

Resume 481

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 481

Before, Jameson's primary focus was on Tavis Beale.

But as the details of the explosion twenty years ago were being laid out, there were so many things worth questioning.

Why didn't Sharon's mother go to Mr. Jones instead of marrying a ba*tard? She could've gone to so many people for help, but she had chosen none.

Even if Josh Allyson wasn't such a ba*tard back then, her decision was still beyond anyone.

Unless she was afraid of being found, or perhaps she didn't have other choices.

No matter which possibility it was, it couldn't have been caused by Tavis Beale, who was hospitalized at the time.

Besides, Tavis Beale only thought that they had died in the explosion.

"The same year?" asked Sharon.

Jameson confirmed, "During the car accident, both drivers died, but Jeffery Proctor survived alone. He lost his legs and had to stay in a wheelchair for the rest of his life.

"What's the cause of the accident?"

"The driver at fault was drunk."

Sharon frowned upon hearing the answer, "The accident was so serious that both drivers were killed. Both cars should be moving at high speed. The drunk driver was one thing, but why did the Proctor Family's driver also drive the car so fast with Jeffery Proctor in the car?"

Jameson smiled, "You're pretty sharp."

"Just keep going!"

He could never be serious for more than a minute! Jameson went on, "The problem lies here: according to the traces at the scene, no brake marks were found."

"So the two cars crashed directly into each other?"

Sharon froze for a second, "But if that's the case, isn't it too obvious? Have you.....Has Master Proctor not investigated it at all?"

"He has, but nothing was found. The driver had worked for the Proctor Family for many years. He had no parents or family. He was without any motive. And the driver at fault had just been promoted. He only got drunk to celebrate. So accident was the only logical conclusion."

"It does sound like they had no motives, but....."

But something seemed odd.

Jameson said, "I was bewildered when I first investigated the case a few years ago. But now I finally have some leads."

"And?"

"The Proctor Family and the Beale Family's successive incidents were definitely not a coincidence"

Jameson said as he lightly tapped on the wheel, "It will all make sense if there's someone behind scheming everything. As for the drivers, we are certainly still missing something about them."

Sharon thought that once Tavis Beale was exposed, everything would be over.

But now, she realized it was just the beginning.

Jameson's phone rang at this moment. He parked the car on the side of the road.

"I'm listening."

As the other side was talking, Jameson frowned and wrinkled his face.

Sharon got nervous as she watched him. She asked right away after he hung up the phone, "What's wrong?"

Jameson answered in shock, "Josh Allyson is dead."

Sharon was struck dumb and couldn't seem to react.

Standing in front of the corpse and looking at the pale and stiff body, Sharon realized that he was really dead.

The prison guard said, "He had been dead for a while when we found him. The initial conclusion is suicide. But the details will only be available after autopsy."

Sharon closed her eyes, feeling very weak. She had planned to get some information out of his mouth, but now it was impossible.

Jameson hugged her from behind, "He's doing everyone a favor by being dead."

After leaving the prison, Sharon said, "I'm fine now. You should go back to the company"

"You should take a mirror with you."

"What?"

"When you see your own face, you won't be able to say that."

Sharon went speechless.

Jameson took her hand, suggesting, "Alright, I'll take you to relax."

"Where? It's raining!"

Sharon never imagined that he would take her to a rock climbing gym.

She recalled some unhappy memories when she stood there.

She turned around to look at Jameson with an expressionless face, "Relax?"

"You want to do something more exciting? I'll take you to bungee jumping then."

Having learned the lesson from last time, Sharon said to Jameson as the staff handed her the climbing suit, "You put it on as well. Let's get up together."

"You just can't be without me, huh?"

"Hurry up!" Sharon pushed him.

If he stayed down there, he would take advantage of her again.

The two changed into the climbing suits in no time.

Jameson got up first, and Sharon followed him slowly from behind.

Jameson moved close to her, seeing her move like a turtle.

He teased, "Need help?"

"No!" Sharon gritted her teeth.

She looked down and felt that she had improved a lot compared to last time.

And the wall here was not as high as the one at the club.

It should be no problem for her to finish the climb.

She took a deep breath and decided to go all the way up to the top without stopping.

But obviously, she overestimated her stamina as she was feeling exhausted already only halfway through.

By a failed grab, she lost her balance.

As she was about to fall, a strong arm held her by the waist.

Sharon looked in amazement, "Aren't you up there? When did you come down?"

"Is that important?"

Jameson looked down and asked, "Wanna go down?"

Sharon went quiet for ten whole seconds and decided to ignore him. She knew that he would be waiting here.

But she had prepared for this situation as well.

All she needed to do now was keep holding on to him, and he would soon run out of energy.

Jameson smiled faintly, "You're that afraid?"

"I'm not afraid! I'm just....." She gave up explaining.

"I mean-I don't mind if you keep hugging me like this. But if we go on the news tomorrow, it's not my problem"

It was already too late when Sharon realized something and turned around her head. People were taking pictures and filming them.

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The people here were mostly youngsters. Many of them recognized Sharon.

And even though they couldn't see Jameson's face clearly, but his identity was pretty obvious to them because of the way Sharon was hugging him. They were filming and taking pictures like mad.

Sharon buried her face in Jameson's chest, "Hurry up and get down!"

Jameson held her with one arm and said with a straight face, "Sure. But have you forgotten something?"

Sharon clenched her teeth, "You planned this!"

"What are you talking about? You forced me to get up."

"But....."

She realized that it wasn't the place to argue, so she pinched his waist and said, "Hurry!"

Jameson muffled a grunt and then whispered, "Honey, have I ever told you that you shouldn't touch a man's body like that?"

Based on the way he spoke, he was not gonna let her down easily.

As the atmosphere got more and more intense, the spectators were growing as well.

"Can't we talk about it later?"

"You never keep your words."

"I will this time. I promise!"

Jameson looked at her, thinking about something.

He suddenly said, "If you promise that you'll call me 'husband' once every day. I'll think about letting you down."

'This man is going too far!' thought Sharon.

"Made up your mind yet?" asked Jameson.

"Did you give me anytime to think at all?"

"Don't blame me. Blame them."

The size of the audience was pretty considerable already.

The longer they stayed up there, the more chance pictures of them would be spread.

"Alright, fine! I promise you" Sharon nodded like crazy.

Jameson smiled.

"Hold on tight!"

She was holding him tight, to begin with.

Having heard his words, she closed her eyes and hugged him even tighter.

She felt that her body was falling and soon landed on her feet. She hurriedly let go of Jameson and let out a long breath.

"You threw me away right after using me?" asked Jameson jokingly while he was helping her take off the equipment.

