

Resume 351

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 351

After he finished speaking, the child hugged Harley's leg and said, "Mom, I miss you and brother."

Harley reacted quickly and immediately said, "I told you to leave me alone for a while. You should think about what you did wrong. Thankfully, my parents had bought me a house before I got married. Otherwise, I wouldn't even have a place to live with the kid!"

"Yes, yes, yes. You're right. It's my fault. It's all my fault. This time, I will definitely have a serious introspection. I promise that I won't make you upset from now on."

Harley said reluctantly, "I don't want to talk about that. There are still quests here. We will discuss that later!"

After saying that, she turned around and looked at Sharon awkwardly, "Ms. Allyson, I'm really sorry to make you feel uncomfortable."

"It doesn't matter" Sharon said.

"I'm the one who should apologize."

"Since you still have things to deal with, I'll leave you alone." she said as she took her things.

Harley said, "Then let me walk you out, Ms. Allyson."

Looking at the little fellow in her arms, Sharon used her finger to gently poke him in the face.

She smiled and said, "No need, I will go by myself."

When Sharon was about to leave, she rubbed the head of the child beside her.

After the door was closed, Harley and the man who had just arrived breathed a sigh of relief at the same time.

However, Leo began to cry in Harley's arms.

Harley was afraid that Sharon would hear it, so she held Leo and walked into the baby's room.

Sharon walked into the elevator and heard the crying of the baby behind her, but it disappeared in an instant.

From the elevator to her community, she was overwhelmed.

She wanted to tell herself that she was overthinking, and her assumptions were all wrong.

It was all because she was too sensitive.

However, for some reason, those pieces of evidence kept stuck in her mind.

It seemed that all her doubts were proved wrong, yet she found it even more unacceptable.

How could there be so many coincidences? She remembered that the day when Jameson brought her here was the Spring Festival.

How could Harley quarrel with her husband and move here with Leo at such an early time? Even if it was true, during such a long time, her husband did not come to look for her and let her live here with Leo.

How could he come over as soon as she arrived? It was more than a coincidence.

It was like a show which was specially designed for her.

In the car, Sharon leaned against the seat and looked at the entrance of the community.

She breathed slowly, trying to make things straight.

She sat and waited for two hours, but none of them came out.

Sharon closed her eyes and felt tired.

She couldn't tell if she was overthinking, or if the show was well-designed.

It made her feel dizzy.

After a while, Sharon finally gave up and drove away.

After she had left, the person in the black car which was parked not far away took out his phone and call someone, "Mr.Proctor, Ms.Allyson has left."

On the phone, Jameson answered softly.

He hid his emotions well.

"Mr.Proctor, what should we do now?"

After a few seconds of silence, Jameson said, "Move out tonight."

"But if we do this, I'm afraid that if Ms.Allyson finds out, she would be even more..."

Jameson said, "Whatever.Let them move out first, and then we'll discuss the matter after I get back."

The man answered, "As you wish, Mr.Proctor."

Meanwhile, in Italy.

Jameson put away his phone and pinched his nose.

He did not expect that Sharon would suddenly become suspicious, and ran over to check it out by herself.

Fortunately, everything was handled well.

However, the next time wouldn't be so easy.

At this time, Jacob knocked on the door and came in, "Mr.Proctor, the meeting is about to start."

Jameson stopped his thinking and asked in a low voice, "How long will it take to finish the work here?"

Jacob checked the schedule and said, "At least five days."

Hearing this, Jameson couldn't help but frown.

Jacob knew that he was worried about Sharon, so he said, "Mr.Proctor, if you are worried about Mrs.Proctor, I have an idea."

Jameson turned his eyes to the side and said, "Tell me about it."

When Sharon returned to the Beale's, it was already late, but she did not expect that Natalia would sit in the living room and wait for her.

When Sharon was going upstairs, Natalia stopped her and said, "I heard Ms.Allyson has passed the preliminary round.Congratulations."

At this moment, Sharon was not in the mood to argue with her.

She just looked over and said, "Is Miss Beale's congratulation only a word?"

Natalia probably didn't expect her to say that.

She was stunned for a few seconds before she said, "What do you mean?"

"Since you've come to congratulate me, where is my gift?"

In an instant, Natalia was so angry that she even laughed, "That's why you come here, Ms.Allyson?"

Sharon replied expressionlessly, "I have made it clear already.I just want what I deserve.Miss Beale, If you don't intend to give me a gift, it would be better to withdraw your congratulation as soon as possible."

Without waiting for Natalia to reply, Sharon went upstairs straightly.Natalia stood there and felt that it was completely ridiculous.

This was the first time she had seen one who could be so shameless and confident at the same time.

Why did Jameson love her? After returning to her bedroom, Sharon went to the bathroom to take a shower.

She came out and lay on the bed.She was too tired to move.

After a while, the phone she had thrown on the table started to ring with an annoying sound.

Sharon rolled over and covered her head with the quilt.

She won't answer it.

However, the phone just kept ringing.

It was so annoying to hear it over and over again.

Sharon suddenly sat up and answered the phone, frowned, and said, "Why are you still awake at such a late night?"

Hearing the anger in her words, Jameson paused for a moment before saying, "It is still daytime in my place.Were you asleep?"

"I was asleep, but you woke me up" Sharon said, then sat down at the end of the bed.

"Why are you speaking in such a rude tone? Who made you angry?" Sharon found she was truly angry.

She hugged the pillow and said irritably, "No one, I'm just in a bad mood."

"And there is no reason for it?"

"Yes,"

Jameson said slowly, "Could it be the premenstrual syndrome?"

Sharon said nothing.

How could the jerk be so professional about these words? She took a deep breath to calm her emotions,

"No, maybe it's because of the pressure. I only need to have a good sleep."

"After passing the preliminary round, you're still unhappy?"

Sharon continued, "I've passed the preliminary round, which makes me stressed out. Anyway, you won't get it."

"Fine, I won't get it. If there's anything I can help you with, just tell me. Don't hold it by yourself."

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Hearing this, for a second, Sharon even wanted to ask him directly what was going on.

However, she didn't ask.

If the jerk wanted to tell her the truth, she didn't need to ask, let alone to find a group of people to help him.

After a while, Sharon suddenly spoke with an unprecedented serious tone, "Jameson, let's have a child."

On the phone, Jameson was stunned and said nothing.

Without hearing his answer, Sharon said indifferently, "If you don't want to, just forget it."

After a while, Jameson said, "It's not that I don't want to. Tell me your reason first. If it is reasonable, I shall be there for you every day and night."

"I had a dream last night,"

Sharon slowly said, ignoring the indiscretion in his words.

"A dream about what?"

"I dreamt about the child we lost in that car accident. He kept calling me mom and smiling at me. It was so real that it made me feel like he hadn't left. Perhaps he was living in somewhere in the world that I didn't know."

Jameson said, "You're surely under too much pressure. Wait for me to go back, and I'll be with you to solve your nightmare."

"Oh, I'm sleepy. Goodbye," Sharon said.

After saying that, she hung up the phone without hesitation.

