

## GOSSIP EX-WIFE

### Chapter 13 Despair

Jeremy had been listening to him for a while, so now, his muscles were all bunched up with tension, as the other man's voice grated against his ear.

The words coming from the man's mouth made him want to shove his hand in there and pull out his tongue.

With a scoff, he crushed the cigarette in his hand in the ashtray, almost grinding it into powder, and then threw it aside.

Steve was a blockhead who couldn't get a clue, so he still approached Jeremy and said, "Jeremy, can you help me ask her out tonight? I can't wait anymore! In return, I will give you a virgin, okay?"

When he heard that, Jeremy was struck dumb, and

his face turned sickly pale in an instant.

Even before, Steve often made fun of him to test how much he cared about his women. However, this time, it made him think.

Had he treated Sherry so badly that Steve couldn't notice the difference?

"Steve, I want to tell you something later, but let me make a call first," he said to pacify Steve.

Then, he took out his phone and called Sherry.

In his mind, the least that he could do for her was to keep her identity confidential. After all, she had been his wife for so many years. But then, he determined that it was probably okay to let Steve know.

Between the choice of telling Steve or not, he decided

that this was better since he didn't want Steve to keep thinking about her all the time.

"Sherry, I'm in the bar where we met last time. Can you please come here? Steve is here too. I..." Jeremy trailed off into silence when he thought of Jeffery all of a sudden.

His voice, which was originally polite and kind, suddenly turned icy and domineering, and as Sherry listened to him, it felt like ice-cold water was poured over her head.

"Sorry, I can't. I'm busy right now."

Sherry's trembling voice replied before she quickly ended the call.

Her hands shook, as she held her cellphone tightly, her fingertips whitening with too much pressure.

Steve's voice rang in her head.

"I will ask Jeremy to give you to me. He will agree!"  
He had said this with so much conviction at that time, that she could not help but begin to doubt, but then, she didn't think that Jeremy would agree at all. After all, she was his wife. He didn't love her, but it would still be shameful for him.

Unfortunately, the phone call she just received shattered her only hope, and she began to cry in despair.

Her newly manicured nails embedded into her palm, and it made crescent-shaped indents that were deep enough to bleed.

There was nothing in this world that could hurt her as much as the pain that Jeremy brought her.

She stood forlornly in front of the familiar villa and had just taken out her keys, but she didn't open the door. Instead, she turned away and left.

This was not her home.

She didn't want to go inside, so she hailed a taxi out of the blue, and half an hour later, she had finally arrived at her destination.

Sherry looked up at the window through which she could still see the curtain inside, and she couldn't help the brittle smile that escaped her lips.

She had decided to come back to this place, the apartment that she had bought with her hard-earned salary. Who knows? Maybe she could live here in the future!

She shook her head to clear her thoughts, as she reminded herself not to think too much, and then she went to the nearby supermarket to buy the toiletries she needed to spend the night.

She was about to go upstairs when a strange sound came f

rom the roadside, and she couldn't stop herself from investigating.

She followed the sound and found a slightly long-haired young man, who was squatting against a tree and vomiting. The hair on her arms stood on their ends from the repeated sound of retching, and she couldn't help but pity the young man.

The strong smell of wine and alcohol assaulted Sherry's nose, and even though she was used to smelling it frequently, she still frowned in concern.

She was about to approach the man, but she stopped in her tracks, and disbelief and surprise overtook her face. The man who was retching on the sidewalk looked up, and he looked very familiar to her. It was Jeffery.

'Why is he here?'

Her mind felt like a jumble of thoughts at that moment, and she didn't know what to do.

It was weird if she helped him because she had just met Jeffery twice. "Don't forget who you are."

She straightened up suddenly, as Jeremy's words came unbidden unto her mind.

She strode forward determinedly, away from Jeffery, and her shoulders and neck were stiff from the effort

of not looking back. By name, she was still Jeremy's wife, so it would be better for her to mind her own business.

However, before she could fully leave his presence, the sound of retching echoed once again. A pained groan echoed like a noose that pulled her toward him, close enough to touch him.

He looked up from the ground he was slumped against and whispered, "Sherry..."

Her eyebrows lifted in surprise because he still recognized her, even though he was so out of it.

Their eyes met, her clear orbs filled with worry, and his eyes were glazed and unfocused. That pair of eyes stirred a sweet memory in her mind that softened her heart.



It was too late for Sherry to stop now.

As if someone had taken control of her, she moved on autopilot and lifted his tall and thin body until he was standing upright, and then she put his hands around her shoulders to support him as he walked.

He appeared very drunk, and he stumbled as they walked, and he kept mumbling words that she couldn't understand. She could hear name peppered all over his sentences, but aside from that, she couldn't recognize any word.

But at that moment, she didn't have enough energy to care about that.

She couldn't even stand properly, as Jeffery kept on tripping on his feet.

"Hey, Jeffery!" she called out, lightly tapping his

cheek. "Where do you live? How do I get you home?"

Jeffery couldn't even recognize where he was. He raised his finger and pointed aimlessly, but he didn't point to any accurate location that could give a clue to where he lived.

Sherry blew a deep breath, as she was getting frustrated and tired from her long day. Jeffery had his eyes closed and was muttering to himself,

"I live here..."

"Here?" Sherry asked in surprise, as she didn't know that he was from around here. "Do you mean this apartment or this block?" She asked again, shaking him slightly to get his attention. After all, what else could she do? She couldn't just support him and knock on each door one by one, so she could ask each family if he lived with them.

Besides, she didn't have enough strength!

She sighed deeply again before she gathered the things she had bought earlier, and then she took Jeffery's arm and guided him upstairs with great effort.

As soon as they arrived inside her place, she threw him on the sofa, as her arms and legs felt like jelly from the effort of carrying his weight.

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