Sharon ignored him completely.

"Mr. Proctor, should I take care of the photos?" asked a staff.

Jameson turned around and said, "No. Tell them I'll pay for them tonight. Enjoy the photos themselves and don't send them out to the public."

'What is wrong with you? Who's going to enjoy the pictures!?' Sharon complained inside.

The worker then left to disperse the crowd.

"Wanna watch a movie next?" Jameson asked after checking the time.

"No, thanks."

"Why not?"

"You said you would take me to relax. But now I'm feeling worse"

Jameson raised his eyebrows, "Really? Why do I feel like you're much happier now"

Sharon couldn't help but kick him and then immediately left.

Jameson caught up and took her hand, "Let's go home then."

She had indeed forgotten about her worries after all the fuss.

Because her body was more tired than her mind now.

All she wanted at this point was to go home to take a hot shower and then lie down on the bed.

Daniel called her on the way back, informing her that the funeral was over.

If not for Daniel and the rest of them, Sharon couldn't imagine how long this whole thing would take.

"Josh Allyson is dead" Sharon told him after some thought.

Daniel clearly didn't expect to hear the news.

He paused for a long while before talking again, "Have you seen his body?"

"Yeah.They say he committed suicide.But we still have to wait for the autopsy.

"He deserved to die, but what a pity it is that he died so casually." Sharon didn't speak more.

After the call, Jameson asked, "You think they did it?"

"What?" Sharon was confused.

"Josh Allyson's death." Sharon nodded.

Aman like Josh Allyson would commit suicide? She didn't buy it.

There were two possibilities available right now.

First, he was killed by the group of people hiding in the shadow; Second, he was killed by Patrick Matthias.

She only told Daniel about it to get his reaction.

And he didn't seem to be faking ignorance.

"It's reasonable for you to think that.Josh Allyson deserved to die a hundred times for he did," said Jameson.

"No matter who did it, Josh Allyson's death would cause all sorts of doubts from all sides if it had happened outside.But in prison, the turbulence caused wouldn't be as significant.If....."

If she were Patrick Matthias, she would also choose to kill him in prison in order to keep it quiet.

As Sharon was deep in thought, Jameson's voice came again, "Based on your knowledge of him, do you think he would do it?"

Sharon shook her head.

In fact, she didn't know much about Patrick Matthias.

During the only few encounters, Patrick Matthias had always given her the impression of a real gentleman.

But that was only what she was able to see on the surface.

He came for vengeance, so there must be more to him than met the eye.

How was it possible for a man's heart to remain the same after experiencing such a huge tragedy and hiding with pain for twenty years? After some time, Sharon said, "He didn't do it."

"Hmm?"

"Even if he wanted to kill Josh Allyson, he wouldn't choose now.As you said, Josh Allyson still kept answers to many of our doubts.He wouldn't choose such a time to kill him, no matter how much he hated him.Like what Daniel said, it was a pity that he died so casually!"

Jameson pursed his lips, "That's right"

"If that's the case, it could only be the ones that hide in the dark who did it; Sharon frowned.

Jameson said, "Since they chose to kill him at this time, it can only mean that Josh Allyson kept secrets that they fear. And it also means that our theories have always been correct."

Sharon nodded.

Seeing her wrinkled forehead, Jameson flicked it with his finger, "Alright, forget about it now. You should think about what you promised me—it's too late to regret it now."

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Once back home, Sharon Allyson had to call Jameson "hubby" for the rest of the night, as Jameson had a hold on her.

She was so disgusted that she wanted to kill him.

Having rested at home for a week, Sharon Allyson finally decided to see a psychiatrist.

If she really got mental illness, be it anxiety disorder or something else, she was supposed to get it treated properly; or else, there was no telling when she would get hysterical like before.

The night before the decision was made, Sharon Allyson talked to Jameson Proctor about it.

On hearing this, Jameson Proctor frowned slightly and said after a few seconds of silence, "If you feel that your emotions have not been relieved, let me get someone to mind the business in the company beforehand and then go on a tour with you. But I definitely suggest AGAINST seeing a doctor."

Sharon Allyson said seriously, "I'm really sick. Emotional relief or sightseeing won't help, I suppose"

Jameson Proctor did not seem to be satisfied with her statement, "You're not sick. You're just overthinking it and getting yourself extremely overwhelmed."

"Overthinking is also a disease."

Sharon Allyson said, "If I didn't overthink it, I wouldn't have always felt that my child was alive and right in front of me. It's precisely this overthinking that has me obsess with the illusion."

Jameson Proctor, "....."

His lips were taut and no sound came out.

Sharon Allyson continued, "And you're an active cause of my illness."

Jameson Proctor pressed his tongue tip against his teeth, rolled his Adam's apple, and looked her in the eye, saying slowly, "Huh?"

"If you weren't always mentioning taking the baby away, I wouldn't keep thinking that way."

"So you want the baby taken away?"

Sharon Allyson stared at him with little expression, "Look, here we go again..."

Jameson Proctor gave a low chuckle and grabbed her shoulder with his palm, "It's not a disease, Sharon. It's fully understandable that you want a child so badly."

"I didn't want it that badly, I just..."

"You're wanting it"

Sharon Allyson, "....."

Jameson Proctor clasped his hand on the back of her head and pressed his thin lips against hers, "You don't have to see a psychiatrist for this. Let me cure you this instant."

Sharon Allyson covered her lips and said, "I'm serious!"

"I'm doing serious business with you, too."

Jameson Proctor brushed her hand off and kissed her fingers, "Listen up, whether you want a baby or like that little bast**d, I can bring him over for you."

Sharon Allyson suddenly felt a little tired, "I told you to stop giving me that illusion."

"What illusion?"

"You obviously don't like kids, but why do you keep taking me to an unrelated...?"

Jameson Proctor interrupted her, "It's true, I don't like kids. But I like you"

Sharon Allyson probably did not expect him to answer this way.

She was shocked.

Jameson Proctor gazed at her and said slowly, "Be it kids or something else, whatever you like is always welcome to me."

Sharon Allyson looked into his eyes but saw no hint of lies or deceit in them. He cast a calm, pure gaze.

She felt convinced.

Without waiting for her to speak again, Jameson Proctor's kiss fell anew...

As Jameson Proctor was getting up to reach for something on the nightstand, Sharon Allyson pulled him back, "Don't use that anymore."

Jameson Proctor's voice trailed off, "Huh?"

"Didn't you just say...wanting a kid?"

Back when they made out at Costspool, he didn't use any condom either.

But it seemed that Sharon failed to conceive.

Jameson Proctor paused for a few seconds, thinking about something.

