

Resume 511

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 511

When Sharon Allyson went back, Jameson Proctor was not at home.

She fished out her phone and saw that Jameson Proctor had sent her a message an hour ago, saying that there was something work and he probably wouldn't be back tonight.

Sharon Allyson replied with a few words, saying she was home, and then put her things down on the couch.

Not long after, Jameson Proctor's phone call came through, whispering, "Had dinner yet?"

"I ate at Tiffany's."

Jameson Proctor added, "Go to bed early. Don't wait for me."

Sharon Allyson paused, "Is...something wrong?"

"There's been a little problem with the project in London, nothing major"

Sharon Allyson said, "Go back to work then."

After hanging up the phone, Sharon Allyson lay on the couch for a while before getting up and going to the bathroom.

It took an hour for Sharon Allyson to come out of the bathroom. She lay in bed, tossing and turning, unable to sleep.

As soon as she closed her eyes, it was as if she could always hear the cries of small children.

Perhaps God felt that she had been given two children, yet couldn't protect them, so he reclaimed her right to be a mother.

In fact, before her first pregnancy, Sharon Allyson didn't like children that much either.

It was just that when the little life began to grow in the belly, gradually had its own consciousness and ideas, and she even could feel him turning over inside her, as well as moving his little arms and legs—that wonderful feeling of blood connection amplified all her senses.

And also, there was the overwhelming anticipation of the little one's arrival.

Sharon Allyson drifted off to sleep until the latter part of the night. She hadn't fallen asleep for long when she heard a subtle movement from the bedroom.

Sharon Allyson opened her eyes in a daze and saw Jameson Proctor walking to the checkroom.

In a trance, she thought she was dreaming.

Jameson Proctor had just taken out his suitcase when a weary female voice came from behind him, "Where are you going?"

He turned his head, and there was Sharon Allyson in her nightgown, her face drowsy with sleep.

Jameson Proctor walked over, took her in his arms, and said slowly, "It's a bit complicated over there. I need to go over there."

"London?"

"Yeah."

Sharon Allyson added, "So how many days are you going to be there?"

"Not sure, a week if fast."

Sharon Allyson got out of his arms, "Then I'll help you pack."

She took one step, and Jameson Proctor grabbed her wrist, "I'll do it, you go to bed"

Sharon Allyson yawned and walked forward, "Remember how you used to call me up at night to help you pack? Now you're suddenly so nice."

Jameson Proctor's lips curled up, and he wrapped his arms around her waist from behind, resting his chin on her shoulder, "It was different then."

"Different how?"

"It was just an excuse for wanting to see you back then."

Sharon Allyson couldn't help but tsk, rummaging through her closet for clothes, "I didn't hear it as an excuse. It was a capitalist's relentless oppression and exploitation."

Jameson Proctor raised his eyebrows, "How else could I make you come back?"

He kept holding her.

Sharon Allyson couldn't even pack. So she lifted her shoulders, "Stahp!"

"No."

Jameson Proctor nibbled sideways on her ear, "I'm going to be there for at least a week. Won't you miss me?"

Sharon Allyson said, "You haven't even left yet. What is there to miss?"

Jameson Proctor gave a low laugh, "Take care of yourself while I'm gone, and if you run into any trouble or something you can't solve, go to William Hood and Dean Wilson."

"Got it"

Jameson Proctor stopped talking but still held her and didn't let go.

Sharon Allyson whispered, "Is there anything else?"

"Star Lake Mansion is finished."

"Ah...pretty quick."

Jameson Proctor's thin lips moved down, and he bit on her neck.

Sharon Allyson stifled a hiss and frowned, "Are you a dog?"

"Don't you always call me that?"

Sharon Allyson, "..."

He knew everything.

Jameson Proctor added, "When I get back, we'll move?"

Sharon Allyson paused slightly in his hands, and only after a moment did she say, "Yes, when you get back, I have something to tell you, too"

"You can't tell me now?"

"No."

Jameson Proctor said, "It's a good thing I'm not a curious person, or you could have killed me in a week."

Sharon Allyson, "..."

She got out of Jameson Proctor's arms, "Well, I'm going to keep packing. You go out and get some sleep...When are you leaving?"

"The flight is at five."

Sharon Allyson asked, "What time is it?"

"Three."

Sharon Allyson said, "Then do you want to sleep for half an hour? I'll call you later."

Jameson Proctor loosened his tie, "No, Jacob Green is waiting for me downstairs."

"Then I'll pack faster."

Ten minutes later, Sharon Allyson closed the suitcase, walked Jameson Proctor to the door, and waved at him, "Take care on your way and call me when you get there."

Jameson Proctor nodded, wrapped his arms around her waist, and pulled her into his embrace.

He lowered his head to kiss her with the tip of his tongue probing in. He released Sharon Allyson just as she was about to lose her breath, "I'm leaving. Go back to bed."

Sharon Allyson nodded, "Bye"

After Jameson Proctor entered the elevator, Sharon Allyson closed the door, went to her room, and fell back into bed, unable to sleep at all.

But with a huge workload waiting for her to handle, Sharon Allyson had to keep her eyes closed and sleep.

When the alarm went off, she stretched out and lifted the quilt to get up.

Now all the suspended projects of the Beale Group have been fully resumed.

The bank loan also arrived quickly.

Sharon Allyson immediately paid the workers.

Although this action made some senior management dissatisfied, they didn't raise any objection because they still remembered how Sharon treated Kale Bee during the meeting.

And the people sent by Sharon now were also each to the post and gradually got started.

If the current trend could continue without significant problems, the Beale Group would come through the crisis in no time.

But imagination and reality were always very different.

Sharon Allyson had just arrived at the company when Jayden Bower came to her, saying that after starting construction, it was discovered that a batch of materials could not be used anymore and had to be replaced immediately.

And to top it off, the same materials were used in almost all of the projects.

This meant that if the replacement was not found in a hurry, all the projects would be stopped again.

And it was not easy to choose and purchase new materials suddenly, and it also would cost a lot of money.

"Ms. Allyson, what should we do now?"

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Sharon Allyson looked at the information in front of her and furrowed, "Are there any other suitable material providers?"

"For the time being...there is none available. I wasn't in charge of these things before, and Mr. Bee has been sick and hospitalized for the past few days, so..."

Sharon Allyson said, "Let me think about it."

Jayden Bower nodded and left in response.

But before Sharon Allyson could figure out what to do, Jayden Bower came back in the afternoon, "Ms. Allyson, things have worked out."

Sharon Allyson froze, "How?"

"Do you remember about the company Complex?"

Sharon Allyson was confused, "Complex?"

"Yes, it's a foreign company that has worked with the Proctor Group before and later bid for the Beale Group's land on Yangchun Road."

Sharon Allyson remembered.

Jayden Bower added, "The head of Complex called an hour ago and said he could provide us with a new batch of materials, and Ivan Gregory had gone to see it and said it was no problem."

Ivan was Paisley Gregory's husband.

Sharon Allyson didn't say anything.

Jayden Bower thought she was unsure, "Does Ms. Allyson want to go over there and see for yourself?"

Sharon Allyson shook her head, "No, did they give a price?"

Jayden Bower said, "I was just about to tell Ms. Allyson that they didn't charge a penny for the materials. They say that the cooperation project with the Beale Group was still in progress, so they decided to do us a favor and that we should give them a higher profit afterward."

Sharon Allyson said, "Is that project still in progress?"

"It stopped after the incident but recently restarted. But I heard that they are not doing things according to the original contract. As for what exactly they're doing now, I'm not sure..."

The Beale Group was now in a situation where it was difficult to even protect itself, and there was no way to intervene in what Complex was doing.

It didn't matter as long as the Beale Group could still make a profit.

Besides, they really needed the materials right now.

Sharon Allyson said, "We'll take it."

Jayden Bower left, and Sharon Allyson clutched her pen, wondering.

