

Resume 391

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 391

After Sharon returned to the Beale's, she directly came to her room. No matter what was happening outside, she never came out of her room.

There probably would be many other people who felt worse than her throughout the night.

Just as Sharon was about to put down her phone and take a shower, she saw that Ruben's personal information was circulated online.

She frowned and called Dean.

Dean also didn't know about this.

He said, "I didn't do this. It might be a coincidence"

After hanging up, Sharon thought for a while and dialed Ruben's number. She got through quickly and asked tenderly, "Ruben, are you at school?"

Ruben replied, "Yes. I came back to school this afternoon"

"Have you seen the news online?"

"Yes, I saw it."

"Don't worry about it" Sharon comforted.

"Nobody would remember it tomorrow"

"I see" Ruben said.

After a pause, Ruben said, "How is it going with you?"

"Not bad. Everything is under control. There won't be any mistakes"

At this time, Sharon's phone rang. She glanced at the caller ID and said, "I'll hang up. Have a good day"

It was from Tiffany.

After Sharon picked up the phone, she heard her excited voice, "Sharon, do you see the trending topic on Twitter? Natalia is unmasked now! She was attacked by a great number of people. There would be nothing so good in the world!"

"I saw it."

Sharon said, "It's late. You're still awake?"

"How can I fall asleep when such an exciting thing happens? I am f*cking..."

Before Tiffany finished speaking, a man's voice sounded, "Can you leave the f word tomorrow? I have something to ask Sharon"

Tiffany lost for words.

Sharon was shocked on the other end of the phone.

Sharon suddenly felt a sense of unreality. She looked at the time.

It was 12 o'clock.

'Tiffany is still with Daniel this late?'

Before Sharon came to herself, Daniel took the phone from Tiffany and said calmly, "Ms. Allyson, could I ask you a question?"

Sharon said, "Ask."

"Did you sue Natalia?"

"Yes."

Daniel said, "Have you ever thought about the consequences if you did so? Talon will come for you"

Sharon said, "I am well aware of that. Even if I don't do it, Talon will not let me off, either."

Hearing this, Daniel was speechless.

They had always been trying to keep Sharon away from Talon for her security.

However, they did not expect that she still got herself involved.

Sharon said, "But I get what I want. I didn't lose."

After Daniel said a few words, the phone was grabbed by Tiffany again.

"Well, I suddenly remember that I saw 'Ruben' become a trending topic. His name is a trending hashtag now, and people all call for him to make a debut. What does Ruben think about it? If he really makes a debut, I am willing to be the leader of his fan club!"

Giana also asked Sharon this question before, but Sharon had not known how Ruben thought about it at that time.

Sharon said, "I don't know. It depends on him."

"If Ruben can make a debut, that's awesome! He is a top student and he is so handsome. It's just a bit harder to be his girlfriend since I will have a lot of competitors!"

Tiffany's dramatics confused Daniel.

Sharon realized that Tiffany was still with Daniel this late, but she didn't ask Tiffany why.

Sharon gave a dry cough and said, "It's too late. I'm going to take a shower. You ...go to bed early"

"Alright. See you tomorrow"

After Tiffany hung up, Daniel stood up and said, "I'm gonna go" Tiffany looked at the time and realized that it was very late.

She quickly nodded and said, "Go. You'd better be off."

Daniel was lost for words.

"Am I that unlikable?"

After leaving Tiffany's house, Daniel got into the car and saw a familiar black car behind him in his rear-view mirror.

His face suddenly fell.

"I'm fed up. Isn't what happened tonight enough for the Beales to get messy?"

Daniel's car dashed forward as he pressed the accelerator hard.

People who followed Daniel probably didn't expect him to drive at full speed, so they hurriedly sped up.

However, Daniel seemed to be having fun with them, circling around the downtown several times.

Then he directly drove up the on-ramp and quickly left before they noticed it.

When he reached an intersection, Daniel got out of the car and got in a Black Volkswagen pulled off the road.

The driver of the Black Volkswagen took Daniel's car keys and drove his car instead.

The followers couldn't catch up with Daniel. They immediately felt that something was wrong and hurriedly drove to Daniel's home.

When they saw that Daniel's car was parked in the garage, they breathed a sigh of relief.

At the same time, Daniel went straight to William.

As soon as the door opened, Mathew ran out and said, "Daniel."

Daniel rubbed Mathew's head.

"Why are you still up late?"

Mathew turned away and looked at his iPad.

Daniel knew what he was watching, so he took the iPad away and said, "Go to sleep. Don't watch it."

At this time, William came out of the study.

Seeing this, Mathew quickly snatched the iPad from Daniel's hand and ran to his room.

William didn't look good.

He said coldly, "Have you made contact with her?"

Daniel nodded.

"She has her own plans. I can't persuade her" William sat on the sofa and pinched between his eyebrows, looking tired and powerless.

Daniel sat down opposite him and said, "Don't worry. At least now she has Mr. Jones with her, so Talon doesn't dare to do anything to her"

"It is true, but how things will be when nobody notices?"

Thinking what happened to Josh and Ruben, Daniel did not speak.

After a while, William said, "Have you found Josh?"

Daniel shook his head.

"He should have been taken away by Talon's men."

"Josh is in Talon's hands. It is a time bomb for us."

"Talon only wants to create a balance. Since we have Mathew, he has always been wary and doesn't dare to act rashly" William leaned against the sofa and closed his eyes.

"I hope so."

After a moment of silence, Daniel said tentatively, "To be honest, I think the best way is to tell Ms. Allyson the truth. If she knows, she wouldn't ..."

William said calmly, "No need."

He still didn't know how to face her.

And ...her younger brother.

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Sharon came out of the bathroom.

When she was wiping her hair, she saw the phone on the bed vibrating. She quickly walked to the bed.

It was Jameson.

After the call was connected, Jameson's deep voice sounded, "Still awake?"

"Yes" Sharon said.

After a pause, she said, "I can't sleep."

She was telling the truth. So many things had happened today. She couldn't sleep even if she wanted to.

Jameson said, "You miss me so much that you can't sleep?"

Sharon was speechless.

Jameson just could not be serious.

"How about you?" Sharon said.

Jameson said indifferently, "I just finished a meeting with other board directors. Don't worry. They can't do anything to me."

"But the matter has become a huge trouble.The Proctors..."

"This was what they have done.They were the ones who caused all this trouble."

Hearing this, Sharon was stunned.

"Did the Proctors make this? But it was Rita who made the recording."

Jameson was not surprised to hear her answer.

He said, "Then she is quite smart.She knows she needs a scapegoat."

"You mean, it was Rita who recorded it, but she was afraid of offending you, so she went to the Proctors, right?"

People knew that Albert and Jameson were only father and son on the surface.

In fact, they were enemies plotting against each other, especially Albert.

Albert did everything he could to get something on Jameson although he had failed many times.

Rita was indeed smart.

She was also quite bold.

She used Albert! After a moment of silence, Sharon said, "Now that we know who is behind all this, what should we do?"

"Don't worry." Jameson said slowly, "Wait for another two days."

"Alright."

