

Resume 451

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 451

Sharon had not finished her thought when Jameson dragged her forward, "Let's go. There's still unfinished business."

Sharon tightened her lips, knowing that he was referring to Josh Allyson.

Tavis had escaped with his people, but Josh had fallen into the hand of Jameson's men.

Jameson led her to a VIP lounge near the hall.

Jacob Green was waiting at the door.

"Mr. Proctor, Miss Allyson."

"The man's still breathing?" Jameson asked.

"Yeah."

Jameson had given the order that if Josh resisted, any measure taken would be allowed as long as they kept him alive.

Josh Allyson had not resisted much, but he had indeed kept a lousy mouth, cursing and insulting everyone including Sharon.

To make him shut up, Jacob Green ordered the men to give him a nice beating.

Now Josh was lying inside, moaning.

His moans were immediately heard when the door was open. He curled up on the floor with both hands on his stomach, screaming out in pain every two seconds.

Hearing someone walk in, he reached out his head to look and then moaned even louder. Jameson said indifferently, "You can still make a sound. It means they haven't done enough."

Josh got up immediately with a forced smile on his swollen face, "Hehehe, my good daughter, and my son-in-law, we meet again. I have missed you guys."

"I didn't expect to see you so soon. I thought you were dead already" Sharon answered in disdain.

"Well, I am a fortunate man. I have a nice daughter, a good son. You're both well off now. I can't die, not before you repay me your debt."

"I've never seen someone so shameless" Jameson commented.

"Where is my mother's grave?" Sharon asked.

Upon hearing these words, Josh Allyson put on a creepy smile, "Grave? What does a dead person need a grave for? What's the point? A fire could do the job, and then I threw it into the river."

Sharon frowned, staring at him for quite a while, and then she turned her back, "I have nothing to ask him now"

Josh Allyson would never tell the truth, so there was no point asking about Ruben.

Josh yelled, "My good daughter, you can't leave me here like this! I talked so highly of you in front of everyone. I raised you with so much hardship, and now you're gonna desert me after you got rich?"

Sharon didn't bother to answer and walked straight out of the room.

Jameson came before him, "Remember what I told you?"

Josh's face froze all of a sudden.

A cold, horrifying feeling crawled up on his back.

Some words were about to come out but were swallowed back.

Jameson ordered as he turned around, "Take care of it."

"Yes, Mr. Proctor," Jacob answered.

Not long after Jameson had left, another man showed up.

"Mr. Matthias." Jacob bowed lightly.

Patrick Matthias nodded and looked inside the room.

"This man. May I take him?"

"Of course."

"You've done well"

After leaving the hotel, Sharon looked at the dark sky, thinking about something.

Jameson approached her.

"It's all over now"

"Yeah, all over" Sharon replied.

"I'll help you move right now"

He really had no time to waste.

Jameson took her hand, "Time to go home, Mrs. Proctor."

Sharon moved her lips but couldn't think of an insult good enough.

Never mind.

She was tired.

Let him say whatever he wanted to say.

On the way to the Beale's, Jameson received a phone call.

After finishing it, he said to Sharon, "Tavis had got away, and Natalia was nowhere to be found."

Sharon was surprised, "I thought William Hood and others were after them"

"He jumped off the car. But don't worry. He's not getting out of South City."

"I only hope he would get what he deserves. I want my parents to rest in peace."

Jameson licked his lips, was about to say something but stopped.

After a while, Sharon spoke up again, "And Natalia?"

"She's used to the wealthy life. With nothing and her credit card frozen, she can't hide for long."

"So.....what will you do if you find her?"

"She has to pay for what she's done."

Sharon pursed her lips and said no more.

Natalia had indeed done many bad things, but her crimes were nowhere as serious as Tavis Beale's.

'Laws would take care of her' Sharon thought. She was too tired to think about her now. After half an hour, the black Rolls-Royce entered the gate of the Beale's. The damage was not as little as Jameson had claimed.

Half of the house was burnt to the ground.

And inside the garden, the grass and the flowers, which had been cared for, were all ruined.

And the servants were nowhere to be found.

Sharon entered.

The living room remained untouched, except for the wall that had darkened.

The fire seemed to have started upstairs.

Sharon got to the second floor.

The farther she went inside, the more severe the burning was.

All the paintings on the wall had become ashes.

By the end of the hallway, it was Tavis Beale's room.

Sharon wanted to enter but was stopped by Jameson, "You should change first. These are not suitable here."

Sharon looked down at her dress and found that it was painted black by the dirt. She agreed and then turned towards her room.

Jameson forced his way in before she had closed the door.

"I'm changing. What are you doing here?"

"Just checking your room out. I haven't been here."

Sharon snorted.

A few steps in, she noticed that her room was damaged as well.

But luckily her clothes remained untouched. She grabbed some comfortable clothes and headed towards the bathroom.

Jameson raised his eyebrows and said, "Why do you treat me like a stranger?"

Sharon couldn't stand it anymore.

"F*ck off!"

She shut the door violently and kept him outside.

After changing to her casual outfit, she felt much more comfortable.

She got out of the bathroom but saw Jameson holding his phone, face cold and distant.

He had just finished a call.

"What's wrong?"

"It's nothing. You done?"

"Yeah. Let's go to Tavis Beale's room now."

"Let's."

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Beale's room was so burnt unrecognizable. The safe had lost its original shape due to high heat.

And everything else inside the room had become ashes. As Sharon was looking in fascination, Jameson came from behind, "Bridger Fowler gave it to you?"

Sharon acknowledged.

"How did you know the password?"

"I remembered my father's birthday. Talon Beale was born on the same day as him. So I gave it a try, and I was lucky."

"Do you still remember anything else about your father?"

She shook her head.

"No, I don't even remember what he looked like. How can I remember anything else?"

"Do you want to see him again?"

"...."

She turned to Jameson and said with a serious voice, "Now I can confirm my guess before was wrong. Because you do like to talk nonsense!"

Jameson pursed his lips, "Alright, alright. Have you seen enough? Let's go."

"Yeah."

She returned to her room and pulled out a suitcase from the closet. She started packing everything wearable and containable.

After they had got in the car, Jameson, with his long fingers tapping on the wheel, said, "What was Bridger's price?"

"What?" Sharon asked as she was fastening her seat belt.

"He helped you but asked nothing in return?"

"Nope, Sharon answered, "Perhaps he felt that he owed me one."

Jameson frowned, "You mean the once when you took him to the hospital?"

