

Resume 571

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 571

Meanwhile, the hospital.

Jameson Proctor woke up at 7:30 and looked around.

In the ward, there were only Charlotte and Jacob Green.

Jacob Green came forward and said, "Mr.Proctor, how are you feeling?"

Jameson Proctor spoke lightly, "Fine."

Jacob Green raised the bed for him and said, "I'll go call the doctor."

After Jacob Green left, Charlotte came over and sat next to him, "Sharon took the baby away."

Jameson Proctor wasn't surprised and gave a low, muffled sound.

Charlotte let out a sigh and asked, "So what are you going to do now?"

"We'll see."

He was still in the hospital and couldn't do anything.

After a pause, Jameson Proctor added, "She and the...child, are they injured?"

"The little one is a little shaken up, nothing serious, but Sharon...I think the trauma in her heart might have been a little greater.I heard Jacob Green say that the baby would have been smothered by Evie Rowland's maid if she hadn't suddenly appeared there."

Jameson Proctor gently closed his eyes, "It was an oversight on my part."

He knew what the old man's purpose was in keeping the child, so he never thought anyone would try to kill the baby.

What's more, kill the baby in front of him.

In retrospect, Evie Rowland had been ready to die at that time.

That's why she was so carefree.

Charlotte added, "It's good that the baby is fine.As for the rest...The few days you're in the hospital are just enough to give Sharon a little time."

Jameson Proctor sounded mute, "She probably won't forgive me."

He remembered all the things Sharon Allyson had said and known what kind of temper she had.

He had planned to tell her the truth when he took the child out of the Proctor family so that he could at least get a chance to plead his case, but things had gone far beyond his expectations.

Charlotte said, "There's nothing I can do for you, so help yourself."

Soon, Jacob Green came over with a doctor.

After examining Jameson Proctor, the doctor couldn't help but say, "You've got a lot of nerve. You've got a gunshot wound, and you still took your time. If you had been here just a little late, that arm would have been gone."

Jameson Proctor said, "Maybe I was lucky."

"That's true."

Charlotte said, "I'll go get you some breakfast."

After the doctor and Charlotte left, Jameson Proctor said, "What's the situation outside now?"

Jacob Green said, "The chairman is awake, but not in good condition. Only his eyes can move. The doctor said he was shocked, and it triggered a brain attack, and he will be paralyzed in bed in the future."

Jameson Proctor did not have much reaction, just said, "What about the Proctor family?"

"It rained all night last night, and the body of the chairman's wife was only taken away this morning."

Jacob Green continued, "About what happened last night, the news has been suppressed."

"Send someone to keep an eye on the Proctor family. Evie Rowland's death was not temporary and unintentional. She had premeditated it."

Jameson Proctor said with a cold voice, "Since she could do this, it means there is a bigger conspiracy behind the scenes. Watch the servants, drivers, bodyguards. Do not let down your guard. Once a stranger comes into contact with them, check it out immediately."

"Yes."

Jacob Green asked again, "What about...What about the young master's side?"

Jameson Proctor's thin lips pursed. He went silent for a moment before saying, "Have someone follow him too."

He can't move around anywhere.

Help him if he's in trouble, but don't let him find out"

"Okay."

Before Jacob Green left, he suddenly remembered something and said, "By the way, Mr. Proctor, Sharon came by earlier."

Jameson Proctor slightly paused, "When?"

"Around three, but she didn't stay long before she left."

Jameson Proctor's hand on the quilt closed slightly into a fist, "Did she say anything?"

"She scolded me."

Jacob Green said, "Miss Allyson said I should worry about myself and stay out of your business."

Jameson Proctor, "..."

Jacob Green whispered, "Mr. Proctor, Miss Allyson is even holding a grudge against me. So I'm afraid this time you..."

Jameson Proctor coldly swept him a glance.

Jacob Green immediately ran away.

Not long after Jacob Green left, William Hood came in.

He looked at Jameson Proctor and teased, "What a warrior! You almost lost your arm."

Jameson Proctor's eyes were slightly dozy. He did not bother to pay attention to him.

William Hood said, "Harley Cook escaped from the Proctor family that day but met Jayden Bower halfway and was brought back. The old man did not trust Jayden Bower and let him do it himself. But the body of Harley Cook was found under a bridge in the early hours of the next day, and the police immediately investigated Jayden Bower. If I'm right, it was Jayden Bower who told Sharon Allyson that the child was in the Proctor family as well."

After a while, Jameson Proctor opened his eyes, "Where is Jayden Bower?"

"Harley Cook bit him. His skin tissue remained in her teeth. The evidence is clear, so it won't take long for the trial to start."

Jameson Proctor said, "Don't you think that's odd?"

William Hood nodded, "It is quite strange. The old man let Jayden Bower kill Harley Cook himself because he did not trust him, but Jayden Bower had done it. So it was a temporary indication of his loyalty. At least, in that case, he would never come and inform you about it. Even if the old man wanted to go back on his word, he would not pick that time. Jayden Bower was caught, and in order to save himself, he would certainly drag the old man down the water with him. Why would the old man make things difficult for himself?"

Jameson Proctor added, "So it was not his doing that the body was found."

William Hood's brow furrowed, "You mean there's a third person behind this?"

"Evie Rowland's death forced me to be wary of her again. Although her side was cleared out, we still don't know who was behind her, exactly."

"That's... Even if someone helped Evie Rowland, could she do such a thing under the eyes of the old man? If word of Harley Cook's murder reached the old man's ears before we got to the Proctor family, what good would it do her?"

"That's the subtlety of her game. It's all intertwined, and every step had to be just right."

Jameson Proctor added, "Moreover, Evie Rowland was determined to die last night. She first provoked me to kill her, but she did not expect that I did not do it, so she chose to kill herself."

William Hood suddenly felt chills down his spine, "What did she want to do?"

Jameson Proctor snorted, "She wanted to plant the seed of hatred in both my heart and Jeffery Proctor's heart, and as soon as she died, Jeffery Proctor and I could never be brothers again."

"Then she was counting on Jeffery Proctor. But was she not afraid that you would get rid of Jeffery Proctor and end the problem for good?"

"Evie Rowland knew me better than you do in that regard."

William Hood froze before responding.

Evie Rowland knew, no matter what happened, Jameson Proctor would not kill Jeffery Proctor.

That's why she could recklessly set up this game.

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Two days later, Jeffery Proctor did not announce to the public and held a low-key funeral for Evie Rowland and picked up Master Proctor, who could only move his pair of eyes.

After that, the door of the Proctor family was closed tightly.

No one could go out, and no one was allowed to enter.

The media, who somehow got wind of this, began to make a big announcement that Jameson Proctor had attempted to kill his parents in order to secure his position in the Proctor Group and get the Proctor family, causing one death and one paralysis.

At the same time, the news that Jeffery Proctor gave Evie Rowland a funeral went viral.

The story about Jameson Proctor being an illegitimate child was rehashed, which gave him enough reason to kill Evie Rowland.

Rumors and speculation were rampant.

Some said that Evie Rowland was killed by the illegitimate son himself, while others said that Jameson Proctor had been planning to kill not only Evie Rowland but also Master Proctor and Jeffery Proctor so that no one else would threaten his position.

There were even people who said that Jameson Proctor, in order to enter the Proctor family, planned a car accident twenty years ago, resulting in the Proctor family's original heir, Jeffery Proctor, partially paralyzed, so the Proctor family had to take back Jameson Proctor.

The Proctor Group had never responded.

On the Internet, the discussion was even more heated.