Seeing this, Sharon Allyson turned around and said, "Forget it if you don't want to"

Jameson Proctor leaned over and hugged her, his voice husky for a few moments, "Why not?"

Although things were escalating, there were more and more people ready to protect her.

Even if she got pregnant, she would be safe and sound.

It was still over ten months away from the birth.

He could settle everything during such a long period.

After a night of tossing and turning, Sharon Allyson woke up the next day and found it was already noon.

She was already dissuaded to see a psychiatrist.

‘What doesn’t kill you makes you stronger,’ thought she.

But days of rest made her more and more restless.

She couldn’t just stay at home anymore, so she went to the studio after lunch. She had just sat down at her desk when Tiffany Momon walked in, “Sharon, why don’t you take more days off?”

Sharon Allyson answered, “I think I’m fine now. If I keep lying flat and allowing time to unwind, I’m afraid my limb muscles will deteriorate”

Across from her sat Tiffany Momon, who was leaning over the desk, saying, “By the way, Martin Morton came by yesterday. But when told that you were sick, he left without a word.”

Sharon Allyson paused, “Did hesay anything about his father before that?”

“I inquired, only to be told his father was okay. Judging by his expression, however, it’s not like that his father was okay. But I was reluctant to press him, so that’s all what he said.”

Sharon Allyson nodded gently, “No news is good news.”

Although there was nothing secret between her and Martin Morton, the Morton family never liked her for the sake of Erica Proctor.

What Aylin Morton had done felt like a thorn in her heart.

So long had passed, but she still couldn’t get over with it.

There was no point visiting them, as it served as nothing but an embarrassment for both sides.

Sharon Allyson withdrew her thoughts and said, “Have you rent a room yet?”

Tiffany Momon answered, “Yes, but I was afraid that despicable Asher Lawson would jump on me again, so I rent one a little further away”

“Asher Lawson hasn’t come looking for you again these days, has he?”

“No, not at all. Finally, he gives up! I should really go to the temple this New Year to burn incense and thank the gods for their blessings!”

Sharon Allyson smiled, “That’s good to know. If you run into such things again, don’t forget to call me.”

Tiffany Momon added, “What about you? Did you see a psychiatrist yet?”

Sharon Allyson shook her head, “No, I didn’t. Perhaps it’s because too much has happened recently and I’m too stressed out. I should be okay when I relax a bit.”

Tiffany Momon agreed, "I feel the same way.If I were you, I would have been dumbfounded by what happened, but you actually had the audacity to face the formidable enemy.You are a worthy heroine indeed!"

Sharon Allyson, ".....Don't you flatter me so much!"

Tiffany Momon laughed, "That's what I mean anyway.Now that it's all over, we'll be more comfortable in the future.Butthen again, has Natalia Beale been found yet?"

"No"

"She's so good at hiding, isn't she? Where on earth is she hiding?"

Since last time Natalia Beale left Sofia Berry's house, there had been no news about her.

She was likely to have hidden somewhere no one would expect.

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As Martin Morton came out from the ward, Aylin and Mrs.Morton walked over to him immediately, asking anxiously, "Martin, how is he?"

"Dad's asleep. The doctor says he's recovering pretty well.Don't worry."

Mrs.Morton sorrowed on the chair, "You don't have to try to comfort me.No one knows his condition better than I do.His waking hours are becoming shorter—most of the time, he's sleeping.How well can he be?"

Martin got down before her.

"Mom, the doctor has said that he will get better with time.Go back and rest.You've been here for many days."

"What do I need rest for? You are the one that needs it the most.You've been back for so long, yet you haven't even gone home once."

"I'm fine.There are still things to be dealt with at the company..."

"Martin" came Aylin's voice, "You should listen to mom.Go home.If you also fall sick, we will have no idea what to do with the situation right now."

Martin slowly stood up.

"Alright.Then I'll go home for now.I'll come back later tonight."

Just as he was about to leave, Mrs.Morton held his hand.Her face was much more solemn this time.

"Martin, I have something to tell you"

Aylin got anxious upon hearing the words.

She grabbed Mrs.Morton's sleeve, "Mom....." Mrs.Morton said, "It's already too late.You'll have to tell him the truth.He's gonna see it when he gets home.You'll have to explain it sooner or later."

Aylin turned pale, unable to say a word.

"What's wrong?" asked Martin.

"Your sister did something silly. She had Jameson Proctor's ex-wife pushed into the water. It caused a big disturbance then. Luckily, the woman was saved."

Martin lightly squeezed his lips and slowly said, "I know this."

But the matter was far more complicated.

Mrs. Morton continued, "Your sister apologized to her. We thought that the matter was resolved. But...but who would've thought that people are now using this as a threat against us. Your sister has got insomnia because of it. She's grown so weak!"

Aylin bit her lips and struggled hard to open her mouth, "It's my fault after all. I have to accept whatever consequence that might follow. But....but you see how dad is right now. The doctor says he can't take any more shock. So many people have their eyes on us right now, trying to get the goods on us. If the news spreads out, it will be the end for our family!"

"Who is threatening you?"

"It's...it's...."

Aylin couldn't spit it out, so Mr. Morton did it for her, "It's Natalia Beale."

She sighed, "That child grew up also under my watch. I can't believe now she's turned against us, even though Aylin did make a mistake. We are afraid to let your father know it. So we have no choice but to keep Natalia at home now."

Aylin followed up, "Martin, perhaps you don't know what happened to the Beale Family...."

"I do," said Martin.

He was worried about Sharon Allyson, so he kept himself updated about what was going on here even though he was in Switzerland.

Sometimes he learned the news a little late or the details not so clearly.

But something as significant as the Beale Family's incident, how could he not have heard? Aylin fell onto the chair as if losing all her strength, covered her face with two hands, and cried, "I really don't know what to do now. Jameson Proctor's men are looking for her. If he finds out that we are keeping her, he won't let us off the hook! But I'm also afraid to let dad know...."

Martin got down before her and thought for a long while.

"Sis, no matter what happens, you are always one of the Mortons. The family will bear any consequence with you."

"But dad...."

"I'll have people watch over him. He'll never know anything."

Mrs.Morton frowned upon hearing this, “You plan to hand Natalia over to Jameson Proctor? Have you considered the consequence? If we do this, the Morton Family could be finished.”

“The Morton Family has long been an empty shell.If Sharon had not sacrificed herself to negotiate with the Proctor Family, we wouldn’t have lasted even till now.”

Mrs.Morton was shocked and speechless.

When the engagement with the Proctor Group was dismissed, they thought that it was the end for them.

But to their surprise, the several corporations with the Proctor Group kept going.

