

GOSSIP EX-WIFE

Chapter 11 Remember Your Identity

Jeremy stared at the two, a fist clenched tight by his side, as he resisted punching Jeffery's face.

He stepped forward, his hands itching to separate them, but he stopped at the last minute. Thankfully, nobody seemed to notice that.

"What are you doing?" His voice was calm and firm, but his eyes betrayed the anger that flared within him.

No outright sign of his anger could be observed, but Sherry still noticed it, as not much could escape her keen senses. She moved away from Jeffery immediately as if she was burnt.

"Jeremy..." She breathed his name out like a prayer. "Please don't misunderstand." Jeffery straightened behind her, feeling her tension and discomfort in the

face of Jeremy's sharp eyes. He explained in a low voice, a voice that could be used for a wild animal that was about to spring out.

"She got scalded. I was just treating the burnt feet."

That was clear and concise.

And even though Sherry didn't have the chance to introduce Jeremy to him, who else had a key and could open the door so comfortably except for the owner?

'Was she burned?'

Jeremy wondered, as his eyes scanned Sherry's body. He frowned when he noticed her instep, which looked red and painful.

As he walked further inside the room, he saw the

broken fragments of the teapot on the ground, and his eyes lit up in recognition.

It was the tea set that Sherry loved, her favorite blue and white porcelain that he had given her as a gift. She loved it so much and treated it with such care that she would go to great lengths not to use it at home, but today, she used it to make tea for a mere waiter in a bar.

He didn't like it, but the seed of doubt in him grew bigger and bigger. 'Isn't it dirty?'

Jeremy asked with a sneer, and an obnoxious laugh escaped his mouth.

He walked inside with determined steps and didn't stop until he was standing close to Jeffery. Sherry's heart thudded faster with every step he took because she thought that he would hit Jeffery, but he turned at

the last minute and settled beside her instead.

The sofa suddenly felt too small for the two of them, and as it sank deeper. She felt her heart sink at the same time.

Jeremy was behaving so strangely at that moment, and as Sherry looked at him, she felt like she didn't know him at all. She couldn't even tell what he was thinking or feeling anymore.

She held her breath when he moved in the next second.

Jeremy laid a heavy hand on her shoulder and manhandled her, so she could face him. And when he raised his hand, she couldn't help but flinch, terrified that he would hit her.

But he only cupped her cheek gently, then his hands

traveled to her chin, and his hold tightened until it almost hurt.

Sherry's mind shut down when he suddenly pressed his thin lips against her without hesitation, and he devoured her lips in a fierce kiss.

Jeremy deepened the forceful and unexpected kiss until her lips were reddened, and her chin stung from his tight grip. Still, she endured, as she was too frightened to resist his advances.

It seemed like hours, but it was probably just a few minutes later when he finally let go of her. Her lips were tingling and swollen, and a small red mark, about the size of his thumb, was left on her chin.

"Sherry, don't push your luck. Do you

think I will fall in love with you if you keep playing

these dirty tricks?"

Jeremy said in a cold and distant tone, as he looked at Sherry like her very presence offended him.

His voice was low, almost like a whisper, but Sherry still heard him as if he had whispered the words directly into her ear.

She couldn't stop the bitter laughter that escaped her, as she realized that Jeremy had only pretended to be gentle, so he could hit her where it would truly hurt.

"You..."

Jeffery kept silent, as the tall man had approached Sherry, and now, he could only keep on watching, as he kissed Sherry in front of him, like he was going to devour her whole. It stung that he seemed to have been forgotten in the face of this man's passion.

And when he saw the obvious red bruise on her chin, his protective instincts roared inside him, but he couldn't do anything but watch and gnash his teeth.

He opened his mouth to talk, but before he could speak, the taller man suddenly stood up and walked toward him.

Jeffery was 1.8 meters tall, but he still appeared short and ungainly like a kid with Jeremy's presence.

The pressure he felt as the man approached him made his heart pound hard in his chest, and his face turned ashen and sickly.

Jeremy smiled, his teeth showing threateningly, and asked, "Do you want this woman?" He pointed at Sherry, who sat still and pale on the sofa behind him.

Jeremy took Jeffery's shock and anxious look as a testament to his guilt and scoffed at him. "Sorry, but she got married. She is my woman now," Jeremy continued.

"You're wrong. There's nothing like that between us."

Jeffery could only deny and speak peacefully, but inside, he was so angry that he felt like he would burst into flames at any second.

Jeremy answered him with a laugh in his face.

"That's good because she is taken already. Even if I don't love her, I won't allow her to have a lover at the side." With these parting words, he turned away from them and walked to his bedroom without a backward glance.

He changed his clothes which only took a short while,

and when he came out this time, he found Sherry alone and sitting in the living room. She lowered her head but didn't dare to meet his eyes, and as he looked around, he confirmed that Jeffery had already left.

He was about to leave as well, but he hesitated by the doorway and returned to loom in front of Sherry like a malevolent guard.

With his great height, he towered over her like the shadow of a great mountain against a child, but he didn't seem to notice this.

He stood in silence for a few minutes, waiting for her to raise her head and meet his eyes. And when she did look up, he said in a cold and menacing tone,

"You can be shameless on your own, but I will not forgive you if my family is dragged through the mud

because of you."

The words tore Sherry apart, and it felt like Jeremy had reached inside her and squeezed until her heart was torn and bleeding.

She looked at him sharply, like the lion inside her was done being frightened and had now decided to rear its head, and she said, "Don't worry. Nobody knows that I married you, so even if I lose face, I won't disgrace your family."

Her calm and indifferent tone angered Jeremy, and he stepped closer to her once more.

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