

Resume 281

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 281

What a Sweet Talker

They didn't expect that she knew Mr.Beale.Moreover, she was yelling his full name.

But realizing that she was just a woman, they felt she was bluffing.

After all, a woman with true power would never come here to beg them.

They believed she was bluffing.

One of them said, "I don't care about Mr.Beale.He will never care about people like you.If you want us to help you, show your sincerity.'

"Interesting.For people like you who hide behind Talon, I don't think you're brave enough to do anything.You're men.How can you make yourself happy by insulting a poor woman on such an occasion? Perhaps your wives or daughters will end up like this.Have you ever thought about it?" The woman asked.

Her words enraged them.

They immediately said with a cold face, "Don't be ungrateful.She came to us for help.We didn't force her to do so.And you don't know who I am, do you? I think you'd better show some respect."

At this time, someone sneered, "I was wondering who was giving a tough talk.It turned out to be Mr.Bee."

Kale turned round impatiently, "What the hell...Mr....Mr.Proctor..."

Jameson stood there and looked at him coldly.

Kale's expression changed.

He explained with a smile, "What a surprise to see you here, Mr.Proctor.Sorry about this.They are family members of employees in the Beale Group.There are some internal problems recently, and it's because of people like them.Mr.Beale fired some employees, but their families come to speak for them.Mr.Proctor, I have no choice."

He was indicating that this was an affair of the Beale Group and had nothing to do with Jameson.

He hoped that Jameson would ignore it.

Jameson smiled, "So it seems that I'm meddling?"

"No.I don't mean that.But it's a tricky thing.After all, women are hard to deal with."

"I understand.But I have a question for you."

Kale said, "Mr.Proctor, what is it?"

Jameson articulated each word, "Could you tell me when my wife became a family member of the employees in the Beale Group?"

His voice was calm, yet sounded as chill as ice.

Hearing this, Kale, and the man beside him were stunned.

They looked at Sharon at the same time.

Then Kale was in cold sweat "Mr.Proctor, I think this is a misunderstanding.I didn't know she was Mrs.Proctor.I...I..."

Kale couldn't utter a single word, his legs trembling.

After all, Jameson had scolded back those who said something bad about his ex-wife on Twitter.

And the account he used was the official account of the Proctor Group.

From then on, everyone knew he had deep affection to her.

The relationship between the Beale Group and the Proctor Group was bad.

If they offended Jameson and involved the Beale Group, then they would be finished.

Jameson added, "Mr.Bee, relax.Those who don't know are innocent.I will ignore it if you can kneel down and apologize to my wife."

Kale's eyes widened, "I..."

"You want to say no?"

The sweat on Kale's forehead fell.

He almost knelt because his legs were trembling.

Jameson laughed, "I'm joking.You can't be serious, right?"

Kale secretly scolded him, and then smiled with gratefulness, "Mr....Mr.Proctor is tolerant.I know you'll brush it aside."

"Mr.Bee is flattering me.But I don't have the final say in my family." Kale was stunned.

Then he turned to Sharon again and smiled.

"Mrs.Proctor, it was a misunderstanding.I'm sorry.Please forgive me.I'm so rude.And I will do my best to help your friend..."

Sharon was calm, "You don't have to.I don't care about it."

"Then how about..."

"How much wine did she drink?"

Sharon glanced at them, "You'll drink as much as she did."

Socializing was sometimes disgusting, especially when it came to wine. Sharon really hated it.

Kale hesitated for a while, "OK. I'll do what Mrs. Proctor said."

Kale thought Jameson didn't know how much Paisley had drunk, and he would not watch them when they drank.

So he was thinking about drinking only one or two glasses.

But he didn't expect that Jameson stopped a waiter, "Can you go to room number three with the two gentlemen? Tell your manager to monitor them to drink all the wine in that room. And please serve them the wine I've bought here."

After finishing speaking, Jameson looked at Kale and said slowly, "Thank you, Mr. Bee. Now the wine I have kept for years is yours. Enjoy yourself."

"Mr. Proctor..." Kale was shocked.

"You don't have to thank me, Mr. Bee. It's nothing."

Sharon wanted to burst into laughter but it was not the right time.

She had to admit that Jameson was an illegitimate child.

He could fool them with simple words.

Moreover, they couldn't refute or refuse him.

After the waiter left with Kale, the manager of the restaurant rushed over.

Sharon asked him to take care of Paisley and contact her family.

Now she had done everything she could for Paisley.

After having everything done, she took a deep breath.

However, she turned around only to find Jameson looking at her.

"Why are you looking at me like that?"

Sharon felt embarrassed and touched her nose.

"Because you're beautiful." Sharon was lost for words.

What a sweet-talker.

Sharon pulled at his cuff, "Alright, let's get back to eat."

She was starving because she hardly ate anything.

They returned to their room.

When they were eating, Jameson asked, "How did you know her?"

Sharon was stunned for a moment before she realized that he was talking about Paisley.

She said in a low voice, "She is my classmate from university."

"Oh."

Jameson continued, "You have a lot of talented classmates. Martin, Trey, and ..."

Sharon was somewhat upset, "Shut up!"

Then Jameson did fall silent. After a while, Sharon finally said, "Mr. Proctor, I have to correct one thing."

Jameson raised his eyebrows and said, "What is it?"

"We're divorced now. You can't tell others I'm your wife."

Jameson frowned, as if he was unhappy, "I don't think it's a big deal."

"It's a matter of common knowledge in law." Sharon said sternly.

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Seeking Attention from Others

Jameson remained silent for two seconds before looking at her with his black and deep eyes.

"Then how should I say it?"

Sharon subconsciously opened her mouth and was about to reply when she suddenly realized that it was a trap.

She hurriedly shut her mouth and took a sip of the water in front of her, pretending that nothing had happened as she looked sideways.

Soon, Jameson's low voice sounded, "So how?"

At this time, Sharon's phone rang.

She immediately answered the phone.

"Hey, Tiffany ... The water is leaking in the bathroom? Don't worry. I'll be right back!"

On the phone, before the salesperson for kids' extracurricular tutoring got the chance to speak, the phone was hung up.

After hanging up the phone, Sharon hastened to pick up her stuff and said, "Mr. Proctor, something happened in my apartment. I have to go back immediately. You don't have to drive me. I'll just take a taxi."

Jameson was leaning against the chair, his arm casually resting on the armrest of the seat beside him.

Staring at her with a faint smile, he asked, "Do you know how to deal with the leakage?"

Since the excuse had been made and couldn't be taken back, Sharon could only answer, "First, you should do this and then do that. Finally, it would be OK."

Jameson asked slowly, "First, you should do what?"

Sharon was choked. Such an annoying man!

"I don't know that much," she said.

"I'll just go check. Maybe call for a repair service, or ask Ruben for help."

Hearing this, Jameson stood up and took his coat, saying, "It's troublesome to get repair service. I'll go with you."

Sharon's eyes widened, "Well, I can handle it. Don't bother."

"It's OK. This is what boyfriends do."

