

Resume 581

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 581

Although Dean Wilson had been helping Sharon Allyson to look at the contracts for the past few days, there was still a backlog of documents that needed her signature.

Within a few minutes of Sharon Allyson sitting down, Ivan Gregory hurried over, "Ms. Allyson, I just got word that Jayden Bower has been released on bail."

At that, Sharon Allyson gave a start, "Bail? But he's already been convicted of murder.

How could he still be out on bail?"

Ivan Gregory said, "The evidence was overwhelming and the charges had indeed been established. But two days ago, Mr. Bee went to the police station to see him, and when Mr. Bee came back, they suddenly said that the evidence was insufficient and they needed further investigation."

Sharon Allyson frowned, "When did Kale Bee go to see him?"

"It was the day of ...the Proctor Group's press conference."

Sharon Allyson went quiet.

Why would Kale Bee withstand so much pressure and find a way to bail him out? Friendship? But Kale Bee couldn't even protect himself right now. It was absolutely impossible for him to take such a big risk.

So, most likely, the day Kale Bee went to see Jayden Bower, Jayden Bower said something to him.

And for some reason, he felt it necessary to help him.

Ivan Gregory added, "Jayden Bower was released on bail last night, and so far, is still under police surveillance. He has been at home since he left the police station, and has not gone out or seen Mr. Bee. So far, there is no unusual behavior."

Sharon Allyson was silent for a while before she spoke, "Kale Bee was in a hurry to get out of here, so he tried to make so much trouble to get rid of his suspicions. But he's not like Jayden Bower, he didn't kill anyone. He's just still in the investigation phase. So he wouldn't risk being wanted for escape until he had to, but Jayden Bower ..."

"Ms. Allyson is saying that there is a possibility that Jayden Bower could sneak away?"

"Not a possibility, a certainty. Jayden Bower killed someone. Although he was temporarily bailed out by Kale Bee, he knew in his heart, sooner or later the police would take him back again. He would certainly escape as soon as possible.

After a pause, Sharon Allyson added, "Jayden Bower's two children. Have you seen them?"

Ivan Gregory nodded, "Yes, I have."

"Now you go to his home in the name of the company, ask his explanation of the incident, and the company's handling of the situation.

And see if his two children are still there, and let me know immediately.”

“Okay.”

After Ivan Gregory left, Sharon Allyson’s brow remained furrowed.

She wondered what route Jayden Bower would choose if he were to leave, with all parties watching.

As she was contemplating, Dean Wilson came in, reached out and waved his hand in front of her face,

“What are you thinking about?”

Sharon Allyson snapped back, “Jayden Bower was bailed out by Kale Bee’ Dean Wilson sniffed, not surprised, “That old thing is quite capable.”

“I think they must have made some kind of deal, but I can’t figure out what it is.”

“Oh yes, there is something you probably don’t know yet. There should be other people behind Jayden Bower.”

Sharon Allyson slightly froze, “Others?”

Dean Wilson nodded, “During the accident, it was Jayden Bower who took the people away. And before that, Jayden Bower had been in close proximity to Harley Cook for six months. During this time, he behaved normally, and there is no evidence that he had direct contact with the Proctor family. And he had also twice ditched the people following him and went to the Proctor family.”

Sharon Allyson’s frown deepened, “I’ve checked him out too, but there’s nothing suspicious.”

Dean Wilson snapped his fingers, “Here’s the problem. His own life path didn’t seem suspicious, but just a short time ago, there was a group of people that contacted him. And, these are also the people who sold the information to the Proctor family. In other words, Jayden Bower is now holding a chip on his shoulder, and that chip is most likely them.”

“Then these people are ...”

“It is not clear yet, but the identity is certainly not simple, and they are definitely prepared. For your safety’s sake, you’d better leave it alone”

Sharon Allyson was silent before she said, “Jameson Proctor told you to tell me?”

Although he did not mention Jameson Proctor, it was obvious enough.

Dean Wilson, “...”

How could she even see that? Sharon Allyson said, “Give me an account number.”

Dean Wilson was confused, “What do you need my account for.”

“You don’t want your salary?”

Dean Wilson laughed dryly, “It’s just a quarrel between you two, you don’t have to..”

His previous salary was paid by Jameson Proctor.

So was she trying to cut off from Jameson Proctor completely right now?

“Send it to me later.”

Dean Wilson saw the situation and suddenly became interested, “Want to file a divorce lawsuit? I can do it for free”

Sharon Allyson looked up and looked at him expressionlessly, “No thanks, I’m not married.”

“What about a custody case? I can do that too. Guaranteed victory.”

Sharon Allyson, “...”

As soon as she raised her hand, Dean Wilson immediately dodged it, “Just kidding, just kidding.”

Sharon Allyson ignored him and looked down at the paperwork in front of her.

A short while later, Ivan Gregory called to say that the two children’s grandmother had picked them up from their home before Jayden Bower was released from the police station.

Ivan Gregory said, “I have sent someone to Jayden Bower’s home to verify. In addition, I saw that all his things are neatly arranged in the house, nothing has been moved. And after I went there, although he was doing his best to cover up and try to look calm, I could feel that he wanted me to leave quickly, and

I felt that Ms. Allyson’s guess was correct, and he would leave the South City soon” Sharon Allyson said, “Tonight at the latest.”

When he hung up the phone, Dean Wilson said, “What do you have in mind?”

Sharon Allyson stared at the phone, wondering, “What do you mean what do I have in mind?”

Dean Wilson raised an eyebrow, “I think the more Jameson Proctor stops you from doing something, the more you’ll do it. So I want to know what you’re going to do about this?”

Sharon Allyson looked up at him, “Are you going to sell me out?”

Dean Wilson exaggerated, “Never! We’re all adults. I don’t snitch like a schoolboy! I’m just curious, tell me. Sharon Allyson put her head back down, “I don’t have any ideas, and I don’t plan to do anything.”

Dean Wilson’s face was full of disbelief, but he knew Sharon wouldn’t tell him anything.

Well, he had to be the one who worked hard to keep an eye on her.

After solving this matter, he must let Jameson Proctor give him a salary increase.

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At six o’clock in the evening, Jayden Bower opened his window, looked at several cars parked below and frowned hard.

Now the people watching him were not only the police but also Jameson Proctor’s men.

Ivan Gregory came by today, and although he didn’t say much, it was clear that Sharon Allyson had asked him to come.

Luckily he was prepared.

Not long after, the delivery arrived.

Jayden Bower closed the door, drew the curtains, and took out all the food boxes.

At the bottom were new IDs and tickets for the eleven o'clock boat trip to country Z tonight.

When Kale Bee came to see him, he told Kale Bee the contact information of those people on the condition that he would help him get out of here.

Kale Bee was stuck with Jameson Proctor and couldn't leave, and those people could take care of it all for him.

That's why that old fox Kale Bee agreed.

This channel to leave the South City was Kale Bee's previous smuggling chain, and getting him in was almost a breeze.

When it was dark, Jayden Bower changed his clothes, first went downstairs to the convenience store to buy a pack of cigarettes, and then went to the restaurant for dinner.

Throughout the process, he could feel that more than one person was following him.

After exiting the restaurant, Jayden Bower went to the crowded mall, skillfully walked to the children's play area, and quickly dodged into the adjacent exit while it was crowded.

Jayden Bower took off his jacket, put on his hat, and hurriedly ran into the basement and left through another exit.

In this way, the people who followed him were almost left behind. He called a cab and had the driver go outside the city.

After getting out of the car, he went into the subway station along with the crowd and went to Pier C.

That way, even if they found out he had gotten into a cab, by the time they found the place, he would be safely on board.

By the time Jayden Bower arrived at Pier C, it was already 10:30. He pressed the brim of his hat and looked around.

Everything was normal.

Kale Bee had always been very attentive to this smuggling chain.

The slightest noise would make the place alerted.

Jayden Bower took the ticket and got on board without any problems.

But when he opened the door to the room and saw the people inside, his eyes widened.