If she was right, Jameson wanted to take advantage of this matter to do something.

"Did Talon come to you?" Jameson asked.

"Not yet."

"Keep waiting.He'll come to you before tomorrow morning."Sharon nodded.

This matter would only be even more serious after a night.

If Talon wanted to end this matter before it got bigger and minimize its influence, he would come to her before tomorrow morning.

"Are you still in the company?" Sharon added.

Jameson said yes.

Then he added, "Much work has been delayed today."

"Then you need to stay up late and work overtime, right?"

"Do you want to be here with me?"

"I suddenly feel sleepy.Good-bye" Sharon said.

After hanging up the phone, Sharon lay on the bed for a while before she went into the bathroom to dry her hair.

Sharon checked the time.

It was one oclock in the morning.

It was not suitable for her to go out now.

However, that je*k would forget to have a meal when he was busy.

Sharon lay on the bed and ordered takeout for him.

After that, she thought of Jameson's assistant Jacob.

She thought Jacob had also done a lot of work.

So she ordered another takeout for Jacob.

After ordering the takeout, Sharon opened Twitter again.

Posts about Ruben were warmly discussed.

More and more people began to curse Natalia.

It seemed that a lot of people couldn't sleep tonight.

As the night fell, the surroundings became quieter and quieter.

Occasionally, the rustling sound of the wind blowing leaves could be heard.

Not long after, the pitter-patter of rain came.

The room got colder.

Sharon looked at the dark sky outside the window.

For some reason, she remembered the night when Bridger appeared in her studio covered in blood.

She also thought of Camron.

At that time, he was lying in the morgue.

No one went to collect his corpse. After a long time, she heaved a sigh of relief.

She no longer owed them anything.

This time, she would show no mercy to them.

This rainy night was destined to be restless.

Ever since she sent the recording pen to the Proctors, Rita had been paying attention to the news on the Internet.

When the recording was exposed to the public, she secretly let out a sigh of relief.

She also got a kind of unprecedented satisfaction.

The incident made a huge scene.

Even the Proctor Group was involved.

No matter the Proctor Group was the organizer or not, the company would announce that the contents of the recording were untrue so as not to be influenced.

In this way, Sharon would have no chance to hold a special event to market her brand.

However, after a night, Rita didn't hear the Proctor's and the organizer's clarification.

Instead, she saw the news about Natalia.

When she saw that Natalia had gradually gotten more attention than Sharon, she panicked.

At this moment, her phone suddenly rang.

Looking at the unfamiliar number on the screen, Rita thought it was Bridger.

As if she grabbed a life-saving straw, she hurriedly answered the phone, "You finally called.I..."

"You want to hear my voice so badly."

Hearing the ambiguous words on the phone, Rita frowned.

"Why is it you?"

Floren said, "Why can't it be me? I asked you to come to the hotel to find me.Why didn't you come?"

Rita said, "Are you sick? I've given you everything you deserve.Why would I come to you?"

Floren laughed loudly.

"That's not true.Have you given me everything I deserve? I haven't gotten what I want yet.I'll give you another chance.Come to the hotel now, otherwise, I'll expose what you have done to the public."

Rita tightened her grip on the phone.

She resisted her anger and asked, "What have I done?"

"We just finished our cooperation.Did you forget so quickly?"

Floren said calmly, "It doesn't matter if you forgot.I don't mind reminding you."

"No need!"

Rita took a deep breath and said, "You said it was cooperation.Now that you have gotten the money, shouldn't you shut up?"

"Yes.You're right.I should shut up after I get the money.However, I only got the money for your cheating.You also bribed the two judges to win the championship.But I didn't get a single cent for concealing that for you."

Rita said coldly, "I didn't bribe the judges. It was Berry..."

Floren said, "That bribery was for you! The one who won the championship was you, not me or Ms. Berry. Is that true?"

"Are you threatening me with this?"

"You take me wrong. I won't threaten you. I said we are the same kind of people. I just want to have in-depth communication with you."

Floren added, "I have sent you the address and my room number. If you don't get here within an hour..."

Floren continued, "Right now, the competition is a hot topic online. There should be quite a few media outlets willing to pay a high price for exclusive insider information. It seems like I'm going to make a fortune again."

Rita gritted her teeth.

She pushed the button on the screen heavily and hung up the phone. She stood still for a few minutes.

Then she dialed Bridger's number. But his phone was switched off.

Rita clenched her fists. She saw the fruit knife on the coffee table. She picked it up and put it in her bag.

Then she changed her clothes and went out.

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The rain became increasingly heavy after midnight. Rita watched the news on the Internet and was extremely annoyed.

When the car stopped at the entrance of the hotel, she quickly got off and walked into the hotel with an umbrella in her hand.

She used the umbrella to cover her face, and remained so even in the elevator.

Standing at the door of Floren's room, she rang the doorbell.

Very soon, the door was opened.

Floren, with his upper body naked and lower body covered by a bath towel, looked at Rita and said mischievously, "You're quick." Rita looked at him coldly, "What exactly do you want to do?"

Floren looked her up and down and said, "Come in. Let's sit down and have a talk."

After entering the room, Rita put away her umbrella and put it in a corner.

Floren walked towards the wine cabinet and said, "Sit down."

Rita sat on the sofa in the living room, her eyes following Floren.

Before long, Floren came back with two glasses of red wine and placed one of them in front of Rita, "Congratulations on winning the championship."

As Floren spoke, he picked up the glass for her.

Rita frowned and fought down her disgust.

She took the glass from Floren and took a sip under his gaze.

Floren looked at her with a satisfied expression.

Rita put down her glass and said, "Just tell me how much money you want. I'll give you."

"No.No."

Floren raised his head and drank the red wine in his glass.

Then, he sat beside Rita and said, "If I want money, I'll go to Ms.Berry instead of you. I just want to talk about some private matters between us."

As he spoke, he put his hand on Rita's thigh.

Rita suddenly stood up and said, "Behave yourself!"

Floren laughed heartily, but immediately put on a long face and said, "Now you're in my room. And you ask me to behave myself?"

"I'm here because..."

Before Rita could finish her words, she found that her vision suddenly blurred.

And Floren sat aside with a sinister smile.

Rita was afraid and tremulously took out a dagger from her bag.

She said in a trembling voice, "Don't touch me! Otherwise, I'll..."

Seeing this, Floren laughed, "You're prepared. I didn't imagine you to be clever."

Rita felt increasingly dizzy.

It was difficult for her to even stand up.

Floren easily grabbed the dagger from her and pressed her on the sofa rudely, "That being the case, I have no need to be polite to you!"

At first, Rita struggled by instinct, but when it happened, the pain made her mind go blank and she stared at the ceiling, motionless.

She heard Floren's nauseating wheezes.

A few hours later, Rita was finally able to move.

She tremulously got up from the carpet and casually grabbed a piece of clothes to block her chest.

Then she took out her phone to call the police.

Floren sat aside and smoked with his eyes half-narrowed, "If you want to sue me, just do it."

He threw a mobile phone at Rita and said, "The evidence is on the phone. You can use it to sue me."