"No, not that.....But that should count as well."

"Geez, it's complicated. We'll talk about it later."

"Don't meet him alone anymore"

Sharon fell into thought suddenly and then asked, "The Proctors. Are they still chasing him?"

"What do you think?"

Sharon hesitated for a few seconds.

"So, can I....."

"No, you can't"

Jameson rejected her without letting her finish.

"I haven't said anything yet!"

"I know exactly what you're thinking. You want me to ask the old man to spare him."

Sharon explained, "I'm just trying to see if it's possible. Not that you have to do it. If you don't want to, then fine."

Jameson looked at her.

He laughed, unexpectedly.

"Sharon Allyson, why do you always remember these small favours? Have you forgot what he did to you?"

"I haven't. It's just that it's all past now, and I don't want to remember his faults or forget about his good. I want to make my life easier. To be honest, he never intended to harm me. First, it was because of Josh Allyson, and then....."

Sharon didn't want to mention Rita Roose, so she paused here and then went on, "I just think that compared with these, I'd much rather remember the things he did for me. If you won't help me, I'll find my own way to repay him"

Jameson narrowed his dark eyes.

"If you want my help, fine, but I have one condition"

"What?" Sharon asked curiously.

"Move back to Star Lake Mansion."

Sharon pursed her lips, head lowered, and didn't answer immediately.

Jameson continued speaking, "I know you have bad memories about that place, but I promise, I will fill that place with only good memories for you from now on."

Sharon was about to say something, but Jameson pleaded again, "Sharon, that's our home."

Sharon was moved, unable to say a word.

After a while, she said, "Give me some time to think about it. OK?"

"Yeah."

Sharon lowered the window and gazed upon the house that was fading into darkness.

"Let's go."

On the way, Sharon was watching outside the window, deep in thought.

Jameson glanced at her.

"Sharon."

"Huh? What?"

"I don't have much work to do the next few days. I'll drive you to the studio."

"I have a car. Just go do your own things."

"No, you don't."

".."

Jameson kept a straight face and went on, "Jacob asked some man to help you drive it back. It crashed on the way and was sent to get repaired."

"I can call a cab."

"You really don't want me to take you, huh?"

Sharon stretched her body, feeling sleepy, "I just feel that you should focus on the company. It's more important. I can take care of myself."

"Not until Tavis and Natalia Beale are found."

Sharon realized what he was worrying about and argued no more. When they returned to the apartment, Sharon went to the bathroom to change into her pyjamas.

Jameson waited for the bathroom door to close first, and then called Jacob Green.

"How is it?"

"Not so good. He's in the emergency room right now."

"Find the best doctor. Save the man!"

"Mr. Proctor, I've checked. Besides the brake, the gas pedal was also tampered with. If he had jumped a few seconds late....."

"That's enough."

"Should I find out who did it?"

"At this point, who else can it be besides Tavis and Natalia Beale? Increase the search area and find them as soon as possible."

"Yes, Mr. Proctor."

After cutting the call, Jameson threw the phone into the couch, feeling his nose with his fingers.

So close.

It was so close.

If Sharon had been driving that car tonight, it would be her in the emergency room right now.

Inside the shower, Sharon had just finished, feeling very refreshed.

All the tiredness had gone away.

She dried her hair half wet and then went to the kitchen to see if there was anything to eat.

Jameson hugged her suddenly.

Sharon didn't expect him to be here waiting for her.

"Sto.....Stop! I can't breathe."

"Me neither."

Sharon noticed some difference in his tone, a subtle heaviness as if he was holding back some kind of emotion.

So she stopped resisting, but softly asked, "What happened?"

"Just let me hug you for a while."

"He's just trying to take advantage of me, right?"

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"What do you want to eat? You're lucky. I'm in a good mood tonight."

Jameson laughed, "You're just hungry yourself, right?"

"Do you want it or not?"

"I do!"

Jameson stared at her, "I'm not picky. I'll eat whatever you make."

'Does he believe what he said?'

Sharon opened the fridge but saw nothing useful. Luckily, she still had some boxes of pasta that come with the sauce.

She poured some water into the pot and then saw her luggage still in the living room, "Jameson, watch the pot for me. Tell me when the water's boiling."

Jameson nodded.

Sharon turned and found that he was making a phone call.

Probably work. She guessed.

It was not difficult to talk and watch the fire, right? She laid her suitcase on the floor and took out the clothes.

It smelt smoking.

She threw everything into the washer, turned it on and finally went back to the living room.

Jameson was standing in the kitchen in a white shirt and black suit pants.

He let the collar button loose and put one hand inside the pocket and the other holding the phone, talking expressionlessly and glancing at the water from time to time.

Seeing the water boil, he pulled out the hand from the pocket to lower the heat.

Everything seemed so natural to him.

And for a moment, Sharon felt that she saw a picture of ordinary life.

This Jameson Proctor seemed untouchable when you first met him, thinking that he was cold to the bones.

But once you stayed long enough, you would realize that he was not indifferent at all about trash-talking, indiscriminately.

Before Bridge Street, Sharon had always found Jameson egotistical and looking down on all the common people, but he had got along so well with the neighbors there.

Everyone liked him there even though he kept a serious face.

Sharon suddenly had a feeling that he had not always been like this.

According to Charlotte, he had had to show his teeth to the Proctors.

Little by little, he had become this terrifying Boss of the Proctor Group.

Nobody had it easy.

As Sharon was lost in thought, Jameson had finished his call and stood in front of her.

Sharon stared at him.

"I'm that handsome?" Sharon smiled.

"You didn't know how gorgeous you are?"

Sharon got around him, opened the box and put the pasta in the pot.

Jameson looked at her back, smiling thoughtfully. When Sharon finished cooking the pasta, Jameson was no longer in the living room. She heard some sound coming out from the shower.

Sharon placed the plates on the table and poured two cups of water. She sat herself down and called Tiffany.

"Tiffany, are you sleeping?"

"Nope. I'm watching the news. That evil Tavis Beale has finally shown his true face. What a show tonight! I should've come, too."

Sharon laughed, "Nah. It was just some boring child's play. How's Daniel? Are you together?"

"No, he will never bother me again"

"What? But why?"

Tiffany sighed.

"Actually I didn't tell you, because I didn't want you to worry about it. But now that it's all over, there's no point keeping it from you. Daniel was just putting on an act with me back then. Talon... Tavis Beale had men following him. He didn't want to bring you any trouble, that's why he told you that he moved next door because he was pursuing me."

