

Resume 291

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 291

Look How Forgetful You Are

After chatting with Sharon for a while, Mrs.Coe finally revealed why she came here, "Sharon, actually I came here to ask whether it is still possible for you and Trey to start a relationship."

Sharon pursed her lips.

After a few seconds, she said, "Mrs.Coe, Trey and I are friends.We have reached a consensus.'

"I see." Mrs.Coe sighed.

"Don't blame him.He doesn't know I would come here.Please forget it."

"Never mind, Mrs.Coe."

Mrs.Coe stood up and said, "Since that's the case, I won't disturb you.Goodbye.' Sharon stood up and walked her to the door.

Before leaving, Mrs.Coe lingered and held Sharon's hand.

Clearly, she really liked Sharon.

After Mrs.Coe got on the car, Sharon headed for the studio.

Just as she turned around, she saw Jameson standing by the door.

He stared at her quietly, with one hand in his pants pocket.

She did not know how long he had been there.

For no reason, Sharon felt a little guilty.

She rubbed her nose and took a few steps forward.

"Let's go for a meal, shall we?"

Jameson walked ahead with his long legs.

As he walked, he said, "You are endeared not only to men, but also to the elders."

Sharon said, "Of course, I'm beautiful, smart and capable.Everyone likes me."

Jameson paused and turned to look at her.

He could feel a sideswipe at him.

Sharon gave an innocent broad smile.

At the mealtime, Sharon said, "How is Charlotte? I am free at the end of this month.I'd like to visit her.Will you join me?"

Jameson's hand that was holding the tableware paused for a second, and then he said indifferently, "No need. We won't develop a closer relationship."

Sharon thought he was ruthless.

Charlotte would be very angry if she heard it.

Jameson continued, "The demolition notice for the Bridge Street has been issued. She has moved away."

Sharon was surprised, "But it won't be demolished until May. Where did she move to?"

"She needed to find a dwelling in advance." It made sense.

Jameson took a sip of water before continuing slowly, "It's very far away. I'll bring you there when I am free."

"OK." Sharon said.

Probably it depended on this jerk's moods again.

Sharon was about to return to the studio after finishing the meal.

Jameson pulled her and said, "Can't we not go back today?"

What nonsense.

Sharon said, "Mr. Proctor, I need to work. Besides, don't you need to deal with the business of the Proctor Group?"

Jameson said, "It still runs even without me. Can't your small studio run without you?"

Sharon took a deep breath, "No, it can't! My small studio relies on several people. It's unlike the Proctor Group, having strong power and wealth. Mr. Proctor, you..."

Jameson looked at her with a faint smile, "Alright, calm down. I'll walk you back."

Sharon glared at him in dissatisfaction.

It was this jerk who should be blamed.

The place where they ate was not far from the studio.

They went and returned on foot.

After they took a few steps, Jameson naturally grabbed her hand and held it in his palm.

Sharon immediately wanted to pull it out, "What are you doing? There are so many people here..."

Jameson raised his eyebrows, "So? I'm holding the hand of my wife ...my girlfriend. It doesn't break the law."

Sharon really underestimated the shamelessness of this jerk.

Fortunately, the rush hour for lunch had passed, so there weren't many people on the street.

There were a few young couples walking hand in hand, so they were not conspicuous.

Sharon quieted down and slowly walked beside him.

After a while, Jameson said, "Don't worry about your father. I'll handle it."

Sharon paused for a moment before saying, "Did William tell you?"

"No need,"

Jameson said, "I should have told you earlier that he's still alive, so you wouldn't be so astonished."

"When did you know that?"

Jameson glanced at her, "There's nothing I don't know."

'What an arrogant man!' she thought.

After a while, she said, "This is my personal affair. I know how to deal with it. Mr. Proctor can forget it."

"What's your plan?"

Although it was a question, Sharon could feel his provocation.

She replied, "Just wait and see."

Bridger told Sharon that he would find Josh in a week, but it just took him less than three days to find Josh.

Josh never quitted gamble.

Even if his leg were broken, he would spend money on gambling instead of dealing with it in the hospital.

He went to an illegal clinic and had it handled casually.

Moreover, he had 100,000 he had just defrauded.

If he didn't gamble, he would be sorry for his broken leg.

In the underground casino, Josh received the money with a big smile on his face.

Someone beside him said angrily, "He won a lot. Did he cheat?"

Sharon said as she collected the money, "You are lucky. I have lost my daughter in a gamble."

Someone flipped the cards and left, "I quit. Tonight I'm in bad luck. I lost about 80,000. Da*n."

Josh turned to the people sitting beside him, "Come on! I need one."

Seeing that Josh was lucky tonight, none of them wanted to join.

As Josh was about to find someone else, someone sat down beside him.

Josh's smile froze.

Bridger said mischievously, "Go on.You need one, don't you? I join you."

Josh put away the money and said, "Enough, enough.It's midnight, time to go home."

Just as he took a step, Bridger's leg stopped him.

"Look how forgetful you are.Don't you forget something important?" Josh was not stupid.

He knew that he was here for money.

He hesitated and took out half of the money from his pocket.

"I won it tonight.I give it to you as the interest.I'll give you the rest in two days."

"Where did you get that much money?"Bridger said.

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I Have Something on Her

Josh leaned closer to him and said, "Didn't you know how powerful my daughter is? She already runs her own company.I'm going to ask her for the money supposed to be supporting my twilight years, and then I will pay you back."

"Will she give you that money?" Bridger glanced at him.

"Of course she will! I have something on her!"

"What do you have on her?"

Josh looked around and whispered, "Speaking of this, I have to thank you.Had it not been for you, I wouldn't have been able to get those photos.Now, it seems so wise that I keep them.Don't worry; she will definitely exchange it with money.'

Bridger sneered, "Is she really your daughter?"

Josh didn't answer directly.

He just rolled his eyes and said, "Don't worry anyway.I will have plenty of money and will definitely return it to you.For the sake of knowing each other for so many years, I'll give you some more after I get the money."

Bridger said, "If she gives you money, are you really willing to give her the photos?"

Josh chuckled, "Come on, don't expose my spot.The photos are my cash cow, and I rely on them to get a due sum of money."

"A due sum? I say you are going to extort from her forever.'

"Look at you.How could you say that? I brought her up.It is her duty to be filial to me."

"Alright."

Bridger stood up and said, "Let's make it clear. I know that you won't be able to return my money. I suggest that you give me all the photos and the negative, and we'll be even. You don't even have to pay any interest."

Josh refused without thinking, "No!"

Bridger turned to look at him, "That's interesting. Are you trying to negotiate with me?"

"How dare I bargain with you? But that promises my living security, without which I would die. If I give it to you, I will not get money from her anymore."

"Come on, it's still uncertain whether you can get the money, let alone you will gamble with it if you can. Who knows if you still have money to pay me back if you lose?"

"Look at what you said. I might win."

As he said that, he shook the pile of money in his hand.

"I won all of it today. Quite a lot, right?"

Bridger said, "Cut the crap. Give me the photos. I will get money from her myself."