Jameson paused for a moment, and the corner of his lips curled.

"I'm saying it right this time, aren't I?"

Sharon blushed and was startled for a while. The man was good at giving himself titles.

Jameson held her by the hand and said, "Let's get going."

As Sharon walked, she weakly retorted, "Who says you're my boyfriend? I didn't agree to it."

Jameson said, "You agreed."

"You're not going to say that you heard the voice in my heart again, are you?" Jameson raised his eyebrows.

He didn't answer her question.

Sharon regretted it the moment she said that.

She couldn't believe she just confessed it.

Fine.

It was no use arguing now.

When the car stopped downstairs, Sharon was about to push open the car door and leave when Jameson unfastened his seat belt.

After meeting Sharon's eyes, he calmly said, "Isn't there a water leakage in your apartment? I'll go check for you."

Sharon snorted.

The man knew that it was her excuse, but now he was taking that against her.

After a few seconds, Sharon said, "Mr. Proctor, I have something to discuss with you."

Jameson took a sidelong glance at her and did not say anything.

He knew she would not say anything pleasant.

Sharon ignored him and continued, "I don't live in that apartment alone. Mr. Proctor, you can't go there as you please. You'll disturb my roommate." Jameson's slender fingers knocked on the steering wheel and said, "Then move out. I'll rent a new apartment for you."

"No, thank you."

After receiving the rebuff, Jameson went on, "Or you can move back to the Star Lake Mansion."

Sharon rejected without hesitation, "No."

"Why? Don't you just say that it's inconvenient to have other people around?"

She took a deep breath and said, "I just don't think it's OK for you to go. If you're not there, it's great for me."

Jameson frowned and said unhappily, "But I'm not feeling great."

"Oh, that's your problem. Deal with it yourself."

Jameson was speechless.

When he was absent-minded, Sharon pulled open the car door and left right away.

While trotting to the elevator, Sharon still wore the faint smile on her face.

But the moment the elevator door opened, the smile vanished immediately.

Natalia was standing in the elevator with her hands crossed over her chest.

She gave Sharon a cold glance.

When seeing Sharon showed no intention of entering, she asked mockingly, "Ms. Allyson, aren't you coming in?"

Sharon pursed her lips, and after two seconds of silence, she walked into the elevator.

As the elevator rose at a slow rate, Natalia said, "Ms. Allyson, you're really something. Jameson hated you so much before you two divorced. But now, everyone knows that he's chasing you again. You must be very proud of yourself. But Ms. Allyson, don't be overexcited. You two getting back together is not something nice. He is a disgusting illegitimate bast*rd, and you are the daughter of a gambler. You two are indeed a good match, but also a joke people would use to amuse themselves."

Hearing this, Sharon laughed out loud, "Miss Beale, you're really well-raised and decent to say the bast*rd word. Did you forget that you have tried every means to marry Jameson?"

Natalia sneered coldly, "Well, apparently, I'm not good at it as you are. I am willing to marry Jameson only for the sake of the Proctor family. Otherwise, an illegitimate bast*rd like him would never deserve me."

"Just as you said, your marriage with Jameson was only because of the Proctor family, but Jameson is not the only son of the Proctor family. Then why did you choose him?"

Sharon did not give Natalia, who was extremely embarrassed at that moment any face.

How could she not know what Natalia was up to? If she didn't feel something for Jameson, she would not have deliberately said in her face that she and Jameson were about to get married but were forced to depart.

When her engagement to Jameson was broken, and the Beales asked her to marry Jeffery, she was obviously reluctant.

Although Natalia looked gentle and kind, she was extremely arrogant inwardly.

The reason why she got so close to Daniel was not necessarily because she liked him.

It was very likely that she was enjoying his pursuit.

Maybe she wanted to get rid of the marriage alliance with the Proctor family with the help of Daniel.

Natalia was smart and ambitious, but she liked to seek attention from others.

As Tiffany said, she was extremely hypocritical.

At this time, the elevator stopped.

Sharon did not say anything else.

She nodded slightly to Natalia and left.

After returning home, Sharon took a long breath after closing the door behind her.

Hearing the noise outside, Tiffany poked her head out and exclaimed, "You're back. How was your date today?"

Sharon shushed her with a gesture, and then looked through the monitor beside the wall.

Natalia was ringing Daniel's doorbell.

Tiffany also came over and saw the scene.

She couldn't help but express her disgust.

Sharon grabbed her hand and walked towards the living room.

"Forget it."

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What a Good Daughter

Meanwhile, next door.

Daniel looked back at Natalia sitting on the sofa.

Then he looked elsewhere and poured two glasses of wine before walking over with the glasses.

He sat opposite her and crossed his long legs, "Why do you suddenly come here?"

Natalia looked around holding the wine glass and said, "I haven't been here yet. I just came by and had a look." Daniel smiled and raised his glass.

"I met Sharon just now," Natalia added.

"Really?"

Natalia smiled disdainfully, "Jameson is illegitimate. Even if he really inherits property of the Proctor family in the future, it's undeserved. I don't know why she is so proud."

Daniel only smiled and didn't say anything.

After a while, Natalia finally got down to business.

"I came here to ask you to help me investigate something that happened twenty years ago."

Daniel raised his eyebrows and let her continue.

Natalia took out a photo from her bag, and it was obviously taken by phone and then printed out.

She put the photo in front of Daniel and pointed at the man beside Talon.

"Help me investigate this man and what he did twenty years ago." Daniel picked up the photo and glanced at it.

"Who is he?"

"He is my father's younger brother. I should call him uncle."

"Why do you investigate him?"

Natalia smiled and didn't say much.

She just said, "It's none of your business. I need to know everything he did."

Daniel looked at her and said, "Since this is your uncle, I think you should ask your father."

"I didn't find any useful clues from my father, and he didn't want to tell me much information."

Natalia said, "I feel that the crisis of our family may relate to what happened twenty years ago. If I find clues and know what happened back then, I can address the crisis."

Even if it was not related, she would create some relevant information.

Once the crisis of the Beale Group was related to what happened twenty years ago, then Sharon would be the scapegoat.

At that time, even Jameson couldn't protect her.

Natalia added, "You are close to Mr. Jones, so you should be able to ask him about what happened twenty years ago."

Daniel looked at her deeply and put down the photo.

"I can investigate for you, but I'm afraid the result will surprise you." Natalia frowned, "What do you mean?"

Daniel smiled.

"Nothing. Never mind."

Natalia stood up and said, "I'm leaving then."

"Shall I give you a ride?"

Natalia glanced at him and said indifferently, "No. Just help me to investigate. I'll give you what you want when it's done."

Daniel raised his eyebrows, "Suit yourself." After Natalia left, Daniel looked at the photo and dialed a number.

"Natalia gave a photo to me and asked me to find out the truth twenty years ago."

The person answering the phone paused and replied, "What kind of truth does she want?"

"I don't know, but it seems like she has already known that the crisis is related to what happened twenty years ago. She is desperate to find the key clues so that everything can be traced."

