

Resume 591

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 591

In the crowd of onlookers, Jameson Proctor's long fingers slightly moved, and a low romantic melody slowly sounded.

The boy waiting for a good show changed his face. He thought he was just pretending, but did not expect him to really know how to play the guitar.

Jameson Proctor looked at Sharon Allyson and smiled.

Immediately afterwards, the extremely attractive male voice came.

"When we first met I got so nervous I couldn't speak. In that very moment I found the one and What we have is timeless. My love is endless. You're my every reason You're all that I believe in The wind was blowing quietly all around, and Sharon Allyson was a little lost in thought.

She didn't expect that Jameson Proctor would play the guitar, and not just that, he also sang the song well.

And he sat here, the crowd of onlookers was more than twice as many as when the young boy was there.

Many girls were screaming and took out their cell phones to take pictures and videos.

After the song ended, the whole place was quiet for a few seconds, then broke out in applause and screams.

Jameson Proctor raised his eyebrows slightly towards Sharon Allyson, returned the guitar to the boy and walked up to her, "How was it?"

Sharon Allyson retracted her thoughts and nodded, "I can't believe Mr. Proctor is so versatile. There are so many young girls who like you. You can just need to adjust a little and make your debut."

"Adjust what?"

Adjust your stupid temper and bloody mouth! There were more and more people around, and even many recognized Sharon Allyson and whispered about it.

"Eh, look at that girl, is it Sharon Allyson?"

"Sharon Allyson? The pretty designer?"

"Yes, yes, yes, that's her."

"If that's Sharon Allyson, isn't that ...next to her?"

Before they could finish speaking, Jameson Proctor had already pulled Sharon Allyson through the crowd and left.

But the whole scene had been filmed by many people and instantly uploaded to the Internet.

In less than half an hour, it was on the trending news.

In the beginning, most of the comments were.

“Crap crap crap, which show is this new idol on?”

“I’m here first, this is my hubby!”

“In five minutes, I want to know all his information.”

“He is way too handsome.Perfect from every angle.He’ll wreck all those talentless fresh meat in the entertainment industry nowadays.”

“Ten minutes have passed, you guys still haven’t found out his information?”

Just at this time, someone ventured a sentence.

“Isn’t this the one from ...the Proctor Group?”

“??”

Immediately after, a video with Sharon Allyson was also posted.

The topic of the hot search changed from #casual encounter with a handsome guitar-playing man with an unbelievable face to, #the Proctor Group president playing the guitar in public to show love to his ex-wife.

“Jealous, jealous, I’m sooo jealous.What kind of divine love is this!?”

“My God.Mr.Proctor’s face is really great, and Sharon Allyson is also beautiful!”

“So Mr.Proctor’s hands can play the guitar in addition to the keyboard ...”

“Hahahahaha, this one really had me!”

“What is the meaning of keyboard?”

“Once a group of keyboard warriors were insulting his ex-wife, saying that she was just trying to get famous by being with him and that she was just trying to get money or some sort.Mr.Proctor directly used the Proctor Group’s official blog to criticize these people.”

“Damn!”

When they got off the elevator, Sharon Allyson wanted to go back and check on the baby.

The door next door opened and Tiffany poked a head out with gossip and excitement written all over her face, “Sharon, you guys are back?”

Sharon Allyson nodded, “The rain has stopped, and the air outside is quite pleasant.”

Tiffany looked at her and then at Jameson Proctor behind her and her smile grew ambiguous, “I can see it.The air is glowing with pink bubbles.”

Sharon Allyson, “?”

Tiffany coughed, “I’ll leave you guys alone then.Good night, Sharon, go to bed early”

“Good night.”

Tiffany made another cheering gesture to Jameson Proctor behind Sharon Allyson, “Go Mr.Proctor!”

Immediately after saying that, she closed the door.

Sharon Allyson was confused and turned her head to look at Jameson Proctor, who had one hand in his pants pocket, his chin slightly raised, and his tone flat, “She has always admired me.”

Sharon Allyson, “...”

Opening the door, the little guy was sitting on the carpet fiddling with his toys.

Sharon Allyson saw him playing so seriously, did not bother him.She slowly closed the door and went back out.

Jameson Proctor said, “Why don’t you go in?”

“To make him cry?”

“He’ll cry anyway.”

Sharon Allyson remembered Jameson Proctor’s attitude when he took her to see the little guy earlier.

“It seems you make him cry a lot”

Jameson Proctor didn’t say anything, raising his eyebrows gently.He moved forward on his long legs and opened the next door.

They had just entered when Jacob Green’s phone call came in.

Jameson Proctor picked up as he walked, “Speak.”

Jacob Green said, “Mr.Proctor, you and madam are on trending search ...”

“Hmm?”

Sharon Allyson walked to the table and took out a water glass to pour water and prepare another course of medicine.

In fact, her cold had almost healed.

Only mild symptoms were left.

Sharon Allyson had just finished pouring water and was taking her medicine when she heard her cell phone ringing several times.She took out her phone and saw that it was full of messages from Tiffany.

There were a dozen messages.

Sharon Allyson clicked on the chatbox, and all of the messages from Tiffany were videos.

Tiffany: If I hadn’t seen it with my own eyes, I would have found it hard to believe that Mr.Proctor was so charming at times!

Tiffany: You know, people say he’s the idol this year.

Tiffany: This face doesn't look like a man approaching 30 either.

Tiffany: Now a group of young girls are screaming hubby.

He may one day feel good about himself and really bring a mistress back.

You have to stay alert!

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Jameson Proctor finished answering the phone and turned his head to see Sharon Allyson choking on the water and coughing. He walked over and gently patted her back.

Sharon Allyson immediately turned off her phone screen.

Jameson Proctor withdrew his eyes and spoke unhurriedly, "What are you looking at?"

Sharon Allyson said, "Nothing, nothing at all."

She picked up her glass of water again, tilted her head and drank.

When she finished, Jameson Proctor picked up something next to her, "The medicine hasn't been taken."

Sharon Allyson, "...Oh."

She re-poured a glass of water and turned her head to Jameson Proctor, "The video of you playing the guitar tonight was posted online."

Jameson Proctor ripped open the tin foil, took two capsules out, and said slowly, "I know"

Sharon Allyson remembered the phone call he had just taken, presumably about this very thing.

She said, "Have you pulled down the trending search?"

Jameson Proctor put the capsule in her hand, "Why should I? It's expensive to take down a hot search."

"I didn't expect you to have this habit of being discussed."

Jameson Proctor said, "I don't have that habit. But--"

He braced his hands on the edge of the table at Sharon Allyson's side, enveloped her in his arms, and continued, "I want to give you a sense of crisis."

Sharon Allyson, "..."

Seriously? How did he see that message!?

"My love is endless."

Sharon Allyson took the water and said, "I'm sorry, I don't speak good English. I don't understand what you're saying."

"In that case, you should need a translator when you go abroad for fashion week in a few months, and I'd be happy to help you."

"Ruben can accompany me."

"He doesn't have time."

"And how do you know that?"

Jameson Proctor said, "I always have an accurate intuition of such things."

Sharon Allyson didn't bother to pay attention to him and turned around to take her medicine.

