

GOSSIP EX-WIFE

Chapter 7 Getting Drunk in a Bar

An entertainment news program was being shown on the TV. Almost everyone in the coffee shop was watching.

It was just a talk show, and normally no one would be paying any attention to the uneventful interviews. Today, however, the show featured a special on notorious businessman Jeremy Ou. They were airing footage that had been taken in secret.

The video was not of very high resolution. Still, Jeremy was clearly visible as he visited Jessie's house at night. They embraced each other at the doorway and entered the house with their arms wrapped around each other.

The video even showed the time he entered, and how many hours passed before he finally left.

The segment wasn't a long one. Before long, it had been replaced by other gossips about someone else. Still, even after the video ended, Sherry kept visualizing how Jessie had jumped so passionately into the arms of Jeremy. It felt like the scene had been imprinted into her brain.

Linda's mouth formed an "o" of surprise as she watched. As soon as it was over, she turned to her friend. Sherry was sipping at her drink with a dejected expression on her face.

Linda sighed and bit her lips. She toyed nervously with her straw.

She was close to Sherry, and had known her for a long time. She was one of the few people in the world who knew that Sherry had married Jeremy. Linda was probably the person who knew the most about the

true nature of the relationship between Sherry and Jeremy.

She reached out and gently touched her friend's hand. "Sherry, don't overthink this. You know how the paparazzi are. They invent so many stories just to get viewers to watch. I know you two, and I know how nice he was to you before you got married..."

In fact, Linda was certain that the video shown on TV was true. But she couldn't say that to her best friend. She could only comfort her.

"I'm fine. Don't worry," said Sherry. She forced a smile and shook her head.

Like Linda, she fully believed that the video had shown the truth.

The media did like to sensationalize, but in this case,

she knew in her gut what had happened.

Sherry kept her expression and her words as casual as she could, but Linda was unconvinced. She felt worried about Sherry, fearing that she had taken the video very hard.

"Please, there's no need to play tough for me," she said softly. "I'm your friend no matter what, and I'll always be on your side."

At those words, Sherry's expression broke, and she looked down quickly. Linda saw how upset she was and decided it was time to leave the coffee shop. She left enough money on the table to pay the bill, then stood up and ushered her friend outside. Sherry didn't resist. Half an hour later, Sherry and Linda found themselves inside a small, dimly lit bar.

"Sherry, come on, forget about Jeremy for a moment.

Let's have some fun!"

said Linda brightly. She waved her hand in the air.
"Order what you like! It's my treat."

Sherry knew that Linda came from a wealthy family, and she appreciated her friend's generosity. Some warmth finally returned to her heart, and she gave Linda a small smile.

No matter what, she was fortunate to have a friend like Linda.

"I'm fine, really. And it's a little dark in here, isn't it? Let's just go," Sherry suggested. She looked around her nervously. There were a lot of men drinking. Sherry didn't frequently go to bars, so this was unfamiliar to her.

Linda rolled her eyes. She leaned forward and

gripped Sherry's hand.

"Relax! There's nothing to be afraid of. Are you still thinking about Jeremy? If it's true t

hat he's out there seducing women, what's stopping you from having some fun of your own?"

Linda said, glaring at Sherry, willing her to be more bold and adventurous.

Sherry pressed her lips together, knowing she would never be able to dissuade Linda. Maybe it was true that she was too uptight, she thought to herself. She sat without moving, unsure what she should do.

A waiter arrived, bringing plates of food and glasses of wine. Soon the table was crowded with all kinds of dishes. Sherry saw the drinks and realized that most of them had low alcohol content. She was secretly

relieved.

To her embarrassment, several more waiters came to serve them, bearing bowls of fruit and fancy cocktail glasses. Each of them was tall and handsome.

"Linda!" she hissed. "What's with the parade of hot men? Are you crazy?" One of the handsome waiters came and stood very close to Sherry. She almost jumped up from the sofa.

Linda sighed and pushed her back into her seat.

"Sherry, listen to me. There's nothing to worry about. Please try and enjoy yourself, okay?" she said. There was a look of determination in her eyes.

"You're right, I did ask them to make sure the good-looking guys would be assigned to our table," Linda continued. "But what's wrong with that? Look, forget

what I said earlier about Jeremy. The truth is that a lot of gossip has been circulating about him, and it's clear he doesn't care how you feel. You've been married to him for three years. You've tolerated his infidelity and felt inferior to him for three years. Don't you ever get tired of it, Sherry?"

Sherry hunched her shoulders. Her heart felt like it was being gripped and squeezed tightly.

Yes, she was tired. She was so tired that she had signed the divorce agreement yesterday. She wanted nothing more to do with Jeremy.

"You're right!" she exclaimed impulsively. "Okay, let's go, let's get drunk!"

She blinked her eyes against sudden tears and stood up to give Linda a hug. Then she sat back down, picked up one of the colorful cocktails on the table,

and started drinking.

As the two young women got drunk, they invited some of the waiters to sit down and join them. The waiters obliged to keep them happy.

In the dim light of the bar, it was hard to tell whether the smiles on everyone's faces were real or fake.

Sherry downed one drink after another. She felt her face getting flushed. She could hear herself laughing loudly even when no one had said anything particularly funny.

She knew she must be drunk, otherwise she would be crying instead of snorting with laughter. But the dull ache was still there, pressing on her heart. She resolved to get even drunker.

The waiters were quick to refill their drinks. Sherry felt

like every time she reached out her hand, there was a full glass waiting to be consumed.

She had passed the giddy stage and was beginning to get a little nauseous when a new voice spoke up. "Stop, she's had enough! She might get alcohol poisoning." The moment Sherry picked up a cocktail glass, it was snatched away from her.

The voice came from one of the waiters, who had been sitting quietly at the far end of the table. He had come towards her to take the latest glass from her hands.

Sherry hadn't even noticed him until now.

She turned angrily on him. "Hey, it's none of your business! If I want to drink, then..."

She had planned to say, "Then you have no right to

stop me," but instead she trailed off. Her eyes met his, and she was so surprised that she forgot what she was about to say.

That pair of eyes...

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