

Resume 341

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 341

Sharon stopped thinking and smiled, "Nothing."

Tiffany picked up the drafts.

"Then I'll leave. Call me if you need anything."

"OK, off you go."

In the morning, when Sharon went to the break room for water, a girl slowly moved over and whispered, "Sharon, can I ask you a question?"

Hearing the voice, Sharon was taken aback.

She unconsciously recalled the shameful scene in the morning.

She put down her cup and turned around with a smile, "Sure, what question?"

"It..."

The girl hesitated, as if she didn't know how to say it.

Sharon didn't urge and waited for the girl.

After a while, the girl said, "Sharon, do you still remember a guest who came to our shop? A middle-aged man in his forties or fifties. He looked very rich and graceful."

Sharon was puzzled, "Why are you suddenly asking about this?"

The girl took a deep breath and said, "Yesterday, the one who came to the shop for you ...is your father, right?"

Sharon pursed her lips and signaled for the girl to continue.

"Seeing him, I can't help but think of another man. I feel that they share the same temperament. That other man should have been to our shop before, but I just can't recall it. I thought about it all night and still failed. Sharon, please forgive me. I've been obsessive since childhood. I have to think something through before stopping."

Sharon smiled, "It's fine. I do the same sometimes."

The girl added, "There are so many people coming to the shop every day. You probably don't remember the man. It doesn't matter. I'm just asking."

If the girl asked earlier, Sharon might have no impression.

This morning, however, she was thinking about this man.

Thus, the moment the girl mentioned it, Sharon knew who it was.

There was still a difference between Talon and Patrick, though.

Talon pretended to be gentle and refined.

After many years, a thick mask had merged with him.

He seldom revealed his emotions.

As for Patrick, he was born a gentleman.

Jameson was right, though.

Patrick was a businessman, so he could occasionally be calculative.

The two of them might be similar to a certain extent, but one would feel that they were completely different after careful observation.

"There seemed to be such a man" Sharon said, "I also have some impression of him."

Hearing this, the girl took a breath, "Right? I knew it. They didn't believe me when I told them. It's good that there was such a man. It proves that I'm not hallucinating. Sharon, then I'll go back to work."

"OK."

Back in the office, Sharon took out her phone.

She thought for a time before calling Trey, "Trey, do you have a moment?"

"Yes. What's wrong?"

"Could you come out for a cup of coffee?" Sharon whispered.

Trey agreed without hesitation.

After making an appointment, Sharon picked up her things and told the girls in the studio before leaving.

After Sharon put the key into the ignition, she thought of something.

She took out her phone from her pocket and texted Jameson "I'm going to see Trey. I have something to ask."

Better to make it clear beforehand, otherwise the jerk will get jealous again for no reason. Jameson should be busy and did not reply.

The traffic was heavy.

When Sharon arrived, Trey was already there.

She sat opposite Trey and said, "Sorry to keep you waiting."

Trey smiled and called the waiter, "I was only two minutes ahead of you. What would you like to drink?"

Sharon ordered a cup of iced Americano.

Trey took the menu and ordered two desserts.

Then he returned the menu to the waiter, "That's all."

After the waiter left, Sharon did not beat around the bush.

She said, "When you went for me, ...did you have something to say?"

Trey probably didn't expect her to ask about this.

After a pause, he said, "Why are you asking this? Sharon, I had no other intentions. I just wanted to see you...."

Sharon said, "Mr. Jones showed up in the bidding conference of the Beale Group. He said in public that I'm Talon's daughter. Do you know about this?"

Trey nodded, "I've heard of it."

"Before that, Daniel reminded me many times to be careful of Talon and Natalia. So I guess he didn't approach Natalia out of love. Rather, he aims at something else. Am I right?"

Trey became serious on hearing her.

He opened his mouth, but he didn't say anything.

Sharon continued, "Given what happened in the Beale Group earlier and Daniel's actions, I have every reason to suspect that he has something to do with these things. Even if he did not personally plan them, he contributed to them in secret."

"Sharon, I...."

"I know that you and Daniel are more than friends. These are just my guess, and I won't tell anyone else. I won't ask whether your goal is to obtain or destroy the Beale Group. It has nothing to do with me."

As Sharon said, she took a deep breath, "I just want to ask, is there anyone else sharing the same goal with you?"

Trey laughed, "Sharon, you know that person."

Before Sharon could react, he continued, "In these things concerning the Beale family, Mr. Proctor has done as much as we have, if not more."

Trey added, "Actually, although Talon has managed the Beale Group in an orderly manner, he has many dirty deeds and thus many enemies. Plus, in the business world, one doesn't have permanent friends, only permanent interests."

Sharon didn't expect him to tell the truth, nor did she hold much hope. She only smiled faintly.

Just then the waiter served coffee.

This conversation was then ended.

Trey brought up another topic in time, "I heard that you participated in the Designer Competition. How are the preparations going?"

Sharon nodded, "Not bad. It's the preliminary round now. I'll wait and see."

"You have the capability. You should have gone international a long time ago, but..."

"It's all in the past."

Trey silently sighed, "Yes, all in the past."

'However, some things can be left in the past and some can't'

When they parted, Trey stopped her, "Sharon."

Sharon turned around, "What?"

"You...." Trey pursed his lips.

"If possible, don't investigate Talon. He's even more dangerous than you think."

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Sharon and Trey parted.

The former just sat in the car when she received a phone call from Jameson.

Sharon could tell that he was displeased from his voice.

"Where are you?"

Sharon answered while fastening her seat belt, "I'm eating in a restaurant."

"Which restaurant?"

Sharon ran her eyes over these restaurants on the roadside and gave him a random answer.

Jameson asked, "When will you come back?"

Sharon suddenly became interested in fooling the jerk, Jameson.

She lied to him, "I don't know. We will go to the movies after dinner."

"And you will go shopping then?"

"Yes, how do you know?"

"It sounds great."

Before Sharon could speak, a man knock on the window near the passenger seat.

She turned to look at that man and kept silent.

It was really awkward.

She was regretful for what she had just done.

Sharon curled her lips, put her phone aside and unlocked the car door.

Then the car door was opened and Jameson got in.

"Why are you here?" Sharon asked.

Jameson raised his eyebrows and looked at her, "I don't want you watch the film alone."

Sharon was annoyed.

Shut up, jerk! She forced a smile, "Oh, I made that up. I have to go back to the studio now, Mr. Proctor..."

Just at that moment, She received a call from Tiffany at this time.

Tiffany asked, "Sharon, is your appointment over?"

"Yes. I'm on the way..."

"Oh, don't worry. Enjoy yourself. I only want to tell you that a cable outside the studio was broken by the construction worker's digging. The power goes out. It won't be fixed until night. I've asked them to go home. You can have a good rest during this time." Sharon was surprised.

What a coincidence! After hanging up, Sharon looked at Jameson with suspicion in her eyes, "You did it?"

"I'm that terrible person to you?"

"You..."

He was no better than that.

Alright, Sharon agreed to watch the film with Jameson.

Sharon opened the map app and searched the nearest cinema.

"Mr. Proctor, what kind of movie do you want to watch?" She asked.

Jameson said, "Choose what you like."

Sharon saw that an animation had been on two days ago.

It looked very attractive and amusing.

So, she booked two tickets.

After watching the movie and dinner, perhaps due to the poor sleep last night, Sharon had ached waist.

