

GOSSIP EX-WIFE

Chapter 20 Getting Hur

Sherry couldn't keep the exasperation from her voice. "Jeremy, have you forgotten that you're the one who prepared that divorce agreement? You keep telling me to leave you alone, and now I've done just that, so what's the problem?" She had no idea how to interpret his changing, inconsistent attitude towards the idea of divorce.

He had been responsible for drawing up the divorce agreement, yet he was acting now as though the failure of their marriage was her fault.

Illogically, the sight of Sherry's aggrieved face put Jeremy in a better mood. He ignored her question and ushered her into the bathtub, then took off his towel and got in with her. The hot water overflowed over the edge of the tub.

"I don't want a divorce," he said calmly.

Sherry was stunned. "What?"

She stared at his face, blurry through the clouds of steam rising from the hot water, and hoped he couldn't see that her own face had turned red. He leaned towards her and placed a hand on her cheek. Looking at her flushed lips, still swollen from their kiss, he couldn't resist the urge to lower his head and gently bite her small, delicate nose.

"Ow!" she exclaimed. She pushed him away, but Jeremy grasped her chin and forced her to look into his eyes. He rubbed his nose against hers. She pulled away, more forcefully this time, and sneered at him. "Are you having fun playing with me like this?"

There were light teeth marks on her nose. He was shocked and slightly guilty. He hadn't realized how

hard he'd bitten her.

But she wasn't talking about the bite on her nose. Her voice rose. "Nothing you do makes sense! You want to control me when you feel like it, but then you throw me away when you don't want me. You humiliate me with the nasty things you say. You publicly get involved with other women to mock me!"

However, she didn't say that he wanted to give her to his best friend at will.

Sherry glared at Jeremy. She had put up with so much, for so long, and now that she was finally trying to break free by divorcing him, he wanted to keep her chained to him!

"I've told you that those women mean nothing to me. It's only for fun. Why is it such a big deal to you?" He felt impatient because every time they argued, she

never failed to bring up his infidelity.

"I know you don't understand. So please, just leave me alone," she said. She firmly pushed his hands away and stood. Water droplets trickled down her warm skin, glossy with moisture from the bath. She looked beautiful and very, very angry.

She was getting out of the bathtub when Jeremy closed a hand around one ankle. He tugged, and she had no choice but to clamber back in to avoid losing her balance. He pulled her down and wrapped his arms around her. "I can't leave you alone. I don't want you to cheat on me."

"What are you talking about?" she snapped.

"Sherry, don't play innocent with me! I saw you flirting with that waiter at the bar. I was there, remember?" In his agitation, his arms tightened around her, and

Sherry struggled to break free. "Let me go!"

But her struggle to get loose was in vain. He was holding her too tightly. Angrily she cried out, "Why are you such a hypocrite? Even if there was something between me and that waiter at the bar, well, so what? I know all about you and Jessie!"

He paid no attention to her remark about Jessie, focusing on the fact that she hadn't denied her relationship with the waiter. He felt furious. "You used to say you'd never agree to a divorce. I know what changed! You want to be free and clear to go out with that man."

Sherry couldn't believe this. She was trapped in a bathtub with her crazy husband, who was making wild accusations and might actually be angry enough to hurt her physically. She gathered all her energy and wrestled with him until she succeeded in breaking his

hold on her. In their struggle, they knocked over one of the expensive decorations on the bathroom shelf—a large, solid piece of coral mounted on a slab of marble.

Sherry gasped. As though in slow motion, she watched the piece of coral fall through the air, until a corner of the marble base struck Jeremy straight in the head.

He let out a shout of pain as the coral fell into the bathtub. Blood trickled from the wound on his head. He felt dizzy, and started gasping for breath. Sherry was frightened. She looked at the blood dripping down the side of his face. "Jeremy! How bad is it?"

Jeremy was unconcerned about his injury. He was more annoyed by the fact that he had lost control with Sherry again. He fought back his temper and reached out to grasp Sherry's hand. He asked, "Where are you

going?"

Sherry scowled and pulled her hand away. She went to get a hand towel and pressed it to Jeremy's head. "Put pressure on your wound!"

He was beginning to feel the pain of the head injury, so he didn't resist. Sherry stood back, waiting for a few moments, but the blood continued to flow. She got more and more anxious. Eventually she coaxed him into getting out of the tub and pressed the towel more securely against his wound.

The pain was getting worse, but he was delighted at her show of concern. He put on a suffering expression and leaned against her body, one arm draped over her slender shoulders.

"We have to stop the bleeding. Let me fetch the medicine kit so I can clean and bind that properly."