Sharon looked at the phone in front of her.

It was still showing the phone call that she just answered.

She kicked her phone to the side and covered herself with the quilt to sleep.

After a good sleep, Sharon felt the importance of sleeping early.

She felt much better than usual.

In order not to see Talon and Natalia, she went out early in the morning.

After arriving at the studio, Sharon put down her things and went to the storeroom to tidy things up.

When she came out, she happened to see a staff carrying a large bouquet of roses over.

The staff asked, "May I ask whois..."

Tiffany stood in front of him and said, "Me.I won't sign for it.Please return it to him.Thank you."

The staff of the florist was stunned.

Was it the quarrel between lovers? Tiffany continued, "Tell him not to send these rubbish from now on.I will never forgive him, never!"

The staff of the florist seemed to be in a dilemma.

Finally, he said, "Ms.Allyson, if you don't sign for it, we won't be able to complete the order.Don't be so angry..."

"Wait."

Tiffany interrupted him with a dumbfounded expression, "Who will the flowers be delivered to?"

The staff of the florist looked at the card on the flower and said, "It's for Ms.Allyson.Is that you?"

Tiffany said nothing.

She covered her face with both hands and ran into Sharon's office.

This was truly embarrassing.

The staff was confused and looked around, "Excuse me, who is Ms.Allyson?"

He asked.

Sharon silently sighed, "Give it to me."

"Thank you, please sign here."

After delivering the flowers, the staff ran away straight.

Two of Sharon's co-workers came over and said, "Sharon, Mr.Proctor is so nice to you.He didn't forget to buy you flowers when he was on a business trip.How romantic."

Sharon laughed with embarrassment.

Was it romantic? The jerk must have done something wrong.

After carrying the flowers into the office, Tiffany cried out miserably on her desk, "Why did God do this to me?"

Sharon placed the flowers on a small table beside her and asked, "Did something happen and I don't know?"

Tiffany's expression was wan and she said, "My life is full of pain."

Yesterday afternoon, ever since Sharon left, Tiffany hadn't met a single good thing.

Daniel had ordered afternoon tea for her and her co-workers in the studio and asked them if anyone wanted to learn the piano.

He could teach them for free.

In short, he took the studio as his own home, coming and going without the slightest bit of scruples.

Tiffany could not bear it anymore.

When she wanted to talk to Daniel, he was gone.

After a while, someone came to her with a bouquet of flowers and said that Mr. Daniel wanted to apologize.

That was why she thought it would be Daniel when she saw someone came to deliver flowers today.

After finishing her story, Tiffany sobbed on the table, refusing to face the reality for a long time.

Sharon wasn't the problem.

The problem was that the other girls in the studio had seen it.

How can she continue to work here from now on? Hearing this, Sharon smiled and patted her shoulder, "Come on, it's not a big deal. You can rest for a while before going out."

After feeling sad for a while, Tiffany suddenly raised her head and said, "Wait, why did you quarrel with Mr. Proctor again?"

Sharon didn't quite get her.

She paused for a moment before saying, "There was no quarrel."

Tiffany sneered, "Let me tell you, men can not be trusted. He must have done failed you so he sent you flowers."

After thinking for a while, Tiffany said vigilantly, "He won't be hanging out with some blondes, right?"

Sharon said nothing.

She agreed with Tiffany's first sentence.

"He won't." Sharon exhaled.

"What's the reason then?"

"I always felt that Jameson has hidden something from me. Every time I felt like I was close to the truth, it was as if there wasn't the truth at all. It keeps telling me that I was just overthinking."

She felt that she could not figure out where the key was, so she was unable to confirm the assumption in her heart.

What she had was only suspicion.

There was no evidence at all. There was no way to do anything.

Tiffany adjusted her posture and rested her chin on her arms.

She said, "I don't know. If he is hiding something from you, it would be impossible for you to know the truth. But if it is..."

Sharon sighed and finished her sentence, "If it is my delusion, then I'm making trouble out of nothing."

Tiffany said to comfort her, "Well, not exactly. How about this, if you doubt it, you can try again. If it doesn't work, then do it twice. It's impossible for that jerk to hide something from you all the time."

Hearing this, Sharon felt that it was truly reasonable.

If it doesn't work, then do it twice.

Moreover, she had just been there last night, so they definitely wouldn't be able to know that she would pay another visit today.

Sharon nodded, "Fine, I'll try again."

She had more time and opportunities when Jameson was abroad.

Tiffany leaned weakly on the table again.

"Good for you. I'll sleep for a while. You can deal with your stuff. Don't worry about me."

Sharon patted her head gently and said, "Sleep. I'll wake you up for lunch."

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At three o'clock in the afternoon, having finished her work, Sharon checked the time.

After making sure that there was nothing left to be done in the studio, she took her things and was ready to go out.

Sharon had been there once yesterday, so now she knew where Harley lived, and could visit Harley directly.

Moreover, even if they had left, Sharon would still be able to get some clues from their neighbors.

When Sharon was about to step out of the studio, Aylin appeared in front of her.

Aylin smiled at her with an embarrassed expression.

Sharon paused for a few seconds, and then said, "Good afternoon, Ms.Morton."

Aylin smiled bitterly and said, "Don't be so courteous.The Mortons have lost their position.There is no need to address me as Ms.Morton anymore."

Sharon glanced at the stroller in front of her and stepped back, "Come in."

Perhaps it was because Aylin was taking care of a child, she was plainly dressed and wore no luxury jewelry.

All her pride of being a member of the Mortons had gone.

Sharon asked the receptionist to bring them two glasses of drinks, and led Aylin to the lounge.

Throughout the process, Aylin looked a little nervous.

After taking a glass of water, she relaxed a little.

Sharon said, "Ms...."

Subconsciously, She was about to say "Ms.Morton", but she remembered what Aylin had said.

Sharon paused for a moment, and didn't know how to address her.

Aylin put down the glass and said, "Just call me Aylin."

"Aylin,"

Sharon nodded slightly.

After a pause, Sharon asked, "Is there anything I can do for you?"

Aylin showed a trace of embarrassment.

A few moments later, she answered, "Actually, I should have visited you long ago.But there were so many things to deal with in the Morton's, and my child was too young.I just couldn't get the time to come here.Today, I'm here to apologize to you."

"Apologize to me?" Sharon was confused.

Aylin seemed a little nervous.

She took a deep breath and said, "I've had prejudice against you.What's more, I've spoken ill of you behind your back."

Sharon smiled and said, "It doesn't matter.After all, I didn't marry into the Proctor family in a decent way.It doesn't surprise me that you would have prejudice against me at that time."

"No."

Aylin said, "Apart from this, I ...I also..."

Aylin was too embarrassed to finish her words.

Realizing Aylin's embarrassment, Sharon said, "Aylin, what is gone is gone. We should all look forward."

Aylin shook her head, "Although it's a thing of the past, I should apologize to you. I am troubled by it every day, and I often have nightmares because of it. I am always scared and worry that..."

Halfway through the sentence, Aylin looked down at the sleeping baby in the stroller.