After a while, she dialed Daniel's number, "I need to talk to you."

Half an hour later, they were in the coffee shop downstairs.

Sharon Allyson didn't beat around the bush and got right to the point, "I'm sorry about last time."

Daniel froze before he realized what she was referring to.

He laughed before speaking, "What's wrong with that? Besides, you've done quite well since you went to the Beale Group. It's all fine as long as you don't blame me for stopping you in the first place"

Sharon Allyson took a small spoon and stirred the coffee in front of her, "I would also like you to pass on my apology to Patrick Matthias."

At that, Daniel laughed, "I ...don't really know Patrick Matthias well either, and the reason why we appeared together at your studio that time was that we met at the door."

"You're not familiar?"

Daniel swallowed, "It's not that we're not familiar, just not THAT familiar."

Sharon Allyson smiled and took a sip of her coffee, "You, Trey Coe, Daniel, and Patrick Matthias, are all very close to Mr. Jones. I thought that you had known each other for a long time."

“Trey Coe knows Mr.Jones because his parents were students of Mr.Jones.Patrick Matthias because he and Mr.Jones met abroad.They are both from the South City.As for me...”

Sharon Allyson put down her coffee cup and listened carefully, “As for you?”

Daniel, “...”

He still hadn’t figured out what to make up.

Mr.Jones came to his concert? Nah.

Natalia Beale would buy it, but Sharon would never.

The good thing was that Sharon Allyson did not continue to ask but said, “Have you seen Tiffany recently?”

Daniel frowned, “Isn’t she getting married? It’s not appropriate for me to go anymore.”

Sharon Allyson, “...”

She shouldn’t have messed with him.

Sharon Allyson thought about it and only then said, “Actually, matchmaking is just matchmaking.It doesn’t mean that they must get married.If you like the person, you can try to get to know each other more.Marriage is still far away.”

“I see she is getting along with that person quite happily.”

Daniel also seriously thought about this matter.

Since he couldn’t give Tiffany Momon the promise of marriage and she also found someone suitable, he should stop at the right time and not bother her anymore.

Sharon Allyson said, “So is it just a crush still, or do you love her?”

Daniel frowned, “I can’t tell.”

He had never thought so much during a relationship.

The ones he had before all started fast and ended fast.

Sharon Allyson felt quite a headache, and for a moment, did not know what to say.

Daniel added, “Don’t worry, I’ll leave the South City before she gets married and won’t cause her any problems”

“I...I didn’t mean that.”

“Then what do you mean?”

Sharon Allyson didn’t know what to say.

After a while, she said, “If you have time in the next two days, go see her once more.

If you are sincere in wishing her to find her happiness, tell her what you think and make a clean break”

Daniel nodded, "I understand."

Sharon Allyson got up, "Then I'll go back."

After a pause, she added, "By the way, about the materials, please say thanks for me."

Before Daniel could say anything, Sharon Allyson had left.

He looked at Sharon Allyson's back, and an idea vaguely surfaced in his heart.

She already knew.

Not only did she know about his relationship with Patrick Matthias, but also...

Daniel took a breath, confused as to what they were thinking.

Clearly, both sides already knew, yet neither of them would speak up.

After leaving the cafe, Daniel went to the studio entrance and sat in the car for half a day until he finally saw Tiffany Momon.

Tiffany Momon had just come out after her nap and was still yawning.

While she was ordering takeout, Daniel came.

Her phone slipped out of her hand and fell to the ground.

Daniel walked up to her, bent down to pick up the phone, and handed it to her, "Can we talk?"

"Talk? About what?"

"Anything."

Tiffany Momon was silent.

She took the phone from his hand and walked outside the studio.

The piano room next door had been rented out and was being renovated, causing a lot of noise.

Sitting in the milk tea store across the street, Tiffany Momon said, "Go ahead."

The words came to his lips, but he hesitated.

Best wishes? No, he couldn't do it.

Tiffany Momon was puzzled, "What's wrong with you?"

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"You still want to marry that man?"

"Ah..."

Tiffany Momon didn't know why he brought it up again.

She paused before saying, "No."

At that, Daniel raised his eyebrows, "That's good."

Tiffany Momon looked at him and said suspiciously, "What is good?"

Daniel said, "I mean, marriage is not a trivial matter. It is good to be cautious."

Tiffany Momon did not say anything.

Daniel picked up the water in front of him, took a sip, and hesitantly said, "Let's go to dinner tonight?"

Tiffany Momon looked at him, and after a few seconds, asked bluntly, "Are you trying to hook up?"

Daniel, "..."

He choked several times on the water he just drank.

Without waiting for him to recover, Tiffany Momon continued, "Then why are you asking me out to dinner?"

Daniel was speechless.

Tiffany Momon said, "You don't know that asking a girl out to dinner alone means you're interested in her?"

Daniel gripped his cup, and for a moment, he didn't know how to answer.

Tiffany Momon added, "Don't you have anything else to say?"

"I don't think so."

This time it was Tiffany Momon who held the cup nervously, "Then...have something to say to you."

"Hmm?"

Tiffany Momon struggled to articulate what she wanted to say.

She picked up the water in front of her, tilted her head, and finished it.

"Do you have any plans to have children?"

Daniel froze, not understanding what she meant.

Tiffany Momon's lips were tense and straight.

"If...if not, then find a time to accompany me to the hospital."

She had thought it through.

That night was consensual, so they didn't owe each other anything.

He could either marry her or take her to get an abortion.

Simple and clear.

It took Daniel a full minute to figure out what Tiffany Momon meant by that, "You're pregnant?"

Tiffany Momon nodded and took a breath before saying, "I took the pill, but it still happened. The doctor said I need to wait half a month to abort the baby. So..."

"You want to kill it?"

"I..."

Tiffany Momon whispered, "I do not know. That's why I'm here to ask for your opinion."

Daniel's brain was now a bit overwhelmed.

He slightly raised his hand, "Give me a little time."

Seeing this, Tiffany Momon dropped her head.

There was only silence.

After a while, Tiffany Momon said, "The reason I'm telling you this is not to force you to make any choices. I just thought I should tell you."

Daniel licked his lips, "I know, it's just so sudden, and I...need a little time to think about it."

"I understand, then come back to me when you've thought about it. The surgery is half a month away anyway."

Tiffany Momon finished, got up, and said, "Then I'll go back first."

Daniel looked at her back and opened his mouth but didn't know what to say. He could only watch her leave.

After half an hour in the store, Daniel got up and left.

Stella Technologies.

Trey Coe had just come out of the conference room when he heard his assistant say that Daniel had been here for a while.

Trey Coe pushed open the door to his office and saw Daniel sitting on the couch, looking grave, thinking about something.

He sat across the table and frowned, "Something happened with the Beale Group?"

Daniel shook his head slowly.

Trey Coe asked again, "Something happened with Sharon?"

Daniel still shook his head.

Trey Coe said, "What's going on?"

"I got into trouble."

"What?"

Daniel held his tongue against his teeth before saying, "Tiffany Momon is pregnant."

Trey Coe, "..."

He was silent before saying, "When did this happen?"

Daniel rubbed his temples, "Some time ago, when her ex-boyfriend was harassing her."

Trey Coe frowned, "Didn't I tell you, if you don't like her, don't mess with her? Now, what are you going to do? What are you going to do with the baby?"

"I don't know."

"You are so..."

Trey Coe didn't know what to say about him.

It took a moment before Daniel looked at him, "What would you do if it were you?"

"I would never do something like this."

Daniel, "..."

He said, "But what if?"

Trey Coe sulked, "If you like Tiffany, then marry her and raise the baby. If you don't like her, then you're a piece of sh*t! If Patrick Matthias finds out, you know the consequences."

Daniel's temples throbbed violently.

He was utterly unable to come up with an idea.

He let out a silent sigh, "Ms. Allyson seems to know."