She wanted to go back and was really not in the mood for shopping.

Jameson pulled her into a luxury store and pointed at some clothes.

"Please help me pack up all those clothes for her size except these." Several shopping guides immediately took action.

Sharon pulled the edge of his coat, "What are you doing? I have a lot of clothes."

Jameson said, "I knew you didn't have much clothes when I sent you to the Beale's."

Yes, he was right.

"But..."

It was too much for her.

After selecting her clothes, Jameson took her to the jewelry shop next door.

Walking around the shop, Jameson didn't get a satisfactory one.

He said, "Well, I'll have Jacob send you some tomorrow."

Sharon was stunned for a moment. And then, she figured out that he would give her the jewelry she returned.

She suddenly asked, "Did you do something wrong? Why do you become so nice to me?"

Jameson was unhappy for what she said and retorted, "I'm always nice to you."

Sharon was lost for words.

He was unusually nice to her today.

Jameson bought too much clothes for her.

And Sharon could not take them all.

So, Jameson asked the staff in that luxury store to deliver these clothes to the Beale's.

After getting out of the mall, Jameson sat in the driver's seat and asked her, "What other place you want to go?"

"I don't want to go anywhere. My waist hurts."

Hearing this, Jameson looked at her and revealed a meaningful smile, "Your waist hurts?"

He implied that he did nothing to Sharon last night.

Sharon closed her eyes and took a deep breath, "I slept on the sofa last night. That's why my waist hurts. You are really full of libidinous imagination."

Jameson looked away and tittered.

Half an hour later, the car stopped at the entrance of the Beale's.

Jameson unbuckled his seat belt and got off the car.

Sharon looked around and asked, "How do you get back?"

"Jacob will come and pick me up."

As he said, he tilted his head to look at her, "Or you can invite me in."

"...Goodbye."

Sharon went around to the other side of the car, and was about to get on the car, but stopped and said, "I will wait for Jacob and then leave."

Jameson stared at her, and cracked a smile, "You can't bear to abandon me here?"

Sharon said seriously, "I'm afraid that others will treat you as a thief for you stand here alone at night."

"No thief is as handsome as me."

Hearing this, Sharon remembered that Jameson had said he could steal others' heart. She burst out laughing.

Jameson didn't even blush when he said this.

Looking at her laughing, Jameson put his tongue against his teeth, and asked in a low voice, "Why do you laugh?"

Sharon looked up at him, "You can't stop me laughing. I..."

Before she could say another word, Jameson covered her lips with his. This man stopped her laughing by a kiss.

Sharon did not expect Jameson to be so bold.

He actually kissed her at the entrance of the Beale's.

She stretched out her hands and hammered on his chest, wanting to push him away.

However, Jameson easily gripped her wrist and pressed her against the car door, intensifying the kiss.

At this moment, a dazzling light shone over them.

And they heard the horns of a car.

Jameson let go of Sharon and pulled her behind him, blocking the light.

Natalia sat in that car, looking at them, and put a straight face. She opened the car door, walked in front of them.

"Jameson, you drive Sharon here?" She asked indifferently.

Jameson said, "Isn't it obvious?"

Natalia took a shallow breath and became sullen. Sharon fell silent.

Natalia couldn't rival Jameson in sarcasm.

After a few seconds, Natalia said to Sharon, "Since Jameson is here, why don't you invite him in?"

Sharon smiled, "He has things to do, and will go soon."

Natalia sneered, "I thought Sharon can invite Jameson into our home. Well, you can't..."

Jameson slowly said, "Since Miss Beale said this, I will pay a visit another day."

He continued casually, "I'm worried that Mr. Beale will be angry about my visit."

Natalia was dumbfounded and didn't know what to say.

At the same time, a black Rolls-Royce stopped near them.

Jacob got off and said politely, "Mr. Proctor, Ms. Allyson, and Miss Beale."

Jameson looked at Sharon and said, "I have to go."

Under Natalia's gaze, he gently kissed Sharon between the eyebrows.

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At the Beale's. Just as Sharon was about to go upstairs, Natalia called her.

Sharon turned around and asked, "What is it?"

"I just want to remind you that Jameson has always been coveting the Beale Group. Since you think you are a member of this family, you should keep a distance from him."

Sharon thought she was being ridiculous.

"Miss Beale, are you trying to be nice to me?"

Natalia said in a cold tone, "It's up to you whether you listen or not. Just so you know, if Dad finds out that you are close to Jameson, he won't be happy about it."

"Miss Beale, you must have misunderstood one thing" Sharon said calmly, standing in the stairwell.

"I came to the Beale's to get what I deserve. I decide who I should be with. It's nobody else's business."

"Ms. Allyson, the first day you came, I already told you that you had to follow the Beale family's rules when you lived here. It seems that you didn't take what I said seriously."

"Who set the rules?" Sharon asked.

"You? Did you forget my status in this family?" Natalia's face clouded up.

Was Sharon implying that she didn't have the qualifications to establish the rules of the Beale family? Sharon continued, "Since we don't like each other, let's just not talk to each other. Fake concern and hypocritical greetings are not necessary. This will save us a lot of trouble. What do you think, Miss Beale?"

Natalia sneered, "I hope you still have such confidence in the competition."

"Of course, I will."

After saying that, Sharon went upstairs without looking back.

Natalia smiled sinisterly.

When she withdrew her gaze, she found Talon standing not far away.

"Dad, did you hear everything?" she asked.

Talon nodded and said, "Come with me."

After arriving at the study room, he closed the door and sat on his desk.

"Natalia, I know you hate her very much, but you just have to bear with it. When the time comes, she will leave."

“Are you asking me to put up with her because she has Mr.Jones’ support?” Natalia asked.

“That isn’t the main reason.”

Talon narrowed his eyes and continued, “Now is not the time to talk about it.You will know in the future.”

Seeing that she didn’t say anything, Talon added, “Don’t participate in the designer competition.I have other plans.”

“All right.”

Natalia wouldn’t be stupid enough to carry out her vicious plan in person while countless pairs of eyes were watching her at such a time.

Besides, there were many people who hated Sharon.

Even if she didn’t make a move, someone else would teach Sharon a lesson for her.

A week passed quickly.

Sharon finished the design and left home to take it to the sponsor.

When she reached the office building, a group of designers were complaining about something together.

“I really think there is something wrong with the people in charge of this competition.Let’s put aside the weird requests.They asked us to come precisely at the given time, not earlier or later.But now that we’ve arrived, where are they? Their office is still locked.They intentionally tricked us, didn’t they?”

“Calm down.They are the sponsor, after all.Whatever they say, we can’t complain.”

“But they have gone too far.They simply treat us like nothing.We are here to participate in the competition.We don’t deserve this! They sure know how to put on airs!”

The designers complained louder and louder as they grew more indignant.Sharon noticed that there was a cabinet right outside the office.She counted.

The number of cubicles corresponded to the number of the designers.

Sharon thought for a while and reminded them, “I think they want us to put our designs there.”

Hearing this, more than half of the designers looked at the cabinet.However, few of them followed her advice.

Most of them were older and more famous than her.

All of them were able to participate in this competition through registration and screening, while Sharon had received the invitation letter from the sponsor directly.

No wonder they were aggrieved.

Only due to her relationship with Jameson, they dissembled their dissatisfaction.

