

## Chapter 12

Grandmother stood up abruptly, pointing fiercely towards the door. "Why are you still coming to see my son? Get out!"

Sherry's face turned icy. "If it weren't for the divorce agreement, I would never set foot in this house again."

Sophia rose gently, wearing a sweet and sympathetic expression while tenderly holding Sherry's hand. "Don't be angry, Sherry; Madame Violet is just worried about me; you know, I'm carrying the Ford family's flesh and blood in my belly; she's just concerned."

Are you still pretending?

Sherry was completely disgusted.

After hearing Sophia's statements, Grandmother Violet Patel became even more furious. She pulled Sophia over and positioned herself in front of her, pointing at Sherry's face. "What concern? I despise her! She married into our Ford family, relying on the old master's will, and she hasn't given birth to a child in four years. Is she trying to destroy the entire Ford family?"

"Madam Violet, please calm down; Sherry's inability to have children is not her fault; it is not intentional."

"My dear Sophia, why are you so kind-hearted? Even when she's been bullying you, do you still defend her? Let me tell you, there are people in this world who will bite the hand that feeds them. You treat her well, and in the end, she'll turn against you! You foolish child..."

Everything was a charade.

Sherry felt sick as she watched Violet and Sophia.

"Enough, you two can continue your drama; it has nothing to do with me," Sherry interrupted. "Let's sign the divorce agreement and go our separate ways."

Violet was about to say something else when Sophia interrupted her.

"Sherry, Malcolm isn't home today; the divorce agreement is in the bedroom upstairs; come with me," she replied with a smile.

She had spent four years in this mansion.

She was familiar with every corner and tile.

Sophia led the way as they entered the bedroom she used to have, which had been turned upside down.

"Here it is, Sherry; take a look at it, and if you have no objections, let's sign it."

Sophia handed her a stack of papers.

Sherry quickly glanced at the agreement. It had few stipulations, but it was clear that the Ford family's wealth had little to do with her.

That was fine. She had never intended to take money from the Fords.

"Where's the pen?"

Sophia sat on the edge of the bed, pointing with her chin at the desk. "Over there."

Sherry stared at her and realized she was deliberately making things difficult. She didn't want to waste any more time, so she went straight to the desk.

The pen was placed in the center of the desk, beneath which was a large red wedding invitation.

She lowered her gaze, grabbed a pen, and signed her name. "Done, satisfied?"

Sophia grinned and examined her signature. "Of course, satisfied. Cousin, it's best if you can accept it. Malcolm said that if you couldn't have children, it would be considered a fraudulent marriage. He originally planned to sue you in court and demand a million dollars in mental damages, but he dropped the idea after I spoke up for you. We're still sisters, after all, and I can't bear to see you homeless and burdened with debt."

"So, you want me to thank you?" sneered Sherry.

"I saved you from a million dollars in debt; shouldn't you be grateful?"

Sherry gave a cold laugh. "Let Malcolm come and ask me for money; as long as he can lower his pride, I'll give it to him."

Every minute and second spent in this bedroom felt oppressive. Sherry couldn't stand it any longer and turned to leave.

"Wait..."

Sophia called out to her. "I completely forgot to tell you that Malcolm and I are getting married next month."

Sherry completely disregarded her. "Do as you please; it has nothing to do with me."

"You're still my family; of course it has something to do with you," Sophia explained as she walked up to her. "Sherry, I remember you used to be a makeup artist before you got married, right? Can you do my bridal makeup? If you do, I'll waive the dowry; considering your current financial situation, I doubt you can come up with even a thousand dollars."

Sherry couldn't help but laugh angrily. "Are you worried I'll poison you directly?"

"You wouldn't dare. I'm the most valuable member of the Ford family now, and if you hurt me, Malcolm will be the first to hold you accountable. And how will you take care of Noah, who is still struggling in the hospital? Let him starve to death in his sickbed."

Sherry was stunned and enraged. "Are you even human?" "Uncle Noah is your biological father!"

"So what? He's just a lowly security guard, earning only two thousand dollars a month, which isn't even enough for me to buy a piece of clothing. I wish he'd die soon, so he won't embarrass me when I become Mrs. Ford."

Sherry raised her hand and slapped her across the face.

"Sophia, listen carefully: Uncle no longer considers you his daughter; I'll take care of him from now on!"

Sherry let out a sigh of relief as she walked out of the Ford family villa.

Violet was right; there are people in this world who will bite the hand that feeds them. Even if you give your all to them, they will still turn against you.

Her hand still tingled from the slap she had just delivered.

The sky had darkened by the time she returned to the Hilton Hotel.

Because Mr. Sniper disliked bright lights, she switched off all the lights and only left a dim lamp in the kitchen. On the table was a spread of home-cooked dishes, with two sets of chopsticks on either side, separated by several plates.

The aroma of home-cooked food filled the air.

Drip...

The door swung open.

Sherry greeted him by turning off the small lamp in the kitchen. "You're back... I didn't know what you liked, so I made some home-cooked dishes; let me know if they're to your liking; if not, I can make them again now."

A powerful force pulled her into a warm and loving embrace.

Mr. Sniper's gentle and loving voice came from above. "Have you ever been mistreated?"