A weekend passed and Sharon Allyson was completely recovered.

On Monday morning, after putting all her things back, she played with her little one for a while and went downstairs with Ruben.

Just as they reached the entrance to the neighborhood, the Rolls Royce parked at the curb opened and Jameson Proctor's figure came into view, "Get in, I'll give you a ride."

Sharon Allyson ignored it and said to Ruben, "I'll go first. Send me a message when you get to school."

Ruben nodded, "Okay."

When Sharon Allyson left, Ruben said, "I thought you guys were staying together for the weekend. How come you haven't made any progress at all?"

Jameson Proctor grunted, "Don't you know how temperamental your sister is?"

With that, he bent over and got into the car.

Ruben raised his eyebrows and turned to the subway station.

Sharon Allyson had just entered the office when she heard most of the staff discussing the video of Jameson Proctor's guitar playing last night.

She reached up and rubbed her brow, feeling a terrible headache.

Not long after she arrived at the office, Ivan Gregory came in and said, "Ms. Allyson, we've contacted Chell Peterson, and she said she's going to the police this afternoon to report the incident. I've sent someone to go with her, in case Mr. Bee's people do anything on the way."

"Have the other victims been contacted yet?"

"Yes, but ...after all, these were exchanges of interests, and because of this, they either got a high bonus or had got top position in their companies. Letting them come forward to testify against Mr. Bee will expose their ugliness as well, so..."

No one wanted to come forward.

Sharon Allyson said, "It's okay. Let's leave it at that. With Chell Peterson's testimony, he can't get out for a while, and as for the rest, it's up to the police to handle it."

"Okay, then I'll go out first."

"Wait."

Sharon Allyson called out to him and coughed before saying, "Is that ...still on the trending news?"

Ivan Gregory froze before responding to what she was asking and replied, "It's dropped in popularity this morning."

Sharon Allyson breathed a sigh of relief, thinking that if it was still trending, she would pay to have it taken down.

Ivan Gregory added, "But ..."

"But what?"

"Half an hour ago, the Proctor Group's official Weibo posted a statement"

Sharon Allyson took out her phone and opened Weibo.

The Proctor Group official Weibo V: We didn't expect Mr.Proctor to appear in public this way, and we appreciate everyone's love for Mr.Proctor.

There are two important points about last night's incident that Mr.Proctor asked us to convey: First, please don't call him "hubby" anymore.

His family is very strict and he only has one wife in his life.

Second, not ex-wife, but girlfriend, and future partner for life.

Please do not use the wrong description in the future.

Sharon Allyson looked at this statement and laughed coldly.

Ivan Gregory had the good sense to slip away.

Sharon Allyson put down her phone, looked up and took a deep breath.

What had she done wrong??? Meanwhile, the Proctor Group, the president's office.

Jameson Proctor flipped through the comments under the statement, and his lips curled slightly.

Jacob Green, seeing this, spoke up tentatively, "Mr.Proctor, I didn't know you also play the guitar"

Jameson Proctor, "..."

Jameson Proctor gently raised his eyes and looked at him expressionlessly.

Jacob Green immediately looked away and pretended that nothing had happened.

Jameson Proctor said, "How's it going with Kale Bee?"

"Still investigating.The same as we thought before.He does not admit, insisting that he was used by Tavis Beale and framed by Jayden Bower.But about his previous sexual assault, madam has contacted the victim.This afternoon, the victim will go to the police station to report the case."

Jameson Proctor tapped his fingers on the table, "No one dares to help him anymore.He can't hold on for long."

At that moment, Jacob Green's cell phone rang.

After a minute, Jacob Green stood in front of Jameson Proctor again.

His expression was a bit more serious, "Mr. Proctor, the Proctor family called, saying that the young master wants to see you."

Jameson Proctor's hand movement slightly paused, "Tell them that I will go there this afternoon."

Jacob Green said, "Mr. Proctor, do you really want to go?"

"Or else?"

"Although the chairman's wife committed suicide, after all, she has planted a seed of hatred between you and the young master.

Maybe you shouldn't go?"

Jameson Proctor said lightly, "He's not going to ambush me in the Proctor family, is he?"

Jacob Green was silent and went to return the call.

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The Proctor family.

Because of the two days of rain, the yellow leaves covered the entire garden.

The ground was wet and muddy.

No one cleaned up.

The whole Proctor family seemed to be dead.

Not even a maid was seen.

Jameson Proctor got out of the car, looked around, and lifted his leg to move forward.

In the backyard, Jefferey Proctor was sitting in his wheelchair, looking at the distant sky, not knowing what he was thinking.

After hearing footsteps, he turned his head slightly, "Jameson, you're here."

Jameson Proctor stood beside him, "Where are all the servants?"

Jefferey Proctor said, "Dad is lying in bed and can't move, so I'm the only one left here anyway, so I dismissed them all."

Jameson Proctor didn't say anything.

Jefferey Proctor said, "By the way, it was so chaotic a while ago that I kept forgetting to ask, are you feeling better?"

"Fine."

"Sharon and ...that child, are they both ok?"

"Yeah, they're fine."

Jefferey Proctor looked ahead again, "Then I'm relieved."

After a moment, Jameson Proctor only said again, "They said that you were looking for me."

Jefferey Proctor nodded gently and said in a slow voice, "You know Dad's situation. I heard that there are some experts in this area in Canada, so..."

"You want to take him there?"

"It's always better to try than to stay like this and do nothing."

"I can send someone to bring the doctor over."

Jefferey Proctor was silent before saying, "Jameson, I want to go out for a walk. I don't want to be stuck in this place for the rest of my life."

In fact, Jameson Proctor understood what he meant.

Taking the old man to Canada to see a doctor was just an excuse.

It was Jefferey Proctor who really wanted to leave.

Jefferey Proctor continued, "It's been more than twenty years since the accident, and since then, I've spent most of my time here, walking only as far as the hospital. When I look up, I always see the same piece of sky."

Jameson Proctor said, "Are you telling me this because you think I won't let you leave?"

Jefferey Proctor lost his smile, "Maybe. I know there are people outside watching me, and I can't leave without your permission."

"They are not spying on you, nor are they restricting you from going anywhere"

"Jameson, those things that happened in the past, although the fault is not ours, as a son, I also have my responsibility."

Jameson Proctor said, "When are you going to leave?"

"In a couple of days."

"I will not go to see you off. Have a safe trip."

Jefferey Proctor looked over at him with a smile, "I'm sure it won't be long before we see each other again."

After exiting the Proctor family, Jacob Green asked, "Mr. Proctor, what did the young master say?"

Jameson Proctor looked out the window and spoke faintly, "He intends to leave here."

"Leave? Is it because of ...the chairman's wife?"

Jameson Proctor did not speak.

As Evie Rowland herself said, once she died, Jefferey Proctor was only her son, not Jameson Proctor big brother.

Jefferey Proctor made this request, perhaps simply wanting to get out of here and see the outside, or perhaps wanting to take the opportunity to distance himself from him, or even thinking that Jameson Proctor might do something to him.

Either way, he was destined to leave.

Jameson Proctor said, "Pull back everyone outside the Proctor family."