However, there was one representative in the group.

Rita glanced at Sharon and crossed her arms over her chest.

"How did you know that?"

Sharon said indifferently, "I guessed."

Rita sneered, "You guessed? What do you take us for? How could you say something so irresponsible?"

Seeing that Rita had spoken her mind, someone echoed, "Yeah, how could you tell us to put something so important over there just based on your guess? I don't believe the sponsor was so careless as to store our designs in a cabinet without even doors. And you think we can just put our designs in any cubicle we want? There isn't a single staff member around. What if someone takes it away?"

Rita added, "Exactly. We don't know why the sponsor changed the rules. Ally, why don't you enlighten us? Tell us the truth. Did Mr. Proctor give you some inside information? If that's the case, we'll do whatever you say."

Hearing this, the rest of them stopped talking, and their gazes at Sharon were filled with disdain and disgust.

Sharon remained calm.

"You need a therapy. Persecution complex is an illness. Early treatment, early recovery."

After she finished speaking, she put the jewelry box containing her design into a random cubicle, and then turned to look at Rita.

"I hope you have basic legal knowledge. The Proctor Group can sue you for slandering Mr. Proctor for leaking trade secrets. You will be jailed wearing handcuffs."

Rita looked astonished and extremely embarrassed.

After Sharon left, the designers looked at each other.

More than ten minutes had passed after the said time, but no staff member had shown up.

It seemed no one was going to come.

Besides, whether Sharon got inside information on the competition from Jameson or not, she knew him, after all.

She wouldn't be eliminated because of it before the preliminary round even started.

So, the designers figured it couldn't go wrong to do what she did.

Then, just like her, each of them put their design into a cubicle and left.

They didn't have to worry about their designs being stolen, for the drafts and finished designs had been emailed to the sponsor.

After everyone left, a few staff members came and collected their designs into a box.

Then, they put it into the car and drove away to deliver them to the judges.

Apart from the sponsor, no one else knew whom each design belonged to.

The judges could not see the designer's name, so they could only grade the designs according to the work.

All this was to guarantee that it was a fair competition.

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As soon as Sharon returned to the studio, she received an email from the organizer. It said her work was received and was currently in the selection process.

She should wait patiently.

In this way, she didn't get it wrong. Sharon put down her phone and relieved.

She could relax these days.

In a while, there was a knock on the door.

Tiffany craned her neck inside, "Sharon, are you occupied now?"

"No, what's the matter?"

Tiffany closed the door and came in.

"We haven't had team building activities for long. I talked about this with colleagues right now. How about an outdoor barbecue this week?"

"That's good," Sharon nodded.

"Then I'll work on it."

As Tiffany spoke, she leaned closer to Sharon and whispered, "You can bring your family with you this time. Don't blame me for not reminding you, or else you'll just watch others showing affection at that time."

Sharon was speechless.

She grabbed the corner of Tiffany's clothes and said, "You want to bring someone?"

Tiffany chuckled and raised an eyebrow at her, "Of course, recently I meet a handsome youngster with a pleasant voice on the Internet. He even sends me a picture of his abdominal muscles. This is a good chance for me to date him."

"Don't get cheated."

"Don't worry, I won't get cheated, It's more likely I will fool him. Besides, this appointment will make me know what kind of man he is."

Tiffany couldn't help longing, "If it really works for us, I will get rid of singlehood eventually."

Sharon twitched her face, "I don't think this works. You should be careful."

Tiffany patted her shoulder, "I Know.How about you? Will you bring your Mr.Proctor to the activity?"

Sharon flushed when hearing the word "your", "This team building will be ruined If I bring him.If he really get there, no one will enjoy themselves."

Tiffany was stunned.

This was also true.

Tiffany said with pity, "Alright then.At that time, you will be an envious woman."

Weekend.

Everyone gathered at the entrance of the studio and set out together.

Some young girls' boyfriends made it, and they quickly got acquainted with some chat.

Sharon checked the time, "Where's your handsome date? Why he hasn't come?"

Tiffany looked around, "He told me he reached an intersection five minutes ago.He should be arriving soon."

At this time, a Maybach parked in front of them.

Aman said, "Holy s*it, it can't be this, right? So wealthy?"

Tiffany also widened her eyes and unconsciously grabbed Sharon's arm.Holy s*it, what a handsome guy will he be! As the car door slowly opened, a tall and slender figure appeared in their sight.

Everyone froze.

Disappointment.

Jameson gave a glance, "I'm not welcomed?"

The flock immediately felt a chill.They made excuses, like buying water and wash hands, to leave.Tiffany was the most disappointed.

She couldn't help asking, "Why did Mr.Proctor change a new car?"

"The other one has been sent for maintenance."

Jameson looked at Sharon, "Where are you going?"

Last night, Jameson asked Sharon what she was going to do today.

It was obvious that he wanted a date.

But Sharon was going to have a barbecue, so she could only pretend that the studio was in a busy time.

Who would have thought that the jerk would actually come looking for her? Sharon gave dry laughs.

Just as she was about to slip away, she saw a good-looking pupil with a schoolbag on his back.

He looked at Tiffany, then looked at Sharon, and asked calmly, "Whose name is Magical Sailor Moon?"

Sharon was speechless.

So was Jameson.

As well as Tiffany.

Tiffany had never imagined that her WeChat name would be read out loud in such a embarrassing manner one day.

She came over with reluctance, squatted ahead of him, and squeezed a smile, "Little boy, what's the matter?"

With courtesy, he stretched out a hand towards Tiffany, "I'm little pig rabbit. Nice to meet you."

Tiffany was shocked.

She looked around, "Where are your parents, kid? You come with your brother or uncle?"

"I came here myself. Didn't you ask me out for a barbecue?"

He exhaled, "I talked to my mother for a long time before she let me out. But you have to take me home after the barbecue. My mother is afraid that you are a bad guy."

Tiffany could hardly hold her smile, "I'm a bad guy?"

The little pig rabbit nodded slowly, "Yes."

"Then if I were a bad guy, why would I send you back?"

"Don't worry about that. I have my own plans."

Tiffany felt that if she wasn't hurt a thousand times by sc*ms, she would have been sent to ICU for first-aid.

Sharon grabbed Jameson's arm beside, and flush spread over her face as she held back a big laugh.

Jameson looked at the child without any expression.

Tiffany took a deep breath and stood up, "Let's go! I'll send you back now!"

"No!" the kid stepped back and insisted, "I haven't eaten the barbecue yet. You promised to treat me to it."

At this time, the flock who went to buy water came back.

Seeing that Tiffany was talking to a child, they immediately walked over and said, "Tiffany, this is your younger brother. He looks so cute."

The kid's little pink face even got a pinch.

He frowned unhappily and hid behind Tiffany.

"Can your boyfriend make it?" A man asked, not knowing it.

Tiffany didn't want to stick to it, so she explained, "No, no! His car broke down on the road, let's go.let's go!"

"Let's go!"

Previously, Tiffany's and Sharon's car could accommodate these people, but now there were Jameson and a child.

Tiffany immediately threw the kid into Jameson's car.

Before Jameson could refuse, she immediately said, "Mr.Proctor, please don't hesitate to bother me if you need!"

With that, she closed the car door with a thud.

Looking at this scene, Sharon whispered, "Aren't you afraid that he won't be able to get out of Jameson's car?"