Rita bit her lower lip tightly. She did not expect that Floren would record it. Floren puffed smoke and continued, "I'm coward. When the police interrogate me, I may tell them the ugly deal between us. It's nothing to me. But by then you'll lose the championship."

Rita sat silently for a long time and then started to dress without saying a word.

When she was about to leave, Floren said, "Don't worry. As long as you satisfy me, I won't tell anyone about this video or the cheating."

Rita froze and clenched her hands into fists. She could do nothing but fight down her anger and leave. She heard Floren's triumphant laughter from behind her.

After leaving the hotel, Rita did not go back to the house she was living in, but went back to her real home.

However, it was raining heavily and rain water accumulated in the alley, making it hard for Rita to find the way.

When Rita finally arrived home, her shoes and clothes were all wet.

She knocked on the door forcefully, but there was no response except the sound of the heavy rain.

After a long time, her knocks finally woke up a neighbor.

An old man tottered out.

It took a while for him to recognize Rita, "Rita, your father isn't at home. Stop knocking."

Rita turned her head and said angrily, "Where did he go?"

"He felt sick, so he went to the hospital and hasn't come back. It's been a long time."

"What about Bridger?"

"Bridger sent your father to the hospital, and did not come back, either."

After saying that, the old man turned around and entered his own house.

Looking at the potted plant grown by Camron, Rita got increasingly angry and kicked the pot heavily. It crashed into the wall and broke up.

The plant in it was covered in mud, gradually losing its vitality.

The old man living next door heard the noise and turned his head.

See what had happened, he shook his head and closed the door.

Rita went to Bridger's house in the hope of finding some clues about where he had gone.

Now, only Bridger could help her deal with Floren.

She found the key to the house that Bridger had left under the windowsill and entered the house, only to find that it was dusty.

It seemed that Bridger had not been back for a long time.

Rita was unwilling to leave without gaining anything, so she left a message, hoping that Bridger would contact her as soon as he saw it.

On the way back, Rita turned her head to look at the building standing in the rain.

There was an acrid smell of garbage in the surroundings.

Rita was determined that she would never come here again! Even though Sharon had only slept for a few hours, she felt refreshed.

It was still raining outside, and the entire sky was dark.

No one knew how long the rain would last.

Sharon changed her clothes and went downstairs.

As soon as she reached the living room, a servant hurriedly came to her and said, "Ms. Allyson, Mr. Beale asked you to go to his study after getting up."

"I see." Sharon walked to the study and knocked on its door.

Talon's cold voice came from inside, "Come in."

Sharon walked in and said indifferently, "Mr. Beale, what's up?"

Talon looked at her with a sinister look.

Probably because he had not slept all night, he did not pretend to be gentle any longer.

Sharon looked into his eyes and remained calm.

After a while, Talon said, "You already know the news on the Internet, right?"

Sharon nodded and said, "The news is everywhere. It's hard to ignore."

"You saw the news?"

Sharon asked, "Anything wrong?"

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Talon snorted contemptuously with a fake smile, obviously not believing it.

Just after the disclosure of the matter between the Proctor Group and Sharon, Natalia's wrongdoing was revealed.

How could it not be intended? A moment later, he said, "I approve the request you made before. But I also have my requirements."

This answer came as no surprise to Sharon.

She smiled and said, "Mr. Beale, go ahead please."

Talon said, "I can only give you half of the places you want. You know that the Beale Group is in troubled times, and because of Natalia, the stock price has fallen sharply. The offer I made is the most of what I can give."

Sharon licked her lips quietly and didn't say anything, waiting for Talon's coming words.

Talon continued, "In addition, you have to give me a guarantee that you will not interfere in any of the projects of the Beale Group. I also assure you that the benefits you asked will be as you wish."

As he spoke, Talon passed the pre-printed document to her.

It was already signed by Talon and sealed by the Beale Group.

Sharon glanced at the documents and then raised her head, "I agree, Mr. Beale. But I hope you will not disturb my younger brother anymore. This is my last requirement. Besides, Miss Beale must apologize to him. What she did has already seriously affected my brother's school and daily life. Otherwise, even if I stop here, he won't forgive."

Talon narrowed his eyes and said after a while, "But you should know that her apology is private only."

"I know. I just wish Miss Beale could apologize to my brother in person. As for other things, I don't care."

Talon didn't say anything to oppose.

"I have heard that Mr. Beale is a trustable man," Sharon said, "You will realize every word that you give. On the contrary, I'm not so generous."

As she spoke, Sharon put out a recording pen on the desk.

Seeing that, Talon's expression suddenly changed.

Sharon said, "I have no other choice. I just got in this trap yesterday. A fall into the pit, a gain in my wit. This is what I learnt. As long as you don't break your promise, Mr. Beale, the conversation recorded will be of no use."

After that, Sharon turned off the recording pen.

She picked up the pen on the table, signing her name at the end of the document.

Then she opened the vermilion seal paste at hand, and pressed her fingerprint.

After everything was done, Sharon stood up, taking the documents and the recording pen, "Mr. Beale, don't worry, I will definitely handle the matter properly."

After leaving the study room, she saw Natalia standing outside the door. Her expression was as terrible as it could be.

Obviously, she had heard the conversation inside.

"Good morning, Miss Beale."

Sharon smiled to her.

Natalia gritted her teeth and said, "Do you think you can get the Beale Group by doing this?"

"I've never thought of this. After all, the Beale Group has so many properties. This is merely a small part. However, as long as I'm alive, make merry while the sun shines."

Sharon finished talking and left without a glance at Natalia's face.

When Sharon walked away, Natalia clenched her fists in anger and walked into the study, "Dad, how can you agree to her so easily?"

Talon stood up and walked to the window, crossing his hands behind.

He said indifferently, "It's just something unimportant. Just give her what she wants."

"But..."

"Natalia; Talon interrupted her, "You should also examine your mistakes. You were so careless that left some evidence, and even were threatened by others."

Natalia didn't know what to say and bowed her head.

Talon continued, "Is there anything to do with you in what happened to the Proctor Group yesterday?"

After faltering for a while, Natalia said, "Dad, don't worry, they won't be able to track me"

"You'd better be."

After a while, Talon said, "That's it."

Natalia nodded and left.

Meanwhile, Talon's phone rang.

Upon answering it, his subordinate's lowered voice came out, "Mr. Beale, the person we brought back last time ...ran away.'

Talon narrowed his eyes and asked sinisterly, "How long has it been since you found out the escape?"

"Fewer than ten minutes.'

"Go find him. Don't take him back, just kill him once you get him.'

"Yes."

While Sharon drove to the studio, it kept raining. She had a look at the documents put at her side and tightened her mouth.

Now that she got what she wanted, she had to clarify the rumor about Natalia online.

However, Talon did not set a deadline for her. She was not in a hurry to do so and just had to finish it today.

When she arrived at the studio, the girls were all debating on the news online.

But strangely, they were all discussing at the gate.

"Why are you all standing here?" Sharon said.

The girls shook their heads at one time, "We are fine here.It's cool"

Hearing that, Sharon looked inside the studio.

