

GOSSIP EX-WIFE

Chapter 14 Talk About Divorce

When they were done drinking the wine, Jeremy and Steve headed back to the villa since it was already getting dark. At that moment, the villa was so quiet that he felt so empty and could not help feeling a little uneasy.

Taking off his shoes, he lounged on the sofa and yelled out, "Sherry! Sherry! Come out!"

Truth be told, he was rather displeased with what Steve had said earlier. Apart from that, Sherry hung up on him without saying a word. Because of that, he was in such a foul mood and wanted to let off some steam.

However, there was no other sound other than his loud roar in the empty villa.

With the alcohol's effects kicking in, he suddenly kicked the door to Sherry's bedroom open, leaned against the door and shouted, "Show yourself, Sherry! Don't think you can get away by hiding here!"

After waiting for quite a while, Jeremy finally realized that Sherry, who always waited for him at home, didn't come back.

Faced with this empty villa, a sudden feeling of solitude rose from deep within his heart.

Although fleeting, there was a tinge of pain in his chest. But for some reason, he could still feel it clearly.

What did she usually do at home to kill some time?

With his eyebrows deeply knit, he lay on the sofa. Even though he didn't really have too much to drink, it

felt so strange not being able to sip the sober-up soup that he always drank every night.

Even after trying several times, he just couldn't fall asleep. In the end, he decided to just let Sherry come back.

When he gave Sherry a call, he was a little bit expectant deep down. During the past three years, not once had he ever felt like this—hoping that Sherry would pick up her phone right away.

Thinking of that clear and sweet voice in his ear, his heart couldn't keep its calm and became filled with excitement.

At this moment, Sherry was climbing the stairs, holding some sober-up pills in her hand.

Jeffery was so inebriated that he wouldn't be able to

clear his head right away if he didn't take sober-up pills. Although he would wake up tomorrow morning, she had no intention of letting him stay over for the night.

The walls of the old apartment were not soundproof.

The moment she arrived at the door, Sherry heard that her phone was ringing. The familiar ringtone had been especially designed for Jeremy. That call in the afternoon suddenly cropped up in her mind again. This made her hand shake, causing the key to fall to the ground.

'What is he calling for this time?

Is he still planning to introduce me to Steve?'

Sherry's eyes felt a bit sore. After closing them hard, she quickly picked up the key and opened the door.

As soon as she opened the door, the sound of the ringtone suddenly disappeared. Then, she heard Jeffery answering the call, "Hey!"

She stood at the door, with the blood all over her body suddenly running cold.

Caught in a daze for a second, she rushed toward Jeffery and snatched the phone from his hand.

"Jeremy, don't misunderstand and get angry. Jeffery is wasted. I just happened

to bump into him. I'm here now..."

The phone was hung up. Left utterly dumfounded, Sherry stopped explaining all of a sudden.

Then, she burst out laughing, shook her head, and fell to the ground cross-legged.

For the first time in her life, she realized that she could actually speak so fast. However, it seemed that it made no sense explaining to him. 'He doesn't even love me at all, so why would he get angry?

Wait, angry?'

At the thought of this, she picked up the phone and checked the call log with her trembling hand.

There was only one second before the call got connected. Clearly all her explanation wasn't heard. So, could Jeremy really be angry?

"Hahaha..." A self-mocking smile crept up on her face. She remembered the call in the afternoon. Suddenly, the feeling of satisfaction from revenge started brewing in her chest.

The phone rang again. Pausing for a while, she pressed the answer button.

"Hand over the phone to Sherry!" Jeremy's voice protested from the other end of the line.

Seldom did he lose his temper before. But today, he was roaring furiously over the phone.

"It's me,"

Sherry answered, her voice so gentle and composed.

Clean hands want no washing, so she had nothing to fear. The reason why she was in such a hurry to explain her relationship with Jeffery was because of his fierce reaction to Jeffery.

Jeremy sneered and said in a cold tone, "Come back to the villa right now so we could discuss the divorce."

Sherry's hand trembled in fear. With a tight grip on the phone, she mustered up the courage and answered, "Okay."

She should have thought about the possibility of divorce. Considering that he was about to send her away, of course he would have to divorce her first!

As though he got the answer he wanted, Jeremy hung up the phone without saying anything else.

Left at such a loss, Sherry stared blankly at the phone for a long time. Then, she raised her arm and threw the phone onto the floor out of frustration.

Putting her hands over her head, she bit her lips hard. The tears began rolling down her face, yet she didn't make a sound.

'Divorce... Couldn't he wait for just two more days?'

With bloodshot eyes, her body began cramping. She kept crying for a long while, so much so that the tears could now be seen clearly on the floor. It was only then that she finally stopped.

Since Jeremy seemed to be raring to get this things over with, she... Just let it be!

She got up, went to the bathroom and washed her face with cold water. After freshening up and putting on a delicate makeup, she proceeded to change her clothes and was just about to head out.

When she went over to the sofa to grab her handbag, she felt her wrist tighten all of a sudden. Turning around to check, she saw a pair of familiar eyes filled with sadness as they looked straight at her. Jeffery begged Sherry like a dog who was about to

abandoned, "Don't go."

The look in the man's eyes overlapped with Jeremy's in her memory, causing Sherry's heart to soften in an instant.

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