

Resume 361

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 361

Dean was silent for a few seconds and asked doubtfully, "Wait, shouldn't you be with..."

"I'm her boyfriend. Do you have a problem with that?"

"Yes, hadn't you gone back to your wife?"

Dean now saw how foolish he was tonight. He hurriedly explained, "It's all William's fault. He gave me this number!"

After saying that, he hung up the phone as fast as he could and then called William to chew him out.

Realizing Dean had hung up, Sharon shrugged her shoulders and then put her phone in her arms.

Noticing them approaching, the driver who was waiting at the side of the road hurriedly opened the car door.

Jameson put her in and said to the driver, "Go to the Star Lake Mansion."

"No!" Sharon refused.

Jameson turned to stare at her.

"Then where do you want to go?"

"I'm not going there anyway," Sharon said.

Jameson pursed his thin lips and told the driver another address.

As the car slowly drove through the darkness, Sharon felt even dizzier with an urge to vomit.

She retched a few times at the window but did not throw up.

Jameson gently patted her back and lifted his thin lips slightly as he said, "You drank so much. This is what happens."

Sharon ignored him and let the cold wind blow in her face.

After a while, she said, "I felt much worse when I got nauseous during my pregnancy."

"...Are you drunk or not?"

"Didn't you know that some drunk people can still keep their head clear?"

Then Sharon fell silent as the wind tangled her hair.

Not long after, Jameson pulled her back in and closed the window.

Very quickly, the black Rolls-Royce stopped in front of an upscale apartment in the city center.

Jameson said, "Do you need me to hold you?"

"I will go by myself."

As she spoke, Sharon opened the door and staggered away.

Jameson pressed his tongue against his teeth and followed behind her.

She almost fell but regained her balance several times.

After quietly walking for a few minutes, Sharon finally noticed something wrong and turned around to ask, "Where is this?"

Jameson stepped forward, pulled her into his arms, and walked to the side.

This was a private elevator for each apartment.

The elevator opened up right into the hallway.

Jameson took a pair of slippers from the shoe closet for Sharon.

"There are only my things here. Put it on. I'll go get clothes for you."

As he spoke, he loosened his tie and walked into the bedroom.

Sharon was a little sleepy and even found it hard to change her shoes.

She sat on the cushion next to the shoe closet.

When Jameson came out with clean clothes, Sharon was already asleep by the wall.

He put his clothes down on the sofa, walked up to her, went down on one knee, held her ankle, and took off her shoes.

When he put her on the slippers, she seemed to feel a little annoyed, so she kicked him.

Jameson stared at her and narrowed his eyes with his evil smile.

"Look like you need me to bathe you." Sharon instantly opened her eyes and put the slippers on.

Then, she took the clothes on the sofa in her arms and asked, "Where is the bathroom?"

Jameson raised his chin and said, "Over there."

Sharon walked over and then locked the door in case he barged in.

Standing under the hot shower, Sharon rubbed her face hard, trying to wake herself up.

Jameson listened carefully to figure out what Sharon was doing in the bathroom.

He opened the refrigerator and found there was almost nothing.

In a panic, he closed it, picked up his phone, and dialed a number.

It was already an hour later that Sharon finished bathing and drying her hair.

She was dressed in Jameson's loose clothes.

Her face was flushed.

She didn't know if it was because she was drunk or because of the hot steam in the bathroom.

Jameson put the hangover-cure soup on the dining table and said, "Come here."

Sharon walked over and stared blankly at the bowl on the table.

"It's not poisonous, is it?"

"I'm not the one who made it."

"Oh, that's good."

Sharon picked it up and began to drink it.

Jameson pinched his nose and asked, "What do you want to eat?"

Sharon finished the whole bowl of soup and belched as she said, "I don't want to eat."

"Then go to sleep."

Sharon blinked her eyes and looked at him.

"I can't sleep."

Jameson licked his thin lips quietly, swallowed, and said in a deep voice, "Then what do you want?"

Sharon did not answer but looked around.

"Do you often live here?"

Jameson replied, "Occasionally. I haven't been here for a long time."

After thinking for a while, Sharon said, "In the past three years, you lived here when you didn't want to see me."

At that time, Jameson did not want to go to the Star Lake Mansion or the Proctor's.

He must have lived elsewhere.

Sharon knew it, but she never asked.

Hearing this, Jameson suddenly regretted bringing her here.

"It's not that I don't want to see you" he said slowly.

"It's just that I'm on business trips most of the time."

"Well..." Sharon said.

Apparently, she didn't believe it.

Jameson rubbed his temples as he felt it was wrong to try to reason with a drunk woman.

"It's getting late. You have to work tomorrow. How about going to bed now?"

"Where should I sleep?" Sharon asked as she got up.

Jameson took her to the bedroom.

After she went in, Sharon closed the door without hesitation.

"Thank you. Good night."

Sharon was so tired that she quickly fell on the bed and closed her eyes.

However, her brain went into overdrive.

After a while, a faint noise came from outside as if someone was trying to open the door with a key.

Immediately after, there was the sound of steady footsteps.

Sharon almost fell asleep but suddenly felt her mouth being bitten.

It was a little painful and itchy.

Very quickly, the stinging pain spread to her neck.

Just as Sharon was about to push him off, her hands were raised above the head and tied.

Jameson's hoarse voice rang in her ears.

"Baby, be good."

Every time that jerk called her baby, it couldn't be good.

Sharon whispered, "Jameson."

"Huh?"

"Do you like me?"

He kissed her forehead and said, "Yes."

"Then why did you lie to me?" Sharon said.

Jameson paused and whispered, "I didn't lie to you."

"Do you swear to God? If you deceive me in any way, we won't..."

Jameson kissed her lips and swallowed all the words she hadn't said. What a jerk!

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The next day, when Sharon woke up, she felt sore and dizzy.

Sharon couldn't feel worse.

She sat up with one hand supporting the bed and her head swam sickeningly.

At this time, the bedroom door was pushed open and a charming male voice sounded, "You're up?"

Sharon looked over and used her last bit of strength to pick up the pillow beside her and smashed it to him, "B*stard!"

Jameson was not surprised.

He took the pillow in his arms and smiled, "Didn't I make you comfortable last night? Why did you call me b*stard?"

Sharon's ears were red.

The jerk actually had the face to mention it! Although she was drunk yesterday, she did not forget anything.

The jerk took advantage of her drunkenness last night.

Otherwise, how could she feel so bad now? Jameson walked closer with long legs and put down the pillow, "Alright, it's my fault. Do you want to get more sleep now?"

"You go sleep by yourself."

Sharon lifted the blanket and got up.

When she stepped on the ground, her legs were trembling.

Jameson held her back and suppressed the smile on his lips, "I'll be gentler next time."

"No way! There's no next time!"

Sharon angrily pushed his hand away and went in the bathroom.

Jameson looked at her back with one hand in his pants' pocket, and there was a contented smile on his face.

Sharon was really uncomfortable and soaked in the bathtub for a while.

After taking a bath, she felt much better.