Sharon didn't expect to hear this.

"I if..."

"It's OK! You don't have to feel sorry at all. After everything, I never offered you any real help, so consider this as my help"

Tiffany continued, "So that's it. It was all an act. Now the performance is finished."

Sharon didn't know what to say.

After a while, she finally said, "Tiffany, I'm sorry."

"I told you not to say sorry! Oh, my mom's calling. Alright, I'll see you tomorrow at the studio"

"OK."

After hanging up the call, Sharon then called Daniel.

"Miss Allyson, what's going on?"

It was noisy on the other side, "Are you still outside?"

"Yeah. I'm still looking for Tavis Beale."

He had expected Tavis Beale to escape by helicopter, so he had ordered his men to wait there in advance. But he hadn't expected him to jump off the car halfway. What a cunning man!

"Don't worry, Miss Allyson. We'll find him."

"Thank you."

It was not a good time to ask about Tiffany.

Sharon decided to do it tomorrow. She hung up the call and Jameson came out.

"Who are you talking to?"

"Daniel. He said he's chasing Tavis Beale."

"He's wasting his time. Tavis jumped off halfway, so he must've planned it beforehand. He's not going to be found easily."

After a few seconds, Sharon spoke up again, "Do you know who's with Daniel besides Trey Coe?"

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Meanwhile, Trey Coe saw Daniel return after he had taken Matthew back.

"You found the man?"

Daniel walked to the kitchen, and gulped down a cup of water.

"Nope. But I've sent people looking. He won't get away"

Trey nodded, "What about Patrick Matthias?"

"He hasn't come back. I heard he took Josh Allyson."

"Now that it's almost over. Does he still plan to keep it a secret from Sharon?"

Daniel put down the cup, replying slowly, "Miss Allyson asked me the same question. But I don't think so."

"Because of Ruben?"

"That's part of the reason."

"And the rest?"

"If a man, who has been believed to be dead for so many years, suddenly appear in a different face, it won't be accepted easily"

If not for Sharon, Patrick Matthias would never have stayed for so long.

So when it was all over, he would disappear immediately.

Talon Beale would leave this world for good.

Trey Coe frowned and said, "But you know, it's different now. Sharon has the right to know the truth. We can't lie to her forever."

"I know. But what can I do? Can you persuade him?"

Trey wrinkled his lips and didn't say anything.

The Patrick Matthias they were seeing now looked like a gentleman, but they knew just how much he had done throughout the years for his revenge.

And the details of it could not be described sufficiently by only "brutal" or "cruel".

The old Talon Beale, in fact, did die in the explosion. He had become a new person. A man of vengeance.

"We shouldn't rush right now. Tavis has not been caught yet. We can only wait and see."

Trey agreed, "OK. Time for me to leave now"

"Alright."

"Uncle Daniel,"

Matt came out after Trey Coe had left.

"What's up?"

"Did I revenge for my parents?"

"Yes, you did very well. You've done everything you should've done. Now it's time to go back to school and stop thinking about revenge."

"When is he gonna get caught?"

"Sooner or later. You have to believe that justice will come. He will get the punishment he deserves, no matter it's ten years later, or twenty. No one will get away with the crimes they've committed."

"I know, uncle Patrick also came to revenge"

Daniel laughed hard.

"You know everything, don't you?"

"I heard you guys talking. I know it!"

"Oh yeah, that reminds me of it. Did you use my phone to find Tiffany's number? And you went to see her?"

Matthew stepped back a little.

"I feel sleepy suddenly. Good night, uncle Daniel!"

And he turned and ran back to his room immediately.

Daniel watched his back, smiling, then closed the door and left.

Inside the car, Daniel grabbed onto the wheel single-handedly, with the other hand against the window.

He looked outside and drifted off into deep thought. He had come here to finish the job.

Now he should be going.

But after a few months of staying here, he felt difficult to let go of this place. He licked his lips and thought of something.

Then he put on the seat belt and stepped on the pedal.

Tiffany was just about to sleep after watching the news when she heard the doorbell. She hadn't ordered takeouts.

So who was it at this hour? She went and checked on the monitor.

It was Daniel.

'What is he doing here?' She slightly opened the door, showing only a small part of her face, "Yes?"

Daniel smiled, "Why are you so cautious? I'm not a bad person."

"Who knows? What good person would knock on a single woman's room at midnight?"

"....."

Daniel laughed, "It's good that you're careful living alone. But you don't have to be careful with me."

"Just cut the crap. What do you want? I'm really sleepy."

"Can.....Can we talk inside?"

Tiffany didn't want to waste more time, so she let him have his way.

"Fine. Get in."

"Thank you."

She sat on the couch, hugging a pillow, and started talking, "I saw the news. You didn't come here just to tell me about Tavis Beale, and that we don't need to play the show anymore, right? Even if you don't tell me that, I know....."

"No, not that!"

"No? Then why did you come here?"

"I want to thank you for everything."

"Oh, that. Then it's even less necessary. I did everything for Sharon"

Daniel coughed.

"There's one more thing"

"One more thing?"

"I'm.....I'll be leaving soon."

Tiffany was shocked. She didn't expect it but felt it was only reasonable.

He had finished his job here and it was time for him to go.

Tiffany looked at him with caution, "Why do you tell me this? You're not asking me to treat you to dinner, right?"

"Fine, fine, fine. We've known each other for a while, and you've paid for meals many times before. I'll buy you dinner. Happy now?"

After a short pause, she asked again, "So.....when are you leaving?"

"I'm not sure yet. Probably after catching Tavis Beale."

"Alright,"

Tiffany replied, "So.....you can choose anything you want. Just have mercy on me. I can't afford anything too expensive"

"Don't worry about that! I'm not picky either."

"So.....see ya?"

Knowing that she wanted him to leave, Daniel didn't try to stay any longer.

"Alright. Sleep well."

Tiffany didn't walk him out.

As the sound of the door closing came, she fell into the sofa, pulled out her phone and texted Sharon a message: Sharon, I got dumped again.

She set the phone aside after sending the message, then got up to grab a beer in the kitchen.

When she returned, the phone was ringing.

It was Sharon calling.

She slowly sat down, opening the beer at the same time.

"You're still awake?"

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"What happened?" Asked Sharon.

Tiffany let out a long sigh and replied sorrowfully, "Daniel came to me and said he was leaving"

Sharon frowned, "When?"

"Don't know yet. Probably after the capture of Tavis Beale."

