask a question, Jameson Proctor had already wrapped his arm around her waist and his voice was low and ambiguous, "I can't believe you chose such a place. what do you want to do?"

"No, I..."

Before she could finish, Jameson Proctor's kiss had already fallen.

But he had just touched Sharon Allyson's lips when the lights in the room suddenly came on and the fireworks exploded above his head.

"Happy birthday!"

Jameson Proctor, "..."

Sharon Allyson, "..."

Snapping back from her trance, Sharon Allyson hurriedly got out of his arms. Her whole face was so red that it could drip blood.

The crowd froze with their salute cones, eyes darting around.

Jameson Proctor expressionlessly took a ribbon down from the top of his head and glanced around.

The people who had been frozen there were silent for a moment and then instantly bailed out, "Come on! This is supposed to be fun! The wine is getting cold! We'd better hurry and have a toast while it's still warm."

Tiffany Momon tentatively spoke, "So can we eat now? I'm starving to death."

As soon as the words left her mouth, Daniel handed her a piece of pizza.

Tiffany Momon, "...Thanks but no, thanks, I'd like to eat that."

She reached for the sautéed and diced rabbit, only to be stopped by Daniel, "That's too spicy, you can't eat that."

Tiffany Momon beamed, "Let me just eat a bit, okay? It's not like I can't eat spicy food."

Daniel said, "If you really want to eat it, I'll ask the waiter for a cup of hot water to dilute it before you go."

Giana Clarke was holding her fruit fork.

She looked at the scene with a blank expression on her face, "What are you doing? Boiling the rabbit in hot pot?"

As soon as she said that, Ruben Allyson put a fruit pudding on her plate.

Tiffany Momon's eyes widened, "What are you guys doing here again?"

Giana Clarke laughed dryly and put her own fruit pudding on her plate, "I'm on a diet, so you should eat more."

Ruben Allyson didn't say anything and put the fruit salad in front of her.

Tiffany Momon, "?"

She looked to Daniel, who raised an eyebrow.

Dean Wilson sat in the couch with his glass of wine, feeling like life wasn't much fun, "I was wrong."

William Hood asked, "Wrong how?"

"I thought Sharon Allyson would call a lot of people, but there were only a few, so few that I didn't feel like putting on a show."

William Hood's mouth twitched, "Don't get funny, okay?"

Jameson Proctor looked at the group of people not far away and then turned to Sharon Allyson, "What are they here for?"

Sharon Allyson picked up the cone next to him and raised it and said, "They're here for your birthday."

Jameson Proctor, "..."

Sharon Allyson took him and walked him over to the crowd, "What do you want to eat? I'll get it for you."

Tiffany Momon saw the situation and spoke at the right time, "Happy birthday Mr.Proctor."

Jameson Proctor's long legs were folded and he said, "Not really."

Sharon Allyson kicked him from under the table to let him stop messing around.

Jameson Proctor rejoined, "Thanks, but I'm not happy."

Sharon Allyson, "..."

Luckily, that cur's temper was just something that everyone was used to.

They didn't even take it to heart, and they all had a pretty good time.

Not long after, the waiter served the cake.

It was time to blow out the candles.

Sharon Allyson picked up the birthday hat and stood on her tiptoes to put it on him.

However, Jameson Proctor took it from her and put it on her head instead.

Sharon Allyson said, "Why are you putting it on me? It's not my birthday"

"You're wearing it for me."

Jameson Proctor's lips curled and he leaned down to whisper in her ear, "This is too silly for me. But it suits you well."

Sharon Allyson instantly clenched her fists.

Giana Clarke shouted, "Blow out the candles! Blow out the candles! Congratulations to Mr. Proctor for getting another year older"

Amidst a chorus of congratulations, Jameson Proctor blew out the candles quickly.

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Although Jameson looked unhappy, sitting there like an iceberg, it did not affect the cheerful atmosphere in the room.

Sharon took a piece of cake to Jameson.

He was just about to reach out to receive it, when she suddenly wiped a piece of cream onto the corner of his mouth, "What are you doing with a POKER face? Can't you smile a bit?"

Jameson held her wrist and pulled her towards him, whispering in her ear, "Didn't you say, come on a date?"

Sharon laughed and blinked: "Isn't this also a date?"

"It's only called a date when there are two of us."

Sharon pushed him, "Come on, don't be such a wet blanket; they're here for your birthday, not to fight with you."

Jameson raised his eyebrows slightly: "Then what birthday gift have you prepared for me?"

In his tone, there were a few moments of dark ambiguity.

Sharon: "....."

She couldn't help but blush and whisper, "I haven't chosen a gift yet, let's wait untilwe get home."

The crowd not far away watched this scene and silently pulled away from them.

After Sharon went to the bathroom with Tiffany and Giana, Ruben walked up to Jameson, his face not as good as before: "I have something to ask you."

Jameson tapped his long fingers on his knee and spoke lightly: "I know what you want to ask. It's useless to tell you anyways. Things will be solved in a week at most."