Sharon was worried about what to wear when Jameson's voice sounded outside the door, "The clothes are at the door."

Sharon closed her eyes and did not want to talk to him.

After Jameson left, she stretched out her hand and took it.

These clothes were her size.

Sharon took a deep breath and slowly put it on.

When Sharon walked into the living room, Jameson was standing on the balcony and making a phone call.

There were some dishes and porridge on the dining table.

Sharon rubbed her empty stomach and sat down to eat.

Not long after, Jameson's phone call ended.

He pulled up his chair and sat opposite her, "Is the subject for second round out?"

Sharon said weakly.

Seeing this, Jameson asked, "Is it hard?"

"It's not hard. It's just ...disgusting"

To be honest, she didn't expect that Rita's work would be drawn.

She didn't know if it was a coincidence or fate.

Jameson raised his eyebrows and said, "Is this the reason you got upset and ignored me?"

Sharon didn't know what to say.

The jerk really knew how to find an excuse.

Sharon swallowed the porridge in her mouth and said, "The subject of second round came out yesterday. It has nothing to do with me ignoring you."

Jameson smiled and didn't continue to talk about it.

He knew that he couldn't hear anything good from her.

He just said, "I'll send you after you finish your meal."

It was already eleven o'clock when Sharon finished her meal.

When she arrived at the studio, it was eleven thirty.

Before she got out of the car, Jameson said, "I have a meeting in the evening. I couldn't come to pick you up. Go back home early."

"I see. Just as Sharon reached out to pull the car door" Jameson pulled her back.

He stared at her, "Are you still angry?"

"No."

There was no need for her to be angry with him, she was angry with herself.

Jameson frowned, "Why are you upset? Can you tell me?"

Sharon looked at him quietly.

"I told you long ago, but you don't think it's important."

"How could that be? Because I didn't agree to have a baby? Last night..."

"Shut up!"

Jameson put on a smile, "Good girl, don't be angry. Didn't you want to see Mary's grandson? I'll take you there in two days."

Sharon stared at him, as if she wanted to see guilt in his face.

Apparently, she failed.

He remained calm, as if she had always been the one to blame.

Sharon gave up and lowered her head.

"I'm busy with the competition these few days. Let's talk about it later."

"Alright."

After entering the studio, Sharon bent over the desk and stared at the flowers outside the window.

After a while, she finally kept up her spirit.

She took a deep breath, turned on her computer, and began to search for Rita's previous works.

She spent an afternoon researching them.

Even if Tiffany came to send her tea, she didn't notice.

At night, Sharon finally came up with some ideas.

She prepared a draft and went back.

When she entered the Beale's, Sharon saw a car that she had never seen before parked in the garden.

In the living room, Talon was chatting with a strange man.

When the man saw her, he got up and smiled, "Hello, Ms. Allyson."

Sharon looked at Talon and then at him, "Who are you?"

"I'm a legal adviser of the Beale Group. I'm here today because Mr. Beale wants to transfer 10% of his shares to Ms. Allyson."

"Shares?" Sharon frowned.

Talon said, "I've considered this for a long time, and you're right. You deserve this."

Sharon put on a faint smile.

How could Talon be so kind? She didn't know what kind of trap he had set up for her.

However, Sharon could not refuse directly.

She had always told them that she was here for money.

She picked up the documents on the table and glanced at them casually.

"Just sign it?"

The legal adviser hurriedly took out a pen and said, "Yes, just sign at the end of the document and put a handprint on it."

Sharon smiled at him, "Sorry, I don't know much about the law. Can I take it back and check it? After I sign it, I'll send it to you."

"Do you have any questions? I can answer you."

"I need to know what I can get out of this share transfer. I have to figure it out before signing it. Otherwise, who would be held responsible if something happened?"

The legal adviser hesitated, "Then..."

At the same time, he looked at Talon.

Talon waved his hand and stood up, "You can take it to someone who knows the law. I'll give you a week."

"Then thank you, Mr. Beale."

After Sharon finished speaking, she nodded in greeting and went up to the second floor without turning her head.

The legal adviser whispered, "Mr. Beale, did you really just let her take the documents away like this?"

Talon said, "Don't worry. It won't change anything."

The share transfer contract was perfect.

Talon narrowed his eyes and said, "You go deal with the rest. I'll handle the things here."

"Got it." The legal adviser answered and left.

As long as Sharon could sign this share transfer contract, then their plan would be half-successful.

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Returning to his room, Sharon locked the door and sat down at the table, carefully reading the share transfer agreement.

However, she looked over and over again and found nothing wrong with it.

Sharon's eyes hurt a little as she put down the document and went to take a bath.

After coming out, she continued to work on her drafts.

By the time the drafts were finished, it was already early in the morning.

Sharon stretched lazily and opened her phone only to discover that Jameson had called her twice an hour ago.

She replied with a message, "What?"

Jameson replied, "Why didn't you answer?"

Sharon, "I was just drawing a draft."

She thought for a moment before typing.

Sharon, "Are you still at the company?"

Jameson said, "Yes. We're still in a meeting."

Sharon, "Then why did you call me?"

Jameson said, "I just had a ten-minute break."

Sharon, "..."

Sharon, "Then you should focus on your meeting. I'm going to sleep."

The jerk mind could be bent on dual-use during a meeting.

Sharon was lying on the bed, looking at her phone, but for some reason, she found the pictures of Leo on Bridge Street.

As Sharon looked at the photos, she smiled.

So cute.

After seeing the photos, she leaned on the pillow and thought about the recent events and the scene when she saw Leo.

Unknowingly, she fell asleep.

In her dream, she heard someone calling her mother, but the figure was blurry, so she could not see it clearly.

Sharon was so anxious that her head was covered in sweat, but the more she searched, the farther from her that voice became.

Suddenly, she was frightened awake.

Sharon sat on the bed and looked at the gloomy weather outside the window.

She gradually heard the sound of rain.

She looked at the time and saw that it was half past seven.

Sharon was so frightened by this dream that when she went to the bathroom, she suddenly realized that she just had her period and couldn't help but feel a little relieved.

Could it be that the jerk had guessed correctly, PMS? Sharon took a warm bath and changed her clothes to go out.

After going to the studio and put down the design drafts, she went straight to the most famous law firm in the South City.

After the receptionist knew why Sharon had come, she took Sharon to an office and said, "Please wait here for a moment. The lawyer will be here soon."

"Alright."

Just as Sharon sat down, the receptionist poured her a glass of water.

"Thank you." she said.

"You're welcome. Our lawyer will be here in five minutes."

After the receptionist finished speaking, she went out.

Sharon glanced at the huge office, and her gaze fell on the documents in front of her.

She couldn't help but frown.

What kind of trap did Talon set for her? She couldn't tell at all.

Just as she was puzzled, the office door was opened, and a male voice sounded, "Sorry for having kept you waiting. There was an emergency on the way."

Sharon turned her head and watched the man tidy his hair while wearing a tie with one hand. She was silent for a few seconds.

He woke up from a hangover, didn't he? Dean did not expect that it would be her who came early in the morning to consult on legal issues.

