

Resume 561

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 561

Jameson stared at her and slowly began, "My birthday wish is that I can spend all the birthdays in the future with you by my side."

Sharon wanted to say that birthday wishes wouldn't come true if he said it out. But she decided not to spoil the atmosphere.

Just as she was about to get up, Jameson dropped his kiss on her.

His kiss was very sudden and intense that Sharon almost couldn't breathe.

After some time, he gave her a chance to catch up her breath, and he looked at her with so much desire in his eyes.

When he leaned over again, Sharon immediately used her hand to cover his mouth and yelled, "Go home first!"

She didn't know if there were cameras here...It was so embarrassing! Jameson whispered, "Go home, and I can do whatever I want?"

Sharon didn't bother to say anything. She got down from his lap hurriedly and tidied up her clothes before walking outside.

Jameson followed behind her with one hand in the pocket.

When they got back at Star Lake Mansion, it was almost 1 in the morning.

Sharon couldn't stand the alcohol smell on her body so she took some clothes and went straight to the bathroom. She had just stripped herself when the bathroom door was opened.

Jameson leaned against the door and held her underwear with one finger, "You forgot something."

Jerk! She took a towel and then threw it at him, but Jameson casually dodged it.

He walked in and deliberately said, "You don't have to thank me."

Water vapor soon filled the bathroom, and even their breathing became sticky and hot.

Sharon was stuck in a corner, letting him do whatever he wanted.

After the shower, Sharon threw herself onto the bed, exhausted.

Jameson bit her ear and asked, "Where's my birthday gift?"

Sharon tried to get away but failed, "I haven't thought of what to give you. What do you want?"

"Oh, I want a lot of things."

"Ok, shut up. Let me think."

"Do you want a baby?"

Jameson looked at her tenderly.

Sharon was a little surprised at the sudden question. She took a few seconds pause and said, "The doctor said the chance is low"

"Chance favors the prepared mind."

If it were his birthday, she would definitely give him a good scolding.

Jameson smiled and kissed her on the forehead, "Didn't I tell you? I will work hard. If you want a child, we will have one."

Sharon pursed her lips, "Do you? If you do, I will go to the hospital tomorrow and ask the doctor what I can do, whether it is medicine or injection. If I still can't get pregnant, you'll have to find someone else."

"..." Jameson was a little angry, "What are you thinking? I didn't mean that!"

"Then what did you mean?"

"What I mean is...babies have to come naturally. The more you want it, perhaps, the less possible it will come. On the other hand, if you don't have any hope, sometimes, it will just suddenly come."

"What are you talking about?"

"Am I wrong?"

"Nope! You're always right!"

Sharon moved out of his arms and said, "Sleepy, I need to sleep."

Jameson held her arm, "Since I'm right, why don't you put it into action?"

Oh, so that's what he wants "We've done it twice tonight, I..."

Before she could finish her sentence, her mouth was covered by his.

And by the time everything was over, it was past 3.

Sharon was so tired that she immediately fell asleep.

Jameson covered her with the quilt and then left with his phone.

He lit a cigarette and called Matthew Gray, "How is it?"

"He won't say anything"

"Leave him be then. Pay attention to the Proctor family. The old man will definitely be alert. He'll probably move them. Tell me when something happens"

"Yes!"

After a short pause, Matthew said, "Oh, Mr. Proctor, there's news about that streamer. Her friend said that she had met a man before she left South City. I checked the cafe they had gone to. I checked the cameras there. The man's named Steve Moore, from River City. He came to South City three months ago, doing tobacco business, however..."

“However what?”

“His identity is fake.He disappeared when he arrived at River City.So I guess he is indeed from there”

Jameson said, “So everything points to River City.Interesting.”

Matthew Gray said, “Since the old man of Hood family passed away, River City has always been managed by the old man’s successor, Harry Hood.They have no reason and no motive to get involved in all this.”

“It doesn’t matter if they have anything to do with it.Since someone wants me to go to River City, then I will find a chance to see what’s going on.”

“Mr.Proctor, listen to me.Harry Hood is a tough character, and he has never shown up in front of others yet.If you go there so suddenly...”

Jameson flicked the ash, “No hurry.I’ll wait till I finish the business here.”

“Alright.I’ll send someone there first.”

“Yeah, don’t let anyone notice”

After the call, Jameson looked at the view outside.

No emotion could be detected on his face.

All these years, he had put most of his attention on getting rid of the forces planted around him by the Proctor family, running the company, and opening the international market.

River City was quite far away from South City and was dominated by the Hood family.

He had indeed never visited the place.

And he had only heard a little about the man named Harry Hood.He killed the smoke and then headed towards the bedroom.

But he suddenly remembered that Sharon didn’t like the smell of smoke, so he went to the bathroom and took a quick shower.

When he got on the bed, Sharon habitually moved into his arms, even though she was very much asleep.

Jameson held her and smiled.

Habit is a good thing.

At least it proved that she could not leave him.

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When Sharon Allyson woke up the next day, the whole house was already filled with sunlight.She felt sore, and after stretching, she picked up her phone only to find that it was almost twelve o’clock.

Sharon Allyson’s drowsy mind was jolted awake.

How come the alarm didn't go off? Just as she was about to lift the quilt and get out of bed, Jameson Proctor's call came in. He whispered, "Still asleep?"

Sharon Allyson walked toward the bathroom while holding the phone, "Just woke up. Did you turn off my alarm clock?"

"There's Dean Wilson over at the Beale Group. You can go this afternoon."

Sharon Allyson pouted, held her phone sideways between her head and shoulder, and started squeezing toothpaste, "Got it, I'm going to wash up, bye."

"Jennifer made lunch. Eat before you go out."

Sharon Allyson subconsciously looked out the door, "How did you know?"

Jameson Proctor's lips curled up, "There's nothing I don't know. I'll pick you up tonight."

After hanging up the phone, Sharon Allyson washed up as fast as she could, changed her clothes, and smelled the aroma of food just as she came downstairs.

Jennifer heard footsteps and looked up at her, "Ma'am, you're up. Come and have lunch."

In fact, before moving back to Star Lake Mansion, Sharon Allyson had always been a bit resistant to this place.

After all, there were too many bad memories.

But perhaps because the whole place had been redecorated inside and out, the awkward feeling was long gone, and all that remained were a vibrant life and warmth.

She had lived in so many places, but this was really the only place that made her feel at home.

After lunch, Sharon Allyson drove to the Beale Group.

The assistant told her that Dean Wilson had gone out for the moment and would be back in an hour.

Sharon Allyson nodded and took her seat.

Not long after, Jayden Bower came in, "Ms. Allyson, I don't think I've seen Ivan Gregory today. Do you know where he went?"

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

Jayden Bower smiled slightly, "Nothing, just some information I need to check with him."

"I don't know where he's been. Give him a call if you have an emergency"

Ivan Gregory was in charge of a lot of things and was not always at the office, so Sharon Allyson wouldn't ask about his whereabouts when there was nothing going on.

Jayden Bower said, "It's not that urgent. I'll wait until he gets back"

Saying that, Jayden Bower put down the things in his hand, "Ms. Allyson, here are some documents that need your signature."

Sharon Allyson subconsciously lowered her eyes but saw a tooth mark hidden under his right sleeve.

Noticing her, Jayden Bower hurriedly withdrew his hand and put it behind his back, laughing, "My daughter had a temper tantrum with me last night and bit me. It's so embarrassing."

Sharon Allyson said lightly, "It's okay."

She opened the file and scanned it.