They helped the Morton Group survive all the way to this point.

Martin added, “We owe Sharon.Now we have to return the favor, bit by bit.”

Mrs.Morton and Aylin both stopped talking.

After some time, Martin asked, “Is Natalia Beale still at the Mortons’?”

Aylin nodded with her eyes swollen, “She stays in the backyard.She ordered me around, but since dad fell ill, I sent a servant to her.And I ordered the servant to keep it a secret.”

“Alright.”

Aylin grabbed his shirt as he was getting up, “Martin, what are you going to do? Giving her to Jameson Proctor? If it makes a big noise, I’m afraid.....”

“Leave it to me.I’ll handle it properly”

Aylin moved her hand back.

Having left the hospital, Martin sat in his car and called Jameson.

“Mr.Morton, you’re so anxious to talk business with me”

Jameson’s cold voice came from the other side.

“I need to talk to you, Mr.Proctor.”

“I don’t think we have anything to talk about.”

“Then I’ll talk to Sharon.”

“....What is it?”

Jameson licked his teeth and asked.

“I know where Natalia Beale is.”

“Where?”

Jameson got serious.

"My home."

Jameson snorted.

It was obvious to him why the Morton Family would keep Natalia Beale with them.

He tapped on the desk with his long finger and said nonchalantly, "So Mr.Morton wants to place justice over loyalty?"

"My father is ill.My mom and sister were afraid that it would aggravate his condition.Natalia used it to get the better of them.But I promise you that I'll hand Natalia Beale over by the end of today"

"Great, Jameson answered with narrowed eyes.Martin put down the phone and drove towards the Mortons'.

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In the afternoon, Sharon got a call from Jameson when she was about to go home.

"You're not home?" came Jameson's deep voice.

"I got bored, so I came to the studio.But I'm heading back right now."

"Alright.I have something to deal with today, so I might come back late.You don't have to wait for me."

"Did something happen in the company?"

"No, it's nothing serious.I'll tell you when I get back"

"Ok."

After the call, she saw Tiffany enter.

"Sharon, you're not leaving yet?"

Sharon got up from the seat and said, "Let's go."

Tiffany had taken a cab here today due to traffic control, so Sharon gave her a ride.

"Has your Mr.Proctor nagged you to go home yet?"

Sharon smiled, "He has something to do.He'll be home late tonight."

"Honestly, that jerk usually looks quite idle, but when he's busy, he's REAL busy.You get to breathe, though."

Sharon suddenly felt a little lost.

If these words had been said a year ago, it would've been dry humor.

Who would've anticipated so many things to happen in just a year? Soon, the car arrived at the destination.

Sharon rolled down the window and asked, "Is it here?"

Tiffany answered, "Yep. I'll go now. Drive safe!"

"Ok. See ya."

After Tiffany left, Sharon retracted her vision and then started the car again.

Back to the apartment building, when she got out of the lift, she heard a baby crying from next door.

Sharon halted her steps.

Having been here for quite some time, she had never heard the baby's noise before.

As she was about to head home, the lift door opened again.

"Ruben" Sharon was surprised, "Why are you here?"

Ruben stood there, looking very calm, "For dinner."

Sharon had indeed mentioned before that he could come for dinner when he wanted. But he had always turned down the offer.

What a surprise! Sharon figured that perhaps he was feeling bad about what had happened, so he came to her.

"Come on in" said Sharon as she unlocked the door.

Ruben followed behind.

He took a glance at next door before he got in.

Sharon asked as she was entering the kitchen, "What do you want to eat?"

"Whatever."

Ruben was not picky about food like Jameson was.

Sharon looked inside the fridge and decided to cook whatever was in there.

"Jameson is not here?"

Ruben came to the kitchen entrance.

Sharon answered while cutting vegetables, "He's doing something and will be back late."

Ruben frowned.

"Something? What?"

"I don't know. I didn't ask."

"Why didn't you ask? What if he's lying to you?"

Sharon turned to him and said, "If he's lying to me, what good will it do to ask? He'll just find some excuse."

"You're not afraid that he'll do.....something behind your back?" said Ruben in an ambiguous way.

"He won't"

"You trust him?"

Sharon smiled and answered, "You'll know when you're in a relationship.If a person really loves you, he'll resist all temptations.But if he doesn't, then there's no point worrying because he'll do it anyway"

Sharon thought of something as she was talking.

"How about you? Have you seen Giana Clarke?"

Ruben blushed and turned his eyes away, "I don't know"

"What do you mean you don't know?"

"She has an upcoming movie.So she's on tour right now."

"You're paying close attention, huh?"

"It's all on the internet.You're the only one who doesn't know about it."

Sharon finished placing the dishes and chopsticks, "Alright, let's eat."

"I heard from Jameson Proctor that you're resting at home.But why did I see you come back from outside? Where did you go?"

"So you talk to Jameson a lot."

"_..."

Perhaps feeling guilty about it, Ruben dug in and stopped talking.

Sharon was just casually talking, so she switched the topic instead, "How's your television career going?"

"Not bad.It's going."

At this moment, Sharon's phone rang.

It was Jameson calling.

She got up and said, "Ruben, I'll take a call.You go ahead and eat first."

"Alright."

Sharon came to the balcony and answered the phone, "What's up?"

"Home?"

"Yeah.Ruben's here as well.We're eating."

Sharon added, "When will you be here? Should we leave something for you to eat?"

"No.I'll probably be back really late."

"Alright, go back to work then."

"You're not gonna ask me what I'm doing?"

"If you want to tell me, you'll tell me."

Jameson laughed, "Fine. I'll tell you when I'm back."

Sharon went back indoors.

She looked at Ruben from the entrance, compressed her lips for a while, and then hesitantly walked over to him.

"Ruben, I have something to tell you."

Ruben took a short pause and asked, "Is it about Josh Allyson?"

Sharon nodded, "He died.....on the day of the funeral."

She hadn't asked Jameson about the autopsy result.

Even if she asked, she wouldn't be able to offer any help.

Ruben's face was dead calm.

He said indifferently, "It's about time."

Sharon said, "Since he's dead now, this whole thing is finished. You don't have to think about it anymore. You can study hard-love hard!"

"..."

Ruben didn't reply.

After dinner, he volunteered to clean up.

"I'm leaving" said Ruben.

"I walk you out."

"No, it's fine. I'm not a kid. Bye"

Sharon smiled at his back. She knew that it was far from over for both Ruben and her. She only hoped that Ruben could be free from damage of any kind, no matter what would happen next. Sharon returned to the bedroom and lay down on the bed.