"You don't understand.This is what is called 'combat poison with poison'.The one that survives is the victor."

Sharon didn't have time to tell Jameson to behave, but even though the jerk always gave other people hard time, he wouldn't make it hard for a child.

In any case, this was an one-hour travel.It would be ok.

Sharon stopped her wandering thought and got into the car.

In Maybach, Jameson gave the child a sidelong glance, "Fasten the safety belt."

The child put down his bag and said, "Oh."

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After arriving in the wilderness, they chose the location beside the stream as the campsite.Some of them set up tents, while others prepared barbecue grills.

Only Jameson and the Little Pig Rabbit sat in a folding chair.

One was calm and composed, while the other was looking at the scenery with round eyes.

Sharon walked to Jameson and squatted down.

"Mr.Proctor, are you here for inspection?" She said unhappily.

Jameson looked at her and said slowly, "If you told me earlier, I would bring Jacob here."

How shameless.

Jameson added, "Besides, I did do something."

Sharon was puzzled, "What did you do?"

Jameson glanced at the child sitting upright beside him and said, "If I don't take care of him, and he gets lost, how do you explain it to his mother?"

Sharon sneered.

Sharon ignored him and took a bottle of yogurt from the bag.

She touched his head and said, "Baby, sit here and don't run around. There might be many big gray wolves nearby."

Jameson lightly snorted and was obviously disdainful of her stereotype of scaring children.

Little Pig Rabbit hugged the yogurt and nodded seriously, "I won't run around, nor will I cause you any trouble."

Sharon smiled and got up, "Good boy, then you can enjoy yourself with Jameson...Uncle Jameson. I'll call you when we're done barbecuing."

Jameson's dissatisfied voice sounded, "Why are your attitudes so different?"

"Shut up ...Uncle!"

Sharon gritted her teeth.

Jameson was speechless.

After Sharon left, Little Pig Rabbit turned around and looked at Jameson.

He handed the yogurt to Jameson and Jameson said in a cold voice, "It is for you, I don't drink it."

"I see. Uncle, please open it for me."

Jameson sneered, "You are old enough. You cannot open the yogurt?"

The Little Pig Rabbit said seriously, "Uncle, you snatched the candy from Sharon's mouth when you got off the car. I saw it."

Jameson was embarrassed and he looked at him with a poker face.

"Uncle, if you don't help me open it, I'll ask Sharon for help..."

The Little Pig Rabbit were fearless.

Before he could finish speaking, his hand was empty. Jameson unscrewed the yogurt lid and returned it to him.

"Thank you."

With that, he raised his head and drank his yogurt quietly.

Jameson said, "Little brat, your parents don't worry about you when you are out?"

Little Pig Rabbit drank the yogurt and said, "I'm ten years old. I'm not a brat. Uncle, didn't you go out with friends when you were young?"

Your parents don't allowed you to do so? On the other side, Tiffany added some wood to the barbecue grill and secretly looked back at the them, "Unbelievable, the br*t and Mr. Proctor have a nice chat? Does he meet his bosom friend?"

Sharon raised her eyebrows and smiled, "Previously, you call him a handsome boy, but now, a brat?"

"Oh my God, I was wrong. Please don't mention it again. So embarrassing."

Tiffany felt exhausted, "I'll send him home as soon as it's over, and I won't trust anyone online anymore! This little brat!"

"Is there a misunderstanding? I think he's cute and polite. Are you thinking too much?" Sharon said.

Tiffany stubbornly retorted, "How is that possible?"

He even gave me a picture of his abdominal muscles. It's not guesswork, right?

"I really don't want to fall in love anymore. I've met all kinds of men, like two-timer, playboy and... He is such a little boy that he learns to be a bad man. I might never meet my Mr. Right. Well, I'd better become a nun."

Sharon smiled and patted her shoulder to comfort her, "Don't worry. After the competition, you can go out and participate in offline activities. You'll meet your Mr. Right."

"Forget it. I'm only attractive to those assholes. I can see through the vanity of the world."

Sharon raised her head and looked at the couples who were running and laughing by the stream not far away.

The corners of her lips curved, "It's good to be young."

Tiffany also looked over and sighed, "Yes, if I were at that age, who would dare to cheat me?"

At lunch, they shared the snacks and box lunch they brought.

After lunch, two couples saw a sea of flowers not far away and went to look for it.

Others rested in the tent or to sit by the stream with minds drifting away.

Sharon sat beside Jameson and whispered, "Mr. Proctor, aren't you bored?"

Jameson turned around to look at her and smiled, "With you around, how can I be bored?"

The corner of Sharon's lip curved and she looked at the glistening water.

After a while, she said, "Sometimes, I feel too stressed at work. It's quite relaxing to go out and spend time with these kids."

"Kids? How many years older are you than them?"

Sharon said confidently, "Even if I am only a few years older than them, I am still the older one. They are like my younger brothers and sisters, just like Ruben."

Jameson held her in his arms and whispered, "I'm only a few years older than you. You call me uncle?"

Jameson nibbled her earlobe and said, "Hmm?"

In an instant, Sharon's face was red and hot.

She reached out to push him, "No, there are so many people."

Jameson looked back and said, "Where are they?"

There was no one else but a child who was doing his homework with his back to them.

Where was Tiffany? Sharon raise her hand to block them and still said, "No."

Hearing this, Jameson chuckled, "Why not?"

Sharon did not expect that the jerk still trying to trick her.

Sharon didn't want to talk with him anymore.

Just as she was about to get up, she was pulled back by him.

Jameson said, "Alright, I won't tease you anymore. Sit with me for a while."

His voice was filled with exhaustion.

After a while, Sharon said, "Are you still busy these days?"

Jameson slowly said, "Yes, a lot of things need to be done. I have to go on a business trip tomorrow."

"Why didn't you said that before?"

"I was going to tell you today, but who would have known that you did so?" Sharon curled her lips.

Alright, it's her fault.

After a pause, Sharon said, "When are you coming back?"

"At least a week."

Jameson wasn't worried about Sharon.

There were many people secretly protecting her, but he was worried about other things.

Sharon sat up from his embrace and asked, "Do you worry about something? I feel that you are a little strange today."

The corner of Jameson's lips curled up, "Why you say I am strange?"

"It's rare for you to be so serious."

"It seems that you hope me not be serious."

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Tiffany went for a stroll around.

Originally, she wanted to relax, but she did not expect to sprain her ankle.

Thus, not only did she not relax, she was even more annoyed.

When she limped back, she saw two people hugging each other by the stream not far away.

Tiffany felt that she was looking for troubles.

She didn't expect to embarrass herself.

Tiffany took a deep breath when she saw the child sitting on the small table doing his homework quietly.

A sense of guilt surged in her heart for no reason.

She felt that she was polluting the young.

Forget it; that was it.

Tiffany walked over to the kid and sat down.

"Hey, kid, what grade are you in?" She asked.

"Fourth grade."

Tiffany looked at his textbook.

She added, "You're so young, who taught you to flirt...cheat on the Internet?"

Little Pig Rabbit put down his pencil and said seriously, "Sister Magical Sailor Moon, I'm not lying to you.I..."

"Stop! Stop!"

Tiffany hurriedly said, "That's not my real name.Just call me sister.Don't use the net name."

"OK."

Tiffany thought he was polite and asked, "You didn't lie to me.Then why did you send me...that kind of picture?"