Then, he smiled and said, "Are you here to consult on the divorce lawsuit? If it's a divorce, I'll help you for free."

Sharon stood up and said, "Thank you. It's not necessary."

Seeing that she was about to leave, Dean hurriedly stopped her and said, "I'm already here."

Where are you going?"

"I suddenly have something else to do. Let's talk about it later."

How could Dean believe it? Her gaze was clearly showing that she didn't think he was reliable and planned to change a lawyer.

He said, "I'm the top lawyer in our law firm. You can't find another one more reliable than me in the entire South City."

"Didn't you say your family owns an entertainment company?" Sharon said.

"Yes, but that doesn't stop me from being a lawyer."

As he said that, he sighed, "Perhaps I am that kind of rich second generation who would go home to inherit billions of family wealth if I couldn't become a decent lawyer." Sharon was lost for words.

As Dean walked towards his desk, he added, "I went to Sydney for a year to deal with a big international case before I came back. Come to grab a chair. We are friends. Suit yourself."

Sharon put on a fake laugh.

She decided to give it a try.

Anyway, the lawyers in such a big law firm should at least be decent.

She sat down in front of Dean and pushed the document in her hand over, "I want you to check the share transfer paper for me."

Hearing this, Dean seemed to have some regrets, "Isn't it a divorce lawsuit?"

Sharon's eyelids twitched, and she didn't answer.

Dean was indeed a professional.

He flipped through it at a glance and said, "There is nothing wrong with it. It's just an ordinary share transfer paper. It will become effective immediately upon signature."

"Doesn't it have any hidden conditions?"

"I can't tell from it. However, this should be analyzed from various angles. It mainly depends on the intention of person who transferred the shares to you."

Dean was halfway through his words when he suddenly remembered something.

He paused for a moment and looked through it again.

He asked in surprise, "The Beale Group? Why did Talon transfer 10% of his shares to you?"

Sharon said absent-mindedly, "Maybe it's because I look pretty."

"Indeed, but is that all?"

Sharon stood up again and took the document back, "I see. Thank you."

As she spoke, she prepared to pay the consultation fees.

Dean said, "Wait. Although I can't give you an analysis from various angles now, you'd better not sign this share transfer paper. There must be a trap."

Sharon nodded, thanked him again and left.

The office door closed, and Dean found it strange after he thought it through.

He didn't know why Jameson's wife had something to do with Talon.

He pressed his temples.

He shouldn't have drunk so much last night because he was unable to think now.

He took out his phone and dialed Jameson's number, saying, "Your wife was here."

Jameson said, "About the share transfer?"

Dean was even more surprised, "How do you know?"

"I knew it yesterday."

Jameson had been watching on Talon, so no matter what Talon did, Jameson would know immediately.

Jameson said, "Is there a problem?"

"The weirdest thing is that there's no problem. It's a simple share transfer paper. Let me ask you something. What's the relationship between your wife and Talon? Only a father would sign this share transfer paper with his daughter, right?"

"I'm hanging up."

Dean felt insulted because Jameson hung up on him.

He wanted to find the truth, so he typed in a few words to search on his computer.

In an instant, it was as if the door to a new world had been opened.

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After returning to the studio, Sharon had hardly sat down when the girl in the studio ran to her side and mysteriously said, "Sharon, are you busy now?"

"Not at all. What's wrong?"

The girl's voice became even smaller, "The handsome guy next door came over and asked you to go find him after you came back. He also requested to hide it from Tiffany."

"What? Hide what from me?"

The girl was shocked by this sudden voice.

She turned around and saw Tiffany's face.

She immediately laughed dryly, "Nothing."

Her words had been delivered, and she did not have any reason to stay.

She found an excuse to escape.

Tiffany leaned against her desk and said, "What did you just talk about? It's like meeting a spy."

Sharon smiled, "Nothing, it should be..."

Daniel was looking for her.

Perhaps it was because of what she said last time that Daniel didn't come directly to her in order to avoid meeting Tiffany.

Tiffany wasn't stupid either.

She had seen the staff next door call the little girl out just now.

She stretched a little and said, "I'm going to sleep. If you need anything, just call me."

"Alright."

After Tiffany left, Sharon put down her things and left the office.

Next door, Daniel was sitting in front of a piano.

Seeing Sharon arrive, he stopped his movements and looked at the staff beside him.

The latter immediately understood and turned to walk away.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" Sharon said.

Daniel closed the piano and said after a moment of silence, "Yesterday, Talon looked for the Beale Group's legal counsel and gave Ms. Allyson a share transfer paper, right?"

Sharon nodded gently.

Daniel had been keeping a close eye on the Beale Group, so it wasn't surprising that he knew about this.

"Ms. Allyson, what do you think?"

"I went to see a lawyer today, and he said that this is just an ordinary share transfer paper. There is no problem with it."

Daniel stood up and said, "The problem is that it seems to have no problem."

Sharon remained silent, waiting for his next words.

Daniel continued, "Natalia asked me to help her investigate what happened twenty years ago. From what she said, it seems that she wants to drag you into this dispute within the Beale Group."

"Me?"

"Ms. Allyson, if you sign this share transfer paper, you will have an interest relationship with the Beale Group. In other words, no matter what happens to the Beale Group, you will be implicated. There is even a possibility..."

To take the blame.

Hearing this conclusion, Sharon was not surprised.

After all, this was Talon's style, and this was not the first time he had done such a thing.

Daniel added, "Ms. Allyson, so you can't sign this share transfer paper."

After a while, Sharon said, "But if I sign it, does it mean that I have a say in the Beale Group? I can ask about all the Beale Group's projects. It even includes accessing some confidential information of the Beale Group."

"Although that's the case, it's just too dangerous."

Hearing this, Sharon smiled and said, "No matter how dangerous it is, someone must do it."

Daniel was stunned, "Ms. Allyson, you mean..."

"I will think about it carefully. If the benefits of me signing this share transfer paper outweigh the disadvantages of it, what does it matter?"

She had lived in the Beale's for a while, but she had not found any useful evidence.

This was an opportunity for her.

Confront a person with the danger of death and he would fight to live.

Daniel's thin lips moved as if he wanted to say something else.

Sharon's phone rang.

She looked down at the phone and said, "Thank you, Daniel. I will seriously consider it. I will not be impulsive."

After saying that, Sharon nodded slightly at him and turned around to leave.

Daniel took a step forward.

Just as he was about to catch up, the staff waiting outside came over and whispered, "Someone is watching from outside."

Daniel paused for a moment and didn't say anything.

He entered his studio and saw a black Jetta through the glass.

After Sharon left, the car slowly drove away.

He didn't expect that Talon had found out about him.

He thought and frowned.

Returning to her office, Sharon called back.

Very quickly, the man's deep magnetic voice sounded, "Busy?"

"I was dealing with something. I'm not busy now." Jameson said, "I heard you went to find Dean."

"Yes, he said he wanted to help me with the divorce lawsuit." Jameson was speechless.

Dean, who was in the office far away, suddenly felt a chill on his back and sneezed.