At that, Trey Coe froze, "Know what?"

"Patrick Matthias."

"And does...Patrick Matthias know?"

"I haven't told him yet."

Daniel said, "We all know why he didn't want to meet Ms. Allyson. To be honest, Ms. Allyson could be the one who doesn't want to face it."

Trey Coe pursed his lips before saying, "Ruben is very important to her"

"So neither of them wants to break the ice. And they just pretend they don't know"

"But it's probably for the best. Tavis Beale is not found yet. As long as we keep our cards, he won't do anything crazy."

Daniel added, "Jameson Proctor seems to have gone to London today."

Trey Coe said, "I heard. This time the situation seems to be quite complicated. He can not return for a while."

"I always feel that it is not that simple. I will send extra protection for Ms. Allyson. And Patrick Matthias is also watching the Beale Group. So there shouldn't be any problem"

"That's right."

Trey Coe said, "That's not what YOU should be worrying about right now."

Daniel, * ..."

He got up and said, "I'm leaving."

Trey Coe stopped him, "This is something you need to think through. Think clearly! And minimize the damage to Tiffany"

"I know"

After leaving Stella Technologies, Daniel went to the studio again.

This time, however, he didn't get out of the car.

He sat in his car and waited until the evening, watching Tiffany Momon walk to the door, waving goodbye to the other little girls, watching her get into her car, watching her pull over to the side of the road and drive away.

Daniel's brow jumped.

'I'm such an a**hole' This whole thing about getting married and having kids was not in his life plan at all, nor did he ever think he would stay in one place forever. But he couldn't tell her to abort the baby either.

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"I'll give you the treasure map." Venus Mu took off her backpack, unzipping it, and handed him a small, but delicately carved wooden box, "Here you are."

The man in silver mask didn't take it, and said indifferently, "Open it."

Venus opened the small wooden box without any hesitation, and an old rolled parchment was inside. The man's eyes were glowing, reaching out to take it out, then carefully opened it...

Venus's heart was beating faster again, wondering if the fake map could fool this cunning man in front of her.

After getting the map, the man was no longer interested in her and strode back to the room to check the two he had gotten earlier. In the living room, there were only Venus, Alisa and the child.

Venus was in relief and then threw the wooden box onto the floor. Then she kept gazing at the baby as she stood by the stroller.

"Baby, I'm mommy, remember?" Venus whispered, tears overflowing her eyes and her voice trembling, "Baby. mommy is back. Mommy will never leave you again."

The mini Kerry stared at her for a moment, but still no reaction to her. Instead, both his hands reached out to Alisa, who was standing beside Venus, babbling.

Venus could see the tenderness in Alisa's eyes, though it was not often to see. Alisa tapped the baby's nose and whispered, "No hugging right now."

The baby seemed to understand her words, dropping his hand and sulking with a pouted mouth.

"Don't be a baby to me. You're growing too fast for me to hug you."

The child squinted, hearing these words.

Venus was painful inside, but she could only blame herself for the fact that the child had only been with her for three days since he was born, and the rest of the time he had been with the masked man and Alisa, who were of course much closer to them. She, the mother, was now just a stranger to him.

The sound of hurried footsteps came, and before Venus got to know what was happening, she was violently dragged up from the ground, "Why is the material of the treasure map different? I think you just took a fake one to fool me."

Venus's eyes showed surprise, "I saw Kerry take this treasure map out of the vault and put it into the secret place in the study with my own eyes, so how could it be fake?"

The man's eyes were full of anger, "Do not lie to me. Although the route of the treasure map is right, the material is not at all a year, so how do you explain this?"

Venus was also anxious, "How do I know? I have never seen a real treasure map. The treasure map you asked me to take from the vault is this one, and there is no other one. Also, it's ridiculous to say that it's a fake just because the texture of the parchment is different. Have you seen a real one? Maybe it is deliberately drawn on two parchments."

Venus finished the speech without showing any panic, and she gave herself a thumb up inside.

The man gradually calmed down and loosen Venus's arm, "It better be like you said, otherwise, I won't let you go."

Venus was greatly relieved. Thank God.

"Alisa, take her away."

Venus was desperate to hear this, "Wait, I thought you said you'd let me and the baby go."

The man sneered, "Of course I will let you go, but I didn't say when I would let you go. Miss Mu, stay here, and when I find the treasure, you can go."

"How despicable you are!" Venus was dazed with anger. This fucking bastard.

The man said icily, "Whatever you say, you won't be able to leave anyway. I'll remind you by the way, there is only one island around five hundred miles. If you try to escape, you'll die. Therefore, stay here and be nice. If I can find the treasure, you'll be free on that day."

The man turned around after saying that, and Venus called out to him, "Wait a minute, I want to stay with my child."

"I'll keep this promise. I don't want to be his fake father."

Venus was glad to hear this and now the result was the same as she had predicted before she came, so there was no surprise or disappointment.

As long as she could stay with her child, where she was had been no longer that important to her.

"All right, come with me."

Alisa was leading the way, and Venus pushed the stroller and grabbed her bag from the ground. After turning a corner and passing a corridor, Alisa pushed open a door.

"This is where you'll be staying. This is the baby-sitter's room. She knows you're coming today, so she went home yesterday." Alisa explained.

Venus looked around the house. It wasn't very big, with children's toys, milk powder and clothes everywhere.

"Thank you."

Alisa went to the table and took out a notebook from the drawer to her, "This is what the nanny left before she left. It records the time of the baby's meal and how much he eats, plus the time he sleeps, shower and so on."

Venus did not expect to have such a considerate nanny, feeling warm inside. From the detailed records, she could see that the nanny should love her baby very much.

"Give me your bag."

Venus didn't refuse and gave it to her directly.

Alisa opened the bag, dumping all the things on the bed. They were all the daily necessities and clothes.

"No need to search. The only communication device is on the yacht, nothing more."

Alisa rolled her eyes, "Good. Ask me if you need anything. Right, don't walk around this villa. There are men all over who haven't touched a lady for a long time. If one of them gets interested in you, I can't get you out. Boss has always been very forgiving of them."

Venus looked at her with gratitude, "Alisa, thank you for telling me that."

Alisa pouted, "I'm doing this for the baby's sake, and it has nothing to do with you." After saying this, she was about to turn around and leave, when Venus stopped her again.

"Alisa, last time your boss sent me a picture, the baby had a very severe injury, why did I..."

Alisa looked at her with mockery, "Do you want your child to be beaten?"

"No, of course no." Venus shook her hand, "I just feel a little strange."

“Well, if he didn’t send you that, will you be here so soon?” Alisa didn’t answer her question directly, but on her way out, Venus heard her mutter, “The baby is so cute, who would beat him?”

Venus was stunned for a few seconds. According to Alisa, the photo the man sent to her was fake? But in the first video of the baby being thrown into the bath, she could see the face was the baby’s face and the eyes were in different colors. As for the second one he sent over, it actually was not her baby, but she just took it as him...

Thank God.

Venus stretched her body, bending down to see whether her child would say something to her or not, but he just babbled. She had no experience in taking care of a baby before, so she just stood there. It’s fortunate that the baby was a good boy, basically not crying.

When she watched her own child, Venus felt satisfied. She couldn’t get her eyes from him.

“Baby, it’s mommy, and we’ll never be apart again.” Venus finally said something and smiled gently, not expecting the child to smile when she smiled, which made her very happy.

After a while, the child’s small face distorted, with her legs kept twisting, who seemed to have a hard time. Venus was anxious, “Baby, what’s going on? How do you feel?”

The child, of course, did not answer her but babble.

She searched in the notebook, finding there was a paragraph that said in English that if he felt uneasy or uncomfortable sometimes, he may pee his pants.

She carefully touched his buttocks, and it was wet.