Seeing Josh hesitate, he said, "If it's really as you said, I'll give you some."

"No, this is..."

Bridger knocked over the chair in front of him and said impatiently, "Don't make me say it a third time."

Seeing this, Josh reluctantly agreed, "Alright then.... Follow me back to get it. I live nearby and it's a few minutes' walk."

Bridger stood up and said, "Let's go."

After leaving the underground casino, Josh kept looking around, obviously looking for an opportunity to run away.

But Bridger kept a close eye on him.

He had no chance of escaping.

In front of an old neighborhood, Josh said, "Here it is. You can go up first."

Bridger said, "Don't play tricks."

"What tricks can I play? This is the first time you come to my house. Out of respect, I have to prepare good food and wine for you."

"Not necessary. Let's go."

Josh had no choice but to limp upstairs.

Bridger slowly followed behind him.

On the second floor, past a pile of debris, Josh stood in front of a wooden door with paint off, and took out a bunch of keys from his pants pocket with trembling.

Bridger stood by his side and lit a cigarette.

Right at this moment, Josh suddenly grabbed the flower pot by the door and threw it towards Bridger, and then jumped from the second floor.

However, he clearly overestimated himself.

After jumping down, the broken leg hurt more badly.

He struggled for a few times to get up but failed.

He could only lie on the ground and shout.

Bridger slowly went downstairs, walked to his side, and kicked that broken leg.

"Jumping from a building? I say, you not young anymore." Josh held his legs, sweating from the pain.

"Where are they?"

Bridger squatted and asked.

"I...I can't remember for a moment. I'll tell you when I recall it."

Bridger lost patience.

He stepped on Josh's broken leg and said, "Tell me!"

"Ouch!"

The surrounding neighbors seemed to have gotten used to it.

None of them came out to check.

Josh said, "Alright, alright. It is in the interlayer of the pillow in my room...."

"All the photos are there?"

"Yes, including the negative."

Bridger moved his foot and was about to go upstairs.

But he turned around to look at Josh, who was lying on the ground, badly hurt.

Before he left, Bridger found a rope at hand and tied Josh's hands and feet.

Bridger went upstairs and opened the door with Josh's key.

He found the photos.

However, he flipped through the pillow several times and still didn't see the negative.

He frowned slightly and suddenly realized something.

He quickly ran downstairs, only to find Josh missing, with only the rope left.

Bridger hammered the railing and cursed inwardly, and turned back to the house behind him to check inside and outside.

This was a dilapidated rental house with not many things in it.

Apart from the photos hidden in the pillow, there were only a few clothes and then nothing else.

It seemed that Josh was very vigilant.

He might have carried all the important things with him.

Bridger was in a sulk.

In the evening, Sharon received a phone call from Bridger.

Then she put down her phone and was about go out with her coat.

Tiffany asked, "Sharon, it's late. Where are you going?"

Sharon said, "No big deal. I will come back soon. Do you want me to bring back any night snacks?"

Tiffany was excited for a moment, but then she sighed, "Forget it. Summer is coming and I have to keep fit."

Sharon smiled and said, "Come on! You are slim."

"Not slim enough to get a date."

Hearing this, Sharon left without a word.

Downstairs, Bridger was already waiting outside the community.

Sharon walked over.

Bridger handed her an envelope.

"Here are all the photos found in Josh's house, but without the negative. He ran away before I could find it."

Sharon took it.

She pursed her lips and said, "Thank you."

Then Sharon took out a card from her pocket and said, "Here is the money I promised you."

Bridger frowned, "Not now."

Sharon was stunned for a moment, not understanding what he meant.

Bridger said, "I haven't finished what I promised you, so you don't have to give me the money now. I will go find Josh again. When I get the film, I will come to you."

After saying that, he turned around and left.

Sharon stood there and slowly put the card back. It was unexpected that he was quite strict about it.

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He Knew Nothing Except Shenanigans

Since that night, however, Josh seemed to have disappeared.

Not only did he not contact Sharon, he did not even go to the underground casinos.

Sharon didn't care about this.

She knew better than anyone that Josh would definitely look for her again as long as he ran out of money.

It was just a matter of time.

Another day was over.

Sharon stretched then left the office.

Jameson had arrived.

He was sitting on the sofa and checking the documents.

Sharon stood at the entrance of the office and smiled.

At this moment, Sharon thought that this jerk was really good-looking but always spoke in a sarcastic manner.

Jameson did not seem to notice the approaching of Sharon.

He just checked the documents in his hand without raising his head.

Seeing that Jameson was absorbed, Sharon did not disturb him and went to the front desk to pack her things.

These days, Jameson would come to pick her up every night and sent her back after dinner.

At first, Tiffany still waited for Sharon.

But now, Tiffany didn't want to witness their public display of affection and went home alone early.

Hearing the sound, Jameson looked up.

"Ready to go?"

Sharon nodded and took the key, "Yes. Let's go."

When Sharon returned from dinner and untied her seat belt to get off, Jameson grabbed her wrist and frowned unhappily, "Can you stay with me?"

"Mr. Proctor, why are you being like this again?"

The conversation had become a routine every night.

Jameson said, "I don't think we should stop here. It's time to take a step forward."

Sharon paused for a moment.

Then she snapped, "It's not too bad that I am not hiding from you. Now you even want to step forward."

The jerk was often mouthy.

Sharon felt that only she could tolerate him in this world.

Jameson did not agree with her.

He stroked her soft lips with his slender fingers.

He was a bit upset.

"Then tell me. Did I serve you well? Why will you hide from me?"

Even though Sharon knew that he couldn't tell something nice, she felt shy and her ears turn red when he flirted with her.

Jameson whispered, "Could you tell me?"

"You..."

Jameson gazed at her lips and said in a low voice, "This is the only thing I can do. You won't give me a chance to do anything else."

"Shut up!"

Sharon couldn't bear it anymore.

Jameson smiled and put his arm around her neck.

He moved forward and kissed her.

Sharon then stopped talking.

The air in the car was too thin.

Not long after, Sharon was out of breath and slightly pushed Jameson away.

Jameson let go of her and said in a husky and alluring voice, "Do you feel good now?"

Sharon couldn't even know how to scold him.

Jameson combed her hair and said, "Within a week, move to my place. Otherwise, I will move in with you."

"Can't you just be a man?"

"I only want to be your man."

Sharon was speechless.

She opened the door and left without looking back.

The jerk knew nothing except shenanigans! When Sharon was back, Tiffany was lying on the sofa and watching variety shows.

Seeing Sharon, she smiled and said, "Sharon, come and watch this. It's so funny."

"I will watch it later. I'll take a shower first."

"Alright."

After Sharon finished the shower and dried her hair, she sat beside Tiffany and held a pillow in her arms.

After a while, she said, "Tiffany, would you like some fruit?"

Tiffany said, "I ate some before. Do you want some fruit?"

Sharon said with a hollow laugh, "No, thanks."

After a pause, she said, "By the way, what do you want to eat tomorrow morning? I'll prepare earlier."