After a while, Jameson said, "What time will you get off work at night?"

Sharon looked at the drafts on the table and said, "I don't know yet. We'll see."

"I have a meeting later. I'll come over when it's over. Wait for me if you're not in a hurry. OK?"

Sharon's voice was muffled, "Got it."

After hanging up the phone, she turned on her computer, adjusted her thoughts, and continued to draw.

Although she had been given ten days, it was already the third day, and she still had many details to revise about the draft.

At the same time, at the Beale's.

After listening to his subordinate's report, Talon sneered, "I knew he was up to something."

Even though they didn't hear what Daniel and Sharon had said, he had only given the share transfer paper to Sharon last night, and today, there were people who couldn't sit still.

It was definitely not just a coincidence.

As for Daniel, Talon had never been able to find out his background.

Logically speaking, he was a musician.

He came to the South City only for his concert.

Now that the concert had ended so long ago, he did not leave.

Instead, he appeared in a place he should not have been for several times.

Talon suddenly said, "You said that he used to live next door to Sharon?"

"Yes, he moved before the concert."

Talon knitted his eyebrows and pondered, "Since it was just a concert, why did he rent an apartment? Unless the concert is just an excuse for him."

"Mr.Beale, he is also very close to Trey of Stella Technologies.Do you want to look into Trey again?"

"No need." Talon said indifferently.

Even if he didn't investigate Trey, he knew that Trey's father was also a student of Mr.Jones.

Daniel, Trey, Mr.Jones, and Sharon.

There was only one thing that could connect the four of them.

Talon narrowed his eyes.

A hint of ruthlessness flashed through his eyes.

Since so many people had made moves, it seemed that they were all coming for the matter twenty years ago.

But now, the only thing Talon didn't know was how much they knew about that matter.

In other words, other than them, was there anyone else who had come for that matter? However, it was also a good opportunity for him to deal with them all in one go.

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On the other side.Daniel went up to the second floor and dialed Trey's number.

"I was discovered.Suspend all plans."

They were already prepared for it.

Trey asked, "How did you get discovered?"

"I was careless."

Daniel sat on the sofa and said indifferently, "I wanted to talk to Sharon about the share transfer paper, but I didn't expect Talon to send someone to watch the entrance of the piano studio.Even if he didn't hear what we were taking about, he wouldn't let it go so easily."

"I see.Right now, we don't have any valuable evidence.Even if Talon finds out, he's just suspicious.He can't find any evidence."

After a pause, Trey said, "However, he may send someone to follow you during this period. Just watch your back."

Daniel hung up the phone and looked out the window, lost in thought.

The share transfer paper was just a bait that Talon had released.

What he wanted to do was probably far more than that.

Talon's people had been hiding in the shadows and following him.

They found that his whereabouts were almost the same as before.

After leaving the piano studio, he went to the bar.

There was no strange movement during this period.

At night, when Sharon was drawing, the office door was knocked on.

Tiffany poked her head in and said, "Sharon, aren't you leaving yet?"

Sharon raised her head and said, "I will leave later."

Hearing this, Tiffany immediately revealed an ambiguous smile, "Alright then, it's raining outside. Remember to take your umbrella with you when you leave. Don't catch a cold."

Sharon nodded, "Alright, be careful on your way back."

After Tiffany left, Sharon stretched lazily and got up to stretch her neck.

Only then did she hear the patter of rain outside.

She looked at the time and found that it was almost nine o'clock.

She didn't know whether Jameson would come or not.

Sharon took out her phone and was just about to call when footsteps came from the door.

Sharon thought that it was Jameson, but just as she opened the door, she discovered that Bridger was standing in the studio.

Bridger was wet all over, looking a mess.

He walked a few steps towards Sharon, who took a step back with a vigilant expression.

Bridger noticed her thoughts and stopped, "I have news of Josh."

"Where is he?"

Sharon's eyebrows twitched.

"I need money.' He was very straightforward.

"How much?" Sharon pursed her lips.

"Five hundred thousand."

"I don't have that much for you right now. Tomorrow..."

Bridger interrupted her, "Only tonight."

Just as Sharon was about to speak, he noticed that the water drops on the ground were red.

In other words, Bridger was injured.

After a few seconds, Sharon took out a card and said, "There is 300,000 in it. I'll transfer the remaining 200,000 to you."

"Thank you."

Bridger took the card and said, "Josh is in an abandoned warehouse at the dock. However, you'd better not act rashly. He is very cunning and is familiar with that area. If you are not in a hurry, I will go over in a few days. I guarantee that he will not escape again this time."

Sharon nodded, "I know. Just like what I said before, if you find him, I would give you the rest of the money."

Bridger didn't say anything else and turned around to walk into the rain.

Looking at his back, Sharon suddenly said, "Wait."

Bridger turned around and looked at her through the heavy rain.

"Where are you going?"

"Hospital."

After a few seconds of silence, Sharon took the key and said, "I'll give you a ride. It's raining heavily, so it's not easy to get a taxi."

Bridger was probably surprised that she would say this, standing in the rain without responding.

Sharon looked at the blood on the ground and didn't have time to clean it.

She turned back to her office and took the things and car keys.

She took two umbrellas and locked the door of the studio.

After leaving, she handed Bridger an umbrella and said, "The car is over there. Let's go."

After a long time, Bridger reached out and took it.

After getting in the car, Sharon asked, "Which hospital?"

Bridger gave an address, and Sharon started the navigation.

The rain became heavier and heavier.

After a long silence, Bridger said, "You just followed me out like this. Aren't you afraid that I will do something to you?"

"If you really want to do something to me, you would have done it in the studio just now. I'm no match for you, so why bother?"

Sharon looked at the road ahead.

Bridger did not say anything else.

The blood-colored water on his body wet the entire seat.

At the entrance of the hospital, Sharon had just stopped the car when Bridger immediately opened the door and left.

Sharon looked at his back and thought for a while before following him.

Walking to the front desk of the hospital, Sharon saw that Bridger was paying the fees, but because of the scar on his face and blood all over his body, the nurse seemed to be frightened and did not react.

Sharon walked over, took the bill from Bridger and handed the bank card to the nurse.

Seeing this, the nurse gave up on calling the police.

Sharon looked at the name on the bill.

Camron Roose.

If she wasn't wrong, this should be Rita's father.

After Sharon paid the fees, the nurse returned the bank card and the bill, "I have charged the cost of the first operation. The balance on the card is insufficient, so you can pay the rest of the fees until the next operation."

Sharon took it, "Thank you."

She handed it to Bridger, who took it and quickly went upstairs to find the doctor.

The operation was tomorrow, and if he couldn't get enough money tonight, it would be too late.

Sharon did not follow him anymore.

Just as she was about to leave, she suddenly felt the phone in her bag vibrating.

She took out her phone and looked at it.

She saw that Jameson had called her ten times.

Sharon was stunned for a while.

She quickly called back.

Soon, the man's cold voice sounded, "Where are you?"

"I'm in...the hospital."

"Stay there and don't move. I'll be right over."

“OK...”