"As a mother, I am responsible and obliged to make up for the wrongs I have done."

Aylin closed her eyes and continued, "Do you still remember the accident where you fell into the swimming pool in the Proctor's?"

Not expecting Aylin would mention that, Sharon was surprised.

Then she said, "Yes, I do."

Because of that accident, Jameson discovered that Sharon was pregnant.

"Actually, it wasn't an accident. I asked someone to do it," Aylin said.

Sharon was shocked and subconsciously asked, "Why?"

"At that time, Erica was sorely tempted to sort you out. I was afraid that Erica would go to extremes, so I stopped her and knew your pregnancy from her. At that time, Martin happened to be back from abroad and he was on intimate terms with you. So, Erica and I both guessed that the father of your baby might be..."

Sharon calmly supplemented Aylin's words, "The father of my baby might be Martin."

Aylin nodded, "At that time, the engagement between the Proctor family and the Morton family was approaching. I tried to move all the obstacles that might lead to the failure of it, so I decided to ask people to push you down the swimming pool. What's done is done. I'm not asking you to forgive me, but I don't think it's a good idea to keep running from mistakes. Instead of living in fear, I would rather admit my fault frankly. No matter what the outcome would be, I deserve it."

Sharon glanced at the stroller and showed no emotions in her voice, "When the accident happened, you were about to give birth."

Sharon's words seemed to have hurt Aylin.

Aylin was almost crying.

Even though Aylin was unwilling to admit it, at that time, she intended to kill the child in Sharon's belly.

After a long time, Sharon suddenly smiled, "It was merely just a child. I had never realized that there would be so many people who could not stand its existence, and even robbed it of the chance to come to this world."

"Ms. Allyson, I'm really sorry. I..."

Sharon collected herself and said with a calm expression, "Forget it. There's no point in apologizing. An apology can change neither what had happened, nor the destined ending."

She just couldn't imagine that Aylin had played a role in the accident.

Aylin wiped her tears, "Anyway, the Morton family owes you a favor. If there's anything I can do to help, please let me know. I will do everything within my power to help you."

Sharon said, "Ms. Morton, you are too serious. I don't think I would ask you to do everything you can to help me."

Hearing Sharon addressing her as Ms. Morton again, Aylin opened her mouth, but said nothing.

A few seconds later, Aylin stood up and said, "Well ...I'd better be off. If you need anything, I am at your service."

Sharon also rose and said, "Let me send you off."

At the door of the studio, Aylin couldn't help but turn round and said, "Ms. Allyson, I know you won't forgive me. I'm not saying these words to vindicate myself, but I think there is something suspicious."

Aylin continued, "As you know, Erica is a person who speaks or acts on hearsay. In that accident, she stirred up trouble the instant she knew you were pregnant. If she had known the news before, she wouldn't have restrained her anger until then. On that day, Natalia was also in the Proctor's."

Sharon couldn't help but frown.

Aylin continued, "I used to take it as a wild guess. But later I realized that the hospital where you regularly visited to do pregnancy check-ups was also frequented by me. And Natalia had been with me to there a few times. I ...Maybe I shouldn't have suspected Natalia without any evidence, but I know that you had recently moved into the Beale's, so I want to warn you against Natalia. You cannot be too careful in this matter. I've known Natalia for more than ten years. It was only until recently that I realized that she is not what I thought she was."

Finishing her words, Aylin nodded at Sharon, and left. Staring after Aylin, Sharon was lost in her thought for a long time.

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Tiffany walked to Sharon's side and followed her gaze, only to see the crowded street.

She stretched out her hand and waved it in front of Sharon, "What are you thinking?"

Sharon was stunned for a moment, then she withdrew her thoughts and slowly said, "Nothing."

Tiffany added, "Who was that just now? Why haven't I seen her before? Why did she come looking for you?"

Sharon said, "That's Martin's sister. She came looking for me..."

Sharon didn't know what to say.

Fortunately, Tiffany's attention was entirely on Martin's sister.

She asked curiously, "Martin's sister? Should she be from a rich family? Why did she look so haggard? She didn't have a bodyguard or a servant with her."

Ever since Martin left, Sharon hadn't paid attention to the Morton family's affairs.

However, she thought that the days would not be easy for them.

If it weren't for the flourishing of their foreign branches, the Morton family wouldn't have been able to hold on in South City.

Tiffany said again, "Right, aren't you going out? Hurry up and go. It's getting later."

Sharon shook her head, "Forget it, I'm not going."

Her days were so peaceful lately that she forgot what had happened in the past.

No matter what the reason was, so many people didn't want the baby in her belly to be born.

Whether it was Aylin, Erica, Evie, or even...

No one wanted the child to be born.

Since that was the case, how could the baby survive in such an environment? Sharon silently sighed and returned to the office to sit quietly.

It was getting darker and darker outside.

She didn't know how long had passed, and the vibrations of the mobile phone on the table made Sharon back to her senses.

When she saw the number on the screen, her heart was filled with irritation.

Without any hesitation, she hung up the phone and blacklisted the man.

At the same time, Jameson, who was far away in Italy, tried to call again, but he couldn't get through.

Jameson was confused.

He turned to look at Jacob and expressionlessly said, "This is the method you said, right?"

Jacob laughed dryly, "Mr. Proctor, no pain, no gain. It's normal for Mrs. Proctor to be angry with you since you brought up the old matters again. When you go back, her anger will dissipate. You just need to coax her then."

Jameson felt a little helpless.

His thin lips were slightly pursed, and his cold features were filled with impatience.

Jacob unconsciously swallowed and took a step back to maintain a safe distance from him.

Jameson casually threw his phone on the sofa and said, "Get out."

"Yes."

Jacob was relieved and ran out fast than a rabbit.

Jameson stood in front of the French window and pinched his nose, feeling his temples swelling up.

For several days, Sharon did not remove Jameson from the blacklist.

She also blocked his messages.

She thought if she didn't hear from him, she would not be annoyed.

The day she went to draw lots, she met Robert and Rita just as she arrived at the door.

She nodded politely at Robert and didn't say anything else.

Robert looked at her back with a face full of disdain.

"She's lucky to pass the preliminary round. After that, it depends on her ability. I don't believe that she can win by luck."

Rita asked, "Master, did Louis give Mr. Proctor the themes?"

"How would I know? There's nothing in this world that money can't buy. Do you think he can tell me even if he has bribed? Just think about it."

Rita heard his tone was not good, so she did not ask any further.

After ten designers had all arrived, the staff explained the rules again.

According to their preliminary results, there were first place, second place, and third place ...and so on.

There were ten balls with number on it in the lottery box.

If a designer drew a ball with number one on it, then the theme of his work was the style that the first place in the preliminary round specializes in.

However, if he drew a ball with the number of his own rankings on it, he would have to wait for the others to finish before randomly choosing another number to make the final adjustment.

The results of the preliminary round would also be announced after everyone's themes were settled.

All the designers went on stage to draw lots.

The number that Sharon drew was nine, which meant that her theme this time would be the style of the designer who was ranked ninth in the preliminary round.