"Anything is good. Anyway, I like everything you cook. Living with you is the happiest thing in my life."

Hearing this, Sharon fell silent.

Tiffany sensed that something was amiss.

She pressed the pause button on the remote control and turned around to ask, "Sharon, are you going to tell me something?"

"No. I'm just wondering."

Then Sharon stood up and said, "I'll go blow-dry my hair again. It's still a little wet. Take a rest early."

Tiffany nodded.

"Wait. Let me go to the bathroom first."

"Alright."

After Tiffany went to the bathroom, Sharon walked to the balcony.

The jerk caused her a big problem.

When she divorced, Tiffany had always been with her.

If she and Jameson got back together, it was too unkind of her to immediately leave Tiffany.

However, Jameson definitely wasn't just joking.

He definitely would move in with her if she didn't move to his place.

It was completely annoying.

As soon as Sharon returned to her room, she received a phone call.

It was someone who helped her check the manufacturer of the pocket watch.

He said that he had contacted the manufacturer and had made an appointment to meet tomorrow afternoon.

After hanging up the phone, Sharon was announced the time and place, as well as the contact of the manufacturer.

Lying on the bed, Sharon looked out of the window quietly but couldn't sleep.

She thought she might get some clues tomorrow.

However, she didn't expect good news.

She thought a thing would probably go wrong when it was related to the Beale family.

During these days, all of the people seemed to find peace.

After the Beale Group finished dealing with the senior executives, those things went nowhere and weren't dredged up any longer.

In fact, everyone knew that the executives weren't powerful enough to do this.

The problem laid in the core of the Beale Group.

Sharon thought of Talon who seemed to be gentle and elegant at his middle age.

It was difficult to associate him with an extremely vicious man who did all sorts of bad things.

However, she could tell from the Proctor family's attitude that they never regarded others as humans.

In their point of views, the staffs were just tools.

The next morning, on the way to the studio, Tiffany looked at her phone and said, "Sharon, I want to tell you something."

"What's up?" Sharon nodded.

Tiffany said, "I've been finding another house recently.If it's suitable, I'll move out."

Sharon was stunned, "Why is it so sudden? Tiffany, I..."

Tiffany smiled at her and said, "Don't worry.It's not because of you.I ran into Daniel in the elevator yesterday.It's embarrassing.I thought that you and that jerk...Mr.Proctor will move in sooner or later.Why not find a place together? Maybe we can live in the same neighborhood."

Hearing this, Sharon nodded.

"Sure.Let's go to see the place this weekend."

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It Might Be a Coincidence

In the afternoon, after Sharon finished her work, she left the office with her things.

She said, "Tiffany, I'm going out for a while.I might not come back here and go straight home tonight."

Tiffany nodded and asked, "Where are you going?"

"There are some clues of the pocket watch I investigated earlier. I have an appointment with the person in charge." Tiffany said, "Is he reliable?"

"Maybe," Sharon said.

"I asked an old friend to help me investigate it."

"That's fine. Anyway, there's nothing to do in the studio. I'll go with you. If something happens, I can help you. I'm worried if you go by yourself."

"OK."

After a few words with the workers in the studio, Sharon and Tiffany left together.

Tiffany drove her car to an abandoned factory on the address.

As she drove, she asked, "Is this it? It seems that there's no one here, right?"

Sharon checked the address again, "This should be it ... Turn right at the next intersection. It's almost there."

Tiffany turned the car right.

After driving for several hundred meters, she saw a gray-haired old man standing in front of the locked factory.

"This is the place," Sharon said.

After getting off the car, Sharon asked, "Hello. Is this Mr. Muller?"

The old man smiled and nodded, "Are you Ms. Allyson?"

"Yes," said Sharon, "This is my friend. She comes with me."

After greeting them, the old man walked to the door of the factory.

He took out a bunch of keys with trembling hands.

After trying for a long time, he opened the door.

Tiffany stood beside Sharon and whispered, "Are you sure he can give you any useful clues? He can hardly put the key in the lock."

Sharon kept smiling and nudged her.

She lowered her voice, "Don't be rude."

"Look at the bunch of keys in his hand. If he tries them one by one, we'll probably have to wait until tomorrow."

Just as Tiffany finished her words, the old man said, "Alright, come with me."

Sharon replied and followed.

As the two gates were pushed open, an old aura mixed with dust rushed over.

Sharon could not help but choke and waved the dust away.

The old man walked to the wall and turned on the lights of the warehouse.

He said, "It's been a long time since anyone came here. You're lucky. In two weeks, this factory will be demolished and the documents will be destroyed. It will be much more difficult to find them again at that time."

Sharon looked at the huge warehouse and the rows of documents on the shelves.

"Are all the documents here?"

"That's right. You might not believe it. Although the watch factory was shut down now, twenty or thirty years ago, we were one of the top watch manufacturers. We have shops all over the country, so there were many customers."

As he spoke, the old man sighed, "I thought it was nostalgia, so even if the factory was gone, I keep the information about these customers."

Tiffany was stunned, "Then ... So many documents! We might not find the right one until next year if we were to flip through it one by one."

The old man added, "It won't be that long. I remember the pocket watch you sent over. The craftsmanship and products were all top-notch at that time, and there weren't many customers could afford it. Even if they were sold at various stores, their information would be submitted to the headquarters. Therefore, if you search in the documents of the headquarters, you could definitely find the information of your pocket watch."

As the old man spoke, he took them to the innermost shelves.

"Here they are."

Sharon looked over.

Even so, they had a lot of work to do.

The old man handed the keys to Sharon, "If you can't find it today, you can come and look for it at any time. Just remember to lock the door when you leave."

"Thank you."

Sharon took the key and said, "As long as I find it, I'll return them to you."

The old man smiled and said, "No. When you leave, just lock the door. When it's about to be demolished, there will be someone to clean up this documents." Sharon gently nodded, "Thank you."

The old man waved his hand, "I didn't expect that after more than twenty years, I would see this pocket watch reappearing in front of me. It can be fate."

Sharon escorted the old man to the door.

When she returned, Tiffany had devoted herself in to the documents.

Although the old man said that the information of the pocket watch would eventually be gathered at the headquarters, it was Clear that it was not the only pocket watch the headquarters had sold.

In addition to the purchasing records, there was also information about the employees of the manufactory, as well as various reports.

All sorts of information about the factory could be found here.

Sharon and Tiffany were flipping through the documents together.

The sky had darkened before they realized.

At this moment, the vibration of the phone broke the silence.

Sharon pinched her nose and took out her phone from her pocket.

Seeing that it was Jameson, she put down the report in her hand and answered it.

Jameson said, "Where are you?"

"I'm ..."

Sharon could not tell where this place was at the moment.

"I'm outside and check some information."

"How long will it take? I'll come to pick you up."

Sharon looked at the dark sky outside and thought she should call it a day. She could come back tomorrow.

"It's over," she said, "I'm with Tiffany. I'll go back now." J

ameson said, "Send me an address."

After hanging up the phone, Sharon sent the address to prevent the jerk from making trouble for her.