Daniel was a little puzzled, "But I think she has plans."

"What did she say?"

"She said that as long as she knew what had happened back then, she could turn the tables."

Very quickly, the person replied, "Natalia is very smart. Be careful."

Daniel said, "I didn't expose myself, but..."

Since Natalie was so confident, she should have some vital evidence or clues.

"Let's see what she wants to do, then find a good time to tell her the truth."

"Everything?"

"Yes, everything she wants to know."

After hanging up, Daniel looked at the photo thoughtfully.

He felt that Natalia didn't just want to know the truth.

Although some executives of the Beale Group took the blame and the public opinion was slightly shifted, there were still many problems.

Many people also paid close attention to the Beale Group, including Jameson.

If Talon did not handle it properly, the Beale Group would change hands, and Talon, the largest shareholder and chairman of the Beale Group, would also go to jail.

Once Talon was in prison, Natalia would also have a hard time.

But she wanted to investigate the truth twenty years ago at this time.

Daniel sneered.

She was indeed a good daughter.

He didn't know how Talon would feel.

In the evening, Sharon sat at her desk and held her pocket watch in a daze.

It was a long time ago and she didn't find any useful information.

Sharon took a deep breath, put down the pocket watch and opened the sketch book again.

When she saw the pocket watch necklace she had designed, her eyes were slightly dull.

The necklace was gone since Rita made a mess at the charity dinner.

Natalia also approached her at that time.

Right now, only Rita knew where the necklace was.

Sharon closed the sketch book and lay on the bed.

She closed her eyes to sleep.

But just as she fell asleep, she had that dream again.

The disastrous fire, deafening explosion, and the horrible shouts were extremely clear in her dream.

She suddenly woke up and panted heavily.

Her back was full of sweat.

Sharon turned to find that the phone on the bedside was vibrating.

She picked it up and looked at it.

It was Jameson.

After calming down, Sharon answered, "It's so late. What's wrong?"

"Nothing, I miss you." Sharon didn't say anything.

She just calmed down but her heart beat fast again because of Jameson's word.

Jameson said, "When are you going to move out?"

"I don't want to move out for the moment." Jameson didn't reply.

Just as Sharon was about to speak, she heard a baby crying over the phone.

She paused for a moment before saying, "Where are you?"

"At home."

"The sound..."

"It's the sound of TV."

After a moment, there was no sound.

"Alright. Don't you sleep?"

Sharon looked at the time and said.

Jameson said, "I can't sleep."

"But I'm going to sleep," Sharon said seriously.

"Alright, I'll accompany you."

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Come with Me to a Place

Tomorrow Sharon flushed like she was a little embarrassed by what he said, "I'm not a child. I don't need you to put me to sleep. Alright, that's it. I got to go."

Sharon was in hurry to end the call.

But in the end, she added, "Good night."

After Sharon hung up the phone, Jameson slowly put down his phone.

His thin mouth curled into a slight smile.

At this time, a young woman walked behind Jameson and said, "Mr. Proctor, the doctor brought the child's high fever down. The baby has just fallen asleep."

Jameson nodded and walked into the bedroom next door.

The doctor had just left.

In the bedroom, Charlotte sat beside the crib, feeling bad for her grandson.

After a while, Jameson slowly said, "It's just a cold and fever. It's normal."

Charlotte sighed.

This little fellow was born more fragile than other children.

He had been very sick in his early two months.

Charlotte could not rest assured.

Her only comfort was that he was much healthier than before.

Charlotte looked at the crib.

The little fellow didn't sleep very well.

With a fever cooling paste on his forehead, the poor thing curled into a ball.

Charlotte said seriously, "When are you going to tell Sharon the truth?"

Jameson stood with one hand in his pocket.

He pursed his thin lips and said, "Soon."

Charlotte sighed, "It's up to you. Anyway, you should know I won't help you bring her back. It's your fault."

Jameson did not say anything.

Charlotte looked at him and said, "There's nothing else to do here. You should go back."

Soon, Jameson's voice sounded, "Evie is looking for you."

Charlotte was slightly stunned.

"What did she want from me?" She said coldly.

Jameson looked away and said indifferently, "All she can do is making use of my illegitimate birth to make trouble."

Charlotte's face changed slightly, "Jameson, what happened back then wasn't..."

"I don't care what happened back then."

Jameson said coldly, "I only want her to pay for what she did."

"How can I help you?"

The drama caused by Saige was completely over.

The studio wasn't affected.

Instead, it got a lot of exposure and gained recognition.

Many famous jewelry bloggers also reached out to them for advertising cooperation.

Even Lumiere Jewelry ran an article on their jewelry collection.

In less than half a month, the orders increased sharply.

Tiffany collapsed on the sofa, "There are too many orders. And Ruben went back to school. It seems that we need new recruiters again."

Sharon was sorting out orders while she talked, "Don't worry, I've already posted the employment information on the websites. Someone will come for an interview tomorrow."

"Really?" Tiffany was inspired.

Sharon nodded.

Just as she was about to reply, she saw an envelope in a pile of orders.

She picked it up and opened it.

Her face changed at once.

Tiffany did not hear her voice and looked over, "Sharon, what's wrong?"

Sharon put down the envelope and shook her head, "Nothing. It's getting late. Let's go back."

Tiffany then got up from the sofa and said, "Alright."

On their way back, Tiffany wondered, "Why didn't the jer... Mr. Proctor come to you lately?"

"He has been busy working on the Beale Group. Last week, he went abroad on a business trip and hasn't returned yet."

Tiffany said, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." Sharon didn't say another word.

Tiffany did not know what she was thinking. It was strange.

Every time she teased Sharon, Sharon would feel embarrassed and tell her not to talk nonsense.

But today, she didn't respond.

Tiffany asked tentatively, "Sharon, what's wrong? You're not feeling well?"

Sharon regained herself and pressed her fingers to her temples, "A little dizzy."

"Do you need to take some medicine?"

"No need. I just need to go back and sleep."

Tiffany nodded, "Alright, I'll drive faster."

When they got back, Sharon did not even clean up and went straight into the bedroom.

Tiffany scratched her head and poured a glass of water.

In the room, Sharon sat at her desk and took out the envelope from her bag.

Inside the envelope, there were a few photographs and a blackmail letter.

The color was draining from her face when she saw those photos.

Her fingertips trembled slightly.

Three years ago, she was sent to Twilight Club.

She struggled desperately and finally escaped the room.

And then she met Jameson.

But... She did not expect that what happened before she escaped from the room had been photographed.

The blackmailer asked her to prepare five million and send it to a specified address tomorrow.

Sharon took a deep breath and put the photos back into the envelope.

After thinking for a long time, she took out her phone and gave Jameson a call.

Very quickly, the man's low voice sounded, "What's wrong?"

"I...can't sleep.Are you busy?"

Jameson whispered, "I'm in the middle of a meeting.How about calling you after?"

Sharon replied, "Never mind.I'll be asleep when you're done.Go on with what you're doing."

Then she hung up the phone.