After the drawing, the designer would register with the staff.

After all the designers finished drawing, a staff member walked out with the notebook.

"Alright, everyone, the drawing of lots is over now, but what we expected has happened. One designer drew her own ranking number. Now, the designer who gets number two, please step forward and tell us which number you want to exchange with."

Under everyone's attentions, Rita slowly walked out.

She did not turn around to look at anyone.

She only said indifferently, "I choose nine. Nine is my lucky number."

“Then, the designer who gets number nine, please step forward and switch with her. Then this part will be over.”

The few of them looked at each other and whispered about who got number nine.

A few seconds later, Sharon stood up and said, “Here I am.”

When Rita saw Sharon, her expression remained the same.

Sharon could not tell if it was intentional or if it was just such a coincidence.

After exchanging numbers with Rita, Sharon returned to her seat.

The staff continued, “Now let’s announce the results of each designer in the preliminary round. Let me make it clear in advance that the results are based on a comprehensive evaluation. In addition to the work itself, there are also the adaptability of the designers and some additional points.”

“Nick, 93 points, 10th place.”

“Floren, 93.5 points, 9th place.”

“Jane, 94 points, 8th place.”

Very quickly, the staff reached the top three.

However, Rita’s expression was getting uglier and uglier.

“Rita, 96.5 points, second place.”

“Sharon, 98 points, first place.”

The highest score of all the designers.

As the staff’s voice fell, someone said, “What are your additional points? Whoever has a big backer will get higher additional points, right?”

As soon as these words were spoken, many people began to echo.

Apparently, they were unhappy with the results.

All the designers were famous designers who had participated in the Fashion Week, but now, a little girl who did not have any fame got the first place.

The staff raised his hand, gesturing for everyone to be quiet.

“With regard to scoring, everyone can rest assured. We are absolutely fair and impartial. The scores are awarded by the professional judges. As for the additional points, there are many factors. The competition has officially begun since you participated in the opening ceremony of this year’s Design Competition. It also includes sending the works to the given location according to the given time. It is part of our scoring.”

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As soon as these words were spoken, everyone became quiet again.

It was indeed Sharon who suggested putting the work on the shelf and did it first.

If this was also rated by the organizers, then there was no surprise for her to get high score on emergency response item.

But at this moment, someone suddenly whispered, "Who knows if she knew this rule in advance or not?"

The staff continued: "Since you have chosen to participate in this competition, you should believe that our organizers attach great importance to the competition. The entire process of the competition is fair and impartial, and no tricks could be played. If there is still someone questioning the fairness of the competition, you have the right to withdraw now in order to avoid any unacceptable results in the future."

The entire hall then became completely quiet, and no one spoke.

The staff continued, "Then that's all for today. Please go back and prepare for the semi-finals. You have ten days. Please bring your own works and come back here in ten days. I will wait for you here. Finally, I sincerely hope that all the designers can have a good result."

As the staff left, someone began to mutter in the deathly quiet hall.

"I think they are really messing with us. They haven't told us the rules, but just let us guess. Who can guess correctly?"

"That's right. We were known to participate in a designer competition here. But now it is like a brain-twister competition. Didn't the organizers really look down upon us by doing this? It's as if we begged to participate."

"Come on, why didn't you say a word when that person spoke just now? You know how to complain now. It's better to spend the time in preparing for the competition."

A group of people left with their complaints.

Just as Sharon left, a girl ran to her and said, "Hello, Sharon, I'm Jane."

Sharon had heard of her name, who was also a famous designer in these two years, only one year older than her.

"Hello."

Jane did not beat around the bush and directly told her purpose, "Can I talk to you? I ...drew your work."

Sharon nodded, "Sure."

Jane didn't expect that Sharon agreed so quickly, stunned for a few seconds.

She then smiled and said, "Let me treat you to a cup of coffee. There's a coffee shop not far from here."

Sharon checked the time and thought that there was nothing to do anyway, so she agreed, "Alright."

After they ordered coffee there, Jane said, "Actually, I really like your work. I even bought your First Love collection, but never had the chance to know you. I didn't dare to greet you when I saw you at the opening ceremony."

Hearing this, Sharon was somewhat surprised, "Why?"

Jane said awkwardly, "Didn't they say that you were the ex-wife of the president of the Proctor Group? I always feel that people like you standing at the top of the pyramid are very difficult to get along with. But

I don't think so anymore. Last time, you could just put the work on the shelf by yourself, but you reminded us. I think that you are not as hard to get close to as I imagined."

Sharon smiled.

Standing at the top of the pyramid was not easy for anyone, even Jameson.

What he had experienced was unimaginable.

"I'm just having a try," she said.

"Well, it's actually quite good to be like you. You know that our industry is prone to being framed by rules and questions. That's why the organizers set so many rules to innovate this time."

Jane sighed and said, "Let's say the design work. As time goes by, every designer will have his or her own style and becomes more mature. However, at this time, you have to draw in the style that others are good at. If they don't understand the real purpose of the organizers, they will probably stop at the semi-finals."

There were two reasons why the organizers made such arrangements.

One was to innovate, as Jane said.

The other was to break the bonds and make bold attempts.

Sharon said, "It is indeed difficult to suddenly change your style. However, as long as you find the right direction, you should still be able to gradually figure it out."

Jane nodded, drinking her coffee, "You're right. But then again, you changed the topic with Rita, didn't you? In other words, your topic is Rita's style?"

"Yes"

Jane said, "It is really a small world. You shouldn't know, right? Rita slandered you a lot at a peer gathering. She said that the reason why she left Lumiere Jewelry was because her boss was interested in you and gave you all the good opportunities. She didn't have the chance to develop there."

"Although she didn't say the exact words, what she said meant that you had an improper relationship with Lumiere Jewelry's upper echelons. However, the funniest thing was that not long after she said these words, someone said on the Internet that you were Mr. Proctor's ex-wife. I didn't see her expression, but it should be very awkward."

Sharon wasn't surprised at these words.

When Rita was still in Lumiere Jewelry, she had deliberately spoken ill of her.

After she left, everybody was talking about it.

Rita naturally had to make excuses for herself.

After chatting with Sharon for a while, Jane discovered that she totally wasn't defensive.

She could share anything of her design, which was much better than those so-called seniors who seemed arrogant.

Seeing that it was getting late, Jane got up and said, "I'm sorry to have delayed you for so long. After the competition, I'll invite you for dinner."

"It doesn't matter."

The two of them left the cafe one after the other.

In the black car not far away, Rita watched them, squint-eyed.

She handed the picture album to the man beside her, "This is all my previous works and drafts. Just copy them and add your design style to it."

Floren took it and said confidently, "You can count on me. Nothing will go wrong."

Rita said, "Half the money I promised you has been transferred into your account. When it is done, the rest will be given to you all at once."

"There's no hurry. Then I wish us a happy cooperation in advance."

As Floren spoke, his hand stroked Rita's thigh gently.

Rita frowned and threw off his hand, "You should show some respect!"

Floren laughed loudly, "I thought we are of the same kind when we do such thing together. Well, I respect you."