"It's been a long time, but the Proctor Group has not issued a statement. What else but guilt?"

"Definitely feeling guilty. When that designer had the accident, Proctor Group was always the first to issue a statement to defend her. This time, he is most likely wimping out."

"If that's the case, then he's too terrible. I saw him dislike keyboard warriors before and thought he was some kind of wonderful husband"

"These days, stars set up personas. So these capitalists, who single-handedly create stars, must be the masters of setting up public images. If he really were a wonderful husband, there wouldn't have been all those rumors, to begin with, and there wouldn't have been the divorce."

"It's already this big. How come the government is not doing anything about it?"

"Duh, welcome to the world of rich people. The feuds of these powerful families are none of our business. We can't do anything except eating popcorns."

"I think we should not jump to conclusions so early. The Proctor Group has not made any statement. Who knows if there's going to be a turnaround. Will you apologize for what you have said then?"

"Dude, the person's dead already, and the funeral has been held. What turnaround? Popping out of the grave?"

"Look, we got a capitalist shill here!" There were only a small number of comments that want to stick around and wait for the truth, and they were instantly drowned out.

With these opinions still festering online, reporters couldn't find Jameson Proctor, so they went to the Beale Group to find Sharon Allyson.

Sharon Allyson, however, never showed up.

When Kale Bee heard the good news, he rushed over and said he was willing to be interviewed.

He was a major shareholder of Beale Group and was in a high position, so he must know a lot of insider information, and reporters were scrambling for interviews.

One reporter asked, "Mr. Bee, please tell me if you think the rumors about the recent network are true."

Kale Bee's face was heavy, and his hands were behind his back, "Actually, I shouldn't talk about other people's family affairs, but now since it has become social news, I'll say a few words. According to the information I got, the wife of the chairman of Proctor Group, indeed, has died, and the death is said to be very tragic."

"There are rumors that the person who killed her is the president of Proctor Group. What do you think about this?"

"Well, I didn't see it with my own eyes, so I don't know. But I've met Mr. Proctor a few times, and he's really not very good-tempered and was scary to look at. I've always heard that he has a particularly bad relationship with his family, and if he really did something like this, it wouldn't be surprising."

Although he did not say it explicitly, his implication was already obvious: It was most likely Jameson Proctor.

Another reporter asked, "The current head of Beale Group, Miss Sharon Allyson, is Mr. Proctor's ex-wife and the girlfriend he once publicly defended. What are the Beale Group's views and responses to this matter?"

Kale Bee righteously spoke up, "Beale Group is at least a big company with a good reputation. It will definitely not stand with this kind of people. I believe that the whole group thinks the same as me. As for Miss Allyson, she is a woman who is blinded by her feelings and can't see the truth clearly, so I don't blame her"

After that, Kale Bee added, "Since all of you in the media are here today, I would also like to clarify some of my recent events. I..."

As soon as Kale Bee was halfway through his sentence, a voice from the crowd said, "The Proctor Group is having a press conference!"

Instantly, all the reporters in front of him ran away.

Kale Bee stood there, his face as black as the bottom of a pot.

Recently, whether it was the police or other unknown people, they were all watching him very closely. He not only could not get out of South City, but his business also had been affected. He wanted to take this opportunity to clarify the rumor, but he didn't even get a word out.

The assistant came forward and said, "Mr. Bee, the evidence in Mr. Bower's case is conclusive. He killed her."

Kale Bee narrowed his eyes, "What else did he say?"

"I went to ask. About us, he did not say anything. He just wants to bail out. Mr. Bee, do you want to..."

Kale Bee snorted, "He wants to be released on bail after killing someone? How naive! The case on my head – is there any way to put it on him? I'm so freaking annoyed. I need to get out of the city! One more day means more trouble!"

"I guess... It's not that easy. Unless there is clear evidence, the police will keep watching you."

Kale Bee scolded a few words and then sneered, "But they also deserve it. Want to mess with me, and now they got themselves into a mess! I do not believe that after this time, Jameson Proctor can still be so lawless. Without his backing, cleaning up Sharon Allyson will be just a matter of lifting a finger."

"Then do we to do it now?"

"There is no hurry. Doing it now is the same as telling them that I did it."

Kale Bee added, "Come on, let's go and see how he weasels his way through the conference."

After getting into the car, the assistant said, "Mr. Bee, the police called and said Jayden Bower wants to see you."

Kale Bee wrinkled his brow, "What does he want to see me for?"

"Should we go over there and see?"

Jayden Bower had followed Kale Bee for so many years, so he more or less got some things on him.

Kale Bee said, "Then let's hear what else he has to say"

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At the press conference, after all the reporters had arrived, Jacob Green slowly appeared.

He smiled and said, "I've kept you all waiting. The reason for today's conference is to say three things."

The originally noisy scene was instantly silenced.

Jacob Green said, "The rumors on the Internet in the past two days are all untrue. The chairman's wife did die, but she was not killed but committed suicide. The reason why the chairman was paralyzed was that he saw the scene with his own eyes and was shocked, triggering a brain attack on the spot."

When this statement was made, there was a lot of discussions below.

Most of the questions were, "Why did she kill herself?"

Jacob Green said, "The matter of why she killed herself will not be released to the public for the time being. The chairman's wife committed suicide, and there were many people who could testify to this. Here is the forensic test report."

Without waiting for the reporter to ask more, Jacob Green went on, "The second thing, I have seen a lot of ridiculous remarks that Mr. Proctor planned the car accident twenty years ago, resulting in the Proctor family young master's paralysis of the lower half of the body. Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Proctor was not even ten years old twenty years ago, so the person who said this is either malicious and slanderous or probably has grown his brain in the wrong place."

If this rumor was put in the past, most people would not believe it, but this time, together with Evie Rowland's death and Master Proctor's paralysis, it was not so incongruous and seemed like something Jameson Proctor could have done.

It was only when Jacob Green reminded them did they realize that twenty years ago, Jameson Proctor was just a child, and he had no ability to plan the crash.

It was still quite a stretch.

At this point, someone in the crowd asked, "Why didn't Mr. Proctor show up at the press conference today?"

Immediately someone agreed, "Yes, if he is not guilty, why did he hide?"

Jacob Green was calm, "This is the third thing I want to say. Mr. Proctor was attacked a few days ago at the Proctor family, and now he is seriously injured in the hospital, unable to move. I know you are all very curious about what happened to the Proctor family, but this is not something I can say clearly in a few words. The dead has gone, and for the sake of the living, Mr. Proctor will not pursue the matter, but that is no reason for you to attack him."

The journalist immediately understood the hidden meaning.

When the conference was over, everyone left.

And the ones who made the most noise just now were stopped.

They said, "What do you want to do?"

Jacob Green approached and smiled faintly, "We have just found out clearly that those articles on the Internet that created rumors were written by you."

Several people looked at each other and tried to run, but they were caught by the bodyguards who were prepared.

Jacob Green returned to the hospital, "Mr. Proctor, it's all taken care of, but they couldn't provide any information, so I think it was just a paid job. They have been sent to the police."

Jameson Proctor said, "This is just the beginning. Evie Rowland's scheme has just started. Keep watching"

"Okay.

At this time, Matthew Gray came in, "Mr. Proctor, the discharge procedure is done."

Jameson Proctor got up, "Let's go."

On their way back to the Proctor Group, just as a group of journalists and foodies were scratching their heads in curiosity about the family feud, an anonymous account posted the whole story.

The main thing that was explained was that the car accident when Sharon Allyson was pregnant was intentionally done by Evie Rowland, who wanted to kill Sharon Allyson and the child, and she still did not repent after the incident, making several snide remarks and verbal attacks.