Not long after, there was a gentle knock on the door.

Tiffany's voice came from outside, "Sharon, are you asleep?"

Sharon stood up and opened the door, "Not yet."

Tiffany handed her a glass of warm water.

"I've cooked some millet porridge.It'll be ready in a while.Do you want to eat some and sleep?"

Sharon took the water and shook her head.

Tiffany noticed Sharon was pale.

She was a little worried, "Sharon, did something happen to you? Or did that jerk cheat on you again? Tell me, I'll scold him!"

Sharon smiled and said, "No, I'm just feeling a little ill."

Seeing that she insisted on not saying anything, Tiffany asked no questions and said, "Alright.Have a nice sleep.'

"Alright." Sharon turned around.

When she was just about to close the door, she hesitated for a few seconds and said, "Tiffany."

Tiffany turned around and asked, "What?"

Sharon was at a loss for words.No matter how long it took, the night in the Twilight Club was still her worst nightmare.

She did not know why these photographs would suddenly appear after three years.

She did not know who was holding these photographs, and all the unease and fear seemed to sweep over her from the moment she saw these photographs.

After a long time, she said, "Can you come with me to a place tomorrow?"

Tiffany was stunned for a moment, but she did not ask any further.

She nodded and said, "Alright."

Normally, Sharon would tell her everything.

If she didn't want to say it, she probably didn't know how to Say it, or there was a great reason.

No matter what, Tiffany knew she would learn everything when they got there tomorrow.

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Be a Good Actor

Sharon returned to her room and lay on the bed.

Although she was exhausted, she did not feel sleepy at all.

Half an hour later, the phone on the bedside table rang.

Sharon picked it up.

It was Jameson calling.

She waited till the call almost ended before answering it.

Soon, Jameson's voice sounded, "Are you asleep?"

"No," said Sharon.

"Cannot fall sleep?"

Sharon did not reply.

After a pause, Jameson continued, "I'll be back tomorrow afternoon.'

"OK,"

Sharon was silent for a while before responding.

Jameson asked, "Did something happen to you?"

"No" Sharon said.

"Why do you ask?"

"Something's wrong with you.'/ Sharon said angrily, "I am not!"

At this time, someone seemed to be calling Jameson.

Jameson whispered, "We'll talk when I come back.

If it's urgent, go find William and don't take risks by yourself."

"I see.

Jameson said, "William will call you later.

Don't turn off the phone."

"Alright."

Sharon hung up the phone and let out a long breath.

It was as if the uneasiness and anxiety just now had all disappeared.

She did not sleep well all night.

The blackmail letter said that it was 8 pm the next day.

Sharon did not plan to raise five million but prepared an empty suitcase.

She had always felt that the blackmailer was probably related to the person who had sold her to the Twilight Club three years ago.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have these things.

Most of those people worked for Bridger.

Ever since Bridger sent her to the hospital, they had disappeared and never showed up again.

Baddies and good people were mixing at that time, and the photos might not be in the hands of just one person.

Thinking of this, Sharon felt powerless.

It was useless to call the police when dealing with those people.

They were not in awe of the law at all.

In the afternoon, William finally arrived.

He looked around the studio before looking at Sharon.

"Speaking of which, I should have sent you a present the day you started your business. But I don't think you would like to see me at that time."

Sharon wore a faint smile.

To be honest, she still didn't want to see him.

She had always seen him as Jameson's inept adviser.

William leaned against the front desk and said, "I heard from Jameson that something happened to you. What is it?"

"It's not a big deal," Sharon said.

She thought for a while and said, "I need some of your men."

"Sure. But Jameson told me to accompany you till he comes back. Tell me what happened. If it's really not a big deal, my men will go with you, and I won't."

Sharon looked at him with a faint frown as if she was hesitating.

William sensed her worry and lightly tapped on the table with his finger.

"You don't want Jameson to know?"

At first, Sharon did not intend to tell Jameson about this.

However, she knew very well that even if she asked Tiffany to accompany her, the two of them would not be a match for the blackmailer.

So when Jameson asked William to call her, she did not refuse.

Later, Sharon took the blackmail letter from her bag and emphasized, "I don't want to give him money, nor ask Jameson for money. I just want to go there and see if I can get a chance to call the police."

William said nothing.

But he well understood Sharon's concerns.

After all, not long ago, Jameson regarded her as a woman who worshipped money and did not hesitate to use any means to achieve her goal.

If this happened before their divorce, Sharon wouldn't be able to defend herself.

William looked at the contents of the blackmail letter and asked, "Do you have the photos?"

Sharon pursed her lips and nodded.

"Are you sure they are taken at that time?" William asked.

"Yes, Sharon took a deep breath.

"This is strange."

"What?"

"Everyone involved in this matter at the Twilight Club was cleanly dealt with. It can't be any photos left."

Hearing this, Sharon felt at a loss, "Dealt with?"

William put down the letter and looked at her, "You were Jameson's wife at that time. Even though he always said that he hated you, how could he really let this leak out?"

People only knew that Sharon had been sold to the Twilight Club, but no one knew whom she had been sold to and what had happened that night.

Even Sharon herself had never thought about it.

After a long time, she said, "Anyway ...don't tell him. I'll go by myself tonight. If the blackmailer only wants money, I'll think of another way.'

The photos meant that the blackmailer definitely had the film.

Calling the police rashly would provoke the blackmailer, and the photos would be leaked.

William said, "I'd better go with you."

Sharon refused, "He said that I must go there alone."

"Just tell him I'm your driver."

William looked at the suitcase that she put aside, "You have to be a good actor, or your negotiation will fail."

William handed the suitcase to one of his lackeys and told them to prepare for tonight.

Then, he said to Sharon, "Don't worry, I won't tell Jameson. I'll go with you tonight and make sure everything is handled properly." Sharon nodded, "Thank you."

At night, the car stopped in front of a residential building near a high school.

Just as Sharon got off the car, she heard a hoarse voice in the darkness, "Go to the roof over there."

Sharon looked over and saw a large platform on the second floor not far away.

William got out of the car.

The man was angry, "Didn't I tell you to come alone?"

William raised his hands and said, "I'm just driving her here. Dude, it's not safe for a girl to go out at night. All you want is money. Just ignore me. The film is still in your hands. We can't do anything to you."

The man in the dark paused for a moment before saying, "You stand there, don't move!"

"Fine. I won't move."

As he spoke, William glanced at Sharon.

The latter carried the suitcase and walked towards the platform on the second floor.

"Didn't I ask you to bring five million? How much is this? Are you f*cking fooling me?"

Sharon heard the man's voice from afar as she stepped up the last stairs.

Sharon said in a calm voice, "This is only a part of it. When you give me the film, I'll give you the rest."

"Stop messing around with me! Bring me the rest of the money, or I'll post the photos online. By then, your reputation will be destroyed!"

Sharon stared at the darkness and frowned slightly.

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He Was Still Alive

The man in the darkness seemed to be very anxious.

Before Sharon could think about it, he threatened, "Hurry up! I'm running out of my patience! It's just five million. It's no big deal for you, isn't it?"