Then, Floren adjusted his tie and got off the car with the picture album Rita gave him.

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After he left, Rita withdrew her gaze with disgust. She took out a wet tissue and wiped her hands. She instructed the driver, "Let's go."

Not long after, the black car stopped in front of a beauty salon.

Rita walked in as usual with her bag in her hand.

In the VIP room, there was a woman lying on the bed, doing her body care.

Rita said, "Ms. Berry."

Sofia opened her eyes and waved to the staff beside her, "Leave us, please."

Sofia did not move and said lazily, "Everything is done?"

"It's done."

Rita couldn't help but frown, "It's just..."

"What?"

"That guy named Floren doesn't look very reliable. I'm worried that he will ruin our plan."

Sofia laughed disdainfully, "He is nobody. Just give him some money. As long as we can buy him, he is the most reliable person in the world."

Rita didn't say anything.

"Is there anything else?" Sofia looked at her.

Rita said, "Ms. Berry, what if we are discovered after we do this?"

"If you and I both keep quiet, and the person who took the money is even more unlikely to speak, then who would discover? Besides, your master is also a judge. Could he be willing to let you lose to someone else? Or could it be that you don't have confidence in yourself?"

"I'm confident in it. It's just..."

"Then what are you worried about? I'm just saving you a lot of trouble. It's a big challenge for you to draw with the style that other people are good at. You need to preserve your strength now and wait until the finals to beat that woman!"

Sofia couldn't help but grit her teeth when she mentioned that woman.

She still couldn't forget the embarrassment she had experienced that day in the Proctor Group! Sofia said, "Alright, if there is nothing else, you can go back. If there is any problem, I will notify you in advance."

"Then I'll leave."

Sofia said, "Call the guy in when you go out. I'm only halfway through my body care."

Rita took a deep breath and turned to leave.

At the door of her home, she was about to enter the password when she heard footsteps coming from behind her.

She turned around vigilantly and asked, "Who is it?"

"It's me."

The man behind her slowly raised his head.

It was Bridger.

Rita held the doorknob even tighter, "Bridger, what are you doing here?"

Bridger said, "Mr. Roose is ill in hospital. If you have time, go and see him."

Hearing this, a look of disgust flashed across Rita's face.

She then said, "I have been busy participating in the competition. I don't have time. Besides, I'm not a doctor. What's the point of me going there?"

As she spoke, Rita opened the door and wanted to enter.

But just as she was about to close the door, the door handle was held by someone from outside.

Bridger said, "Rita, is Sharon also in your competition?"

Rita frowned, "Why are you asking this?"

Bridger was silent for a while before he said, "You just focus on the competition. Don't have any other thoughts. I will take good care of Mr. Roose."

"Bridger, what do you mean by that? Other than focusing on the competition, what else would I do? Are you suggesting that I will use dirty tricks to deal with her behind her back?"

"That's not what I meant."

"If you didn't mean that, you wouldn't have said that."

Rita frowned even more tightly.

She looked up and down at him and said, "You suddenly mentioned this to me. Do you like her? Yes, she is beautiful. Every man would like her."

Hearing the mockery in her words, Bridger put on a slightly angry expression.

"You get me wrong. I just feel that you finally get this far. If you keep working with all your effort, you will not lose to anyone. There is no need for you to do something ..."

"Alright, I get your point."

Rita interrupted him, "If she doesn't offend me, I won't offend her. As long as she doesn't intentionally provoke me, I would just ignore her."

Bridger retrieved his hand and said, "Then you should prepare for the competition. I'm leaving."

Just as he turned around, Rita closed the door.

She bit her lips tightly and smashed her bag against the wall.

Since when did the closest and most trusted person beside her start to speak for Sharon? Why? Why did Sharon obtain all the best things, and she could only get what Sharon didn't want? The chance to study in Paris, Lumiere Jewelry, and Jameson all belonged to Sharon.

She clearly wasn't that bad, so why did she lose to Sharon every time? She was not convinced! She must win the first place in this designer competition! Sharon returned to the studio and saw Daniel standing at the door, basking in the sun and greeting her with a smile.

"Ms. Allyson, you're back."

Sharon nodded gently.

She wanted to say something several times, but failed each time.

Daniel saw her hesitation and asked, "Ms. Allyson, is there anything you want to say to me?"

Since he had asked, Sharon said, "I haven't been to your piano studio yet. Can I take a visit?"

"Yes, of course. I'm extremely honored."

In the piano studio, there were only two girls who were learning piano and one staff member.

Daniel said, "We have a second floor. Ms. Allyson, do you want to go up and take a look?"

"Alright."

The second floor was very quiet.

It should be a resting area.

She could vaguely hear the sounds of piano coming from downstairs.

Daniel stood in front of the coffee machine.

"Ms. Allyson, would you like a cup of coffee?"

"No, thank you. I already drank some earlier. A glass of water will do."

"Ok."

Daniel poured a glass of warm water and handed it to her.

Sharon thought for a while before saying, "May I ask why you opened a piano studio here?"

Daniel raised his eyebrows and leaned against the railing on the balcony.

"Ms. Allyson, I remember I told you before. I still have to stay in South City for a while. It's too boring to stay at home every day, so I just find something to do for myself."

"Then did you open the piano studio next door to our studio on purpose or by coincidence?"

Daniel smiled and did not answer immediately.

Sharon added, "I am very grateful to you for what you have done before. I also feel that you should not be a playboy. It's just that sometimes your behaviors will trouble my friend."

"I just want to apologize to her for what happened before."

"If you don't intend to develop a further relationship with her, I don't think there's any need to apologize."

Daniel licked his lower lip, not knowing what to say.

Sharon took a deep breath and continued, "If that's why you come here to open the piano studio, then I think..."

“No.”

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Daniel paused for a moment before saying, “Miss Allyson, you must have misunderstood. Although I wanted to sincerely apologize to Tiffany, I didn’t come here for her.”

Sharon tilted her head slightly, looking puzzled.

But apparently, Daniel did not intend to tell her the truth.

He only said, “Miss Allyson, just remember that we are friends with the same goal. That will be enough for you.”

Hearing this, Sharon smiled, “I think that friends should be honest and trust each other, otherwise they are not friends. What do you think?”

Daniel coughed and couldn’t find anything to argue with that.

Sharon said, “I know that you are on guard against me, so you hide many things from me. Trey is the same. Although I don’t know what your true purpose is, or who exactly you are, I can ignore it. However, I hope that neither of us will cross that line.”

“Ms. Allyson, I...”

“In fact, I’ve thought about why you purposely moved here before. Since you weren’t here for Tiffany, you should be here for me, right?”

Sharon continued, “No matter what you want to do when you get close to me this time, or, you target the Beale family. In short, although you are not my enemy, you are definitely not a friend who I can trust.”

Sharon’s words were very straightforward and decisive.

Daniel laughed, “That’s not the case.”

However, he could not directly tell Sharon that he had come here to protect her.

Not only would this backfire, it would also make things more complicated.