The article also mentioned what happened to the Proctor family a few days ago.

It was the Proctor family who snatched the child, and Evie Rowland had the nanny try to suffocate the child in front of everyone, and only after things fell apart, she chose to kill herself.

Under this post, the police report was attached, showing that the car during the accident was tampered with and that it belonged to the Proctor family.

On top of that, there was the nanny's statement and transcript.

"This...The turnaround has really come...I am speechless."

"To tell the truth, if this is true, even if he killed her with his own hands, I would still support him."

"What a malevolent woman! It just sends chills down my spine."

"Jesus, these rich people's feuds are too scary. They are a family. Why is there so much hatred?"

"Come on, what family? I feel that she had mental abnormalities."

There were also voices saying, "But a bastard son is a bastard son. No matter how you say it, you can't change it."

"Mr. Proctor's ability is obvious to all. Even if he were not taken back to the Proctor family, he would still be very good."

Scanning the online comments, Jameson Proctor put down his phone.

He looked at Jacob Green, "You did this?"

Jacob Green shook his head.

For the sake of Jeffery Proctor, Jameson had decided not to expose his mother.

So Jacob naturally wouldn't dare to do this.

Jameson Proctor's thin lips pursed, and he suddenly smiled.

Jacob Green, "?"

Jameson Proctor said, "What is Sharon Allyson doing these days?"

"Ma'am just found a house and moved there today"

"Where?"

"Living next door to Tiffany Momon."

"How's the baby?"

"The baby is fine."

After a pause, Jacob Green asked tentatively, "Mr.Proctor, are we still going back to the office?"

Jameson Proctor said, "Where do you want to go if not back to the office?"

Jacob Green coughed and pretended he hadn't said anything.

After a while, Jameson Proctor said, "Go see if there's an apartment next door to Sharon Allyson's and buy it."

Remembering what Sharon Allyson had said, Jacob Green whispered, "Mr.Proctor, you're going to make the lady mad."

"She won't be angry if I don't do this?"

Jacob Green went silent.He had a point.

At that moment, William Hood's phone call came.

He personally sent Charlotte to a safe place and is now settled there and is preparing to return.

Jameson Proctor said, "You go straight to River City."

William Hood gave a start, "River City?"

"Find out what's going on there and let me know if you have any information."

After hanging up the phone, Jacob Green said, "Mr.Proctor, didn't you already send someone to River City some time ago? Why..."

"Maybe there will be two answers."

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After Sharon Allyson had packed everything up, she put the little one, who was flopping around in his crib, onto the crawl rug.

The little one probably had been lying down for a long time and started crawling around as soon as he landed, waving aside all the toys that were in his way.

Sharon Allyson sat watching the scene, the corners of her mouth gently curled.

Ruben came back from throwing out the trash, "It's almost time for dinner. Are we going out to eat?"

Sharon Allyson withdrew her eyes and said, "You watch him for me. I'll cook."

"I do it."

Ruben said, "I'll get some groceries and fruit."

"Wait."

Sharon Allyson called out to him, "When are you going back to school?"

Ruben said, "Today is Saturday."

Sharon Allyson, "..."

Well, never mind.

Ruben had just left for a moment when the doorbell rang.

Sharon Allyson went to answer the door, and Tiffany leaned over the door frame and winked, "Sharon, can I come and have a meal?"

Sharon Allyson smiled, "Come on in. Ruben just went grocery shopping."

Tiffany's eyes instantly lit up even more when she heard that, "Then I'll have a good meal today."

Just as Tiffany came in, Daniel appeared with the soup he had just prepared.

After putting the soup pot on the table, Daniel said, "Ms. Allyson, everything you asked me to do is taken care of."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome. After the Proctor Group held the conference, public opinion did shift, except there were still some people who had doubts. After putting down the evidence you gave me, those voices completely disappeared."

Tiffany was eating a snack, "I really didn't expect that Jameson Proctor, who is usually very ruthless, was actually soft on this matter."

Sharon Allyson said lightly, "He did it because he didn't want Jeffery Proctor to be embarrassed."

If it were the past, she might have done nothing for Jeffery Proctor's sake, as well as not wanting Jameson Proctor to be embarrassed.

But ever since Evie Rowland let the nanny kill the baby in front of everyone, she had no choice but to expose her.

If anyone hurt her child, she would return the favor.

Daniel poured Tiffany a cup of hot water, "It seems to be planned in advance by Evie Rowland, who probably, already guessed that she would die."

Tiffany snorted, "She just had to disgust people even when she was dead! Just like that scumbag Josh Allyson. Wait ...she shouldn't be faking death like Josh Allyson, right?"

Sharon Allyson shook her head and said, "A lot of people watched her die."

Tiffany patted her chest, "That's good, that's good."

After a moment, Sharon Allyson looked at Daniel, "When did you know that?"

Daniel laughed dryly, "I alsojust found out not long ago, and before that, I only suspected it, but there was no proof."

Sharon Allyson said, "Was it when you left the room with Ruben?"

Daniel nodded gently. It was Ruben who offered to make a deal with him.

Tiffany added, "Sharon, you and your Mr. Proctor, are you ..."

Before Tiffany could finish her sentence, Daniel coughed.

Sharon Allyson was mixing formula for the little one, "I'll deal with it later."

Tiffany thought it would be best if they could deal with it soon.

Who knows what could happen? And what was wrong with Jameson Proctor? It'd been days, but he still hadn't appeared.

Had he already given up? Soon, Ruben came back from the grocery shopping.

Sharon Allyson went into the kitchen, "I'll do it. You wash some fruit for them."

Ruben said, "Okay."

Outside, Tiffany called out, "Sharon, Giana Clarke just told me she's filming around here. Should we ask her to join us for dinner tonight?"

Sharon Allyson glanced at Ruben and curled her lips, "Go ahead."

Ruben washed the fruit and didn't say anything.

Sharon Allyson said, "How are things going for you?"

"What are you talking about?"

"School? Work? Relationship?"

Ruben, "..."

He was silent before saying, "Not much going on these days, basically school, and I'll probably be in a show over the summer."

Sharon Allyson said, "A talent show?"

She added, "I heard from Giana Clarke that your company is doing a talent show that focuses on you."

Ruben said, "It's not that."

"Why?"

"I didn't like it and turned it down."

Sharon Allyson thought, "Ruben's indeed not the bouncing on the stage type."

Sharon Allyson asked again, "So what show are you in?"

Ruben was silent for a few seconds before saying, 'A room escape show.'

Sharon Allyson, "?"

She wondered, "What is that?"

"Solving puzzles."

Sharon Allyson, "..."

Now that was his style.

Giana Clarke wrapped up late, but the meal was just about ready when she arrived.

Giana Clarke thought this was Tiffany's house.

She looked around, saw that everyone was there, and asked, "Is Mr.Proctor not here?"

Tiffany cleared her throat, "Well..."

"Right."

Giana Clarke looked at Sharon Allyson, "I read on the news today that Mr.Proctor is injured and hospitalized and cant get out of bed.Is that true?"

Sharon Allyson said, "False."

Giana Clarke breathed a sigh of relief, "That's what I thought! That wicked capitalist, how could he be so badly injured? Usually, it's someone else taking the bullet for him."

At that, Sharon Allyson thought of something and froze.

Next to her, Tiffany kept tugging at Giana Clarke's sleeve.

Giana Clarke looked puzzled, "What's wrong?"

"Hahahaha, no, nothing ...have an orange.Ruben just bought them this afternoon.They're quite fresh."

