

GOSSIP EX-WIFE

Chapter 19 I'm Your Man

Sherry frowned when she heard what he said, and at the same time, Jeremy tightened his grip on her neck, until her face was reddened from lack of breath. She hissed and grappled with his hand, but it didn't budge. She screamed hoarsely, "Let me go!"

He didn't want to choke her to death, so he loosened his grip but didn't let go, his palm barely grazing the delicate skin of her neck. He asked, "Is it because I haven't touched you in a long while? Is that why you are so eager to find another man?"

Sherry slapped his hand away and said in disgust, "Are you talking about yourself?"

Jeremy squinted at her, not understanding what she meant at all. "What are you talking about?"

Sherry sneered, "Isn't it you who is always looking for women outside?"

Her words brought a bit of joy into Jeremy's heart, as he thought that she was finally showing jealousy, but what she said next wiped the pleasure completely.

"Anyway, we are getting divorced, so let's not interfere with each other. If you want to marry again, go ahead."

It seemed that she really wanted to divorce him, and it ignited the rage that he was suppressing.

However, he changed tactics, and his touch turned gentle and kind. He swept his fingers through Sherry's long hair and spoke softly and tenderly, "Is this your trick again? Are you trying to irritate me and make me sign the divorce agreement as soon as possible?" Suddenly, Sherry felt so tired from everything, and it

was like his gentle touch was sucking her energy away.

"Jeremy, I'm feeling tired, and I really want to rest now. Can we talk about this tomorrow?"

After she said that, she pushed him away and tried to stand up, but Jeremy was looming over her like a beast that was about to explode.

After all, he had treated her gently, but she still wouldn't back down. The gentle expression his face twisted into a macabre version that was filled with rage, and he shoved her roughly back down on the sofa.

"Tired? Have the men outside exhausted your energy that you have none to spare for me?" He lifted his hands and grabbed her shirt with so much force that it tore like paper from her body.

Sherry gasped in shock and hastily tried to cover her body with her hands.

"What are you doing, Jeremy?" she asked with no little amount of alarm. "What am I doing? Can't you see it?"

His voice was hoarse with barely suppressed anger, and no matter how hard Sherry struggled, he wouldn't budge. She looked at him with anger, but there was also fear hidden in her gaze.

"Enough! Don't touch me. Please, let me go. I don't want to do this, Jeremy, please."

But he wasn't listening to her pleas, and he grasped her chin in a bruising grip and leaned down to whisper into her ear. "Remember, you are mine. I don't care what tricks you are playing. I want you now, so I will

take you. Do you think you can escape?"

He said in such a cruel and cold voice that Sherry couldn't help but shiver, and then he kissed her, sloppy and wet.

But he was suddenly overwhelmed with a wave of images, of different men that must have touched Sherry in the same way, and it filled him with a burst of anger that made him bite her lips as punishment.

Sherry cried out in pain and hit his knees uselessly, but he didn't move an inch.

"Let go! Please, you're hurting me, Jeremy!"

Fear was slowly taking hold of her, and she couldn't help but wonder, 'Did he touch his other women like this too?' She started struggling harder, kicking out, but Jeremy still wouldn't let go of her.

Instead, his grip tightened all the more, heedless of the pain he was inflicting on her.

He began to wonder, 'Since when did she start hating him? Was it because of another man?'

His eyes sharpened further, dark orbs eyeing her intently. "Sherry, remember who you belong to. You are mine and no one else's."

He was unwilling to admit that his heart was still filled with so much care and envy. Sherry eyed him with anger, her eyes wet with unshed tears.

"If you do this, I will hate you forever, Jeremy!" If he forced her into having sex with him, no matter how much she loved him in the past, she would hate him forever.

But even though her eyes were burning with anger, she was still powerless to resist his stronger grip.

Minutes later, her strength was exhausted, and her body was wet with her sweat, which made her hair stick to her pale skin. It highlighted the contrast between her jet black hair and ivory skin and made her look more feminine.

After he had filled the tub with hot water, Jeremy exited the bathroom and went to the sofa barefoot, where he removed the belt from Sherry's wrist. When he saw the bruise on her wrist, he suddenly felt sorry for her.

"Does it hurt?" He said in an uncharacteristically gentle voice, but she didn't answer him. He frowned but didn't say anything more, as he carefully lifted her and brought her to the bathroom.

When they were inside, Sherry suddenly said, "You can go. I can take care of both by myself."

However, Jeremy's arms only tightened around her, and he walked toward the bathtub with her in tow. He said in a cold and deep voice,

"Sherry, as long as my signature isn't on those divorce papers, you will stay my wife and you will never be able to leave my family."

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"Does it hurt?" He said in an uncharacteristically gentle voice, but she didn't answer him. He frowned but didn't say anything more, as he carefully lifted her and brought her to the bathroom.

When they were inside, Sherry suddenly said, "You can go. I can take a bath by myself."

However, Jeremy's arms only tightened around her, and he walked toward the bathtub with her in tow. He said in a cold and deep voice,

"Sherry, as long as my signature isn't on those divorce papers, you will stay my wife and you will never be able to leave my family."

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