He sighed, “Ms. Allyson, I know that no matter what I say, it will be difficult for you to put down your guard against me. But I can swear that I have no intention of harming you.”

Sharon said, “I know you won’t harm me, but I still have to say that if you don’t like Tiffany, try to avoid meeting her in the future.”

“I’ll remember what you said, Ms. Allyson.” Sharon nodded slightly at him, thanked him and left.

Daniel leaned against the railing and gently tapped on the handrail with his long fingers.

If this continued, sooner or later, Sharon would suspect that he had bad intentions.

Trey used to have enough justifiable reasons to stay by her side, but now, he had to do everything he could to find an excuse to do the things that Trey should do.

Furthermore, he had the reputation of being a playboy.

The cost was too great.

Returning to the studio, Sharon sat down, and Tiffany ran over, "How was the draw today? Are you confident about the second round?"

Sharon said, "Rita's."

Tiffany was lost for words.

"That doesn't seem good!"

Sharon felt that she had a long day.

She leaned against the chair and stretched a little before slowly saying, "I don't have a clue now, but fortunately, I have ten days to prepare for the second round."

Tiffany frowned, "Then what about Rita? Whose question did she pick?"

"It seems to be Floren's."

Sharon thought for a moment.

Tiffany did not know as much about jewelry design as Sharon did.

Apart from those famous big shots, she did not know anyone else, so she asked, "Who is Floren?"

"He is also quite formidable. His works have won many international awards."

"Anyway, I don't understand your rules. They make me dizzy." Tiffany patted Sharon on the shoulder and said, "Come on, Sailor Moon! Kick their asses!"

Hearing this, Sharon couldn't help but laugh, "Isn't Sailor Moon your title? Why did you give it to me?"

Before this, Tiffany's online name had always been Magical Sailor Moon.

After experiencing the incident that day, she immediately changed her online name.

"It's not important. Now that I have given you my magic power, you can't let me down! The championship must be yours!"

Hearing her mention this matter, Sharon suddenly said, "Do you still have any contact with that child?"

Tiffany laughed embarrassedly, "No, he deleted me. His mother probably thought that I was too unreliable. Only now do I realize that the kid was just trying to take a free barbecue!"

If this matter was spread out, her reputation would be ruined! Sharon couldn't help but curl her lips, "It's also possible that Jameson was too vicious when he sent that child home, making his parents feel that we are a bunch of bad people." Tiffany said seriously, "I like your explanation very much. This is it. It's that jerk's problem, not mine."

Just as Tiffany was about to leave, she thought of something and turned back, "Is the fight so serious this time?"

“What?”

Sharon did not react for a moment.

“I see that he hasn’t called you for a few days and hasn’t delivered flowers. I think you guys are in a serious fight this time.”

Hearing Tiffany mention this matter, Sharon instantly felt powerless again.

“There was no fight. I just don’t want to see him.” It was annoying to see him.

Tiffany felt that she could feel Sharon’s feelings now.

“Alright, taking advantage of the absence of the jerk, you can just relax yourself for a few days. My friend is going to hold a party. It’s said that there will be handsome guys. Let us go together and have some fun.”

Sharon shook her head and looked at the computer.

“I’m not going. I still have to draw some manuscripts.”

“Didn’t you say that you still have ten days left? Besides, you don’t have an idea right now. Go out and relax. Perhaps your inspiration will come soon. Let’s go!”

Tiffany directly pulled Sharon away, “Tonight, let’s have fun and get drunk!”

At eight o’clock in the evening, it was already dark outside.

Tiffany parked her car on the side of the street and looked at the crowded place beside her.

She couldn’t help but say, “Sure enough, there are still many youths here. If you want to find a boyfriend, you have to come to such a place.”

“Forget it; Sharon said, “Don’t fall into the trap of a playboy again.”

“As long as he’s handsome, I don’t care. Just seeing his handsome face can make me forgive whatever he did.”

Sharon was speechless.

She was dumbfounded at her words.

After getting off the car, Tiffany led Sharon all the way through the crowd and finally stopped in front of a booth.

A girl reached out and greeted them, “Tiffany, why are you so late? Drinks are ready.”

As she said that, she looked at Sharon and said, “This is Sharon, right? Hello, my name is Niki Yao.”

“Hi.” Sharon smiled.

There were other people in the booth, and Niki introduced them in turn.

Tiffany glanced around and said, “Where is the handsome guy you were talking about?”

Niki whispered, "What's the rush? Handsome guy is always the last to arrive. Don't worry, just wait!"

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Niki was Tiffany's childhood friend.

Sharon had heard Tiffany mention this name many times before.

However, Niki had always been in another city.

She just came here this year.

Actually, this was the first time they met each other.

The music seemed to be played as loud as it could.

Sharon felt as if her brain was about to be shaken out.

She was at loose ends so she just checked her phone.

The jerk should be back within two days.

Sharon was wondering if she should release him from the blacklist, or else he would have a bone to pick with her.

However, when Sharon came up with this idea, the handsome guy that Niki had mentioned arrived.

Tiffany leaned closer to Sharon and whispered, "He is quite handsome. Look at his beautiful eyes. It completely shows that he is a playboy."

Sharon followed her gaze and met the man's sight.

When he found it, he raised his eyebrows at her.

Sharon smiled politely.

Then she withdrew her gaze and whispered, "You are right."

Tiffany sighed, "I shouldn't expect anything."

Dean took out his phone and sent a message in a group: "There is a beauty in Tavern. Hurry up!"

William: "Didn't you just come back?"

Dean: "I won't miss any chances of meeting beauty even if I just come back."

William: "Aren't foreign girls enough for you?"

Dean: "I am just tired of foreign beauties, so I come back to look for some domestic ones. I am quite lucky to meet such a great one as soon as I come back."

Dean: "Where's Mr. Proctor? Why don't you talk?"

William: "He pisses his wife off recently. So he is having a self examination now."

Dean: "Didn't he get divorced?"

William: "Didn't you have Internet abroad?"

Dean: "Oh, I only check beautiful girls on the Internet. I don't care about these gossips."

Dean: "Anyway, will you guys come? Don't say that I haven't given you a chance to compete fairly. If you don't come, I am going to take action."

When Dean suddenly sent a photo over, William was still typing.

Even though the lights were dim and there were rows of wine bottles in the middle, William could still recognize that familiar face immediately.

William was lost for words.

Dean: "How is it? Is she gorgeous? The one beside her is also not bad. But, there's a trace of disdain in her eyes. She would probably not be deceived so easily."

William:

"I advise you to buy a plane ticket back to Sydney overnight." Dean sent a question mark.

At this moment, a cold word popped out: "Address!"

Dean found that his trick was indeed working, so he quickly sent them the location and the number of the booth.

After that, he chatted privately with William: "Don't you say that he has a wife? Why is he so active when he sees a beauty?"

Dean: "I know that men are jerk, especially those men who still flirt with other women even if they already have wives."

Dean: "This is also the reason why I am unwilling to get married."

William: "Oh."

William: "Good luck."

Dean: "Definitely."

After sending the message, Dean put down his phone.

Then he raised his glass to the opposite side and drank it up.