Giana Clarke said, "No, I had enough oranges this afternoon during the shooting."

She saw the little one who was waving a toy in the air happily, and suddenly her eyes widened, and she subconsciously looked at Tiffany's stomach, "It can't be, can it?"

Seeing what she was thinking, Tiffany patted her shoulder and whispered quickly while Sharon Allyson went to the kitchen to bring the food, "That's Sharon and Mr.Proctor's baby, and also, they are having a fight.You should stop mentioning Mr.Proctor."

Giana Clarke immediately shut her mouth.

At that moment, Ruben put a box of yogurt in front of her.

Seeing this, Tiffany could not help but glance over and immediately protested, "Why don't I have one?"

Ruben's expression remained unchanged, "Yogurt helps digestion.I think you have a good appetite, so you don't need it."

Tiffany, "..."

Giana Clarke also froze.She had eaten quite a lot of oranges this afternoon but hadn't reached the point of indigestion.She was just about to speak when Ruben had gone off to do something else.

Giana Clarke looked at the yogurt in front of her.

It was the peach flavor she liked.

Giana Clarke inserted the straw and took a sip but turned her head to meet Tiffany's gossip gaze.

After a few seconds of looking at each other, Tiffany suddenly leaned over, "Have you already started moving?"

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Giana Clarke didn't respond for a moment, "Started moving?"

Tiffany glared at her, "We talked about it last time on Mr.Proctor's birthday."

Giana Clarke, "..."

She remembered.It was just a joke.

Why did she take it seriously? Ruben was six years younger than her, so she didn't dare to think about it.

Without waiting for Tiffany to ask further questions, Sharon Allyson and Ruben both came out of the kitchen.

The meal was quite enjoyable.

Tiffany said to Giana Clarke, "I saw your previous movie.Your acting was great.What kind of movie is your next one?"

Giana Clarke said, "The next movie is about sports, but it'll be the latter half of the year when I join.I have other work in between."

"What kind of work? I feel like you're so busy this year."

Giana Clarke bristled, "It's all that evil capitali ...capitalism! Well, life, that's how it is. I have several commercials to shoot next and two variety shows."

"Ah, I was going to say I've been bored lately and wanted to go to the set to see what it's all like, but it looks like I won't get the chance."

Giana Clarke said, "Then when I record the variety show, you can go to the studio to see. It is a live-action room escape. It's thrilling and exciting."

Sharon Allyson choked on the food in her mouth and couldn't help but cough.

Ruben, "..."

Giana Clarke handed her water, "What's wrong?"

Sharon Allyson waved her hand, "When is that variety show you're recording?"

"There are still two months. It's during summer vacation, but I heard that the rules are quite morbid this time. They almost bring up advanced math problems! I have thought about it. When the time comes, I'll just lie down and take a nap. Whoever wants to solve the problems can solve the problems. I don't have the brain for it."

Sharon Allyson raised her eyebrows and looked at Ruben, who avoided her gaze and picked up a glass of water to drink.

Tiffany added, "Sounds interesting. What guests are invited?"

Giana Clarke shook her head, "I don't know. I've heard that it's not completely confirmed yet, and I won't be given the full list until we start recording."

"Then I'll go visit. Maybe I'll even meet a handsome boy for an autograph."

Daniel slowly said, "By that time, your belly should be big. They might even offer you a seat."

Tiffany, "..."

Sharon Allyson really didn't think much when Ruben said he was going to be on the show.

Apparent, he was not so innocent at all.

At this point, Sharon Allyson suddenly felt something soft on her calves.

She lowered her head and saw that the little one was crawling over to her, hugging her legs, eyes bent, smiling and showing two tiny baby teeth, making a vague sound, "Ma-Ma—"

Sharon Allyson froze and heard the little one continue, "pa-pa—"

Sharon Allyson laughed softly and picked him up.

Tiffany and Giana Clarke's hearts melted at the scene, and Giana Clarke couldn't help but whisper, "Are you really sure this is Mr. Proctor's son? How could he produce such a cute cub?"

Tiffany whispered, "Theoretically, he is the one who provided the sperm, so he is considered the biological father."

Ruben, "..."

Daniel, "..."

After dinner, when everyone had left, Sharon Allyson took the little one to the bathroom and gave him a bath, then put him to bed and put him to sleep before coming out.

In the living room, Ruben had already washed the dishes and was disinfecting the toys on the carpet.

Sharon Allyson said, "I'll do it. Go get some rest."

Ruben said, "I'll be done in a minute."

Sharon Allyson asked, "Why didn't you send Giana Clarke home?"

"Her driver is downstairs."

Sharon Allyson's lips curled, "Well, go to bed."

Ruben put down the things in his hand, "I decided to take half a month off."

Sharon Allyson was puzzled, "Why?"

"I'll watch the kids. You can go do your things."

In the past few days, Sharon Allyson didn't leave the little one even one step, nor did she go to the studio or the Beale Group.

Ruben knew that she was too scared to let her guard down at all times, nor did she dare to hire a nanny to take the child, let alone let the child out of her sight.

Sharon Allyson was silent for a few seconds before saying, "I'll think of other ways. Just go back to school."

"What ways are there?"

Tiffany was pregnant and couldn't take care of herself, and Daniel was inexperienced, so she couldn't find anyone she could trust right now.

Sharon Allyson said, "There's always a way out, so go to bed, and we'll talk tomorrow."

Back in the room, lying on the bed, Sharon Allyson looked at the little one next to her.

Her hand gently touched his nose, and the image in her mind was of him hugging her leg and calling her mama.

He was so cute.

After a while, Sharon Allyson opened her phone and sent a message to Paisley Gregory, asking her to come out to meet her tomorrow afternoon.

When she received her text, Paisley Gregory looked at her husband with trepidation, "I told you, I told you! She's coming after me!"

After seeing the news that Jayden Bower had been arrested for murder, Paisley Gregory remembered that she had introduced Jayden Bower to Sharon Allyson and was both regretful and afraid that Sharon Allyson would retaliate.

Ivan Gregory reassured her, "I don't think Ms. Allyson is that kind of person, so don't worry. It's something else."

"What else could she want from me? I'm getting goosebumps. Why don't we run away now?"

"If she wants to get back at you for what you've done, she wouldn't have waited till now."

She agreed. He did have a point.

"Then I'll go tomorrow to see what happens first."

The next afternoon, the cafe.

When Paisley Gregory arrived, Sharon Allyson was already waiting there.

She took off her sunglasses, coughed, and sat across from Sharon Allyson, "What do you want to see me for?"

Sharon Allyson took a sip of coffee, "Don't you think you owe me an explanation?"

Paisley Gregory instantly tensed up, "Thatthat can't be blamed on me. I didn't know he was actually so terrible in the first place. And even if you want to get back at me, don't you drag my husband into this!"

Sharon Allyson laughed, "You're a loving couple. Ivan Gregory is busy, but he treats you well."

"That's right. Of course, my husband treats me well."

Sharon Allyson said, "Didn't you tell me last time that you wanted to find a job?"

Paisley Gregory sat straight instantly in a dignified manner, "Don't you have enough people in that studio? Or are you opening a branch and looking for me to be the manager?"

Sharon Allyson said, "Help me babysit. Be there in the morning before I leave, and you can leave when I get back in the evening."

Paisley Gregory instantly turned red, "You asking me to be a nanny? Who are you looking down on?"

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Sharon Allyson leaned back in her chair and smiled lightly, "Not a nanny because I'm not going to pay you"

Paisley Gregory, "..."

She said reluctantly, "Is that humane?"