She looked for the diaper in her room and took the baby out of the stroller and put him on the bed. She didn’t know how to change it, but the instruction told her the steps. Venus knew some English and there were some pictures as the guidance, so she can barely understand it.

When she was changing the diaper, Venus was so nervous that she was afraid that the baby would be hurt, but she didn’t know that the baby was a living person, not a porcelain doll, and he wouldn’t get hurt by her touch.

It took a long time for Venus to put on the diaper, and she was sweating all over.

Even though her child was already half a year old, she was a new mother, and she had much to learn.

When Kerry arrived in Honolulu, he was picked up by Nighthawk.

“Boss, nice to see you.”

Kerry tiredly nodded at him, turning on his phone and saw the last message sent by Venus, whose heart ached.

“Boss, let’s find a place to rest first, since you’ve flew for so long.” Nighthawk said this with concern.

Kerry did not reply, but turned on the GPS app on the phone, and saw the constantly flashing red dot on it. Only then did he feel a little more at ease.

Venus was now on an island in the eastern Pacific Ocean, surrounded by the sea.

Kerry showed the phone to Nighthawk, "No more rest. Let's get here."

Nighthawk looked at it and said, "Boss, this place is at least five or six hours away from us by boat. Why don't you take a break, and I'll go find a yacht?"

There were so many islands in the Pacific Ocean and only the larger ones have special ships for transportation. As for such relatively distant private islands, owners had their own private planes or yachts. Of course, most yacht would not go to a private island very far away. It was not safe, and it was easy to get lost in the sea.

Kerry knew he was right, so he said, "Then just find a hotel."

"Okay." Nighthawk stopped a cab, and the driver took them up to a luxury hotel.

"Where are our men?" Kerry asked.

"Gather for more information."

"Ask them to come here. No need to do more." Kerry lay down on the bed and closed his eyes.

Nighthawk looked at his boss in surprise, but he didn't ask any questions, "I see. Boss, you rest for a while. I'll go out and look for a yacht."

Kerry said, "OK". Though his eyes were closed, but he could not sleep. What was Venus doing now? Did that asshole give her a hard time? Did she find the baby? Was there any danger?

Too many questions stuck in his head and he was about to go crazy.

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The Proctor family's party received many guests, far more than those attending Master Proctor's birthday banquet last year.

However, the biggest surprise was Jeffery Proctor, who was always reclusive and never showed up in front of so many people.

But this time, he always stayed by Master Proctor's side.

What was more, Master Proctor was on a crutch, but he looked very spirited as he introduced Jeffery Proctor to the guests one after another.

He almost kept repeating the same greetings, "Jeffery was not well a few years ago and had been recuperating at home; but now he is much better."

If you have the opportunity to meet again in the future, I hope you can be ready to help him when necessary."

Not far away, William Hood was holding a glass of wine, whispering, "It looks like Master Proctor is determined to secure Jeffery Proctor's position in the Proctor Group this time"

Dean Wilson sighed, "He has to, as there's no other way out. It's already a total mess over in London"

Sharon Allyson looked at Jeffery Proctor sitting silently in his wheelchair by Master Proctor's side. She felt that he was as cold as a puppet at Master Proctor's mercy. She frowned gently, "Jeffery Proctor seemed unwilling."

William Hood said, "Right. If he were interested in the Proctor Group, he wouldn't have waited until now."

Sharon Allyson said, "But if Master Proctor keeps him around him, there will be no way for us to approach Jeffery."

Dean Wilson took a sip of champagne from his glass, "We can't just wait around. Let me try"

As soon as the words left his mouth, he stepped forward and walked up to Master Proctor, beaming slightly, "Uncle Proctor."

Master Proctor was smiling and talking to the person next to him.

When he turned his eyes and saw Dean, his face sank as he said coolly, "It's you! When did you come back?"

"It's been a while."

Dean Wilson looked at Jeffery Proctor, "I heard that Brother Jeffery was injured; was it serious?"

Jeffery Proctor shook his head gently and spoke for the first time tonight, "Nothing serious."

Dean Wilson made an "oops" sound.

Then, he went closer to check, "There's still broken skin on your forehead. Please take care and don't get infected."

Just as they were chatting, someone came up from behind and, as if by mistake, splashed a whole glass of champagne onto Jeffery Proctor.

Not far away.

William Hood, "..."

Sharon Allyson, "..."

Really, he faked it so good that never would anyone suspect he did it on purpose! Over there, Master Proctor said angrily, "What are you doing!?"

Dean Wilson hastily drew out the square towel in his suit pocket, "Sorry! My hand slipped! I drank too much and I was just feeling dizzy just now. I'm so sorry!"

"You..."

Jeffery Proctor took the square towel in his hand and wiped the liquor off from his suit, saying faintly, "It's okay."

Master Proctor was seeing red.

However, because of Dean Wilson's status and the fact that there were so many people here, he couldn't show his anger, so he just shouted at the maid waiting at the side, "What are you still standing there for? Send Young Master back to his room to change!"

The maid rushed over and answered, "Noted!"

Immediately afterward, Jeffery Proctor was wheeled away.

Dean Wilson spared a glance at Sharon Allyson, signaling for her to follow up.

Then, he stepped in front of Master Proctor again, apologizing in all sincerity, "Uncle Proctor, I'm really sorry! To make up, let me help you out with your lawsuit for free."

Master Proctor felt confused at his words, and he was still angry, "What kind of lawsuit can I have? I think you've got your brain damaged abroad."

Master Proctor had tried a few times to win the Wilson family over.

But somehow Dean Wilson got teamed up with Jameson Proctor, and the Wilson family didn't show much interest in his offering, so he had no choice but to give it up.

He never thought much of Dean Wilson.

Since Dean happened to make such a mistake, he got even more disgusted with him.

Before Sharon Allyson left, William Hood reminded her, "I haven't seen Evie Rowland yet tonight. So be careful not to run into her."

At that, Sharon Allyson was silent for a few seconds before saying, "Okay."

When they reached the door of the room, Jeffery Proctor said to the maid in a light voice, "You go downstairs. I will change before going out."

"But Master said..."

"Now you don't even listen to me anymore?"

The maid did not dare to say more.

Instead, she nodded instantly and left.

Jeffery Proctor went back to his room, changed his clothes, and instead of going back downstairs to the hall, he went to the back garden.

There was no one in the garden; it was quiet and tranquil.

After sitting there for a while, he suddenly spoke, "Come out"

Sharon Allyson walked over, "Mr. Proctor."

Jeffery Proctor turned his wheelchair and seemed to be a little surprised, "Sharon?"

Sharon Allyson nodded, "I heard you were injured and wondered how you are doing"

Jeffery Proctor smiled, "It's just that I didn't pay attention when I was going downstairs. So I stumbled and got my skin sort of grazed; it's almost healed now."

After a pause, he added, "Didn't Jameson come with you?"

"He's gone to London."

Sharon Allyson pursed her lips lightly, "Don't you ...know about his trip to London?"

Jeffery Proctor said, "I haven't heard yet. What's ACTUALLY happening over in London?"

"I've no clue. But I heard that the Proctor family did it"

Jeffery Proctor slightly froze; his brow then furrowed, "So that's it."

Sharon Allyson said, "What?"

"I had been wondering why he was hosting this party. Now it turns out this is the reason."

Jeffery Proctor let out a sigh, "It seems he hasn't given up after all."

Sharon Allyson pouted but didn't say anything.

It looked like Jeffery Proctor was completely unaware of this matter.

Whether it was about Jameson Proctor in London or what the Proctor family had planned next, it was all done without his knowledge.

And yes, if he had known in advance, he would not have agreed to do so.

After a while, Jeffery Proctor said again, "Sharon, did you come to me about this?"

Sharon Allyson did not deny, "I thought you would know what they wanted to do, and I don't know what Jameson Proctor's doing in London, so..."

Jeffery Proctor said, "Sorry, but I really don't know anything. You don't have to worry about Jameson, though. He'll take care of it, sooner or later. It's just a matter of time."