After some searching on the phone, she learned that Giana Clarke was indeed on her tour.

And it had just started.

It was still a long time before she would return to the South City.

Just when she was about to put down her phone, a piece of news related to the Beale Group popped up and caught her attention. She froze for two seconds and then clicked in.

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Meanwhile.

Since Mr.Morton's hospitalization, Mrs.Morton and her doctor had never returned home once.

And Natalia kept alert during this whole time, during which a servant sent by Aylin was attending to her needs.

She secretly inquired and learned that Sharon didn't have a car crash, which could only mean that her plan had failed.

Nevertheless, Jameson Proctor's men were still searching for her.

She relied on the pieces of jewelry taken from Sofia Berry and bounced around a few places.

In the end, she made her way to the Morton Family unnoticed.

It was to her advantage that she hadn't been in contact with Aylin Morton for a long time and that the Morton Family was in dire straits already.

Hence, Jameson Proctor never suspected her of being there.

But it was not a proper long-term plan to keep staying here.

She had to figure a way to let the Morton Family send her abroad.

Now that Martin Morton was in Switzerland, they could definitely find a way to get her out unnoticed.

At this thought, she called Aylin Morton, but she didn't answer.

Natalia frowned, and a sense of annoyance came to her.

She couldn't get out, so there was no way for her to know Mr.Morton's condition.

If Aylin Morton wanted to avoid her, she probably would never come back.

As the sky darkened, footsteps came from the door.

Different from before, this time, the sound was deep and powerful—a man, obviously.

Natalia immediately took the paring knife on the tea table, looking at the entrance.

The door was opened, and a tall and slim male figure appeared in front of her.

"It's you"

Natalia knitted her brows tighter.

"Why are you here? No.When did you come back?"

Martin stood still at the door and looked at her quietly.

His vision slowly fell onto the knife in her hand.

"Miss Beale is visiting.Of course, I need to greet you in person."

Natalia didn't let down her guards.

She only stared at him cautiously, "Since your sister has told you about me. Then you should know full well how detrimental it will be if her little scandal gets out. Jameson Proctor will not let her get away with it."

"Since you mentioned this, I have a question for you, Miss Beale. My sister never had anything to do with Sharon. How did she know that Sharon was pregnant?"

"Erica Proctor told her."

"Is that so?"

Martin continued, "Then where did Erica Proctor get the information from?"

Natalia didn't reply, and her face turned grim.

"We both know who started it all. Did you never see this day coming when you were doing those shady things?"

Natalia sneered, "It's all Sharon Allyson's fault that I end up like this! She set me up and then ruined the Beale Family! Are you so blind that you don't see how she planned everything? She maneuvered Jameson Proctor into marrying her a few years ago. And now she's framing my father and me. She got you stupid people wrapped around her finger! But the truth will come out sooner and later!"

Martin wasn't moved by her speech at all, "You say you've been framed. But I'm curious to know this—Did Sharon force you to do the things you did?"

"I..."

Natalia lost words for a moment and then said, "I was only trying to expose her true character!"

"Does that include tampering with her car to kill her in an accident? Was that for the same reason as well?"

"She asked for it! She took what was mine and turned the Beale Group into this state! I just didn't expect that she wouldn't even get in that car."

"Miss Beale, you should understand—you reap what you sow."

Natalia burst into laughter, "Of course! I will reap what I sowed. How about your sister? Should she pay the price as well?"

"Naturally, yes."

Natalia's laugh quieted down at this.

Martin stepped back a little, letting the light come in from outside.

Only then did Natalia notice there were many people outside, among which there was Jameson Proctor.

He stood in the night, speaking in a chilly voice, "Would you tell me—What exactly has Sharon taken from you? Me?"

Natalia's face twisted horrifyingly in an instant.

Jameson continued, "If you had just a little self-awareness, you would understand that I'm not interested in you at all, with or without Sharon Allyson. So I'm extremely curious—Under what kind of delusion did you manage to say these words?"

Jameson completely aggravated her.

She screamed, "You're but a ba*tard son! What gives you the superiority? I'm the one that gets to look down on you!"

Jameson smiled instead of getting mad, "I want to point out something to you. Your father, Tavis Beale, has never married. You at most just an illegitimate daughter he took home to fool others. And by the way, it was you who took from Sharon. You took her identity for twenty years."

"Liar!"

Jameson had no intention to argue with her further.

He turned around and said, "Officer, you heard her"

With these words, he left.

Before Natalia had the time to react, a few policemen walked in. She went pale and tried to fight back.

During the process, she cut her own face by accident.

Blood covered half of her face.

All that was left in the backyard was her hysterical screaming.

Jameson turned around to the man who followed him outside, "What? You want me to say thank you?"

He added before Martin had the time to answer, "You kept Natalia Beale for so long. I'm doing you a favor already by not holding you accountable."

"I want to apologize to Sharon for my sister"

"I'll tell her that you're sorry. You don't have to look for her"

Martin suddenly laughed.

"What you laughing' about!?" Jameson frowned.

"I just didn't expect Mr. Proctor to be so nervous about me meeting Sharon. You don't seem so confident about your relationship."

"Meh." Martin added, "I have a lot of things to take care of during my return this time. I'll probably have no time to see Sharon. I heard about what happened recently. Please look after her, Mr. Proctor."

"Don't tell me what to do."

"Mr. Proctor, you know Sharon's personality very well. With certain things, she only gives you one chance. Treasure it."

Jameson narrowed his dark eyes, saying nothing.

"I need to go to the hospital now. Take care, Mr. Proctor"

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At midnight, when Sharon was half asleep, she felt that the bed was lowered and then fell into a warm embrace.

"You just got back?" asked Sharon, eyes closed.

Jameson touched her back gently and said, "Yeah, go back to sleep."

Sharon habitually hugged him and fell back to sleep again soon.

In the dark, Jameson kissed her between her brows.

Now that Natalia was captured, only Tavis Beale was still on the run.

He was unpredictable like a time bomb.

The Beale Group was a complete mess right now with a massive deficit.

And the leaders had either run away or jumped ship, leaving the poor workers at a loss.

If no one came forward to unite and lead the Beale Group now, this family business, which had stood in the South City for a century and had been the work of several generations, would collapse overnight and cease to exist.

Many worker's families would have to suffer this colossal blow.

And the person who caused all this was none other than Tavis Beale.

He caused thousands to suffer for his own greed.

No punishment could redeem his sins.

When Sharon was woken by the alarm clock, Jameson had left already.

Jennifer was already in the kitchen cooking breakfast.

"Good morning, madam. Breakfast will be ready in just a minute."

Sharon looked around and asked, "Where's Jameson?"