Sharon Allyson continued slowly, "To be honest, you wanted to introduce Jayden Bower to me at that time, and we both know why. I have never been a generous person. Others have commented on me as sinister and vengeful."

Paisley Gregory stammered, "That ...that this has been so long ago.I'll apologize to you again.Anyway, don't take the anger on my husband.I'll be responsible for what I've done."

"OK, but you also have to agree to my conditions."

"What?"

"What I just said, help me with the kids"

Sharon Allyson said, "But I have to tell you in advance.If you agree to this, the well-being of that child will be directly linked to your daughter's."

"What do you mean?"

Sharon Allyson's lips pursed, "It probably means that I will use your daughter to threaten you.So, you can think it over before you answer me."

Paisley Gregory frowned, "You're confusing me...a child, what child? Where did you get a child?"

"Mine, I gave birth to it."

"Who did you have it with?"

Sharon Allyson looked at her and didn't say anything.

Paisley Gregory coughed and took a sip of coffee, "How old is the baby?"

"Seven to eight months old"

"I've had a kid before, but I'm not alone.I have a nanny with me.I'm not always good with children.What if you just blame all the bumps and bruises on me?"

"Don't worry.There will be someone to help you.The boy is very good.You just take care of his daily life.Feed him and change diapers.I will be back in the evening."

Paisley Gregory said, "You're really not going to pay me?"

Sharon Allyson said, "Sure, how much do you want?"

Paisley Gregory gestured a number, "This much?"

"Sure, I'll take it out of your husband's salary."

Paisley Gregory, "..."

She couldn't help but deplore, "You're so stingy, and I don't know who you learned it from."

Sharon Allyson was just about to speak when a face suddenly came to mind, and after a moment's pause, a vague smile surfaced at the corners of her lips.

Paisley Gregory said again, "All right, I will help you.But I have three rules.First, the previous grudges we had will be written off.I admit that I was jealous of you, OK? Second, you can not target my husband.Third ..."

Paisley Gregory took a short pause, "How long do I have to do it?"

Sharon Allyson thought for a moment, "It won't be long."

"That's fine. I'm fine with a month or two, three or four months is OK, but I'm not sure about longer"

"What do you mean you're not sure?"

Paisley Gregory said, "Raising a child is like raising a pet. You get attached to it after a long time. You're not paying me a salary, and I'll be on my way out when the time comes. How can I accept that?"

Sharon Allyson's lips hooked up, "OK, I get it."

As they left the cafe together, Paisley Gregory couldn't help but ask, "You're not really threatening me with my daughter. She's just a kid."

Sharon Allyson said lightly, "I'm not kidding. I don't have the right people around me anymore, and I don't trust you, so I have to have leverage in my hands."

"Seriously? Jameson Proctor is your husband. Martin Morton and Trey Coe have both pursued you, and you're saying there's no one around you that you can trust?"

Sharon Allyson turned her head to look at her, "Can they babysit?"

Paisley Gregory was speechless.

After a moment, Paisley Gregory said softly again, "Don't worry. As long as I live, your son will live. So don't do anything to my daughter."

Sharon Allyson raised her eyebrows, "Let's go."

Paisley Gregory was not a bad person by nature, but she was jealous of Sharon Allyson from the time she was a student.

After she graduated and married Ivan Gregory, she became a housewife and had a lovely daughter.

She didn't have to worry about money and had all the clothes and bags she wanted. So she was feeling quite superior.

But after the previous incident, she was probably finally tamed by society and put away those small thoughts that were detrimental to others.

Most importantly, Sharon Allyson knew very well that she loved her daughter and Ivan Gregory.

Ivan Gregory was now one of the few people she could use and trust, which was why she approached Paisley Gregory.

Daniel's side also lent her some men.

So Paisley Gregory would not have any problem even if she took the child out.

On the way back, Sharon Allyson saw that the weather was starting to heat up, so she went to the mall and bought some light clothes for the little one.

After the shopping, Sharon Allyson got into her car and saw the Proctor Group building standing not far away.

She sighed.

What a coincidence it was to be in this neighborhood! She heard that Jameson Proctor was discharged from the hospital yesterday, and she wondered how the man was doing and if he got better.

Sharon Allyson thought about it, went to the restaurant next door, packed a little food and soup, put on a mask, and went into the Proctor Group building.

She left her things at the front desk, "Hi, can you give this to Jacob Green, please?"

The receptionist didn't recognize her, "You're Mr.Green's "I'm nobody, just bringing him something to eat."

"But Mr.Green went out with Mr.Proctor this afternoon.I don't know if he will come back tonight.Do you want to give him a call?"

At that, Sharon Allyson froze, "They went out? Where did they go?"

The receptionist said, "I'm not sure about that."

Sharon Allyson took her things back, "Forget it then.Thanks."

He was not afraid to open up his wounds at all, was he? Sitting in the car again, Sharon Allyson put the food she bought on the passenger side.

It was a good thing she didn't have to cook anymore in the evening.She could heat it up and eat it.

Back to the apartment, Sharon Allyson parked the car and took out all her groceries.

There was a lot of stuff, so she carried it with both hands and walked to the elevator.She was about to free one hand to press the elevator when a hand crossed hers and pressed the button.

Sharon Allyson turned her head and met the man's dark, quiet eyes.

After a few seconds, she turned her head again with little expression.

Jameson Proctor didn't say anything, just followed her into the elevator.

They were the only ones in the elevator.

Jameson Proctor's voice was low and magnetic, "Which floor?"

"Don't you know?"

"I'm just trying to be polite."

After the words, Jameson Proctor pressed the 17th floor.

Sharon Allyson, "..."

Polite my ass.

The bag in Sharon Allyson's hand was a little heavy.

She just moved her arm, and her hand was empty.All the things were taken over by Jameson Proctor.

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Sharon Allyson stared at his injured arm, and within two seconds, took the things back, "No, thanks."

Jameson Proctor's thin lips pursed as he spoke slowly, "Still not over it?"

Sharon Allyson spoke expressionlessly, "Over what?"

Jameson Proctor, "..."

Luckily, at least she was willing to talk to him.

At that moment, the elevator door opened, and Sharon Allyson walked out with her things.

She left the bag of stuff at the door and freed her hand to press the code.

When the door opened, she went in with her stuff.

The door didn't close.

Jameson Proctor saw this and licked his lips without a trace.

Did she leave it open for him? Did that just happen? Sharon Allyson went in, put the stuff on the table, and then asked Ruben, "How was he this afternoon? Did he cry?"

Ruben said, "No, he's good."

The corner of Sharon Allyson's lips lifted, and she went to sit down in front of the little one who was playing with his toys, "Go and rest for a while. I've bought some food. If you are hungry, you can warm it up and eat it."

Ruben said, "I'll go wash some fruit."

He had just gotten up when he saw the person who pushed open the door and walked in.

Ruben said, "There doesn't seem to be any fruit left. I'll go downstairs and buy some"

He said and walked away quickly.

Jameson Proctor closed the door, walked to Sharon Allyson next to him, and sat down on the sofa very calmly.

The little one saw him, showed two small teeth, and giggled a few times.

Jameson Proctor's thin lips lifted and hooked his finger at him.

The little guy immediately put down his toys and crawled over.

Sharon Allyson, "..."

Didn't they hate each other before? It seemed that the relationship had been cultivated well during this time.

Sharon Allyson took a deep breath and got up to boil water to mix formula for the little one.

When the temperature of the water was adjusted just right, Sharon Allyson poured it into the bottle and shook it.

She turned around and was ready to go over, but he was right in front of her.