"Stop, I'm making a call....."

After some noise, Sharon came back, "I mean, you have to talk to him and make things clear. You can't just let him go like that!"

"It's fine. Just let him go....."

Tiffany lay on the sofa, already drunk from the alcohol, "I'll just hang out with Ruben instead. I can buy him things, you know?"

"Tiff.....Jameson Proctor!"

Tiffany seemed to realize that she had made a mistake.

"I'll talk to you tomorrow. Bye!"

She quickly cut off the call and felt that she had saved herself from some fatal damage.

Sharon turned to Jameson, "You are so annoying!"

Jameson looked at her, "Leaving me alone in the middle of it. Aren't you annoying?"

Perhaps feeling guilty, she softly answered, "I can't just leave Tiffany like that."

Jameson held her by the waist, "Let's get back to business, babe."

The next day, Sharon woke up long past the alarm. She felt exhausted and pain all over her body. She suddenly regretted coming back. She couldn't spend every night like that.

After lying in bed for a while, Sharon got up and went to the shower. She felt much better after it.

When she got out, Jameson had just come back with breakfast.

"Good morning"

"Why did you turn off my alarm clock?"

Jameson put the bags down, "Didn't you complain about being sleepy last night?"

"I have to go to work!"

"I asked already. You're not busy these days." Sharon curled her lips.

He sure knew how to find excuses.

She sat before the table and started eating.

"Have you decided?" Jameson asked.

"What?"

“Moving back to Star Lake Mansion.”

Sharon laughed dryly, “It’ll take some time. Besides, did you even give me any time to think about it? So.....Let’s talk about it later, OK?”

“Give me a specific time.”

“A week?”

“Fine.” He agreed so quickly!

“I should’ve said a month. She thought to herself.

Jameson saw her disappointed face and said, “Finish eating. I’ll drive you to the studio.”

“You’re not going to the company?”

“In the afternoon.”

Sharon nodded and went back to her breakfast.

At noon.

The black Rolls-Royce stopped at the studio.

“So I’ll see you later.”

Sharon untied her seatbelt.

“I’ll pick you up tonight.”

“Nah, I’ll just call a cab.”

Sharon saw Jameson’s indisputable face and knew there was no chance.

After Sharon had left, Jameson called Jacob Green, “She’s in the studio now. I’ll pick her up tonight, so watch the time.”

“Yes, Mr. Proctor.”

Jacob answered, “Are you sure that we don’t need to change place?”

“There’s no need.”

The Proctors and Evie Rowland are both watching him closely.

It would only make them suspect more if he frequently changed places.

After hanging up the call, Jameson put down his phone on the co-pilot seat and immediately drove away.

Half an hour later, the car stopped outside the hospital.

Jacob came over the second Jameson got off the car.

“Mr. Proctor.”

"How is it?"

"The operation was finished at 6 this morning. But he's still in ICU. It's not past the danger stage yet"

Jameson stopped outside the ICU, watching the unconscious man attached with a breathing tube.

"Have you found them?"

"No, Talon and Natalia are still not found. But we did find the man who tampered with the car. He said it was..... Natalia who had ordered him to do it." Jameson snorted, unsurprised.

"Where have you checked?"

"We've checked through everyone related to the Beale Family and all the estates under the Beale Group."

Jacob continued, "And Mr. Proctor, I think Talon and Natalia Beale are running separately, so we have to split our group as well."

"Just find Natalia. Talon Beale is being taken care of by others."

"Got it."

Jameson stood outside for two minutes and ordered before he left, "You stay here until he wakes up. And then come back to the company."

"Of course, sir."

In the studio.

Tiffany was bending over her desk when Sharon arrived, sighing repeatedly.

"Have you eaten?" Asked Sharon.

"Probably. Not sure"

"What do you want to eat? Let's go."

"I want to eat the bitterness of love."

Tiffany put herself together and asked, "By the way, so you moved back with that piece of..... Jameson Proctor?"

"The Beale's was burnt, so I....."

"OK. You don't have to explain. I fully understand."

Tiffany smirked, "But that means, I can't call you at night anymore, right?"

"Oh shut up. What are you talking about?"

Sharon pretended to be annoyed.

At this moment, one of the girls knocked and walked in.

"Tiffany, your flowers."

"Mine?"

The girl nodded and delivered the bunch, jealousy all over her face.

"Daniel is so nice to you. He sends you flowers every once in a while. If only my boyfriend were half as romantic!"

Tiffany was really surprised. She thought Daniel had no reason to do such a thing anymore. As she was reading the card that came with the flowers, she felt like throwing up.

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Sharon saw Tiffany's face turn from surprise to disgust. She hurriedly picked up the card.

"Don't read it! It will only make your hands and eyes dirty"

But she was too late with her words, as Sharon had already started reading it.

"Dear Tiffany, since our last meeting, I have been thinking about the wonderful time we've spent together. I don't think I'm able to forget you. Would you please give me one last chance? I love you, eternally. Asher Lawson."

No wonder she would feel disgusted.

"When did you see him last?" Sharon said as she put back the card.

"Remember that I went to the mall a few days ago? I met him there, and he came up to me and started saying this kind of crap, but luckily..."

"But luckily what happened?"

Sharon raised her eyebrows.

"Nothing. It's not important. I can't believe he found me all the way here. Is he insane? What does he want?"

"It's ok. If he sends flowers again, just don't accept it."

In the afternoon, Sharon went out for business and saw the piano studio's door closed when she came back. It had been many days since Daniel's last appearance.

"Tiffany, is the piano studio to be moved to another place?" Some girl asked.

"How would I know?"

"Isn't Daniel your boyfriend? Didn't he tell you anything?"

"No. We're not a couple. He's just...."

A worker from the flower shop came at this moment, holding a bunch of flowers.

"Miss Tiffany?"

"That's me."

She looked to the worker, "Do you have the contact of the guy who ordered it?"

"Wel..."

"I just want to express my thanks to him."

The worker gave her the number hesitantly.

Tiffany punched in the number as she said thanks to the worker. Then she headed to the pantry.

"But you haven't taken the flowers!"

"Just take them back."

The worker had to accept. She had just turned around when she heard from the pantry some unbelievable insults. She felt scared and sped up the pace.

Inside the pantry, Tiffany scolded Asher with all her nasty vocabulary. She didn't even give him a chance to talk.

After she was done, she immediately put him on the blacklist, feeling extremely relieved.

But to her surprise, Asher came that afternoon, holding a red rose.