She helped him get comfortable on the sofa in the living room. Then she left to go to the medicine cabinet.

Her hair was still wet, and the bath towel was loose around her body. She was too worried to notice. She returned to the sofa carrying the medicine kit and let Jeremy rest his head on her lap.

She tentatively lifted away the blood-stained towel. Her face paled when she saw that the wound was deeper than she'd thought. "Oh my God! You're badly hurt, Jeremy. We have to go to the hospital," she said.

His vision was getting blurry, and he wanted nothing more than to rest here with his head on her legs. He curled up on the couch, flinging an arm over her knees to prevent her from leaving. "No. Just put a bandage on; it will be fine."

Sherry was irritated at his stubbornness. She thought that he just never listened, and she could never win. When she said she didn't want to take care of him with him, he forced her. When she said he should go to the hospital, he refused.

She was very careful with her comfortable and soft hands to help him bandage. After a while, she asked, "is it still painful?"

His lips curved in a wry smile. Of course it did.

However, he was a male chauvinist through and through, and he would never complain about being hurt in front of his wife. He said in a light tone, "It doesn't hurt too much."

Soon she was done cleaning and bandaging his wound, and she nudged his shoulders. "All right, you can get up now."

He sighed and stood up. Sherry also stood, about to return the medicine kit to the cabinet, when he suddenly grabbed her and pulled her into his arms.

She said in a frustrated tone, "Will you stop? You might have a brain injury. Get some rest, all right? You have to go to work tomorrow." She tried to extricate herself from his embrace.

"You forget how well I know you, Sherry. For example, I know this is all an act. You're pretending not to care..." There was a strange tone in his voice that she couldn't identify.

Sherry frowned. "I told you, you win. I've signed the divorce agreement. Now you can womanize as much as you like without a wife to drag you down. You'll find new women soon enough. I know I'm entirely dispensable."

Her petulant tone made Jeremy grin. He enjoyed that she was jealous even if she tried to conceal it. "And I told you, I don't want a divorce. Does that make you happy?"

Sherry couldn't tell if he was serious or not. But she was sick and tired of his games. She needed some rest, and so did he, so it would be best to drop the matter for now.

She didn't answer his question. Instead she said coldly, "I'm going to bed now. Let's talk tomorrow."

Jeremy nodded agreeably. "Okay, let's sleep together."

Her hair was still wet, and the bath towel was loose around her body. She was too worried to notice. She

returned to the sofa carrying the medicine kit and let Jeremy rest his head on her lap.

She tentatively lifted away the blood-stained towel. Her face paled when she saw that the wound was deeper than she'd thought. "Oh my God! You're badly hurt, Jeremy. We have to go to the hospital," she said.

His vision was getting blurry, and he wanted nothing more than to rest here with his head on her legs. He curled up on the couch, flinging an arm over her knees to prevent her from leaving. "No. Just put a bandage on; it will be fine."

Sherry was irritated at his stubbornness. She thought that he just never listened, and she could never win. When she said she didn't want to take a bath with him, he forced her. When she said he should go to the hospital, he refused.

She was very careful with her comfortable and soft hands to help him bandage. After a while, she asked, "is it still painful?"

His lips curved in a wry smile. Of course it did.

However, he was a male chauvinist through and through, and he would never complain about being hurt in front of his wife. He said in a light tone, "It doesn't hurt too much."

Soon she was done cleaning and bandaging his wound, and she nudged his shoulders. "All right, you can get up now."

He sighed and stood up. Sherry also stood, about to return the medicine kit to the cabinet, when he suddenly grabbed her and pulled her into his arms.

She said in a frustrated tone, "Will you stop? You

might have a brain injury. Get some rest, all right? You have to go to work tomorrow." She tried to extricate herself from his embrace.

"You forget how well I know you, Sherry. For example, I know this is all an act. You're pretending not to care..." There was a strange tone in his voice that she couldn't identify.

Sherry frowned. "I told you, you win. I've signed the divorce agreement. Now you can womanize as much as you like without a wife to drag you down. You'll find a new woman soon enough. I know I'm entirely dispensable."

Her petulant tone made Jeremy grin. He enjoyed that she was jealous even if she tried to conceal it. "And I told you, I don't want a divorce. Does that make you happy?"

Sherry couldn't tell if he was serious or not. But she was sick and tired of his games. She needed some rest, and so did he, so it would be best to drop the matter for now.

She didn't answer his question. Instead she said coldly, "I'm going to bed now. Let's talk tomorrow."

Jeremy nodded agreeably. "Okay, let's sleep together."

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.