Sharon was puzzled and surprised when she heard this.

Suddenly, she laughed.

She opened her mouth, but didn't know what to say.

She had thought that the person who had sent the blackmail letter might be the subordinate of Bridger, or even the person who had bought her, but she had never thought that it would be him...

Sure, how could she even have thought of him? She could never expect that the person who should have died, the person she had called Dad for more than 20 years, would use the photo to threaten her for money.

Sharon suddenly felt so tired.

She said indifferently, "I don't have that much money. That's all I have."

With that, she put down the box and prepared to leave.

Seeing this, Josh became anxious, "You own such a big shop and it makes so much profit every day. How come you don't even have five million? Are you kidding me? Aren't you afraid?"

"Whatever. I have nothing to be afraid of. The one who should be afraid is you, Josh." Sharon stared at the darkness.

"Even if you have escaped from prison, once someone finds out that you are still alive, you will be wanted throughout the nation. Where do you think you can hide?"

Josh probably did not expect Sharon to be able to recognize him and didn't speak for a long time.

Then, he fiercely said, "Don't scare me. Now that I can escape, I can avoid being captured by them! But you, my dear daughter, you are living a glorious life now. You have earned so much money by starting your own company. So what if you help your father a little bit? That's what you're supposed to do!"

Sharon said, "Well, I have one question for you. I saw what you put in the box. What exactly happened twenty years ago? Why did my mother marry you?"

After a moment of silence in the darkness, Josh suddenly laughed out loudly.

His laughter was ear-piercing, like an old organ, hoarse and shabby.

Sharon stood there quietly and indifferently.

At the time, William, who was hiding in the shadows, thought that it was a good timing and took advantage of it to capture Josh.

However, Josh had been prepared and hiding in the darkness so that no one knew his exact location.

As soon as he heard a slight movement coming from behind him, he jumped down from the second floor and ran away.

William's subordinates went to chase after him but were dispersed by the students who had just finished their classes and were on their way home.

They lost Josh.

Seeing this, William rubbed his nose and said to Sharon.

"I will send more men to find out his whereabouts as soon as possible. Don't worry."

Sharon gently shook her head, "It's fine. He will come to me again anyway."

She had been so nervous only because she hadn't known who that man was.

But now, she knew that it was Josh, and his goal was just to get money.

Moreover, judging from the meeting place tonight, she thought that Josh was very vigilant.

He had chosen the right time when the students left school, so that it was convenient for him to escape.

Sharon picked up the suitcase on the ground and returned it to William, "Thank you. Let's go back."

William had recently learned that Josh hadn't died.

However, this was the first time he had learned that Josh was not Sharon's biological father.

He was very curious, but it was obviously not the right time.

So he didn't ask Sharon anyway.

On the way back, Sharon did not say anything.

She just leaned back in the seat and looked out of the window quietly.

William didn't know what to say.

He only hoped that Jameson could return soon.

Finally, the car stopped.

Sharon turned to nod slightly to William, "Thank you."

"You're welcome. If you need anything, just call me."

Sharon smiled faintly and pushed open the car door to leave.

Upon returning home, Tiffany came up to her, "Sharon, how is it? Did you catch him?"

With William there, Sharon had asked Tiffany to go back home first.

However, Tiffany had figured it out from the conversation between her and William in the afternoon.

Sharon shook her head, "No. He ran away."

"Run away?"

Tiffany couldn't help but frown, "Jameson's friend was so useless. He was so confident but turns out so unreliable."

"It has nothing to do with him."

Sharon sat on the sofa and said somewhat exhaustedly, "Hey, Tiffany. Josh didn't die ..."

Tiffany couldn't help but widen her eyes in shock, "What?"

Then she asked doubtfully, "Wait, why did you suddenly mention him? Was he the one who sent you the blackmail letter?"

Before Sharon could reply, Ruben's cold voice came from the door, "Is he?"

Sharon and Tiffany looked over at the same time.

Sharon was surprised, "Ruben, why ..."

Suddenly, Sharon realized something and turned to look at Tiffany.

The latter coughed and said guiltily, "Well, this is weekend and he came to see you tonight, so I told him."

Who would have thought that the person would be Josh? Da*n it! Sharon looked at Talon again and smiled at him, "It's fine. The matter has been settled, let alone ..."

"Settled?"

Before Sharon could finish speaking, she was interrupted by Ruben.

His face was frighteningly cold, and the veins on his neck were obvious, as if he was trying so hard to suppress his anger.

Sharon got up, walked to his side, and whispered, "Calm down. We all know what kind of person he is. He is only asking for money and he has nowhere to go. Even if he escaped by chance, he will be arrested very soon."

Ruben said coldly, "He is a stinky maggot in the sewer and will never show up under the sun. How can you catch him?"

Sharon suddenly felt that something was wrong.

Ruben didn't seem surprised that Josh was still alive.

Sharon said, "Ruben, did you know that Josh was still alive?"

Ruben pursed his lips and said after a few seconds, "The DNA from the cigarette butt in the cemetery was Josh's."

Sharon was surprised. But after thinking about it, she thought that it was normal.

After all, no one else would go to Josh's cemetery.

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It's Normal That They Look like Each O

After a while, Sharon said, "It doesn't matter, Ruben. Just like you said, he doesn't have the guts to show up. He just wants money and won't be a threat to me. Don't worry. Anyway, I'm fine."

Ruben's face clouded over and he didn't say anything.

After a while, he said, "I will find him out."

Sharon shook her head, "Ruben, leave it to me. I know how to handle it."

Ruben said, "You don't need to consider my feelings. In my heart, he is not my father. He is a sc*m. I would rather he was dead."

Sharon sighed slightly, "Ruben..."

Ruben added, "I know what to do. You...forget it. Jameson will protect you."

Sharon was embarrassed.

"When did you know?" she ventured.

"Isn't it obvious?" Ruben said.

Sharon shut up.

After Ruben left, Sharon sat back on the sofa and held a pillow in her arms.

Tiffany said, "It's my fault. If I had known the result, I wouldn't have told Ruben. He must feel very sad."

Sharon said, "Even if you didn't tell him, he would know." "Will Josh come to meet you again?"

"Yes, he will."

Josh didn't get the money today and would come here again.

Tiffany frowned, "Those photos are in his hands. What if he is out of mind and posts them?"

Sharon said indifferently, "It depends on whether he wants money or he wants to go down with me."

"Sharon." Tiffany was worried.

Sharon turned around and smiled at her, "Don't worry. I'm fine. It has been so many years and I've been used to it. To be honest, the moment I found out it was him, I felt relieved. At least I have known what to expect. If it was someone else, I might not be able to fall asleep tonight."

Tiffany sighed and didn't know what to say.

Although Josh escaped, he broke a leg when he jumped down from the second floor.

He ran as he looked back.

He was afraid that they would catch up.

Just as he was dragging one leg across the road, a car suddenly sped over.

The dazzling lights flashed.

Josh took the chance and fell to the ground.