"I got it, thanks."

Jeffery Proctor added, "How you doing? You good?"

"Same old. Just not bad, answered Sharon, the corners of her lips dropping into the recesses of her jowls.

"There's not much I can do to help you. I just hope you can forget about the unhappiness and move on."

Sharon Allyson gave him a slight nod in greeting, "Thanks. Bye for now."

Jeffery Proctor said, "Bye."

Sharon Allyson turned around and left.

Just as she was about to walk down the hall, she was blocked by someone all of a sudden.

Evie Rowland looked at her and said slightly, "Long time no see."

The corners of Sharon Allyson's lips started to twitch up, and there was a little more coldness in her gaze. Evie Rowland saw this and laughed, "You seem to be quite hostile to me. But why? Just because I killed that baby in your belly?"

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Rowland said this with a face full of indifference as if she had just crushed an ant.

Sharon Allyson stared at her, trying to restrain the hatred in her heart, "Mrs. Proctor, you are a mother as well. But if you had even the slightest bit of humanity, you wouldn't utter such stupid things."

Evie Rowland didn't get angry at her words, but said, "What else do you think I did all this for?"

"Would he want to see you do this?"

Evie Rowland snorted, "You don't know anything, neither does Jeffery. Or else he wouldn't have treated a bast**d as his relation. What that bast**d has now should have been his!"

Sharon Allyson spoke with an expressionless face, "The person you should really go to for revenge is the person who created that car accident in the first place. You don't have to take your anger out on those not involved."

"Not involved? Are you kidding me? But for that car accident, how could that bast**d have been taken back to the Proctor family? And by what right did he get what originally belonged to Jeffery?!"

After all these years, she still clung to the idea that none of this would have happened if it weren't for Jameson Proctor.

Sharon Allyson didn't think she could talk her out of it and didn't want to waste time with her.

Every time she saw Evie Rowland, she would remember the car accident and the baby that had lost its life before it had a chance to see the world.

Without another word, Sharon Allyson walked around Evie Rowland and prepared to leave.

Evie Rowland looked over at her and said nonchalantly, "Do you really think you can leave here?"

Sharon Allyson paused slightly in her steps and turned her head to look at her.

Evie Rowland continued, "I thought you were a lot smarter, but you actually failed to see that tonight's trap was set up for you."

A creepy feeling rising up from the bottom of her feet, Sharon Allyson felt a chill down her back. She was just about to run when a hand covered her mouth from behind.

Before she could struggle, something was injected into her arm. She instantly lost all her strength and closed her eyes.

When she fainted, Evie Rowland said lightly, "Take her upstairs and tell them to continue the plan."

"Noted."

William Hood and Dean Wilson had been waiting in the hall for twenty minutes, but still no sight of Sharon Allyson coming out.

They suddenly felt bad.

William Hood frowned, "Let's split up and look for her."

However, no matter how hard the Proctor family searched, Sharon Allyson was nowhere to be seen.

Dean Wilson was dumbfounded, "What now?"

William Hood said in a deep voice, "Demand them to release Sharon."

"If they're hiding Sharon away, they certainly won't admit it."

"No matter what, we've gotta try to make a scene here. If we just sit idle like this, we'll be putting Sharon in danger"

As he spoke, William Hood was already walking over towards Master Proctor, "Master Proctor."

Master Proctor turned his head to look at him, and then at Dean Wilson beside him. It seemed he was in a bad mood.

He thus spoke, "What is it that you guys are up to again?"

William Hood smiled imperceptibly, "Sharon Allyson's missing for no reason. Would it be possible that Master Proctor will send your men to help us find her?"

Master Proctor looked disengaged, "I even didn't know she's here. Couldn't she at least come to me and say hello first? Such poor upbringing!"

Dean Wilson said, "I beg to differ, Uncle Proctor. As soon as she arrived, she was about to greet you. But somehow she was missing shortly afterward. Plus, Sharon is now the head of the Beale Group; if something untoward happens to her here at this party, I'm afraid that the Proctor family will suffer reputational damages. What's worse, Uncle Proctor may really have to ask me to help you fight the lawsuit."

Master Proctor said with a black face, "What nonsense! What kind of head is she? She's too much of an eyesore to stand in front of me. She knows the Proctor family better than any of you; she can't get lost! Go look for her if you like."

"Uncle Proctor, please do me a favor and help us search for her. I am the legal advisor of Beale Group, after all. If I lose the chairman of the board while out with her, how can I do business in the future?"

Master Proctor stood on his crutch, much displeased, "Are you thinking that I've hidden her away? Do I have to give you an explanation?"

William Hood said, "Master Proctor, since we are not familiar with the Proctor family, we hope you can help us."

While they were at a standstill, one of the men came over and said, "We just saw Ms. Allyson go out"

William Hood inclined his head, "When?"

"Just five minutes ago. She left in a car"

Master Proctor was fuller of displeasure, "Now do you still think I'm the one hiding her away?"

Dean Wilson laughed, "Uncle Proctor, please don't take it too seriously. It's not that we suspect you, but we are just not sure and we are too worried. You know full well what kind of person Jameson Proctor is. If Sharon gets lost, he'll skin us alive!"

Next to him, William Hood continued to ask, "What car did she drive? And what's the license plate number?"

"This one..."

Jeffery Proctor wheeled himself over and said indifferently, "It's the one I sent to her. That car is from the Proctor family."

At that, both Dean Wilson and William Hood did not say anything.

Jeffery Proctor said again, "She took a phone call and seemed to be in quite a hurry, so she asked me to tell you guys about it."

After a moment of silence, Dean Wilson laughed twice, "So that's it. We were just worried about her unnecessarily. She must be going home. It's okay now."

With this, Dean Wilson touched William Hood with his arm, signaling him to leave first.

Out of the hall, William Hood stopped and frowned, "You believe what they said?"

Dean Wilson replied, "I'm a lawyer. I do things on evidence. No matter how I don't want to believe him, Jeffery Proctor said so already. What else can you do? Fight them out there?"

William Hood said, "Sharon Allyson knows what tonight is all about. She wouldn't be sent away by the Proctor family at any events. She must still be here."

"I know. But don't you forget what kind of person Jeffery Proctor is. He is Jameson Proctor's big brother, the only one with some humanity here in the Proctor family. This time, however, he stepped in to cover up for them. This is weird."

"It is."

William Hood looked at him, "But you should put this aside first. You know, if Jameson Proctor knows that you left Sharon Allyson alone in the Proctor family, he's more than likely to skin you alive."

Dean Wilson laughed dryly and said seriously, "Skin US, instead of me alone!"

William Hood didn't bother to pay attention to him; he just turned his head and looked around at the surveillance cameras.

If Sharon Allyson had really left, the cameras would have captured it.

Dean Wilson said, "Tell you what, you go first just in case. Go confirm whether Sharon Allyson went back or not. I'll stay here and see what's going on."

William Hood nodded, there was no other way now.

He said, "You stay here until I call you. Don't leave no matter how they try to drive you away. If I fail to find Sharon Allyson outside, please get the surveillance record from them. If worst comes to worst, call the police."

"Call the police?"

"Didn't I just say that the more chaos we cause, the less danger she'll be in?"

William Hood frowned, "They have made such a big show by hiding her away, so they must have an ulterior motive."

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When Sharon Allyson woke up, she felt a blur in front of her eyes, and the scene was so strange that it was unfamiliar. She tried to sit up, but she felt that her whole body could not use any strength.

Not only that, but she couldn't even make a sound.

At that moment, there was a noise outside the door.

Sharon Allyson closed her eyes in a hurry.

The door was opened and several people came in.

The first thing she heard was Master Proctor's voice, "When will she wake up?"

Evie Rowland said indifferently, "It's not a heavy dose, it should be soon."