Before Sharon could say anything, Jameson hung up the phone.

She raised her hand and touched her eyebrows.

Although she had forgotten the appointment with Jameson, he didn't have to put on such a horrifying tone.

It gave her goose bumps.

Not long after Sharon stood at the entrance of the hospital, a voice came from behind her, “Thank you for everything today.”

Sharon turned around and said indifferently, “It doesn't matter. I've transferred the remaining 200,000 to you. You can check your account.”

“I've seen it.”

After two seconds of silence, Bridger said, “After Mr. Roosevelt's operation, I'll go find Josh.”

Sharon said, “He has been hiding for so long, so there is no rush. You should treat your injuries first.”

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Bridger said, “It's no big deal. I'm used to it.”

Sharon didn't ask but knew how he got the injuries on his body.

He was raising money for the operation of Rita's father.

“I'll go to the bank tomorrow and give you the remaining one million.” she said.

Bridger was stunned for a moment, “I haven't found Josh yet...”

“Didn't you say that you would definitely find him this time?” Sharon smiled.

Bridger pursed his lips tightly and didn't speak again.

After a while, a security guard saw blood on the ground and walked over.

Just as he was about to ask, Bridger quickly walked into the rain and disappeared.

The security guard looked at Sharon and asked, “Ma'am, who is that man? What did he say to you?”

Sharon said, “Ask for directions. I said I don't know either, so he left.”

The security guard didn't seem to believe it.

Just as he was about to continue asking, a black Rolls-Royce stopped in front of them.

The man who walked out of the car seemed to be serious and cold, more terrifying than the man just now.

Seeing this, the security guard couldn't help but shiver.

Jameson walked in front of Sharon and looked at the blood on the ground.

He looked even more indifferent, and he asked in a taut voice, "What happened? Did you get hurt?"

Sharon was stunned for a moment.

After understanding what he meant, she smiled.

"It's not me. I'm not hurt."

"Then why there is blood on the ground? You..."

Jameson was halfway through his words when he discovered that there was a security guard listening next to them.

The security guard noticed his cold gaze and hurriedly left, asking a cleaner to come clean this place.

Sharon tugged at his sleeve and whispered, "I'll tell you about this later. In short ... I'm not hurt."

After confirming that there were no wounds on her body and that her clothes were dry, Jameson finally felt relieved.

He hugged her in his arms and whispered, "Why don't you answer your phone? Are you trying to scare me to death?"

This was the first time Sharon had seen him so nervous.

She wrapped her hands around his waist and explained softly, "I turned my phone to mute, so I didn't hear it on the road before."

Jameson hugged her tightly.

When he saw the empty studio and the blood on the ground, he almost went mad.

If she didn't call back, he would have gone to the Beale's to kill Talon for revenge.

At this moment, although there weren't many people at the hospital entrance, there were still nurses coming and going, and they all looked sideways when they saw this.

Sharon gradually became embarrassed.

She pushed him, "Alright, I'm fine. Let's get in the car. We'll talk about it in the car."

After a while, Jameson let go of her and said, "I'll send you back."

"But..."

"Jacob is here. Give him your car key." The man's tone was so domineering that she couldn't refuse.

Sharon thought of the scene and compromised.

After the black Rolls-Royce slowly drove out of the hospital, Jameson asked, "Now, can you tell me what happened?"

“Actually, it was nothing. It was Bridger. He came to see me.” Jameson frowned and said coldly, “He still dares to see you?”

“It’s not what you think.” Sharon said.

“He has Josh’s whereabouts.”

“Where is Josh?”

Sharon told him the address Bridger gave her and said, “But what he said is correct. It should be much easier for him to find Josh than for us. I think it’s better to listen to him so that Josh doesn’t run away again.”

Jameson’s thin lips were slightly pursed, but he did not refute this point.

If his men had a way to deal with Josh, it wouldn’t have been so long since there were any clues.

In contrast, Bridger knew Josh better and had a better chance to catch him.

Seeing that Jameson did not say anything, Sharon knew that he had agreed, so she felt much more relieved.

Jameson suddenly said, “Don’t see him alone next time.”

Sharon nodded, “I see.”

Although Bridger didn’t seem to have any hostility towards her recently, they weren’t the same kind of people.

And after this, she had completely paid off what she owed him.

Very quickly, the car arrived at the entrance of the Beale’s.

Sharon thought that Jameson would send her here, then Jacob would drive her car over and leave with Jameson.

Unexpectedly, Jameson slowly drove into the main entrance of the Beale’s.

Sharon was confused.

Jameson said, “It’s raining heavily. Do you want me to stand here and wait?”

“But...”

“Don’t worry, he won’t drive me out.” The car had entered the Beale’s, so no matter how much Sharon said, it was useless.

She looked at the time.

Talon was probably no longer in the living room.

A few minutes later, the car stopped in front of the garden.

Just as Sharon was about to get out of the car, Jameson said, “Sit down.”

He opened the car door, took the umbrella from the servant, walked to the door of passenger seat, opened the door, and reached his hand towards Sharon.

Seeing this, Sharon's lips curved.

She thought he was quite a gentleman now.

Not a single drop of rain fell on Sharon's body during her road from the garden to the house, apart from the fact that Sharon's shoes were stained with a little rain.

In the living room, Talon was sitting on the sofa reading the newspaper.

He heard the sound of the door, but only raised his head slightly.

There was no surprise in his eyes.

He just put down the newspaper and said indifferently, "Mr. Proctor, isn't it rude for you to come late at night without an appointment?"

"Do I need an appointment?"

Jameson said slowly, "Miss Beale has invited me many times before. I am difficult to refuse such kindness. I happen to have time today. Mr. Beale, do you not agree with Miss Beale?"

Sharon was lost for words.

Wasn't Jameson afraid of being kicked out when he talked like this? Talon's expression did not change, "Even so, there is no reason to visit late at night. Don't you even know the most basic etiquette?"

"Mr. Beale, you are taking it too serious. I'm just giving my girlfriend a ride. If I can't even do such a small thing for my girlfriend, then I would truly have no courtesy." Talon's expression was obviously much uglier.

"It's raining today." Sharon said at the right time, "He's just sending me back. He won't stay any longer. I hope Mr. Beale won't mind."

Talon stood up and said, "Then you can leave. You are not welcomed here."

"Mr. Beale."

Jameson stopped him and said unhurriedly, "There's something I want to talk to you about."

Talon looked over.

Sharon did not expect him to suddenly say this, so she looked at him in surprise either.

Jameson didn't look at her.

He just looked at Talon and said, "Mr. Beale, if you are inconvenient, I can go to the Beale Group tomorrow to meet you."

Talon stood there for a few seconds, pondering.

Finally, he said, "Follow me."

After he turned around, Jameson raised his hand and rubbed Sharon's head.

He whispered, "You go back to your room first. I'll tell you later."

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In the study, Talon sat down and crossed his hands on the table, "If you have anything to say, just say it."

Jameson sat opposite him and said indifferently, "Mr. Beale, you intend to transfer 10% of your shares to Sharon. I have a few questions about it."