It was all minor, unimportant matters within the company.

But she had said when she first came to the company that she had to approve everything, big and small.

After signing the papers, Sharon Allyson handed them over and said, "Is Kale Bee still in trouble these two days?"

"Mr. Bee went to the police station once, but it didn't help much. The police side said to wait for the results of the investigation."

After a pause, Jayden Bower added, "Ms. Allyson, I think Mr. Bee is quite anxious, but not because he is treated as a murderer. He is anxious to leave South City"

Sharon Allyson looked unchanged, "If he didn't kill anyone, he could go anywhere when the results of the investigation are out. But if he's killed someone, being anxious to leave won't get him anywhere either."

Jayden Bower opened his mouth but saw that Sharon Allyson had looked down to do other things. She seemed uninterested in this matter.

He didn't say anything and turned to leave. He had put the things in Ivan Gregory's office, so the rest had nothing to do with him.

If one is too eager, the result will usually be the opposite of what one wants.

After Jayden Bower left, Sharon Allyson looked up at the office door, pondering.

She remembered that when she met Jayden Bower downstairs yesterday, he had blood on his right hand, and at that time, he said he had accidentally fallen.

But just now, he said that his daughter had bitten him.

Even if what he said was true.

On the back of his right hand, there were only bite marks, no signs of any fall.

And that bite mark seemed to be very deep.

The blood on his shirt yesterday probably came from the same place.

In that case, it could only mean that Jayden Bower lied.

Thinking about it, Sharon Allyson frowned slightly, wondering why he would lie about it.

What was hidden here? In the afternoon, Sharon Allyson received a call from Tiffany Momon.

Tiffany Momon's voice was a little low, "Sharon, are you free now?"

Sharon Allyson said, "Yeah, why?"

Tiffany Momon was silent for a moment before saying, "Then you...Come with me to the hospital."

At that, Sharon Allyson knew what she meant, "Have you thought about it yet?"

"Of course, I've been thinking about it for a long time"

Sharon Allyson asked again, "What did Daniel say?"

Tiffany Momon said, "I asked him in the morning.He did not answer it directly.Anyway, it's all the same.Asking more questions is meaningless.He went out at noon today.I'll take the chance to settle everything."

Sharon Allyson's lips pursed, "Okay, then I'll pick you up."

"No, no, I've already called a cab.Let's meet directly at the hospital."

After hanging up the phone, Sharon Allyson let out a breath and got up with her things.

She had just made it to the door when Dean Wilson returned.

Dean Wilson said, "Where are you going?"

"Out on a little business."

Sharon Allyson paused in her steps and lowered her voice, "I think there's something wrong with Jayden Bower.Find out what he's been doing for the past two days."

Dean Wilson froze and then said, "Got it."

Jayden Bower was indeed quite suspicious but also very cunning.

He heard from William Hood yesterday that their people had been following Jayden Bower all this time, but somehow, perhaps due to the heavy rain, they had lost him.

When Sharon Allyson arrived at the hospital, Tiffany Momon was already waiting there.

Seeing her, Tiffany Momon grabbed her hand nervously, "Sharon, I'm actually a little scared.Will it hurt?"

Sharon Allyson gave her a hug and whispered, "It hurts.It hurts a lot."

Not just the physical pain, but the pain in the heart.

Tiffany Momon took a deep breath, and even though she had prepared mentally, she couldn't help but shiver.

No matter what, the child in her belly had existed.She couldn't let go of it either.

But she did not have the means, nor the ability, nor the courage like Sharon Allyson once had, to give birth to the child and take good care of him by herself.

Instead of that, it was better to make it easier for everyone.

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Proctor Group.

William Hood pushed open the door to the office and asked, "I heard Jacob Green say you had something for me?"

Jameson Proctor sat at his desk and spoke without looking up, "Wait a minute."

William Hood nestled into the couch and closed his eyes. He hadn't rested much in the past few days.

After ten minutes or so, Jameson Proctor walked across to him and sat down, "I remember you are from River City"

At that, William Hood slowly opened his eyes, "I am. Why?"

Jameson Proctor said, "How much do you know about the Hood family?"

William Hood probably did not expect him to ask this. He froze before saying, "Why do you suddenly..."

"This matter is probably related to the River City side."

"You mean about the child being taken back to the Proctor family?"

William Hood frowned, "It can't be them. What would the Hood family get from it?"

Jameson Proctor said lightly, "Whether they did it or not, from the current situation, there must be something wrong with the River City side."

William Hood was silent for a moment before saying, "What do you want to know?"

"Everything."

William Hood slowly spoke, "Hood family have lived in River City for generations. With the continuous development and growth, the Hood family's direct descendants got into business, politics, and military.

Gradually, the Hood family enlisted the entire River City.

Whether it is money or power, no one can come close to it.

"But the Hood family has an unwritten rule, that is, people from the family can not leave River City. If you leave, you will no longer be considered a part of the family, and you can never set foot in River City again. Your life outside the city will have nothing to do with the Hood family"

"But the Hood family is too large. As time went by, it gave birth to a lot of side branches, so blood relations have been diluted. And this unwritten rule also slowly disappeared. However, I heard that inside the family, there are still some quite rigid people of the direct bloodline who still follow this rule."

Jameson Proctor did not say a word.

He just looked at him silently.

William Hood, "?"

He explained, "Why are you looking at me like that? My parents came to settle in South City some years ago. There are no relatives or friends there. Why would I go back?"

Jameson Proctor tapped his fingers on his knee, "Go on."

"Where were we... The old man has passed away. Now his grandson, Harry Hood, is in charge. I have never met that person, but I have heard a lot of rumors about him over the years, anyway... If it's not necessary, it's best not to have anything to do with him."

Jameson Proctor said, "No more?"

William Hood spread his hands, "No."

Then he said, "Seriously, I have never met him, but I am sure that this matter must have nothing to do with the Hood family. River City is so far away from South City. Harry Hood has no reason to come to provoke you and find trouble for himself."

At this time, Matthew Gray came in and said, "Mr. Proctor, he gave it out. The old lady and the young master are in the backyard of the Proctor family."

In the hospital, Tiffany Momon was scared but determined.

Sitting in a chair, she closed her eyes and held Sharon Allyson's hand tightly.

Next to her, the news was playing on the TV.

"Early this morning, someone found a female corpse under a bridge. According to the investigation, the deceased's last name is Cook. She died between 15:00 and 19:00 yesterday. The follow-up investigation is still underway. Please stay tuned. Next, we look at another piece of news..."

Not long after, a nurse shouted, "Tiffany Momon."

Tiffany Momon stood up reflexively.

The nurse said, "Come over here. I'll take you for a checkup first."

Tiffany Momon took a deep breath and took a step forward.

Sharon Allyson grabbed her hand, "Tiffany..."

Tiffany Momon smiled and reassured her, "It's okay. It's just a matter of opening and closing your eyes. Let them cut me!"

Sharon Allyson found it hard to smile.

After Tiffany Momon left, she took out her phone and looked at the time.

Before she came, she sent a message to Daniel that Tiffany Momon was here and told him to come over if he wanted to keep the baby, but if he didn't, he didn't have to come.

Now it seemed that Tiffany Momon's feeling was right. He shouldn't be coming.

Sharon Allyson let out a breath and was about to put her phone down when the news suddenly popped up.

It was about a murder.

She pressed her temples and wondered how the world could be so full of evil people.

Soon after, Tiffany Momon came out from her tests, and all results were good for surgery.