Together with their reactions, she guessed something.

She raised her eyebrows and smiled, "Go in.It's raining outside"

After that, she walked inside.

Pushing open the office door, Sharon saw Jameson sitting on the sofa.

His eyes nearly closed, as if he was asleep.

Sharon gently closed the door and walked to his side.

She picked up the blanket hanging on the sofa, and slowly covered him.

After this, Sharon maintained this posture and slightly bent down to look at him.

The jerk probably hadn't slept last night, and there were faint dark circles around his eyes.

Sharon looked at him for a while.

Suddenly, she moved forward and kissed his sexy lips.

Unexpectedly, just as she was about to stand up, the man in front of her abruptly opened his eyes.

Sharon was stunned.

Jameson's eyes focused on her, and his voice was husky, "An illicit kiss to me?"

Before Sharon could explain, her wrist was grabbed by him.

The next second, she fell into his arms.

"If you want to kiss me, you can kiss me in broad daylight.There's no need to do it secretly.I will not laugh at you,' Jameson said.

Sharon was regretted, feeling that she really made a mistake.

Receiving no word from her, Jameson rubbed his chin against her shoulder and said in a husky voice, "If you don't kiss me, may I kiss you?"

Saying this, he did not mean to enquire, but to announce.

Finishing speaking, he kissed her heavily and gradually deepened the kiss with the longing throughout the whole night.

Sharon patted his chest, trying to say that they were in the office.

What if someone came in? However, Jameson ignored her at all.

Instead, he controlled her head and restrained her on the sofa for kissing.

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It turned out that Sharon's worry was necessary.

The moment the knock came, she used all her might to turn Jameson over and slumped into the sofa.

At the same time, the office door was opened.

Tiffany's voice came, "Sharon, you..."

Before she could finish her sentence, she saw Sharon sitting on the sofa, with her clothes in disarray and cheeks flushing.

Ahead of her, Jameson was sitting on the floor.

One of his long legs was bent and the other was casually placed.

When he looked at Tiffany, he licked his teeth.

Tiffany instantly received the danger signal.

She promptly closed the door and said, "That's weird. Why nobody is here?"

Sharon didn't know what to say.

That was ridiculous.

After the door closed, Jameson turned his gaze at Sharon and he said in a low voice, "Shall we go on?"

Sharon got up snappishly.

"No way. I'm going to work."

She sat in front of the computer desk and pressed the power button.

She took out the mirror to touch up her makeup, but when she saw how she looked in the mirror, she wished she could pound this je*k! No wonder Tiffany's expression was so strange on first glance.

She quickly tidied up her clothes, wiped off the lipstick at the corner of her lips with a napkin, and reapplied makeup.

Jameson sat on the sofa behind her and pulled the armrest of the seat to face him.

"What are you so busy with that I can't enjoy your company?"

Sharon put down the lipstick and said, "Of course I'm busy. If I don't work harder, I'll be told that you're the one who have made everything possible today."

Jameson raised his eyebrows.

"Isn't it good to rely on me? As long as you want, I can give you everything I have."

"No, thanks." Sharon tried to turn the chair back, but Jameson had no intention of letting go.

Sharon took a long breath.

Forget it.

"Did you have breakfast?" she said.

"No."

Sharon said seriously, "Lie down on the sofa and take a nap. I'll order a takeout for you and it will be delivered in a while."

Jameson was wordless.

Seeing him showing upset, Sharon couldn't help beaming.

"I was kidding. I didn't eat either. Let's go out."

Jameson stared at her with red flag in his narrowed eyes.

"It seems you get a nerve."

Noticing his potential move, Sharon dodged, got up and gave a cough.

"Alright, let's go. I'm hungry."

Before leaving the office, Sharon reassured herself that there was nothing unusual about her.

By the time she left, the studio had had guests.

The girls did not gather outside the door anymore.

Instead, they got down to their work.

Sharon didn't know where Tiffany had gone.

However, Sharon guessed that she was in the next room.

On the way, Jameson asked her, "Did Talon approach you?"

Sharon nodded.

"He talked about the conditions with me. I only got half of the share I mentioned before." Jameson said indifferently, "This is also what an old fox would do."

"But I insisted that Natalia should apologize to Ruben."

"Did he agree?"

Sharon said, "I guess he has to. Now the thing spreads so quickly mostly due to what has happened to Ruben."

Jameson added, "Are you sure he can keep his words?"

"Of course."

Sharon blinked and turned to look at him.

"I've taped it." Jameson smiled and rubbed her head.

"Looks like this has taught you an important lesson."

Sharon curled her lips and said, "What's your plan with Rita?"

"It's not her turn yet. I'll get them one by one."

Sharon knew that he was planning to deal with the Proctors first.

After a while, she said, "I have contacted the organizer. They are investigating and the outcome should come very soon. As for Rita, as long as her trickery in the competition is exposed, her career will be ruined." Jameson said, "She should have known what will come along with her choice."

Sharon nodded. She did not feel sympathetic to Rita, nor did she feel a pity. But every time she thought of Rita, another person flashed into her mind. Sharon asked, "Still no news of Bridger?"

"No." Jameson continued, "William is still looking into it. Don't worry. Even if Talon dies, he won't die."

This was also the truth.

Bridger had been leading a turbulent life from a young age.

After growing up, he had gone through narrow escapes all the way through and developed his way of survival.

As long as he wanted to stay alive, there might be few people who could do anything to him.

After breakfast, Jameson sent Sharon back to the studio.

He said, "I might be busy these few days. If you miss me, just say it. I'll spare some time to see you. Don't be shy."

Words failed Sharon.

He was really toxic.

Jameson gave a slight smile and kissed her between her eyebrows before leaving.

After Jameson turned to leave, Tiffany came out from the side.

She could not help teasing, "Do you have to do this early in the morning?"

Sharon had a twitch in her temples and turned around.

"You..." Tiffany raised his hands.

"I didn't see anything. I referred to the TV series I just watched"

Sharon didn't intend to go further and pulled her into the office.

"You left before I could ask you something. Why did you stay with Daniel into late night yesterday? You haven't said yes, have you?"

Tiffany did not expect that she would ask this.

Tiffany's expression became unnatural for a moment.

She sat on the sofa and stammered, "Nothing happened at all. He just sent me home and drank a glass of water."

"Did Daniel drink water till twelve o'clock?"

Tiffany fudged her words, "No, we just talked about something serious and meaningful."

Sharon didn't know how to reply.

Tiffany regretted saying that so much. What was she talking about?

"I don't have anything to say about Daniel."

Sharon took a deep breath.

"I just feel that even if you really like him, you should take time."

Tiffany nodded.

"I know. Don't worry. I know how to act tactfully."

Just as Sharon was about to say something, she opened her mouth and realized that the conversation they were having right now was precisely what Tiffany had advised her to do before she and Jameson made it work.

What went around came around.

Sharon couldn't say anything else at the thought.

But Tiffany was very excited and moved over, "Hey, did you see the news online this morning? Natalia is being abused in all possible ways, which is a delight to me. I realize I really don't know how to abuse a person after I browsed those comments. I've learnt a lot and I get to abuse her again! Natalia will never imagine that her nature was revealed overnight after she tried so hard to disguise herself. This is called retribution!"