Talon said coldly, "This is our family business. What does it have to do with you?"

Jameson's thin lips curled up, and he slowly said, "Mr. Beale, you are wrong about this. Sharon is not only my ex-wife, but also my current girlfriend and future wife. Logically speaking, the shares she holds in the Beale Group are closely related to me to a certain extent."

"You are indeed a businessman. Isn't it a bit early of you to think of your own interests?"

"It's never too early," Jameson said, "Mr. Beale, you are a sophisticated man. It's not easy to get a chance to take advantage of you. How can I just let this opportunity slip away?"

Talon continued, "Back then, it is your family that repeatedly reneged on the marriage. It was a humiliation for the Beale family."

Hearing his words, Jameson was not surprised.

He only said, "Mr. Beale, I see your point. The future of the Beale family has nothing to do with me. But if you want to involve Sharon in the dispute within the Beale Group, then I don't mind making the situation messier."

In an instant, Talon looked more serious.

Jameson's meaning was very clear.

If Talon gave the 10% shares to Sharon, then regardless of the process, the shares would most likely fall into Jameson's hands.

If Talon did this, he would only cause trouble for himself.

Jameson added, "Mr. Beale, you know how to minimize the loss."

After a long time, Talon sneered, "You are too unscrupulous."

"It's called tactics in the business world. You know this, don't you, Mr. Beale?"

"Well, you sure know your tactics."

Talon stood up and said coldly, "But remember, Sharon is now in the Beale family and she insists that she is one of the Beales. As long as I live, a marriage between the Beale family and the Proctor family isn't going to happen!"

Jameson sat there, his expression gradually turning cold.

A few seconds later, he said slowly, "Mr. Beale, it's too early for you to say this. I won't change my mind if I'm determined. Therefore, I hope you can keep yourself alive and see who will win in the end."

After Jameson finished speaking, he nodded slightly to greet him and strode away with his long legs.

Talon looked at his back and clenched his fists, placing them heavily on the desk.

At this time, Natalia came in from outside and said, "Dad."

"Did you hear that just now?" Talon withdrew his thoughts.

Natalia nodded slowly.

"Jameson is arrogant. I must watch out for him."

Therefore, if he wanted to get rid of Sharon, he had to get rid of Jameson first.

Natalia thought for a while before saying, "Since that's the case, we shall keep our cooperation with the Proctor family. They are..."

Talon sneered and waved his hand, "The Proctor family is useless. If they had a way to deal with Jameson, they wouldn't have fallen into this situation."

"Then what's your plan, Dad?"

"The Proctor family seems to be looking for Jameson's biological mother recently."

Talon narrowed his eyes and said, "I've sent someone to keep an eye on this."

At that time, he could make a move in the dark to help them, and he would be able to achieve twice the result with half the effort.

Moreover, Jameson would definitely not be able to find out that Talon was behind this.

Natalia opened her mouth as if she wanted to say something, but in the end, she swallowed her words back.

Talon glanced at her and said, "Oh, you shouldn't see Daniel anymore. He has something to do with Sharon entering the Proctor family. It's very likely that he and Sharon were up to something together."

Natalia nodded, "I see."

In the bedroom, ever since Jameson and Talon went in the study room, Sharon had been unable to concentrate.

Not knowing how long had passed, she finally heard the sound of a car coming from downstairs.

She stood by the window and looked out.

Jameson left.

Sharon took a deep breath, and she finally calmed down.

Then, she took her pajamas and went into the bathroom.

After taking a shower, Sharon sat down and continued to draw the drafts, but she couldn't help but look at her phone.

After a long time, the screen finally lit up.

"Are you home?" She answered quickly.

On the other end of the phone, Jameson smiled, "Do you miss me that much?"

Sharon said, "Save it. What exactly is going on?"

Jameson slowly said, "Talon gave you that share transfer paper because he wants you to take the blame if anything happens to the Beale Group. Do you know that?"

Sharon nodded, "Yeah."

After coming out of the law firm, she had been thinking about this question.

After Daniel reminded her, she saw the whole picture clearly.

Jameson casually tossed the tie onto the sofa with one hand.

"I just reminded him of our relationship. Once this share is transferred to you, it means that it will become your dowry and fall into my hands."

Sharon was lost for words.

She wanted to say something, but she didn't know how to speak for a moment.

Jameson was really good with words.

During these few seconds of silence, Sharon heard clothes rubbing from the other end of the phone.

She couldn't help but ask, "What are you doing?"

The man's voice was hoarse and deep, "I'm taking off my clothes, baby. They are wet from the rain."

When Sharon heard the word 'baby', she couldn't help but think of some hot scenes.

When she heard that he was taking off his clothes, that scenes in her mind got clearer, and even her ears were burning.

She said calmly, "You must be busy now. I'll leave you to it. Catch up with you next time!"

"Busy?"

Jameson said, "I'm not busy."

"I'm busy!"

Sharon bit her lips.

Without waiting for Jameson to reply, she hurriedly hung up on him.

She opened the window and stood in the cold wind for a long time before her excited heart gradually calmed down.

She sat back in front of her desk and took out the share transfer paper from her bag.

After hearing Jameson's words, Talon would probably give up on his previous thoughts, but it was impossible that Talon would directly ask for the share transfer paper.

Sharon was thinking about how to use this share transfer paper to achieve her goal.

After a while, she took a long breath.

Forget it.

This was not important now.

The time before the second round is getting shorter and shorter.

She can't afford to slack off any longer.

So Sharon immediately focused on the drafts. She kept drawing until it was midnight again.

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In the next few days, Talon did not mention share transfer to Sharon. It seemed like he wanted to trivialize it.

Now, Sharon was busy with the competition, so she planned to talk about it with Talon sometime.

On the day of the second round, all the contestants came to hand in their works.

Unlike the first round, there were no other tests. The staff there just registered the works carefully.

"It's been ten hard days, everyone. The results will be announced in three days. Please be prepared for the finals"

Previously, the organizers had announced the rules.

Only three designers would go to the finals.

And when the results came out, they would compete on the spot and the judges would evaluate their works and give the final results immediately.

Therefore, these contestants were so nervous and could not have a good rest in these days.

"Ally, I wanted to treat you to a meal, but I know it's not the best time now. Let's have dinner when the competition's over. Thanks for your help."

After Sharon handed in her work and walked out, Jane came to her.

Sharon looked over and found that some of the contestants looked depressed.

Obviously, they were not satisfied with their works, and they didn't have faith in going to the finals.

"You're welcome" Jane was unquestionably an excellent designer.

Other designers could have discussed in private, but it seemed like the discussion did them no help.

Jane said, "I should go now. See you in the finals."

"See you." Sharon nodded.

After Jane left, Sharon had just taken a few steps when she heard Rita's voice.

Rita said impatiently, "I said that I'm busy with a competition. I will go home and visit him when I'm free. Don't you know how important this competition is to me?"

Before the person opposite her could speak, Rita said, "The finals are coming soon. Don't distract me, okay?"

After a few seconds, a man said, "I wish you success."