"He left for business. He asked me to tell you that it'll be like this recently, so don't you miss him too much."

'_....Who's gonna miss him!?' complained Sharon.

Halfway through the meal, Sharon suddenly thought of something.

"Jennifer, did our next-door neighbors have a baby? I heard baby's crying yesterday."

Jennifer tosses her head, "That I have no idea. I haven't even met them."

“Me neither.”

“If madam likes baby, madam should just give birth to one.”

Sharon paused for a moment and didn’t say anything.

Jennifer thought that she reminded her of her last child.

“I’m sorry, madam. Have I talked too much?”

“No. I just think that babies are indeed very cute.”

Jameson hadn’t been wearing protections these days.

Would she get pregnant successfully? She could only wait and see.

After breakfast, Sharon went to the studio. She had a fair bit of work to do after taking this long break.

The Fashion Week was still a few months away, but many things needed to be prepared beforehand.

Time passed to the afternoon.

Tiffany knocked on the door.

“Sharon, you busy?”

Sharon stretched her arms, “Not so much. How’s it going?”

“There are some people here.....from the Beale Group. They want to talk to you.”

Sharon froze, “Talk to me?”

Tiffany nodded, “Yeah. If you don’t want to see them, I’ll ask them to leave.”

It had been quite some time since the anniversary celebration of the Beale Group.

She hadn’t been paying much attention to the news.

But last night, she read that the Beale Group had halted several of their major projects.

Many people from their partner companies came to make a scene.

There was no one in charge in the Beale Group, and the employees were all frightened by the situation.

“Let them in” Sharon decided after some thought.

“Alright.”

To her surprise, she knew both men who came, One of them was the leader who had forced Paisley Gregory to drink alcohol—Kale Bee; the other was the single dad Paisly introduced to her—Jayden Bower.

Unlike last time, Kale Bee showed immediate gratitude and exaggerated passion upon seeing Sharon.

He walked over to her and offered both hands for a handshake, “Miss Allyson, thank you so much for taking the time to see us during your busy schedule. I really...”

Sharon dodged his hands swiftly and said, "Just cut it there.Can we get to the point now?"

Kale Bee wiped the sweat on his forehead as he sat himself down on the sofa.

"On the celebration, we learned that Miss Allyson is the legitimate successor of the Beale Group.With the situation right now, we have no choice but....."

Jayden Bower took over, "Just let me do it.Miss Allyson, since Mr.Beale's disappearance, the Beale Group has been in complete chaos.No one has any idea what the future might hold for the group.We would very much like to know, Miss Allyson, what is your thought regarding the future of the Beale Group?"

"The Beale Group has nothing to do with me."

Kale Bee immediately followed, "Of course, of course, of course.All the faults are Mr.....no, Tavis Beale's! We can tell right from wrong.And obviously, we will never ask Miss Allyson to take over the mess.But the thousands of workers—they are innocent-and so many cooperatives.....Most of them have families to raise.The Beale Group's downfall is not a big deal to others, but to them, it's everything! They have put in so much effort and sacrificed so much! I can't even imagine just how many companies will go bankrupt and how many families will be broken apart."

Upon hearing this, Sharon frowned.

"We understand that Miss Allyson has no obligation to care about the group.But what's at stake is not just thousands of employees, but thousands of families, too," said Jayden Bower.

Kale Bee added, "That's right, that's right! All the other executives have jumped ship, but we two have worked here for so many years.The staffs are like our family members.We can't forsake them!"

"Family members?"

Sharon looked at Kale and asked.

"Yeah! One can't leave his family behind!"

Kale slapped hard on his lap, thinking that Sharon was moved.

"Perhaps I'm still inexperienced.I've never seen someone forced alcohol down his family member's throat with ill intent"

Kale Bee's face turned embarrassed in an instant.

He spoke with stiff lips, "I.....I was too drunk that night! Please, Miss Allyson, excuse me for my inappropriate behavior."

Jayden also tried to help, "Yeah, Miss Allyson.Mr.Bee has his faults, but he's worked in the Beale Group for more than ten years.He has a deep love for this place."

"Jayden's right.The Beale Group is my home! How can I stand by as my home is being destroyed?"

Kale Bee sighed, "If Miss Allyson is still angry about what happened before, I can go and....."

Sharon interrupted him, "So, what do you want me to do?"

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After a moment of silence in the office, Jayden Bower spoke up, "We hope that Miss Allyson could take charge of the Beale Group to pacify the turbulence and buy us time."

"Buy you time?"

"Yes.Mr.Bee and we are trying to find investors in order to resolve the situation.But the Beale Group is without a leader.No company or bank is willing to make any investment in us."

Kale Bee took over again, "But if Miss Allyson could take over the group.They will all be open for negotiation for your sake!"

Sharon bluntly asked, "For my sake, or Jameson Proctor's?"

"Well....."

Kale turned to Jayden for help.

Jayden answered in composure, "We do want to take advantage of Mr.Proctor's name.But still, Miss Allyson, you are the rightful successor of the Beale Group.If you step up at this time, all the workers and partners will feel relieved.And the investors will give the Beale Group one more chance for the sake of the deceased president"

"Exactly!"

Kale took over(one more time), "Though I never have the honor to meet the great president, I've heard so much of his glorious past about how he saved the Beale Group from absolute destruction during a time very much like this one! He had so much love for the group! But now, he's no longer alive, and the only savior we have is YOU! Miss Allyson!"

To summarize this over-the-top performance put on by Jayden and Kale, all they wanted was that Sharon could take over the Beale Group for her dead father's sake.

But what they didn't know was that her father was still alive.

He had to know what was going on with the group.

The only reason that he would leave it be was perhaps that he had given up on the Beale Group completely.

But they were right about the workers.

They were the Tavis Beale's poor sacrificial lambs.

Sharon closed her eyes and suddenly felt a twitching pain in her temple.

"Miss Allyson, we....."

Kale was about to say something but only to be stopped by Jayden right away, "We have spoken so much to Miss Allyson today.You obviously need some time to think it over.Please take as much time as you need.We will be waiting for your answer"

Sharon nodded and said, "Alright then."

She did need the time.

Kale complained as they got out of the studio, "We made so much effort. How can we leave empty-handed?"

"Mr. Bee, do you think Jameson Proctor will go easy on you if you force her to accept it today?"

Kale thought for a second and snorted, "When it's all settled and done under the public's watch, do you think Jameson Proctor can turn the tide?"

"You underestimate him! One should never go against his will"

"Da*m it! If my own interest weren't involved, I would never have to try to please a little girl!"

Tavis Beale did get away, but Kale Bee had his wife and child to take care of.