Sharon Allyson sat there with a smile, "If you had come a little later. This boat would have sailed."

Jayden Bower took a step back, but the otherwise empty hallway was suddenly filled with people, surrounding him.

Jayden Bower frowned, "How do you ..."

"How do I get here?"

Sharon Allyson said, "This, to say the least, thanks to you. If it were not for you, how could I have known that Kale Bee has been smuggling?"

Jayden Bower remembered the information he had placed on Ivan Gregory's desk, and his face instantly turned blue and he clenched his fists.

Sharon Allyson added, "I've been wondering today which way you'd go if you were to escape. But since you've already asked Kale Bee to help you, the terms you talked about should be more than just getting you out on bail, so I gave it a try, and I didn't expect you to actually show up."

A few seconds later, Jayden Bower sneered, "Although this is the Beale Group's cargo ship, you know very well that the benefits are not only Kale Bee's. If you make a big deal here, it will not be good for you, but will also let the Beale Group carry the reputation of smuggling and drug trafficking for nothing."

"You have a point, so that's why I immediately reported to the police and actively cooperate with the action."

Looking at the police who appeared, Jayden Bower changed his expression greatly.

Sharon Allyson continued, "By the way, I still have to thank you once again. You collected that information. I have handed it over to the police. All the people related will be taken away for investigation, including Kale Bee. This time, he can't even help himself, never mind help you."

When Jayden Bower was taken away, his face was ashen.

He never thought that one day he would actually fall into his own hands.

Sharon Allyson looked at his back and remembered Harley Cook.

Murder plus helping Kale Bee smuggle drugs would definitely give Jayden Bower a death sentence.

But even so, Harley Cook would not come back to life.

At this time, Ivan Gregory came over and said, "Ms. Allyson, Mr. Bee has been arrested."

Sharon Allyson nodded, "Let's go."

Earlier today at noon, she was flipping through the copy of the information that she didn't know who had placed on Ivan Gregory's desk earlier, and suddenly realized that the person had to know so much inside information and also be able to avoid surveillance in order to put the things on Ivan Gregory's table.

There were not many people who could do that.

The biggest possibility was Jayden Bower, who was eager to get rid of Kale Bee's control. She immediately took the stuff to the police station, and then discussed the night's actions and plans with the police.

Standing on the dock, Sharon Allyson turned to look at the freighter.

On the way here, Ivan Gregory told her that this freighter had been in service for more than twenty years, and was the first sea vessel of the Beale Group after the real Talon Beale had taken over the Group in the first place.

But after Tavis Beale sat in that position, it was used for these illegal activities.

Sharon Allyson said, "Get rid of the stuff on it and scrap it"

"Okay. Sharon Allyson had just taken a few steps when she saw the Rolls Royce parked not far away. Thanks to Dean Wilson, Jameson Proctor must have known about her visit to the police station this afternoon. At this time, the car door opened, Jameson Proctor's figure appeared in sight.

Ivan Gregory, seeing this, took a half step back and went to take care of the ship.

Jameson Proctor walked up to Sharon Allyson, "Going back? I'll give you a ride."

Sharon Allyson said lightly, "No, I have a car."

Jameson Proctor looked at the car parked not far away and spoke slowly and deliberately, "If I guess correctly, your car must have broken down"

Sharon Allyson, "...?"

The driver came over and said, "Ms. Allyson, the car has a little problem."

"It was fine when we got here. I don't know what's going on?"

Sharon Allyson met the eyes of Jameson Proctor, who raised an eyebrow slightly.

You're pretty good at guessing then.

What a cure! She took a deep breath and said to the driver, "Call a tow truck."

The driver responded and left.

Jameson Proctor's lips curved slightly, pulled open the car door and tilted his head slightly toward her, gesturing for her to go in.

Sharon Allyson ignored him and turned around to take out her cell phone for a cab.

A police car pulled up in front of them and an old cop poked his head out, "Ms. Allyson, I just heard you had a problem with your car. I'll give you a ride?"

Sharon Allyson put away her phone and smiled, "Thanks."

Jameson Proctor, "..."

After Sharon Allyson got into the police car, Jameson Proctor followed suit.

As Sharon Allyson looked over, he spoke with a blank face, "Never been in one.What? I can't have a try?"

Sharon Allyson, "..."

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By the time Sharon Allyson got back, it was almost twelve o'clock and the little one was asleep.

Paisley Gregory yawned, "Seriously? You're so late on your first day"

Sharon Allyson said, "There was a delay.It won't happen tomorrow"

"Fine.My husband called me about something that happened with your company"

Paisley Gregory took her things, "I'll leave then and come back tomorrow."

When Paisley Gregory left, Sharon Allyson went into the bedroom and looked at the sleeping little one, feeling instant relief from her irritation.

At that moment, Tiffany came over from next door, "Sharon, you're back"

Sharon Allyson nodded, "You're still awake."

"I just went back and took a shower"

Tiffany sat down on the couch, "Paisley Gregory is such a chatterbox, but she's still very good with kids.After you left this morning, the little one kept crying, and Paisley Gregory coaxed him for a long time without getting impatient at all."

At that, Sharon Allyson was stunned and couldn't help but look at the little one in the bedroom, "Did he cry?"

Tiffany then realized she had said the wrong thing, "Actually, no.Maybe he was just a little uncomfortable when you first left, but he got better after a while.He didn't cry much."

Sharon Allyson didn't say anything, but after a moment of silence, she said, "Daniel's not back yet?"

Tiffany leaned back on the couch, "He called me about half an hour ago and said he'd be here tomorrow morning.It's a good thing he's not coming.I can relax for a few days."

Sharon Allyson laughed lightly, "You really think so?"

"Well ...of course, you don't even know how stressed I am with him watching me every day.It's like being a prisoner"

Sharon Allyson sat next to her, "What's going on with you guys now?"

So much had happened in the past few days that she didn't have time to ask carefully.

Tiffany sighed, "He told me to have the baby and that he would take good care of me.Well, I guess that's it for now.I'll give birth first.And who knows, maybe I'll do the same as you, give birth to the baby and raise it myself, with him or without him."

The last time she was in the hospital, she had already thought very clearly. She could not abort the child.

Especially after seeing Sharon Allyson's little one crawling all over the place in the past few days, she was looking forward to the arrival of this child.

She knew Daniel was a non-marital, and she never intended to ask him to do anything, but he did give her a chance to make up her mind.

Sharon Allyson said, "Have you thought about it?"

Tiffany nodded, "Yes. It's not uncommon to be single with a child now. Instead of tying two people who don't love each other together because of the kids, it's better to live your own life, and if he wants to see the kid, he can live with him for a while. I think this is good."

Tiffany got up, "Well, it's getting late, I'm going back to bed. You get some rest too."

"Okay, good night."

After Tiffany left, Sharon Allyson sat on the sofa for a while, got up and was about to take a shower when the doorbell rang.

She thought Tiffany forgot something and opened the door, but saw Jameson Proctor standing outside.

Sharon Allyson blocked the doorway and didn't let him in, "The baby's asleep. If you want to see him, come tomorrow"

Jameson Proctor put one hand in his pants pocket, "I know, I'm not here to see him. I'm here to ..."

Before the words were out of his mouth, Sharon Allyson had reached for the door.

Jameson Proctor reached out to hold it, "I'm not done talking."

Jameson Proctor casually ruffled his wet black hair and spoke slowly, "Lend me your hairdryer"

"I don't have one."

Jameson Proctor said, "I don't believe you unless you let me in."

Sharon Allyson was unmoved, "You have two houses and not even a hairdryer?"

Jameson Proctor said, "Unfortunately, they're both broken."

"Then you're a pretty unlucky guy"

Jameson Proctor, "..."

He said, "Aren't neighbours supposed to help each other?"

"Well, how would I know if you're going to return it?"

Jameson Proctor's temples jumped, "I will" Sharon Allyson looked unchanged, "You don't have any credibility."

Jameson Proctor was worn out, "Then how can I sleep?"