Jacob Green responded, "Yes."

Jameson Proctor leaned back in the back seat and closed his eyes, "Any news from River City?"

"Not yet. The people we sent over there said that Harry Hood's whereabouts are very secretive. Hardly any useful information can be found."

"What about William Hood's side?"

"Same thing."

Jacob Green paused before saying again, "Mr. Proctor, the River City side has always been the Hood family's territory, and the situation is too complicated, so I guess it's not that easy to investigate."

"Let me know if you have any information."

On the other side, Sharon Allyson was drawing designs in her office when Ivan Gregory hurried in.

His face was tense, "Ms. Allyson, something's wrong."

Sharon Allyson looked up, "What is it?"

Half an hour ago, Chell Peterson went to the police station.

The reporters somehow got the news and were waiting at the station.

As soon as they saw Chell Peterson, they conducted a variety of interviews.

Chell Peterson first looked around with a difficult look, and finally said as if it were a slip of the tongue.

"The Beale Group asked me to come over ...I don't know. I had dinner with Mr. Bee, but I went home afterwards ...Stop asking me. I don't know exactly what's going on..."

Ivan Gregory could never have dreamed that Chell Peterson would change her mind in front of the police station and all the reporters and pointed her finger at the Beale Group.

Less than two minutes after the interview, an article was posted online, pointing out that everything that happened to Kale Bee recently was actually done behind the scenes by Sharon Allyson, in order to remove Kale Bee from the company so that she could take full control of the Beale Group herself.

All sorts of conspiracy theories followed.

In an instant, Kale Bee went from being a perpetrator to a victim.

One can hardly equate her to the person who cried about calling the police.

Ivan Gregory said, "Ms. Allyson, what do we do now? Do we respond?"

Now the Internet had exploded.

Due to public pressure, if there was no other evidence, Kale Bee would be released this evening.

Sharon Allyson said, "There's no rush. You're coming with me to a place."

Forty minutes later, Sharon Allyson stood in front of Farout Advertising, looked at the locked glass door and asked, "Is this the place?"

Ivan Gregory nodded, "The address on the contract is here, but it looks like they guessed we'd be here and ran off early."

Sharon Allyson said, "They didn't guess we were coming. This whole thing is a plot against the Beale Group."

Whether it was Chell Peterson being sexually assaulted by Kale Bee or that manager's words in Chell Peterson's rental house, it was all an act.

If her guess was right, this group of people, most likely, were the ones who told the Proctor family about the whereabouts of the little guy and Auntie Charlotte Clarke, and helped Jayden Bower get rid of Jameson Proctor's men who were following him.

And she had suspected before that Kale Bee had gotten something out of Jayden Bower for bailing him out.

Kale Bee and these men colluded.

Everything was planned.

Those people's target was Jameson Proctor and her from the beginning.

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This Kind of Loss Police station.

Chell Peterson put all the blame on the Beale Group.

The case was so Serious that the police also contacted Sharon Allyson to come and cooperate with the investigation.

When Sharon Allyson arrived, Chell Peterson was sitting on the couch, holding a paper cup in both hands, looking a little nervous and scared.

Anyone who looked at her would think she was being threatened by Sharon Allyson.

When Sharon Allyson saw this, she just smiled, "Miss Peterson, we meet again."

Chell Peterson apprehensively said, "Ms. Allyson, I...what you ordered, I did not do a good job...I'm really sorry. Please don't do anything to my family ..."

The reporters had not left yet.

They were recording the whole conversation.

Sharon Allyson said, "Tell me then. What did I instruct you to do?"

"I..."

Chell Peterson bit her lip, "I know this is my fault, but this is a matter of a girl's innocence and reputation, and I did not know that you would seek out in order to exert public pressure I didn't know that you would bring in so many media and reporters to put pressure on public opinion, and if I really say what you told me to say, I won't be able to behave in the future."

Chell Peterson said this and directly turned the whole thing into a different story: She originally came to the police station to testify against Kale Bee as Sharon Allyson instructed, but she did not expect that Sharon Allyson, without telling her, brought in the media and reporters to try to make a big deal out of it and screw Kale Bee, completely ignoring what consequences it would bring to her, and she chose to tell the truth at a critical moment for her own reputation.

Sharon Allyson sat in the sofa opposite Chell Peterson, "I really didn't expect you to be such a good actor."

"Ms. Allyson, it's all my fault. You can say anything you want about me now. Please don't hurt my family!"

Sharon Allyson said, "Ms. Peterson, we're in the police station. You have to be responsible for what you have said."

Chell Peterson said, "I ..."

Sharon Allyson took out her cell phone and said to a police officer, "I have a recording here, which is also my answer to this matter."

At that, Chell Peterson's face had an instant change.

It was a complete recording of the conversation between Sharon Allyson and Chell Peterson in the rental house that day.

From Chell Peterson yelling about going to the police and contacting the press to Sharon Allyson saying she would help her and send Kale Bee to jail for life.

After the recording was finished, even the reporter next to her, looked at Chell Peterson with a little more suspicion in her eyes.

Chell Peterson was stunned before saying, "You deliberately let me say this that night ..."

She looked at the police, "It's not like that, it's her; she gave me the script and let me read from the script. This recording is edited!"

Sharon Allyson put away her phone and continued, "Mr. Wilson was there when I went to see her, and he can prove for me that this recording is not real."

The female reporter tentatively voiced out, "Is that Dean Wilson, the lawyer?"

Dean Wilson, although he did not look reliable, was an excellent lawyer, famous in the legal profession.

Chell Peterson suddenly stood up, "Dean Wilson is the legal advisor of the Beale Group. You are all on the same team. Of course, he will speak for you!"

The female reporter said, "Mr. Wilson is definitely not that kind of person."

Soon Dean Wilson was called in as well.

He looked at the situation in front of him, sighed, and also took out a recording.

It was the conversation between them and Chell's manager when they were at the rental house, including the manager's phone call to Kale Bee.

After the recording was finished, Chell Peterson wanted to say something else, but the female reporter on the side could not stand it, "Seriously, the evidence is all here. You should stop arguing. You really think we are all stupid?"

Chell Peterson went pale.

The outcome of the matter was clear.

After leaving the police station, the reporter said to Sharon Allyson, "I'm really sorry. I misunderstood you before. Don't worry. I will write another clarification report. Can I have a copy of that recording?"

"Sure."

After copying the recording, the female reporter returned the phone to Sharon Allyson and handed over a business card, "My name is Katrina O'Connor, a reporter for the South City newspaper. You can call me if you need anything."

Sharon Allyson reached out and took it, "Thank you."

"You're welcome."

Katrina O'Connor put on her bag and waved at Dean Wilson, "Bye-bye Mr. Wilson!"

Dean Wilson looked at her back and raised his eyebrows, "She knows me?"

Sharon Allyson remembered the scene when Katrina O'Connor spoke for him just now and laughed, "Who knows, maybe she's a fan of yours."

Dean Wilson tossed his hair, "As it turns out, being handsome alone is enough to get you fans."

Sharon Allyson, "..."

Walking outside the police station, Dean Wilson asked, "How come you have a recording as well?"

"Probably because I often suffer this kind of loss."

