

GOSSIP EX-WIFE

Chapter 16 Shameless Jessie

Ding-dong... ding-dong...

At this moment, the doorbell broke the rare tranquility that had covered the room like a silk blanket, and Sherry was taken away from her thoughts.

She stopped writing and got up to open the door, her brows furrowed, wondering who would come at this time. The door opened to the sight of a stunning woman who was dressed in an enchanting and coquettish way. It was Jessie.

"It's you!"

Evidently, Jessie didn't expect to see Sherry either, as she appeared stunned and out of place, her mouth wide open in surprise.

But she recovered at once and straightened her posture, her chest puffing out like a prize cock. Without waiting for Sherry's response, she pushed her way inside and said, "Yes, it's me, you tramp! You slept with my husband after you met him once, didn't you?"

Sherry startled at the blunt accusation, but she immediately gathered herself and answered icily, "Please show some respect. This is not a den, so please don't flounce here like a rabid animal."

Jessie was speechless because when she came in, she was expecting a cowardly girl who was afraid of her, but she definitely didn't expect this.

She opened her mouth to speak, but no words came out. It was a long moment before she could rally all the anger inside her and talk.

"Respect? You don't deserve my respect!"

With one hand on her waist, she thrust a finger at Sherry's chest sharply and shouted in her face, "You didn't respect my marriage when you seduced my husband, you harlot! And you even dare to enter my house? Do you have no decency left in you, or are you proud that you are just a mistress?"

Meanwhile, Sherry kept her silence and didn't bother to argue with her.

She appeared so calm and composed that it took Jessie off-guard, and her strong confidence almost overwhelmed Jessie too. Physically, Sherry was intimidating as well, as she seemed to be a foot taller than Jessie, even in her house slippers.

Of course, when a woman is faced with her shortcomings, hatred is the easiest reaction. So the

face of this woman, who seemed confident in her skin despite Jessie's repeated verbal assault, filled her with anger.

"I'm telling you, even if you've taken my husband's body, you will never get his heart.

He loves me above anyone else, and in the end, after he is tired of you, he will go back to me. He provides for me everything I need and all that I can ever I want. He will even buy me the moon if I want it."

Despite the insults, Sherry could only look at her with pity.

She wondered, with a trace of bitterness in her mind, had she been like Jessie in the past? She had always thought that this man, who had shown her so much kindness, would be kind to her all her life, but she was wrong. Oh, what a ridiculous and stupid girl she was

then!

"Mr. Ou, please take care of your business!" Sherry said aloud and retreated to the side, and Jessie startled at her words. From the corner of her eyes, she saw a man that was lying on the bed.

Jessie stiffened for a second, and she wondered how much the man had heard, but she quickly recovered as if nothing happened.

She rushed toward him, all the bitterness and anger wiped from her face like she was a new person, and she grasped his hand gently. With a sweet smile, she said,

"Honey, I was worried about you. Let me take care of you, okay?"

But Jeremy didn't mind her at first, as his eyes were

trained on Sherry, observing her reaction. And when he saw that she didn't seem the slightest bit upset, his face darkened at once, and he turned the brunt of her anger toward Jessie.

"Who said you can come in here?" His deep voice boomed around the room, as he pulled his hand from hers.

"Get out! Get out of my house!"

The ruthless voice made Jessie tremble with fear, and a glimmer of doubt flashed through her eyes. 'Why did he brush my hand away like my very touch burned his skin? And how could he ask me to leave while that vile woman was allowed to stay?'

These thoughts were like daggers that stabbed her mercilessly, but she forced a stiff smile on her face, as she stepped forward and clung to his waist.

"Honey, please let me stay here. I'll take care of you," she said in the sweetest tone that she could manage, and she lowered her head so that she could look at him through her eyelashes, a technique that men were particularly weak to. "You know how well I can make you happy," she continued coquettishly, leaving no doubt what she was talking about. Despite her vulgar proposal, a light blush spread on her cheeks, her eyes widened on purpose so that innocence, however fake it was, seemed to emanate from her.

She glanced at Sherry slyly, as if in a challenge, and Sherry could understand that look very well.

There was no doubt that it meant, "I will stay and kick you out!"

'How childish,' Sherry thought and held back an eye-roll with astonishing effort on her part.

"Mr. Ou, since Miss Liang is so sincere, why don't you ask her to take care of you?" Sherry offered indifferently, and her eyes looked blank and apathetic. Jeremy's face darkened even more at this, and he stared at Sherry with his piercing dark eyes.

'Impossible! Don't you mind at all?'

He thought, astonished. He stared at the woman in front of him, who was both familiar and strange.

His lips pressed together over gritted teeth, as he wondered how much she had changed. How did he not notice it, when this woman he barely recognized, replaced the Sherry that he knew?

"Fine. You may stay, Jessie."

He spat out the words one by one in a fit of pique,

while his eyes lingered on Sherry's face, hoping for a reaction.

Meanwhile, Jessie was so happy that she grabbed Jeremy's face with both hands, and she was about to kiss him, but he swiftly avoided it by turning his face upward.

Jessie's efforts left a red lip print on his chin, which stood out like a bright beacon to all the occupants in the room.

"Since you want to spend more time with your wife, I'm going now!" Sherry announced with barely a hint of emotion, and her eyes looked upon them, uncaring.

Jeremy couldn't even stop her, as he barely opened his mouth while she put her shoes on.

She left without a backward glance, but Jeremy

couldn't bear to take her eyes off her. It felt like she carried with her a thread tied to his heart, and the further she moved, the more painful it tugged against him.

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