Sharon Allyson sent her to the operating room but didn't know what to say.

"They said it would be quick. Sharon, just wait for me here. I'll be out in a while. Let's go eat hot pot tonight."

Sharon Allyson's eyes were a little red.

She smiled and scolded, "Are you dumb? You can not eat that."

"Ugh, too bad. My appetite is just right now."

The nurse said, "It's time for us to go in."

Tiffany Momon responded, "Okay, okay"

She waved at Sharon Allyson, "Go sit over there, and I'll see you in a few minutes."

After Tiffany Momon walked into the operating room, Sharon Allyson hung her head and sighed.

She turned around and was just about to go outside to get some water when she saw a figure scurrying down the hall like a headless fly.

Sharon Allyson quickly walked over, "Daniel."

Daniel turned his head and gasped, "Where's Tiffany?"

Sharon Allyson reached out and pointed, "Over there."

Daniel ran over.

Seeing this, Sharon Allyson also hurriedly followed.

Daniel reached the door of the operating room but saw that the door was tightly closed.

He went up and rapped on the door, "Tiffany, Tiffany Momon! Come out!"

The commotion caused many people passing by to gather around to see what was going on.

The nurse also came over, "What are you doing? Don't you know this is a hospital?"

Daniel's thin lips were pursed, and his face was tense.

Sharon Allyson said, "Don't worry, she just went in. The operation hasn't started yet."

She turned her head to the nurse next to her, "My friend is in there. Can you please let her out for a moment?"

The nurse was afraid that he would make more trouble, "Then I'll go ask for you."

"Thanks."

Two minutes later, the nurse came out, "The surgery is all done."

Sharon Allyson was surprised, "But she's only been in there for less than five minutes..."

"I don't know, but the surgery is already done anyway"

Daniel muttered, "It's my fault. I should have made the decision sooner, or I wouldn't have let things turn out like this."

The crowd of onlookers sighed.

In their eyes, it was like watching a drama.

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Momon came out of the bathroom and saw a bunch of people standing outside the operating room, watching and commenting.

And she unexpectedly saw Daniel and was frozen in place.

Sharon Allyson was the first to spot her, and with a sigh of relief, she quickly approached, "Tiffany, where have you been?"

Tiffany Momon withdrew her eyes and said, "I was so nervous, so I wanted to go to the bathroom, but the nurse told me to go back in later..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Daniel walked over and took hold of her shoulder.

His thin lips moved, and his voice was a bit mute, "Don't go in."

Tiffany Momon looked up at him, a little shocked by his look.

She could not get her head around and could only look at Sharon Allyson as if asking for help, "But...The surgery fee has already been paid."

The surrounding people saw the heroine appeared, and the discussion was more enthusiastic.

They would very much like to take a seat and have some popcorn as well.

Daniel took a breath and dragged Tiffany Momon out of the place.

Tiffany Momon could never have imagined that she would become the heroine of this cheesy romantic drama.

When Sharon Allyson saw this, she looked down at Tiffany Momon's surgery slip in her hand, laughed silently, tore it up, and threw it in the trash.

By the time she got out of the hospital, Tiffany Momon, and Daniel were nowhere to be found.

Sharon Allyson looked at the time. It wasn't too late. She could go back to the Beale Group.

But when she arrived at the Beale Group, Sharon Allyson saw that the Beale Group was surrounded by a lot of people, and there was a police car parked not far away.

Sharon Allyson parked her car and walked into the Beale Group building from the side, where many employees were gathered in the lobby, whispering about something.

Sharon Allyson stood behind them and asked, "What's going on?"

One person turned her head, but when she saw it was Sharon, her expression tightened a bit, "Ms. Allyson."

The rest of the group shut their mouths at the sound of her voice.

Sharon Allyson softly asked again, "What's going on?"

Someone said, "Didn't a girl get killed and dumped today? The police just came over to investigate, and it seems to be someone from our company."

Sharon Allyson frowned lightly.

Was it Kale Bee again? At this time, a voice said, "They're out, they're out!"

As the elevator doors slowly opened, Sharon Allyson saw two police officers walking out with a man. It was Jayden Bower.

Jayden Bower's face was ashen, and he looked a bit distressed.

Although the police did not have conclusive evidence, he was taken away as a suspect in front of so many people.

Undoubtedly, it was a serious stomp on his dignity.

When passing by Sharon Allyson, he paused and seemed to want to say something but did not make a sound.

After the police took him to the police car, the onlookers slowly dispersed, but the discussion was getting louder and louder.

"I can't believe it's Mr. Bower. He doesn't look like this kind of person."

"I know, right? Mr. Bower smiles at everyone. I met him several times when I worked overtime, and he asked if I needed a ride. Now it really sends chills down my spine."

"But why did he kill that girl? There must be a reason, right?"

"I read on the Internet that the girl seemed to be his girlfriend. I guess it was a quarrel that went out of control?"

"But isn't he divorced with two children? When did he get a girlfriend?"

"How would I know? What a poor girl, only twenty years old. I heard that she was once an employee of the Proctor Group."

"My God, the Proctor Group? So Ms. Allyson..."

Someone realized that Sharon Allyson was still there and quickly interrupted her, leaving the place quickly.

Sharon Allyson stood there, her frown deepening.

An employee of the Proctor Group? Jayden Bower's girlfriend? A sudden, inexplicable feeling rose in Sharon Allyson's heart, and a strong sense of unease filled her entire chest and made her almost gasp for air.

"Ms. Allyson."

Ivan Gregory's voice came from behind her.

Sharon Allyson turned her head.

Ivan Gregory said, "You heard about the matter of Jayden Bower?"

Sharon Allyson nodded, "Go with me to the police station.

"Okay."

On the way, Ivan Gregory handed her a file, "Ms. Allyson, I found this on my desk when I went back to the office this afternoon"

Sharon Allyson took it and opened the kraft paper bag.

It was full of all the things Kale Bee had done over the years, in addition to corruption and bribery and...there were also smuggling and drug trafficking.

Every piece of information, all clear as day.

"Who gave you this?"

Ivan Gregory said, "I don't know. It was on the table when I got back"

Sharon Allyson put the file back.

No wonder Jameson Proctor wouldn't let her investigate Kale Bee anymore. The man was more insane than he seemed.

It didn't matter what it was.

As long as it made money, he would do it.

Not only that, he also used the Beale Group's account.

In this way, Beale Group became his accomplice.

And Tavis Beale must have known all these things.

No wonder Tavis Beale was willing to leave the Beale Group to flee abroad.

The group was rotten to the core! Sharon Allyson made a phone call to Jameson Proctor, but he didn't answer. She called Jacob Green, and there was no answer either.

This was not a good sign.

After thinking about it, she called William Hood.

Still no answer.

Something was wrong.

When she arrived at the police station, Jayden Bower was in the interrogation room.

“Ms. Allyson, the police say the victim’s identity is a little complicated and nothing can be said until the investigation is clear” said Ivan Gregory.

“Complicated?”

“Yes.”

Sharon Allyson didn’t say anything else, “Let’s go then.”

After leaving the police station, she suddenly remembered the news she had seen today.

The name was Cook.

An employee of the Proctor Group.

A girl in her twenties.

Sharon Allyson turned around sharply and re-entered the police station.

Standing in front of the police officer who was sorting through the case file, she asked anxiously, “The girl who died, was her name Harley Cook?”

The police officer looked up at her, “Are you a friend of hers?”

Sharon Allyson opened her mouth and suddenly felt that her throat had gone dry and her brain had stopped working.