In fact, she had felt that there was something wrong with this matter from the beginning, whether it was that Manager Lee or that company of theirs.

That's why she kept her guard up and recorded all the conversations with Chell Peterson, not expecting that it would really come in handy.

Dean Wilson said, "Not bad.I did not expect you have foresight."

"It's called learning from your mistakes."

Sharon Allyson paused, "By the way, have you found out anything about the people who helped Jayden Bower?"

Dean Wilson shook his head, "The group is hiding quite deep.But..."

"But what?"

"Jameson Proctor has been checking out the River City side recently and sent William Hood over there.I guess these guys might be from River City"

Sharon Allyson frowned, "River City?"

"The series of things that have happened recently all point to River City"

Sharon Allyson said, "Then what is their purpose."

Dean Wilson shrugged, "I'm not sure about that.I heard Jacob Green say that Jameson Proctor will go to River City sometime, then we will know"

At this time, Ivan Gregory walked over quickly, "Ms.Allyson, just now Paisley called.The child suddenly vomited and has been sent to the hospital."

Sharon Allyson was stunned and hurriedly got into the car.

Dean Wilson saw the situation and followed her.

When they arrived at the hospital, Sharon Allyson found Paisley Gregory in front of the emergency room, trying her best to remain calm, but her voice was shaking uncontrollably, "How is it?"

Paisley Gregory shook her head, "I don't know ...I didn't feed him anything.Everything was just like usual.He's been throwing up since he got up from his nap..."

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When Jameson Proctor arrived at the hospital, Sharon Allyson was crouched against the wall by the emergency room door, her hands on her knees, her head hanging.He walked up to her and crouched with one leg bent at the knee, "It's going to be okay."

At the sound of his voice, Sharon Allyson looked up at him, her eyes red and puffy.

Jameson Proctor rubbed her hair and pulled the person into his arms, gently patting her back.

At that moment, the lights in the emergency room dimmed, and the door was opened.

Sharon Allyson got up in a hurry and wiped the tears from her face.

The doctor came out and said, "Fortunately, the baby was brought in just in time and is now in stable condition"

But before she could breathe a sigh of relief, the doctor said, "But the condition is a bit complicated. He's fine for now..."

"But?"

Jameson Proctor stood by, and his jaw was slightly tense.

In the ward, the little one was lying on the bed, breathing shallowly, his little fists clenched together, his body covered with red rashes, sleeping extremely uncomfortably.

The doctor said, "This is the first time we've seen this kind of condition, and we don't know what the source of the symptoms is, so we can only treat it conservatively for now"

Sharon Allyson looked at the little guy in awe and murmured, "So, something like this will happen again?"

The doctor nodded, "Yes, and if the cause is not found in time, the symptoms will worsen."

Sharon Allyson stumbled for a moment, unsteady on her feet.

Jameson Proctor put his arm around her shoulder and looked to the doctor, "What are all the possible causes?"

"This is something we need to have a specialist meeting to discuss and get back to you by tomorrow morning at the latest."

"Okay."

"Then I'll leave you guys to watch over him and call us immediately if there is anything."

After the doctor left, Jameson Proctor held Sharon Allyson's shoulder and sat her in the sofa, then said, "You stay here. I'll be back soon."

Sharon Allyson took his hand, "It's not an accident, is it?"

When she took the little one to the hospital for a checkup a few days ago, the doctor said he was healthy in every way.

Even though because of the premature birth, the little one's development was somewhat unable to keep up with children of the same age, he shouldn't be in the state right now.

Even the cause of the disease could not be found.

Jameson Proctor whispered, "Don't worry. I'm here. It'll be fine."

Sharon Allyson closed her eyes, and tears fell silently.

Jameson Proctor raised his hand and wiped the tears from her face, "Be good, wait for me here."

Soon, the door was closed.

Sharon Allyson got up and sat on the edge of the bed.

The rash on his body seemed to be starting to itch, and he kept reaching out to scratch it in his sleep.

Sharon Allyson took his little hand and gently rubbed her fingertips over the area he was scratching.

In a few moments, the little one fell asleep again.

At that moment, the door to the hospital room was quietly pushed open, and Paisley Gregory whispered, "Can I come in?"

Sharon Allyson tucked the little one in and wiped the tears from her face, "Come on in."

Paisley Gregory closed the door, walked over to the bed, looked at the little one covered in red rashes, and said after a moment's silence, "If scolding me will make you feel better, then you can scold me all you want. I promise I won't say anything back."

"For what."

"I promised you I'd take care of him, and I'm responsible for him being the way he is."

Sharon Allyson shook her head, "It's not your fault."

Paisley Gregory had no ability to cause such a disease.

But she just couldn't figure out how the little guy had gotten this.

Immediately after Jameson Proctor exited the hospital room, Jacob Green approached, "Mr. Proctor."

Jameson Proctor sternly ordered, "Check all the people who visited the backyard when the kid was at the Proctor family."

Jacob Green answered and immediately went to work.

Since Evie Rowland's death, these people had been under their surveillance, so it was easy to check.

Dean Wilson came up to him, "You suspect the Proctor family?"

"They didn't have a chance to do it except during that period."

Dean Wilson exhaled, not knowing what to say for a moment.

After a while, Jameson Proctor said again, "Go check whether there are similar cases like this nationwide, and let me know if there is any information."

Dean Wilson said, "Okay."

Jameson Proctor reentered the hospital room, and just as he placed his hand on the door handle, he saw Sharon Allyson leaning over the bed, gently scratching the itchy spot with her fingertips for the little one.

He slowly withdrew his hand and turned to go out.

Throughout the night, Sharon Allyson's eyes did not close for a moment, keeping watch over the little one until dawn.

Jameson Proctor came back just after dawn and whispered, "You get some sleep while I watch him."

Sharon Allyson shook her head; she couldn't sleep.

Jameson Proctor pulled her hand, "The results will come in a few hours. If you don't sleep now, you won't have the energy and strength."

"I thought you didn't sleep either."

"You're comparing yourself with me?"

Jameson Proctor said, "Come on, if you collapse, I'll have to take care of you and him."

Sharon Allyson said nothing and went to the couch and lay down. She closed her eyes but never fell asleep.

The sound of rain rang outside the window.

The sun never came out, and foggy, drizzly weather blanketed the city above.

Sharon Allyson didn't know when she fell asleep. She had several nightmares of the little one being taken to the emergency room, bawling and crying.

And there was nothing she could do about it.

The heart-wrenching feeling was so intense that she was suffocating and gasping for air.

"Sharon, Sharon..."

In her ear, someone kept calling her.

Sharon Allyson woke up with a start and sat up.

Tiffany stood in front of her, relieved to see her awake, "You're finally awake. Did you have a nightmare? I saw you crying all the time."

Sharon Allyson touched her face and felt a handful of tears. She looked over to the bed and didn't see the little one.

Sharon Allyson hurriedly got up, "Where is the baby?"

"I saw the doctor take him out when I came, and Jameson Proctor said to let you sleep a little longer, so he didn't call you."

Sharon Allyson rubbed her temples and put on her shoes, "How long have they been out?"

Tiffany said, "Just about ten minutes."