Tiffany's blood pressure rose.

She cursed in front of everyone, "What the f*ck is wrong with you?"

Asher had regret all over his face.

"Tiffany, it was my fault, and I don't expect you to forgive me. I just want to prove my love to you with actions. I love you so much, so deeply!"

"Shut the f*ck up. Did you also love me when you were f*cking another woman? Now that you've been cheated on as well, so you remembered me! Am I a joke to you? Quit this disgusting bullsh*t, will you? I want to vomit!"

"That bi*ch seduced me! You know how it was. I was alone abroad, and didn't know anyone or anything. She got me when I was drunk!"

"How admirable you are! You made it sound so innocent. Did she put a knife on your neck to force you to have sex? Do you feel sorry for yourself? Both of you are sh*t. A b*tch and a son of a b*tch!"

"Tiff, you can't treat me like this. You have to give me another chance!"

"How dare you! How f*cking dare you!"

"Even Sharon Allyson and Jameson Proctor could make up. Why can't we?"

"Can you just look at yourself in the mirror? If you're too poor to afford it, I'll lend you some money. How about that?"

Asher seemed to disagree with the idea, "At least I've only slept with Yadira. Jameson Proctor had slept with countless women, so how am I worse than him? Because I am rich as he is? I know, Sharon

Allyson is after his money. But we're different, Tiffany. You and me, we're different. We have love....."

"Love your mother's a**!"

She took over the flower and threw it outside, "F*ck off, now!"

"Tiff, te..."

"Or I'll call the police."

Asher stopped talking and tidied his clothes while straightening his back, "I won't give up easily"

Tiffany was about to curse at him again, but she saw there were suddenly so many people gathering here to watch the show.

Thanks to this piece of sh*t! She saved the effort, turning back and shut the door violently.

All the girls in the studio looked at her in astonishment.

They were scared by her.

"Go back to work now, girls."

"OK....."

The girls quickly scattered.

"Wait."

The girls immediately came back, awaiting her order.

'Just how scary I was, She made fun of herself inside.

"About today.....Please don't tell Sharon. Just pretend that nothing happened."

Sharon just so happened to be at the factory today. Everybody nodded.

"Alright, alright, back to work."

She went to Sharon's office and felt exhausted.

She bent over the desk, looking at the flowers outside, and she suddenly had the thought that Asher was clueless about rich people's life.

"Now that's love. When can I live happily like that?"

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 457

Meanwhile, Sharon left the factory and went straight to Stella Technologies. As Jameson said that her car was rear-ended and was still under repair, she drove Tiffany's car out today.

Before she left, Sharon wanted to inform Jameson, so that he wouldn't feel much inexplicable jealousy again. But she was afraid that he was in a meeting, so she dialed Jacob Green to confirm.

As expected, Jameson Proctor was indeed in a meeting.

Sharon then texted him, saying that she had some super important business with Trey, and as soon as the business was done, she would get back home.

Message sent. Sharon Allyson put her cell phone aside and drove forward.

On the Stella Technologies' side, as all those things about Tavis Beale had been revealed, there was much left to do.

Everything had been on the sneak before, but now, all came to the light.

As a result, Trey had been working nonstop for a few days, that he couldn't even schedule a trip home.

But the good thing was, Daniel had always been by his side, although he couldn't give him a hand on the business.

Trey finally managed to find the time to return to his office.

Sitting in the sofa, he looked towards Daniel who was listening to music opposite him, "What on earth are you coming here for?"

Daniel slighted, "I see you've got a lot on your plate, so I just play some music to make you relaxed. What else do you think I'm here for?"

At this, Daniel looked around, "You've got quite a large office! I will carry the piano over tomorrow. Let me play it for you."

"...You don't have to."

Daniel raised his eyebrows and then turned off the music.

He didn't joke anymore, "Any update on how it is coming along?"

Trey Coe shook his head, "It's still bothering me. In addition to those we have found out, there are also many new internal issues. Making matters worse, Tavis Beale's disengagement has made Beale Group leaderless. It's reduced to a total mess like porridge. There are so many things you just can't find out or ignore."

"How's Patrick doing?"

"I think he is not going to take care of the Beale Group; he just wants to leave it as it is."

Daniel said, "The current Beale Group has long been Tavis Beale's. It's understandable if Patrick doesn't have any feelings towards or care about it. Whoever wants to mind this mess should first take over the entire Beale Group. Even if he takes his eyes off the ball for just a moment, he will be done for. That's why Tavis Beale announced in public that Beale Group was Sharon's from then on."

Trey Coe sighed, "All other things aside, Beale Group is the work of generations. Although it's been made like this by Tavis Beale, the foundation of it is still solid."

Daniel leaned back on the couch, "Perhaps after we've experienced what Patrick went through, we'll understand how he feels."

"True."

At this time, the assistant knocked on the door outside, "Mr.Coe, Miss Allyson is downstairs and she wants to talk to you"

Trey Coe was stunned, but still, he said, "Let her in."

The assistant nodded and turned around to get her.

Daniel was especially surprised, "Why does she come here? Didn't she know that you are Jameson's thorn in the flesh?"

Trey sneered, "I'm not that qualified yet."

"Patrickis still not going to say anything?"

"He is dealing with the cooperation with the Beale Group, and Josh probably can't spare any time.Let's keep it a secret for the moment."

While they were talking, Sharon had arrived.

When she saw Daniel, she paused for a couple of seconds and then breathed a sigh of relief, "It's good you're here."

Daniel, "?"

The reason why Sharon came to Trey was not at all what they had guessed.She came for Tiffany and wanted to find Daniel through Trey.

It both surprised and delighted her that Daniel was right there.

This way, things might go a lot easier.

Sharon sat down and said, "Tiffany has told me about everything that happened before.It's incredibly insulting if you really think that the feelings are faked."

Trey Coe didn't have any clue as he frowned and asked, "Faked how?"

Daniel laughed dryly, "Nothing much.I didn't think it through enough.I shouldn't have done that."

Sharon Allyson pouted, "Anyways, I should say thank you for what happened earlier.I believe that you are not a cheater, so I hope you can stay true to your feelings.If you really love Tiffany, go ahead and let her know.But if you don't like her at all, you shouldn't have gone that far."

Daniel didn't say anything.He admitted that what he did some time ago was a little bit beyond the scope of the original agreed-upon acting.

And as for the acting, he didn't even know why he came up with that stupid idea in the first place.

Trey Coe was totally confused now.