"The wind is blowing downstairs.You go down and sit for half an hour and your hair will be dry."

After the words, she shut the door.

Jameson Proctor went back next door.

He went into the bathroom, took out the hairdryer, turned it on, and then suddenly thought of something.He destroyed the circuitry inside and went to take a cold shower.

The next day at noon, Sharon Allyson received a call from Jacob Green.

"Ms.Allyson, Mr.Proctor hasn't come to the office yet and I can't reach him, do you know where he is?"

"How should I know?"

Jacob Green said, "Mr.Proctor has never disappeared for no reason like this.I'm afraid something has happened to him"

Sharon Allyson's tone was light, "If you're not sure, you can go to his house and check."

"There is a meeting in ten minutes.I have to cover for him.I really can not leave."

Sharon Allyson, "Ok."

Jacob Green coughed and said melancholy, "Mr.Proctor was released from the hospital before he was healed, and there are so many things going on these days.I don't know if his body can still hold up.If he fainted in some place no one knows ..."

Sharon Allyson interrupted him, "Don't you have a meeting in ten minutes? Do you not have to prepare for it?"

"...Okay, Ms.Allyson bye."

After hanging up the phone, Sharon Allyson put down the phone and looked at the design in front of her, but the brush was not moving.

After a few minutes, she let out a breath and got up with her things.

The assistant came in just in time to deliver the files, "Ms.Allyson, are you going out?"

Sharon Allyson nodded, "Let me handle these when I get back and call me if you need anything."

"Okay."

Leaving the Beale Group, Sharon Allyson went straight back to the house she had rented.She stood at Jameson Proctor's door and rang the doorbell for a while, but no one answered the door.

Sharon Allyson looked at the combination lock, hesitated, and tried the code from her previous apartment.

Two seconds later, the lock opened.

It was their wedding anniversary.

Sharon Allyson entered the house, the curtains were drawn all around, and there was no sound at all. She spoke in a whisper, "Jameson Proctor?"

She was answered by silence.

Sharon Allyson opened the curtains to ventilate the room and knocked on the bedroom door, finally hearing a faint sound.

She pushed the door open and saw Jameson Proctor sleeping on the bed, his forehead covered in sweat and his brow furrowed.

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Sharon Allyson walked over and touched his forehead. It was ridiculously hot and his hair and pillow were wet. Her long, thin eyebrows were furrowed.

He couldn't have gone straight to sleep last night without blow-drying his hair, could he? Sharon Allyson pulled back the curtains to ventilate the room and went to call him again, "Jameson Proctor, Jameson Proctor? Wake up, I'll take you to the hospital."

The man in the bed didn't respond, just took her outstretched hand.

Sharon Allyson tried her hardest to pull it out, wondering how he could still be so strong after all this. She couldn't get him to the hospital.

Sharon Allyson took her phone out of her bag with her other hand and dialed Jacob Green's number, "Jameson Proctor has a fever. If your meeting is over, come and take him to the hospital. I can't carry him."

Jacob Green lowered his voice, "The meeting may last until the evening. How about this? I'll let Mr. Proctor's personal doctor go over, and Ms. Allyson, please take care of him for now"

After saying that, Jacob Green did not give Sharon Allyson a chance to refuse and hung up the phone quickly.

Sharon Allyson, "..."

When did she say she would take care of him? Sharon Allyson let out a breath and looked again at the man in bed with a high fever.

The corners of her lips were pursed.

She put down her phone, took out a tissue from her bag, wiped the sweat on his forehead, and muttered in a low voice, "Sleeping with wet hair like this, you deserve to catch a cold."

After wiping the sweat off his forehead, Sharon Allyson reached under the covers.

Sure enough, the clothes and sheets were also wet with sweat.

Sharon Allyson went to call him again, "Jameson Proctor, can you get up and go sleep on the couch while I change your sheets?"

Jameson Proctor's eyelashes twitched and he opened his eyes for a long time.

Sharon Allyson reached out and waved her hand in front of his eyes, "Did you hear what I said?"

Jameson Proctor's thin lips moved slightly and he said in a mute voice, "Why are you here?"

Sharon Allyson looked unchanged and came up with his usual excuse, "Passing by"

After a pause, she added, "The doctor will be here in a few minutes, so go lie down on the couch while I..."

Jameson Proctor re-closed his eyes, "No strength."

"I'm not carrying you. Come on, get moving."

Sharon Allyson used both hands to pull him. He was so heavy.

When she tried to pull him up with all her strength, he suddenly pulled her, and Sharon fell on top of him.

Just as she tried to get up, Jameson Proctor's hands wrapped around her waist.

Sharon Allyson gritted her teeth, "I thought you said you didn't have the strength."

"It takes no strength to lift a hand."

Sharon Allyson said, "Let go."

"I'm like this already. Do you have a conscience?"

"Then stop wasting your energy!"

Jameson Proctor slowly opened his eyes, and his dark eyes met hers, "I'm afraid that if I let go, you'll leave me."

Sharon Allyson, "..."

What a drama queen.

She sighed lightly, "I'm not going to leave. I'm just going to change your sheets. Since you really do not want to move then forget it. Later, I'll let Jacob Green come over..."

Sharon Allyson's voice just fell, his hand was taken back. She got up smoothly, tired and hot from all the tossing and turning she had just done.

Jameson Proctor slowly sat up and whispered, "Dizzy."

Sharon Allyson said, "Good for you."

She was just about to turn and go to the checkroom to find the sheets when her wrist was gripped.

"I thought you said you weren't leaving."

"I." She ignored him.

Sharon Allyson looked over at him, "Can you still walk?"

“No.” Sharon Allyson reached out again to pull him, “I’ll help you over.”

Jameson Proctor took her hand and rose to his feet.

Sharon Allyson breathed a sigh of relief, but the next moment he wrapped his arm around her shoulder and leaned right into her.

Without waiting for Sharon Allyson to say anything, Jameson Proctor said, “I get dizzy standing up.”

Sharon Allyson, “...”

After getting Jameson Proctor to the couch with great difficulty, Sharon Allyson removed all the sheets and covers from the bedroom.

She turned her head, looked at the man leaning in the couch with one hand over his eyes, and took another set of clean clothes to him, “After you rest for a while, change your clothes.”

Jameson Proctor mumbled softly and did not move.

Sharon Allyson didn’t find any spare sheets in his checkroom, so she went back next door to get a set of her own that she had bought earlier.

She had just entered the bedroom when she saw Jameson Proctor sitting topless in the sofa, his eyes blank, looking ahead and wondering.

Sharon Allyson’s temples jumped, “What is this?”

Jameson Proctor looked up at her, his voice husky, “I thought you left me behind”

Sharon Allyson took a deep breath, “I went to get the sheets. Get dressed.”

Jameson Proctor frowned slightly at the tip of his brow, “Dirty.”

Sharon Allyson remembered that he had mysophobia.

Sharon Allyson was about to say something when she saw that the gauze wrapped around his right arm was already oozing blood.

She didn’t say a word and turned to leave.

When she came back, she was carrying a basin of water.

Sharon Allyson placed the basin on the coffee table, wrung out a towel and handed it to him.

Jameson Proctor glanced at it without taking it, and simply closed his eyes.

Sharon Allyson said, “Wipe off the sweat and put on your clothes.”

“I can’t lift my hands. I don’t have the strength.”

He said, “You should just leave me be. I’ll just accept my fate. If I’m lucky, I can still be found and sent to the hospital, but if I’m unlucky, I can die. I’m a bad luck person anyway, my wife and son don’t even care about me”

Sharon Allyson really wanted to throw this towel in his face.

What right did he have to be sad? Sharon Allyson walked over to him, took the towel and wiped his neck, warning, "Don't move and shut up."

For the rest of the day, Jameson Proctor didn't say a word, nor did he do anything rascally.

Sharon Allyson avoided the arm wound and gave him a cursory wipe.

Tired and sweaty herself, she put down the towel and said, "All right, put your clothes on."

Jameson Proctor opened his eyes, "That's it?"

