

## GOSSIP EX-WIFE

### Chapter 9 Cheat On Me

Sherry kept all of her attention on Jeffrey as he sang another romantic ballad onstage, determined not to look at her husband as he flirted with waitresses. When the song ended and Jeffrey walked offstage, she couldn't resist glancing over at Jeremy. But their table was empty. He and his friend Steve had already left.

Jeffrey returned to sit with Sherry, smiling shyly, but she was no longer in any mood to chat with him. She looked at his handsome young face and had an idea. Impulsively, she opened her bag, taking out a wad of cash, and tried to press it into Jeffrey's hands. She was literally handing him tens of thousands of dollars.

He looked stunned. "Sherry, what are you doing? I can't accept all this money!" He had never seen such a large sum before in his life. His face flushed with

embarrassment. He firmly pushed her hand away.  
"No, Sherry, I won't take it."

Sherry stood up. "Jeffrey, listen to me. It was very kind of you to keep me company. But I hope I don't see you here again. I'm giving you an opportunity to leave here. Go to school, and don't work in these kinds of places in the future, all right?" Before he could stop her, she dropped the cash in his lap and turned to leave. Sherry moved quickly through the crowded bar, hoping Jeffrey wouldn't try to return the money again.

Some of the patrons of the bar had seen the amount of money she gave Jeffrey, and they stared as she left. Some were laughing and speculating, but others shook their heads and frowned.

Some envied the romance and glamor of being rich, while others were annoyed at their carelessness with

their wealth.

Sherry ignored all of them. She hadn't spent too long with Jeffrey, but she had spoken with him long enough to know that he had a genuinely kind heart and good nature. After all, she had met him because he tried to stop her from drinking too much. She hoped he would make good use of the money.

When Sherry emerged from the bar, it was dark. She had been drinking for hours. A cool breeze struck her, and she stopped on the sidewalk, feeling slightly nauseous. She was still a little drunk.

She had decided to go home when she saw a familiar Lamborghini parked on the side of the street. It was Jeremy's car. She moved tentatively closer, but saw that there was no one inside the vehicle.

She frowned. Had Jeremy really left the bar, or was

he still somewhere inside?

Sherry sighed and flagged down a taxi, and then got inside.

It was none of her business where Jeremy was. He had clearly and repeatedly shown that he didn't care about her.

She was about to close the door when someone placed a hand on top of the taxi. To her surprise, she heard Jeremy's voice. "Sherry, come with me. We'll ride home together."

Sherry hesitated, and then apologized to the taxi driver and got out. She turned to Jeremy, who was gazing at her coolly. "Where have you been?" she asked. He shrugged and gestured towards some benches near the bar entrance, and she realized that he must have seen her leave the bar.

Without saying another word, Sherry walked to the Lamborghini. Jeremy got into the driver's seat. He slammed the door hard enough to make her wince.

She leaned her head back against the car seat and closed her eyes involuntarily. Her head ached. She wasn't used to drinking so much.

Inside the car, the neon lights outside the bar were dimmed, and the loud noises of the city were silenced. She felt Jeremy moving beside her and opened her eyes. He was leaning over her, his face very close to hers.

Sherry blinked and placed a hand on his chest, gently pushing him back. "I'm sorry, I'm not feeling well. We should just go home now."

She tried to be kind in dodging his kiss, but she

couldn't help feeling a hint of disgust. She remembered that just mom

ents ago, those lips had been whispering sweet nothings into the ears of the pretty young women at the bar. She quickly turned to look out the window so he wouldn't see her expression, but Jeremy had recognized the disgust in her eyes.

He smiled coldly and started the car, glancing down at Sherry's wrist.

There was a faint scar on the soft skin, from where Sherry had slit her own wrist.

As he began driving, he said acidly, "I saw you having fun inside with that waiter. Looks like you're not unhappy anymore, right? Good for you!"

Sherry was distressed. Unconsciously, she ran her

fingers over the scar. She said softly, "Time can change a lot of things."

Her calm response to his sarcastic retort made him even angrier for some reason. Suddenly, he laughed grimly.

He reflected that maybe he should be happy about this turn of events.

If she had truly gotten over her depression and was no longer at any risk of committing suicide, then he could divorce her without any pressure.

Neither of them said another word on the drive home. It was almost midnight by the time Jeremy pulled into the driveway of the villa. Sherry was tired, but she went to the kitchen to prepare some soup for Jeremy. She knew he had been drinking for hours, too, but she hadn't seen him eat anything.

Jeremy sat at the dining room table and lifted an eyebrow when Sherry placed a single bowl of steaming soup in front of him. He glared at her.

"Why is there only one bowl?" he asked curtly.

Sherry shook her head in confusion, not understanding what he meant. "It's for you..."

His eyes darkened. He picked up the bowl of soup and drank half, then shoved the remaining soup into Sherry's hands.

"Finish that," he ordered. His tone left no room for disagreement.

Sherry paused, then lifted the bowl of soup to her lips and finished it.



Then she placed the bowl into the kitchen sink, thinking tiredly that she would wash up tomorrow. She went upstairs and lay down on their enormous, comfortable Simmons mattress. Her eyes were wide open. Although her body was tired, her mind was racing, and she didn't feel sleepy yet.

Jeremy was acting strange tonight. What was his problem? What was he planning? She heard the sound of running water coming from the bathroom, and a wave of uneasiness washed over her.

As she had feared, as soon as the water stopped, Jeremy emerged from the bathroom and climbed into bed with her. She felt him place his hands on her waist and grip her tightly.

Sherry had no interest in any kind of physical intimacy tonight. She grabbed his hands and tried to push him away.

"Jeremy, not tonight, all right? I think—"

She had been about to say, "I think I'd rather just rest. I drank too much and I'm not in the mood." She hoped he would understand and respect her wishes.

But before she could finish her words, he suddenly pulled her pajamas off and moved his body over hers. She was startled and had to hold back a scream.

He was pressing down on her like a heavy weight. He pulled his own bath towel off and tried to kiss her.

Sherry had a splitting headache, and she turned her head to the side, avoiding his lips. She tried to push him off. "I'm not feeling well! I don't want to do this!"

Jeremy placed his elbows on either side of her so that he supported his own weight, easing the pressure on

her body. But she was still trapped beneath him.

He was also slightly drunk. In his mind's eye, he saw her smiling face in the bar, as she leaned closer to that handsome waiter to listen to what he was saying. It made him unaccountably furious with her. He lowered his head and bit her neck lightly, fighting back the urge to squeeze her tight. Harshly he said, "You don't want this? What do you want, then? Do you want to cheat on me?"

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