Facing a child, she was somewhat unable to say the word abdominal muscle.

Little Pig Rabbit tilted his head and said, "Didn't you ask me to send it? I learned from the Internet that this kind of photo is the most trustworthy, so I found the one I thought was the best to send it to you."

Tiffany did ask at that time, but she didn't know...She slowly exhaled and repeatedly told herself not to argue with a kid.

Tiffany turned her head and took out a bag of ice from the box where the food was placed.

She found a cloth to wrap it around her sprained ankle.

Seeing this, Little Pig Rabbit took out a bottle of spray from his schoolbag and gave it to her.

Tiffany was stunned, "Why would you have this?"

"My mother is a doctor.She asks me to carry rubbing alcohol and this with me.It will always be useful."

Hearing this, Tiffany became interested, "What about your father? What does he do?"

He looked upset.He lowered his head and remained silent.

Tiffany knew that she might have asked something sensitive, so she smiled with embarrassment and changed the topic, "Hey, which school are you studying at?"

"I don't go to school now."

"Why?"

Little Pig Rabbit looked at her vigilantly and said, "Nothing. My mother said there are many bad people outside, so she didn't let me go to school."

Tiffany was stunned.

His mother didn't let him go to school for fear of bad people, but let him meet with netizens? Tiffany couldn't understand this.

She really had to talk to his parents when she sent this kid back today.

What did his mother think? Luckily, he met her this time.

What if he really met someone with bad intention next time? Very quickly, the sky darkened and everyone returned one after another.

Sharon stood beside the grill and just as she put the charcoal in, Jameson walked to her side.

He took off his coat and put it in her embrace, "Stay aside."

"You know how to do this?"

As Jameson took off his watch, he raised his eyebrows and said, "Of course."

The jerk started to be arrogant again.

Sharon took the watch he handed over, found a clean place to put it down, and went over to help him.

Just as Sharon approached, she smelled a burnt scent.

Sharon was lost for words.

She knew it would be like this.

"I'll do it," she said helplessly.

Jameson was truly a young master.

He was always served by others.

It was really a disaster to ask him help in kitchen.

Jameson walked to the side and finally had an excuse, "You didn't let me do it."

Sharon glared at him.

It was like bargaining for stolen goods.

Not long after, the barbecue was ready.

These ingredients were prepared beforehand, and they were all semi-finished products.

Sharon just roasted them and added some ingredients.

It was easy to deal with them.

Therefore, Sharon really did not understand how Jameson could scorch the food when she turned around and put the things away.

Originally, the girls wanted to come over to help, but when they saw Jameson stand behind Sharon with his hands in his pants pockets, no one dared to come over.

At this time, Sharon's phone vibrated.

She was busy, so she said to Jameson, "Mr.Proctor, check whos calling."

Jameson reached out and picked up her phone.It was an unfamiliar number.

He walked to the side and answered it.

On the other end of the phone, it was quiet for a long time before it let out a strange laugh, "My dear daughter, I heard that you are participating in the competition again.How much is the prize this time?"

Hearing his voice, Jameson's expression did not change.

He said indifferently, "How much the reward is depends on whether you have the life to take it or not."

Josh didn't expect Jameson to answer the phone.

He paused for a while before saying, "Jameson, you can't say that.Both you and my daughter are rich.What I want is nothing to you."

"How much do you want?"

Josh's voice was hoarse as he chuckled, his laughter becoming even stranger, "300 million."

"Of course, it's nothing.I'll burn it for you when I'm free."

It seemed that Jameson wanted to hang up.

Josh hurriedly said, "Jameson, let me remind you that there are many people looking for me outside now.Guess what they want from me? I took the initiative to contact my daughter because we are family.Otherwise, they will give me the money, too."

Jameson said indifferently, "You are so naive.They might not even negotiate with you.At most, they will throw you into the sewer to rot."

Josh was a little anxious.

He should be in an empty place.

He said with an echo, "Dear Jameson, I know that you are deliberately scaring me.I also know that those are not good things, so I didn't let them find them.Now, I won't bargain with you anymore.One hundred

million, just one hundred million! As long as I get the money, I'll scam far away and never bother you again! "

"Nice try."

After a pause, Jameson looked at the number on the screen and frowned, "Don't call Sharon again. She doesn't have that much money. Don't disturb her."

"I know. I know. Then ...how can I contact you?"

Jameson gave him Jacob's number, "Since you asked me for so much money, you should be more sincere."

Josh knew what he meant, "I understand. I will bring the film."

Jameson didn't want to talk nonsense with him anymore, so he hung up the phone and pulled the number into the blacklist.

When he returned, the barbecue was prepared, and a group of people was sitting around the fire, clapping their hands and singing a song.

Sharon walked to him and asked, "What took you so long? Who called just now?"

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Jameson handed her the phone and said carelessly, "It's a cold call."

Sharon didn't believe it.

"Why did you spend so long talking with the salesman?"

"I analyzed the domestic economic trend this year with him."

Sharon was speechless. She didn't even know how to judge this jerk.

Was he annoying or boring? Over there, someone is calling them, "Sharon, Mr. Proctor, come on, the barbecue is getting cold."

Sharon put away the phone and said, "Let's go."

When Jameson sat down, he glanced at Little Pig Rabbit who were eating happily beside him.

Jameson raised his chin to the little boy, "Move, please."

Little Pig Rabbit looked at him angrily and clenched his fists.

Realizing that their strength match was a David and Goliath contest, he moved and made room for Jameson.

Seeing this, Sharon felt unfair.

"What are you doing? Bullying a child?" Jameson remained calm.

"I am helping him adapt to adversity."

Sharon ignored him and handed a few barbecues to Little Pig Rabbit.

He ate, and took them, "Thank you, Sharon."

Tiffany, who sat beside him, couldn't help but tease, "Well, look how hungry you are. I remember you were full for lunch."

"I'm eating to show my respect for food."

Everyone was lost for words.

After finishing the barbecue, someone suggested playing a little game, and those who lost would sing for everyone.

In the end, only two people didn't fit in.

Little Pig Rabbit said he was going to do his homework.

Jameson went to make business call.

When Jameson came back, he saw Sharon sitting in front of the fire with a sincere smile.

He felt the night had become bright and resplendent.

Jameson smiled silently, keeping standing there watching her.

Suddenly, a child's voice came from beside him, "Uncle Jameson, you like Sharon very much, don't you?"

Jameson withdrew his gaze and looked at him coldly.

"You don't have to deny it. Your eyes have already betrayed you," said Little Pig Rabbit in an adult tone.

"Why don't I admit it?"

Jameson said, "She is my wife."

"Oh, it seems that she isn't."

Jameson licked his teeth and suddenly laughed, "Are you kidding me?"

"No, you misunderstood. I'm just stating a fact" said Little Pig Rabbit.

"The fact is that I'm going to kick your ass."

As soon as Jameson finished speaking, Sharon walked over and heard his words.

She immediately frowned, "Are you bullying him again?"

Seeing her come, Little Pig Rabbit quickly hid behind Sharon, looking aggrieved.

Jameson sneered and looked at the little rascal, as if he was saying, "Just you wait."

It was time to go home.

They had finished the barbecue and played the game, so it was time to call it a day.

They tidied up the place, put everything back in the car, and prepared to set off.