He looked Daniel in the eye, "What's your problem, really?"

Daniel was silent for a while before he said, "I do potato her, but..."

He was just not a responsible man. His previous relationships with girls were more of a merry-we-meet-and-merry-we-part thing.

Everyone could tell that Tiffany was a good girl who took every relationship seriously.

Daniel was definitely not worthy of her.

He was So afraid of hurting her that he couldn't commit himself.

Trey Coe knew Daniel's past, so he immediately got what he meant by stammering out now and then.

Sharon hadn't had many relationships, but she understood as well.

A mixed-race handsome man like Daniel must have made a lot of girlfriends.

How could he change himself for the sake of just one girl? She said, "If that's the case, then you and Tiffany should part company now. As you will soon leave the South City, it's a good time for you to say goodbye to each other"

Before Sharon left, Daniel suddenly spoke up, "I saw her ex-boyfriend at the mall the other day."

Sharon said, "Her ex-boyfriend cheated on her, so she's already broken up with him. Since your encounter that day, her ex-boyfriend somehow got the address of the studio and has been sending flowers over every day."

At this, Daniel furrowed his brow, "What does he send flowers for?"

Trey Coe said slowly, "He wants to get back with her. What else for?"

"He cheated on her! How can he be so shameless as to want to get back?"

Daniel turned around to ask Sharon, "She's not going to say yes, is she?"

Sharon said, "I've no idea, but I've seen enough such cases. If a man keeps nagging a girl around the clock, she might say yes."

Daniel, "....."

Sharon said, "I've gotta go. Good luck on your trip."

Trey Coe got up, "Let me see you off, Sharon."

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 458

As they got out of the company building, Sharon Allyson said, "This will do, my car is just over there by the road."

Trey Coe chuckled and said, "That's great. I'll find some way to talk to Daniel again about Tiffany. But by the look of how you antagonized him just now, that should do it."

An almost undetected hint of smile crept upon the corners of Sharon Allyson's lips.

She replied, "I do hope so, I really want Tiffany to find the guy who will treat her right for the rest of her life."

"She will."

"I shall be going, good bye"

"Good bye."

Trey Coe watched and waited till Sharon Allyson's car disappeared from his sight, he then turned around and got back upstairs.

In the meantime, after leaving Stella Technologies, Sharon Allyson drove back to the old house once occupied by Josh Allyson.

She took the keys out and opened the door.

"It's me" whispered she, as she faced the rustling curtains by the balcony window.

After a few seconds, Bridger Fowler appeared on the balcony.

It was obvious that he'd been hiding beyond the balcony railing and upon hearing a familiar voice did he dare to climb back in.

Sharon Allyson said to him, "Don't worry, nobody knows about this place but me. You are safe here"

"Thank you."

Bridger Fowler replied.

Allyson took out all sorts of medicines she had bought on her way here and said, "The last time I saw you, you were still bleeding. Use these and take care of your wounds. You don't have to thank me for it, as we are just taking what we need from each other"

"Did you find Josh Allyson?"

"Yes, we found him."

Sharon Allyson paused for a minute, and laughed, "but we didn't get anything out of him either"

"Need help?"

Bridger Fowler offered.

Sharon Allyson shook her head, "No, that will do."

She took out a card and handed it over to Bridger, "In here is three million I had promised you before, which includes the chores that were assigned to you recently. I had spoken to Jameson Proctor, he is currently dealing with the Proctor family. They will be pulling out soon and by then you won't have to hide in the shadow anymore."

Bridger Fowler frowned upon hearing this and said, "Don't you hate me?"

“As I have stated earlier, we are no longer in debt with each other. Right now it’s just making it square and fair.”

Sharon Allyson sighed and continued, “You have no idea what it meant to me for the things you had helped to retrieve from the Beale family. So you have earned it.”

Bridger Fowler stared at the card lying on the table and was stunned speechless.

“I better get going, you are safe living here. When the matters with the Proctor family are done and dealt with, I’ll call you”

After Sharon Allyson had left, Bridger Fowler sat on the sofa and took off his shirt, and examined his wounds.

The one ugly wound on his abdomen was glaring at him and seeping blood at the edges.

He took the medicines and the gauze Sharon Allyson had got him and tended to it.

When finishing tending to all the wounds he had on him, Bridger Fowler cleaned up the mess he made and started exploring the old house.

Josh Allyson was a heavy gambler, and he had long started taking usury and even had the audacity to do unthinkable things like selling his daughter; but in spite of all that, he had never put this old house on mortgage.

Even though this place had not much to sell, it still would sell easily a couple of hundred thousand.

Why was that? For people like Josh Allyson, it was not strange to see them gambling away everything they had on them.

But Josh had never touched this house, not even once.

And that was weird indeed.

Since he had nothing better to do at the moment and had all the time in the world to waste, Bridger Fowler decided to start making a good exploration around the house, high and low, including every nook and corner.

It was late when Allyson made her way back.

She decided to call Tiffany and tell her that she would not be going back to the workshop.

As the refrigerator back in her apartment was almost empty, she needed to stop by the supermarket to get some groceries.

But much to her surprise, she ran into Harley Cook at the supermarket, who was stopping by the seafood section and making her purchase of the fish.

Harley Cook’s eyes widened when she saw Allyson and was unable to find her voice for a brief moment, “Miss Allyson...”

Allyson chuckled and greeted her, “Do you live around here?”

Harley Cook had the urge to reply with a “yes” to Allyson’s question but she bit her tongue just in time.

She replied, “Oh no, I just happened to be here today with my friends. The fish looks fresh enough and I was thinking it should be nice to buy some back and make a stew out of them.”

Allyson took a peer at the fishes, “Yeah they indeed look fresh enough.”

At this point, Harley Cook rushed in and said, “I am sorry but I have to go now. I still have some errands to run, goodbye Miss Allyson.”

And she began to leave in a hurry.

“Wait, hold on.”

Harley Cook could feel her blood run cold and her skin numb when she heard Allyson’s call. She forced herself to turn around and said, “Is....there anything else?”

Allyson took the bag forgotten at the side of the counter and handed it over to Harley Cook, “You forgot your fish.”

Harley Cook took over the bag of fish so quick that it almost looked like a snatch, and she forced a smile and thanked Allyson, “Oh thank you Miss Allyson! I better get on my way now.”

With just a bag of fish, Harley Cook made her way quickly to the exit and checked out at the counter.

Following not so far behind and having observed everything that had taken place, Matthew Gray let out a sigh of relief and soon followed suit to leave the store.