After sending it, she put her phone in her pocket, "Tiffany, let's go. Tomorrow..."

"Sharon!"

Tiffany ran over from the other side and said excitedly, "What model is your pocket watch? I found the purchasing records of VIP customers here. Check whether it is the same as yours."

Hearing this, Sharon immediately took out her phone and found the photo of the watch.

She compared them with hers.

The document in Tiffany's hand happened to be the one of her model.

Tiffany said, "Here it is!"

They checked the customer information one by one, trying to find some useful clues.

Finally, they stopped at the same time at a name.

How could it be him? After a while, Tiffany recovered from astonishment, "Sharon, are you sure that the person who bought the pocket watch was your biological father?"

Sharon was stunned, "I ...don't know. There is a photo in the watch."

"This is too weird! It might be a coincidence. Let's see if there's anything else!"

In the column of the purchasing information that shocked them, Talon Beale was written.

This information was somewhat creepy in all respects.

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Do You Know Much about Talon?

They searched through the purchase list, only to find that all the purchaser names could not match.

Seeing that Sharon was standing still in silence, Tiffany turned back to the previous page.

Purchase records showed that Talon had bought two pocket watches.

It meant that besides the watch in Sharon's hand, Talon should have the other one.

After a while, Tiffany said tentatively, "Sharon..."

"What?"

Sharon came back to her senses.

Tiffany opened her mouth but finally swallowed back the words on the tip of her tongue.

She just closed the book and said, "There are so many purchaser names on the list. We can't find out it like this. Why don't we take this book back home and check it carefully. We'll find some useful clues."

Sharon nodded gently, "Alright."

After putting the other materials back in place, Sharon put the purchase list book in her bag and left the warehouse with Tiffany.

Just as Sharon was going to lock the door, a dazzling light came from not far away, illuminating the night.

Sharon subconsciously narrowed her eyes.

Soon, a tall figure came into her sight.

It was Jameson.

He walked to Sharon and looked at the warehouse, "What are you looking for here?"

Sharon pursed her lips and whispered, "Nothing."

Tiffany hurriedly said, "So ...Sharon, since Mr. Proctor has come to pick you up, then I'll leave first."

Without waiting for Sharon to reply, Tiffany rushed into her car and left.

Sharon sighed faintly and turned to lock the warehouse door.

Jameson looked at her and licked his thin lips.

His black eyes narrowed slightly, thinking about something.

After getting on the car, Sharon had been leaning against the window and didn't say anything.

She seemed to be in a bad mood.

On the way, Jacob received a phone call and then said to Jameson, "Mr. Proctor, the Beale family recently launched a new project and is inviting tenders. It seems that they want to cover up the previous events by it."

Jameson nodded.

Although the Beale family was affected greatly by the previous events, it was still powerful.

It would not be knocked down by a single failure.

It seemed that they wanted to make up for the losses as soon as possible.

Otherwise, they wouldn't be in such a hurry to start a new project.

At this time, Sharon suddenly said, "Mr. Proctor, do you know much about Talon?"

Jameson looked at her, "Only by knowing my enemy can I win the business battle. There's nothing I don't know. What do you want to know?"

Sharon didn't know how to say it.

After a while, she said, "I have never seen Natalia's mother before. Do you know her?"

Jameson crossed his legs and said slowly, "Talon has a twin brother called Tavis. The Beale family had always held high expectations on Talon since his childhood. But Tavis was totally different from Talon. He was brought up in poor health. He spent most of his time alone in the backyard. He gradually became gloomy and unsociable, and he began to envy Talon for what Talon had obtained from their family."

Talon was raised as the only successor from birth, so even if Tavis felt resentful, Tavis could not change the fact that Talon would be the chairman of the Beale Group.

The turn of their life came when their parents died in an aircraft accident.

Their parents were going abroad on business at that time.

Then in the Beale family, there were only Talon and Tavis.

Unlike Tavis, Talon was gentle and magnanimous.

He always felt guilty about his younger brother, so he let Tavis work in the Beale Group as a general manager regardless of the opposition of others.

And Talon handed over many important projects to Tavis.

After Tavis entered the Beale Group, he gradually recovered from his illness.

It was probably because that in a new environment, he could have a better mood.

He even became talkative and could handle business matters with ease.

At that time, because their parents had died, many businessmen were coveting the Beale Group.

However, with the concerted efforts of Talon and Tavis, they managed to turn the situation around and bring the Beale Group back to life.

They looked exactly alike.

If they deliberately imitated each other's tone and lifestyle, even the assistant who had been with them for a long time could not distinguish them.

They took advantage of this and won a lot of business battles.

But just as the Beale Group was in the ascendant, Tavis was no longer willing to surrender to Talon and carefully planned a conspiracy.

Tavis made an explosion, in which Natalia's mother had died unfortunately.

And Tavis also had not been able to escape from that explosion, so did his other families.

After this crisis, the Beale Group was already on the verge of death.

But after lying in bed for a few months, Talon recovered and saved the Beale Group again on his own.

Since then, the Beale Group's development had always been smooth, and they had never met any other crisis.

Until now.

However, with the experience from the previous accidents, this time, it was nothing to Talon.

That was why he was able to make the choice with smallest losses to preserve the Beale Group so quickly.

In the current situation, his choice was indeed beneficial to the Beale Group.

Sharon did not expect the Beale family to have such a dramatic past.

She was stunned for a while before asking, "So ...Natalia is Talon's only daughter?"

"Right."

Sharon heaved a sigh of relief.

After pausing for a moment, she couldn't help but ask again, "Is it possible that Talon has another illegitimate daughter?"

If the person who bought the pocket watch was really Sharon's father, and if Talon knew that Sharon was looking for the man in the photo, he would intercept the information to stop her intentionally or not.

That was reasonable.

Looking at Sharon's twinkling eyes, Jameson guessed what she was thinking.

He raised his hand and touched her head, "That is impossible. Don't overthink."

Sharon lowered her head slightly.

She didn't know what to say.

Jameson added, "Talon and his wife grew up together and have a good relationship..."

Jameson stopped in mid-sentence.

"I see." Sharon said.

She did not continue the topic of illegitimate daughter.

Although she did not know what had happened to the Proctor family back then, she believed in Charlotte's personality and character.

Charlotte would definitely not be a third party in others' marriage.

There must be some misunderstandings.

Not long after Sharon and Jameson left, the pitch-black factory area suddenly lit up with flames.

Everything in the warehouse was completely burned, with nothing left.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 296

What Was Natalia Planning?

Downstairs, Sharon was going to leave.

Jameson said, "Have you made your decision?"

His words didn't Sharon a bell, so she asked, "What decision?"

Jameson raised his eyebrows and said, "Move out."

Sharon didn't know what to say. This jerk thought about this crap all day long.

She said, "I'm not going to move. You can move in if you want. I'm good with that."

'I would've left when he moved in. I would leave this jerk alone in an empty room' Jameson said, "Really?"

"I'm not lying."

Sharon said with a perfunctory tone.

Now she only wanted to go home quickly and stay alone.