No one left early, so they went back together just the same as before.

Tiffany, however, was in a bit of a dilemma.

She didn't know if her car could follow Jameson's.

If she let Jameson wait for her at the door of the studio, she didn't know how to say this to him.

She thought for seconds before saying, "Mr.Proctor, I...."

Jameson saw through her and grabbed the collar of Little Pig Rabbit with his hand, "I'll send him back."

Tiffany's eyes lit up, "Thank you, Mr.Proctor!"

Sharon did not expect Jameson to be so kind.

She was afraid that he would bully the child again.

She gave her phone number to Little Pig Rabbit and touched his head, "Call me if you need anything."

"Thank you, Sharon.Goodbye!"

As he spoke, he also waved goodbye to Tiffany.

Tiffany kept smiling and waved at him.

A day of nightmare finally came to an end.

Soon, three cars disappeared into the night.

In the black Rolls-Royce, Jameson said indifferently, "Where do you live?"

"You can just send me to the place where I got in the car.I'll go back myself," said Little Pig Rabbit cautiously, holding the schoolbag.

Hearing this, Jameson only smiled, "You wont tell me, will you? I'm in a good mood now.I'll play a conjuring trick for you.Close your eyes.When I wake you up, you'll be home."

Little Pig Rabbit's pink face became a little gloomy.

He shut his mouth, keeping silent.

Jameson did not say anything else.

He just stepped on the accelerator and speeded up.

An hour later, the car stopped before a luxury house.

Little Pig Rabbit held the schoolbag even tighter.

Jameson turned around and looked at him, "Are you too scared to move?"

He said calmly, "Thank you for taking me home.I'll just go upstairs myself."

As he spoke, he quickly opened the car door.

But he just ran for a few steps before Jameson grabbed him on the collar.

Little Pig Rabbit's face flushed red as he struggled in the air, "Let go of me!"

"Walk nicely. Don't blame me for doing something to you if you run again."

"I see." Jameson put him down.

Little Pig Rabbit picked up the schoolbag that had fallen to the ground and patted it to dust off the ashes.

Then, he carried it on his back slowly and moved reluctantly.

Jameson checked the time and seemed to be impatient, "Hurry up."

Little Pig Rabbit said angrily, "The most important virtue for a gentleman is to be gentle and patient. You don't have any of it. No wonder Sharon is not your wife!"

Jameson didn't even bother to argue with him.

Little Pig Rabbit reached out and forcefully pushed the button to get the elevator.

Two minutes later, the elevator door opened slowly.

"I'm here. Thank you for sending me back, uncle Jameson."

Little Pig Rabbit held the schoolbag belt with both hands.

Jameson looked at the floor number on the elevator and said, "Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Then you go out."

After Jameson finished speaking, he raised his hand and pressed down on the number of the upper floor.

Seeing this, Little Pig Rabbit couldn't help but frown and retreated back silently, biting back.

With a ding sound, the elevator door opened.

Jameson raised his leg and went out first.

Little Pig Rabbit followed behind him with reluctance.

Jameson stood before a door and said indifferently, "Open the door."

Little Pig Rabbit snorted and entered the password.

As soon as the door opened, he dodged in and intended to close it immediately.

At the same time, a familiar male voice came from inside, "Mathew, where did you go? It's so late."

No matter how fast Little Pig Rabbit reacted, he was no match for Jameson.

Half of Jameson's body was inside the room.

The man inside was surprised when he saw this scene.

Jameson greeted calmly, "Hello, Mr. Matthias."

He then lifted Little Pig Rabbit who blocked at the door and put him to the side before slowly walking in.

Patrick looked at the child and then at him, "Mr. Proctor, who is this?"

Jameson closed the door and said indifferently, "I want to ask you, Mr. Matthias. What's going on?"

At this time, Little Pig Rabbit finally broke free from Jameson's control and hid behind Patrick.

Few seconds later, Patrick patted his head and said, "Mathew, go back to your room. I have something to do."

He then said to Jameson, "Mr. Proctor, please come in."

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Patrick poured a glass of water for Jameson and sat opposite him.

"Mr. Proctor, why did you come back with Mathew?" He asked.

Jameson crossed his legs and lightly tapped his fingers on the armrest of the sofa.

"I think you should ask him this question." he said calmly.

Patrick turned around and looked at Mathew leaning on the doorframe.

The latter shrank back and closed the door tightly.

"Mr. Proctor, if Mathew has offended you, I apologize to you. He..." he said gently.

"You don't have to apologize."

Jameson said coldly, "He went to see Sharon."

Hearing this, Patrick was surprised. He probably hasn't expected such a situation.

Then, he became serious as he thought about something.

Jameson continued, "If this child stays by your side, he will be a time bomb. If he can find Sharon today, then he can also find Talon tomorrow. If he implicates Sharon, will you still think it doesn't matter?"

Patrick pursed his lips and said after a while, "Mr. Proctor, don't worry. I promise that this won't happen again."

"I'm not here to seek assurance. I just want to remind you that sometimes even the slightest oversight can be fatal. You should know this better than I do."

"Mr. Proctor, I'll do as you said."

Just as Jameson was about to get up and leave, he thought of another thing and sat down again.

He raised his eyebrows, "I have a question for you."

Patrick said, "I'm all ears."

Jameson said, "Mr. Matthias, I know you have just returned to the South City after so many years, and it's normal if you don't know many people here. But I think you may still remember a name."

Patrick did not answer and took a sip of water, waiting for his next words.

Jameson continued, "Can you remember Josh?"

"Who is Josh?"

Jameson smiled coldly, "Never mind. He's nothing but a swindler. Since you don't know him, please ignore my words. Anyway, I don't think you will be interested in his whereabouts."

Patrick didn't replied.

Before Jameson walked out of the door, Patrick said, "Mr. Proctor, tell me if you need any help."

"Mr. Patrick, I'll go on a business trip to Italy tomorrow. Please help me take care of my wife."

After Jameson left, Mathew came out of the room.

He lowered his head all the way, as if he knew that he had done something wrong.

He whispered, "Mr. Matthias, I'm sorry to trouble you."

Patrick crouched down in front of him and stroked his head.

"It's okay. This is not your fault. Mathew, I just want to know why you did this."

With tears rolling in his eyes, Mathew bit his lips.

After a while, he said in a choked voice, "I learned from the Internet that Sharon is Mr. Beale's..."

Before he finished his sentence, Patrick could guess what was on his mind.

Mathew was the son of the employee who suffered the accident in the project of the Beale Group.

The Beales had intended to get rid of Mathew and his mother.

Patrick managed to take them away, but back then, Mathew's mother had a car accident.

She was lying in the hospital and hadn't woken up yet.

Undoubtedly, this child hated the Beale Group.

Recently, in order to cover up what had happened in the past, the Beales had secretly promoted the news that Sharon had returned to the Beale family.

In this way, most of the public attention would focus on this gossip.

And very few people would really pay attention to the Beale Group.

After a while, Mathew sobbed, "I didn't do anything. I just wanted to take a look at her."

He got the contact details of Sharon's studio from Weibo.

Then he added Tiffany and fabricated an identity.

This was how he got to meet Sharon today.

Patrick sighed in his heart and patted on Mathew's trembling shoulder, "I understand you. But you're too impulsive and it's very dangerous. Don't act like that anymore."

Mathew nodded with tears in his eyes.