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In the next-door ward, a dozen specialists took turns to examine the little one and came together again to discuss intensely.

And the little guy was quietly lying on Jameson Proctor's shoulder, his eyes blinking, without much strength.

A few minutes later, the attending doctor came over and said, "Mr. Proctor, we had a meeting and also checked a lot of relevant information and related illnesses. What we can be sure of now is that the child's disease is definitely not congenital or self-induced. There is a high possibility that it is caused by drugs at a later stage. And this drug should have existed in his body for a long time."

The doctor added, "He has many symptoms right now, and there are many drugs that could cause each of these. As we said last night, it is important to know exactly what drugs are causing the problem before we can figure out a treatment plan"

Jameson Proctor said, "Is there a way to alleviate his current symptoms?"

The doctor said, "Regarding the red rash on his body, we are still conducting further tests, and until the test results come back, we can't use any ointment in order to avoid aggravating the situation, so the child needs to be watched at all times so that he doesn't scratch his skin."

"I understand."

The doctor continued, "Don't worry, Mr. Proctor. We will continue to look up relevant information in this area and will come up with countermeasures as soon as possible. At least so that the child can get immediate and effective treatment the next time he has an attack."

"Thank you."

The doctors left one after another.

As Jameson Proctor went out, he saw Sharon Allyson standing in the doorway. He was silent for a moment before saying, "Heard everything?"

Sharon Allyson nodded gently and held out her hand, "Let me hold him."

Once the little one was in her arms, he closed his eyes.

Sharon Allyson asked, "Can he drink his formula?"

"Yes, but it depends on whether he throws up or not."

"I try."

With that, Sharon Allyson turned around with the little one in her arms and headed back to the hospital room.

Jameson Proctor watched her back and stood in place for a few seconds before exiting the hospital.

Tiffany came this time especially to send Sharon Allyson and the little one some daily stuff.

Last night, when the little one had an attack, she was in the hospital doing a maternity checkup, and only when she got home did she hear about it from Paisley Gregory.

And she called Sharon Allyson several times, but no one answered.

Daniel said Sharon Allyson was probably too busy to care about anything else and asked her to come this morning.

When Sharon Allyson came back with the little one in her arms, Tiffany got up quickly, "Sharon, is the baby better?"

Sharon Allyson shook her head, "Tiffany, please boil some water for me. He hasn't eaten anything since last night."

Tiffany immediately got up, "I'll go now."

After the water was boiled, Tiffany put the water cup again in the basin that caught cold water to quickly cool it down.

When the temperature was good, Tiffany came over with the milk bottle, "Sharon, how much should I put in?"

"Let's put in a hundred milliliters first. I don't know if he'll eat it, but if he does, we'll put in more."

"Okay."

Tiffany mixed the formula and handed it to Sharon Allyson, and watched the little one hold the bottle and start eating it, "Sharon, what's going on? Paisley Gregory says he's throwing up a lot. Did she feeding him something wrong?"

Sharon Allyson said, "No, it's nothing to do with her."

"Then..."

Sharon Allyson looked at the little one in her arms and said slowly, "I don't know. The doctor said it was caused by drugs."

"But he did not take any drugs ..."

Tiffany suddenly realized something, "Is it when he was with the Proctor family?"

Sharon Allyson bowed her head, "I think so."

Tiffany had the urge to curse again.

And the little one in Sharon Allyson's arms pushed away from the bottle and buried his head in her arms.

Sharon Allyson put the bottle next to her.

Luckily, at least he didn't throw up.

After eating, the little one soon went back to sleep.

It didn't take long for Paisley Gregory to arrive and say to Sharon Allyson, "I'll be here. You go about your business. Don't worry. I'll keep an eye on him this time. I'll call the doctor immediately if he's not feeling well."

Sharon Allyson said, "It's okay, you go back. I want to stay here with him for the next few days."

Paisley Gregory sat down, "Well, I'm a person who keeps my promises."

Tiffany went to pull her, "Come on, don't you think you'll only be a burden here?"

"A burden? I'm obviously ..."

Paisley Gregory was dragged away by Tiffany before she could finish her sentence.

The ward was quiet again as Sharon Allyson placed the little one on the bed and leaned over the edge, closing her eyes and letting out a soft breath.

Outside the hospital, Jacob Green said, "Mr.Proctor, only two nannies were around him.No one else had the opportunity to do so.As for the two nannies, I have also carefully checked..."

"The chairman gave them instructions to take care of the young master.And the two nannies' backgrounds and families I have also checked, and I can also be sure that they are telling the truth.Could this matter ...not have been done by the Proctor family side?"

Jameson Proctor said, "Forget about that for now.Check all the drugs that the Proctor family had bought and give me the details.

Jacob Green nodded, "Okay, I'll check it out now."

Jameson Proctor said, "When is Jefferey Proctor leaving?"

"Should be tomorrow afternoon."

"Evie Rowland should have left men for him.Once he leaves the country, these people are bound to show up, whether to protect him or something else.Send someone to follow secretly and find out who they are."

"Yes"

After Jacob Green left, Jameson Proctor dialed Charlotte Clarke's phone and asked her about the time she was in the Proctor family.

Charlotte Clarke said, "When we got to the Proctor family, they took the little one away.I saw him the next day, and from then on, I didn't leave his side until the night you arrived."

Jameson Proctor said, "Did they give him any medicine?"

"The little one had a bit of a cold at the time, but I've seen all the medication he's been taking, and it should be fine."

Charlotte Clarke added, "Is something wrong with the child?"

Jameson Proctor said, "There's something wrong, but I haven't found out what it is."

Charlotte Clarke frowned tightly, "Is it the medicine?"

"Most likely."

Charlotte Clarke paused for a moment before saying, "I repeatedly checked all the medications that children took, and I personally fed him, so the problem should not be in this.But ..."

Charlotte Clarke suddenly remembered something and hurriedly said, "In the Proctor family, that doctor gave him a dose of nutrition injection."

"Nutritional injection?"

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As the little one was born in poor health, he was given nutrition shots almost every so often, so when the little one became ill, the Proctor family the doctor gave him nutrition shots.

Charlotte Clarke did not suspect anything.

Afterward, the child recovered from the cold and did not show any abnormalities in his body.

The Proctor family's intention to take the child back was obvious, and the doctor was one of Master Proctor's men, so Charlotte Clarke didn't even think that he would hurt the child.

After hanging up the phone, Jameson Proctor frowned slightly, and he looked at his men next to him and ordered in a cold voice, "Bring the Proctor family's doctor to me."

The men responded and left.

Half an hour later, the doctor appeared in front of Jameson Proctor.

But he was confused about the child's illness and the nutrition injection.

The doctor said, "The child was sick, and his health was so bad. I asked Master Proctor for permission to give him a nutrition shot, and only then did I..".

"What kind of medication was prescribed?" The doctor said the names of several types of drugs.

These were the medications that the little one used to get when he had his nutrition shots.

Jameson Proctor pursed his lips and didn't say anything.

So the problem was not with the nutritional injections? The doctor thought about it and said, "By the way, I entered the Proctor family that day. A maid came to me, saying that Mrs. Proctor is not feeling well and let me go over to see."