She didn't want to talk with him.

Jameson pulled her back and tried to kiss her.

Then, from the review mirror, he caught a glimpse of Jacob, who was looking at them.

Jameson hesitated.

Eventually, he let go of Sharon and said, "You can go back."

Sharon managed to escape.

She hurriedly opened the car door and ran away.

Jameson withdrew his gaze until entered the.

Then, he said coldly, "If my memory serves, the land in that factory belongs to the Beale Group."

Jacob nodded, "Yes, the Beale Group has decided to start its new project there. The factory area will be demolished in two weeks."

Jameson pursed his thin lips.

'Sharon suddenly went there to look for clues.

It mustn't be a coincidence: 'What was Talon's purpose?'

Thinking of Sharon's dubious action, Jameson added, "Apart from Talon's wife and Tavis, who else was involved in the explosion twenty years ago?"

Jacob shook his head.

They had investigated many things about Talon, but they couldn't find anything.

They only knew that Tavis had planned the explosion.

It could be that Talon had removed all the evidence while he was reorganizing the Beale Group.

Jameson withdrew his thoughts and said tonelessly, "Let's go."

The Black Rolls-Royce was running on the road.

Jacob said, "Mr. Proctor, a person like Talon might not be able to do that. Could it be..."

Jameson tapped his knee with his slender fingers and said coldly, "If that person is real Talon, of course, he couldn't make it."

Hearing this, Jacob widened his eyes, "You mean..."

Jameson continued, "While I was talking to Sharon just now, I suddenly realized that it wouldn't be difficult for Tavis to completely replace Talon since they once imitated each other's character and tone to deal with their competitors twenty years ago."

As long as Tavis gradually estranged himself from those who knew very much about Talon's habits.

Jacob said, "In other words, the one in the Beale family right now might not be Tavis?"

"It's just my guess. Perhaps he has removed all the evidence. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been living peacefully as the chairman of the Beale Group for more than 20 years."

"If Tavis had stolen Talon's identity, then he should have tried his best to get rid of Natalia. Why does he treat her so well?"

Jameson raised his eyes slightly and said word by word, "Tavis can replace Talon himself. He can also find a little girl to replace Talon's daughter."

Jacob gasped in astonishment.

Although all of this was just a guess, it would be a huge and terrifying conspiracy if it was a little closer to the truth.

While Sharon was waiting for the elevator, she met Daniel again.

They didn't continue the conversation after daily greetings. At this moment, Sharon also felt the kind of awkwardness that Tiffany once experienced.

After entering the elevator, Daniel suddenly said, "Ms. Allyson."

Sharon was surprised, and then she answered, "Yes?"

Daniel said, "I see you get out from Mr. Proctor's car. Did you get back together?"

Sharon gently pursed her lips, admitting it in silence.

Daniel said, "It may not be the right time to say these words, but Ms. Allyson, you'd better not be overjoyed. There may be a tough challenge waiting for you."

Sharon frowned.

She knew that he was referring to Natalia.

Natalia thought it was because of Sharon that Jameson didn't marry her.

Every time they met, she would ridicule Sharon.

Now it was even more unlikely for her to let it go since she had known that they were back together.

She nodded and said, "I see. Thank you for reminding me."

Daniel nodded. He wanted to say more, but he didn't say anything further.

At this time, the elevator had just arrived.

"Then I'll leave first," said Sharon.

"Bye."

Daniel didn't withdraw his gaze until Sharon arrived at home.

He put his hand on the doorknob, pondering over something.

What Tavis did was strange.

He knew that they had got the goods on him, but it seemed that he didn't care about it.

He even started a new project immediately.

It might be his trick to divert people's attention, but it was not that simple when he related Tavis' behavior to Natalia's words Natalia probably didn't care about what happened twenty years ago; she wanted to find a way to plan it on Sharon and drag Jameson into trouble.

The problem was...

Even if Sharon was Jameson's ex-wife, she had nothing to do with what happened twenty years ago.

What exactly was Natalia planning? Tiffany had just got washed when she saw Sharon changing shoes at the door.

"Sharon, why did you come back so soon? Didn't you go out with Mr.Proctor?"

She said as she put a mask on her face.Sharon didn't know what to say.

"I'm so tired,' she exhaled.

Then she said, "I'll take a shower first."

Tiffany said, "Just go.I've ordered takeout.I think it will be there when you finish."

After entering the bathroom.

Sharon started to ponder over the clue she found today.

Jameson said that it was impossible for Talon to have an illegitimate daughter, but a photo of her family was inserted in the pocket watch.

In other words, the owner of the pocket watch was definitely her biological father.

This was the answer she had found.

No wonder her intuition failed last night.It turned that I had the right presentment.When Sharon finished bathing, Tiffany also brought back the takeout.

"The takeout came just in time, you..."

Sharon paused and suddenly ran into the room, "Don't wait up for me.I need to confirm something."

Tiffany stood there and looked at her back, feeling slightly puzzled.

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Special Client

In the room, Sharon took out the pocket watch from the box.

Then she took out the purchase record in the bag.

She confirmed the number of the model again.

She looked over and over again until she finally saw a slight difference.

Josh had kept this pocket watch for more than twenty years, which was worn badly.

So there were several scratches on it.

She hadn't noticed them.

However, there was a letter underneath one of it.

It could vaguely tell that it was an M.

But Talon's name was not related to this letter.

Sharon looked through the purchase record thoroughly.

Then, she discovered that only Talon's purchase record had a small asterisk on it.

Sharon thought for a moment.

She called the person in charge.

"Mr.Muller, this is Sharon.Sorry to bother you so late.I want to consult you with something."

"Sure."

"I just looked at the purchase record and saw an asterisk, but there's no other explanation about it.I want to know what it means.'

"Well, it means that this one is our special client.Our pocket watches can be customized for special clients.But I remember that we have very few special clients."

Sharon held her breath and asked cautiously, "So, who can be the special clients?"

"Normally, they would be the higher-ups in the manufactory, or...Oh right, Mr.Beale had also customized two pocket watches."

Sharon continued to ask, "Who is Mr.Beale?"

"The land for the entire factory belongs to Mr.Beale.He also has invested in the factory."

The old man said to himself, "Oh, yes! Mr.Beale must have customized two pocket watches before.At that time, I was in charge of receiving him.He said that these pocket watches were wedding gifts for his wife.One was carved with his name in it, and the other was with his wife's name.'

Hearing this, Sharon already got the answer.

She said, "I see.Thank you, Mr.Muller."

After hanging up the phone, Sharon kept looking at the pocket watch without saying anything.

She didn't know how long had passed, there was a light knock on the door.

Then the door was pushed open.

Tiffany poked her head in and asked, "Sharon, are you busy? Dinner is getting cold. Do you want to eat it first?"

Sharon stopped thinking.

She put down the pocket watch and smiled, "Alright."

At dinner, seeing that Sharon was absent-minded, Tiffany thought that Sharon was still worried about the purchase record, so she comforted, "Sharon, don't think too much. So many people bought that kind of pocket watch. Maybe it's not... Aren't there some phone numbers on it? Let's try them one by one tomorrow. If it doesn't work, we can..."

