

## GOSSIP EX-WIFE

### Chapter 10 I Don't Want To Tolerate You Anymore

He immediately put down his hand after realizing that he shouldn't have said that. However, he still left bruises on Sherry's neck.

Sherry opened her mouth but didn't say anything. She stared at him, her eyes bright as she let out a laugh.

He had slept with countless other women. She just merely went to the bar for a few drinks and chatted with some waiters to relax. How could he accuse her of cheating on him?

How ridiculous!

He'd probably never seen this side of Sherry before.

Throughout their three-year marriage, she'd always stayed by his side and submitted to his every whim

like a doll.

At that moment, as Jeremy's eyes glazed over Sherry, he seemed to realize that he was about to lose this tenacious woman.

"Sherry, you..."

His hands still gripped her wrists; he didn't know what to say.

Meanwhile, the smile on Sherry's face had disappeared and her eyes were sharp as knives.

"Me? Why? What am I doing wrong?"

Jeremy, I can't stand you anymore. I don't like you anymore. If you need sex, you're free to sleep with other women. I don't care. Maybe, you can stay in those women's houses."

As she spoke, she was very calm which was what made it even more hurtful for Jeremy.

"What? Sherry, you're making me so mad!" After staring at her for a long while, he finally put on his coat and turned to leave, slamming the door shut.

In an instant, everything fell into a thick silence. She then took out the medicine box so she could apply some ointment to the bruises on her neck and wrists. The expression on her face was unreadable.

Sherry was already used to this kind of treatment.

The next day, Sherry got up at noon.

She quickly washed up and forced herself to prepare lunch. Just as she was about to enter the kitchen, she suddenly remembered that Jeremy had left the previous night and still hadn't returned yet.

He used to come back and get dressed in the morning.

Ding dong! Ding dong! Just then, someone knocked on the door.

Sherry rushed out of the door only to find Jeffrey standing outside the gate, sweating. It seemed that he had rode his mountain bike coming here.

"What are you doing here?"

She didn't expect that she would see Jeffrey today. For a while, she remained frozen in place. After collecting herself, she said, "Let's go inside. It's too hot out here."

Jeffery nodded his head and parked his mountain bike aside. He then followed behind Sherry.

As soon as Jeffrey stepped inside the grand villa, he felt embarrassed. "Sherry, I just came here to give you your ID."

He took out a small box from his backpack and handed it to Sherry.

When Sherry opened the box, she found her ID inside it along with her watch and two of her credit cards.

"Thank you so much! I wouldn't have known that my ID was even missing in the first place if it weren't for you!" Putting the box on the coffee table, Sherry expressed her heartfelt gratitude.

Seeing that Jeffrey was sweating, she stood up quickly and made tea for him.

She was still a little bit drunk that as she walked, she felt as if her head was spinning. When she walked out of the kitchen with the tea pot in hand, she suddenly felt dizzy that she fell forward.

"Ah!"

Sherry yelped as the hot tea spilled on her feet.

The searing pain made her feel as if her skin was being peeled off.

Upon hearing this, Jeffrey immediately rushed over to her.

He frowned when he saw the shattered tea pot and her swollen, red feet.

"What happened? Why are you so careless? Come on, let's get an ice pack for your feet." In a panic, he

had forgotten how initially embarrassed he was to be in such an elegant villa.

Sherry couldn't help but be reminded of Jeremy with how concerned he was.

Despite the burning sensation in her feet, she was still left stunned.

It wasn't until she felt the sudden wave of coolness on her feet that she came to her senses. She had realized that Jeffrey had placed an ice pack on her feet and was gently patting it to help soothe her burned feet.

"You... No, I can do it myself... "

She'd never been this close to another man before. Flustered, she felt the urge to withdraw her feet.

"Sherry, I'm just helping you soothe the burning or else, you'll have a blister!" Jeffery held her feet for a while, rubbing the ice pack gently on them. After a while, he helped her sit on the sofa.

He then grabbed the ointment and slowly applied it on her feet with a cotton swab.

The sunlight shining through the window hit his face, his eyes looking serious.

As Sherry stared at Jeffery, memories of her childhood suddenly came flooding back to her. Jeremy was taking care of her in the same manner.

Meanwhile, they had no idea that Jeremy had just arrived.

The sound of the door opening rung in Sherry's ears as she quickly turned to look towards the door.



Jeremy stood in the doorway in his black suit.

He could see Sherry sitting on the sofa, her beautiful legs exposed.

Meanwhile, Jeffrey was on his knees in front of her, his hands on her feet.

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