Jameson Proctor's eyes suddenly turned cold, "Evie Rowland?"

"Yes, but Mrs. Proctor just had a small cold, not serious. After I left her place, I went straight to the backyard."

Jameson Proctor raised his eyes and looked at the doctor, who paused, looked down, and looked away.

Jameson Proctor withdrew his eyes, stepped forward with his long legs, and ordered, "Go to the Proctor family"

The doctor watched the black car drive away before he breathed a sigh of relief. He really didn't know anything.

But before he came, someone told him to say these things, or his whole family would be in danger.

The doctor walked to the intersection and was about to go to the other side when a car came speeding towards him, knocking him off his feet and hitting the guardrail.

The doctor and the driver died on the spot.

The Proctor family.

Jameson Proctor got out of his car and went straight to Evie Rowland's room.

Jefferey Proctor arrived at the news but was stopped outside, unaware of what was going on.

The things in Evie Rowland's room had not been touched for a long time and were covered with a thin layer of dust.

Jameson Proctor searched everywhere he could and threw everything on the floor.

In an instant, the house was full of wreckage.

Jameson Proctor found Evie Rowland's jewelry box from the drawer.

Under cover of a pile of jewelry, there was a small glass bottle with the label printed on it: River City Pharmaceutical.

Jameson Proctor's face was slightly cold. He clutched it in the palm of his hand.

Jefferey Proctor heard the commotion coming from inside.

After seeing Jameson Proctor come out, he asked, "Jameson, what happened?"

"Looking for something."

Jefferey Proctor looked at the house behind him and was stunned for a few seconds before saying, "What are you..."

Jameson Proctor said, "I still have something to do. I have to go."

After the words, he strode away.

The people who originally stopped Jefferey Proctor outside the door also followed downstairs.

The large house was quiet again.

Jefferey Proctor operated the wheelchair and went into the bedroom.

Evie Rowland's things were lying on the floor in pieces.

Jefferey Proctor leaned down, picked up the picture frame on the floor, reached out, and waved the glass scraps on it, his eyes drooping.

After a while, he put the frame on his lap and went out of the bedroom to Master Proctor's room.

The room was dark, surrounded by dead air, with no sunlight coming in.

Jefferey Proctor went to the bed and looked at the man who only had two eyes that could move.

“Jameson just came.”

Master Proctor stared, seemingly struggling to say something, but only moved his eyelids a few times.

Jefferey Proctor pulled up the covers for him and said indifferently, “Don’t worry. You are already in this state. He will not do anything to you.”

In the room, there was no sound.

Jefferey Proctor said again, “In fact, I have always wondered why, after my accident, you insisted on bringing Jameson back. Were you so sure that I would be devastated? So at that time, I was trying to adjust my mind. I said to myself, losing a pair of legs only, as long as I was still alive, was no big deal.”

“Later, I realized that all you cared about was the face of the Proctor family and that I had made you lose face.

“I know. I can’t blame you for anything. You just stood in your place and made the right and most beneficial choice. I’ve never hated Jameson either, and I know that he didn’t come into the family willingly.”

“It’s just that what you did, your control and caution over him, not only me, probably many people do not know the reason.”

The Master Proctor’s eyes trembled, and his pupils dilated.

Jefferey Proctor smiled lightly, “When I knew the reason, I found that everything was actually so absurd and ridiculous.”

Jameson Proctor returned to the hospital, gave the bottle of medicine to the doctor.

Several experts examined the bottle and searched a lot of information, and found a problem.

“Mr. Proctor, the nutritional supplements from this pharmaceutical company have never been available on the market, which means that they have not passed the approval of the Pharmaceutical Board, and there may be a lot of hidden dangers.”

Jameson Proctor said, “Is it possible that the child’s current illness is caused by the injection of this nutrient?”

The attending physician nodded, “If it is confirmed that the nutrient was injected, then it is very likely. I’m sending the vial to the lab now, and we will have a rough idea of the ingredients used, but it may take a little longer.”

Jameson Proctor said, “I’ll go to River City and see what’s going on there.”

“That would be best, of course, if we could contact them. It would be much faster than if we had no direction. But this is a serious issue. I wonder if they would cooperate ...”

Jameson Proctor sneered, “We’ll see.”

Jameson Proctor went to the ward.

The little guy was awake but not in a good state.

Even though his favorite toy was in his hand, and he had no energy or interest in playing with it.

Sharon Allyson sat next to him, barely smiling, but her eyes were still red.

In just one night, she had lost some weight.

Jameson Proctor stood outside for a few minutes before pushing the door open and entering.

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Sharon Allyson looked over when she heard a noise from the doorway.

Jameson Proctor walked over to her, "Did he eat anything?"

"A little."

Sharon Allyson said, "I just asked the doctor, and he said if he doesn't eat much by noon, he'll need fluids."

After a few seconds, Jameson Proctor spoke up, "I'm going to River City this afternoon, and I don't know when I'll be back."

Hearing the word River City, Sharon Allyson froze, remembering what Dean Wilson said to her yesterday.

Jameson Proctor chose to go over at this time.

Could it be...

Sharon Allyson said, "It has something to do with the people there?"

Jameson Proctor nodded his head. He had been checking who the power behind Evie Rowland was.

Now it seemed it was most likely the Hood family.

"Matthew Gray will protect you when I'm not around. Kale Bee and Jayden Bower are in prison, so the biggest threat is gone. I will send Shawn Smith over to temporarily handle all matters on your behalf, and Dean Wilson is there as well. You stay in the hospital and don't go anywhere."

Sharon Allyson looked over at the little guy on the bed, "Ok."

Jameson Proctor pulled her into his arms, whispering, "It's going to be okay. Wait for me to come back."

"Be careful." Jameson smiled.

He let her go and kissed her quickly on the lips when no one was looking and then turned and walked away.

Sharon Allyson, "..."

She turned around and saw the little one sitting on the bed, looking at her with a curious face and giggling as if he was in high spirits, waving his toy with his little hand.

A smile appeared on her face as she reached out and pinched the little one's nose.

After a short while, Tiffany came back and said, "Sharon, I just saw Mr.Proctor go out with a murderous look on his face as if he was looking for someone to settle a score.Where is he going?"

Sharon Allyson said, "River City."

Tiffany wondered, "Why is he going there?"

"The situation is a little complicated.Maybe ...this disease has something to do with the people there."

Tiffany was shocked, "No way.River City is so far from South City.Who is crazy enough to do something like this to a little kid?"

"It's probably still about Evie Rowland."

She should have known that things would not end with Evie Rowland's death.

Otherwise, Evie Rowland would not have killed herself so quickly in the first place.

"So what now? When will Jameson Proctor come back?"

Sharon Allyson shook her head, "I don't know.Let's wait."

There was nothing else to do but wait.

Tiffany sighed and looked at the little guy on the bed, "But then again, Sharon, when I saw the way you looked today, I kind of understood what Jameson Proctor was thinking in the first place."

Sharon Allyson was slightly stunned, "What are you talking about?"

"Why he hid him from you."

Tiffany said, "You didn't even look in the mirror.Your eyes have never been dry today.They've been red and swollen.When I came to see you having nightmares, you scared me to death."