Tiffany was lost for words.

Sharon didn't know what to say.

Tiffany couldn't help but ask Niki, "Where did you find this playboy? He's too coquettish."

Niki didn't feel anything.

She asked, "Really? I accidentally scratched his car yesterday when I was driving. Not only did he not ask me to pay, he even helped me with the insurance claim. It made me feel that he was pretty nice, so I

added his WeChat. Besides, didn't you keep asking me to introduce a handsome guy to you? Here you go!"

"I can't control a handsome guy of this level. Just leave it back to you. Enjoy it." Tiffany spat.

Just as they discussed in a low voice, Dean suddenly asked, "Beauties, do you mind if I have a friend coming?"

Niki hurriedly said, "It's OK as long as he is handsome."

The latter half of her sentence was spoken in a very low voice.

The music was too loud, so Dean did not hear it clearly.

He had just heard that they had said OK.

Apart from Sharon and Tiffany, there were some Niki's other friends.

Not long after, they started to play games.

Tiffany saw that Sharon was absent-minded, so she gave Sharon a nudge and asked, "Do you still miss that jerk?"

Sharon withdrew her thoughts and smiled embarrassedly, "No..."

"You ignore him for quite a long time. He probably already knows his fault, so it's enough."

Sharon took a deep breath and said, "Let's talk about it later. He hasn't returned yet."

"That's right."

Tiffany patted her shoulder and said, "Then forget it. Let's leave the troubles for tomorrow and have fun today!"

Not long after, Sharon felt a little dizzy.

She didn't know if it was because she had drunk wine or because it was too stuffy here.

Then she went to the bathroom.

Seeing this, Dean immediately followed her when no one was watching.

Standing in the bathroom, Sharon washed her hands.

Then she put the cold hands on her hot face, which made her feel better.

She took out a piece of tissue and wiped her hands.

Just as she left the bathroom, an arm was placed in front of her.

A husky and alluring voice sounded, "Do you need help?"

Sharon stood there and looked at him with a straight face.

She said, "No, thanks."

Seeing that she wanted to leave, Dean moved forward and said, "Don't be so reserved. It's normal to help each other when we are hanging out. I think you're a little drunk. Let me send you home, okay? My car is right outside."

Sharon took a deep breath and said quietly, "I have a boyfriend."

When Dean heard this, he only raised his eyebrows.

But he didn't care at all.

He said, "It doesn't matter, my friend... I know a person who has a wife, but he still comes out to play the field. Men are no good things. Don't take him too seriously."

"Really?" Sharon asked.

"Of course, there are few people as frank as me. I never hide anything. If we hit it off, you can dump him and date with me. If we don't, we can still be friends. What do you think?"

As he spoke, he reached out to lift Sharon's chin, but she slapped his hand away, "Although my boyfriend is a jerk, you are way worse than him."

It was the first time Dean had heard this, but he wasn't angry.

He just smiled and said, "I really want to meet your boyfriend. I am curious how wonderful he is."

Not far away, Jameson stood there and watched this scene with one hand in his pocket.

He quietly licked his lips and retracted his foot. It seemed that he wanted to see how Sharon was going to reply.

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Sharon took out her phone without hesitation and showed him a photo.

Dean looked at the photo and asked doubtfully, "Is this your boyfriend?"

"Yes," Sharon replied confidently.

This was a famous male star recently and had countless female fans.

Sharon did not remember when she saved his photo.

She used it to trick Dean.

Dean smiled and said, "Don't play games with me like that, OK? The star in your photo is a star of my company. He is a...gay."

Sharon was embarrassed.

'What the he*I?' She took her phone back calmly and looked at it, "Oh, no, not this one.'

Sharon continued to flip through and looked for a photo of Ruben.

However, she failed after looking for a long time.

Didn't she save his photos? She had such a handsome younger brother, but she didn't save his photos! Suddenly, her hands were empty.

Her phone was pulled away.

A slender and handsome man stood beside her.

He said in a familiar and indifferent voice, "Her boyfriend is me. What's the matter?"

Hearing his voice, Sharon was dumbfounded.

Why did the jerk come back? Dean was also dumbfounded for a while and smiled meaningfully.

Well, he didn't expect Jameson to be good at hit on girls.

Jameson helped the beautiful lady to make a good impression on her. It seemed that he didn't have any chance, so it was better for him to help Jameson.

When Dean left, he said cooperatively, "I'm not worthy."

Then he left happily.

Jameson and Sharon fell into silence for a while.

Then they spoke at almost the same time.

"Don't you come back in two days?"

"Do you think that your boyfriend is a decoration?"

"I knew jerk would frame me"

"I don't have your photos," Sharon whispered.

"Is this your reason?"

Jameson was angry.

He waited there for a long time and expected Sharon to say his name in front of Dean.

However, she took out a photo of a guy and said that the man was her boyfriend.

Was he so inglorious? Sharon was annoyed by his questioning tone.

Although she was wrong, she said plausibly, "No reason. I'm happy to say like that!"

Then she left decisively.

Jameson looked at her back and had a headache.

She was even angry with him.

Returning to her seat, Sharon picked up the glass in front of her and gulped down.

Tiffany didn't even have time to stop her.

Just as Tiffany was about to ask what had happened, she saw a familiar person sitting beside Dean.

Tiffany was surprised.

What a Coincidence! Why was the jerk here? Dean was also very puzzled.

He had pretended that he didn't know Jameson and left the opportunity for Jameson.

However, judging from Jameson's expression, was he also rejected? Dean clicked his tongue, poured a glass of wine for Jameson and whispered, "That girl is arrogant. You'd better go home and spend time with your wife."

Jameson said coldly, "Shut up."

Dean raised his eyebrows.

"Forget it. He was ungrateful"

Of course, Niki didn't know who Jameson was.

She signaled Tiffany excitedly, "He is so handsome! Also, he looks excellent at first glance. What do you think?"

"I didn't have a death wish"

In order to avoid any awkward misunderstanding, Tiffany whispered to Niki.

Niki calmed down and didn't have the guts to say anything. Niki stopped lightening the atmosphere.

Besides, Jameson was a mood killer.

The atmosphere was frigid.

Here was Dean's chance.

He coughed and suggested, "It's quite boring to play game all the time. Why don't we change the rule?"

Someone echoed, "What is it?"

"Truth or Dare, but the rule is different. Whoever the turntable points at, the person has to choose Truth or Dare. No skip by drinking. How about it?"

It meant that the person had to answer even if he met a question that he was reluctant to answer.

Or he had to complete the task even if he was reluctant.

Maybe the question or task would be a bit thick.

Well.

His purpose was clear.

However, quite a few people agreed.

Although it might be a bit thick, it was more exciting.

Dean looked at Tiffany and Sharon, "Would you like to join us?"

Just as Tiffany was about to help Sharon refuse, Sharon said, "OK."

Dean snapped his fingers and asked the waiter to bring the turntable.

The game began.

To Sharon's surprise, she was the first one.

Dean asked, "Truth or Dare?"

"Truth."

This was what Dean wanted.