Hearing that, Sharon took out her phone and sent a message to Dean.

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In the afternoon, more hate comments towards Natalia surged up.

The stock price of the Beale Group continued to fall.

At this moment, the media caught Natalia quietly entering the law firm.

Two hours later, Natalia's lawyer issued a statement, saying that all the rumors on the internet were false and slanders.

Those who still spread rumors shall be investigated for legal responsibility according to law.

After Natalia's statement, Sharon also made a statement via her studio's official Twitter account, saying that Leilani had indeed made trouble in the studio, and what had happened to Ruben was also real.

However, there was no evidence that it was related Natalia.

The announcement ended here.

She did not care about other things.

Such a statement should be enough.

After that, people that claimed to be Leilani's neighbors, friends, or someone related to her came out and exposed her.

Finally, a blogger analyzed and summarized that Leilani made a living by swindle.

Probably she didn't get the money after making a scene in the studio and started to keep her eyes on Natalia, so she planned such a large-scale fraud and extortion.

In fact, they were all deceived by Leilani.

It was the trending topic for a few hours and then disappeared, indicating the whole thing was over.

However, the netizens' discussion did not end there.

"We have to admire the power of money. With just several words, the whole thing just went away. But why don't I buy it?"

"You don't believe it, nor do I. It may be an extortion if one person accused Natalia. What two? I haven't forgot what Saige did. Natalia treats us as fools."

"Yeah. I also remember Saige. She went to Ally's studio to cause trouble. In the end, when she found that the Beale Group was in trouble, she could not cover up and revealed everything."

"But why would Ally help her clarify? It shouldn't be like this. Logically speaking, Ally's backer is the Proctor Group. Is the Proctor Group afraid of the Beale Group?"

"I don't think this is a matter of fear. The relationship between the Proctor Group and the Beale Group is very complicated. Mr. Proctor got engaged to Natalia and then called off the engagement. The most astonishing thing is that later Natalia got engaged to the Mr. Proctor's elder brother. No one could tell what happened."

"Mr. Proctor has an elder brother? It shocks me!"

"I don't think Ally's statement is a clarification. What did she say? There's no evidence! What does this mean? It means she didn't say it had nothing to do with Natalia. Natalia is too crafty."

"I think so, too. I saw the photos of Natalia at an event earlier. She looked hypocritical although she was smiling all the time. She will not leave any evidence if she wants to make trouble for Ally."

"She is really horrible. I will not believe whatever she explains. If Leilani only made a scene in Ally's studio for money, why did she ask her daughter to make trouble for Ally's younger brother? She doesn't have the ability to know this relationship."

"It doesn't matter. We know what's going on. Natalia has money to settle this. There is no need to say more. Let's see when the Beale Group would go down and how would Natalia be then."

Although there was still some discussion of this online, it had not been trending anymore...

It was just like they let several executives to take the rap when the Beale Group was stuck in trouble, and left the matter with on conclusion.

In the studio.

Sharon had discussed with Tiffany before issued the statement.

The latter supported her and said that it was never too late for a gentleman to take revenge.

Knowing that many people were trashing Natalia, Tiffany was very happy.

Tiffany watched the comments while having milk tea.

She asked, "This thing is over, but how about the competition?"

Hearing this, Sharon paused while holding the pencil.

She said, "We'd better wait now."

Tiffany belched, "I think this is definitely Rita's doing.No one could do such crazy and evil things except Rita.Perhaps she planned it together with Natalia.They are like-minded."

After Tiffany said that, there was a knock at the door before Sharon could say anything.

A girl poked her head in, "Tiffany, Sharon, there's a reporter outside who wants to do an interview."

Many reporters had come that afternoon.

Tiffany did not hesitate to refuse the visit.

Sharon added, "If anyone comes again, just tell them I'm not here.'

The girl nodded.

She closed the door and left.

Tiffany sighed and continued to lie on the sofa.

"People really cannot be too outstanding.It will cause trouble."

Sharon smiled and said nothing.

Among the people who came to interview her, some were for the designer competition, and some were for this thing about Natalia.

They all tried to get some big news from Sharon.

After a while, Sharon took out a folder from her bag, "Tiffany, I need to go out.I probably will not come back tonight.'

Tiffany nodded, "Okay.Where are you going?"

Sharon lowered her head and looked at the document, "The law firm."

Although she had signed it, she still needs to check with Dean.

Moreover, she was worried about the document at her hands.

After leaving the studio, Sharon went straight to Dean and gave him the document.

Dean looked at the document and said, "There is no problem with it. From now on, you will be a wealthy woman. Congratulations."

Sharon said nothing.

Jameson's friend was indeed the same as him.

After a pause, Sharon asked, "Do you know what's going on with the Proctor Group?"

Although what Jameson said seemed to be immaterial, she knew that he definitely did not tell her the whole truth.

Dean leaned on his seat and clasped his hands, "Master Proctor had arranged many of his people in the Proctor Group. Jameson was getting rid of them. Many of the senior staff were involved. Every one of the Proctor Group feels insecure now. Master Proctor is suffering a huge loss."

"Then...How about Jameson?"

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Of course Jameson was affected by this, but he minimized the impact overnight and even reversed the situation.

Albert could no longer suppress him with the designer competition.

But before the truth came to light, he would still be stigmatized.

After leaving the law firm, Sharon went to the Proctor Group.

When she arrived, Jameson just finished a meeting.

The entire floor was in stillness, and all the employees didn't dare to make any noise.

Sharon did not find Jacob, so she walked to the president's office and knocked lightly on the door.

In the office, Jameson was reading documents at his desk.

She didn't know if he heard the knock.

Sharon walked over quietly.

Then she cleared her throat and asked in a serious tone, "Mr. Proctor, do you want coffee?"

Jameson said coldly without looking up, "Sure."

"Then do you want to have dinner?"

Hearing this, Jameson paused for a moment and slowly looked up.

When he saw her, his eyes were filled with affection.

"When did you come?"

"Just now." Sharon sat opposite him and asked, "So no dinner, just coffee again?"

Jameson lowered his head and quickly signed his name on the document.

"It's boring to eat alone."

Seeing this, Sharon asked, "You didn't recognize me when I asked you if you want coffee. But why did you recognize me when I asked you if you want to have dinner?"

Jameson said slowly, "Our assistants usually do not ask two questions in succession. It's stupid."

Sharon was speechless.

"Shut up, you jerk!" Jameson said, "Wait for a few minutes."

"Alright."

Then there was only the sound of flipping documents and writing.

Sharon sat at the side and felt a little bored.

She reached out to fiddle with the decorations on the table.

Just at this moment, she suddenly noticed a photo on his desk.

It was a photo of them taken at the Matchmaker Temple.

This jerk gave her that ugly photo frame but changed a beautiful one for himself.

She sneered.

After ten minutes, Jameson finally put down the document and raised his head.

"Let's go."

Hearing this in a sudden, Sharon could not react.