Jameson Proctor propped his hands on the edge of the table, trapping her in his arms, "How mad are you?"

Sharon Allyson looked up and met his gaze, "As mad as I should be."

Jameson Proctor, "..."

He laughed low and leaned a little closer to her with the tip of his nose next to hers, "I'm sorry. Please don't be mad anymore, okay? Forgive me"

Sharon Allyson was unmoved, "I gave you plenty of chances before, but you didn't seem to care. I was like a fool, played by you. I even suspected for a while that I was crazy and wanted to go to the doctor, and even in that case, you didn't tell me the truth. What do you think I should forgive you for? Forgive you for making a fool out of me?"

Jameson Proctor said, "Well, actually, I stopped you from going to a doctor."

"Yes, if I had gone to one, I would feel more like a lunatic. Jameson Proctor touched her hair by her ear, "Even if you were a lunatic, you were the most beautiful one."

Sharon Allyson looked at him with a blank face.

Jameson Proctor went on, "I was going to tell you everything after bringing him out of the Proctor family. I just did not expect the accident. I didn't want to hide it from you for so long, but I didn't know how to open up to you, and I was afraid that after you found out, you would just ignore me like you are now."

His voice was a little deep, mixed with despondency.

Sharon Allyson sneered, "I'm so sorry"

Jameson Proctor said, "It's what a man should do, to take the responsibility."

Sharon Allyson pushed him away, "Get out of my way."

Jameson Proctor didn't move.

His dark eyes were fixed on her, "Baby, give me one more chance, okay?"

"So you're not gonna move?"

Sharon Allyson stepped on his foot, and before he could react, she bent down and got out of his arms.

Sitting next to the little one, she poured a little milk on the back of her hand to make sure it was just the right temperature.

Sharon Allyson picked the little one up and fed him.

The little one sat in her arms, holding the bottle with both hands, and finished it in no time.

He looked up at Sharon Allyson, waving the bottle with his little hands, and said happily, “Ma-Ma—”

Sharon Allyson’s face raised a smile and put him back into the toy pile, “Go play”

Jameson Proctor walked over and squatted in front of him with one leg bent, his fingers tickling his chin, “Call daddy.”

The little guy glanced at him without any reaction.

His mouth just kept muttering, “Ma-Ma—”

Jameson Proctor’s temples jumped.

When did he learn to call people? And he only called mama.

Seeing that the little guy was concentrating on playing with his toys and had no intention of paying attention to him, Jameson Proctor took the toys out of his hands and patiently repeated, “Call daddy.”

The little guy saw his beloved toy gone, his mouth deflated, turned his head and hugged Sharon Allyson’s leg, squeezed out some tears, “Ma-Ma—”

Sharon Allyson looked at Jameson Proctor, “Why are you so annoying? What’s the point of messing with him?”

“He won’t call me.”

“Isn’t that normal?”

Jameson Proctor frowned in displeasure, “What’s normal about it?”

Sharon Allyson put the aggrieved little one back in her arms, “Children can tell the difference between good and bad. He knows you’re a bad person.”

“Didn’t you see that he was happy when I came just now?”

“He was just being polite.”

Jameson Proctor, “...”

She was a quick learner.

Sharon Allyson brought another toy to the little one, and he instantly smiled.

Jameson Proctor looked over at her and whispered, “I want to hold him, too.”

Sharon Allyson, “...”

He was acting cute with that voice.

Sharon Allyson was just about to hand the little one to him when she was embraced in his arms, and the familiar smell lingered in her nose.

Without waiting for Sharon Allyson to say anything, Jameson Proctor’s voice came through, “You promised me that you would be with me when I was in the hospital, but when I woke up, I didn’t see you at all.”

"Can you stop talking to me in that voice?"

Goosebumps were rising.

"Can't you see that I'm trying to amuse you?"

"I think you're trying to kill me."

Jameson Proctor grunted softly, "You have no conscience."

Sharon Allyson said, "No, I fed it to a dog."

The little one had probably been squeezed in their arms and was now grunting and trying to get out.

Sharon Allyson pushed Jameson Proctor away and moved to the side with the little one in her arms, distancing herself from him.

Jameson Proctor took off his jacket and got up, pulling up his sleeves as he walked toward the kitchen.

Sharon Allyson said, "What are you doing?"

Jameson Proctor said, "Let me make a meal for you."

"Don't you move my..."

Boom! The sound of a plate shattering.

Sharon Allyson was now able to listen to him break these dishes with equanimity.

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Jameson didn't stay in the kitchen for two minutes before he was driven out by Sharon.

As he listened to the noise coming from the kitchen, the corners of his lips were slightly curled up, and he sat in front of the sofa saying patiently to the little one: "Call me daddy"

But the little one did not seem to hear him, as it was still focused on its toys.

When Ruben came back with fruits, Sharon had just put the hot food on plates and brought them to the table.

Sharon said, "Ruben, call Tiffany over for the meal."

Ruben put down the fruits: "Okay."

Sharon turned her head to look at Jameson next to her, "Why haven't you left yet?"

Jameson: "?"

Sharon spoke lightly: "If you want to see the baby, you can come over anytime, as that's your right as a father. Other than that, don't even think about it"

Jameson's eyebrows twitched unnoticed: "So when can I have my rights as a boyfriend?"

Sharon threw him a perfunctory smile and turned back into the kitchen.

Jameson looked at her back while licking his lips.

It didn't matter to him.

After all, there would be plenty of time for that.

When Jameson left the house, Tiffany came in and looked shocked and surprised when she saw him.

After watching Jameson leave, Tiffany quickly went to Sharon's side: "Why was he here? And why did he leave?"

Sharon said, "He came to see the baby and left after that."

"That's..."

'You sure he came for the baby instead of you?'

Tiffany added: "It's about time for a meal, while he was just driven out like that...Wouldn't he be too pathetic?"

Sharon didn't answer, as she just said, "The food is ready; let's start eating."

When Tiffany looked at the food on the table, her attention was instantly drawn to it: "Sharon, why did you pack take-out when you went out this afternoon?"

Sharon: "..."

She said after a moment of silence, "It just kind of happened..."

Downstairs, as soon as Jameson's figure appeared, Jacob Green rushed over to him: "Mr.Proctor, there is something going on."

"Go ahead."

"Just now the receptionist called me, saying that someone went to the office this afternoon to bring me food; judging from her description, it should be madam.But after the receptionist told madam that we were not at the office, she took the stuff away."

Jameson paused, remembering the packing box he saw Sharon carrying in her hand when he was in the elevator.

He raised his eyebrows and spoke slowly, "It was her.Jacob Green breathed a sigh of relief: If so, that was good, as there was still hope.

Jameson said, "Is everything ready?"

"It's almost ready, we can move in tonight."

Jameson pulled open the car door: "Let's go to the apartment first."

The person in charge of the apartment called him this afternoon and said that all those floors were going to be redecorated.

Sharon still had things there, so he could go get them now.

In the car, Jacob Green took a call, and as soon as he hung up the phone, he said: "Mr.Proctor, I just got word that Jayden is out on bail, and it's Kale Bee who got him out."

Jameson remained unchanged and did not seem surprised.

He said, "Kale Bee has a lot of leverage in Jayden's hands, it's not unusual for him to bail him out."

Jacob Green frowned: "But when we checked out the Proctor family, we found out that it wasn't Old Master who helped Jayden create his alibi and stay off our trail.Behind him, there should be someone else."

Jameson said: "Those people in Old Master's hands couldn't have done that.Neither could Old Master find out that the kid is still alive and learn its whereabouts."

