

GOSSIP EX-WIFE

Chapter 4 Don't Touch Her

Just as she had gotten immersed in her own thoughts, Jeremy suddenly entered the room.

As Jeremy scanned the room, he caught sight of Sherry backed up into the corner by Steve.

Frowning, he quickly pulled Steve aside and stood in front of Sherry. "Steve, don't be silly. Grandfather can't see you like this! Are you crazy? Don't you know where you are?"

Jeremy and Steve were merely joking with one another.

Steve raised his eyebrows and said, "I thought you were going to let me be since you left me with her?"

As Jeremy and Steve continued to talk to each other,

they had no idea how much discomfort Sherry was already feeling from behind them.

When Sherry caught sight of Jeremy, her mind started racing.

She didn't expect him to be angry. In fact, she had expected him to defend her by saying that she was his wife. At the very least, he should have changed his tone even by just a little bit.

But she didn't expect that they would talk to each other like this.

The discomfort she was feeling was out of this world.. Unfortunately, things only got worse from hereon.

Obviously, Steve was interested in her and he wasn't planning on giving up.

"You can't do anything to her for the time being," replied Jeremy.

For the time being?

Sherry stumbled and almost fell down, her face white as a sheet.

She accidentally bumped into Jeremy's back. He just frowned and ignored her.

"Well, it seems that she's not happy about this!" Steve gave in and shrugged. "Jeremy, I think I'm going to have to ask you to drink with me tonight."

In response, Jeremy smiled and nodded.

The two men then quickly found a place to drink.

All the while, they had been ignoring Sherry as if she

wasn't even there.

It wasn't until they were already inebriated and Steve had already left with a woman that Sherry had a chance to get close to Jeremy again. It was her responsibility to take care of Jeremy since he was her husband after all.

"Slow down."

While Sherry was pretty tall in her own right, next to Jeremy, she always looked so small and petite.

The car entered the villa. She quickly got out of the driver's seat, opened the door, and helped Jeremy get out of the passenger seat.

"I'm not drunk."

He put his hands on Sherry and almost put his entire

weight on her. Still, he stammered, "Steve, let's have one more drink. No, I can't. I

can't drink anymore..."

Sherry was already used to this. She carefully helped him walk as they headed for the villa. She made sure to comfort him as well. "You're not drunk. You can still have one more drink."

Her voice was soft as she spoke as if she was afraid that she would irritate Jeremy.

With that, Jeremy relaxed as he followed Sherry.

When they arrived at the door, he said, "Let me open the door. Just hold me." Then he took out the house keys.

Sherry didn't refuse—she held him up as she waited

for him to open the door.

One minute...

Two minutes...

Three minutes had passed.

Finally, with great difficulty, he managed to insert the key into the lock. He tried to open the door but it wouldn't budge.

Sherry was still supporting his body. Her legs were already numb, and beads of sweat were rolling down from her forehead.

She then reached out in an attempt to help him. When she finally got a hold of the keys, she saw that attached to the keys was a pendant that looked like a pocket watch where a woman's photo was embedded

in.

Jeremy was using the wrong keys this entire time.

Her heart was filled with envy. She quickly lowered her head and pretended not to see anything. At that moment, Jeremy had seemingly realized that he had taken out the wrong keys.

He tightened his grip on the keys.

The atmosphere suddenly became awkward. He instinctively turned to look at Sherry who had a blank expression on her face.

A sinking feeling enveloped Jeremy's chest as he placed the keys back in his pocket. Then he said angrily, "Why aren't you opening the door? What are you waiting for?"

Irritated by his words, Sherry didn't even have the strength to snap back.

She merely nodded as she took out her own keys from her bag. Gritting her teeth, she helped him lay on the sofa in the living room.

"Just lie down here. I'll go make some soup to help you sober up."

She went back to the door and changed into slippers. She lowered her head and went straight into the kitchen.

It seemed that Jeremy took everything she did for him for granted, even his unfaithfulness.

While she was tall, she didn't exactly have a slender body. Still, she was very charming.

As Jeremy watched her from behind, he suddenly realized how long it had been since they were intimate with each other. He suddenly felt his entire body go hot.

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