"What else do you want?"

"You're not gonna change my pants?"

Sharon Allyson turned her head and glared.

This cur was shameless.

Jameson Proctor took it in stride, "I can do the rest myself. Sharon Allyson ignored him and walked over to change the sheets. By the time she was done, Jameson Proctor had also changed his clothes and pants and came over.

At that moment, the doorbell rang.

Sharon Allyson put all the changed sheets and covers into the washing machine, "I think the doctor is here. You lie down. I'll get the door"

Jameson Proctor looked at her back, his eyebrows raised slightly, the corners of his lips lifted without a trace.

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After examining Jameson Proctor, the doctor said, "The cold is quite serious. The wound is also infected and inflamed. You must rest well and keep up with the nutrition."

After that, the doctor said to Sharon Allyson, "Mrs. Proctor, I will change the medicine for Mr. Proctor in a moment, and after that, I will have to trouble you. In order to avoid the continuous deterioration of the wound, you have to change it once in the morning and once in the evening."

Sharon Allyson was slightly stunned, "?"

Why was it her business again? Before Sharon Allyson could refuse, the doctor had already taken off the gauze wrapped around Jameson Proctor's wound.

The wound was so bloody that it looked hideous.

Jameson Proctor looked at her and turned sideways to avoid her eyes, "Go out, I'll change the medicine myself"

"I'll go then."

After Sharon Allyson left, the doctor said, "Mr. Proctor, your injury is on your right arm, so it may be a bit troublesome to change the medicine by yourself."

Jameson Proctor said, "I'll live."

Doctor, ".."

When Sharon Allyson went back, she saw Paisley Gregory staring at her meaningfully.

She poured a glass of water to drink, "What's wrong?"

"Why are you back so early today? And you just took the sheets out for Jameson Proctor, right?"

Sharon Allyson said, "He had a cold, and I couldn't find a change of sheets, so I went ahead and..."

"I don't know what's going on with you guys. Together for a while, separate for a while. What's all the fuss about?"

Sharon Allyson didn't answer and turned to go into the kitchen to make porridge.

In the living room, the little one was taking a nap, turning over to reveal his white and tender tummy.

Sharon Allyson pulled the quilt over him and gently tucked him in.

Paisley Gregory said, "Hey, are you making that porridge for Jameson Proctor? Sharon Allyson turned her head to look at her and spoke lightly, "Do you know what the villains usually die of?"

"What?"

"Talking too much."

Paisley Gregory, "..."

She froze for a few seconds, exasperated, "Who are you calling a villain!"

Sharon Allyson showed a smile, "Good that you get it."

Paisley Gregory snorted coldly, "How insensitive!"

At that moment, the porridge in the pot boiled.

Sharon Allyson got up, opened the fridge, and took out the chicken and vegetables to make shredded chicken and vegetable porridge.

When it was done, she served it in a bowl and took it next door.

In the bedroom, Jameson Proctor was lying on the bed.

His cold features were a little sickly, and she didn't know if he was asleep or what.

The doctor had left.

Sharon Allyson put the porridge on the bed, "I cooled it down with cool water. It's not hot. You can eat it straight away now. Take your medicine half an hour after the meal."

Jameson Proctor opened his eyes, "Made it for me?"

Sharon Allyson's face did not change, "Feeding the dog."

Jameson Proctor, "..."

Sharon Allyson said, "I'm leaving."

Jameson Proctor took her wrist and glanced at his right hand, "The doctor said this hand can't be moved."

Sharon Allyson looked at the hand he was holding hers with, "You're fine with this one."

Jameson Proctor instantly dropped his hand again, "As you can see, it can barely move. It's still difficult to eat."

Sharon Allyson's eyelids twitched.

He had so many tricks.

She sat on the edge of the bed, took the porridge in her hand, and placed a spoonful on his lips.

Jameson Proctor's dark eyes rose to a smile as he bowed his head and opened his mouth.

The bowl of porridge was soon finished, and Sharon Allyson said, "Where's your medicine?"

Jameson Proctor's chin lifted slightly and he looked to the coffee table.

Sharon Allyson said, "I'll get some water. You go back to sleep. I'll call you when it's time to take your medicine."

Jameson Proctor's dark eyes gazed at her and he said slowly, "Still angry?"

Sharon Allyson didn't answer, just put the porridge on the tray and got up to leave.

"I'm not lying to you. The hair dryer is really broken. You can go confirm if you don't believe me."

Jameson Proctor said with a hoarse voice, "I don't always lie."

"I do not have that leisure time. Whether the hairdryer is broken or not, I don't care."

With those words, Sharon Allyson turned to leave with the tray in hand.

A few minutes later, she came in with a glass of water, unwrapped the medicine again, and handed it to Jameson Proctor according to the dosage marked on it.

Sharon Allyson said, "I read the instructions. This medicine will make you sleepy. You take it and go straight to sleep."

Jameson Proctor looked up at her, "Are you leaving?"

"Yeah? Should I sit here and watch you sleep?"

Jameson Proctor patted the empty space on the bed, "You can sleep together"

Sharon Allyson, "..."

She left immediately, leaving the cur with an indifferent back.

Jameson Proctor pressed his temples and picked up his bedside phone, on which countless missed calls and WeChat messages had piled up.

Jameson Proctor tapped on them and dealt with them one by one.

When Sharon Allyson came over again, she saw him pinching the bridge of his nose with one hand and holding his phone with the other, and frowned, "Why are you still awake?"

"I thought you were gone"

The two voices sounded almost simultaneously.

Sharon Allyson looked to the bag on the couch, "I didn't get my stuff."

She walked over, picked up the bag, closed the curtains again, and turned her head to look at Jameson Proctor.

Jameson Proctor met her gaze and, after a moment of silence, put down his phone.

Sharon Allyson said, "I'm out of here."

Jameson Proctor looked at her back, and coldly spoke out, "What's for dinner tonight?"

Sharon Allyson turned around, "What do you want to eat?"

Jameson Proctor's lips curved slightly, "Anything, I'm not picky."

He's not picky? Then there's no picky person in this world! She went out of the bedroom, and when she reached the foyer, she suddenly realized that something was wrong.

Why did she agree so easily to make dinner for him!? She had just closed the door, ready to go back when the door next door opened.

Tiffany poked a head out, gossip written all over her face, "What's up?"

"I " Sharon Allyson lost her words. She took a moment before saying, "Jameson Proctor is sick and I'm bringing him food."

Tiffany was impressed, "It's too much trouble for you to go back and forth. Why don't you just let him move over?"

"No, he's got a bad cold. He'll infect the baby."

"Then you'll move in?"

"Am I crazy?"

Tiffany sighed, "Woman, your name is 'want something but won't say it'."

Sharon Allyson, "..."

After a pause, Sharon Allyson added, "I still have to go to the office. You keep an eye on the next door for me. If he moves, go in and check. I'll be back in two hours tops."

Tiffany nodded, "Okay, you go, but I do think Mr.Proctor is still quite resilient.I understand your concern and nervousness.Don't worry.I will keep an eye on him at all times."

Sharon Allyson opened her mouth to say something and then gave up.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 586

After Sharon Allyson returned to the Beale Group and processed the paperwork that her assistant had sent over, she looked at the time and saw that it was almost six o'clock.

Ivan Gregory came in and said, "Ms.Allyson, the news from the police department, Jayden Bower's case has been expedited in the trial.The verdict will soon come out, most likely the death penalty.Kale Bee is still under investigation.I heard that he used a lot of connections and tried to put the blame on Jayden Bower.But"

"But what?"

"Because of the pressure from the Proctor Group, now no one dares to help him.But now the trouble is, he bites the bullet and does not admit that the smuggling chain has anything to do with him, saying that he knows nothing.Everything is only at the command of Mr.Beale.If after the detention period, the police still can not find conclusive evidence, Kale Bee may be released."

Sharon Allyson Road pursed her lips.

It seemed that he was now not only trying to put the blame on Jayden Bower but also intended to put it on Tavis Beale so that he could go from the perpetrator to the unwitting victim.