Sharon said, "Tiffany, I am fine. Let's do what you said first."

Hearing this, Tiffany nodded and stopped the topic.

Then, she took out her phone and said, "Sharon, I've seen a few houses. These two are pretty good. Let's take a look together on weekend."

After a moment of silence, Sharon finally said, "Tiffany, I may not be able to go with you. I need to go somewhere else."

Tiffany revealed an ambiguous smile, "Are you going to live with Mr. Proctor?"

Sharon smiled and shook her head, "I'll tell you later."

Right now, she didn't know how to say.

Everything was just her guess.

However, no matter what, she had to figure it out.

Tiffany said, "Alright, but you must tell me when you are in trouble. Don't just keep it to yourself."

"Alright."

Not long after dinner, Tiffany went back to sleep.

Sharon sat in the living room and thought for a while.

Then, she got up and knocked on the next door.

Daniel was not surprised to see her.

He just said, "Come in."

Sharon followed him in.

Daniel opened the refrigerator and asked, "What would you like to drink, Ms. Allyson?"

"Just a glass of water. Thank you!"

Daniel raised his eyebrows.

But he still poured her a cup of warm water.

After sitting down, Daniel said, "I guess the reason why you are here is for the matter of Natalia."

Sharon held the cup and slowly said, "Yes, but not exactly."

Daniel was puzzled, "Oh?"

Sharon continued, "I want to go to the Beale's house to check on something. No matter what, Natalia would be implicated in."

"What do you want to check?"

Sharon said, "I'm sorry. I want to be frank, but I can't tell you. There are a lot of things that I'm still not sure about, so..."

Daniel understood what she meant, so he just smiled and said, "Ms. Allyson, never mind. I was just asking."

He added, "Three days later, the Beale Group will have a bidding conference for a project. Many important figures in the industry will be present. I think Mr. Proctor will not miss this opportunity. Although I do not know what you want to do, I think this may be a chance for you."

Sharon curled up her lips slightly.

This was indeed a good chance.

Daniel said, "Since you came to find me, I guess you don't want to ask Mr. Proctor for help. I can help you get an invitation card."

Sharon did not expect him to say this.

She was shocked for a moment, but she did not refuse.

She replied softly, "Thank you."

"You're welcome. The enemy of my enemy is my friend."

"Enemy?"

Sharon paused for a moment.

She knew that Daniel always picked on the Beale family, but this was the first time she had heard him call the Beale family enemy.

Now, it seemed that his purpose was much clearer.

Daniel crossed his slender legs and said calmly, "Through the problems that the Beale Group emerged, you must be able to tell that they have quite a few enemies. But the Beale Group's biggest enemy right now is none other than Mr. Proctor."

Hearing this, Sharon smiled awkwardly.

Everyone knew why Jameson and the Beale Group became enemies.

This was also the reason why she found Daniel for help instead of Jameson.

The Proctor Group was facing some internal and external threats now, so she didn't want to drag him in.

Sharon stood up and said, "By the way, thank you for your help."

"I still have to remind you that Jameson is the formidable opponent of the Beale family. So, it is very likely that they will vent their anger on you."

Daniel's words were clear enough.

He believed that Sharon could understand what he meant.

Sharon nodded, "Yes, I know. Thank you anyway."

The reason why she came today was just to ask about the Beale family's recent news.

Daniel didn't really need to help her like this at all.

However, he helped her get an invitation card on his own initiative.

Daniel didn't ask about her secrets, so she accordingly wouldn't ask about his.

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I Won't Do Anything

The next night, Daniel handed the invitation letter to Sharon.

She sat in her room, placed the invitation letter beside her watch, and pursed her lips.

Rather than calling it a bidding, it was more like an offer of business alliance with the Beale family.

The Beale family probably wanted to use the bidding to consolidate their position, similar to when the Proctor family wanted to use the Morton family to develop connections at that time.

Therefore, the people who went there this time were all influential ones.

If she showed up on this occasion, Talon and Natalia would definitely be caught off guard.

However, this method was too risky.

She had yet to decide whether she should do it or not.

After a while, she took out her phone and dialed Jameson's number.

Very quickly, the man's deep and hoarse voice sounded on the phone, "Did you miss me so quickly?"

Sharon didn't know what to say.

Without giving her the chance to speak, Jameson continued, "I told you to move in with me.

There's no need to be so troublesome.' After a while, Sharon said, "Since Mr. Proctor is sleepy, then I won't bother you."

"I'm sober. What's the matter? Speak."

Sharon said, "I..."

Her words reached her mouth, but she didn't know how to Say it out.

Hearing her hesitation, Jameson said, "Don't speak, I will go to your place.'

"What, you don't have to..."

Before Sharon could finish her sentence, the phone had been hung up.

How could this jerk react so quickly? After hanging up, Sharon stood on the balcony, feeling that her anxious heart had gradually calmed down.

Half an hour later, Jameson called and said only two words, "Go downstairs."

Sharon rubbed her nose and trotted out the door.

Just as she got off the elevator, she saw Jameson walking over.

"Why are you here?" Sharon said.

Jameson said, "Didn't you think it's cold outside?"

Sharon was dumbfounded.

She hesitated for a moment, "But ...you can't go up.Tiffany is sleeping."

The corner of Jameson's lips curled up, "I know, I won't go up."

He held her hand and sat on the chair in the hall.

Sharon subconsciously looked around and heaved a sigh of relief after realizing that there was no one there.

Jameson placed his hand on the back of her chair and laughed, "What are you so nervous about?"

"So Sharon couldn't speak for a moment.Maybe it was her sub-consciousness that made her not want to be seen with him so as to avoid being gossiped about.But to be honest, the jerk would definitely be angry.After thinking for a long time, she didn't think of a way to answer.Forget it.

"Nothing,' she said.

Jameson added, "What do you want to say to me on the phone?"

When mentioning this, Sharon looked down and her expression became much more serious.

Jameson was not in a hurry, he just waited quietly.

After a few minutes, Sharon slowly said, "I think ...my biological father might have a strong connection with the Beale family.I want to investigate the truth."

"Then what do you plan to do?"

"I'm going to ...go to the Beale family."

Jameson frowned, "How?"

"Actually, I went to that warehouse yesterday and found some useful clues. That might be the key to entering the Beale family," Sharon said.

Jameson pursed his lips and said, "Have you ever thought that this is also the thing that Talon used to hold you back?"

"I know, so I must seize the most advantageous opportunity to strike first."

"Decided?"

Sharon nodded, "I've thought it through very carefully."

Jameson said, "Alright, then do it. I will help you."

"No need."

Sharon said, "Don't get involved for now. Although Natalia has always been targeting me, she doesn't know that we are already together. This situation is more advantageous for me. Otherwise, they will find a way to drag you into this."

Jameson licked his teeth and said after a while, "I'm worried about you going to such a dangerous place alone."

Hearing this, Sharon smiled and said, "I have a way to deter him."

