

Resume 37

Ex-Husband Wants Badly to Resume Their Marriage Chapter 37

Leave the IOU and Repay Me in Installment

“If he said he didn’t want the baby, I would have had an abortion immediately. That’s all. Did I do something unforgivable?”

After leaving Lumiere Jewelry, Sharon took a taxi to the Proctor Group.

The receptionist seemed to have known that Sharon would come. She only asked for Sharon’s surname without even registering.

Then Sharon was directly led to the CEO’s private elevator.

Sharon still remembered that she came to deliver documents to Jameson a long time ago.

At that time, she did not dare to tell the employees that she was Jameson’s wife for fear of making him angry.

She could only stand at the reception like a fool and wait for the employees to report when they were free.

In the end, that annoying man still treated Sharon terribly.

When Sharon got off the elevator, Jacob was already waiting outside.

Jacob said, “Ms. Allyson, Mr. Proctor is at a meeting. He wants you to wait in his office.”

Sharon tried to say nothing, but she failed.

“Stop calling me Ms. Allyson. I’m not worthy.”

Sharon would even belittle herself to deny any relationship with Jameson.

Jacob coughed and reached out, “Ms... Allyson, please.”

Sitting in Jameson’s office, Sharon looked at the coffee Jacob had delivered and said, “Can you get a cup of hot water for me? The kind that can burn people to death.”

“Sharon... You have a sense of humor.”

Sharon smiled nonchalantly, “Nothing compared to Mr. Proctor.”

Jacob immediately knew that she was here to cause trouble.

He wondered why Mr. Proctor was so confident to think that Sharon would come to thank him.

Still, Jacob got a cup of hot water for Sharon, only it could not burn anyone to death.

He considerably thought that Mr. Proctor would look less miserable if he was splashed with water, not coffee.

However, Sharon was only trying to relieve her anger.

She didn't have the courage to splash Jameson. At this moment, the naughty baby in her belly was moving.

She retched a few times and got relieved by drinking some water. Jameson did not return until Sharon had drunk a full glass of water.

Having unbuttoned his suit and sitting across from Sharon, Jameson spoke in a detached tone, "Why are you here?"

The man was really annoying, asking her as if he didn't know. Sharon did not want to waste words with him.

She took out an IOU from her bag and said, "The meddling, inconsistent and dishonest behavior of Mr. Proctor..."

Halfway through her words, she felt the temperature in the entire office plummeted.

Sharon remained calm as she changed the topic, "Has been impressive. I sincerely admire your subtle but effective ways."

Jameson did not have the patience for her nonsense and interrupted her unhappily, "Don't beat about the bush."

"Simply put, although I find your actions very shameful, I can't bear owing a huge amount of money. I can only swallow it and write you an IOU."

Wasn't this what the annoying man wanted to see the most? Jameson looked at her, his handsome face showing no emotions, "So, how do you plan to pay back this time?"

Sharon pursed her lips and was about to speak.

Jameson seemed to know what she was going to say, so he forestalled her in a leisurely manner, "No installment."

Sharon knew that this evil capitalist was not a good man.

She said, "Since Mr. Proctor has put so much effort to embarrass me and I really don't have the money to pay you back, you can tell me what you want."

Jameson frowned, "Do you think I did all these to embarrass you?"

"Didn't you? I don't know how Mr. Proctor will be satisfied. If you want me to leave Lumiere Jewelry, then I promise you, I will resign and cancel my contract today. I will go out of your sight and never bother you again." Jameson said coldly, "Sharon, are you stupid or something? I sent a PR team to Lumiere Jewelry, chose you as our star, and saved your show by using Giana. Did I do all these to make you disappear from my sight?"

"You did all those for Sheila. What does it have to do with me? Don't obfuscate the issue."

"For her? Why would I do those for her? Has she ever been my wife?"

"Aren't you going to make her your wife?" Sharon retorted with a strong attitude.

Jameson laughed in his exasperation, then he became calm.

“Sharon, I’ve told you many times that you should eat less junk food. Have more walnuts and nourish your brain.”

Previously, Sharon would occasionally cook hotpot and crayfish at home.

When Jameson came back, he would throw everything in the trash can outside and force her to take three baths until he believed that she no longer smelled.

Wait, was this the time to talk about food? Sharon returned to the original topic.

“How do you want me to pay back, Mr. Proctor?”

Jameson raised his eyebrows and said nothing. His long fingers tapped on the armrest of the sofa lightly.

It was as if he was sending out the “beg me” message.

However, Sharon was very clear that the annoying man wanted more than this.

She really couldn’t figure it out, though.

Seeing Sharon lower her head without a word, Jameson slowly said, “Sharon, I said that if you regret it, I can give you another chance.”

This time, Sharon reacted very quickly.

She knew what he was referring to and directly asked, “Why?”

“There’s no reason.” Sharon smiled.

She knew why. It was his revenge.

In that loveless marriage, she could be unfortunate, disgusted, or a wife who could only wait quietly at home for his return.

After the divorce, however, she could do things she wanted to do.

This couldn’t be what Jameson wanted to see.

Yeah, she was the one who pulled him into the grave of marriage three years ago.

How could she leave without any cost? After a long time, she said, “I was once criticized by an arrogant capitalist for not having a dream.”

Jameson was speechless.

Sharon continued in a weary voice, “Still, I’ve always known what I want and what I can get within my ability. After three years of unhappy marriage, I thought that I could pursue my dreams again with my own effort. However, if Mr. Proctor is really unwilling to let me go, I can cripple my hands from touching the pencil or designing any works.”

“Then, if you’re still dissatisfied, just hire someone to kill me.”

Jameson closed his eyes and forced out a sentence, “Go. Leave the IOU and repay me in installments.”

“Alright. See you, Mr. Proctor.”

Sharon picked up her bag and left swiftly.

Before going out, she stopped, “Mr. Proctor, I will transfer the money I owe you on time every month. If you need anything else, just ask your assistant to contact me. My phone is on 24 hours a day.”

The implication was that she did not intend to add his contact information back.

After leaving the Proctor Group, Sharon wasn't cheered up for being able to repay by installments.