He had been entirely unprepared for the situation.

Now, he had nowhere to run! Although he tried to hide for some time, people always found their way to him and asked for some kind of explanation.

What explanation could he give!? What did Tavis Beale have to do with him? In the end, out of desperation, he had come here with Jayden Bower to meet Sharon.

If Sharon agreed to take charge, that would save him a lot of trouble.

Jayden laughed, "Mr. Bee, Miss Allyson is the young madam of the Beale Group, after all.

If the Beale Group can somehow survive, we'll both be working for her in the future."

Kale waved his hands, "It's not like you don't know how bad the situation is. We're just trying to delay the inevitable so that we can reduce our losses. Sharon Allyson? What good will she do? She's only there to shift public attention!"

Jayden narrowed his eyes and spoke no more.

Compared with Kale Bee, Jayden was all relaxed.

He had a big bargaining chip in his hand, so there was no worry about how to get out for him.

He was only thinking about how to maximize the use of the chip.

Kale Bee spoke again after some time, "Well, it's not all impossible for the Beale Group to revive."

Jayden was surprised to hear that.

"How?"

Kale burst into laughter and patted Jayden's shoulder, "If that dead man Talon Beale crawled out from the grave!"

"Hehehe. Nice one, Mr. Bee. If I'm correct, Talon Beale died many years ago, right?"

"Yeah. That's why the Beale Group is over and done with."

He pulled the car door open while talking, "Alright, I gotta go. You deal with the rest as you see fit. I don't wanna come here anymore."

Jayden nodded, "Take care, Mr. Bee."

As the black car gradually moved away, Jayden turned around and looked at the studio.

The corners of his lips twitched.

It was a subtle smile.

Soon, his phone rang.

He picked up the call after checking the name on the screen.

"Hey, Harley, what's up?"

Harley Cook let out a long breath after hearing his voice, "I'm finally out. Are you working? You wanna have dinner together?"

"Of course,"

Jayden opened the car door and added, "By the way, you haven't told me where you guys moved to."

"Still the same complex. We just moved next door to the boss."

"Next door?"

"Yeah. I was a little unsure about it. But he said the most dangerous place is also the safest place."

Having been together with Jayden for quite some time, Harley Cook had let her guard down completely.

She would tell him anything.

The only disguise was by calling Jameson Proctor "my boss".

"Your boss is very smart"

Jayden said as he looked at the studio from his car.

"Yeah. But last time I lost the card key. He got so mad at me. I was almost scared to death."

"You should quit that job. I can provide for you. We don't even have enough time to see each other now."

"Not yet. My boss saved my life before. I owe him so much. Give me some more time. I'll leave once this matter is solved."

Jayden tapped on the wheel with his finger, "What is he waiting for, man—"

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"I dunno, said Harley Cook.

"It's his private affair. I can't ask him about it. But I heard that the child was born prematurely because of something his family did. His family is complicated. Perhaps he wants to take care of those messes first."

"His family affair is not gonna do you any harm, right?"

"Nah, that you don't have to worry about."

"I'll come and pick you up now" said Jayden as he retracted his eyes from the studio.

"Ok."

After hanging up, Jayden threw the phone aside and then adjusted his tie.

His face was full of mockery and disdain.

Tiffany walked into the office after the two's departure.

"Sharon, what do they want?"

Sharon pressed her lips against each other, looking blankly ahead, "It's about the Beale Group."

"The Beale Group! What about it?"

"It's been a complete mess since Tavis Beale's escape. They're without anyone in charge."

"So what? It's none of your business. What do they want from you?"

Sharon replied softly, "They want me to step up and take over the group so that they'll have a chance to get investments and loans."

Tiffany sensed something quite suspicious.

"No, you must not accept that. Whoever gets involved with the Beale Group right now is bound to have bad luck. Let them do whatever they want with themselves. It has nothing to do with you"

"That's what I thought as well, but....."

"But what?"

"The thousands of employees and many more people related to the Beale Group—They're all innocent."

Tiffany frowned at this, "Well, there's no denying that. Tavis Beale is such a human s*um! He's the one who created this whole mess. But..... Sharon, it's really not your responsibility"

Sharon lowered her eyelids, "I understand that."

Tiffany sighed quietly.

Understanding is one thing; what should be done is another.

After a while, Sharon spoke suddenly, "Tiffany, have you talked to Daniel recently?"

Tiffany turned slightly red, "No....no! Why would I talk to him?"

They hadn't seen each other since the funeral. It was good, though.

At least she didn't have to be bothered by him.

"I want to talk to him" Sharon said.

Tiffany was confused by it, "What solution does he have?"

"No."

Sharon didn't know how to put it, "I just...I just feel like he knows more about the Beale Group than I do."

Tiffany nodded, "Yeah.Makes sense.He tried hard to get close to Natalia Beale back then."

Sharon smiled, "You're jealous?"

"Shut up! I'm not jealous! I'm just saying what a skillful player he is.Natalia was being played like a fool."

"Alright.I'll see him later.You wanna join?"

"Nah.I have a blind date to go to."

Sharon froze for a second, "It's today?"

"Yeah.It's just a dinner.I'll go straight back home afterward.Just need some excuse to get out."

Sharon nodded thoughtfully, "When are you leaving?"

Tiffany answered while looking at the time, "Dinner's at 6, so I'll leave around 5:30.It's pretty close anyway, only a ten-minute drive."

"Good.I'll drive you there then."

"It's ok.I have a car."

Sharon teased with a straight face, "Uh-uh.You see—if you like the guy, you can give him a hint to drive you home.And you'll get to know each other more on the way.If you don't like him, you can just call a cab.But if you drive, then there'll be no chance at all."

Tiffany somehow agreed with her words.Her eyes brightened.

"Yeah! If he's a handsome guy, I'd love to have him drive me home."

"So it's decided.I'll drive you there."

"Ok.Let me go change and put on makeup."

"Do it."

Sharon took a deep breath after Tiffany left the office and then called Daniel.

"You're free to come out?"

"Of course.Where?"

Daniel accepted directly.

"I'm still in the studio, but I'll send you the address later."

"Ok."

After hanging up, Sharon thought for a while and decided to text Jameson, asking what time he was going home tonight.

But he hadn't replied after ten minutes.

Perhaps he was going to work until late again.

Off the phone, Sharon searched about the Beale Group on the computer.

But, unfortunately, all the news was negative.

There were photos of construction workers sitting on the ground, looking extremely lost.

During the interview, they told the reporter that they had received no pay at all.

And they were afraid to go home to share the bad news.

So they could only wait there for something to happen.