Master Proctor snorted, "I can't believe I'm going to have to go through all these hoops just to bring her back one day."

"It's all thanks to that good son of yours."

Master Proctor was not happy, "Why are you talking about this again?"

"What did I say that was wrong?"

"You are so ...forget it, I do not want to quarrel with you. In the slightest of things, old wounds could be opened"

Evie Rowland looked at the sleeping Sharon Allyson on the bed, the corners of her lips pulled down, "This time I want to see how much Jameson Proctor can pay for her."

Master Proctor said, "Just follow the plan. You don't want to make a mess. It's not good to irritate him anyways."

Evie Rowland put her hands around her chest, "You want the Proctor Group, but I naturally have what I want."

"Anyway, one step at a time."

After a pause, Master Proctor added, "Dean Wilson is still downstairs, I'll go over there before he gets suspicious."

After saying that, he left with his crutch.

After he left, Evie Rowland added, "It looks like it will be a while before she wakes up, so go back."

Sharon Allyson's eyelashes fluttered softly.

No answer was heard, only Evie Rowland's voice continued to ring, "You don't have to feel guilty, it's what they owe you. I'm just giving you back everything that belongs to you. As long as Jameson Proctor cooperates, it won't take long for her to get out of here safely"

For a long time, a male voice sounded grimly, "Do we have to do this?"

Evie Rowland said, "The recent situation you do not see clearly enough. Do you really think Jameson Proctor will let us, the Proctor family, off the hook? Jeffery, I know the Proctor Group is not important to you, but there are some things that must be held in your hands to have the right to speak."

Jeffery Proctor was silent, not making a sound.

After a few seconds, Evie Rowland continued, "I just hope that after I die, you don't have to live on anyone's charity and mercy. I want them to beg you. Jeffery, do you understand?"

Jeffery Proctor said, "You don't have to say those words. What use will I have for that after your death?"

"Why do you think Jameson Proctor used such strong tactics to suppress the Proctor family this month, to the point that even your father is forced to have no one at all in his hands who can be used? To tell you the truth, that's because he intends to take my life."

"Jameson, he won't."

"Won't?"

Evie Rowland laughed out loud and glanced at Sharon Allyson lying on the bed, "I was going to let them die together, mother and son, to eradicate them once and for all, but I didn't expect she'd survive. You think that after my death, he will still keep you, waiting for you to revenge? Even if you never think of it that way, he will still get rid of you to save himself."

Evie Rowland said, "Between the Proctor family and him, only one can live"

With that, Evie Rowland turned to leave.

After a burst of footsteps, the room returned to silence.

After a moment, Sharon Allyson heard Jeffery Proctor let out a faint, inaudible sigh and maneuver his wheelchair out of the room.

After the sound of the door closing, Sharon Allyson reopened her eyes. Her strength was gradually returning.

Although she still couldn't get up, at least her fingers were able to move already.

If she hadn't heard what she just heard, she wouldn't have believed that Jeffery Proctor was involved in this incident.

But he was clearly not after the Proctor Group, so why would he help them? Sharon Allyson couldn't understand.

But that wasn't what was important now.

She had just heard Master Proctor say that Dean Wilson was still downstairs.

They must be looking for her.

Sharon Allyson took a deep breath and tried to keep her eyes wide open, focusing all her attention on her fingers at this moment, moving them harder and harder, little by little.

After God knew how long, she finally managed to sit up.

But her throat seemed to be smoking, and it was difficult to even spit out a word.

She gritted her teeth and stood up holding on to the wall, then casually picked up the glass ornaments in the room, walked slowly to the window, leaned against it, and threw the things down.

She didn't even have the strength to smash the glass now.

This was all that could be done.

Meanwhile, downstairs.

Dean Wilson was sitting in the sofa, watching from side to side and commenting every now and then, "Uncle Proctor, you have such good taste.

My dad doesn't have such a good eye as yours, as he just keeps buying useless things at home."

Master Proctor touched his crutch and looked at him expressionlessly, "If you see any you like, it will be sent to you."

"This ...is not very proper, right?"

"Nothing bad. I'll have it packed and sent straight to your home, thus giving you a ride home as well."

By this time all the guests had left, leaving Dean Wilson alone. He leveraged on his bare-faced nature, "No rush, no rush. Speaking of which, I haven't visited Uncle Proctor for years. Now that all the outsiders have left, we can catch up."

At that, Master Proctor's face sank again.

Dean Wilson would neither go nor walk away now. It was Clear bare-facedness.

Master Proctor stood up with his crutch, "Suit yourself. If you like to go sightseeing here, just go ahead. I'm going to bed now"

Master Proctor did not take two steps before a small sound came from outside the house.

Dean Wilson reacted quickly and immediately rushed over.

Master Proctor's face was cold and sullen, as he looked at his men behind him, who immediately understood and followed him out.

Dean Wilson arrived at the place where the sound was made, but did not see a sight of any person except for some broken pieces of glass.

He looked at his men who followed him out and hurried back into the house.

Dean Wilson was just about to go upstairs when Master Proctor stuck his crutch in front of him and frowned, "You are going too far!"

Dean Wilson laughed dryly, "Didn't Uncle Proctor just say 'suit yourself'? I'm now suiting myself by going upstairs for a look, as the sightseeing downstairs is almost done"

"Don't act too rude and disrespectful! I know what's in your mind now. You still think I'm hiding Sharon Allyson away, right? If you insist on going upstairs to check, you can go there. But I'd like to ask you, if you don't find her, how will you apologize to me?"

Dean Wilson slowly pushed the crutch away from him, "Take it easy, Uncle Proctor. It's not that I disbelieve you, but everything has to be seen with our own eyes, isn't it so? If you would be so nice as to let me check upstairs, I'll be able to excuse myself in front of Jameson Proctor; otherwise, he really will skin me alive if I'm back with no proper explanations!"

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Dean Wilson's last words were good and pleasing and saved Master Proctor's face.

At this point, if he was not allowed to go up, people would think the Proctor Family was afraid.

Master Proctor withdrew his cane and said in annoyance, "Take a look and get out of there right away."

"Thank you, Uncle Proctor."

Dean Wilson immediately ran up the stairs. He searched room by room, finding his way from the second floor to the third.

During this time, he had to make sure that no one had secretly moved Sharon Allyson to a room he had checked already.

After a while, there was only one room left.

Dean Wilson was just about to enter when the maid stepped forward and stopped him, "Mr. Wilson, this is madam's room. You can't go in."

Dean Wilson smiled, "I'm not going in. I'm just going to look inside from the door. I'm looking for someone."

"That won't do either."

Dean Wilson stroked his brow and didn't say anything for a moment. It was indeed inappropriate that he, a junior, would barge into a female elder's bedroom.

Suppose Sharon Allyson was in here, then good.

But if she was not, he would be in big trouble.

But he was sure that Sharon Allyson must be in the Proctor family right now.

And this was the last room.

Dean Wilson gritted his teeth.

No matter what, he had to take a chance.

Dean Wilson was just about to enter when the bedroom door opened, and Evie Rowland, wearing a robe, looked at him with a cold stare, "What are you doing?"

"Aunt..."

"You're not finished yet? You searched all the way to my room?"

Dean Wilson smiled bitterly, "It's not like there's any other way"

Evie Rowland said, "I really didn't expect you to have such a great upbringing!"

"Just scold me..."

"I don't have the time to scold you."

Evie Rowland put her hands around the chest, "but since you're here, if I do not let you search inside, you won't be satisfied, right?"

Evie Rowland took a step to the side.

Dean Wilson saw the situation and was about to go in when Evie Rowland's voice came slowly, "You don't really want to visit my room, do you? If she is really here, you can call her. Can't she hear you?"

Dean Wilson tugged at the corners of his lips, "You're right. I was out of my place."

He increased the volume, "Then I won't bother. I'll take my leave first and apologize in person in a couple of days."

