

GOSSIP EX-WIFE

Chapter 6 It Was Over

Sherry took a deep breath, gazing down at the document in her hands. It wasn't the first time she had seen this divorce agreement.

Jeremy had given this to her a year ago. But she was stubborn and determined to stay in this marriage, so she refused to sign it. Without her signature, the agreement could not be implemented.

However, she thought with a pang that she had been hurt more than once by this agreement over the past year.

Jeremy was truly a gentleman, and anyone who had just met him would describe him as a perfectly kind, nice person. However, he was also a businessman. His rivals knew the core of steel beneath the pleasant facade. He was seldom sharp or cruel but he was

more than capable of being ruthless with his competitors.

Patience was one of his many virtues.

He knew how to bide his time and wait for the right chance to strike. Sherry thought unhappily that he had done just that with her and this divorce agreement.

She held the document so tightly that she crumpled the edges. Tears rose in her eyes. Taking a deep breath, she smoothed out the divorce agreement, laid it on the desk, and picked up the pen. She hesitated a moment longer. Finally, she touched the tip of the pen to the paper and signed her name.

She gulped back her sobs as she tugged open the drawer and slipped the divorce agreement back inside.

She had fought so hard to maintain this marriage, but she couldn't do it alone. It was finally over.

The second day.

The early morning sun was shining over the villa when Jeremy returned, as though nothing had happened.

Sherry saw him enter. There was no surprise in her eyes. Carefully she set down the plate of breakfast that she had been holding when he walked through the door. There was a stain of lipstick on his collar, but her gaze passed over it without any discernible emotion.

"Oh, you're back.

Go get washed, then you can eat." She turned her back on him, going to the cabinets to fetch another

plate and set of utensils. Jeremy watched her. She was behaving more like a dutiful servant than a passionate wife.

He raised an eyebrow, wondering at the change. He felt something stir inside him, but he quickly tamped it down. "Go ahead and eat. No need to wait for me."

He went up the stairs without bothering to look at the breakfast laid out on the table.

In fifteen minutes, he came back to the dining room, clean and elegantly dressed.

Sherry still stood where he had left her, as though she hadn't moved at all.

He walked towards the front door, and she asked, "Won't you be having breakfast?" She consciously avoided looking at him.

Jeremy was also not looking at her. He bent to put on his shoes. "Not now. Just enjoy your meal. I have something I need to deal with." His lips curled as he waited for her reaction.

He thought that she had always been good at pretending.

When his shoes were on, he glanced at her with a cold and superior air, and opened the door to leave.

"Wait,"

Sherry said, going around the table. She went to him as he stood by the open front door. He was silent. Sherry stopped in front of him, then reached up to straighten his tie.

He thought she was just inventing an excuse to keep

him here longer. He looked down at her fumbling fingers and thought that his tie looked a little disheveled.

For a few seconds, neither of them spoke. The only sound was the brush of her fingers on his clothes.

She had always had lovely hands. They were perfectly shaped, with long, slender fingers, clean nails, and soft skin. No matter how much housework she did, she managed to take care of her hands.

A warm feeling filled the air between them. Jeremy was not immune to it. He gazed down at her bent head and raised one hand to touch hers.

But she seemed to sense what he was going to do. Before he could touch her, she stepped back, moving out of his reach. "That looks better. By the way, remember, your birthday is coming up. Let me know

how you want to celebrate."

"All right..." Jeremy felt a strange uneasiness gnawing at his heart.

It was his birthday in a few days. Before, she had carefully planned an elaborate secret party so that she could surprise him. It seemed this year would be different, as she had already revealed that the plans were up to him.

And she seemed to dodge his touch earlier.

"Sherry, don't make trouble out of nothing. Just play the part of Mrs. Ou!" His eyes were cold, and he deliberately injected a hint of warning into his tone.

He hated the feeling that somehow, his control over her was slipping away.

Sherry nodded absently. She didn't care about his veiled threats. She put on a bland, dignified smile and said, "All right, go ahead! I thought you were in a hurry. Be careful and see you later!"

Jeremy stared at her a moment longer, but finally left the house. He got into his car and drove away.

As he drove through the gates of the villa, he glanced up at the rear-view mirror. Sherry had not left the spot where she stood. As soon as he realized she was watching him leave, his sense of control returned, and he laughed aloud.

He thought she had been deliberately acting strange to try and confuse him.

As soon as Jeremy's car was out of sight, the phone rang. Sherry closed the door and hurried to answer. It was her best friend, Linda Mu.

Linda Mu wanted to meet up for drinks and conversation. Sherry was inclined to turn her down, as she felt drained and exhausted. She wanted nothing more than to nurse her wounds privately, alone in this large, empty villa. But it was Linda Mu, after all. With a sigh, she headed upstairs to get dressed.

It was a hot day. By the time Sherry met up with Linda Mu, the burning sun had roasted the pavement until she could feel the heat of the sidewalk through her shoes.

The two young women rushed into the coffee shop to escape the sun. They basked in the coldness of the air conditioned establishment, and sat down at a quiet table in the corner.

"It's so hot!"

They wiped the sweat off their foreheads and ordered cold drinks. As soon as the waiter was gone, Linda Mu leaned forward and began complaining to Sherry.

Sherry listened for a few minutes, then cut her off with a glare. "Do we really have to go shopping?"

"We haven't seen each other in a while, and I'm so excited to hang out with you again! That's why I called you," said Linda Mu, grinning.

Sherry chuckled reluctantly. "Well, coffee is more than enough for me. I don't have the energy to shop."

As they exchanged jokes with each other, their conversation was interrupted. Someone inside the coffee house let out a squeal. Their eyes widening, Sherry and Linda Mu turned their heads to see what had prompted the squeal. Everyone was staring raptly

at the TV mounted on the wall. Sherry glanced at the screen and gasped as she suddenly understood.

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