But they had no idea what exactly they were waiting for.

And there was another story—one of the business partners committed suicide by jumping off from a building because he couldn't handle the pressure.

Although he was rescued, he lost a leg.

And so on.

Sharon closed the page, leaned back, and let out a long breath.

"He" must've seen the news as well.

So what exactly.....was he thinking? Looking at the baby's breath outside the window, Sharon got lost in thought.

A while later, Tiffany knocked on the door, "Sharon, it's 5:00.Let's go."

She snapped out of the trance and got up, "Coming."

It was the weekend, so there wasn't much traffic on the road.

After about ten minutes, they arrived.

Tiffany said as she was taking off the seatbelt, "Alright, I'm off.Take care, Sharon"

Sharon smiled at her, "You too."

Upon Tiffany's departure, Sharon parked the car somewhere close and then texted Daniel the address.

Daniel lived no far away from here, so he arrived in twenty.

Sharon was waiting in front of the restaurant.

"Sorry for the wait" said Daniel as he was walking over.

"It's ok. I'm the one that asked you out."

"Shall we?"

Entering the restaurant, Sharon immediately found where Tiffany was sitting.

It was a seat by the window, and a man was sitting across from her.

His appearance was unclear because she could only see his back.

Sharon picked a seat from where she and Daniel could see them.

"Let's sit here."

Daniel didn't notice anything wrong, so he answered, "Sure"

But after he sat down comfortably, he saw Tiffany right away.

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And naturally, he also saw the man sitting opposite her. They were chatting about who knew what, and Tiffany was laughing and smiling.

Sharon acted like she didn't know anything. She coughed to bring Daniel's attention back, "Let's order"

Daniel didn't move his eyes at all.

"Do it for me. I can eat anything."

It was the first time Sharon came to this restaurant, so she ordered the waiter's recommendations.

After that, she looked at Daniel again and found that he was still looking that way, frowning and holding on tight to the glass in his hand.

Sharon raised her eyebrows and carefully took a sip of water.

As the waiter served the appetizer, Daniel looked back at Sharon and asked, "Who.....who's she talking to?"

Sharon put down the glass and answered quietly, "He's the blind date her family got her. I heard that he's quite decent. He works for a state-owned business. And he's the stable and responsible type. From the way they're getting on right now, they'll probably have everything settled and done by the end of the year"

"This year!?"

Sharon went on thoughtfully, "Maybe you don't know how things work here. If your parents introduce someone to you, and you find each other suitable, even a flash marriage will be possible.

"The end of the year' is just a conservative estimation. They could get married in less than two months."

Daniel's frown became even more intense.

"They're not gonna get to know each other more? Isn't that way too soon!?"

"Well. Their parents introduced them, so they already know a lot about their backgrounds and things. Two or three months are more than enough"

Daniel stopped talking.

After some time, he finally asked, "She wants to get married that bad?"

"Well, she's not in a hurry, but her parents are. It really is a matter of chance when it comes to blind dates. They look pretty good together if you ask me. They can get married for sure."

Daniel said coolly, "Well, I don't think so."

That man looked so obviously fishy.

He could be a total womanizer, spitting sweet deceptions from his mouth.

Tiffany had a keen eye.

She must've noticed it already.

Sharon laughed faintly, "Well, only they are the ones to decide."

Daniel went speechless at these words.

He asked after some time, "So what is it that you want to discuss today, Miss Allyson?"

Sharon removed the smile on her face at this moment, "You must have heard the news about the Beale Group recently."

"Yeah,"

Daniel knew what she was talking about.

"We're dealing with it right now."

"Dealing with it how?"

Daniel didn't know what to say all of a sudden. It was not an easy task.

No matter what they did, it would seem futile.

And the most effective method, however, would also require the most significant price.

Sharon said, "I saw a lot of news today. There are so many innocent people affected by Tavis Beale's wrongdoings. He was the sole reason for this tragedy. Although I don't have much emotional connection with the Beale Group, I'd hate to see the destruction of it and so many people's hopes and dreams."

Daniel had a feeling that she was not only talking to him but also someone else.

Sharon had asked him before who exactly they were.

But it was the first time she talked about the Beale Group in this kind of tone.

"Miss Allyson, have you figured something out?" asked Daniel cautiously.

"What is it that I'm supposed to have figured out?" Sharon asked back in a straight face.

Daniel smiled awkwardly and dodged her question by drinking from the glass.

Sharon continued, "I just feel that we've always had the same objective. Now that Tavis Beale ran away and left such a huge mess behind, you won't stand by, will you?"

Daniel answered, "Miss Allyson, you have to understand that it's not that we don't want to help, but we don't know how to. You are aware of how difficult it is to resolve the situation now. We still need time for planning."

"But it is exactly time that they don't have," Sharon said as she shook her head.

Daniel sighed as well, "So what do you have in mind, Miss Allyson?"

"Two leaders from the Beale Group came today in the hope that I could take charge and settle the turbulence."

"And you agreed?" Daniel asked in shock.

"No, I'm still thinking."

"Miss Allyson, you must not take responsibility for it. It'll be impossible to get away with it once you've accepted this task."

"I know"

But someone had to do something, no matter how difficult it was.

Daniel had his mouth open but swallowed the words back; instead, he said, "Miss Allyson, it's not a trivial matter. I suggest that you should discuss it with Mr. Proctor. I don't think he'll agree."

Sharon nodded, "I will talk to him."

Whatever decision she made right now would always involve Jameson Proctor at this point.

Meanwhile, Tiffany and her date had finished eating and were walking out with smiles and laughter. Daniel got up right away.

"I'll discuss this subject with.....Trey Coe! Yeah, I'll discuss it with Trey and see if there's any other way. If there's nothing else you wanna talk about, I'll have to go now."

His eyes followed Tiffany as he was talking, and his legs unconsciously moved in that direction as well.

In just a moment, he had disappeared from the restaurant.

The waiter saw this scene and asked, "Miss, should I still serve this?"

Sharon smiled, "Yes, would you pack it for me?"

"Sure."

Sharon took the food with her and then checked her phone.

Jameson still hadn't replied to her.

The meeting was lengthy.

She got in the car and drove towards the Proctor Group.

As Jacob Green was walking with some files in his arms, he saw Sharon exit the lift.

"Miss Allyson" said Jacob.

"Is Jameson still in a meeting?"

Jacob nodded, "Yeah. It's been going since afternoon. You'll still have to wait a little longer. Let me take you to the office, Miss Allyson."

Sharon saw the files in his hand and said, "It's ok. You go about your business. I can go there by myself"

"Alright."

Sharon took a long breath and walked towards Jameson's office.