Jayden Bower was a murderer, and it wouldn't be surprising to see no matter how many cases on him; Tavis Beale was nowhere to be found.

What a good plan.

Sharon Allyson said, "Send all the evidence we collected to the police, and then contact Chell Peterson.If she is willing, she can come forward to accuse Kale Bee.As for other victims, you try to find out if you can.No matter what the charges are, he must not be allowed to leave the police station again."

Ivan Gregory nodded, "Okay."

Sharon Allyson got up, "If there's nothing else, I'll leave you to it."

She had just taken two steps when Ivan Gregory's voice came from behind her, "Ms.Allyson."

Sharon Allyson turned around, "What's up?"

Ivan Gregory hesitated, seemingly with some hesitation, "I ."

Sharon Allyson was in no hurry and waited for him to speak.

After a while, Ivan Gregory continued, "There's been so much going on these past few days, and I haven't had a chance to apologize to you."

"Apologize?"

“Paisley has done a lot of things wrong with you in the past. After what happened to Jayden Bower, she’s been blaming herself. She’s not bad by nature, just ...not too bright in the head sometimes, always doing something out of the ordinary, and now she really knows she’s wrong.”

Sharon Allyson smiled, “I know. Otherwise, I would not let her help me take care of the child.”

At that, Ivan Gregory instantly understood.

Yes, if Sharon Allyson really wanted to get back at Paisley Gregory, how could she have left her child in her hands? Ivan Gregory breathed a sigh of relief, “Thank you, Ms. Allyson.”

“You’re welcome.”

After leaving the Beale Group, Sharon Allyson went to the supermarket and bought a lot of ingredients and fruits that are good for wound recovery and put them together in Jameson Proctor’s empty refrigerator.

Sharon Allyson put the soup on the stove and went back to the bedroom to find that he was still sleeping. She shut the door and was about to go back and put her things away when she paused outside the bathroom.

Sharon Allyson cocked her head, walked in, picked up the hairdryer, plugged it in, and fiddled with it for a while, but it didn’t respond.

Is it really broken? Sharon Allyson changed the outlet again, and it was the same.

Okay.

Looked like he really didn’t lie to her this time.

Back next door, Tiffany and Paisley Gregory were there.

Sharon Allyson let Paisley Gregory go first, and just as she sat down, Tiffany came up to her, “How’s Mr. Proctor?”

Sharon Allyson said, “Not bad, not dead.”

As soon as the words left her mouth, she suddenly remembered something and got up, “Tiffany, watch the baby for a while, I’m making soup on the stove.”

Tiffany said “oh oh” and subconsciously looked into the kitchen, but it wasn’t even on? She looked at Sharon Allyson’s back as she hurriedly left, and instantly understood.

So it was the kitchen next door.

Sharon Allyson didn’t know if Jameson Proctor had an appetite for food, so she didn’t dare to do more than that. She simmered the fish soup and made a light side dish. She had just turned off the fire on the stove and was about to call Jameson Proctor when her waist was suddenly wrapped around him from behind.

Jameson Proctor’s chin rested on her shoulder and his voice was husky and low, “Morning.

Sharon Allyson, "..."

With a spoon in her hand, she said, "It's getting dark."

Jameson Proctor's voice was lazy, "Yeah, I thought it was still light"

Sharon Allyson didn't want to talk to him and reached for the hand he had wrapped around her waist, "Let go."

"Let me hold you a little longer."

He rubbed the side of her neck as if he were pampering her, Sharon Allyson was silent for a moment.

She lifted her hand and touched his forehead, which was still a little hot.

Jameson Proctor closed his eyes and tightened his arms around her.

Sharon Allyson withdrew her thoughts, "If you don't let go, you're going to the hospital yourself."

At that, Jameson Proctor instantly let go and took a step back, rubbing his brow, "This is not a dream?"

Sharon Allyson, "..."

Could he be any more shameless? Sharon Allyson turned around to serve the soup, "Just think of it as a dream, after all, there is no second fairy in the world like me who came down to the earth to save you."

Jameson Proctor raised his eyebrows, and a smile lurked on his lips.

Sharon Allyson went to get the dishes and nudged him, "Get out of here and get out of the way"

Jameson Proctor went to the dining room and sat down.

Soon, Sharon Allyson had the meal on the table.

Looking at the dishes in front of him, Jameson Proctor looked up at her, "Aren't you going to eat?"

"I'll go back and eat."

With that, she turned into the bedroom again and took the medicine out and put it in front of him, "After you eat, you remember to take the medicine. The fever should go down tomorrow"

Jameson Proctor frowned, "Tomorrow?"

Sharon Allyson thought he was too slow and remembered the doctor's orders, so she said, "If you don't get some rest, you might not even be well next year."

Jameson Proctor's eyebrows twitched and he didn't say anything.

Sharon Allyson said, "All right, I'm out of here."

"Are you coming back tomorrow?"

"I'm not your babysitter."

The implication was that she had done her best to get to this point.

After that, Sharon Allyson left.

Jameson Proctor looked at the food in front of him and licked his teeth without a trace.

At least her attitude was better than before. It was worth the pain.

After dinner, Sharon Allyson and Tiffany took the little one to the mall.

Daniel walked behind them, dutifully pushing the shopping cart.

Tiffany stayed in the snack section for half an hour.

Probably because of her pregnancy, she was particularly fond of eating lately, and she couldn't stop eating.

Her face had rounded up compared to before.

Sharon Allyson looked around, "Tiffany, I'm going to go to the front to buy something, and I'll meet you at the register later."

Tiffany nodded, "Go ahead, I'll go get some more yogurt."

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 587

Sharon Allyson pushed the little one and went to the housewares section, looking for a hairdryer. She picked for a few minutes and chose the one with the best performance and not easy to break.

After buying the hairdryer, she went straight to the cashier.

When they got home, Sharon Allyson gave the little guy a bath and he fell asleep in no time.

Sharon Allyson put him in his crib and put away all the toys in the living room.

After all that, it was eleven o'clock.

Sharon Allyson sat on the couch, looked at the hairdryer not far away, exhaled, and got up to go next door.

Not seeing anyone in the living room, she went to the bedroom and looking at the door, Sharon Allyson said out loud, "Jameson Proctor, are you asleep?"

"Nope."

"I picked up a hairdryer from the trash. It seems to be working. I put it in the bathroom for you."

No sound came from inside.

Sharon Allyson was just about to leave when the bedroom door opened in front of her and Jameson Proctor stood in front of her, speaking nonchalantly, "You're good at picking stuff."

Sharon Allyson looked the same, not answering, but frowning, "Why are you not dressed again!"

Jameson Proctor said, "I'm changing my medication, so it's not convenient to wear clothes."

At that, Sharon Allyson subconsciously looked at his injured arm, the gauze was only half removed, and the bloody scar could be seen faintly.

She said, "Can you change it yourself?"

Jameson Proctor said, "Yes."

Sharon Allyson looked up at him, thinking it was a bit unbelievable.

Why wasn't he acting poor at this point? Since he said that, Sharon Allyson didn't say anything else, "I'll leave you to it. If you want to take a shower, take care to keep your wounds out of the water."

Jameson Proctor gave a soft muffled sound and added, "Good night."

"I'm off."

Sharon Allyson went back next door, looked at the familiar little one in the crib, hesitated for a while, and turned back the way she came.

In the bedroom, Jameson Proctor was cleaning the wound.

The inflammation had caused the wound to become red and swollen around it, making the injury look even more alarming.

Sharon Allyson was not very brave.

If she saw this, she was expected to lose sleep at night, and it may also leave a trauma.

After hastily disinfecting the wound, Jameson Proctor picked up the gauze and wrapped it around his arm several times with his teeth on one end.

At that moment, the bedroom door was pushed open.

Jameson Proctor looked over, "Why are you back?"

Sharon Allyson didn't say anything, sat next to him and looked at the gauze he had just wrapped, "What is this?"