The car stopped half a meter away from Josh.

Josh hugged his legs and began to scream miserably.

Soon, the driver got out of the car and said politely, "Sir, our car didn't hit you."

Josh glanced at him and the license plate.

Then he shouted even more loudly, "You are vicious. My leg is broken by you. How can you deny it? My broken leg is the evidence."

The driver said, "I promise that the car didn't hit you."

Josh ignored the driver, hugged his own legs and screamed endlessly.

Although there weren't cars passing by on this road, Josh was lying in front of the car and they couldn't drive away.

The driver didn't know what to do.

He got into the car, knocked on the back seat and asked, "Sir"

Patrick said calmly, "Give him the money." The driver replied, "OK."

The driver walked in front of the car, took out his wallet and asked, "How much do you want?"

Josh rolled his eyes and said, "Look! My leg is broken. I need to go to the hospital. At the very least, I need 70,000 to 80,000."

The driver glanced at the blood on the ground and took out a bank card for Josh.

"It's one hundred thousand. That should be enough."

Hearing this, Josh jumped up from the ground with one leg.

Without thinking, he snatched the bank card and said, "Barely enough. You are lucky. If I hadn't been in a hurry, I would have asked you to go to the hospital with me and you would pay for the check-up fee, nutrition fee, lost wages, and all sorts of other fees. It won't be enough."

The driver glanced at him, didn't say anything, turned around and got into the car.

Josh flicked the bank card in his hand, smiled and limped along the road.

When he passed by the rear window, he pressed his face against the window to take a look.

Patrick turned around and met his gaze.

Seeing him, Josh couldn't help but curl his lips.

The drive drove away slowly.

Josh stood there, spat and dragged his legs forward.

After driving for dozens of meters, Patrick said suddenly, "Stop!"

The black car stopped instantly.

The driver was puzzled.

"Sir, what's wrong?"

Patrick became serious slightly as he opened the car door and strode towards the place where Josh had left.

Josh heard the footsteps behind and saw someone chasing after him.

He thought that they were going back on their word and wanted to take the money back.

Josh ran into the bushes nearby and disappeared in an instant.

Seeing this, Patrick stopped and frowned slightly.

The driver came up and looked in the direction where Josh had disappeared.

“Sir, need we send someone to catch him?”

Patrick gently raised his hand, “Forget it.”

The driver ventured, “What’s the matter with that person?”

Patrick regained his consciousness and said indifferently, “He looks familiar.”

The driver said, “Sir, let’s go. Mr. Jones is waiting for you.”

Patrick nodded and got into the car.

After they drove away, Josh got out of the bushes, raised the bank card in his hand with self-satisfaction and crooned as he walked in the opposite direction.

They arrived at Mr. Jones’ home after twenty minutes.

In the tearoom, Mr. Jones heard the footsteps at the door and placed a new teacup across from him.

As soon as he poured the tea, Patrick showed up.

Mr. Jones said, “Have you dealt with those people?”

Patrick sat opposite him and nodded, “Yes.”

“I guess Talon is trying to find out who is dealing with him. However, no matter how he investigates, he will not be able to find out.”

Patrick said, “It is very difficult for him to change the situation. As long as the time comes, the Beale family will disappear from this world.’

Hearing this, Mr. Jones frowned and hesitated.

“Dealing with Talon is enough. After all, the Beale family is.... Do you have the heart to deal with the Beale family?”

“I have lost the most important thing long ago, so I have nothing to lose. These past few years, the Beale family has been ruined in his hands. With a light touch, it will start to decay. There is no need to keep it.”

Mr. Jones added, “You know that many companies are targeting at the Beale family. Among them, Jameson is the most aggressive one.’

Patrick smiled and said, "Annexing the Beale family is indeed very beneficial to Jameson. However, if he wants to obtain the shares before the Beale family disappears completely, he must be engaged to Natalia. Otherwise, he will only get an empty shell."

"Speaking of Jameson, I think his ex-wife looks like Doris. What do you think?"

"It's normal that they look like each other."

Patrick knew very well what had happened back then. They had no chance of surviving.

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I Want to See You Now

At three o'clock in the middle of the night, when Sharon was sleeping, she suddenly heard the buzzing of her phone at the bedside.

She thought it was the alarm, so she picked it up and pressed it randomly before putting it down and continuing her sleep.

However, shortly after, the phone started to ring under the quilt.

Sharon was finally woken up.

She held the phone near her face with her eyes half-opened.

It was not the alarm, but the call from the jerk.

Sharon answered the phone and put it beside her ear.

Her voice was hoarse, "Hello?"

On the phone, Jameson's voice paused for a few seconds, "Are you asleep?"

Sharon's eyes were still closed and she said with difficulty, "It's already past three o'clock. What should I do besides sleeping? Why is Mr. Proctor still awake?"

"I just got off the plane." Sharon said nothing.

She was suddenly clear for a moment.

She almost forgot that the jerk would return from abroad today.

Jameson couldn't hear anything from the phone, and said, "Are you sleeping?"

"No." Sharon slowly sat up and leaned against the bed.

"Are you at home now, Mr. Proctor?"

"I'm downstairs. Get down."

Sharon was stunned for a moment before she reacted.

He meant her community.

After hanging up the phone, Sharon put on a coat before leaving the house.

Even though it was already spring, the temperature at night was still freezing.

With a blow of cold wind, people couldn't help trembling.

Just as Sharon went downstairs, she saw the man leaning slightly against the car with his delicate appearance and cold temperament.

Sharon hadn't met him since the last time they had a meal.

She took a breath and slowly walked over.

Standing in front of Jameson, she said, "It is almost morning. Why are you here instead of going home?"

Jameson raised his eyebrows subtly, reached out and pulled her into his embrace.

He whispered in her ear, "I want to see you now." Sharon felt her heartbeat speed up.

After a few seconds, she said, "You will see me tomorrow. No, it should be today. It's just a few hours."

Jameson did not say anything, only hugging her tightly.

After a while, Sharon said, "Do you know?"

"Know what?"

Just as Sharon wanted to speak, she stopped again. If he didn't know, how could she tell him by herself?

"Nothing" Sharon said in unpleasant tone.

Jameson patted her back gently, "Is there anything you want to tell me?"

"No."

"Yes."

After pausing for two seconds, Sharon quickly answered, "I want to go back to sleep. Can you let me go, Mr. Proctor?"

Jameson said nothing.

He was displeased and said, "You should answer 'I miss you'. I don't want to hear any other answers."

"Then ask again."

"Forget it, you're too insincere."

Sharon made a face at him and said, "If I were insincere, I wouldn't have come out of bed in the middle of the night just to meet you."

Jameson tightened his arm around her waist, "You feel cold?"

"Don't hug so tightly. I can't breathe."

Jameson looked down and gazed the girl in his arms.

Then, he lowered his head and kissed her before Sharon could react.

His tongue easily opened her teeth and got straight into her mouth.

After the long kiss, Sharon gasped, "You..."