The police officer got up and added, “If you are her friend, I can take you to see her, and I hope you can provide us with useful clues.”

At those words, Sharon Allyson understood everything.

Harley Cook, the girl who died, was Harley Cook.

She took a step backward and hit the table, her hand clutching the edge of the table as she blanched.

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Ivan Gregory saw that she didn’t look right and went up to her and asked, “Ms. Allyson, what’s wrong?”

Sharon Allyson shook her head and bit the tip of her tongue hard to find some composure and sanity, “You go to the Proctor Group for me and see what Jameson Proctor is doing. And if you see him, tell him that Harley Cook is dead and to get him over here. If you...”

Sharon Allyson took a deep breath before continuing, “If you don’t see him, you can just go home for now”

Ivan Gregory nodded, “Okay, I’ll go now.”

After Ivan Gregory left, Sharon Allyson fought back a light tremor in her body and said to the police officer, "Would you please show me her..body"

"Come with me."

Sharon Allyson looked at the familiar face and felt her breath become much thinner.

The police officer said, "We are trying to contact her family.Do you know the contact information?"

Sharon Allyson could hardly make a sound, "I don't know"

"So, have you seen this boyfriend of hers? How is their relationship? Do they usually have arguments?"

Sharon Allyson was silent for a moment and shook her head.What she knew about Harley Cook was superficial at best.

No, not even superficial.She just knew the name, Harley Cook.

The rest of the story and her family were all fabricated.

To deceive her.

Sharon Allyson suddenly felt a little ridiculous.She had never expected that the answers to her suspicions would one day be revealed in such a way.

After leaving the morgue, Sharon Allyson looked at the sunlight outside and felt it was more blinding than ever.

And over there, Jayden Bower's interrogation was over.

Although he strongly denied and said that Harley Cook had been missing for several days, the police side received an anonymous message that Jayden Bower was the last person she had seen before her disappearance.

At the same time, the autopsy showed that there was human tissue in her teeth that matched the bite mark on Jayden Bower's right hand.

Now they just needed to wait for the lab results to come back before they could convict him.

Sharon Allyson sat in front of the police station until dark.

She got a call from Ivan Gregory.

Jameson Proctor was not in the Proctor Group, and the Proctor Group people did not know where he had gone.

And at this time, Jayden Bower happened to be brought out of the interrogation room and prepared for custody.

When he saw Sharon Allyson, he suddenly had a few wry smiles on his face, "Ms.Allyson."

Sharon Allyson looked over at him with no expression on her face.

Jayden Bower turned to the police officer and said, "I'd like to talk to her.Just for a few minutes, can I?"

The police officer looked at him and then at Sharon Allyson.

When the latter nodded, the police officer stepped aside.

Jayden Bower said, "Ms. Allyson should know Harley. After all, she helped you with the baby for so long."

Sharon Allyson looked unchanged, "What are you trying to say?"

"Oh, I have been calculating, but I did not expect to end up in this situation today. Since they deliberately set me up, then I will be a good man for once. Ms. Allyson, your child, I am afraid he's in great danger."

Sharon Allyson instantly clenched her fists, "What did you do to him?"

Jayden Bower laughed, "Ms. Allyson misunderstood. I do not have the ability to do anything to the future heir of the Proctor Group. But there's someone who has the ability to do so."

At these words, the corners of Sharon Allyson's lips were taut and straight, and there was more than a little coldness in her eyes.

"Ms. Allyson, you better hurry up, or you might not even see your son for the last time."

Sharon Allyson did not say anything. She immediately turned around and left.

On the way to the Proctor family, she didn't let go of the gas pedal at all. She was shaking.

Sure enough, Jameson Proctor had lied to her.

For so long, she had been like a fool.

Time and time again, believing his nonsense.

He had said countless times that she could trust him.

But what happened? Yeah, no wonder Jameson Proctor always called her stupid, and she was.

By the time Sharon Allyson arrived at the Proctor family, the Proctor family's front door was open, and there was no one around.

She drove the car straight to the main house and stopped.

In the living room, it was just Evie Rowland sitting there with her arms around her chest.

Evie Rowland saw Sharon Allyson and laughed, "Oh my, I thought you'd never set foot in the Proctor family again in your life."

Sharon Allyson ignored her and went upstairs, searching every room.

Evie Rowland said lightly, "The person you're looking for isn't here."

Sharon Allyson also realized that the place was surprisingly quiet, with not even a single maid in sight except for Evie Rowland.

She turned and was about to go out when Evie Rowland stepped in front of her, "Aren't you going to ask what happened here today?"

Sharon Allyson looked at her and said in a cold voice, "Get out of my way."

Evie Rowland froze, and her expression changed a few times, probably not expecting that she would talk like that.

Without waiting for her to look back, Sharon Allyson was already walking straight ahead.

"Wait."

Evie Rowland snorted, "Is that how you talk to your elders?"

Sharon Allyson felt amused and turned her head to look at her, "I used to think of you as an elder because you were Jameson Proctor's mother, but why should I think of you as an elder when you are neither his mother nor a decent human?"

"You..."

"You're right. I'm just uneducated. And the vulgarity and badness in my bones can't be changed. I just told you to get lost, and you should feel flattered that I haven't greeted your whole family yet"

Sharon Allyson added, "Also, I may have been cowardly and afraid of trouble before, and I couldn't afford to offend the Proctor family, but this time if anything happens to my child, I'll drag you down with me even if I die. You also have a son, so you should understand this feeling of mine"

Evie Rowland had never heard such a strong and brutal tone from her before, and she lost words for a moment.

After Sharon Allyson finished, she didn't waste any more time with her and simply left.

As she walked to the garden, she was about to get into her car when she heard a faint sound in the distance, and the noise was not small.

Sharon Allyson looked over, and there was the backyard.

Even though she had lived in the Proctor family for a while, she had never been in the backyard.

But there seemed to be a force that was pulling her desperately that way. Her instincts told her that either Jameson Proctor or the baby might be there.

Without further hesitation, Sharon Allyson trotted over.

Suddenly, the sky began to drizzle.

It was almost summer, but the rain was cold.

Sharon Allyson ran for a while to get closer to those sounds.

As she had guessed, Jameson Proctor was here, and opposite him was the angry Master Proctor.

There were quite a few people on both sides, and the atmosphere was intensive.

Sharon Allyson looked around and did not go straight ahead but found a place to hide and held her breath. She couldn't do anything at this moment, even if she went over. She would only make things worse.

So she decided to get a better look at the situation.

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Master Proctor held his cane with both hands, his face grim, "You've been here all afternoon, what exactly do you want to do?"

Jameson Proctor looked faint, "Are you not clear about what I want to do?"

"I don't know! All I know is that you are getting more and more lawless now! You brought so many people to my place without even calling out; don't you think people have had enough of such cheap jokes!?"

"Jokes?"

Jameson Proctor snorted, "The things you have done are indeed easy to fall into the category of laughing stock. At this point, Master Proctor didn't deny it anymore, as he simply said, "Everything I do is for your own good, and for the good of the entire Proctor family!"

Jameson Proctor said, "Don't worry. When you pass away, I will definitely put your tablet in the ancestral hall of the Proctor family, so that you can watch well how the Proctor family is going to perish step by step under your careful planning."

Master Proctor was furious, "You ...this, rebellious son!"

"It's not the first day I've been like this, haven't you gotten used to it?"

After the fits of anger, Master Proctor sneered, "I have long known that there is bound to be such a day. You grew up with rebellious bones, and the thing I regret most in my life is to take you back to the Proctor family!"