With that, she reached out to remove it.

Jameson Proctor held her wrist, "It's good enough."

Sharon Allyson, "Sure, good enough for you to get amputated."

Jameson Proctor, "..."

Sharon Allyson removed the gauze and re-disinfected and re-dressed him.

When the cotton swab touched his wound, Sharon Allyson felt as if her arm was hurting as well.

Jameson Proctor's dark eyes gazed at her and slowly lowered his head.

Just as his lips were about to touch her forehead, Sharon Allyson's voice came through, "If you give me the flu, you're dead."

He slowly backed away.

After putting on the medicine, Sharon Allyson slowly wrapped the gauze around him, "Did you take your medicine"

"Yeah."

Sharon Allyson threw all the medical garbage in the trash, "Then you can sleep."

Jameson Proctor said, "I've slept all day."

Sharon Allyson got up, "Whatever, I'm going to bed."

Jameson Proctor took her hand, "Can't you sleep here?"

Sharon Allyson turned her head to look at him, "Do you think it's possible?"

"I think it's possible."

Sharon Allyson's brow jumped and she took a deep breath and tried to take her hand back, but Jameson Proctor tugged on it.

She said, "I've only been taking care of you for a day because you're a patient. Can you have some self-awareness in your heart?"

"So you can't sleep with me for the sake of me being a patient?"

Sharon Allyson looked at him expressionlessly, clearly on the verge of fury.

Jameson Proctor withdrew his hand, "Good night."

Back next door, Sharon Allyson took a shower and lay down on her bed, staring at the ceiling above her.

It seemed like she hadn't done anything all day, but she didn't know why she was so tired.

She rolled over and closed her eyes.

In the middle of the night, Sharon Allyson woke up in a daze, feeling a little stuffy in the nose and dizzy.

Did she get infected? Sharon Allyson rushed up and took a pill, but when she woke up the next morning, she still didn't feel well.

She took her temperature and had no fever, but all the other symptoms of a cold, such as stuffy nose and dizziness and sneezing, were present.

Paisley Gregory pushed open the door and saw the little one babbling and rolling around in her crib trying to get up.

Sharon Allyson was sitting far away, watching him with a wan expression.

Paisley Gregory said, "Oh my God, what's going on with you?"

Sharon Allyson said, "I have a cold and I'm afraid I'll give it to him"

"How did you get..."

Paisley Gregory said halfway through the sentence, suddenly remembered something, shrugged and went over to pick up the little guy.

After feeding him, Paisley Gregory said again, "You should go next door. If you are here, it's really easy to infect him."

Sharon Allyson got up, "I'll go straight to the office."

"Isn't it Saturday? What company are you going to?"

Sharon Allyson, "...Oh."

Delirium.

She got up with her stuff, "Then I'll go to the hospital and find another place to stay and come back when I'm better"

Paisley Gregory put the little one on the carpet, "Why don't you go next door."

"I'm afraid I'll give it to Tiffany."

"I mean Jameson Proctor. He's got a cold too, so you two viruses should stay together and don't go out and cause trouble."

Sharon Allyson closed her eyes and suddenly had the urge to sneeze, she hastily covered her mouth and nose, "I'll go first."

After going out, Sharon Allyson went to the hospital.

The doctor said got the flu and needed to take some medicine. It would take two or three days to get well.

And she shouldn't get close to the child right now.

Children's immune system is weak, very easy to be infected.

When she came out of the hospital, Sharon Allyson sneezed several times and felt like she was going to explode.

At this time, it started raining.

How miserable.

Just when Sharon Allyson wanted to go find a hotel to stay in first, Tiffany called her.

"Sharon, has Mr. Proctor passed out from the fever? I knocked on the door for half a day and he didn't respond. Do you want to come back and take a look?"

Sharon Allyson inhaled, "I'm coming back now."

After returning, Sharon Allyson pushed open Jameson Proctor's bedroom door, saw him lying on the bed, went over and touched his forehead, but it was still so hot.

Didn't he take his medicine last night? Sharon Allyson took out her cell phone and called Jacob Green and asked him to give her the number of his personal doctor.

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 588

On the phone, after hearing what Sharon Allyson said, the private doctor spoke out, "Mrs.Proctor, this is mainly because of the wound infection inflammation.It aggravated the cold.

Do not worry.

As long as the inflammation goes down, basically there is no problem."

Sharon Allyson frowned, "Are you sure you he doesn't need to go to the hospital?"

"There's no need.But the medicine must be taken on time."

"He took them yesterday at noon and at night."

"This is strange.Theoretically, the situation should improve."

After a pause, he added, "Mrs.Proctor, have you changed the medication this morning?"

"...Not yet."

"Then please change it for Mr.Proctor again, and take another course of medicine afterwards, and if it's still like this in a couple of hours, I'll come over"

Sharon Allyson exhaled, "Okay, I got it."

After hanging up the phone, Sharon Allyson saw no sign of Jameson Proctor waking up, so she went out to make some porridge.

After picking up the water and putting it on the stove, she washed the sheets she had thrown in the washing machine yesterday, tidied up the living room, and when she was throwing out the trash, she caught a glimpse of some pills in the trash.

Sharon Allyson put the towel in her hand, squatted in front of the trash can, picked up the pills inside one by one, and went to get the pills the doctor prescribed for Jameson Proctor yesterday for comparison.

Sure enough, they were exactly the same.

Sharon Allyson's brow jumped and her fist clenched.

Long before Sharon Allyson called the doctor, Jameson Proctor woke up, opened his eyes and lay in bed for a while, heard the bedroom door being pushed open again and he immediately closed his eyes.

Sharon Allyson took the medical kit and sat down on the edge of the bed, took a small pair of scissors and slowly cut the gauze wrapped around his arm, gently and carefully changing his medicine.

Suddenly, a sharp pain came and Jameson Proctor grunted.

Sharon Allyson spoke slowly, "Awake?"

Jameson Proctor opened his eyes and looked at her, "What are you doing?"

"Changing your medicine."

Sharon Allyson unhurriedly loosened the gauze she had just tightened, "I see that your wound is quite inflamed, so I'll try to attack the poison with poison. Maybe it'll work."

Jameson Proctor licked his teeth and said in a deep voice, "What effect can this have?"

"You're awake, and besides, you don't want this arm anyway, so it's better to recycle it."

Jameson Proctor, "..."

Sharon Allyson looked at the wound and no blood was seeping out. She continued to wrap the gauze around it again, tied a knot and left.

Jameson Proctor slowly sat up and raised his hand to rub his temples.

After a short while, Sharon Allyson came in with the porridge, put it on the bedside table and left again.

Jameson Proctor waited for a few seconds, and when he didn't hear the door close, he walked out with the tray in one hand.

In the dining room, Sharon Allyson was eating.

Jameson Proctor put the tray on the table and sat across from her, "Why didn't you go back?"

Sharon Allyson didn't even look up, "Thanks to you, I have a cold"

Jameson Proctor raised his eyebrows slightly, and his thin lips curled up vaguely.

He picked up a spoon in his left hand, scooped up a spoonful of porridge, and looked at her, "Did you go to the hospital?"

"Yes "

"What did the doctor say?"

"He told me to get ready to die if I won't take my medicine"

Jameson Proctor, "...?"

He subconsciously looked over at the trash can not far away and raised his hand to his brow.

Crap.

Sharon Allyson ignored him and looked down to eat.

Jameson Proctor was in the wrong, so he didn't say another word.

The meal was a quiet one.

After eating, Sharon Allyson washed her own bowl, got water and sat on the couch to take her medication.

Just as she took out her medicine, Jameson Proctor also brought a glass of water and sat next to her, and took out the medicine from the coffee table in front of her.

Sharon Allyson watched his near identical actions and turned her head to glare at him.

Jameson Proctor looked subdued, and under her watchful eye, threw the medicine into his mouth and tilted his head back to drink the water.

After taking the medicine, Jameson Proctor turned his head, "What are you looking at me for?"

