

Evershining Stars, Everlasting Love –

Chapter 9 Hunger Strike

"Nance Mo! How could you be this nasty! You make me sick!" Ignoring my question, Jerry Lu cursed at me and yelled. Then he came forward and yanked my hand, dragging me into the room.

I struggled in panic, screaming. Finally, I bit down hard on the back of Jerry's hand. I felt like I was being driven crazy by him these days.

Jerry let go of his hand in pain and glared at me, cursing, "Bitch, how dare you bite me!"

Tears of anguish filled my eyes. Who made me like this? Was it me myself who had forced me to be this crazy? Of course not, Jerry's ugly face was getting bigger and bigger in my eyes, which was horrible to see.

"Jerry, let's just get a divorce. You asked me to sleep with Vince Yi to save your company, I have done it as you wish. Your company has

already passed through the crisis. I'm begging you, let me go. You can live a happy life with Duo Lian! Let's stop torturing each other!" I wept, tears streaming down my face. I didn't want to cry about my three years of wasted youth. Someone wanted to destroy me, I had nowhere to hide.

"No way." Jerry rebuffed, "Nance, you'd better stay at home and listen to me. If you dare to go out at night again, don't blame me for not warning you." After saying this, he shut the door heavily and left. I flung myself on the bed, burying my head under the covers and bursting into tears.

I was ready for a life-and-death struggle against him, but Jerry didn't violate me. I understood that in his heart he felt I was a dirty woman, hence he definitely wouldn't touch me. After all, he had put up with me for the past three years.

Jerry had a fetish about cleanliness. I was sure someone had fabricated a rumor that I was not a virgin when I married to Jerry. That's why Jerry

didn't want to touch me these years. But in order to win that bet, he treated my family and me very nice.

Now that I had known the truth, I felt every moment I stayed with him was torment for me. I hadn't worked for three years, which meant I was just a loser who had accomplished nothing now.

I was aware that if I chose to leave Jerry, I would have to step into the society which was a brand new world to me now. As to whether I would continue to work as a model, I had lost my confidence, to be honest.

After crying for a long time, I slowly sat up, looking around the room in sadness and solitude. It was a room that completely belonged to me, the original design of the decoration was done by me. However, it had become a beautiful cage, locking me tightly in this miserable marriage.

I didn't eat anything, sitting quietly on my bed all day and night. I laid down when I was tired. I chose the most extreme way to confront Jerry;

I went on a hunger strike.

Jerry came back late at night, didn't notice anything unusual about me. Seeing me stay in bed, he went to his guest room to sleep without saying a word. The next morning, he left again. But in the afternoon he returned and kicked my door open, went in, and pulled me out of bed. I was so hungry that I had no strength to resist.

"You want to die, don't you?" Jerry yelled at my ear viciously.

My body was limp. I stared at him blankly and forced a wry smile, "If I die, you are not going to win that man's fortune, right?"

"You wanna threaten me with death?" Jerry gazed at me in shock and picked me up. I was dizzy and weak, patting him and asking him to put me down.

Jerry took me in his arms and put me right down to the chair around the table. It turned out that the hourly worker saw that I hadn't touched the dishes prepared for me, so she called Jerry and reported this. He poured all the rice and dishes into one bowl, then pushed it in front of me and

glared at me, ordering, "Eat it right now, right in front of me. If you don't, I'll stuff it into your mouth with my hands."

I sneered, "Jerry, you are such a pathetic man."

Jerry, who was sitting on the chair, suddenly stood up and came forward. He grabbed the rice and dishes with his bare hand, trying to shove it into my mouth. But I turned my head, then my face was covered with the greasy food.

I shook my head as hard as I could, the food fell on my body, which put me in an awkward position. I tried to get up, but my feet were so weak that I could hardly stand, finally I fell to the ground, looked pathetic.

I took a glance at Jerry, who had grabbed another handful of food and was about to come over again.

I braced myself and staggered into the kitchen, grabbed a fruit knife from the knife rack. Turning around, I swung that long knife and yelled at Jerry, "If you dare to approach me, I'll kill you!"

"You're crazy!" Probably he had seen the despair in my eyes, Jerry
threw the food in his hand and got scared.

"Yes, I'm crazy. I'm telling you this, not only am I crazy, I'm going to
kill you! Jerry Lu, I'll keep the knife with me anytime until you agree to
divorce. You want to waste my time, let's see if you can live to see the
day you win the bet." Rattled by Jerry, I was brandishing the knife like
crazy.

I wanted Jerry to know that I was no longer the stupid woman who was
waiting for him to come back and take a look at me. A single smile, a
single look from him, could make me satisfied and happy the whole day.

Jerry was scared away by the fruit knife in my hand.

I haven't eaten anything in over a day, walking out of the kitchen
exhaustedly and looking at the food on the table, I felt I was so stupid,
why would I irritate that scum by hurting myself?

Taking deep breath to calm myself down, I dropped the knife on the ground. I was unstable and light-headed, went to the table, picked up the food, and gobbled it up.

After this, I took a shower and went back to the room, feeling uncomfortable. I locked the door, lying on my bed.

The sudden ringing of my phone scared me, and I reached for my bedside table to catch my phone. It was him...