Later, he wiped away his tears and said, "I know. I won't do it again. Mr. Matthias, Sharon is a good person. I believe she isn't the bad guy who hurts my parents. Today, all the people I meet are very kind."

As he spoke, he angrily clenched his fists and added, "Except for that bad guy!"

It took Patrick a few seconds to understand who was the "bad guy".

He smiled and got up, "Alright, it's time to go to sleep."

After Mathew returned to his room, Patrick's expression gradually became serious.

He took out his phone and dialed a number, "Have you found Josh's whereabouts?"

"Not yet. He is good at hiding. Other than us, Jameson and Talon are also looking for him." Patrick walked to the balcony and looked at the scenery outside.

"Go check the neighborhood where we met him last time. Expand the search area and find him as soon as possible."

Josh must have done something, otherwise, Jameson would not have deliberately mentioned him.

"Yes."

After hanging up the phone, Patrick stood there for a long time. Finally, he took out his phone again and dialed another number.

Monday night, just as Sharon arrived at the door of the studio, she saw a group of young girls peeping at the next door.

They were extremely excited.

At this time, Tiffany had arrived as well.

She asked as she drank soybean milk, "What are they doing?"

Sharon shook her head.

A girl screamed, "My God, he's so handsome!"

When Tiffany heard that there was a handsome guy, her eyes lit up and she immediately rushed out, "Where is the handsome guy? Where is he?"

She joined the girls to peep at the next door, only to see rows of people inside.

She couldn't even see the handsome guy's hair.

Tiffany asked the girls, "How could you tell he is handsome?"

"Tiffany, it's said that this place has been changed to a piano room. The boss is a super handsome guy. Those people inside all want to enroll."

Tiffany stood on tiptoe and stretched out her neck to look inside.

Judging from a sea of people, this guy must be really handsome.

"I think it's time for me to cultivate my artistic sentiment. Maybe I should enroll too." she said.

The handsome guy inside seemed to have heard the discussion outside and slowly stood up.

When Tiffany saw his face, her interest instantly disappeared.

She hurriedly fled back to the studio as if someone was chasing her.

Sharon got a glass of water from the tea room and saw Tiffany come back.

She smiled and asked, "Didn't you go to see the handsome guy?"

Tiffany curled her lips, "Forget it. I'm really unlucky."

Before Sharon could ask her what was wrong, Daniel appeared at the door and greeted them with a smile, "Ms. Allyson, Tiffany."

Tiffany was speechless. Who had allowed him to call her name so affectionately?

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Sharon nodded slightly and said somewhat puzzled, "You are..."

Daniel smiled and said, "I have no intention of leaving the South City for the time being, so I opened a piano studio to keep me busy."

Tiffany was speechless.

If he was idle, he should go abroad to have fun.

Why did he come to cause her trouble? Sharon did not expect things to turn out like this.

She did not know if it was a coincidence or an artificial one.

Daniel continued, "In the future, we will be neighbors again. If you need any help, you can just call me."

Sharon nodded politely, "Alright."

Before leaving, Daniel looked at Tiffany and smiled. Tiffany didn't reply.

After Daniel left, the girls returned to work one after another.

Tiffany, who had mixed feelings in her heart, walked to the office with Sharon.

When the office door closed, she couldn't help but curse crazily, "Is there something wrong with him? He did it on purpose! I just liked his appearance, so I tried to get close to him for a period. Does he have to do this?"

Sharon sat in her seat and didn't say anything for a moment.

She also felt that Daniel's sudden appearance here was definitely not just a coincidence. But she couldn't tell his intentions.

But at least she was certain that Daniel wouldn't have harmed her, or else he wouldn't have waited until now.

On the other side, Tiffany said angrily, "I seriously suspect that he has been with Natalia for too long, causing him to be delusional. He feels that I like him and keeps showing up in front of me on purpose! Sharon, did you hear him just now? He called me Tiffany. When did I get on so well with him? He looked at me with that kind of gaze when he left. I'm sure he's here to hook me up!"

Sharon silent with confusion.

Tiffany slammed the table and felt that she could not bear it, "No, I have to go and tell him clearly now. From today onwards, I won't show up at a place where he is there!"

Before she made an irreparable mistake, Sharon hurriedly pulled her back.

"Tiffany, calm down. What exactly is his purpose? Let's wait and see."

Tiffany took a deep breath and relaxed her emotions.

She sighed, "Speaking of which, it's still my fault. I shouldn't have been so charming. He couldn't forget about me for a long time. Now, he has found this place."

As Tiffany spoke, she raised her hand and sniffed.

"Sharon, do you think there's a special scent on my body? A playa smells it and will fall in love."

Sharon suppressed her laughter and said seriously, "I don't think Daniel is a playa. He and Natalia are just..."

Tiffany curled her lips and said, "Come on, don't defend him. I've never seen such a ridiculous person before. Even Jameson is much better than him."

At this time, Sharon's computer rang.

It was an email from the organizer of the designer competition, informing her that she had successfully passed the preliminary round and entered the second round.

Three days later, all the designers who had passed the preliminary round would draw lots to decide their theme of the second round.

Tiffany and Sharon were both very calm when they saw that she had passed the preliminary round.

After their hard working for so long, if she was even unable to pass the preliminary round, then it would be too boring.

Only ten of the dozens of designers entered the second round, which meant that the competition coming next would only be more difficult.

Rita, Sofia, and Natalia would all make things difficult for Sharon.

Tiffany did not disturb Sharon anymore and patted her shoulder, leaving.

Sharon also closed her email box and started to work.

At noon, Sharon put down her color pens and stretched herself.

Just as she was about to call Tiffany for dinner, there was a knock on the office door.

"Come in."

Very quickly, Jennifer's figure appeared in her sight.

Jennifer was still holding a few thermal lunch boxes in her hands.

Ever since Sharon said that she had to eat in the studio every day before returning to the Beale's, Jameson had asked Jennifer to deliver her food every night.

However, it was still noon.

Seeing Sharon's doubts, Jennifer smiled and said, "Mrs.Proctor, before Mr.Proctor's business trip, he told me to bring you two meals a day in the future.If you have something you want to eat, just let me know."

Sharon was stunned, and her ears couldn't help but turn red, "It's not necessary.Coming here twice a day is too troublesome for you.You can just send dinner here like before..."

"Mrs.Proctor, it's not troublesome at all.My job is to take care of you and Mr.Proctor."

As if afraid that Sharon would not agree, Jennifer said, "Mr.Proctor said before leaving that if you lose weight these days, he would dock my wages."

Sharon was lost for words.

The jerk was so mean to his employees.

Jennifer put the thermal lunch boxes in front of Sharon and said, "Mrs.Proctor, what do you want to eat tonight.I'll go back and prepare it for you."

"Fish soup."

Sharon thought for a moment and said.

"Alright, I'll go to the market to buy fish in a moment."

Just as Jennifer was about to leave, Sharon suddenly stopped her and said, "Jennifer, can I ask you something?"

"Mrs.Proctor, what is it? I'm glad to help."

"Do you still remember what you were doing on the 15th of this month?"

Sharon looked at her phone and said after a few seconds of silence.

After asking this question, Sharon felt that it was ridiculous.

If she were Jennifer, she probably wouldn't know what she was doing at that time because the time spot was coming out of nowhere.