Sharon Allyson grunted softly, withdrew her eyes, and took her own medicine.

Outside the window, the rain was getting heavier, and the sky was dark with little light. It was a good day to sleep at home.

The pill made her a little sleepy, and after a while, Sharon Allyson yawned and fell asleep on the couch.

Jameson Proctor came out of the bathroom and saw the scene, and a smile appeared in his dark eyes.

He walked over to her, knelt down on his knees, and whispered, "Sharon Allyson."

There was no response.

Jameson Proctor reached out and pinched her nose.

Sharon Allyson's brow furrowed as she tried to swat his hand away, but she didn't wake up. She was really asleep.

Jameson Proctor got up, carried her into the bedroom, and put her on the bed.

Because of the cold medicine, Sharon Allyson slept soundly and did not wake up during the whole process.

After Jameson Proctor tucked her in, he lay down next to her and pulled the person gently into his arms.

Sharon Allyson habitually wrapped her arms around his waist, rubbed herself against his chest, and found a more comfortable position to sleep.

Jameson Proctor kissed her forehead and closed his eyes.

Sharon Allyson woke up to a dark house and a whole lot of laziness, not wanting to get up. She stretched and tried to touch her phone to see what time it was, but all she felt was the man's straight nose and thin lips.

Sharon Allyson, "..."

After a couple of seconds of silence, she put her hand to his forehead again.

Luckily, the fever had finally gone down.

Sharon Allyson looked at the window and could see through the curtains that it was already dark outside and the neon lights were flashing.

It was so late. She sat up sharply and wondered what was going on next door.

Sharon Allyson had just made a move when she was pushed back.

Jameson Proctor said in a mute voice, "Sleep a little longer."

"Sleep, sleep, sleep..It's already dark! Sleep yourself, you pig!"

Sharon Allyson pushed his hand away and ran out in a hurry.

She and Paisley Gregory opened the door almost at the same time.

Paisley Gregory said, "Hey, your brother is here.I'll go first."

Sharon Allyson nodded, "It's still raining outside.Take care on your way."

Paisley Gregory raised her chin, "Got it.My husband is here to pick me up."

Sharon Allyson, "..."

At that moment, the elevator arrived just in time.

Paisley Gregory said, "I'm leaving."

After walking a few steps, she turned back and said, "By the way, you are still not well from that cold, so don't go back tonight, and don't run around.It's not easy to coax your kid.Stay next door"

Sharon Allyson felt her temples jump, "Hurry up and go"

When Paisley Gregory left, Sharon Allyson went next door and stood in the foyer without going in, "Ruben."

Ruben turned back, "Are you feeling better from your cold?"

"Yes ...a little better."

The little one also saw Sharon Allyson, crawled and tried to come over, "Ma, ma..."

But he had just crawled a few steps when he was carried back by Ruben.

Ruben said to Sharon Allyson, "I'll be here both days of the weekend, so you can come back when you get over your cold."

Sharon Allyson scratched her brow and sighed, "You hold him while I go to my room to get my clothes."

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 589

Jameson Proctor leaned in the doorway and saw Sharon Allyson coming out with her luggage, and the smile on his lips gradually deepened.

When he met Sharon Allyson's eyes, he raised his eyebrows slightly and took a step back to give her the way in.

Sharon Allyson took two steps but stopped at the door of his other apartment.She tried the password, wrong.

Sharon Allyson turned her head to Jameson Proctor, "What's the password?"

Jameson Proctor turns toward the house, "Forgot."

Sharon Allyson, "..."

She swung her fist at his back.

At that moment, the door next door opened and Tiffany poked her head out to see her with her luggage and asked, "Sharon, do you want to come stay with me for some days?"

Sharon Allyson shook her head, "I don't want to give you the cold."

Daniel also came out, "Or how about this? Tiffany goes to my place to stay, Miss Allyson you stay at her place. You can also watch the child at any time."

Tiffany followed, "Yes, Sharon, I think ..."

Tiffany saw the man's expressionless face from across, and she instantly swallowed back the rest of the words.

Sharon Allyson pressed her eyebrows, "Forget it. It's raining so hard outside. It's not convenient for you to go out."

Tiffany immediately agreed, "I think you have a point, then we will not go. Good night, Sharon"

Daniel wanted to say something else, but was immediately dragged inside by Tiffany and quickly closed the door.

Sharon Allyson turned to see Jameson passing through the living room as if nothing had happened, cup in hand.

She snorted, lifted her leg and walked in.

Closing the door, Sharon Allyson put her things down and then went to the bedroom closet and grabbed a quilt and put it on the couch.

Jameson Proctor walked over and spoke slowly, "I wouldn't mind sharing the bed with you."

Sharon Allyson ignored him, put down the quilt, grabbed her bags and went straight into the bedroom.

Jameson Proctor followed her, "Sharon ..."

Bang! The door was slammed shut.

Jameson Proctor, "..."

So the couch was for him? He raised his hand and knocked on the door, "You let a patient sleep on the couch?"

"Thanks to you, I'm a patient now too."

"We can sleep together."

Sharon Allyson locked the door.

Jameson Proctor stood outside the door with one arm crossed and his tongue against his teeth for two minutes before walking toward the couch.

After half an hour, there was another knock on the bedroom door.

Jameson Proctor's voice came, "Dinner's ready."

At that, Sharon Allyson rubbed her stomach, put down the draft in her hand, and opened the bedroom door.

On the dining table, there was porridge and some small side dishes.

Obvious, he had someone send it.

Sharon Allyson sat down quietly.

Jameson Proctor sat across from her and said slowly, "Are you feeling better?"

Sharon Allyson served the porridge and said, "Better than this morning."

Jameson Proctor raised his hand, crossed the table, and placed it on her forehead.

Sharon Allyson froze, and then heard him say, "Good, the temperature is normal.

"...I didn't have a fever in the first place."

Jameson Proctor slowly withdrew his hand, "Really?"

After eating, Sharon Allyson looked at the time. It was 9:00 pm.

She boiled the water for the medicine she was going to take later and went back to her bedroom to work on her designs.

Recently, a lot of things had piled up, and the studio had opened online sales channels, but the new models had not yet been launched.

Sharon Allyson had a rare moment of peace, so she put her whole heart and soul into the design, completely forgetting that she had to take her medication, and she didn't hear the knock on the door.

Jameson Proctor pushed open the door and saw her sitting at her desk, pencil quickly sketching lines on her sketchpad.

Sharon Allyson only subconsciously looked up when the glass of water was placed on the table.

Jameson Proctor said, "Take the medicine"

"Oh."

Sharon Allyson took the medicine he handed her and touched the glass again; the water was just the right temperature.

When she finished the medicine, Jameson Proctor took the glass of water again and turned to leave.

Sharon Allyson saw this and raised her eyebrows, a little surprised, probably because she didn't expect him not to look for trouble this time.

Looking at the draft that had taken shape in front of her, Sharon Allyson got up and stretched, took a few steps, and gently opened the door.

Outside, Jameson Proctor was taking his medication. She thought he really didn't want the arm anymore.

Closing the door, she sat down and continued to draw the design.

Somehow, she didn't feel like sleeping after taking the meds.

By the time Sharon Allyson looked up again, it was already 12:00 at midnight. She came out of the bedroom and saw Jameson Proctor sitting in front of the couch, working on his computer.

Sharon Allyson grabbed the medical kit and walked over.

When she sat down, Jameson Proctor put down the computer.

While changing the medicine, Sharon Allyson's eyes lingered on his wound for a few seconds.

The first two changes were in the bedroom, where the light was somewhat dim, and now the wound looked more alarming in the light of the living room.

Noticing her gaze, Jameson Proctor covered her eyes with his palm, "Don't look."

Sharon Allyson said, "How am I supposed to change your medicine without looking?"

"I'll instruct you."

Sharon Allyson, "..."

Why does he have to make a simple thing so complicated? Jameson Proctor took the swab and put it in her hand, took her hand again, and put it next to the wound.