He asked, "Do you have a boyfriend?"

Sharon glanced at the jerk and said, "No."

Dean revealed a meaningful expression.

He meant that he knew Sharon had tricked him.

Dean even elbowed Jameson proudly.

Jameson held the glass and sneered.

Tiffany and Niki couldn't help but get closer to support and encourage each other.

After playing a few rounds, it was Sharon's turn again.

Dean said, "You chose Truth last time. Why don't you choose Dare this time?"

Sharon said indifferently, "Go ahead. What would you like me to do?"

"Why don't you do something exciting? Choose a man and kiss his cheek."

Niki coughed, "Why don't we ...forget it? I think...."

Sharon said, "OK."

They lapsed into silence again.

Tiffany even heard the sound of the shattering glass faintly.

She was regretful, extremely regretful.

If she had known that the jerk was back, she shouldn't have called Sharon to join them.

Dean smiled and waited for the next scene.

With all people's attention, Sharon stood up slowly.

Just as everyone was guessing who she was going to choose, she stopped in front of Dean.

Tiffany closed her eyes in despair.

She would be in trouble! However, before Dean smiled, Sharon bent down, tilted her head, and kissed the thin lips of the man beside Dean.

Sharon was surprised.

The jerk fouled! The task was to kiss the cheek.

Jameson was still angry.

After being kissed by her, he fell into a trance.

He only sensed her standing here and turned around subconsciously.

Dean was surprised.

“Well, Jameson, I thought you were just joking, but you really cheated on your wife!”

“It was fine that you cheated on your wife, but you hooked up with another woman brazenly and publicly!”

“You went too far!”

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After the kiss, Jameson was not that angry. His face softened. Then he stared fixedly at her, smiling.

Sharon glared at him, “What are you looking at? You’ve never seen a beauty before?”

As a friend of Jameson, Dean couldn’t bear to watch this.

He decided to do something, “Yes...Beauty ...You are pretty. But he has a wife, so it’s not right for you to behave like that. You can choose me.”

Sharon nodded and looked at Jameson, “You have a wife, but you’re here. What an ass!”

Jameson was lost for word.

He turned around, staring at Dean with plain face.

Dean put his hand on his shoulder, sighing.

“I do want to do something for you, but I’m a moral man. I have to admit that I look like a dude, but I have ethics. I don’t care about others. But you’re my friend, and I can’t allow you to do this. You can’t do such a thing, which is hurting your family.”

“So, pick me. I’m glad to sacrifice.”

As he was speaking, he pretended to wipe away his tears.

“What I’m doing is not a big deal. All I want is my friend to have a happy, harmonious family. So don’t choose him.”

Sharon knew that all Jameson’s friends were nuts.

William always gave him bad suggestions.

And now the man, who looked dumb was absolutely a playboy.

She didn't want to waste time with them anymore, so she took her bag, "I gotta go. Have a good time."

As soon as Sharon left, Dean wanted to follow her. But Jameson got up before Dean could do so.

Dean made out that he was upset, "It seemed what I said didn't work. Remember you have a wife. You can't do this to her."

Jameson turned to him, "I think you'd better go to see a doctor to see whether there is something wrong with your brain."

After saying that, he strode away.

As soon as they left, Niki also thought it was time to leave.

As Dean walked out, he called William, "Is Jameson a playboy now? You told me he had a wife. Was that true?"

"Of course. He went to coax his wife tonight."

"Come on. It's not true. He just found a chance to flirt with hot girls. The worst thing is he takes my target! I've been a playboy for years. How does it happen like this?"

William said, "Interesting."

Dean said, "No. I can't take it anymore. Do you have the number his wife? I have to tell her the truth."

After a few seconds of silence, William said, "Yes"

Sharon stood on the roadside to take a taxi after leaving the bar.

But there were so many people waiting for taxis outside the bar.

And there were hundreds of people ahead of her.

She found a couch to have a rest and put her hands on her drumming temples.

Jameson's voice came beside her, "Why did you drink so much? You know you're not good at drinking. Now you get uncomfortable."

Sharon turned around and brushed him aside.

Sitting beside her, Jameson unscrewed the cap of a water bottle and gave it to her, "You should tell me why you're angry with me. You're not talking to me anymore?"

"Didn't you know everything?"

Jameson's stretched his arm on the couch and said in a soft voice, "No. I'm still clueless about what happened."

Sharon sneered.

What a jerk.

She took the water and drank some before saying, "I went to Mary's daughter-in-law a few days ago." Jameson raised his eyebrows, "Oh?"

Sharon asked, "You didn't know it?"

"You didn't tell me. How could I know?"

"I thought you could predict."

Jameson calmly licked his thin lips, "So it is the reason?"

"No," Sharon said.

"Then what is it? Just tell me."

Sharon took a deep breath, "Martin's sister came and told me something."

Jameson asked, "What is it?"

"She told me that my drowning at the Proctor family wasn't an accident. She did it."

Sharon looked ahead aimlessly.

"I've been thinking about a question these past few days. I must have done too many bad things, so other bad things came to my two children. Otherwise, I can't figure out why such a thing happened to them. They were still unborn babies."

Hearing this, Jameson frowned, "You didn't do anything bad. It's not your fault."

Sharon said indifferently, "I tried everything I could to marry you, which made you hate me for three years. Was that not a bad thing?"

Jameson pressed the tip of his tongue against his teeth, "Why did you mention this again?"

"You asked me."

"Forget it. It's all over."

Jameson put his hand on her head and touched her hair, "If that's why you want a child, I can..."

Sharon interrupted him, "No. You're right, I haven't done anything bad. But you did."

Jameson was lost for word.

Sharon sighed, "After all, you're the only one to try everything to prevent your own child from being born. You should take on the punishment. Don't make the next generation suffer."

Jameson felt his temples were drumming.

He tried to control himself and asked, "How much did you drink?"

Sharon said, "Who knows? I just drank as much as I could. After all, I was in a bad mood."

Jameson looked down his watch, "Don't go back to the Beale family tonight."

"No.I want to go back."

Jameson did not want to talk nonsense with her.

He stood up, held her, and left.

Sharon knew it was meaningless to refuse him, so she just closed her eyes in his arms.

She had used all sorts of methods to provoke him.

She even said such words, but he still didn't tell her anything.

Maybe she was overthinking.

Suddenly Sharon's cell phone was buzzing in her pocket.

She took it out, and found it was an unfamiliar number.

"Hello?"

"Hello.I am...a righteous man.Here is the thing.Your husband is drinking alone in a bar.I think it's normal that couples sometimes quarrel.But it's not good if you go too far.So why not just call him and tell him to go home?"

Sharon, "I think you get the wrong number.I don't have a husband."

On the other end of the phone, Dean was puzzled, "It can't be.William gave me this number."

Sharon kept silent before saying, "Did he kiss a girl in a bar?"

"Yeah.It seems you've got it.Since that is the case, I won't hide it from you.As a friend, I'm ashamed of his behavior.Here is the thing..."

Aman's cold voice interrupted him, "Dean, are you out of mind?"