"Where to?"

"You want to have dinner, don't you?"

Sharon curled her lips and said, "I'm not here for dinner."

Jameson was confused.

Sharon opened her bag and took out a document.

"Talon gave me this. I saw Dean before. He said there's no problem. But I still live in the Beale's now, so it's not convenient for me to keep this. Jameson put on a faint smile.

"So you give it to me?"

"No."

Sharon said seriously, "I'm going to open a safe deposit box at bank."

"Is that safer than me?"

Sharon didn't want to talk nonsense with him.

She put the document on the table and pushed it in front of him.

"Help me keep it. I haven't decided how to use it. Or you can use it if you need."

Jameson looked down at the document and then looked at her again.

His eyes darkened.

"Am I so lucky?"

Sharon didn't dare to look at him as he fixed his eyes on her. She looked away and coughed.

"Anyway ... anyway, you are also dealing with the Proctor family. This is also what I want. I'm just making my contribution."

Hearing this, Jameson chuckled.

"Alright. Since you said so, I'll accept it." Jameson put the document at the bottom of the drawer and locked it.

Then he raised his eyebrows and said, "Can we go for dinner now?"

After a while, Sharon suddenly said, "I want to visit Charlotte."

Hearing this, Jameson was not surprised.

He just took his coat and stood up.

Then he said, "Let's go."

At first, Sharon thought that Jameson was going out for dinner.

After all, although she said that she wanted to visit Charlotte, she just planned to do so.

She didn't mean she had to see Charlotte right now.

So she was shocked when the helicopter appeared in front of her.

This...

Jameson looked at her.

"Didn't you want to visit her?"

"But I mean, I can wait until you're done with your things here, not..."

"Don't mind it. We are already here. Get on."

When Sharon was dumbfounded, she was pulled into the helicopter by Jameson.

Not long after, the helicopter rumbled as it took off.

Jameson looked down at his watch and pulled Sharon in his arms.

“We will arrive in a few hours. Have a sleep.”

Sharon opened her mouth but didn't say anything in the end.

Talon and Natalia didn't like her.

She'd better not go home, so she could have a peaceful time and didn't need to look at their face.

At the same time, Rita received a call from Floren at home.

Floren said, “It's still the same as before. Don't leave me waiting.”

Rita gripped her phone tightly.

“Are you done?”

“What are you talking about? What did I do? We are in the same boat, aren't we? Or do you want to call the police with the video? I have many copies. I can give it to you if you want.” Rita hung up the phone.

After taking a deep breath, she changed and went out.

On the way, she called Bridger several times, but nobody answered.

At this moment, she suddenly noticed that someone was following her.

Rita suddenly looked over, but there was nobody.

She looked back and continued to walk forward.

Gradually, there were more footsteps.

So there was more than one person following her.

Rita had heart in her mouth.

When she saw a convenience store in front of her, she immediately rushed over and panted at the door.

People inside looked at her with confusion.

As there were others, Rita was finally relieved.

She bought a bottle of water and sat in the convenience store.

She called Floren.

“Someone is following me. I'm not going...”

“Alright, if you don't come, I'll post this video online.”

Rita gritted her teeth.

Before she could say anything else, Floren already hung up the phone.

After sitting in the convenience store for a few minutes, Rita called a taxi on the car-hailing application.

Soon, the car stopped in front of the convenience store.

Rita walked out with an angry face.

Just as she got into the car, the door was pulled open again.

A man got in quickly.

Seeing this, the driver asked, "Do you know each other?"

Although the man beside was wearing a cap, Rita recognized him with a glance.

She was delighted and hurried to said, "Yes."

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The driver was already suspicious. In order to avoid trouble, Rita did not speak to Bridger all the way.

Bridger also lowered his head and hid his face behind the brim of his hat.

After the car stopped at the destination, they alighted separately.

Bridger walked in front her and finally stopped at an intersection beside the hotel.

There were no people around.

Just as he turned around, Rita said, "Bridger, did you see my note?"

Bridger nodded, "What's wrong?"

Rita said anxiously, "Where have you been these days? And my dad is not at home either"

"Rita, Mr. Roose..."

"Never mind. It isn't that important. We'll talk about it later."

Rita interrupted him and said, "Bridger, I'm in a big trouble. Please help me. Only you can help me!"

Bridger swallowed his words, "Go ahead."

Ten minutes later.

Floren was pouring red wine in the hotel room when he suddenly heard the doorbell.

He put down his glass and opened the door as he hummed, "You got here fast..."

Then, Floren saw a man dressed in black standing outside.

Floren frowned fiercely, "Who are you looking for?"

At the same time, the man in black slowly raised his eyes filled with coldness.

Floren sensed that something was wrong.

Just as he wanted to call for help, he was kicked down in the stomach and smashed into the wall and then fell to the ground.

He clutched his stomach, so painful that he could hardly speak.

Bridger closed the door, dragged Floren's hair, and pulled him into the room.

Floren's cries were drawn out by the music in the room.

Floren knew that he was no match for the man in black.

So he hurriedly begged for mercy, "Did that woman ask you to come here? How much has she promised you? I'll double it.No ...Triple! I'll give you as much money as you want!"

Bridger picked up the ashtray on the table and smashed it on his head without hesitation.

The man who had been trying to make a deal with Bridger fell to the ground unconsciously at once.

Bridger picked up Floren's phone from the sofa, looked around the room, found a few disks, and quickly left.

Rita waited downstairs anxiously like a cat on hot bricks.

Finally, Bridger came down.

Rita immediately stood up and nervously asked, "Bridger, did you handle him?"

Bridger took out the phone and a few discs from his pocket and handed them to her.

Rita trembled and took them, "All here?"

"They're all here" Rita heaved a sigh of relief.

Then something occurred to her.She asked, "You haven't seen them, have you?"

Bridger shook his head, "No."

"That's good"

Just as Rita put them in her bag, she saw the blood dripping from Bridger's body.She subconsciously took a step back, her face full of fear.

Bridger looked down and said, "I was injured."

Rita asked, "So ...they spied on me because of you?"

"They must have found out our relationship.To catch me, they trailed you."

Rita suddenly widened her eyes.

"Then why did you meet me? What should I do if they find out that we've met?"

Bridger was lost for words.Rita looked around and urged anxiously, "Go now.Don't see me again"

But Bridger did not move, which made Rita more anxious.

She was afraid that those people would find out that they were still in contact, so she decided to leave as soon as possible.

“Rita. Don’t you care about Mr. Roosevelt?”

Bridger stopped her and looked at her back.

Rita had been fretted those days.

After Bridger handled Floren, Rita learned that Bridger had brought her great trouble, which upset her a lot.

Therefore, she said angrily, “Why should I care about him? I can’t even take care of my business. Who cares about me?”

Bridger did not say anything else, and Rita hurriedly left.

After returning home, Rita smashed Floren’s phone and all the disks into pieces, as if she could give vent to her anger in this way.

Now that Floren was dead and those things had been destroyed, no one could threaten her anymore.

What she did not expect was that Floren actually survived Bridger’s attack.