Then, he turned around and saw Sharon.

Rita also saw Sharon and frowned. Then she took a step back and distanced herself from the man.

Bridger noticed her movements.

He lowered his hat brim and quickly left.

Rita crossed her arms around her chest and said impolitely, "Don't you know that it's rude for you to listen to our conversation?"

"I have no obligation to make way for you in public places" Sharon said indifferently.

Rita smiled disdainfully, "It sounds like that you are confident in your work."

"You look nervous. Are you unsatisfied with your own work?"

Rita's face turned cold when she heard that.

Sharon didn't continue and turned around to leave.

Rita shouted behind her, "Are you confident that you would be the champion?"

"I never say it." Sharon stopped.

"Isn't that what you mean?"

"I have never thought of this. After all, I can't decide the result as it depends on our respective efforts."

Sharon looked at her and said coldly, "You should visit your father instead of saying that to me"

Hearing this, Rita got angry, "It's none of your business!"

Sharon sneered and left without a word.

She actually didn't care about it at all.

As soon as Sharon returned to the studio, Tiffany walked over.

Sharon was puzzled, "What's wrong?"

Tiffany whispered, "Ruben is here."

Sharon was stunned.

She wondered why Ruben came here on the weekday.

As there was a strange look on Tiffany's face, she knew that something must have happened.

She said, "Okay."

Sharon walked towards the office.

In the office, Ruben sat with his back to the door, so Sharon couldn't feel his emotions.

Sharon closed the door and asked, "Ruben, why are you here? You have no class today?"

Ruben slowly raised his head and took out a photo from his bag and showed it to her.

Sharon lowered her head and found there were her and Talon in the photo.

Judging from the backdrop, this photo was probably taken on the day of the auction.

Sharon sat down and whispered, "Ruben, I didn't mean to hide it from you. It's too complicated to explain"

"So, he's your biological father?" Ruben said.

Sharon did not explain.

Now wasn't a good time for explanation.

After a while, Ruben said, "Has Josh come to see you recently?"

Sharon shook her head, "No."

"OK."

Then, Ruben stood up and left.

Sharon stopped him and said, "Ruben..."

"I'm fine. I'm here to confirm this with you. As I have class tonight, I should go now."

Ruben stood with his back to her and said emotionlessly.

Sharon followed him, but Ruben walked so fast that he got out of sight soon.

Tiffany walked over and said, "What happened? Ruben looked terrible when he came over."

"He may know the relationship between the Beale family and me."

Tiffany said awkwardly, "Don't worry. Perhaps he will be happy for you."

Sharon shook her head, "That's not the case."

After Sharon returned to the office, she called Giana, "Is Ruben still on your crew?"

"No, he has shot his final scenes.What's wrong?"

"It's fine.I..."

Sharon silently sighed.

"Forget it, go ahead and do your thing."

Giana was puzzled when she received the call.

She put away her phone and asked the staff, "Has Ruben been to the set these days?"

"I don't know, but I saw him at the school gate at noon.By the way, does he come from a rich family?"

Giana was puzzled, "What do you mean?"

The staff continued, "A man came to see him at noon.Judging from his delicate suit and luxurious car, he should be a successful man.And Ruben looked a bit similar to him, so I guess he is his father"

Giana also heard about Sharon's father.

Obviously, the man who the staff mentioned was not their father at all.

"Tell the director that I'm going to leave now" Giana said as he put his things together.

"But there's a dinner party tonight.Where are you going?"

"Forgive me, I have something to deal with.Next time, I'll go and treat you all to dinner."

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After Giana left the set, she went to Ruben's school, but she didn't find him.His classmates told her that Ruben had no class in the afternoon and they didn't know where he was.

Then Giana went to the dormitories.But he wasn't there either.

Giana got disappointed.

Just as she was about to leave, she saw Ruben, who was having a cold face.

Before she could stop him, Ruben had gone into the dormitories.

Giana thought that something was wrong, then she took out her phone and called Ruben, but no one answered.

She didn't leave but stood in front of the dormitories.

Just as she was going to ask a classmate to call him, Ruben came out with his luggage.

Giana hurriedly walked over and said, "Where are you going?"

Ruben looked at her and frowned, "Why are you here?"

"I didn't see you at the teaching building, so I came here.I also called you, but you didn't answer" Giana said as she looked at the bag in his hand, "Now you should answer my question."

Ruben subconsciously hid the bag behind him and said indifferently, "I'm just going home."

"It's not a weekend. Why are you going home now?"

"I have something to do."

Giana said, "Alright, then let's go together. I can meet your sister then."

Hearing this, Ruben looked more serious.

Giana walked to him, "Let's go."

Ruben could only say, "I'm going to the old house. She's not there."

Giana was not surprised by his answer.

She replied, "Then I can drive you. After all, it's not easy to take a taxi at rush hour. By the way, you said you wanted to treat me to dinner. I think you can do it later."

Ruben didn't speak.

Giana stared at him and said, "I don't think you're really going home. Where on earth are you going?"

Ruben pursed his lips and said coldly, "It is my business."

Giana was so stunned that she didn't know what to say.

What Ruben said made sense.

Ruben was Sharon's younger brother and she also treated him as her own brother.

She thought their relationship got closer as they had gotten along well on the set.

She thought they were at least friends now.

Therefore, she felt depressed when she heard Ruben saying so.

When Giana was in a trance, Ruben went past her and walked away.

Giana thought that she shouldn't interfere in what did not concern her.

She just sent a text message to Sharon, saying that Ruben had left after he packed up in the dormitory.

Then she left.

After Sharon received Giana's message, she immediately called Ruben.

However, his phone was disconnected.

Sharon knew that something was going to happen.

She hurriedly got things packed and said to Tiffany, "Tiffany, I'm going out. I may not come back tonight."

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

"Ruben left school with his luggage. I'm worried about him, so I'll go find him."

After saying that, Sharon quickly left.

When she ran out of the studio, she happened to meet Daniel.

He wanted to ask what had happened, but Sharon quickly got in the car.

Daniel frowned.

When he withdrew his gaze, he saw Tiffany.

After a while, he stepped forward and said, "What happened?"

Tiffany said indifferently, "Ruben came here today and there's something strange about him. Just now, Sharon said he had packed his things and left school."

Hearing this, Daniel became serious.

He turned around and hurriedly got into the car.

The two cars left one after the other.

Tiffany also became serious and pondered in silence.

As Sharon walked towards Ruben's school, she called Giana and said, "What did he say when you saw him?"

Giana curled his lips and said, "He didn't say much, but he seemed to be in a bad mood."

Sharon pursed her lips when she heard that.

Giana added, "He told me that he was going home, but I don't think he told the truth. Didn't you surrender your old house? Where can he go?"

Hearing this, Sharon braked suddenly.

Although she thought it unlikely that Ruben was there, she still wanted to check.

Thinking of this, she hurriedly turned the car around.

Giana continued, "I also heard from the crew that a man went to Ruben's school to see him. The man was quite rich and looked a bit like Ruben. I guess that the two events are connected"

After hanging up the phone, Sharon suddenly became alert, but she didn't have time to think about it.

