

GOSSIP EX-WIFE

Chapter 18 Have You Slept With Him

In the past, his birthdays were always celebrated with rich and delicious birthday dishes that Sherry prepared days in advance. From Chinese food to Western food, all his favorite dishes would be served at the table.

However, this year was different.

Sherry had quickly removed the cake's package, and then she decorated it carefully with the candles she had prepared.

"Do you want to make a birthday wish?" She asked indifferently like she couldn't care less about his answer, and she was just going through the motions of what was expected of her.

Her calm and apathetic facade filled Jeremy with so

much anger that he was afraid he would go crazy from it. It was the same as he had felt the other day when Steve wanted to have sex with Sherry.

Every year, she used to badger him to make his wishes, and her wide, innocent eyes would stare at him excitedly as he did.

'Where did that Sherry go?' he wondered in despair.

He looked down at the cake, where a single candle was burning and slowly melting. It was a long time before he could talk, and only a single hum escaped his lips, but he immediately backtracked because not saying anything would only worsen the atmosphere between them.

He cleared his throat and suggested, "Why don't you make a wish for me instead?"

Sherry was visibly stunned at his request, and then she opened her mouth to talk. But instead, the only sound that came out of her lips was, "Hmm."

And then it was her turn to be awkward, as the room was engulfed in silence once again.

Jeremy looked at her in the silence, as rage built up inside him like waves that were crashing nearer and nearer to the shore. She barely said a word! Where was the Sherry from years before, when she would've cheered by his side and showered him with enthusiastic kisses? The thoughts in his mind clouded his eyes, and the tension built between them, thick as the purest honey.

The candles gradually burnt out. Jeremy did not make a wish, and Sherry did not ask again.

They only sat in silence until the last bit of candle was

extinguished, and then she stood up and said, "You eat the noodles first. I'll go get your birthday gift."

"You have a gift for me?" He internally winced when his voice sounded thick and rough like the gravel in their driveway.

"What is it?" he asked, as he felt somewhat uneasy. He didn't know why, but her announcement gave him a bad feeling.

Sherry stopped at his words, but she didn't even turn her head. "You will find out what it is in just a little while. It's a special birthday present, and I think you'll like it."

When Sherry returned to the living room once again, she was stunned that Jeremy had already finished his bowl of noodles. It was the first time that he ate so quickly.

"Where is your present?"

Jeremy asked, and his voice startled her to her senses. At first, Sherry felt a burst of happiness, but it was quickly clouded by doubts, as she thought,

'So what if he liked the noodles that I made? Why should I feel lucky? Maybe he was just hungry!'

She shoved all these thoughts to the side, as she smiled bitterly at Jeremy. Then she finally gave him the present hidden behind her back. "Happy Birthday!"

"You..."

Jeremy looked down, and his eyes widened as he read over the papers in his hand. He put down the chopsticks on the table with a crash, unmindful of the

glass that he managed to sweep aside and off the table. 'Damn it! These are divorce papers!'

He slowly looked up from the papers, his dark eyes burning with rage, and his forehead was scrunched and peppered by veins that seemed ready to pop.

In front of him, Sherry sat quietly, a picture of cold indifference. She said calmly, "I think this is the gift that you wanted the most."

He opened his mouth, but his tongue felt thick in his mouth, and the words refused to come at his bidding.

Indeed, he had been looking forward to divorce Sherry, so why did he feel like this now? He should be pleased, but he felt like ice was flowing in his veins, and like the floor had been pulled from under his feet.

"Sherry, what trick are you playing now?"

He hissed as he stood up and walked toward her with heavy steps, trying to understand the expression on her face.

He grasped her face harshly, hurting her, and said, "Don't be stupid!" However, there was no trace of worry in her eyes.

Instead, Sherry only felt happy and free, a feeling that seemed so unfamiliar to her now. Laughter bubbled up from inside her, and she said,

"Mr. Ou, we have come this far, and I'm getting tired of this. What else can I do?" If he thought that she was defeated, he was wrong! And the least she could do was make him angry.

Jeremy stepped back a few steps as if he was struck by lightning, surprised by Sherry's sudden tenacity.

But when he realized what he had done, he stood his ground and sneered at her. "Are you tired? Or maybe you have another reason that you're not telling me?"

He stared at her intently, his dark eyes burning her skin in its wake, and deathly silence filled the big living room once again.

The tension between them shattered when her phone rang out of the blue. Jeremy took it from the sofa and handed it to Sherry.

And when he saw who was calling her, all hell broke loose.

When Sherry reached her hand to get her phone from him, he suddenly pulled her over. He didn't even stop when Sherry knocked into the tea table, scattering everything to the floor.

Then, Jeremy's heavy body pinned her down on the sofa. His eyes were manic and bloodshot, as he shoved the phone in her face and asked,

"Sherry, do you want to explain to me what this means?"

The icy words were squeezed out of his throat painfully, as he acted like a husband who had caught his wife cheating on him, while Sherry, pinned by his weight, was helpless beneath him.

She looked at the phone, and on it was a message from Jeffery. "It's late. Turn off the light and go to sleep. Don't stay up late!"

At the sight of the message, laughter tumbled from her lips uncontrollably. Did such a short and senseless message drive this man mad?

"Are you out of your mind? Do you need me to remind you about the disgusting things you have done?"

There was a mockery in her eyes, as she spoke in a low but firm tone.

However, Jeremy didn't hear a word that she said, as he was lost inside his own mind.

Her sharp eyes made him extremely uncomfortable, but it also showed him that she was serious about this divorce. She truly wanted him gone.

This thought spurred his anger deeper, and he encircled her slender neck in a tight grasp. And then he spoke with gritted teeth, so tense that she could barely make out his words, "Do you want to divorce me because of this man, a measly waiter in a bar? You slept with him, didn't you? Are you satisfied with the service he provided?"

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