"What way?"

"You'll see."

Seeing that the conversation was almost finished, Sharon stood up and wanted to leave, but before she could take a step, she was pulled back by Jameson.

He whispered, "I ran over in the middle of the night, and you just walked away?"

Sharon rolled her eyes and said, "It's really late. You should go back to sleep now."

Jameson looked at her without saying a word.

Sharon knew what was on his mind, so she stopped him in time and said, "Don't think about it, I can't let you go up."

"Then come back with me."

"No."

"Why?"

Sharon looked away and equivocated, "How can you have that many questions? It's night, and you should sleep instead of running around!"

She didn't want to go back to the Star Lake Mansion.

At least, not now.

Jameson added, "Then we'll stay in a hotel."

His tone was domineering, giving her no room for refusal.

Before Sharon could make a sound, he had pulled her away.

Arriving at the hotel, it was already two o'clock in the morning.

Sharon was too sleepy to open her eyes.

She covered herself with a coat and lay on the sofa.

"I'm gonna sleep. Good night, Mr. Proctor."

Jameson looked at her and his temples twitched, "Sleep on the bed."

Sharon refused without thinking, "I won't."

She knew what ideas Jameson had in his mind.

If she slept on the bed, wouldn't it be the same as turning herself in? This time, Jameson did not ask her any further.

He directly picked her up from the sofa and walked towards the bedside.

Jameson said, "Your mind is probably as narrow as a crack. How many times have I told you that if I really want to do something to you, I won't wait until now?"

Sharon replied unconvincingly, "Isn't that because you're afraid that I'll call the police?"

Jameson was stunned.

He threw her onto the bed and unbuttoned the collar of his shirt with one hand.

Then, he bent down and put both of his hands on both her sides.

His black eyes narrowed with threat, "Then I will try. Let's see if I'm afraid."

Sharon remained silent for a few seconds, but still decided to compromise.

"Sorry, forget about what I said just now." Jameson said, "It's too late."

Sharon curled her lips and knew that the jerk would take advantage of her words.

Just as she was about to get out of his embrace, Jameson grabbed her delicate finger and said, "Be good, I won't do anything. Go to sleep."

"Really?" Sharon didn't believe it.

Jameson's black eyes were focused on her, "Not really."

Sharon was lost for words.

Jameson let go of her and slowly unbuttoned his shirt in front of her.

Sharon's ears turned red and her lips were dry.

She did not even take off her coat and turned around, wrapped in a quilt.

"I'm gonna sleep."

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Greatest Weaknesses

Sharon closed her eyes.

After a few minutes, she felt that the mattress had caved in slightly.

Immediately after, Jameson lay beside her.

Just as Sharon was about to move to the bedside, Jameson placed an arm on her waist and whispered, "Isn't it hot for you to wear so much and cover the quilt?"

"I don't feel hot..." Sharon lied.

She felt so hot and stuffy that she could hardly breathe.

Behind her, Jameson did not say anything else, just hugging her tightly.

Not long after, Sharon heard the steady breathing of Jameson.

She turned her head slightly and whispered tentatively, "Mr.Proctor?"

No one answered.

It seemed that he was asleep.

Sharon heaved a sigh of relief and carefully pulled his arm and got out of his embrace.

She sat on the bed, looked at the sofa, looked back at Jameson, and finally compromised.

After taking off her coat, Sharon lay back down again.

When she lay down, she kept as far away from Jameson as possible.

Sharon's eyes were wide open.

Compared to how sleepy she was just now, she didn't feel the slightest bit sleepy.

Of course, facing such a powerful opponent, how could her be relaxed? Even if she did enter the Beale family, Talon and Natalia would be more alert for her.

It was not so easy for her to find out the truth.

Just as Sharon was lost in thought, she suddenly felt that Jameson's hand was once again accurately placed on her waist.

Sharon stiffened.

She said unhappily, "Mr.Proctor, stop leaning over.I'm about to fall out of bed."

Jameson didn't answer.

Sharon continued, "I know you're awake. Hurry up and move over there."

As Sharon spoke, she reached out and pushed him.

In the darkness, Jameson slowly opened his eyes.

His thin lips curled up and he held her hand, pulling her into his embrace.

"If you get close to me, you won't fall. Why would you keep away from me?"

Sharon felt that she couldn't win this jerk in an argument.

After a moment of silence, she said dejectedly, "I'm sleepy. Just sleep!"

Jameson agreed in a low voice.

Other than hugging her, he did not do anything else.

As the time passed, Sharon started to feel sleepy again and could barely keep her eyes open.

She originally wanted to sleep sideways, but Jameson pushed her into his embrace.

Hearing the steady and powerful heartbeat of Jameson, Sharon soon fell asleep.

Jameson kissed her on the forehead and whispered, "Good night."

The last time he hugged her like this; it seemed to be a long time ago.

It was spring now.

The temperature was rising every day.

Soon, it was the day of the bidding.

After Sharon changed her clothes, she put on a perfect makeup.

After finishing all this, she looked at the time.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon.

The bidding will start at three in the afternoon.

She could get there in time if she went out now.

Sharon picked up her pocket watch and put it in her bag.

She took a light breath and walked out step by step.

From now on, there was no turning back.

She would hold out until the day she found out the truth.

The bidding venue.

Natalia smiled coldly and mockingly as she looked at the people who kept coming over to greet her.

Natalia knew what they were thinking.

They just wanted to ingratiate with her and get a favorable condition for themselves.

The Beale family had just experienced a crisis.

However, these people couldn't wait any longer.

Even if something happened to the Beale family, she was still the dignified eldest miss of the Beale family.

These people were not worthy to talk to her.

Soon, Natalia didn't even want to greet them anymore.

She took the wine glass and found Daniel in the venue.

She asked indifferently, "How was the investigation I asked you to do?"

Daniel took a sip of the champagne in his glass and raised his eyebrows.

"I'm close to finished."

"Tell me!" Natalia became excited.

"Don't worry. Let's wait for the bidding. I think the truth might be beyond your expectations."

Just as Natalia was about to speak, there was a commotion in the hall.

Jameson arrived.

Natalia crossed her chest and looked in the direction of Jameson.

It was hard to tell what she was thinking.

Daniel followed her gaze and shook the wine in his hand.

"If I'm not wrong, you haven't given up Jameson as the best choice right now, right?"

Hearing this, Natalia was stunned for a moment, and then she looked away and said, "No."

Daniel smiled and did not say a word.

Even though Natalia denied it, Jameson was the only one who could help Natalia.

If he were willing to do so, he would be able to obtain the Beale Group easily.

Unfortunately, Jameson did want the Beale Group, but not in this way.

Everyone knew how ruthless and tough Jameson was.

Natalia was now hoping to cooperate with Jameson again, but she was also afraid that the Beale Group would fall into Jameson's hands.

Noticing their gaze, Jameson looked over from the crowd, his expression cold and calm.

It seemed that Jameson had also come prepared.

Daniel raised the glass in his hand towards Jameson from afar.

Jameson ignored him and looked away.