She should find Ruben first.

After arriving at that house, Sharon pulled her car off the road and quickly went upstairs.

When she arrived there, she found the house door half-open and the room in a mess.

It seemed like that Ruben had just returned.

"Sharon, you're also here. I saw your younger brother just now. But he ran away before I said hello to him."

As he said that, the neighbor looked inside the house and asked, "Are you moving? Well, since your father has died long before, it's good to move away from the unlucky house."

"When did you see Ruben?" Sharon asked.

"Ten minutes ago. I just picked my grandson up from school. He seemed to have gone to the place where your father played poker. He looked very bad."

Sharon thanked the neighbor, closed the door, and left.

Just as she went downstairs, her phone rang.

Looking at the unfamiliar number on it, Sharon quickly answered, "Stop investigating Josh for a while. Go find my younger brother first. He went to the place where Josh gambled."

Bridger said, "Alright."

After hanging up, Sharon took a deep breath and held the phone tightly.

She knew Bridger can be helpful.

He was familiar with the casinos in this area, and he knew how to deal with people here.

Just as Sharon was about to get into the car, she thought for a bit and called Jameson, for fear that he would worry about her again.

Jacob answered the phone and whispered, "Ms. Allyson, Mr. Proctor is having a meeting. What's going on? You can tell me and I'll let him know later"

"I'm fine" Sharon said.

"I just ... Forget it, I can wait for him."

Jacob knew that something was wrong from her tone.

He said, "Ms. Allyson, send me the address. I'll arrange for someone to help immediately."

Sharon did not refuse, "Alright."

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Along the Sharon barged into several underground casinos, but she didn't find Ruben.

What was worse, the people of the casinos were a little unhappy for it. Noticing that she was alone, they teased her indecently.

"Babe, what's the matter? Would you like to have fun in the casino?"

"If you would like to have fun here, go ahead. Are you shopping around?"

"Babe, casinos are different from men. Casinos have their own rules. As for men, you can choose as you like. We will satisfy you."

As they spoke, they looked at each other with a cheeky and vulgar smile.

Aman screwed up his courage, stepped forward and said, "Why don't you try me first? I promise you will be satisfied..."

Before he finished speaking, his hair was grabbed by someone and his head was pushed against the wall.

The man cursed, turned around and was about to fight.

However, when he saw the person's face, he took a step back and said, "Bridger ...why are you here?"

Bridger looked at them expressionlessly.

"Should I inform you before I come here?"

These men changed their attitudes and smiled apologetically, "Of course not. We're just concerned about you. It has been a long time since we've seen you. How are you recently?"

Bridger ignored them and said, "Have you seen a boy in his teens here?"

"No, no, No. I'm sure. The only stranger here is this beautiful lady today."

The other people echoed, "He's right. Bridger, as you know, the people who come here are all our regular customers. We're acquainted with them. If strangers come here, we will be impressed."

Bridger turned to look at Sharon and said, "He must not have been here" Sharon frowned and glanced at these men in front of her.

After a while, she said, "Let's go."

After Sharon turned around, Bridger said to these men, "Tell me as soon as you see him"

Then he kicked the man who had teased Sharon.

"Focus on your work. Don't bully others or break the law."

"OK. I see. I promise I won't do it again."

Bridger turned around and left.

Aman who had kept silent all the time ran to Bridger and said, "Bridger, I suddenly recall that I have seen that basta*d Josh today. Are you looking for him?"

Sharon and Bridger turned around.

"Where did you see him?" Bridger asked.

"I saw him in the intersection ahead. He was alone. His face seemed familiar. If it weren't for..., I wouldn't have recalled" Bridger became serious, grabbed the man's collar suddenly and said, "Has Josh been here recently?"

The man's expression was stilted.

Then he laughed awkwardly, "No, he hasn't. You have asked us to contact you as soon as he shows up. He hasn't come here"

"I don't have the patience to ask again."

The man's legs trembled, but he still clenched his teeth and said, "It's the truth. How dare I lie to you?"

The man whose head was hit by Bridger said, "You'd better tell him the truth. Josh is unreliable. If you collude with him, you won't get any benefits."

"I didn't..."

Sharon said indifferently, "How much did he give you? I'll give you double."

The man rolled his eyes, but he was afraid of Bridger, so he said, "Lady, it's not about money."

Suddenly, Bridger punched the wall behind the man and said coldly, "The last chance. Do you want money or your life?"

Hearing what Bridger had said, the man didn't have the guts to conceal anything.

He swallowed his saliva and said, "Alright, he came here the night before yesterday to gamble. He was lucky and won a lot of money. He ...gave me some money and told me not to tell anyone that he had come here. Bridger, I have no choice. My girlfriend hooks up with someone and is about to leave me. I need money urgently, so...."

Bridger let go of him and asked sternly, "Did Josh tell you where he lived recently?"

"No, he didn't. He was vigilant and was afraid of being followed along the way"

"Did you see where he went?"

The man did not have the guts to conceal anything.

He said, "I followed him and arrived at the unfinished building ahead. I was afraid that he would notice, so I stopped following him. There are many leaks of the buildings and it's raining all the time. It's impossible for him to live there, right?"

Bridger ignored him, took two steps forward and said to Sharon, "Wait in the car. I'll go to take a look."

Sharon thought about it and said, "I would like to go with you."

If Ruben went there to see Josh, Bridger would not be able to bring Ruben back.

Bridger did not say anything else and nodded, "OK."

They were not far from the unfinished building.

It would take a few minutes for them to drive there, but there were small alleys all around.

It was impossible for them to drive there.

Turning back to find a way would waste too much time, so they weaved their ways.

The further Sharon went, the more she felt that Ruben must be there.

Then they arrived at the unfinished building.

There were weeds about 50 cm tall and many dens of stray cats and dogs all around.

There was a faint smell of decay in the air.

The surroundings were very quiet.

They only heard the wind blowing.

Bridger said, "Wait for me here. I'll go inside and take a look."

Sharon nodded gently.

As Bridger went forward, Sharon looked towards the unfinished building slowly.

She saw reinforced concrete, abandoned planks and building materials.

The ground was filled with sewage.

It wasn't inhabitable at all.

Even though Josh was hiding, he gave so much money to the man in the casino generously.

He would not live in such a place.

While Sharon heard the wind blowing, she suddenly heard noises from the roof of the unfinished building in the distance.

It seemed that some people were fighting.

She looked up at the roof.

Ruben flashed by.

Sharon was excited, opened her mouth and was about to call him, but she was afraid that she would irritate him.

She pushed aside the weeds in front of her and trotted forward.

Just as she arrived at downstairs, a huge board fell beside her feet.

It made her hair stand on end and her back was covered in sweat. She stopped.

When she looked up again, she vaguely saw a man's upper body being hung in the air. He was waving his hands in the air to struggle.

If she guessed right, it should be Josh. It was too high.

Sharon could not hear what they were saying, so she wished Bridger would stop them in time. She clenched her fists slowly, took a deep breath and walked inside.