"The taste of pushing yourself into the grave with your own hands is indeed not good."

Master Proctor held back his anger and added, "In that case, I'll make it clear to you as well. You know what I want. That child is the bloodline of the Proctor family anyways. I will not harm him. Instead, I will give him everything I have and make him the heir of the Proctor family."

Jameson Proctor didn't say a word and looked at him with an expressionless face.

Master Proctor continued, "Believe me, you definitely won't lose anything on this deal; it's your son, and are you not going to give him the Proctor Group in the future? What's wrong with me doing that, really? And I won't live many more years. When I die, he will only be a few years old. By then, you can take him back, and not only can you sit in the Proctor Group, but you can also easily get the Proctor family."

Jameson Proctor said slowly, "You have done so many wrongdoings, and you actually think you can still live for a few years?"

Master Proctor smiled out of anger, "You are still too young; if I was afraid of retribution, I wouldn't be standing here today."

"Haven't you finished talking nonsense?"

Master Proctor paused, and then said with a sullen face, "You perish this thought! I will not let you take him away. Over my dead body!"

The corners of Jameson Proctor's lips curled up to let out a cold voice, "Are you threatening me, or are you giving me that chance?"

Master Proctor rested on his cane and said nothing.

Just at this time, the unconscious Charlotte was brought out from inside.

Master Proctor did not even turn around, "If you are willing, we will each take a step back and I will let you take her away. Otherwise, you won't want to see her in the future."

The reason why he wanted to find Charlotte in the first place was for such a situation today.

Now it seemed that his decision was indeed the right one.

Jameson Proctor's face turned a few shades colder and he didn't say anything.

Master Proctor said, "Which is more important, you should be clear. If the child is with me, I will give him the best conditions, but if you insist on this, no one will fall in any benefit. Your mother asked you to come back to the Proctor family with me for the sake of your future, she didn't want you to stay with her in that place. She was more far-sighted than you."

Jameson Proctor snickered, "Is that how you threatened her then?"

"I don't call that a threat, as a smart person naturally has a smart way of making choices."

"Really? Then I may have to burst your bubble."

Jameson Proctor slightly raised his hand, and the men who were originally standing behind him, immediately made a movement.

Master Proctor looked astonished, not expecting him to be such a hard nut to crack. He was furious, "Do you still know where you are standing? You want to make a move against me here?"

"Aren't you the one who forced me to do this?"

Master Proctor was about to say something when a baby's cry came from behind him.

He hurriedly looked back, only to see the nanny running out with the baby in her arms, "The baby keeps crying so hard that we can't handle it..."

Master Proctor snapped, "Let it cry to its heart's content! What are you doing out here? Go back!"

As soon as he finished speaking, Jameson Proctor's men had already gathered around and blocked the doorway.

The nanny took two steps back and held the child tightly in her arms.

Master Proctor looked at Jameson Proctor, "You better not do anything rash, unless you don't want their lives anymore!"

Jameson Proctor said, "If anything happens to them, the Proctor family will disappear into obscurity in South City tonight."

Master Proctor sulked for a moment before rejoining, "Think about what I just said, and as you said, I won't live for a few years, so what's the harm in waiting just a bit while longer?"

"You're right, what do I have to think about? Since you won't live for a few years, then why can't it be tonight?"

Master Proctor gritted his teeth with hatred, and his hand almost crushed his cane.

This lawless, rebellious son! Not far away, Sharon Allyson had no time to see whether they would fight or not, as her attention was all on the child. She felt as if the little one's cries were dying down.

Sharon Allyson moved forward a little more and saw more clearly through the street light, and her eyes widened.

The nanny, behind everyone's back, was quietly covering the little one's mouth and nose.

The little one's cries were getting faint.

Sharon Allyson saw the situation with her teeth clenched tight; not caring about anything, she directly rushed over and grabbed the child and held it in her arms while they all did not react.

The nanny was unprepared, and only when her hands were empty did she realize that the child had been snatched away.

In this split second, one of Master Proctor's men made a move, then a gunshot pierced the silent night sky.

Sharon Allyson held the little one tightly and closed her eyes.

But the expected pain did not come, as someone held her in his arms, and what came to her ears was a muffled grunt.

The surroundings instantly burst into commotion.

Master Proctor his cane, "Stop! Who told you to do it?"

Even if he wanted to deal with Jameson Proctor, he would not choose this time.

Plus, the child was still here, he could not let everything become a lost cause after spending so much time and energy.

Once the action started, he could not undo it by saying anything.

Sharon Allyson held the baby while gasping slightly, the sound of howling wind ringing in her ears. She was in a state of shock when Jameson Proctor's voice rang out next to her, "Did you get hurt?"

Sharon Allyson subconsciously shook her head, and looked down at the little one in her arms.

The little one's face was all red, but the cries came back.

Sharon Allyson's heart, which had been hanging in mid-air all the time, instantly felt relieved.

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Master Proctor saw this and frowned fiercely, turning his head to look at the nanny, but the nanny was full of panic and sat down on the floor, "It's not my fault. It's not my fault. Madam told me to do this!"

Master Proctor froze, "What are you talking about?"

The nanny said in a trembling voice, "It was Madam. Madam told me to suffocate the child in front of you, and I...I just did what she told me to do."

Even Master Proctor felt a chill in his heart when he heard this.

Silently suffocating the child to death.

What a cruel heart it would take to do that! Jameson Proctor let go of Sharon Allyson, "I almost forgot about her"

Now in this situation, Master Proctor knew he was in the wrong, so he didn't say anything. He just put on a gloomy face and headed towards the front yard quickly.

Master Proctor's people, too, followed him away.

Sharon Allyson stood there, lips pursed, expressionless.

At that moment, William Hood came over with two doctors, one examining Charlotte and the other trying to see the baby in Sharon Allyson's arms.

Sharon Allyson sidled away a bit and held the baby tightly in her arms.

The doctor looked to Jameson Proctor, who whispered to Sharon Allyson, "He's been crying. Let the doctor take a look. Sharon Allyson looked up and met his gaze, but her eyes were alert and defensive. Jameson Proctor's body froze, and his thin lips moved without making a sound.

Sharon Allyson stepped around him and went to the doctor, "Is it okay if I hold him?"

The doctor nodded and began examining the little guy.

Next to him, Jacob Green and William Hood watched the scene and looked at each other, both seeing sympathy in the other's gaze.

Jameson Proctor was completely done this time.

William Hood coughed, took a step forward, and said to Jameson Proctor, "Just got word that Harley Cook...Dead. The killer is Jayden Bower."

Jameson Proctor froze for a moment, and there was a brief confusion on his face.

He was silent for a while before speaking, "I see."

Jameson Proctor said again, "I'll go over"

William Hood held his arm, "Don't be impulsive. Let's see how the old man handles it first."

"Okay."

After Jameson Proctor left, William Hood withdrew his hand but found a wet and moist palm.

He spread his hand and found that his palm was full of blood.

William Hood was stunned and tried to stop Jameson Proctor but found that he had already walked away.

On Charlotte's side, the doctor examined her and said she had only been injected with some drug.

Luckily, the dosage was not too large, and she would be awake in a while.

And the little one in the arms of Sharon Allyson also gradually stopped crying.

The doctor took off his stethoscope, "I think it was just a shock, but luckily there was no suffocation. Fortunately, you appeared in time. Otherwise, the situation might not be optimistic"

Sharon Allyson smiled and held the baby a little tighter, a cold sweat rising up in her back.