Daniel continued, "Right now, the biggest enemy for the Beale Group is Jameson. Have you figured out how to deal with him?"

Natalia said, "Jameson is too arrogant. He feels that everything is in his hands. The more arrogant he is, the more flaws we can find in him."

"Is that so?"

"I don't know about others, but Jameson's greatest weakness is Sharon." Daniel turned to look at her.

"Are you sure he would be threatened for a woman?"

Natalia sneered, "You think highly of him. Jameson is not as calm as you think. In the end, he gave up the only chance to bring down the Proctor family for that woman."

Daniel smiled quietly.

Businessmen never did business at a loss, especially people like Jameson.

Not long after, the bidding ceremony officially began.

People all sat in their seats.

Natalia put down her glass and said, "The bidding ceremony begin. Let's go."

Daniel looked at her back and turned around.

He didn't see Sharon in the whole venue, and then he narrowed his eyes.

Judging from what Sharon said, he had a feeling that something important was going to happen today.

As Daniel thought, he took a few steps back.

Then, he turned around and followed Natalia.

And the bidding conference had officially begun.

The principal of the Beale Group's project came up to the stage and introduced the project.

Moreover, this person in charge was Jayden.

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I Wonder If It's Convenient

Halfway through the bidding, everyone in the seats had different thoughts.

Only a small portion of people came for the project of the Beale Group, while the majority were at cross purpose.

Therefore, there weren't many bidders.

Moreover, the bidding price was very high, and the proposal was mediocre.

It seemed that they wanted to milk more from the Beale Group, the fallen mighty that still commanded more influence than the ordinary.

Just as everyone thought that the Beale Group might collapse after the setback, a company offered an elaborate plan for the Beale Group's call for tenders, and the price was very reasonable.

For a moment, there were plenty of whispers.

No one expected that at this time, there was still a company willing to cooperate with the Beale Group.

Jameson, however, was not surprised.

His fingers lightly tapped on his knees, as if he was lost in thought.

Talon turned around and then whispered to the assistant beside him, "What is the background of this company? Why is it not on the bidding list?"

The assistant said, "Complex is an overseas company. It is very famous. It recently cooperated with the Proctor Group. The person in charge Patrick also came to the South City for this. They may make up their minds at the last minute for this tender, so they are not on the list of bidders."

Hearing this, Talon looked at the other corner of the hall.

Patrick met his gaze and nodded with smile.

The assistant continued, "Complex has been trying to explore the domestic market for the past two years. It is only the beginning to cooperate with the Proctor Group. I believe that the reason for their participating in the bidding this time is to expand the domestic market thoroughly by virtue of the Beale Group's power."

"First, the Proctor Group, and then the Beale Group. He seems quite ambitious." Talon said.

Anyway, if he only wanted to expand the market, it would be reasonable for him to cooperate with two large companies one after the other.

However, if he had any other thoughts, his purpose would be too obvious.

Talon added, "Check the background of this company and Patrick, the person in charge."

"Yes"

As the bidding ended, Talon also stood up to leave.

However, he didn't take a few steps before someone blocked his way.

Sharon stood in the front of him and smiled.

"Hello, Mr. Beale. I'm Sharon. We've met before."

Talon squinted and said indifferently, "I remember, what can I do for you?"

Sharon looked around and smiled even more brightly.

"I saw many familiar faces. They are all prestigious figures in the South City. I have some questions for Mr. Beale. I wonder if it's convenient for you."

Sharon's voice was neither loud nor small, just enough to attract all the attention of the people who were going to leave.

Even Patrick stopped, but he stood outside the crowd and watched this quietly.

Sharon was beautiful and deliberately dressed up.

Where there was she, there was spotlight.

In addition, she had said such a few innuendoes.

Everyone wanted to be a spectator of this scene.

Talon also sensed their thoughts and frowned slightly, remaining silent for a moment.

Natalia walked over and said coldly, "Ms. Allyson came here uninvited. You knew that it might be inconvenient, but you deliberately asked, putting my father in a dilemma. You didn't even have the least bit of courtesy."

Hearing this, Sharon only smiled at her, "Miss Beale's words are too harsh. I just want to ask Mr. Beale a few questions. How can he be in a dilemma? However, it doesn't matter if Mr. Beale dares not to answer me in front of everyone. We can find a quiet place to talk."

Natalia's expression changed, "Ms. Allyson, mind your words!"

Talon stretched out his hands to stop Natalia and looked at Sharon, his expression remained gentle and refined as always, "There's nothing I am afraid of, bring it on."

Sharon looked at Natalia, and then she slowly withdrew her gaze and continued, "I came to ask Mr. Beale if you had customized a pocket watch more than 20 years ago."

A trace of hostility flashed through Talon's eyes.

He replied with ease, "I don't know why Ms. Allyson asked me this. As you said, with twenty years going by, I can't remember a pocket watch. Maybe I bought it, or maybe I didn't."

Sharon was not surprised at his response.

She took out a yellowed book from her bag and said, "This is the purchase record of the pocket watch factory. Great wits like Mr. Beale has short memories. However, there is a clear record that Mr. Beale has customized two pocket watches as you and your wife's wedding anniversary gift. Do you remember what I said?"

Talon's expression turned slightly tense.

"I remember that. But Ms. Allyson, I must remind you that my wife has passed away for a long time. I hope you won't make troubles out of her."

“Mr.Beale is overanxious.I’m just checking.She’s already gone, so I won’t disrespect your wife.”

Sharon added, “I would like to ask everyone here, has anyone seen Mr.Beale’s wife?”

Several business leaders around Talon’s age exchanged glances, but they didn’t say anything immediately.

Talon’s wife had passed away many years ago, and those who had seen her were definitely from the older generation.

Although she had passed away so long that they hardly remembered what she looked like, they still vaguely remembered that she was exceptionally beautiful.

However, they were only here to watch the fun.

They had yet to figure out what was going on, so they would definitely not seek the limelight.

It’s not wise to offend Talon for a negligible girl like Sharon.

“Enough, Ms.Allyson.You are not welcomed here.Please leave!” Natalia said.

At this moment, an old voice came from outside the crowd, “I’ve seen her before.”

With these words, the crowd slowly made way for an old man.

The person who came was Mr.Jones.

Mr.Jones walked towards Sharon with a walking stick and said, “Miss, Mr.Beale’s wife used to be my student.Perhaps no one else here is more familiar with her than me.’

At this point, Talon couldn’t be more embarrassed.

Natalia tried to speak a few times, but she was always stopped by Talon.

Sharon nodded to Mr.Jones.

She put her hand into her bag and paused for a few seconds before taking out her pocket watch and handing it to Mr.Jones.

Outside the crowd, Patrick looked at the pocket watch and his expression suddenly clouded over.

Just as he was about to step forward, he was pulled by the assistant beside him.

The assistant whispered, “Sir, Talon’s men are already watching us.”

They had waited for such a long time for this moment.

If they were discovered by Talon at this moment, they would fall short of success for lack of a final effort.

Patrick clenched his fists and looked over there again.