It was fortunate that Mr. Proctor had foreseen what might happen and asked him to make sure not to let Madam Clarke and Harley Cook go out together.

It was clearly a surprise to run into Allyson today.

Allyson had bought two fish as well, and just as she was preparing to leave, she saw a small card lying on the floor, so she picked it up and recognized it was the pass card to Jameson Proctor’s apartment.

It must have been dropped by Harley Cook.

Allyson kept the card and placed the fish into her shopping cart and continued her grocery shopping.

Just as she was leaving the store with two overly stuffed bags, she got a call from Jameson Proctor.

“You’ve gone and met Trey Coe?” Proctor asked.

“Yes, but I am no longer with him. I had just finished getting the groceries. What time will you be back? There is too much stuff and I can’t carry them all by myself.” Allyson replied.

“Just wait there for me. I will be right over.”

“No, there is no need for you to come here. I am already behind the wheel. The only problem is that I just couldn’t bring all the stuff upstairs.”

“Right then you wait for me downstairs at the apartment, I will be there in half an hour”

“No biggie.”

After hanging up, Allyson drove her way back in a leisurely manner..

The supermarket was an easy 10-minute walk from their apartment, and by car, it is even quicker.

But just so happened that it was the rush hour of the evening, so she was jammed on the road for a couple of minutes.

When Allyson arrived at their apartment basement, it was just 10 minutes past her call from Jameson.

The air in the basement was so stuffy and hot that she didn't want to stay there any longer.

So she decided to leave the bags as they were and went up to the ground floor to take a walk in the garden.

Sitting herself on one of the benches, Allyson took out the pass card she picked up at the supermarket.

On the card there was only an indication on the number of the building block and the floor, but not to the room.

Allyson didn't have long to wait before she got a call from Jameson.

He had arrived at the basement.

Allyson replied, “Oh! I will be right over.”

She placed the pass card back into her bag and hurried down to the basement.

As soon as she saw Jameson, she pointed out to him where the bags were.

“Over there.”

Jameson's brows rose up in surprise when he opened the door and saw the two overly stuffed bags, “Wow! That's a lot of groceries you have there.”

“Yeah, I had been making some serious decisions and had decided not to move back to the Starry Lake mansion, not now at least. I quite like it here.” Allyson said.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 459

Having got back to the apartment, Sharon took over the bags from Jameson, placed them on the counter, and started to take things out one by one.

Jameson licked on his thin lips and put a hand on her shoulder, turning her around towards him.

“Didn't we have a deal? What's wrong with you?”

“I haven't regretted it. I just think that life here is pretty nice. We should move back after some time. Oh, by the way.....I always find Star Lake Masion's decoration quite dull. How about we use this period to remodel the place? We'll move back right on time when it's finished.”

Jameson frowned slightly and his lips pursed.

Sharon blinked her eyes, looking at him innocently.

"What? You're not happy that I live here? If that's the case, I'll move out. Tiffany was just asking me to live with her the other day."

"...Where did she learn to speak like that?" Jameson thought to himself.

He spoke up after a long pause, "No, I don't mean that"

"Or, you have something to hide from me here, and that's why you're so anxious for me to move."

Jameson let go of her and said, "I'm anxious?"

"You look like it."

"I'm not"

Jameson coldly replied.

"I should really take you to the hospital to have your eyes checked since I'm not busy recently."

Sharon kicked him out of the kitchen and then spent about half an hour organizing the fridge.

Jameson asked from outside, "What style of decoration do you want?"

Sharon froze for a second before responding. She had only made an excuse to stay here, so she had no idea about the style that she wanted.

"Just different from before."

"I'll send a designer to your studio tomorrow."

Sharon hesitated before she replied, "You're really gonna remodel it?"

"Or else?"

Jameson asked, "You think I'm fooling you around?"

Sharon laughed dryly and returned to the kitchen.

"I'll make dinner. They had two dishes and soup for dinner. It was just enough for both of them. Sharon suddenly called him while eating, "Mr. Proctor."

Upon hearing her addressing him by this name, Jameson's tongue stopped against his teeth.

It had been a long time since she called him like this, so nothing good could come out of this.

Sharon didn't expect him to respond to this either, so she went on, "Do you like the fish soup tonight?"

Jameson slightly opened his lips, muttering only one word, "Yeah."

Sharon nodded, "I think so too. By the way, I saw Harley Cook. She doesn't live close, but she came all the way to buy two fish. So I bought two as well. It turns out to be a good choice."

Jameson took a ladle and filled her bowl with the fish soup.

"Eat more if that's the case."

Immediately after, he put the eyes of the two fish into her bowl.

"This will help with your eyes."

In the end, she was the loser of the match.

At night, Sharon kept her back at Jameson.

No matter what he was doing, she didn't bother to react in any way.

"What's wrong with you today? How have I offended you?"

Sharon answered with eyes closed, "Nope. Just leave me alone. I'm a little annoyed."

"Annoyed by what?"

"Everything!"

Especially by seeing you.

Jameson wrapped his arms around her and turned her body over.

"PMS again?"

Sharon perfunctorily mumbled, not agitated at all by his taunt.

Jameson lowered his voice, "I thought you just had it like ten days ago."

She turned back again, "You've never heard of PMS that comes 20 days before the period?"

"Now I have."

Not wanting to converse, Sharon shut her eyes.

Jameson began talking again after a while, "What exactly is bothering you?"

"What's the use of talking about it?"

"How will you know if you don't give it a try?"

Sharon opened her eyes in the darkness, looking at the white curtain through which the dim light came in from outside. Her lips moved a little, but no sound came out of them.

Even if she chose to speak now, he still wouldn't tell her anything newer than a new excuse. She had been too impulsive in the past which allowed him to have his way on her too easily.

But this time was different. She had sufficient evidence, and she had to keep a low key so that he wouldn't notice that she was already suspecting something.

Or, he would try to deny her suspicions again by some other means.

And she was absolutely certain now that the person she had met that night by the apartment building was indeed Harley Cook.

If Jameson had no guilt in his heart, why would he keep hiding this from her? Explaining all those by just “coincidence” seemed not at all convincing.

While thinking about it, all the possibilities she had buried deep in her heart rose back up again, filling up her chest and spreading towards the brain and limbs.

Sharon could no longer sleep, so she might as well get up and start to walk out with a pillow in her arms.

“???”

Jameson said in a lowered voice, “Where are you going?”