"Did Mr.Proctor mean that all these were found out by those behind the chairman's wife? And then they joined hands with Jayden to set up this scheme?"

"Be it Old Master or Evie Rowland, it's still under our control.Once they have any updates, I will be the first to know"

Jacob Green spoke tentatively, "So, it must be someone else from the outside?"

Jameson's dark eyes narrowed slightly: "Where is the man who delivered the share transfer agreement to Old Master?"

"After he arrived in South City, he only went to the Proctor family once.Other than that, there was nothing unusual."

"Don't you think the timing is too coincidental? Not long after he arrived in South City, the Proctor family set up a trap and snatched the child."

"But he's only recently returned, so how would he know..."

Jameson tapped his fingers on his knee: "His background abroad has not been checked so far, and his origins are unknown.

Such a person could manage to escape from the heavily barricaded London and hide in the South City...

Do you think that he is just an insignificant, delivering documents to run errands?"

Jacob Green was shocked: if Mrs.Clark and the little one's whereabouts were really told to the Proctor family by Chown, then where exactly did he get this information from? Or what role did he play throughout the whole process? "Mr.Proctor, so now we..."

"Just watch and see, he'll show up again."

Jacob Green nodded: "Yes."

When they arrived at the apartment, the maid was packing up the contents of the checkroom.

Jameson stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window, looking out, as if he was thinking over something.

Half an hour later, Jacob Green came over and said, "Mr.Proctor, it's all packed already; are you moving in now?"

Jameson said, "Tell them to keep a low profile."

"Okay."

Jameson turned around and saw the suitcase still in the living room.

It was the one Sharon had brought back with her when she was discharged from the hospital.

Jameson said, "Take this as well."

In a few moments, the apartment became cold and empty again, with no sign that anyone had lived there.

Jameson went next door and looked at the room full of things for children.

Jacob Green asked, "Mr.Proctor, do you wanna take these as well?"

Jameson's expression remained unchanged: "Why not?"

Jacob Green instantly understood what he meant and had people quickly disinfect and pack up the stuff into a box, and then sent it directly to Sharon's door.

Sharon looked at the huge box in front of her, and before she could say anything, the person who delivered the stuff had quickly run away.

Tiffany heard the voice and came out: "Sharon, how...My God, such a big box! Could it be that they killed someone and hid the body in it?"

Sharon's eyebrows bounced, and she didn't have to think about it to know who done it.

Ruben came over, carried the box inside, then used a knife to open it and took a small toy out from inside.

The little one next to him saw this and immediately crawled over, reaching for it with its little hands.

It kept babbling about something which nobody could interpret.

Ruben bent down and put the toy in the little one's hand, and said, "It's sterilized."

Sharon: "..."

Tiffany closed the door and came in, tscking, "Looks like that cur is well prepared this time.

He even counts the kid in' Sharon let out a breath: "I'm going out to get some stuff."

There were so many toys, they couldn't stay in a single box forever, nor could they be scattered onto the floor, so they had to go buy some storage boxes.

Tiffany said, "I'll go with you, just to move around.I've got sort of numb after days of lying down."

Sharon nodded: "Let's go."

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In the supermarket, Tiffany couldn't resist putting things in the shopping cart when she saw the kids' stuff.

Sharon Allyson took them out again one by one and laughed, "This is all for two or three-year-olds. He can't eat it now."

Tiffany sighed, "He's so big now, and I'm his godmother, but I've never bought him anything decent. I feel so ashamed. But how fast time flies."

"Yeah."

Tiffany added, "Oh, I heard Ruben say you guys took the little guy to the hospital this morning for a checkup. What did the doctor say?"

Sharon Allyson said, "The doctor said he's fine. Although he was born prematurely, the treatment was very careful. Now, his growth is only a little slower than kids the same age. Everything else is normal."

"I have to say that cur is really taking good care of the baby."

Sharon Allyson corrected gently, "It was Charlotte Clarke who took care of him."

Jameson Proctor spent all his time with her except in the Proctor Group, and with his temperament, it was lucky enough that he didn't have a fight with the baby.

"The mother of Jameson Proctor, where is she now? Actually, I think, since the child is used to her, you should ..."

Sharon Allyson shook her head, "Charlotte Clarke is no longer in South City."

Tiffany said unexpectedly, "No? How come she's gone?"

"Ruben told me Jameson Proctor had sent her away the other day."

"Why?"

"Evie Rowland is dead, but things aren't over on the Proctor family side. Jameson Proctor's father's target was the child, but Evie Rowland's target was"

Charlotte Clarke.

In this case, Charlotte Clarke would face more danger if she stayed in South City.

And with the two of them together, if anything happened, they would be controlled at the same time, just like last time.

Jameson Proctor probably sent Charlotte Clarke away to prevent such a situation from happening again.

Tiffany exhaled, "So what's going on with the Proctor family now."

"Evie Rowland is dead, and Jameson Proctor's father is paralyzed and was taken back to the Proctor family house."

Sharon Allyson paused before saying again, "Now the only one left in charge of the Proctor family is Jeffery Proctor."

"So will he hold a grudge against Jameson Proctor? After all, the one who died was his own mother."

At that, Sharon Allyson remembered the words of Evie Rowland before she died, vicious like a curse. She couldn't help but slightly go out of focus.

When she didn't say anything, Tiffany reached out and waved her hand in front of her, "Sharon?"

Sharon Allyson retrieved her thoughts and smiled lightly, "It's okay. We've almost bought everything. Let's go."

When they got downstairs, Tiffany saw some big trucks there and wondered, "Who's moving there?"

Sharon Allyson also looked over, "There's so much stuff. Will it fit?"

The houses here were all small.

Tiffany sighed, "There are so many rich people. Why can't I be one of them as well?"

After they went upstairs, the elevator door next to them also opened at the same time.

A box of stuff was carried out from inside and moved into the house next to theirs.

There were four households in total on this floor.

One was rented by Tiffany and one by Sharon Allyson.

The remaining two households were also rented out before.

Now, it seemed that the other two households were bought by the same person.

Tiffany saw this and spoke meaningfully, "It seems that this rich man happens to be the one I know."

Sharon Allyson, "..."

Tiffany yawned, "Sharon, I won't go over there then. I'm a little sleepy."

Sharon Allyson nodded, "Daniel is out today. Call me if you need anything in the middle of the night."

"Okay, good night."

"Good night."

She waited for Tiffany to enter the house before Sharon Allyson turned her head and went to press the code.

Just as the door opened, she saw an unexpected visitor.

Sharon Allyson said, "Why are you here again?"

Jameson Proctor sat in the sofa and spoke calmly, "I thought you said I could come anytime"

He added slowly, "Exercising my rights as a father"

Sharon Allyson didn't care about him, took the storage box she bought to the bathroom to clean and disinfect it, and then organized the little one's toys one by one. By the time she was done, it was 11 p.m.

Usually, at this time, the little one had already gone to bed, but now he was still babbling and refusing to sleep, and he was not drinking milk.

Sharon Allyson took a breath and looked over at Jameson Proctor.

When he met her eyes, the man raised his eyebrows slightly, as if he was waiting for her to say something else.

Sharon Allyson said, "Are you leaving or not?"

"If I could stay, I would prefer to stay."

Sharon Allyson, "..."

Just how thick was this man's skin!? Ruben saw this, coughed, and made an excuse to go into the bedroom and stay out of this war.

Jameson Proctor put the little one on his lap, "I'm exercising my rights as a father"

Sharon Allyson gritted her teeth.

She had never seen anyone so capable of pushing her limits.