Sharon lowered her head, not knowing what to say.

When the baby was born, the situation was better than now.She heard Ruben say that he was often taken to the emergency room for resuscitation.

And at that time, he was only so little.

Sharon Allyson closed her eyes and felt her nose get a little sore.

Tiffany saw the situation and wisely changed the subject, "By the way, Sharon, I haven't heard you say the name of the little guy.What's his name?"

Sharon Allyson opened her eyes and said after a moment of silence, "Heddwyn."

This name was given to her little one when she was in South City.She hoped he could grow up in peace and simplicity.

But now, it seemed that this was not the case.

Tiffany recited the name and suddenly said, "Heddwyn, Heddwyn Proctor, it sounds good."

Sharon Allyson, "..."

After a few minutes, the door of the hospital room was pushed open. It was Daniel. He said, "Ms. Allyson, I heard everything that happened in the past two days. Is there anything I can help you with?"

Sharon Allyson pursed her lips, "River City, can you find out what's going on there?"

Daniel said, "River City, you mean Harry Hood?"

"Who is Harry Hood?"

Daniel sat next to Tiffany, "Harry Hood is the current head of the Hood family. Outsiders call him Master Hood. But I have never met this man. I heard that he is quite ruthless. He eats human flesh, drinks human blood, and gnaws on human bones."

Sharon Allyson, "..."

Tiffany, "..."

In both of their minds, a picture of a green-faced, fanged monster sitting at an eerie dining room table, tearing at a bloody bone, appeared in an instant.

Tiffany shivered and laughed, "This ...is so scary."

"Of course, this is just a rumor. Anyway, this person is not easy to mess with."

Daniel paused and said, "Why do you ask?"

Sharon Allyson said, "The Proctor family ...No, to be precise, it should be Evie Rowland, probably had a connection with the Hood family. The recent events may all be their doings, including ...little one's illness."

Daniel frowned, "Are you sure?"

Sharon Allyson nodded lightly, "Jameson Proctor has just gone to River City. No matter what they have done, it is certain that these things are definitely related to them."

"But what I do know is that the Hood family will never set foot outside of River City, much less intervene matters outside of River City. If that's what you're saying, why did they go to the trouble of coming all the way to South City and causing so much trouble?"

Tiffany said, "Didn't Sharon just say that they had some kind of connection with Evie Rowland? And that they were probably doing something shady. I think anyone having a tie with Evie Rowland is definitely not a good person. They must have an ulterior motive!"

Sharon Allyson thought for a moment before saying, "Could it be that the Hood family wants to expand their power, so they are looking at the Proctor family and want to replace them?"

Daniel said, "This is the only reasonable explanation. Unless they want to completely eliminate the Proctor family and shift their power to the South City, Harry Hood will not offend Jameson Proctor at this time."

Sharon Allyson didn't understand, "At this time, when?"

Daniel explained, "the Hood family's old head of the family died a short time ago. Harry Hood's position, in fact, is not very stable."

Tiffany puzzled, "Why?"

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In the car, Jameson Proctor sent the picture of the bottle to William Hood.

Within a few minutes, William Hood called, "What is this?"

"Found it in Evie Rowland's room."

"It can't be. Why did Evie Rowland have this?"

Jameson Proctor leaned back in the back seat, his tone nonchalant, "You ask me?"

William Hood coughed, "I mean, this thing, it just shouldn't be at Evie Rowland's. It's too weird."

"Then where should it be?"

William Hood stumbled for a moment, stammering for a while before saying, "What was this medicine bottle supposed to contain? I'll go to the pharmaceutical plant and check."

Jameson Proctor said, "Nothing. Just an empty bottle."

William Hood, "?"

Seriously? An empty bottle and he was acting all weird like this? "That's all for now. I have things to do."

Hanging up the phone, Jameson Proctor closed his eyes and ordered in a light voice, "Send the photos to the people assigned to River City and tell them to check the pharmaceutical plant first."

Jacob Green hesitated for a while before saying, "Mr. Proctor, Mr. Hood..."

"His relationship with River City is complicated. It would be useless to let him investigate this matter."

Jacob Green did not speak again.

It seemed that Jameson Proctor no longer trusted William Hood as before.

If the young master's illness was really related to River City. That's ...too terrible.

Half an hour later, Jameson Proctor got on a private plane and went to River City.

In the distance, in a black car, Chown looked at the slowly gliding plane, tapping his fingers on his knees with a smile on his face.

Manager Lee closed the car window, "Boss, he's gone."

Chown said, "The show is finally on!"

"But I think this matter won't go as smooth as we planned. Harry Hood is not a simple character after all."

"Of course not. I don't expect them to kill each other. Letting him go to River City is just to let him know the truth of that year."

"But even if he knew the truth, it wouldn't change anything. He's not gonna give up the Proctor Group, is he?"

Chown raised his eyebrows, "Who knows? Jameson Proctor sometimes is really quite unbelievable. You can never figure out what he is thinking."

Manager Lee said, "I'm looking forward to what he'll do when he finds out the truth."

Chown stretched, "Alright, Jameson Proctor's people have been investigating us pretty hard lately, so let's follow along and go abroad to avoid trouble."

In the hospital.

The little one had a high fever at night, but luckily he didn't throw up and was treated in time, so he didn't suffer for long and fell asleep in Sharon Allyson's arms.

Tiffany couldn't help but feel distressed when she saw him like this, "Sharon, you've been taking care of him all day. Why don't I do it and you go take a nap."

Sharon Allyson shook her head, "No, I can't sleep. It's late. You can go home."

"I'll just stay here with you."

Sharon Allyson said, "Then, if you're sleepy, just sleep on the couch"

Daniel had gone to check on Evie Rowland's specific connection to River City for her and hadn't returned yet.

Tiffany yawned, "Okay, then I'll close my eyes for a while. Wake me when you want to sleep."

"Okay."

Sharon Allyson paused and added, "You haven't told Ruben about this, have you?"

"I haven't had a chance yet."

"He's got finals coming up, so don't tell him yet. It'll be a distraction"

Tiffany nodded, "Don't worry. I know"

After Tiffany fell asleep on the couch, the room quieted down.

Sharon Allyson gently scratched the red rash on the little one's body while turning on her phone.

Twelve hours had passed since Jameson Proctor had left. He should be in River City by now.

She wondered what was going on there.

Sharon Allyson exhaled a sigh of frustration, put the phone down and looked out the window.

It was the rainy season recently, and the rain never stopped.

But the good thing was that the weather was always cool, and if it had been a hot summer day, the little guy would have been even more uncomfortable.

Sharon Allyson got up, took a quilt and covered Tiffany with it before sitting next to the little one again. She didn't close her eyes for the whole night.

The next morning, because of the rain, the dawn was delayed for quite a while.

When the nurse came to take the baby's temperature, Sharon Allyson went to the bathroom to wash her face with cold water to clear her head.

She had just come out of the bathroom when she saw Dean Wilson walking toward her with red eyes.

Sharon Allyson, "?"

She subconsciously took two steps back.

Dean Wilson opened his mouth, his voice raspy with inhibition and excitement, "Where's Jameson Proctor!?"

