

GOSSIP EX-WIFE

Chapter 15 Something Had Changed

Sherry didn't return to the villa until the next morning.

She had looked after a drunken man for a whole night, staying up to make sure he was comfortable, and then she had left to get some much needed alone time at the mall. She had gone shopping. It took a while to find a phone that was exactly the same model as her previous one. As soon as she arrived home, she wanted nothing more than to shower and have a good, long sleep.

She had just entered and was changing her shoes when she saw Jeremy walk out of the living room. She paused, for she hadn't expected him to be here.

Shouldn't he be at work?

She quickly recovered and went back to slipping on

her home shoes. When she looked at him again, her expression was pleasant, as though it was nothing unusual for him to be home at this time of day. "Good morning." He stopped at the doorway to the living room, watching her with a faint smile on his face. She thought there was an air of self-deprecation in his smile.

She thought rather sourly that he probably couldn't wait to get divorced from her.

Jeremy was also surprised to see her, but he didn't let his surprise show in his expression.

Her straight hair had been curled, and the long locks fell in soft waves down her back, perfectly framing her beautiful face. She looked absolutely lovely.

Something about her gleaming hair and glowing skin made him want to drag her up to bed right now, where he could have his way with her.

But the impulse only lasted for a second. He remembered that she hadn't returned last night, and that her phone had been turned off. He could only imagine what she had been up to! A trace of disgust flashed in his eyes.

"It's nine o'clock. It's a bit early, isn't it? I would have thought you'd stay for longer with that waiter. You seemed really reluctant to leave."

For a moment, Sherry was stunned at his accusation. Then she shook her head and let out a short laugh.

It didn't matter what he said now. She'd already gotten used to hearing such things from him. This was only a sarcastic remark, and actually pretty mild, all things considered.

"You're right, I think it's still early. But it's late for

people who should already be at work," she said pointedly. Jeremy frowned, because her answer had just completely ignored the most important part of what he said. It was as though she didn't understand what he was implying.

He said nothing. A shadow passed over his face.

A part of him felt like arguing with her, taking offense at her cavalier manner. But another part of him was still stuck on how beautiful she looked, and just wanted to hold her.

Sherry walked past him. "I know you're eager to finalize the divorce. I'll just take a shower and then we'll iron out all the details," she said without meeting his eyes. She walked upstairs. He heard her entering their bathroom.

That last remark left Jeremy even more uneasy. He

stood where she had left him, feeling strangely indecisive.

Something had changed. Sherry was different. It honestly made him uncomfortable.

He considered what she had said about divorce and quickly strode into his study. He sat down at his large, ornate desk, pulling open the drawer where the divorce agreement was kept.

He saw the document lying unobtrusively inside, face-down, but he made no move to look at its contents.

Jeremy couldn't believe how anxious he felt. Wasn't divorce the outcome he had always wanted? He placed a hand on the divorce agreement, and saw with self-disgust that his hand was trembling.

He scowled and took out the papers, then forcefully

shoved the drawer closed. He laid out the divorce agreement on top of the desk. There it was—Sherry's signature, clear and feminine.

When he was about to go to the living room, the door was pushed open. Raising his head, he saw Sherry walk in.

She was still wearing the old set of home wear. The pastel pink fabric set off her fair skin. She looked luminous. Her long curly hair had not been blow-dried, and it hung in damp waves down her shoulders, leaving drops of water on her clothes. The wet spots clung to her skin.

"Why..." He wanted to ask, "Why are you showering so quickly today?"

But he couldn't forget the signed divorce agreement in

his hands, and his words got stuck in his throat.

Sherry gave him a look, wondering why he was behaving so oddly. She decided to go straight to the point. "All right, you want to talk about the divorce now? Tell me what I should do, Mr. Ou."

The formal way she addressed him made him irrationally angry. "Sherry, don't forget, we're not divorced yet," he warned.

She pressed her lips together. What was the difference?

After all, she had already signed the agreement.

She said calmly, "Mr. Ou, don't be angry, it's bad for your heart. You have to take care of your health! Don't place any unnecessary burdens on your next wife." Her tone was polite, as though she was giving advice

to a stranger. It stung him deeply.

"Sherry," he began, not knowing what he was going to say.

He pointed at her. There was rage and hurt in his bloodshot eyes. He didn't finish his sentence. He was losing his balance as he staggered into the living room and collapsed on the sofa.

"Are you okay?"

Sherry stepped forward. A worried look appeared in her eyes, which she immediately concealed.

She reached out tentatively and placed a hand on his forehead. She winced. His skin was so hot she could fry an egg on it.

She went to the medicine cabinet and took out some

pills. Then she got a glass of water and made him drink the medicine. She forced him to get up from the sofa and supported his weight, half-dragging him to the nearest bed. As soon as he was lying down, she went to wrap ice in a towel, then returned and placed it on his forehead to help lower his temperature.

She sat on the edge of the bed, pressing her lips together. Curtly she said, "Your sober pills are in the cupboard on the right side of the kitchen. Try to remember that for when you get drunk in the future."

Jeremy stiffened. He turned his back on her and closed his eyes, saying nothing.

As soon as he moved, the ice cubes dropped on to the bed sheet.

She picked up the cold towel and thought about placing it back on his forehead, but she thought it was

dirty so she decided against it.

Every time he drank, he needed soup or sober pills to sober him up, or else he would get a high fever. That was why she always waited for him, night after night, no matter how late he came back.

Well, that was no longer her problem. She had done everything she could. How he took care of himself in the future was none of her business.

She got up to place the towel in the sink, then returned with pen and paper. She sat on one side of the bed, not touching him, and began writing.

She wrote down a list of things that Jeremy would need to take care of, once she was gone.

The task took all her focus, as she was worried that she might omit something important. She was so

engrossed in her writing that she didn't notice that Jeremy had shifted on the bed to watch her work. He was staring at her intently.

Even though they were bloodshot, his eyes still held that magnetic quality. They were as deep and impenetrable as the sea at midnight.

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