

Chapter 11

"What's the matter?"

Sherry closed her eyes and wiped away her tears. "I... can't have children."

The man next to her briefly stiffened but quickly regained his composure.

"That's why I got divorced," she remarked, biting her lower lip. "If you only see me as a replacement bed partner, that's fine; if you want kids, I'm not a good candidate."

Mr. Sniper's voice unexpectedly sounded kind as he said, "I understand. Leave everything up to me."

There was something about Mr. Sniper that always made her willingly submit.

Sherry felt like a kite at this point, and Mr. Sniper was the one flying it. He didn't interfere with her flight but firmly held the line in his hand, bringing her back when she deviated off course, allowing her to keep flying.

The nights she spent with him were wild and intoxicating, something she hadn't experienced in her four years of a lifeless marriage.

It was a different story in the Ford household.

Malcolm was getting ready for work in the morning. While nestled in his arms, Sophia helped him fix his tie. "Can't you take the day off? We finally have the opportunity to be together; can't you stay at home with me?"

Any man would find it difficult to resist a woman's flirtation.

Malcolm softly embraced her. "I have important work to do, and I won't see other women; what are you worried about?"

Sophia's face shifted slightly.

How could she not be worried?

Because she had done something similar. Using work as an excuse, she had engaged with him several times, subtly displaying a hint of affection. Her appearance was not as impressive as her cousin's, but she excelled at being proactive. Slowly, a touch here or a purposefully misspoken phrase there planted a seed of ambiguity in his heart, waiting for it to take root and bloom, eventually leading to their inevitable union.

The child in her womb was her investment in marrying into the Ford family.

"Malcolm, do you really have to listen to Sherry's words and not tell my dad about our situation?" she pouted, annoyed.

Malcolm's smile faded as he let go of her waist, adjusting his cuffs in front of the mirror. "She's right. Your father just had surgery; what if he becomes agitated and falls ill?"

"But you and her will eventually divorce; it's her fault she can't have children, and even if my father finds out, he'll blame her."

Malcolm was taken aback by Sophia's statements. "That's your father; if he gets too upset and something bad happens to him, do you care?"

Sophia realized she had overreacted. She was just a bit worried.

Furthermore, Malcolm was still eager to listen to Sherry's words, which upset her.

"Of course, I'm worried," she confessed, "I just love you too much and want to be with you openly and honestly."

Malcolm kissed her because he believed her. "Don't worry, I will get a divorce as soon as possible."

"Mmm, I think I believe you."

Sophia retreated to her bedroom after seeing Malcolm leave, and she released her rage by breaking a few art pieces.

Malcolm's behavior was unexpected.

She assumed Malcolm had lost interest in her cousin, but yesterday he offered her a million dollars in compensation and promised to keep their situation hidden from Noah.

This gave her a horrible feeling.

Malcolm's phone was still on the bedside table, catching her eye. He must have forgotten to take it with him when he left.

Sophia picked up the phone, planning to chase after him. But after a few steps, she turned around. Malcolm's erratic behavior made her realize she needed to take action.

With that in mind, she called Sherry using Malcolm's phone.

Sherry had been fatigued after the nights she had spent with Mr. Sniper, but her sleep had surprisingly been excellent these past several days.

Her internal clock, which she had developed over time, still woke her up around eight o'clock.

When she opened the curtains, the rising sun beamed in, warming her heart and lifting her spirits.

Sniper had left her an unread message on her phone.

"Can you cook dinner for me tonight?"

This suite had its own kitchen, which Sherry was surprised to find fully equipped with burners, pots, and a refrigerator stocked with items such as meat, eggs, and vegetables.

She didn't know if Mr. Sniper was busy at the moment or if answering the phone was convenient for him. After a brief moment of thought, she responded with a text message.

"What would you like to eat?"

Ding ding ding—

Mr. Sniper responded very quickly after she sent the message: "Cook something you're good at."

Sherry was an excellent cook. Thanks to her mother-in-law's "devilish training" over the years, she had mastered a variety of cuisines.

"Do you have any dietary restrictions?"

"None."

Sherry hung up her phone and began hurrying around the kitchen.

She started by making a healthy lunch for her uncle and brought it to the hospital. She talked with him for a while before going back to get some seasonings and daily essentials. It was already afternoon when she returned to Room 2307.

There were several shirts that Mr. Sniper had changed out of in the laundry room.

She carefully washed the shirts and hung them on the balcony with a clothesline. Just then, the phone started ringing.

Was he coming back? She hadn't even started cooking dinner.

She quickly wiped her hands and checked her phone. Her cheerful attitude vanished in an instant.

Malcolm was calling her again.

She didn't want to answer and abruptly hung up.

However, the phone continued to ring.

Sherry took a deep breath and responded coldly. "Malcolm, what do you want to say now?"

Sophia's voice on the other end of the line said, "It's me, Sherry."

Sherry's tone was cold. "Are you calling me on Malcolm's phone? Don't you have your own phone?"

"Since Malcolm is now my husband, I'm using his phone. Do you mind?"

Was she trying to show off?

"Fine, I don't care, and I don't want to care. Just live your life and stop bothering me. By the way, tell Malcolm to stop interfering in my affairs," Sherry said coldly.

"Sherry," Sophia urged, "come to the Ford family villa."

"For what?"

"To sign the divorce agreement."

Sherry didn't want to return to the prison that had held her captive for four years, nor did she want to see those obnoxious individuals. But she had to go because the divorce document hadn't been processed yet.

She gritted her teeth and took a taxi directly to the Ford family villa, knowing she needed to return quickly to finish cooking dinner for Mr. Sniper.

The taxi arrived in front of the Ford family villa half an hour later.

Upon entering the room, she immediately noticed her mother-in-law delicately peeling an orange for Sophia. "Sophia, it's important to consume more fruits in order to replenish your vitamins; it will enhance the baby's intelligence," her mother-in-law advised.

The warm and respectful attitude her mother-in-law displayed was a complete contrast to the animosity she once held towards her.

When Sherry arrived, her mother-in-law's expression immediately turned icy. "Do you have the audacity to come here?" she exclaimed.

Sherry chose not to engage in an argument and instead asked, in a calm manner, "Where is Malcolm?"