"So it's really"

Halfway through the sentence, Ruben suddenly realized that there were other people here, especially Daniel, who was pretending to be unconcerned in the corner, but actually half of his body was leaning this way.

He saw the news of the apartment fire on the internet a few days ago, and thus went to the apartment once to check.

All the things inside were still there, but the people were gone.

Ruben had called Matthew, but the latter's explanation went vague.

Intuition told him that something must be wrong.

The reason why he came here today was to ask Jameson in person.

Ruben frowned tightly, the corners of his lips tensing up.

Dean saw this and elbowed William Hood, asking him to say something to break the slightly tense atmosphere.

William Hood, who was sipping his wine, refused to go.

After a while, Ruben asked, "So they...will be okay?"

"Yep."

Ruben did not say anything else. He turned around and went out of the private room.

Seeing this, Daniel hurriedly followed.

When they left, Dean opened his mouth to break the ice: "Nowwhat's the situation?"

William Hood said: "We've found the man who gave the photo of Matthew to that mass actor. He is the old man's confidante, so I guess we can't get anything from him for a while"

"Then what to do?"

Jameson tilted his head to finish the wine in the glass, his face without a trace of expression, as if a layer of frost was on it: "No matter how tight his mouth is, there are ways to pry it open."

Hearing that, Dean could not help but shiver.

Jameson grew up in the Proctor family that ate people without spitting out bones.

Plus, after taking over the Proctor Group, he became even more ruthless to fight his way up till today.

If not for his cruelty, he could have been but a puppet of Master Proctor.

It was just that after eradicating many forces on the side of the Proctor family, he hadn't shown this look on his face for a long time.

William Hood said again, "You still don't plan to tell Sharon?"

Jameson's thin lips pursed slightly and paused for a few seconds before saying, "Do you think that if I told her, I could still have this birthday party tonight?"

After a moment of silence, Dean spoke with a sense of humiliation, “I can’t say that for sure. After all, I came up with this idea.”

Jameson looked at him sideways: “Oh?”

In the bathroom.

Tiffany’s face was full of gossiping, as she looked at Giana: “What’s going on with you and Ruben?”

Giana washed her hands: “What did you mean?”

“I just saw it all. He brought you food, by which I could judge that you guys are not right.”

Giana sneered: “Didn’t Daniel also bring you food?”

Tiffany: “This.....”

Giana laughed: “He just helped me take it, nothing else. He is still a student, six years younger than me. Do you think we will have something wrong?”

Tiffany wrinkled her eyebrows in contemplation: “That is also true.”

On the side, Sharon coughed and took a piece of paper to wipe her hands: “I’ve been binge-watching a drama recently; the female lead seems to be a few years older than the male lead, and I think it’s pretty good.”

Giana: “?”

Tiffany: “?”

Since the words had been said, Sharon had no choice but to continue stiffly: “I”

Tiffany hugged her arm: “Does it look good? You don’t say, I’m also quite big on sister-brother relationship recently. What’s the title of the drama? I fancy checking it out!”

Sharon maintained her composure: “I’ll send it to you later.”

“Please do! I’m dying to find a good drama.”

The corners of Giana’s mouth twitched: “You guys”

Tiffany laughed: “Seriously, Ruben looks handsome, and he’s good at school, this is the typical male lead persona, do you want to try it? Don’t let the fat water flow out of your field! To tell you the truth, if not for the fact that I and Ruben are too close – Ruben has been calling me sister since childhood – and for fear of Sharon beating me up, I really want to hook up with Ruben.”

Sharon: “.....”

Giana knew she was joking, so she laughed and said, “Okay, I’ll try him then.”

After they returned to the private room, Sharon saw that Ruben was not there, so she asked Jameson, “Where did Ruben go?”

Jameson answered, “He went out.”

Tiffany asked, "Is Daniel also with him?"

Jameson faintly hinted so.

Sharon was a bit puzzled: What did the two of them have to whisper about? After a while, Ruben and Daniel came back one after the other.

Tiffany's body didn't recover fully.

As per the doctor, she had to rest more, so she was taken away by Daniel even though she didn't want to.

Ruben followed and got up: "I'm going back to school."

Sharon saw this with the corner of her lips hooked up. She did not even need to remind him now.

It seemed that he had progressed.

Soon, Dean was also dragged away by William Hood.

The only two people left in the room were Sharon and Jameson.

Sharon felt that she could not open her eyes any longer, so she took out her cell phone and looked at the time, only to find that there were still five minutes to go before twelve o'clock.

She yawned: "Let's go too."

Jameson took her hand and dragged her into his arms, wrapping one hand around her waist: "Now begins the time of us two."

Sharon asked: "Why are you so carnal today?"

Jameson raised his eyebrows slightly: "Am I not always like this?"

"Then you're admitting that you're disgusting?"

Jameson: ".....So you call flirting disgusting?"

Sharon's face showed a smile.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him on his thin lips as a dragonfly dipped on the surface of water: "Happy birthday."

Jameson gazed at her with his black eyes.

He slowly spoke: "Do you wanna know my birthday wish? Well, that is, from now on, you can be by my side every day."