Jameson said, "You said you couldn't breathe and I just gave you some air." Sharon couldn't argue with him.

"You're disgusting," she said unhappily.

"You said it yourself."

Sharon didn't want to continue this childish argument, "I really have to go back to sleep, otherwise I may have a hard time getting up."

Jameson said, "Then stay in bed."

"I'm not like the wealthy and leisure Mr. Proctor. I wake up every morning to work and earn my living.

"If you marry me, all my money will be yours."

"Thank you, but no."

As she said, Sharon got rid of his arms, "I'll go back to my place. Mr. Proctor, you should go home." Jameson held her wrist tightly and did not let go.

Sharon was confused.

Jameson's dark eyes gazed at her, "Can I go up with you?"

"No!"

Sharon said determinedly. What the hell was the jerk thinking?

"Then come back to Star Lake Mansion with me. I'll send you back at dawn."

Sharon reminded him, "It's just a few hours before dawn. No need."

Jameson's thin lips were slightly pursed, and he did not say anything, nor did he let her go.

This was the first time Sharon found that he was so clingy, which made her hesitate.

It seemed that Tiffany's words were right, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

In the end, they both took a step back.

Sharon did not go upstairs, and Jameson did not take her to the Star Lake Mansion.

As time passed, the sun slowly rose and the light was dazzling.

Sharon raised her head and rubbed her eyes and happened to see one who was leaning against the car door next to her.

She was shocked and wanted to sit up subconsciously, but Jameson hugged her even tighter.

The man's hoarse and deep voice sounded, "Just sleep."

Sharon was so frightened that she was completely clear.

She didn't have the mood to sleep.

She got rid of his hand and opened the car door.

"Get back to your home! I have to go to work."

She got out of the car in a rush.

Jameson's cold eyes were filled with drowsiness.

He looked down, raising his hand to rub his forehead.

When Sharon got off the car, Tiffany came over and chuckled, "Good morning!"

Sharon's face flushed and pulled Tiffany away from the car.

She couldn't help but ask, "Why are you here?"

"I didn't see you at home. I called you but you didn't answer. When I got downstairs, I happened to see Mr. Proctor's car. I didn't expect that."

Tiffany gloated at Sharon and elbowed her, "What happened in the car last night? Were you too tired to get upstairs?"

Sharon was so embarrassed.

Her voice seemed to squeeze out of her teeth, "Nothing, I just slept."

"Really? I don't believe it."

Sharon pressed the elevator button and said confidently, "Nothing like what you think happened."

She and Jameson had only slept in the car for a few hours.

Although the jerk wanted to do something during the sleep, she stopped him.

After a shower, Sharon changed her clothes and went to work with Tiffany.

As soon as they got out of the car, they saw someone familiar standing outside the studio.

Tiffany looked at Sharon with a confused expression, "Why is she here?"

Hearing their voice, Paisley looked over.

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Did She Come to Cause You Trouble?

She seemed to have lost her passion and arrogance.

She didn't even wear a makeup.

Her face was full of exhaustion.

Paisley walked in front of Sharon and when she was just about to speak, she turned to Tiffany, who was curious.

She snorted softly, "What are you looking at? Haven't seen a beauty without makeup?"

Tiffany said nothing.

She wished she had never met Paisley.

It looked like Paisley had something to say to Sharon.

She said to Tiffany, "Tiffany, get in first."

Tiffany nodded and looked at Paisley, "You'd better play no tricks, or you will be sorry."

Unexpectedly, Paisley did not argue with Tiffany and just turned her head to ignore her.

After Tiffany entered the studio, Sharon said, "How can I help?"

Paisley said, "Let me buy you a cup of coffee."

Since she has shown her sincerity, Sharon did not refuse.

They went to a café nearby.

After they sat down, Paisley said, "You must be happy to see me like this."

Sharon laughed and said, "Why should I? What does it have to do with me?"

Paisley said, "Why didn't you tell me earlier that your ex-husband is the president of the Proctor Group. I was like a fool, showing off in front of you. It must have made you feel superior."

"If it can make you feel better, then I won't destroy your imagination."

At same time, the waiter came up with the coffee.

Paisley held her coffee and took a sip.

"My husband is now in prison. I have been begging for help all these days. None of them treats me like before. I have learned the superficiality of relationships. I won't waste your time. The main reason I came to meet you is I want to thank you. I presume that you don't need any gifts, so I only brought you my gratitude." She said slowly.

"If you want to thank me, you shouldn't come here," Sharon said seriously.

"You..." Paisley wanted to say something, but she swallowed her words.

She only snorted and said, "I've thanked you already. Whether it is accepted or not, it is your business."

"You don't need to thank me, and I don't need to accept it. Even if it was an animal, I wouldn't stand by and watch, let alone a man. I just did what I thought right, and I don't need anyone's thanks or gratitude."

When Paisley heard Sharon's words, her face clouded over. She was not an idiot.

Of course, she could tell that Sharon was mocking her for being inferior to an animal.

Paisley took a deep breath and said, "Anyway, that's all I have to say. Don't expect me to say anything else. You will not have my apology."

Sharon smiled and didn't say anything.

After Paisley left, Sharon returned to the studio.

When Sharon was back, Tiffany immediately ran over and said, "Sharon, how was it? Did she come to cause you troubles?"

Sharon shook her head, "No."

Tiffany said, "Yeah, I don't think that's her purpose either. Have you noticed that she became different? She used to be so arrogant and chesty, but it feels like she is in a bad mood today, like a bird without its feathers."

Sharon didn't tell her what had happened to Paisley.

She just patted Tiffany's shoulder and said, "I am going to work on my draft. If you need anything, call me." Tiffany nodded, "Go ahead."

Sitting at her desk, Sharon looked at the draft in front of her, but she couldn't calm down.

Although she knew that Josh's goal was to get money, waiting for his message would only make her feel even more irritated.

Not to mention...

Sharon remembered, last night, when she mentioned that her mother had married Josh with her, Josh's reaction really disturbed her.

Her intuition told her that Josh must have known more than she could imagine.

After a while, Sharon stood up with her things.

Seeing her come out of the studio, Tiffany asked, "Sharon, where are you going?"

"I need to go somewhere. Tiffany, I want to borrow your car." Sharon said.

Tiffany threw the car keys over, "Where exactly?"

"I'm going to find Bridger."

Tiffany was stunned and said, "Can you find him?"

Bridger would be hard to find once he had hid himself.

Those men who worked for Jameson had put a lot of effort into searching him, but they didn't find any clues.

After seconds of silence, Sharon said, "I have my own way."

All people have weaknesses and shortcomings.

Bridger won't be an exception.

After leaving the studio, Sharon directly drove to her destination.

It took about an hour for Sharon to get to the place.

The surroundings were all old-fashioned residential buildings.

The rubbish and sewers could be seen everywhere, which were incompatible with the prosperity of the South City.

It was as if they had been forgotten when the city was developing.

They could only rot and decay, or even quietly disappear by themselves.

Sharon checked her phone and found an address.