Jacob Green stepped forward and said, "Miss Allyson..."

Sharon Allyson saw him and didn't say anything, just walked away with the baby in her arms.

Jacob Green, "..."

This was really the end.

Not long after, there was a movement from the back door.

Soon, Ruben came running over.

Along with him, Trey Coe appeared.

Ruben saw the blood on the floor and looked at Sharon Allyson, "Are you hurt?"

Sharon Allyson shook her head, "I'm fine."

Trey Coe looked around and frowned slightly.

What had just happened here could be imagined.

Seeing this, William Hood said to Jacob Green, "You take care of Jameson Proctor's mother. I'll go to the front yard in case something does happen, and I can stop him."

Jacob Green nodded, "Okay."

As William Hood left, the people around slowly dispersed.

Sharon Allyson closed her eyes and suddenly spoke, "Ruben, help me."

Ruben immediately raised his hand and held her arm.

Now he realized that Sharon Allyson was trembling gently and could not stand up anymore.

Trey Coe also came over, "Sharon, let me take you guys out first."

Sharon Allyson shook her head gently, "No."

After a while, when she had almost slowed down, she gave the child in her arms to Ruben, "You hold him, and never let go of him or give him to anyone until I come back."

Jacob Green lowered his head sheepishly.

Ruben frowned, "Where are you going?"

Sharon Allyson said, "To put an end to it"

Trey Coe spoke up, "Sharon..."

"I'll be fine on my own."

Evie Rowland sat on the sofa, listening to the sound of gunshots in the distance, looking relaxed.

Footsteps sounded outside the door.

Immediately afterward, Master Proctor's voice was cold and stern, "Are you out of your mind!"

Evie Rowland looked over and calmly said, "What are you talking about? Since you can't control Jameson Proctor, what's wrong with me helping you out to end the problem."

Master Proctor was shaking with anger, "I think you are seriously insane! Why do you want to mess with Jameson Proctor? Do you know that he even tried to kill me tonight? Do you think he will let you go?"

Evie Rowland gathered the shawl around her body, and her expression did not change, "He has been trying to kill me for a long time"

"Yes! Then why do you think he didn't kill you? If it weren't for Jeffery, do you think you'd still be alive..."

"To tell you the truth, I don't want to live anymore. My son is in that state. No one knows more than me how bitter he is in his heart, but on the contrary, you still want to torture him. You took Jameson Proctor back. It was like telling Jeffery that he was an invalid! You let Jameson Proctor grow up in front of him, able to run and jump, and slowly take over the Proctor Group. Do you know how much pain and hurt this is for Jeffery?"

Master Proctor said, "You're paranoid! Jeffery never felt that way"

Evie Rowland sneered, "That's him being stupid. He was actually stupid enough to really think that illegitimate child was his brother. What else could I do? I could only pave the way for him and do all this for him that he was supposed to do."

Master Proctor was a little helpless and waved his hand, "Run now. They can still hold him back for a while. Go away and don't come back. After a while, I'll send Jeffery abroad, and you too..."

"Why should I go? Jameson Proctor wants to kill me, right? Then let him kill me! Even if I die, he won't be able to get away with it."

Only when she died could her plan worked out.

Master Proctor couldn't help but shake his head, but he didn't know what to say.

At this time, someone outside the door hurried in, "Master, the second young master is here."

Master Proctor frowned tightly, "Quick, go get the first young master back."

Jeffery Proctor had gone to the hospital this afternoon for a checkup and hadn't returned by now.

Now only he could stop Jameson Proctor.

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But as soon as Master Proctor's voice fell, Jameson Proctor's figure appeared at the door.

He sounded as if he had been dipped in ice water, "If you want to die so badly, why don't you just dig a hole and bury yourself. I'm so sorry to have kept you alive for this long."

Seeing him, Evie Rowland said with mockery and disdain, "I can't die in vain. At least, I can not just watch the Proctor family fall into your hands."

"You are living in vain, so how can you not die in vain as well?"

"Jameson Proctor, you do not need to talk nonsense with me here. Do whatever you want! You really think I'm afraid?"

Jameson Proctor slowly hooked up a smile, but his eyes did not have the slightest temperature.

He spoke slowly and methodically, "Killing you will only dirty my hands."

Evie Rowland's face changed, "What do you mean?"

"You've done enough to put you in jail for decades, and it's not clear whether you'll get out alive, so why should I do it myself?"

He continued, "Erica Proctor grew up spoiled by you. The life she couldn't stand, you won't be able to stand either."

Probably remembering Erica Proctor's miserable condition, Evie Rowland suddenly stopped breathing, and after a few seconds, suddenly started laughing again, "Jameson Proctor, Jameson Proctor, after all these years, I thought you were so powerful, but you're still a coward. You can't even kill me? You don't even dare to kill me?"

"You know, I was planning to kill Sharon Allyson and that illegitimate son together, but unfortunately, they were lucky and did not die, but I promise you, as long as I am still alive, no matter where I am, I will not let them go. Unless I die, everything will not end. You just wait to collect their corpses! "

Killing intent piled up in Jameson's eyes.

Master Proctor said to his men, "Madam has a mental problem. Send her back upstairs to rest!"

Before the men could approach, Evie Rowland had already gotten up and pushed the men away, "Hahahaha, I have a mental problem? Yes, I'm crazy! I've been crazy since the day Jeffery had his accident, since the day you brought this illegitimate son home! It's just death. What am I afraid of?"

"I remember you were never a soft-hearted person. Why? What are you afraid of what? Kill me if you have the guts! I tried to kill your wife and son, but you don't have the guts to avenge them. It's ridiculous. In your heart, I guess you only care about yourself!"

Jameson Proctor did not say a word, just expressionlessly took the gun from Matthew Gray's hand and slowly loaded it.

Master Proctor's eyes widened, "Jameson Proctor, are you crazy too!"

Jameson Proctor said lightly, "She's right. She should have died a long time ago."

He raised his hand and aimed at Evie Rowland.

Master Proctor took two steps backward, almost losing his grip on his cane, and he sternly ordered, "Stop him!"

But without waiting for his men to step forward, Jameson Proctor had already pulled the trigger, and at the same time, a soft female voice came from behind him, "Jameson Proctor"

Bang!

The porcelain vase on the wall shattered with the sound.

The shot missed.

Evie Rowland froze for a few seconds before turning her head to look at the shattered porcelain tiles.

Jameson Proctor said, "After all your talk, you just want me to kill you with my own hands, right? Sorry, I let you down."

After saying that, he threw the gun at Matthew Gray but did not turn around.

Evie Rowland had been planning for so long. She really did not calculate that Jameson Proctor would not kill her.

According to her expectation, Jameson Proctor should hate her to the bone.

But at this point, he still hadn't taken the bait.

Evie Rowland laughed twice, not sure if she was laughing at Jameson Proctor or at herself.

Suddenly, just when everyone was unprepared, she grabbed the dagger on the table. Before Sharon Allyson had a chance to see what was happening inside, she felt someone blocking her.

She opened her mouth, but no sound came out.

Master Proctor said anxiously, "What are you trying to do again? Don't you think you've made enough of a mess tonight? How will Jeffery live with himself after you do this now!"

Evie Rowland said sarcastically, "Do you think Jeffery should be ashamed of having me as his mother, or should he regret having raised such a wretch?"

After the words, Evie Rowland looked at Jameson Proctor again with great hatred, "Remember, Jeffery is my son. He was never your brother, never! From now on, you are just enemies. Because it was you who forced me to die!"