Sharon Allyson listened to his command the whole time and finally was good enough to finish changing the medicine this time.

She cleaned up the garbage while saying, "It's not the first time. What are you shy about?"

"You didn't show that look before."

Sharon Allyson opened her mouth, unable to find the words to retort for a moment.

Jameson Proctor said, "Protecting you is what I should have done. You don't have to blame yourself."

Sharon Allyson raised her voice, "I'm not blaming myself!"

Jameson Proctor's lips hooked up, "I can hear you. You don't have to be so loud."

Sharon Allyson gritted her teeth, but couldn't resist kicking him. He really was a jerk.

Originally, she had felt a little guilty.

But it had been well suppressed by her and did not show. But he had to remind her.

Sharon Allyson had just gotten up when her wrist was gripped.

Jameson Proctor yanked hard, and she sat in his arms.

Sharon Allyson struggled hard, "Let go!"

Jameson Proctor grunted, and his eyebrows knitted slightly, "Stop it. It hurts."

"You keep pretending."

"If the wound is open, you'll have to do it again. I'm thinking for your sake."

His arm tightened around her waist, "Still angry?"

"Are you a recorder? You have to ask it again every day. Angry angry angry angry! I'm so angry ..."

Before Sharon Allyson could finish her sentence, her lips were gagged.

Jameson Proctor pressed the back of her head before she could react, and the tip of his tongue probed in.

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After the kiss was over, Jameson Proctor was shut out of the bedroom door directly. He flexed his fingers and knocked on the door with his knuckles, "Be reasonable and let me in, will you?"

Sharon Allyson's voice came from inside, "Did you just find out that I'm not reasonable?"

Jameson Proctor raised his hand to touch his bitten lip. His smile widened, and he returned to the couch, lying down with one arm under his pillow.

In the bedroom, Sharon Allyson was not in the mood to take a shower and fell straight into bed.

The drug was probably taking effect now. Her eyelids began to fight, and she yawned several times.

Sharon Allyson pulled up on her back, closed her eyes and fell asleep.

In the latter part of the night, she was awakened by the sound of thunder outside her window.

Sharon Allyson sat up sleepily and listened to the rumble of thunder and rain outside, with a cold breeze blowing through the curtains and into the house every now and then.

She remembered that the quilt she carried out to Jameson Proctor was a little thin.

If the cold aggravated ...

She was the one who would suffer.

Thinking of this, Sharon Allyson found another quilt from the closet and took it out.

She gently pushed the door open and when she went out, she saw Jameson Proctor still working.

Sharon Allyson put the quilt next to him, "Did you finally get a conscience after two days of lying around the house?"

Jameson Proctor closed his computer, "I can't sleep anyway. Just using my time productively."

Sharon Allyson turned around, took the thermometer and measured him.

The temperature was normal and the fever had come down.

Sharon Allyson said, "All right, go to sleep. You'll be almost ready tomorrow"

Jameson Proctor said, "I don't think so."

Sharon Allyson put down the thermometer, "Are you going to sleep with wet hair again?"

"That's because I asked you to give me a hairdryer and you wouldn't lend it to me"

"You mean I made you sick?"

"I didn't say that."

Jameson Proctor glanced out the window, "It's pretty cold."

"I took your quilt out."

Jameson Proctor said, "I want to go back to my bedroom and sleep."

Sharon Allyson smiled at him, "Sweet dreams"

After going back to the bedroom, Sharon Allyson lay back down on the bed and slept straight through until dawn this time.

She felt much better from the cold and her nose had cleared. She stretched out and was about to turn over when she noticed a hand on her waist.

Sharon Allyson, "..."

Behind her, Jameson Proctor probably woke up, too, and said in a hoarse voice, "Good morning"

Sharon Allyson said, "As I recall, I should've locked the door last night"

"You're remembering wrong."

"How did you get in?"

"I thought you said you wished me good dreams, and I thought that was your invitation to me."

That didn't answer the question at all. It was a waste of time to ask.

Sharon Allyson's brow jumped and she tried to get up, only to be held back.

Jameson Proctor closed his eyes and lowered his voice, "Don't move."

Sensing the change in her body, Sharon Allyson took a deep breath.

In the end, she didn't move.

After a while, Sharon Allyson took advantage of Jameson Proctor's inattention and quickly got out of his arms.

After checking on the little one next door, Sharon Allyson spent the rest of the day in the bedroom catching up on her designs.

Outside, Jacob Green came to deliver documents to Jameson Proctor a few times, but each time it was like being a thief, afraid of being discovered by Sharon Allyson, and he came and went in a hurry.

In the evening, Jameson Proctor came knocking on the door, "Going for a walk?"

"You go. I'm not going."

"It's been a few days since you've been out. Isn't it hard for you to stay inside all the time?"

"You're the one who hasn't gone out for a few days, and today is the only day I've had."

"You should go out every day"

Sharon Allyson put down her pen and turned her head to look at him with little expression.

Jameson Proctor added, "Now that the rain has stopped, go out and get some fresh air"

Sharon Allyson did feel a little dizzy.

After a day of drawing designs, it was time to take a break and relax her eyes.

Downstairs, the rain had not long stopped, and water was everywhere on the ground.

The air was really nice, fresh and a little bit cool.

Sharon Allyson stretched out and moved her neck and arms.

She didn't take two steps before Jameson Proctor took her by the arm and pulled her to the inside of the road.

Also at this time, a small car drove by on the side of the road and a few drops of mud splashed onto his pants.

Sharon Allyson couldn't help but frown, but Jameson Proctor didn't react at all.

"You..."

Jameson Proctor said, "There's a park up ahead."

Sharon Allyson did not respond for a moment, "What?"

Jameson Proctor didn't answer, just took her hand and moved forward.

Sharon Allyson struggled in vain.

In the park, there were a lot of people scattered at this moment.

Besides some older people, most of them were young loving couples.

Not far away, someone was playing the guitar.

Sharon Allyson wanted to join the fun since she was here.

She took Jameson Proctor's hand, turned the direction and went to the place where the sound of the guitar came from.

Not far away, a guy in his early twenties, dressed in a fashionable style with dreadlocks, was playing the guitar.

Sharon Allyson pulled Jameson Proctor into the crowd just as he finished playing a song, and people in the crowd kept ordering songs.

The boy looked around, then stopped his eyes on Sharon Allyson and smiled, "What song would this pretty girl like to hear?"

Sharon Allyson froze and looked surprised, "Me?"

"Yes, it's you, beautiful. I notice you at once in the crowd. This may be the fate ..."

Before the boy could finish his sentence, he saw that her hand was being held by a man who was looking at him coldly and immediately withdrew his desire to strike up a conversation.

Sharon Allyson said, "I'm fine with whatever.

Just play any song you want.

The boy plucked his guitar and tossed his hair in front of his forehead, "Then I'll give you a song called 'Happy Breakup' Jameson Proctor, "..."

Sharon Allyson didn't hold back and burst out laughing.

With the sound of music, the original cheerful atmosphere was instantly immersed in sadness.

The night sky was dyed with a faint sadness of departure.

After the end of the song, the boy said, "Beauty, how about it? After listening to this song, do you feel like breaking up?"

Without waiting for Sharon Allyson to speak, Jameson Proctor said indifferently, "Don't you feel embarrassed to play so poorly?"

The boy took the bait, "You wanna show me?"

Jameson Proctor snorted and was about to go forward, but his hand was pulled.

Sharon Allyson whispered, "What are you doing?"

"Teaching him a lesson."

"How old is he and how old are you? What's the point of fighting with him?"

Jameson Proctor's lips curled and he leaned down and whispered in her ear, "I have no intention of fighting him. Just watch."

After that, he let go of Sharon Allyson's hand, walked over to the boy, took the guitar from him, plucked the strings and tuned it.

Just this one action caused a group of young girls to gather around to scream one after another.

“So handsome!”

Sharon Allyson could not help but stroke her forehead.

Just watch? Watch him showing off? The boys looked at this scene and snorted, hands on his chest, waiting to see a good show.