After asking the two old ladies on the side of the road, she walked towards the direction they pointed.

She took many detours before she saw the person she was looking for.

He was sitting at the entrance of an alley.

He was Rita's father.

Previously, when the police were investigating Rita, they found this former address on her file.

When she returned from Bridge Street, Tiffany also said that Rita's father had come to look for her.

Sharon put away her phone and walked over.

She stopped in front of the man and said, "Excuse me, sir. My name is Sharon. I am one of Rita's former colleagues."

Hearing this, the middle-aged man hurriedly stood up and made gestures, inviting her to the house, and even offering her water.

His reaction was out of Sharon's expectation.

Sharon paused, then smiled and handed over the fruit in her hand.

"No need, sir. I came here to ask you something." The middle-aged man gestured a few more times.

After he found Sharon did not understand it, he took out a piece of paper and quickly wrote something on it.

After he finished writing, Sharon understood that he wanted to ask if Rita had been well recently.

It looked like he didn't know what happened to Rita.

He went to Lumiere to look for her once, but after she had scolded him, he never went there again.

Sharon said, "I don't know much about her, but she should be fine."

No matter what, Rita was a designer who had studied abroad.

Even if Lumiere Jewelry fired her, she could still go to other companies and even take private orders to earn her living.

A person like her wouldn't let herself suffer.

When the middle-aged man heard this, he breathed a sigh of relief.

He wrote a few more words on the paper and asked Sharon what she wanted to know.

Sharon pursed her lips and said after a while, "Sir, do you know where Bridger is?"

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Why Should I Help You?

When the middle-aged man heard this, his expression changed slightly.

He picked up the pen and wanted to write something on the paper, but he hesitated.

Just as Sharon was about to give up and leave, a cold male voice came from behind, "How did you find this place?"

Sharon turned around and saw Bridger.

The car accident seemed to have left a long scar on him, from the left side of his face to his jaw.

He looked even more terrifying than before with the scar.

"Let's talk somewhere else," Sharon said.

Just as they left the alley, four or five children ran over in groups.

One of them bumped into Sharon and stopped.

The little boy rubbed his hands and stood still.

He was nervous when he saw her clothes were covered by dirt.

"I ...I'm sorry..."

Sharon smiled and patted his head gently, "It's okay, go ahead."

The boy looked at her timidly and then at Bridger.

Seeing the latter nod at him, he regained his smile and ran away.

Bridger withdrew his gaze and said, "This place is dirty and messy. Aren't you terrified to come here alone?"

Sharon said with indifference, "It is not as terrifying as a human's heart." Bridger remained silent.

They walked out of the alley and stood on the lawn.

Bridger asked, "Why exactly are you looking for me for?"

Both Josh's debt and Rita's incident had been long ago.

There was no reason for Sharon to come here to see him because of these two matters.

"I want to know where Josh is. You should be able to find him," Sharon replied.

"Josh?"

Bridger frowned, "Didn't he die long ago?"

Sharon smiled and said, "Yeah, maybe not yet. He's back."

Bridger didn't need to ask.

He knew what Josh would do when he was back.

It was really disgusting to be his daughter.

Bridger said, "Why should I help you?"

"You're not helping me. You're helping yourself."

Sharon looked at the leaves blown by the wind and said after a while, "Josh is blackmailing me with the photos of me being sold to Twilight Club three years ago. Do you think you can escape if I call the police?"

Bridger frowned and didn't say anything.

Sharon added, "I am grateful to you for taking me to the hospital, so I can drop this matter as long as you help me find Josh. In addition, I will pay you."

Although Sharon went to the police station to write off Bridger's criminal records, and the police had stopped their pursuit of him, the Proctor family did not let him off.

He did not dare to appear in public and could only hide in this filthy place every day.

Now, Sharon obviously did not want to be Josh's daughter anymore.

Once she called the police, the police would start investigating what had happened back then.

The situation would only be worse than it was now.

After a long time, he said, "I can help you find Josh, but I want a million."

"Sure."

The studio had been making money in the past few months, so she was able to raise a million.

Bridger continued, "At most one week. I'll contact you when I find him."

"Thank you," Sharon nodded gently. Bridger was surprised to hear these two words from her. He never thought that Sharon would ever thank him. Sharon had finished her words, so there was no need to stay here anymore.

She nodded slightly to him and left.

Bridger looked at her back, contemplating.

When Sharon returned to the studio, it was already noon.

Just as Sharon was about to ask Tiffany if she had lunch or not, Tiffany winked at her and looked at the office.

Sharon was confused, and then understood.

She walked to her office, opened the door, and saw Jameson sitting at her desk.

He was looking at the sketch with his fingers lightly tapping on the table.

“Why are you here, Mr.Proctor?” Sharon closed the office door.

Jameson looked up at her and said, “I miss you.”

She said after a moment of silence, “Mr.Proctor, can you not say such cheeky words anymore?”

Jameson turned the office chair towards her, grabbed her wrist, and pulled her into his arms.

“I was just expressing my feelings.How would that be cheeky?”

Sharon struggled to stand up and said in an annoyed tone, “We are in the office.Stop it!”

Jameson put on a faint smile and fixed his eyes on the dust on her clothes, “Where did you go?”

“Just hang around.Where else can I go? Go to a bar and have fun?”

Jameson said, “You wish!”

Sharon pouted and looked at the time, “Did you eat something? If not...”

“No.”

“If not, go home and ask Jennifer to cook for you.’ Jameson was speechless.

He pulled Sharon back into his arms and narrowed his eyes with threat, “Are you joking with me?”

Sharon suppressed the smile on her face, “I’m serious.You are so picky.The food outside definitely doesn’t suit your appetite.Why not go home?”

The office door was knocked on.

It was Tiffany, “Sharon, someone is here for you.’

“Alright,”

Sharon said, “I’ll be right there.”

She freed herself from Jameson’s hands, tidied up her clothes, and rushed over to open the door.

Seeing this, Tiffany could not help but remind her, “Your hair is messed up.”

Sharon was busy with her hair.

“What were you doing? It’s just noon!”

Sharon blushed when she heard Tiffany’s words.

She tidied her hair and walked with Tiffany.

When she got to the lounge, she was surprised to see the person.

“Mrs.Coe.”

It was Trey’s mother, Meredith.

Meredith stood up and smiled at Sharon, “I didn’t tell you that I would come here.Will I bother you?”

“No.”

Sharon turned to Tiffany and said, “Tiffany, could you make some tea for us?”

Just as Tiffany was about to go, Meredith said, “No need.I’ll leave in a few words.’ Tiffany knew they wanted to chat of their own, so she left them alone.

“Mrs.Coe, please have a seat,’ Sharon said.

“Alright.”

Meredith sat down and said, “Sharon, I want to apologize to you for what Trey had done.He was indeed wrong.His father and I have flayed him.”

“It’s OK, Mrs.Coe.I should be the one to apologize.I shouldn’t have lied to you,” Sharon said.

Meredith held her hand and said, “Silly girl, how can I blame you for being a filial daughter?”