Just as she was about to drop the question, Jennifer thought for a while and said, "It was Friday, wasn't it?"

"Yes." Sharon nodded.

Jennifer said, "I remember I was at the parents' meeting of my daughter's school that day. I specifically asked for a day off from Mr. Proctor."

"Then when did you return to the Star Lake Mansion?"

"The next morning, I think. When I got back, Mr. Proctor told me to bring dinner to you, Mrs. Proctor."

As Jennifer spoke, she asked tentatively, "Mrs. Proctor, is there something wrong?"

Hearing this, Sharon smiled and said, "Nothing. I'm just asking. Jennifer, you can go back now."

After Jennifer left, Sharon withdrew her thoughts and looked at the thermal lunch boxes in front of her, feeling a little confused.

So, it seemed that her guess about that day was correct.

Charlotte had indeed cooked the fish soup.

But why did Jameson deliberately lie to her? Since Charlotte cooked the fish soup, she must be in the South City.

However, Jameson had never told her about it.

What the hell was he doing? Sharon couldn't figure it out.

She took a deep breath, reached out and rubbed her temples.

Then, she got up and sat in front of the coffee table.

Sharon had not eaten much when she vaguely felt that something was wrong.

She did not have time to think too much.

In order to confirm her speculation, she hurriedly got up and left with the car key.

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Forty minutes later, the car stopped in front of a residential building. Sharon sat in the car and looked around to ensure that she stopped in the place where Jameson had brought her before.

After that, she opened the car door and got off.

However, this community was very large and quite populous.

Sharon was a little bit confused. She found a wide place, and sat on the bench. She used the stupidest and most inefficient method-just waiting here. Sharon could not ask Jameson about it.

He definitely would not tell her, and he would be on guard, which would not bring her any result.

Why didn't she take a chance? Sharon sat there without moving, staring at everyone who entered and left the community.

Time passed very quickly, and the sky gradually turned dark.

She took out her phone and looked at it.

She sighed helplessly.

It seemed that she wasn't lucky this time.

She carried her bag on her back and turned around.

Just a few steps away, she saw someone walking towards her.

Sharon stopped to take a look.

Sure enough, it was the young woman she had come across when she had followed Jameson to the mall last time.

Having noticed her attention, Harley looked over.

For a moment, she was surprised to see Sharon.

And she was unexpected of this situation as well.

"Ms. Allyson?"

Sharon approached her and nodded at her.

"Hello."

Harley said, "Ms. Allyson, how do you..."

Sharon said, "I happened to come here for something to do nearby. I remember that Jameson brought me here last time. He said that you guys lived here, so I just come by to take a look. I didn't expect to meet you so coincidentally."

As she spoke, she looked at the item in Harley's hand and asked, "Did you just go to the market?"

Harley calmed down and replied, "Yes ...I just bought some vegetables."

Sharon smiled and said, "It looks heavy. Let me carry it for you. I also bought something for the little fellow and I will go see him."

Perhaps Harley didn't expect her to say this.

She was stunned for a moment and subconsciously wanted to refuse.

However, Sharon had taken the item in her hand.

So Harley kept the remarks to herself.

If she refused directly, it seemed to be so obvious that would make her suspicious.

Harley quickly said, "Since you have come here, please stay and have a dinner together. I'll buy some more food."

After she finished that, she tended to take the opportunity to leave.

However, Sharon stopped her and smiled faintly.

"There's no need to be so troublesome. I still have something to do. I'll leave soon after I see the little fellow upstairs. I haven't seen him for a long time."

"Well ...there's no fruit at home. I'll buy some for you."

There was a fruit stall beside them.

Sharon said, "Let me."

Nevertheless, it didn't seem appropriate to visit someone's home with empty hand.

Walking up to the fruit stall, Sharon turned around and saw that Harley was right behind her.

There was nothing unusual about her.

She tilted her head and retracted her gaze.

She bought some seasonal fruits.

However, just when Sharon wasn't paying attention, Harley took out her phone and quickly sent a message.

When Sharon looked over, she pretended that nothing had happened and smiled at her.

After buying the fruit, Sharon went upstairs with Harley.

Harley took the initiative to start a topic.

"Ms. Allyson, I've seen it on the Internet that you opened a studio by yourself, right?"

"Not by myself. I opened it with my friends."

"Oh, that's pretty good. There are very few people who are as beautiful and capable as you now."

Sharon smiled and said, "I'm just lucky."

Harley said, "Ms. Allyson, please don't be modest. Luck and strength are indispensable. I've seen your designs. They're very good. Sometimes I envy you. If I had your abilities, I wouldn't..."

She stopped in the middle.

"What's the matter?" Sharon asked.

Harley laughed a little bit and said, "Nothing. The house is right in front of us. Ms. Allyson, let's go."

“Alright.”

Having arrived at the door, Harley took out her key and opened it.

After looking inside for a few moments, she turned around and said, “Ms.Allyson, come in, please.It’s a little messy at home.Please don’t mind.”

“It’s fine.It’s normal for you to have lots of stuff when you have a child in your home.”

Harley put all the vegetables and fruits on the table, and then she went to the bedroom to take the little fellow out.

His eyes were widely open.

“Ms.Allyson, please take care of the baby for me.I’ll cook dinner.”

Sharon took the little fellow and lowered her voice as if she was afraid of making him scared.

She said, “Alright.”

Harley hurriedly took the things into the kitchen and finally became relieved.

The little fellow seemed to be very happy to see Sharon.

He had been giggling in her arms all the time.

His little hands clenched tightly and waved happily in the air.

Sharon’s lips curved, and she sat down on the sofa with the little fellow in her arms.

Originally, she wanted to find a toy for him to play with, but there seemed to be no toy in the living room.

She carried the little fellow to the nursery and found one for him.

Just as she was about to go out, Sharon stopped and looked around the empty room.

She frowned slightly.

Sharon walked to the door with the little fellow in her arms.

And she looked at the shoe cabinet.

Later on, she looked around the house.

In this room, there was no trace of a second adult.

However, it became even weirder because of this.

How could Harley leave such a little baby at home alone and go shopping by herself? It didn’t make any sense.

At this moment, Harley came out of the kitchen and walked up to Sharon.

“Ms.Allyson, So much for the trouble brought to you.Please pass the child to me.”

Sharon smiled and handed the baby over.

She slowly said, "Are you taking care of the children by yourself?"

Harley felt her scalp go numb for her sudden question.

She didn't know how to answer it.

"Well ...that's not true. When I'm too busy, I'll ...also ask my neighbors to take care of him."

Sharon suddenly realized something, and then she said, "So it was the neighbor who helped you take care of the child. Where is your husband? I remember you have another child, right? That kid should be old enough to go to kindergarten or elementary school."

"Well..."

Two drops of sweat appeared on Harley's forehead.

Sharon added, "I can't see any picture of you, your husband, or the other kid at home."

She maintained a faint smile on her face when she said those remarks, as if she was just asking a casual question.

But Harley knew how serious it was.

Mr. Proctor had told her in advance.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have done that in the mall at that time.

Just as Harley was breathing nervously, the doorbell suddenly rang.

She hurriedly said, "I...I'll answer the door."

When the door was opened, there was an ordinary looking young man and a five or six year-old kid standing outside the house.

The man said, "Honey, please don't be angry with me and come home for the sake of the child even if you don't want to talk to me."