Sharon Allyson said, "He's gone to River City."

Dean Wilson froze, "To River City, when?"

"Yesterday afternoon."

Sharon Allyson looked him up and down. His hair was a mess. His eyes were red and dark circles were evident.

He hadn't even shaved his stubble, "What's the matter with you?"

Dean Wilson probably realized from her unusual look that his current appearance was not very elegant.

He reached up and rubbed his eyes, yawning, "I haven't slept for two days. I just found a little information, so I rushed over to tell you guys."

"What information?"

Dean Wilson took out a small page of a newspaper from his shirt pocket, "This is River City's newspaper two years ago. It says that there was a five-month-old baby who had the same thing that happened to your son, also unknown vomiting, fever, red rash all over ..."

Sharon Allyson took the newspaper in a hurry.

Dean Wilson continued, "Although this is not too much description, this is a clue. I think, since there is a great connection between River City and the recent events in South City, it is not impossible that this incident is related to them."

Sharon Allyson finished reading the paper and hastily asked, "Do you know what happened to the boy in the end?"

"I made some inquiries and asked a friend to contact the editor-in-chief of this newspaper. According to him, this child was treated by a medical facility in River City. What exactly is the situation, he is not sure, but he can be sure that the child is definitely still alive."

Sharon Allyson's hand slowly clenched the newspaper, and two words spilled out of her mouth, "River City."

Dean Wilson continued to rub his eyes, "But Jameson Proctor has gone to River City now. Just tell him the news and let him find out which medical facility it is. Things will probably be fine."

Sharon Allyson turned around and looked at the little sleeping guy in the hospital bed. The corners of her lips curled gently.

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At noon, the attending doctor came to examine the little one.

The fever had gone down, but still, no cure for the red rash was found.

Sharon Allyson said, "Have the lab results come back yet?"

The attending doctor shook his head, "Due to the complexity of the situation, it may take some time"

Sharon Allyson looked at the little guy who had lost a lot of weight on the bed, and her voice lightened a bit, "If he keeps going like this, his body will not be able to take it."

"With the nutritional injections. I hope it will last a little longer."

Sharon Allyson opened her mouth but didn't know what to say.

Now even the doctor said the word "hope"

...

The attending doctor added, "Let's keep him under observation for a while longer, and call me if anything happens."

"Thank you."

After the doctor left, Sharon Allyson sat on the edge of the bed, looking at the little one and wondering about something.

Tiffany came over and patted her shoulder, "Sharon, don't worry. It's going to be okay"

At the end of the night, Sharon Allyson let Tiffany go back, and she stayed here alone to watch the little one.

Not long after Tiffany left, Dean Wilson came back in, showered, shaved and changed his clothes.

He said, "Did Jameson Proctor contact you?"

"No, I called him and it was off."

Dean Wilson frowned, "I can't reach him either. Something's wrong."

Not only Jameson Proctor, but William Hood was also out of contact.

What was the situation in River City? At this moment, it was suddenly very noisy downstairs.

Dean Wilson said, "I'll go out and check it out."

Sharon Allyson listened to the noise outside and held the little one tightly in her arms.

Two minutes later, a doctor wearing a mask came in to take the baby's temperature.

He had just taken out the thermometer when Sharon Allyson took a step backward and looked at him warily, "I haven't seen you before."

The doctor took off his mask to reveal his face, "First time meeting, my pleasure."

Sharon Allyson frowned, "Who are you?"

The boy smiled and put the mask in the pocket of his white coat, "It doesn't matter who I am, but I would like you to come with me to a place"

Sharon Allyson's lips tightened, "You're with Evie Rowland?"

"No, I don't know her."

"Then what do you want to do?"

The boy stepped forward, "Sorry."

Outside the door of the ward, Dean Wilson said on the phone, "Are you serious? If Jameson Proctor finds out that I helped you and let them take them away, I'll kill you!"

William Hood's tone was a little anxious, "I can't explain that much to you right now. Didn't you already find out the information? River City has a cure for that kid. We can only try it."

"Then you tell them to hurry up. I can't hold off any longer. I'm afraid Matthew Gray would rush up to beat me up."

As soon as Dean Wilson said that, Sharon Allyson and the little guy were brought out from inside.

After looking at each other, the boy raised a smile at him.

Dean Wilson, "..."

He silently looked away.

Listening to the rattling in the hallway, the boy instructed, "Here they come. Let's go."

If not for so many years of friendship with William Hood, knowing that he would never harm Jameson Proctor, he would never allow them to do this, even if there was a knife on his neck...

Okay, maybe he would just let them go if there were really a knife.

He had no idea if he had just made the right or wrong decision.

If William Hood betrayed Jameson Proctor, or if he had been with the River City side from the beginning, then everything would be over.

It was a gamble.

Bet that he was not wrong about the person.

Sharon Allyson did not know when she woke up.

When she opened her eyes, she felt a blur in front of her eyes, and after she was awake for a few moments, she sat up violently and tried to find the child there.

Only after sitting up did she realize that the little one was lying quietly beside her, sleeping soundly.

Moreover, the red rash on his body was much lighter. He was sleeping so well and probably not itching much anymore.

Sharon Allyson tried to get up, but she had little strength.

At that moment, the door was opened and the boy walked in, "You're awake. Did you sleep well?"

Sharon Allyson held the little one back, "Where are you taking us?"

"River City."

The boy turned around, "Don't worry. I'm not going to hurt you, but the medical team and all the equipment and medicine are over there, so I'll just have to take you there."

Sharon Allyson remembered the page of the newspaper Dean Wilson had given her and was silent before saying, "Do you know what caused this disease?"

"Yes."

Sharon Allyson smiled and suddenly saw some hope, "Then you ...can cure him."

The boy sat in the sofa and poured a glass of water, "I don't want to upset you or give you unrealistic promises."

Sharon Allyson, "..."

Can you stop talking like such a scumbag? The boy continued, "This disease of his was caused by an adverse reaction to a faulty nutritional injection. At present, we have only encountered one such case. That child was fortunate that the symptoms were not as severe. After treatment, he has recovered quite well in the past two years."

"But the adverse reaction caused by this nutritional injection varies from person to person. So, it still needs to be judged according to the actual situation"

Sharon Allyson said, "But the red rash on his body has disappeared ..."

"That's because I gave him an injection that temporarily slows down the disease. It treats the symptoms but not the root cause, but at least it makes him sleep a little more comfortably"

"You are a doctor?"

“Isn’t it rare to see a doctor as young and handsome and capable as me?”

Sharon Allyson smiled, “And what is the problem with the nutritional injections? If there is a problem, why ...”

The boy said, “Well, it is complicated. After the production two years ago, we found it to be problematic. So it has been destroyed. I do not know how it circulated to South City, but also..”

“You really don’t know Evie Rowland?”

“Let me tell you this. I had never been to South City.”

“And have you had any contact with the Proctor family?”

The boy said leisurely, “I’m a man who still cherishes his life.”

Sharon Allyson didn’t say anything else and turned her head to the sleeping little one.

There is always a little hope, right? The boy got up, “Two more hours to River City. You can rest a little longer.”