After he finished, he deliberately dawdled outside the door for a few seconds, paying attention to the movement inside.

Evie Rowland looked at him coldly and did not say anything as if to see how long he intended to stay.

Dean Wilson withdrew his eyes, smiled apologetically.

Knowing that he could not drag it out any longer, he finally left.

When he was gone, Evie Rowland looked outside at the maid, who followed her inside.

In the room.

Sharon Allyson was sitting on the sofa, and across from her, Jeffery Proctor.

Ten minutes ago.

She had just thrown something down when Jeffery Proctor appeared in the room.

The whole time, he only said to her, "Sharon, trust me for once. I would never hurt you."

So she didn't make a sound when Dean Wilson came looking for her.

It's not just that Dean Wilson couldn't take her away by himself, but she also wanted to know why they had gone to all that trouble and even convinced Jeffery Proctor to put on such a big show to bring her here.

What Dean Wilson had just said was that they would come back for her. She understood that. She was safe for now.

Evie Rowland walked in and looked over at Sharon Allyson, and snorted, "That's smart."

Jeffery Proctor said, "It's late. You should rest. I'll take Sharon to her room"

"Just ask the maid to go. Why are you tossing and turning?"

"I'm just trying to do what I can before I'm really a cripple who can't do anything."

Evie Rowland didn't say anything else and just turned sideways.

Sharon Allyson, now having regained a good deal of her strength, left directly behind Jeffery Proctor.

When they reached the second floor, Jeffery Proctor unscrewed the door handle of the room and said in a warm voice, "This is Jameson's room. You can stay here for now."

With that, he operated the wheelchair forward, entered the room, and pressed the light on.

"He hasn't been back for a long time, but the room is cleaned every day."

Sharon Allyson said, "I've done what you said. Now can you tell me exactly what you're doing?"

Jeffery Proctor turned to look at her and let out a silent sigh, "Sit down first."

Dean Wilson had just exited the Proctor family when he received a call from William Hood.

William Hood said, "Sharon Allyson didn't go back. She must still be at the Proctor family."

"I know."

"You wouldn't have left already, would you?"

"Then what can I do? I've searched every room in the Proctor family. If my father knows what I've done tonight, he'll have to kick me out of the house."

William Hood, "..."

Dean Wilson said, "What about Jameson Proctor? Did you get in touch with him?"

"No, but I just got word that he's going to renegotiate terms with that side tonight, and I don't know how it's going. There's a time difference abroad, and if we can't contact him, we'll get the news much slower."

Dean Wilson frowned, "Looks like we've been fooled."

"What?"

"This Jeffery Proctor injury thing, on the surface, looks like the Proctor family is trying to make his presence known to everyone, but in reality, it's just a bait."

His dark eyes narrowed slightly, "A bait thrown at us on purpose."

William Hood was silent, "Without the cooperation of one person, this show absolutely could not be completed."

"Jeffery Proctor."

"Yes."

Dean Wilson tapped his fingers on the steering wheel, "From the attitude of the entire Proctor family, they no longer care about saving face, as long as the lie can be rounded off."

"But I can't for the life of me figure out why Jeffery Proctor would help them."

Dean Wilson sighed, "Sharon Allyson probably has the same doubts as you do, so she chose to stay."

He just shouted so loudly at the door on purpose, just for Sharon Allyson to hear.

If she wanted to leave, she could have just made a little more noise.

But she didn't.

And he searched all the rooms without seeing Jeffery Proctor, which could only mean that, at that time, Jeffery Proctor was also in the room.

William Hood said, "Let's get in touch with Jameson Proctor first. Since they did the London thing and held Sharon Allyson back, they could only be trying to get him to agree to some conditions."

"One way or another, there will always be a result tonight"

William Hood said, "You go back. I'll send someone to keep an eye on the Proctor family. As long as Sharon Allyson is in the Proctor family, we'll have other ways."

"We can't just sit back and wait."

"What do you want to do?"

Dean Wilson said, "Sharon Allyson's disappearance tonight after attending the Proctor family's dinner party still has to spread out. When the time comes, there will naturally be others besides us to come to the Proctor family to ask for an explanation. And that will be a lot for the Proctors to deal with for a while."

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Meanwhile, London, England.

After the meeting was suspended for the third time, Jacob Green whispered, "Mr. Proctor"

Jameson Proctor leaned back in his seat, placed one hand on his desk, tapped his long fingers on the desk, and spoke lightly, "They're stalling."

"Stalling?"

Jacob Green was a little confused, "But we're already here, what are they stalling for?"

Jameson Proctor narrowed his eyes and looked at his phone, which was turned off, "You go out now and call South City to see if anything has happened."

Jacob Green nodded, "Okay."

Due to the importance of this meeting, the cell phones of the participants on both sides had to be turned off.

Making matters worse, there was no signal around in the neighborhood.

Not long after Jacob Green left, the person in charge of the other side came back, smiling like a spring breeze, "Sorry to keep Mr.Proctor waiting."

Jameson Proctor looked at him nonchalantly and did not say a word.

Chown took a document from his assistant and pushed it to Jameson Proctor, "I had the contract reprinted, Mr.Proctor, take a look at it and sign it if there are no problems."

Jameson Proctor swept his eyes across it and snorted.

He then closed the folder and threw it back, saying in an indifferent tone, "Why don't you just let me gift the Proctor Group to you directly?"

"Mr.Proctor, what are you talking about? We are both businessmen and thus we are only talking business.Even if Mr.Proctor gifts me the Proctor Group, I can't afford to accept it."

"I don't think you've treated yourself as a human being when you make this offer."

Chown didn't get angry, as he just laughed and said, "Mr.Proctor, when we do business, we have to see how much leverage we have apart from the ultimate profit, right?"

Jameson Proctor's black eyes narrowed slightly and his voice was cold, "How much leverage do you have then?"

Chown said without haste, "Well..."

At this time, the door of the conference room was pushed open, and Jacob Green hurriedly walked in and whispered a few words into Jameson Proctor's ear.

In an instant, Jameson Proctor's face sank and his cold features seemed to be covered by a layer of frost, giving everyone chills.

Jacob Green silently stood behind him.

Chown then continued what he had not finished, "Does Mr.Proctor think that I have enough leverage to sign this contract?"

Jameson Proctor looked at him with cold eyes, "How dare you threaten me!"

"Mr.Proctor, I'm sorry, but it's always like this in business: the greater the danger, the higher the profit; if you don't gamble, who knows what the result will be."

Chown looked at the document thrown by Jameson Proctor and pushed it back; his smile continued, "But after meeting Mr.Proctor today, I feel that there is still a big gap between you and my imagination.I used to admire you, as I thought you were the kind of person who stops at nothing to achieve your goals, or else how can you reach such a high position at such a young age? But I never thought that you would actually make such a big sacrifice just for a woman."

Jameson Proctor did not say anything and picked up the pen in front of him.

Jacob Green was shocked and couldn't help but say, "Mr.Proctor..."

Before he could continue, Jameson Proctor had already signed his name on the contract.

Chown applauded, "Mr.Proctor finally cut to the point! How admirable!"

After the signature was done, Jameson Proctor put down the pen; his voice was flat and almost inaudible, but with a coldness that seeped into the marrow, making people's backs chill, "You better pray that she is safe and sound, or you will disappear from this world together with the Proctor family."

As he exited the conference room, the smile on Chown's lips gradually faded.

Chown picked the papers up from on the table.He really didn't expect Jameson Proctor to be so forthcoming.

Should it be said that he was hopelessly stupid, or...did he have some other plan? But now his job was done.

After getting into the car, Jacob Green said, "Mr.Proctor, what should we do now?"

Jameson Proctor said in a cold voice, "Go back home."

"So this is the end of the matter here? The content of that contract is equivalent to giving up three-fifths of the Proctor Group's shares.If this contract falls into the hands of Master Proctor, the Proctor Group will..."