Before Evie Rowland could finish her sentence, the dagger in her hand turned and stabbed herself hard in the chest.

Master Proctor looked at this scene, couldn't breathe, and passed out.

Sharon Allyson wanted to go forward, but the eyes were covered with a hand.

The man's voice was extremely low, "Don't look at it."

Sharon Allyson stood there, remembering what Evie Rowland had just said and the sounds she had heard.

It was easy to guess what had happened inside.

And at that moment, a gentle male voice sounded behind her, "Jameson, why are so many people here? What happened?"

Sharon Allyson felt the hand over her eye and stiffened for a moment.

A muffled thunderstorm rang out outside, and the rainstorm arrived in a moment.

Jeffery Proctor operated his wheelchair and came in.

Before Jameson could say anything, he saw Evie Rowland lying in a pool of blood with open eyes, and Master Proctor fainted on the ground.

The smile on his face froze, and his eyes were more than a little hollow.

Jameson Proctor closed his eyes and turned around, "Call an ambulance."

"Jameson."

Jeffery Proctor called out to him.

Jameson Proctor gave Sharon Allyson a gentle push forward and said to Matthew Gray, "Take her back first."

Matthew Gray looked at his blood-soaked right hand and exclaimed, "Mr. Proctor!"

"Go. Sharon Allyson looked back at him, her eyes red. Jameson Proctor pulled the corners of his lips at her, his smile extremely faint. Only after Sharon Allyson was taken away by Matthew Gray did Jameson Proctor withdraw his eyes.

Inside the house, Jeffery Proctor had reached Evie Rowland and took Evie Rowland's hand, "What...What happened? How did it come to this?"

The only thing that answered him was Evie Rowland's unclosed eyes. She was dead, not even a faint breath left.

Jeffery Proctor sat there, holding her cold hand.

His strength was drained away slowly.

Jameson Proctor approached, "She said I forced her to die, and she asked you to seek revenge on me. I won't deny it. I could seek revenge on her, just as you can seek revenge on me."

Jeffery Proctor looked at Evie Rowland's body and murmured, "What can I do in this condition? Jameson, that's what she owed you, and now it's paid off."

"She didn't owe me anything, and you don't owe me either. She died, and it was her own choice of path. So, you don't have to feel guilty in your heart towards me, and likewise, I won't feel sorry for you because of her death."

Jeffery Proctor smiled miserably, "This is, of course, the best."

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Charlotte was already awake when Sharon Allyson reentered the backyard.

Ruben was holding the sleeping little one, looking at Jacob Green, who was also looking at him.

Sharon Allyson walked over to her, "Charlotte."

Charlotte saw her and was stunned for a moment, her mind still seemingly not fully awake, probably not expecting to see her here.

"Sharon..."

Sharon Allyson said, "Are you feeling better?"

Charlotte nodded, "Just a little dizzy, nothing else...You..."

"Jameson Proctor is in the front yard. Evie Rowland is dead. Suicide."

Charlotte froze, surprisingly unsure of what to say for a moment.

Ruben frowned, "She killed herself? How easy it is for her."

Sharon Allyson was a little tired, watching the rain getting heavier, and did not want to stay here any longer, "Charlotte, I'll leave now. They will send you back."

Charlotte stood up, "Sharon, where are you going?"

"Back to...Find a place to stay for now."

Sharon Allyson looked at the little one, "Thank you for taking care of him all this time."

Charlotte smiled and understood.

This day had come, after all.

She and Jameson together had deceived Sharon Allyson for so long. She no longer had the right to stay with that child anymore.

Jacob Green stepped forward, "Miss Allyson, I'll walk you out."

Sharon Allyson looked at him with little expression. Her voice was low, "No, thanks."

"Miss Allyson..."

"I wish you would stop trying to find out where I live and who I meet. Let's show each other respect. I don't want to see any of you right now."

Jacob Green, "..."

She was saying this not to him but to Jameson Proctor.

Sharon Allyson took the baby from Ruben and cradled it in her arms.

Trey Coe waited just off to the side. When she came forward, he opened the door.

Ruben gave a small nod to Charlotte and left as well.

Watching the black car disappear into the rain, Jacob Green said, "Mrs. Clark, what should we do now?"

Charlotte sighed, "Let's give her some time first."

After a pause, Charlotte added, "By the way, where's Harley? Is she out yet?"

Jacob Green said, "She's dead."

Charlotte froze, "Dead?"

Jacob Green nodded, "She tried to escape from the Proctor family yesterday to report the news but was caught back."

Jacob Green did not finish the rest of the sentence, but Charlotte understood. She closed her eyes and felt a sense of exhaustion and powerlessness.

At that moment, Matthew Gray hurried over, "Mrs. Clark, let me take you back."

"Where is Jameson?"

"Mr. Proctor fainted when he came out of the front yard. Mr. Hood is taking him to the hospital"

Charlotte was shocked, "Fainted?"

Matthew Gray said, "Mr. Proctor he... He was shot in the arm earlier and lost a lot of blood"

"Take me to the hospital."

This night was destined to be chaotic.

The other side.

Sharon Allyson looked at the little guy who was sleeping in her arms and started eating his fingers, and the corners of her lips slowly lifted up into a smile.

Luckily, luckily, it was not too late. She was so close to watching her little one die in front of her. She, finally, did her duty as a mother for once.

Ruben handed her a tissue.

Bewildered, Sharon Allyson said, "What's wrong?"

“Wipe your face.”

Sharon Allyson touched her face and realized that tears had covered her entire face. Ruben said, “If you’re worried about Jameson Proctor. Go check him out.”

Sharon Allyson wiped the tears from her face, but the ones in her eyes wouldn’t stop flowing. She spoke calmly, “I’m not a doctor, so what’s the point of me checking him?”

The moment Jameson Proctor hugged her, she heard his muffled grunt.

She knew he was injured, but she didn’t know where the injury was.

Ruben asked, “Do you hate him?”

Sharon Allyson didn’t answer but said to Trey Coe, who was driving ahead, “Just find a hotel and drop us off.” Trey Coe pursed his lips and gave a soft yes. Inside the car, no one spoke again. Half an hour later, the black car slowly drove into the basement of an upscale residence.

Trey Coe took them upstairs and opened the room, “It’s raining. It’s not convenient to go to the hotel. Here is where Patrick Matthias lived before. You are safe here. If you don’t want to stay here, I’ll find a new place for you tomorrow.”

Sharon Allyson answered briefly, “Thanks.”

Trey Coe added, “I’ve had baby stuff sent over. It should be here in a few minutes.”

Sharon Allyson nodded, “Okay.”

Trey Coe looked to Ruben, “I’ll go first then. You stay here with her.”

“I’ll walk you down.”

When they left, Ruben carried the little one, found a bedroom, and gently put him to bed.

The little one had somehow grabbed the buttons of Sharon’s shirt and wouldn’t let go of them, and now he was weeping again.

Sharon Allyson patted him gently and waited until he was completely asleep before she came out of the bedroom.

Ruben was sitting on the couch, and the things Trey Coe had sent over were already piled up in the living room.

Sharon Allyson said, “It’s late. You should go to bed.”

Ruben’s thin lips tensed up, “There’s something I haven’t told you.”

At that, Sharon Allyson froze and only after a few seconds said, “Did you already know?”

Ruben said, “I thought he was cheating at that time, so I followed him.”

“And then what happened?”