Jameson Proctor, probably sensing that she was on the verge of fury, was silent for two seconds before getting up and placing the little one in her arms, "I'll come back tomorrow, but if you miss me, I can come earlier as well."

Within minutes of Jameson Proctor leaving, the little one was getting sleepy, rubbing his eyes and yawning.

Sharon Allyson remixed the formula for him, but the little guy fell asleep with the bottle in his arms after a few sips. It looked like he was very sleepy.

She couldn't understand how he was so energetic just now.

Sharon Allyson gently took the bottle off and put the little one to bed, tucked him in, and went out to clean up the living room.

Ruben also came out of the bedroom.

Sharon Allyson said, "I've found someone to babysit. She'll be here tomorrow, and you should go back to school."

Ruben answered, "I'll go back in the morning."

After packing up, Ruben asked, "Jameson Proctor is moving in?"

Sharon Allyson was silent for a few seconds before she spoke, "Who knows?"

The corner of Ruben's mouth ticked up a bit, "Then I'll come back on the weekends in the future. Be careful lately. I don't think things are ending that easily."

“Got it.”

Sharon Allyson paused before saying again, “Ruben, I’ve been meaning to ask you if Daniel...”

Last time Daniel said it was Ruben who told him about the baby.

But Sharon Allyson always felt that it was not that simple.

They probably had spoken more than that.

Ruben didn’t react much, just said, “What’s wrong?”

Sharon Allyson looked at him, and the words that came to her lips didn’t come out, “Forget it.It’s nothing.Get some rest”

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 580

The next morning at eight o’clock, Paisley Gregory showed up at Sharon Allyson’s door on time.She put her arms around her chest and looked around, “What are you doing living in this little crappy place? Jameson Proctor dumped you?”

As soon as Paisley Gregory’s words left her mouth, a slender, straight figure appeared in the house.

Paisley Gregory immediately went quiet, looking for an inconspicuous corner to hide.

Jameson Proctor looked to Sharon Allyson, “Looking for me?”

Sharon Allyson, “...”

Was he just standing guard at the door, waiting for this opportunity? Sharon Allyson had no expression, “No one is.”

Jameson Proctor raised his eyebrows and looked at the breakfast on the table, “Got mine?”

“No.”

As soon as Sharon Allyson’s words left her mouth, Jameson Proctor said to Ruben, “The driver is waiting for you downstairs.Go now.”

Ruben, “...”

He handed the freshly blended formula to Sharon Allyson, “I’ll go then.”

Sharon Allyson held the little one and took the bottle, “Eat before you go.”

Ruben coughed, grabbed his things, and flew away, “I have class in the morning.I’m going to be late.”

When he left, Jameson Proctor sat down at the table, “You made so much.It’s too wasteful if you can’t finish it.I happen to be free.I can help you with this.”

Sharon Allyson sneered and was just about to say something when the little one arched in her arms, his face flushed red, looking like he had pooped.She looked over at Jameson Proctor, and the corners of her lips curled up.

Okay, you want to eat, right? Sharon Allyson put the little one on the couch, changed the diaper, took a few more steps, and threw it in the trash can next to the dining room table.

Jameson Proctor had just picked up his chopsticks, "..."

Sharon Allyson met his gaze with an extremely gentle smile, "Why don't you eat? Is it not to your liking?"

Jameson Proctor instantly felt that women are really scary, especially women who are angry.

He did not change his expression and got up, "I suddenly remembered that there are still some things in the company."

Sharon Allyson said slowly, "Didn't you say it was too wasteful not to eat it all?"

"You can save it for lunch."

Jameson Proctor finished his sentence and turned to stride away.

Sharon Allyson looked at his back triumphantly, and the corners of her lips curled up.

Over there, Paisley Gregory had already changed the little one's diaper, and when she saw Jameson Proctor leave, she moved to Sharon Allyson's side again, with a little more seriousness in her expression, "Is he broke?"

Sharon Allyson's good mood came to an abrupt end, and she turned her head to look at her expressionlessly.

Paisley Gregory hurriedly made a shut-up gesture, "Don't worry. I will definitely help you keep this a secret. We are in the same boat now"

Sharon Allyson didn't care about her, told her some of the little one's habits, and then said, "I'll be back at about 6:30 every night, or 7:00. And you can call me directly if anything happens in the middle of the day. If you want to go out, there will be people following you.

They are downstairs. You don't always see them, but they know all your whereabouts."

Paisley Gregory muttered, "Why is this like a spy mission? It's not dangerous, is it?"

"Didn't you say that as long as you live, the child will definitely live?"

"I was just ... It was just a way of expressing my attitude."

Sharon Allyson said, "The same thing, I'll say it again with you. No matter what danger you encounter, as long as the child is fine, you will be fine."

"Okay, okay, I know, how dangerous can it be in broad daylight? It's not like people would just start taking out knives and guns in the street."

Sharon Allyson looked at the little one who was playing on the cushion, went over and pinched his face, softly said, "Mommy is going out. You be good at home."

The little guy waved his toy at her and babbled something. Sharon Allyson smiled and got up and said to Paisley Gregory, "I'm off."

But her eyes kept looking at the little one.

Paisley Gregory said quietly, "Just get used to it. When my daughter went to kindergarten, I was just like you. Kids are different from one day to the next, and sometimes if you don't look at them for a while, you feel like they've changed somewhere."

Sharon Allyson pursed her lips and didn't say anything. It was not just 'a while' for her. She had only seen the little guy a few times in his whole life.

As far back as she could remember, he had always seemed like such a tiny one.

Back in Bridge Street, if she observed a little more carefully, she should have found that the little guy was actually sick.

But she only thought that it was because he had only been born a short time ago. He was now, compared to that time, very different. He looked healthy and rosy all over.

She thought a lot about the little one over the past few days, and she actually understood why Jameson Proctor had kept the baby from her at first.

During that time, she was emotionally unstable. She couldn't even defend herself, never mind take revenge.

Even if she knew the child was still alive, what could she do? Give them another chance to hurt him? Jameson Proctor hid the little one from her, and from the Proctor family, and from everyone else.

To a certain extent, it gave the little one enough protection so that he could grow up in a safe and healthy environment. But ... But she could never accept that every time she was about to learn the truth, Jameson Proctor would always use a variety of reasons to tell her that her suspicions were wrong.

And she had obviously, more than once, asked him and given him a chance.

Sharon Allyson withdrew her thoughts, exhaled, grabbed her things, and left.

Just as she reached the elevator, Tiffany came out of the house and whispered, "Sharon, you're really just going to leave the baby with her?"

Sharon Allyson nodded, "Don't worry. It's fine."

Tiffany shook her head, "I'm not sure, but I'll keep an eye on her for a few days. Don't worry. You go about your business. I'll take care of this."

Sharon Allyson smiled, "Okay."

After Sharon Allyson got into the elevator, Tiffany went into the next room.

Inside the house, Paisley Gregory was playing with a toy with the little one, who was sad because Sharon Allyson had left.

Seeing Tiffany enter, Paisley Gregory immediately put down the things in her hand and coughed, "What are you doing here?"

Tiffany said, "I don't think you can be trusted."

Paisley Gregory grunted and was about to argue with her when the little one started crying again.

Paisley Gregory quickly started coaxing him, and it took a lot of effort to distract him.

Tiffany raised her eyebrows, "Not bad. I didn't know you had a way with kids."

Paisley Gregory said, "I'll tell you what, don't try to make fun of me, and don't look down on me"

So, the rest of the time, Tiffany and Paisley Gregory were just there glaring at each other.