Jameson Proctor said, "That is only if he has the ability to get this contract."

Jacob Green looked at the situation and knew that Jameson Proctor had other arrangements, so he did not say anything else and quickly drove away.

Proctor family.

In Sharon Allyson's gaze, Jeffery Proctor slowly said, "You're right, it was the Proctor family that caused what happened in London."

Sharon Allyson frowned, "Did you know it all along?"

Jeffery Proctor shook his head, "I was only informed of shortly after they made all the arrangements."

"What the he*I are they trying to do? Jameson Proctor is still in London right now..."

"Don't sweat it! As long as you're here, Jameson is safe"

Sharon Allyson didn't understand, "What do you mean?"

Jeffery Proctor looked out the window and was silent for a moment before continuing, "They have two plans."

"The first plan is to trick you into coming to the Proctor family and then use you to threaten Jameson into agreeing to give up his shares in the Proctor family."

Sharon Allyson's frown deepened; the fact that she was here now meant that, in all likelihood, their plan had worked.

She took a breath to maintain her sanity and composure, "What about the second plan?"

Jeffery Proctor said, "On the London side, they have been arranging for a long time. If this plan fails, they won't let Jameson go back home"

"Wait...What does it mean by 'won't let him go back home'?"

"Besides tricking you into coming here, they planned this dinner party tonight also to justify my inheriting the Proctor Group, if something untoward happened to Jameson Proctor"

Sharon Allyson opened her mouth for a long time before making a sound, "By 'they', did you mean those including Master Proctor?"

Jeffery Proctor withdrew his eyes, "Yes."

Sharon Allyson spoke incredulously, "He would try to kill Jameson Proctor?"

Jeffery Proctor nodded gently, "So I have no other choice but to force you to stay here for a few more days."

Sharon Allyson didn't know what to say for a moment.

When she packed Jameson Proctor's luggage that night, she thought he was just going on an ordinary trip like before, but she didn't expect that this trip to London would actually almost cost him his life.

Thinking of this, Sharon Allyson hurriedly said, "So he is now..."

"Don't worry, as long as their plan is accomplished, they will not make a move on Jameson. Killing him is only an option of last resort. After all, Jameson is the president of the Proctor Group, so if something were to happen to him in London, it would set off a huge storm."

Sharon Allyson pursed her lips, "Thank you."

Since they had made it this far, it meant that they had been driven to a dead end. So, if the plan failed tonight, they were really going to kill Jameson Proctor.

Thank God...

Jeffery Proctor lost his smile, and said with some frustration, "As long as you do not hate me..."

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After Jeffery Proctor left, Sharon Allyson jumped into her bed. She felt a strong sense of pain from her temple, and seemed unable to rouse herself to do anything.

Sharon suffered and couldn't even breath.

Though Jeffery promised they would never do that to Jameson again, it was hard to trust.

London was just too far away, critical and dangerous as they'd bet their bottom dollar on it.

The more Jameson Proctor stayed there, the more unsafe the conditions will be.

But now she didn't have any communication equipment with her. She lost contact, completely.

After a while, there was a knock on the door.

It's the maidservant.

"Ms. Allyson, Mr. Proctor told me to bring you dinner."

"I'm not hungry," said Sharon Allyson. The maidservant didn't say anything. Just as she was about to leave, Sharon opened the door, "Give it to me."

The maidservant nodded and gave the dinner tray to her.

Sharon locked the door again. She tried to eat, but it was like chewing wax. She got to feed herself even though she had no appetite. She had to conserve her energy for more important things. She got no idea what kind of medicine they injected to her.

It made her dizzy.

After the meal, Sharon took a deep breath and felt much more comfortable. She got back in her bed and stared outside the window. She wished nothing but that the night could pass quickly.

Sharon didn't know how long it'd been when suddenly she saw several light beams shooting brightly across the dark sky.

And then came a loud noise of driving.

Not only one – it sounded like ten vehicles! Sharon jumped out of bed and stood at the window.

Master Proctor was also woken up by the noise.

He rushed out the door on his crutch, shouting, "What is ACTUALLY happening!?"

His men answered hurriedly, "Master, several cars drove here and parked outside"

Master Proctor got angry and bellowed, "Who are they? How dare they!"

"I don't know for sure...but judging by some of the cars, they might be from several social media groups."

"Social media groups? What they wanna do this late?"

At this time, a phone was ringing.

One man talked in a quiet voice and then told Master Proctor, "Sir, there are also several board of directors from the Beale Group."

Master Proctor's face changed after hearing that.

Then the man said again, "I think they come for Ms. Allyson."

Master Proctor hammered his crutch onto the ground and cursed, "This is an outrage!"

"Master, I don't think they will leave unless we could give them an explanation."

Without thinking, Master Proctor said, "Send Sharon Allyson away from the side door. Don't let them notice you!"

"Yes, Master"

"Don't do that."

It was Evie Rowland's voice.

Evie Rowland walked down and said with a poker face, "Don't let Sharon Allyson go."

Master Proctor asked, "Then how could we explain to them if they really break into our house and find Sharon?"

Evie Rowland said, "They didn't know where they are. I won't let them in."

Master Proctor replied with a sneer, "Of course they dare not break in, but don't you forget who gave 'em the audacity to come here. We can't afford to let our plan fall apart. We've been planning for a long time and now it's almost done"

Then he ordered one man, "Do it, as soon as possible."

"Don't do that." Evie Rowland said sternly.

"You've got all you want, but I'm yet to receive my first! I will not let her go."

Master Proctor said, "Don't forget it's not only what I want; it will also be Jeffery's. We are going to lose it if you insist. Do you think Jameson Proctor would let him get away with what he did tonight?"

Evie Rowland went pale white in silence.

Master Proctor raised his hand at his men.

One man understood immediately and rushed over to Sharon's room.

Sharon knew her hope came after seeing those lights gathering around the gates.

And soon enough, there was a knock on her door.

Sharon opened the door and said, "Whats wrong?"

“Ms.Allyson, Master asked me to help you back home.”

“Where is Jameson Proctor?”

“Our young master is pretty good.” Sharon looked outside, and then followed him silently.

It was a long walk from the gates to the main room.

She couldn’t run away without Master Proctor’s permit.

It was also not a good time to fight with them since she didn’t know how Jameson Proctor was going over in London.

She had to leave here at all costs.

After they had gone a few steps down the room, Sharon Allyson asked, “Where is my smart phone?”

The man said, “I will give it back to you once you leave here.”

There was already a car waiting at the side door.

Sharon Allyson felt kind of funny about it.

Half of a year ago, they used the same way to send her away.

But they wanted her to die at that time.

This time, however, they just wanted to send her away as soon as possible, and as far away as they could.

Sharon Allyson knew the Proctor family was just trying to hide her away.

That was why she agreed to follow the man. She knew they could not do anything to her.

Before, she was nothing but an ant at the mercy of the Proctor family.

But now, they couldn’t even pluck up the courage to kill her on the sneak.

If she died, the Proctor family would have a sea of troubles in store for them.

Just like tonight.

After getting into the car, the man asked, “where do you wanna go, Ms.Allyson?”

Sharon Allyson leaned back in the seat, saying, “Anywhere with lots of people.”

“Emm...”

“You just don’t want the public to know where I am. As long as I’m hidden by you guys, it makes no difference where the hell I am.”

The man nodded yes and drove away.

The car stopped after driving around long enough.

Sharon Allyson said, “Give back my cell phone to me.”

The man took her cell phone out of his pocket, and returned it to her.

Sharon Allyson got out of the car without any hesitation.

Few people were around at this midnight.

Except several young men on the car-free zones.

Sharon Allyson walked down the sidewalk and called Jameson Proctor. But his phone died.

She took a deep breath and then called William Hood, "I'm out of the Proctor family now. How is Jameson Proctor going?"