Ruben continued, "In fact, he did not mean to hide it from you. The child was born with severe health problems. Every few days, there would be a notice of critical illness from the hospital, and he was getting major and minor illnesses nonstop. He did not want you to have too much hope and be heartbroken again."

"That's what he told you?"

Ruben was silent for a moment and nodded.

"Does the child still get sick a lot?"

Ruben said, "Not for the past few months, it seems. Just the occasional cold and fever, but the doctor said it was normal."

Sharon Allyson said lightly, "If that's the case, then why didn't he tell me?"

Ruben opened his mouth, unable to answer for a moment.

Sharon Allyson said, "I know what you mean, and you don't have to defend him."

"I've asked him many times about this, and each time he would make up a new lie, and I've never been able to get an answer or the truth from him."

"But..."

"I've given him countless chances, too."

Sharon Allyson took a deep breath as if to control her emotions, "You know, today, if I hadn't been there, or had been a step late, this child would have been smothered alive!"

"You said he didn't want me to have hope and face disappointment again, so now what? If this child had died there today, did he intend to hide it from me for the rest of my life, and pretend that this child was lost in that car accident in the first place?"

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In the middle of the night, the little one woke up once, and Sharon Allyson fed him and changed his diaper before putting him to sleep again.

The rain was still pouring outside the window, and there was no sign of it stopping.

Sharon Allyson sat on the edge of the bed, staring at the rain gathering on the glass, wondering about something.

After a long time, Sharon Allyson got up and quietly went out of the bedroom.

Just as she reached the door, Ruben came out of the other room and asked, "Where are you going?"

Sharon Allyson paused and then said, "I'm going downstairs to do some shopping, and you can sleep."

Ruben said, "Oh, and looked out at the rainstorm, not exposing her."

Sharon Allyson put on her shoes and said, "Keep an eye on the baby for me. He usually only wakes up once during the night. Anyway, I'll be back soon."

“Got it.You go ahead.Take the umbrella.”

Sharon Allyson quickly opened the door and left.

After going downstairs, Sharon Allyson walked a long distance before she got a cab at the street corner.

When she arrived at the hospital, Sharon Allyson had just reached the nurse’s desk and was ready to ask questions when Jacob Green’s voice came from behind her, “Miss Allyson”

Getting on the elevator, Sharon Allyson said, “How is he doing?”

“Mr.Proctor has just come out of surgery, and the anesthesia hasn’t worn off yet, but don’t worry, he’s not in a life-threatening condition.”

Sharon Allyson replied lightly and stared at the elevator’s ascending floor number.

Jacob Green hesitated but decided to make one last attempt to save the day, “Miss Allyson, Mr.Proctor didn’t tell you about this because he didn’t want you to worry...”

Sharon Allyson turned her head to look at him with an expressionless face, “Do you know what your behavior right now is called?”

Jacob Green, “?”

“Trying to save others when you should be worrying about yourself, so you’d better stop worrying about him now.”

Jacob Green, “...Excuse me”

When they got to the ward, Sharon Allyson did not go in but looked through the glass of the door.

What came to mind were the words that Jameson Proctor had said when she was in the hospital.

And his birthday wish.

Sharon Allyson laughed wryly.He probably knew that it could not be hidden any longer, so he was trying to get promises from her, thereby saving himself.

Jacob Green saw the situation and silently backed away.

Sharon Allyson stood against the wall for a while before entering the hospital room.

In all these years, it was the first time she had seen Jameson Proctor like this, lying on the hospital bed.He was so different from his usual self.

Sharon Allyson’s eyes fell on his right arm, which was wrapped in gauze.

Her eyes lowered.

After some time, Sharon Allyson turned around and exited the ward.

She had just reached the elevator when a figure came from behind her, “Sharon Allyson.”

Sharon Allyson turned back, “Charlotte.”

Charlotte said, "It's still raining outside. Let Jacob Green take you back."

Jacob Green also immediately came forward.

Sharon Allyson was silent for a moment before nodding her head.

On the way back, Sharon Allyson kept leaning on the car window, quietly looking out of the window.

After the lesson he had just learned, Jacob Green dared not talk more.

When they arrived downstairs, Sharon Allyson got out of the car.

Jacob Green hurriedly said, "Miss Allyson, don't worry. I will never tell Mr. Proctor that you live here."

Sharon Allyson looked at him with little expression, "Thank you."

"It's what I should do, Miss Allyson."

"I'm leaving. Go back now"

In fact, she knew very well that she couldn't stop Jameson Proctor from tracking her if he wanted to. It was after 5:00 a.m. when she got back there.

Sharon Allyson pushed open the bedroom door and saw Ruben sitting on the edge of the bed, looking at the little guy in the bed.

Sharon Allyson said, "Why are you still awake?"

Ruben said, "I can't sleep."

"Come on, it's almost dawn, and you have to go to school. Go get some sleep."

Ruben got up and walked over to her, "I took the day off."

Out of the bedroom, Sharon Allyson pulled the door closed, "Why?"

"It's not convenient for you to be alone with the baby. I'm going to help you find a place to live."

It was clear that Sharon Allyson would not be living with Jameson Proctor again in a short time.

At that, Sharon Allyson froze, and only after a long time did she nod gently, "Okay."

This was only a temporary stay for tonight, and naturally, she had to find another place.

After a while, Sharon Allyson said again, "How come you came with Trey Coe?"

Before she went into the Proctor family, she had called Ruben and told him to call the police if she wasn't out in an hour.

Ruben said, "After you called me, I got Daniel, but he couldn't get away, so that's why Trey Coe came."

"Got it. Go get some sleep. I'm going in."

Back in the bedroom, Sharon Allyson closed the door, walked over to the bed, and sat down on the carpet, her eyes resting on the little one, unable to move away.

All the memories and details of the last few months had strung together, and she seemed to be so close to the truth every time. But it was always just that close, making her miss it again and again.

From now on, no matter what happened, she would never let him go.

No one could, again, snatch the child from her hands.

Outside the window, it had rained all night.

Sharon Allyson sat there and didn't sleep.

By eight, the little one woke up and began to wave his little hands in the air.

Sharon Allyson picked him up and went to the kitchen to boil water and mix his formula.

Not long after, there was a knock at the door.

Sharon Allyson just opened the door.

Tiffany Momon rushed in anxiously, "Sharon, are you okay? I heard Daniel say you went to the Proctor family yesterday. Did they do anything to you? Why are you living here alone? And where is this place?"

Her series of questions made Sharon Allyson laugh, and she did not know how to answer.

So she just said, "Don't worry, I'm fine. Look at me, still alive, right?"

At that, Tiffany Momon breathed a sigh of relief.

Finally, she noticed the baby in her arms.

The little one was looking at her with big round eyes and curiosity.

Tiffany Momon said in shock, "This is..."

Sharon Allyson smiled, "Your godson."

Tiffany Momon came back to her senses and said in a daze, "Such a big baby already! Is he..."

Sharon Allyson nodded, "Yes."

"Oh my God!"

Tiffany Momon held out her hands eagerly, "Can I hold it?"

Sharon Allyson placed it in Tiffany Momon's arms.

Tiffany Momon held it and then froze, not daring to move at all.

Sharon Allyson laughed, "Don't be so nervous. Just take it easy."

"It feels like he's so small. I'm afraid I'll hurt him if I use any force."

Daniel came in and held Tiffany Momon's shoulders, "Go inside and sit down first."

Sharon Allyson said, "I was just going out to get breakfast. What do you guys want to eat?"

At that moment, Ruben came out of the room, "I'll go get it. It's still raining outside."