Floren woke up after being unconscious in the room for an hour.

In spite of the great pain, he struggled to find his phone to call the police, but he couldn’t find it in the room.

Floren leaned against the wall and felt his way out of the hotel room.

He could vaguely see someone in front of him, but before he could speak, he fell to the ground and fainted.

When the hotel staff found that his face was covered in blood, they were very frightened.

They quickly took out the mobile phone and called the police.

At 10 pm, a helicopter landed in Cloud City.

Sharon opened her eyes in a daze.

After checking the time, she realized that a few hours had passed.

She disengaged herself from Jameson’s embrace to stretch her neck.

She had slept quite well.

Beside the helicopter, there was already a car waiting for them.

After getting in the car, Sharon looked at the scenery outside and yawned.

“Aren’t you busy with your work? Is it OK that you come here with me?”

Jameson grabbed her fingers and said in a deep and hoarse voice, "Even a superman needs to take a rest"

"But it's very costly. Why don't you have a good night's sleep at home?"

"Didn't you say you wanted to come here?"

"Well..."

Sharon knew she wouldn't win, so she bit her tongue.

Only 20 minutes later, they arrived at Charlotte's place.

After getting off the car, Sharon discovered that the environment here was quite quiet.

There was a small house with a garden and a small vegetable garden in front of it.

It was indeed a very livable place.

Seeing her standing still, Jameson asked in a low voice, "Why are you standing here?"

"Do you think Charlotte is still awake?"

Jameson said, "Of course, I called her before."

"Okay" Sharon said.

Actually, something was on her mind.

If she saw the little fellow here, her previous speculation would prove true.

But if she didn't see him, she would feel stupid.

Seeing that she was pondering with her head lowered, Jameson calmly licked his lips, directly held her hand and walked towards the house.

Sharon pulled herself together, but her hand held by Jameson was sweating.

It wasn't a long way, but Sharon held her breath with every step she took.

Her speculations and doubts would soon be verified.

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A tantalizing aroma of the dinner filled the air.

Hearing the footsteps at the door, Charlotte came out and said, "Sharon, Jameson, sit down. Dinner will be ready soon"

Sharon said, "Charlotte, let me help you."

As she spoke, she took off her coat and handed it to Jameson before entering the kitchen.

Jameson took it and raised his eyebrows.

Charlotte said, "I'm fine. Almost done"

"You should be asleep by this time normally. It's so late, and you have to prepare dinner for us. Thank you."

"It's totally fine. I live here alone. It's good to have someone to talk to."

"Charlotte ...you live here alone?"

Charlotte replied casually, "Yes, what's wrong?"

Sharon smiled and shook her head, "Nothing. I just remember that Mary wanted to move in with you. I thought that you..."

"Mary.." Charlotte said, holding the bowl and chopsticks, "You know that Mary is restless. It's too quiet here. She did stay here for a while but then she went on a tour. She's now enjoying herself somewhere else"

Hearing this, Sharon felt assured. Sure enough, she was overthinking it.

After dinner, Charlotte said, "It's getting late now. The room is ready. You guys can go upstairs and have a rest"

Sharon had already slept on the way here. She was not sleepy at the moment. So she went to pick up the dishes and said, "Charlotte, go to bed. I'll take care of this."

"Thanks."

She then went back to her room.

Sharon went to the kitchen with the dishes.

Just as she was about to wash, the bowl in her hand was taken away.

Jameson said, "I'll do it."

Sharon didn't want to discourage him, so she could only feel sorry for the plates.

She went out and sat on the sofa.

But less than five minutes later, she heard the cracks of two pieces of cutlery.

One was from a plate, the other was from a spoon.

It was just what she had expected.

Twenty minutes later, Jameson finally came out of the kitchen with an unhappy look.

"Very good, actually" Sharon praised sincerely, "Only one plate was broken today"

"Shut up."

A smile lifted the corner of Sharon's mouth.

She felt much better now.

Jameson loosened his tie with one hand and said, "I'm gonna take a shower"

At this point, Sharon noticed that his shirt was half wet. What did the plates do to him...?

"Well,"

Sharon hurriedly said, "There's only one room?"

After taking a few steps, Jameson turned to look at her and went, "So?"

Sharon curled her lips, "Just what I thought.."

While Jameson was upstairs, Sharon was still sitting on the sofa, huddling up and looking out of the window.

Don't know what she was thinking at this point.

Just then, the bedroom door was opened and Charlotte walked out, "Still up?"

"Charlotte..."

Sharon earthed to herself.

Charlotte sat beside her and went, "Been busy lately? Looks like you have lost a lot of weight."

"Summer is around. Time to lose weight." Sharon smiled.

"Nonsense, you're so thin. No need to lose weight"

"Charlotte, are you comfortable living here alone?" Sharon asked.

Charlotte answered calmly, "I've lived alone for so long, anyway"

That was also true.

After a while, Sharon continued, "Charlotte, you've been living here since you left Bridge Street?"

Charlotte paused for a moment and then went, "I've also lived elsewhere."

Sharon's eyes suddenly lit up, "Where?"

"Still in Costspool. But I'm not used to living there, so I moved here"

The light in Sharon's eyes dimmed eventually.

She paused for a while before she nodded her head in agreement, "Costspool is indeed noisy. Bridge Street is the quietest"

Charlotte replied, "What about you? I saw the news lately. Does it affect you?"

Sharon said, "Not really. It's just annoying. Seems endless"

"Take your time and things will be sorted out eventually. There's always an end to everything."

Sharon proposed, "Charlotte, when everything is settled down, you can move back to the South City and live with us."

Charlotte smiled and said, "We'll see"

Sharon also knew what it was like living alone for a long time.

Although she would occasionally feel lonely, it was better than more troubles.

So sometimes it was nice to be alone. Charlotte stood up and said, "Alright, I'm going to bed. You should, too. You'll go back to South City early in the morning, right?"

Sharon nodded, "Okay. Good night, Charlotte."

After Charlotte returned to her room, Sharon went upstairs.

Just as she opened the door, she saw Jameson coming out of the bath with wet black hair.

Their sights touched for a few seconds.

And Sharon was stunned.

She asked in disbelief, "Why aren't you in some clothes?"

"They are wet" He seemed quite justified.

Sharon blushed, "Then can't you ...find something else to wear?"

Jameson said, "Where haven't you seen?"

Sharon failed to argue with him and directly went into the bathroom.

Although she didn't bring any change of clothes with her either, at least her clothes were dry.

She could still wear them after bath. She was not going to be naked like Jameson did.

After her bath, Jameson was already lying on the bed.

Sharon's eyelids twitched. She really didn't want to sleep besides him.

When she lay down, she was near the edge of the bed, keeping a distance from Jameson.

However, not long after, she felt a warm body pressed against hers.

She could feel his breath upon her ears, and she heard his deep, low and ambiguous voice, "Same dress?"

Sharon answered, "Nothing to change"

"Then take it off. It smells."

Sharon grabbed her dress tight, "Don't get so close to me and you can't smell it."

Words failed Jameson.

He then whispered in a seductive manner, "I can't smell it if you take it off."