“It’s a little hot in here. I’m going to sleep in the sofa.”

Sharon didn’t wait at all before she left the bedroom.

The sound of the door closing followed.

Jameson sat himself up in the bed.

His legs slightly curved and his head tilted.

Not much emotion was shown on his face.

And inside the living room, Sharon lay in the sofa, staring at the ceiling blankly, not knowing what to think about.

The bedroom door opened after a long while.

After hearing the footsteps, Sharon hurriedly closed her eyes, pretending to sleep.

Shortly after, a blanket was placed onto her, and a man’s warm kiss fell between her eyebrows. Sharon’s eyelashes trembled slightly, but she still didn’t move.

Jameson sat on the rug and didn’t seem to be leaving.

The whole place was so quiet that you could only hear the wind blowing from time to time.

Time was slowly passing, and Sharon fell asleep eventually.

Jameson heard that her breaths had become calm and even. He pulled himself together and gazed upon her with his black eyes.

Jacob called him right after Harley Cook had left the mall, informing him about her meeting with Sharon.

He thought Sharon would question him straight away when she returned.

Yet, she acted all nonchalant, showing teeth though inadvertently. She had started to suspect.

And this time she was more certain than ever before.

He could find no more excuses.

Jameson took her hand and pleaded softly, “Would you give me more time? I will settle everything down”

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 460

Meanwhile, at the Berry Family.

Sofia Berry finally got rid of the woman using the method Natalia Beale had taught her. But her father became like a different man after that.

He no longer treasured his daughter as before.

She could hardly even see him. But she was nevertheless happy to have her rest after having cried and screamed for such a long time.

A servant hurriedly came to her as she was getting out of the pool.

"Miss....."

"What is it?" she asked nonchalantly.

The servant quietly answered, "Someone's looking for you outside"

Sofia frowned.

"That woman is not back again, is she?"

"No, it's not her"

The servant looked around a little and then whispered something to her ears.

Sofia's face became indescribable.

She narrowed her eyes for a while and said, "Bring her to my room. Make sure nobody sees her"

The servant said yes and then quickly turned around.

Sofia put on her bathrobe before heading towards her bedroom. She sat down in the couch and opened a bottle of red wine.

In no time, the servant brought the guest in.

Sofia nodded and ordered him to get out while taking a sip of wine elegantly.

The servant got out and shut the door as well.

Sofia looked to the entrance.

"What brings you here at this late hour?"

Natalia walked closer, looking nothing like her proud and dignified old self.

She seemed to be in dire straits. She sat across from Sofia and let out a long breath.

"I'm here to ask you for help"

Sofia laughed arrogantly, "Me? What can I help you with?"

"I have nowhere to go right now. I want to stay here for a while."

“Look at you—Didn’t you just ask me for help? Why do you sound so commanding for help or ordering me”

Natalia’s face remained still upon hearing her taunt.

“I am temporarily in a predicament. When I find my dad, everything will be resolved, and you can have whatever you want.”

“Your father?”

Sofia laughed with her whole body shaking as if she had just heard some hilarious joke.

“You’re joking with me! The whole South City now knows that your father is a fake. What can he do for you? They say that a phoenix without feathers is lower than a chicken. Are you still daydreaming now, Miss Phoenix?”

“What do you know?! It’s all lies!”

“Oh, come on—It’s time to wake up now”

Natalia inhaled a deep breath, “It was all Sharon Allyson’s plan. I knew it since she first tried to get into the Beale Family. If not for Jameson Proctor, who strategized behind her, how could the Beale Group come to this? So she said she was the real Miss of the Beale Group and that I was fake, and so you have believed?”

Sofia paused a second with the glass in her hand.

“Did you mean the so-called truth about 20 years ago was all a show put up by Sharon Allyson and Jameson Proctor?”

“Of course!” Natalia said with her fist tightened.

“Tavis Beale wanted to murder my father but killed himself in the explosion. It was karma! And Sharon Allyson will get what she deserves as well. I will find the evidence to prove her wrong!”

Sofia eyed Natalia up and down, not convinced at all by her words.

The news yesterday was so explosive that it became crystal clear to everyone about who was who.

Natalia was lying to herself.

“Whatever. I’ll keep you for a few days to return your favor. But you should be clear that this is my house, and there’s no room for you to throw a tantrum. I’ll have none of that”

Hearing what she said, Natalia looked a little embarrassed but didn’t object to it. Sofia ordered the servant to prepare her a room.

The room was only a few square meters big, which obviously belonged to a servant.

Natalia hadn’t slept well for days, so she didn’t express any dissatisfaction, though she knew that Sofia was trying to humiliate her by this.

The next day, Natalia asked while seeing Sofia leaving the door, “Where are you going?”

“Just taking a stroll on the street. Why? You wanna join?”

Natalia stood there with her face tightened, saying nothing.

Sofia went on as she was putting on her shades, “Don’t worry. I won’t tell on you now that I’ve allowed you to stay”

She got in the car in her high heels as Natalia watched her.

After a distance, she pulled out her ID and passport and smiled condescendingly.

She took out her phone and made a call.

“It’s me. Put the house out for sale and see if anyone.....My dad? Never mind him. He doesn’t even live here anymore. What does he care? I’ll tell him about it later. I’ll give half of the money to him. That should do it.”

She went on talking after hearing something from the other side, “If there’s interest in the house, a low price will be fine. I’m not desperate for a buck or two. I want to sell it soon. It’s bad luck! And let the servants go as well. I’ll be abroad for some time, so don’t call me. You take care of the house.”

Natalia waited until the night.

She had a bad feeling about it. And when she woke up from sleep, all the servants in the Berry’s were gone.

She instantly knew that Sofia had trolled her.

The good thing was that there was still food inside the fridge enough to last a few days.

But Natalia knew that it was not a long-term solution to stay there.

So she searched through the whole house and put any jewelry she could find inside a bag she took from Sofia’s closet.

These things used to be worthless to her, but now, they were life-saving for her. She had just got downstairs when she heard chatting from afar.

Someone was there to check out the house. She hid aside and swiftly left the house after they had entered.

“Sofia, all your expensive stuff was gone. Is it a burglar?”

“A burglar it is then.” Sofia laughed coolly.

Like father, like daughter. She didn’t expect Natalia Beale, known for her pride and dignity, to commit such a shady act.

But Sofia didn’t mind the loss.

She immediately sent out the news to Jameson Proctor’s side, saying that Natalia Beale had been wandering around the Berry’s.