Sharon knew what he was up to, so she frowned and whispered, "You don't want to do it here, do you? No condom here."

Jameson kissed her on the forehead and went, "Let's have a baby"

"No."

"Why?"

Sharon turned her back to him and said, "I don't want a baby"

Jameson pulled her over again, "I thought you like children"

After a moment of silence, Sharon said, "Yes, I do. But I'm afraid I won't be able to protect them. Bearing a baby only for my liking is irresponsible."

"Is it that serious?"

Sharon kicked him for his light tone, "If you want to have a baby, then do it yourself!"

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The next morning, Sharon woke up at six. She opened her eyes and looked at the pitch-black sky, thinking about something. She spent a whole night thinking about the reason Jameson took her to visit Charlotte now, but she just couldn't figure it out.

Sharon knew it wasn't because of her.

Every time she required to visit Charlotte before, Jameson found many excuses to avoid this topic, but this time, he just took her straight here.

Sharon really didn't understand what Jameson was thinking.

Sharon couldn't sleep.

After staring at the ceiling for a while, she lifted the blanket and got up, wanting to sit in the garden.

Jameson slowly opened his eyes after the door was closed.

The sky was gradually brightening.

By the time Sharon arrived at the garden, the sky had become grey, and she could vaguely see the path ahead of her.

She sat on the swing at a side and swayed.

The air here was very fresh.

Occasionally, a gust of wind blew over, mixed with a faint fragrance of flowers.

Recently, so many things had happened.

Sharon felt tense and stressed out every day.

Now, she felt good to be able to sit in the garden and refresh herself in a daze.

After an hour, the sky lit up a little.

Sharon looked at her phone and felt that other people might have been up, so she went into the kitchen to prepare breakfast.

After breakfast, Sharon and Jameson were to return to the South City.

It would be noon at the earliest to get there.

When Charlotte got up, she found that the breakfast had been done.

She asked, "Sharon, why didn't you sleep longer?"

Sharon smiled and replied, "I slept well yesterday. It's just that I woke up very early, and I couldn't fall asleep after that"

Charlotte said, "I'll do the rest. Help me wake Jameson up"

"Sure." Sharon answered and went upstairs.

Just as she opened the door, she saw Jameson putting on a shirt.

Sharon was surprised. She glanced at the shirt on the sofa and asked, "Didn't you say you don't have an extra shirt here?"

"I lied."

Sharon was rendered speechless.

Da*n you, jerk! Jameson curled up his lips, picked up the tie beside him and walked to Sharon.

He raised his eyebrows slightly and asked, "Do me a favor?"

Sharon sneered, "You can do it yourself" Jameson smiled again as he leaned over and whispered in Sharon's ear

"Yes, but I won't feel that good if I do it myself."

Thinking of what Jameson had done to her last night, Sharon blushed in an instant.

She hurriedly took the tie from his hand and tied it on for him.

She gritted her teeth and snapped in a low voice, "Jerk!"

When Sharon went downstairs, her cheeks were still very red.

Seeing this, Charlotte asked with concern, "Sharon, what's wrong? Did you wear too little and catch a cold? The temperature here varies greatly between day and night. I'll get you some medicine."

Sharon hurriedly waved her hand and rejected, "No, thanks. I'm just..."

She didn't think of any excuse for a moment and could only stomp on Jameson's feet from under the table.

Jameson's expression didn't change as he said, "She is fine. She always blushes when she gets excited"

Charlotte was puzzled.

“Excited?”

Jameson slowly said, “Perhaps she was too excited to see such an outstanding and perfect boyfriend as me when she opened her eyes”

Charlotte was at a loss for words.

Sharon was embarrassed.

If her skin could be as thick as his, she wouldn’t have been so embarrassed right now.

She just wanted to get under the table and hide herself! Charlotte coughed and changed the topic.

“Alright, breakfast time is over. You guys should hurry up and leave. It’s getting late.”

Sharon hurriedly nodded.

“I’m going upstairs to get something.”

She fled away at once.

Charlotte looked up.

When Sharon’s figure disappeared from the stairwell, she asked in a whisper, “How is the little fellow now?”

Jameson put down the cup and said slowly, “He’s good.”

After a pause, he continued, “I’ll have someone pick you up this afternoon”

Charlotte silently sighed.

“You...”

She wanted to say something, but stopped at the second thought. She just shook her head and tidied up the table.

Jameson sat at the dining table and licked his teeth.

He reckoned that Sharon’s previous doubts should have disappeared after she came here.

At least she wouldn’t doubt that in some time.

As long as nothing unexpected happened, there shouldn’t be any problem.

Jameson raised his hand and pinched his nose, showing a cold face.

Soon enough, Sharon came with a bag in her hand.

“I’m ready. Let’s go.”

As she spoke, she ran to the kitchen and said to Charlotte, “Charlotte, we’re leaving. Please take care of yourself”

Charlotte nodded.

“Don’t worry”

After Sharon and Jameson left, Charlotte came out of the kitchen and started to pack up other items in the fridge.

For some reason, Sharon felt that the return journey was much faster than the outward journey.

She didn’t even fall asleep, and the helicopter had arrived in the South City.

Jameson sent her to the studio and rubbed her head.

“I’m leaving” Sharon nodded, asking, “Are you going to the company?”

“Yes.” Sharon reached out to open the car door.

“Then go quickly.I...”

Before she could finish speaking, Jameson pulled her over again.

He bent down and kissed her lips.

After a while, he let go of her and said with satisfaction, “Go.”

Sharon showed a faint smile as she got out of the car.

The driver asked, “Mr.Proctor, are we going to the company?”

Jameson looked deeply at Sharon’s receding figure and said, “Go to another place first.”

The driver understood at once and replied, “Yes.”

After Sharon entered the studio, Tiffany hurriedly followed her into the office and asked, “Sharon, where have you been?”

Sharon sat on the chair and replied, “I went out of town.What’s wrong?”

Tiffany whispered, “Talon came to you this morning.He should be dissatisfied with your post yesterday and wants us to write a new one.Fortunately, you were not here.But you should be careful after you return to the Beale’s.He seems to be in a bad mood.I’m afraid he will lose his temper and make things difficult for you”

“It’s nothing.”

Sharon said, “He has never been good to me”

Sharon thought she had made a good choice.If she had returned yesterday, Talon might have required her to repost last night.

It was wonderful that she wasn’t here yesterday.

Right now, they had missed the golden time for clarifying.

Even if Sharon wrote a new post now, it would have been meaningless.

Tiffany sat beside Sharon and leaned on the desk.

She sighed.

“When can you leave the Beale’s? No ...I should ask, when can you debunk Talon and Natalia?”

Sharon paused and her smile faded.

It was difficult to take the Beale family down.

For one thing, it was a powerful family.

For another, judging from the events Talon had handled, one could see that he was an incredibly meticulous and calculating man.

It was very hard to get something on him, unless he made mistakes or there was some conclusive evidence.

Otherwise, nobody could throw him into jail at all.

Even Mr.Jones was unable to turn against Talon, which could prove how difficult it was to deal with Talon.