

When they returned to the Ford family villa, two hours had already passed.

Her mother-in-law was concerned that she would steal money from the Fords and give it to her own family, so she kept a strict check on her. Even buying groceries required her to obtain permission from her mother-in-law, and she never had any extra money.

She had no choice but to walk back.

As soon as she stepped inside, she noticed her mother-in-law busy chopping fruits for Sophia.

And Malcolm sat on the side, a smile on his face, his gaze fixed on Sophia's slightly expanding stomach, a tenderness on his face she had never seen before.

They appeared to be a happy and peaceful family.

She pushed through the door and entered the house.

"You have the audacity to come back...," her mother-in-law said, beaming, "Don't worry about Sophia; I'll cut some fruits for you to eat."

They hadn't even divorced yet, and her mother-in-law was already treating her like her daughter-in-law.

Sophia's face was strained as she struggled to stand, her waist supported.

Malcolm put his hand on her shoulder and said, "You sit down and talk with Mom."

He stood up, his tall and straight figure emitting a commanding presence, and said, "Sherry, come with me."

Their bedroom was on the second floor.

Unfortunately, Malcolm had rarely stayed at home in the last four years, preferring to live in his study.

He strolled up to the bedside, lit a cigarette, and asked coldly, "Tell me, what are your conditions?"

"What?" Sherry was taken aback.

"How much money do you want in exchange for agreeing to a divorce?" Malcolm sneered, "You married me for the money, didn't you?"

She was astounded.

"I married you because... I've always admired you..."

"It's because of my grandfather's dying wish," Sherry wiped her eyes, her palms sticky with tears.

"Enough already!" Malcolm extinguished the cigarette fiercely. "To marry into the Ford family, you did everything you could to satisfy my grandfather, and you pushed me to marry you! Don't say anything else; tell me how much you want, and we'll have nothing to do with each other from now on."

Sherry laughed bitterly after hearing this, asking, "Is this how you've always seen me?"

"Otherwise?" His voice was unexpectedly cold, "Did you marry me because you love me?"

He effectively ended all of her subsequent explanations with that single sentence.

And he nullified all of her previous efforts and sacrifices.

Sherry shook her head and said, "Malcolm, you have no heart."

"Believe what you want." Malcolm tore a check, signed it, and tossed it in front of her, "Fill in the amount yourself, and come with me to the law firm tomorrow morning to sign the divorce agreement."

The thin piece of paper landed on the ground.

Sherry refused to pick it up.

"Does Sophia really have that much talent?" she inquired. "Is this the reason you have to divorce me?"

Malcolm had already headed towards the bedroom door, not wanting to be with her any longer. "At least she isn't plotting against me and is willing to have a child for me," he said.

With a loud slam, the door shut.

Sherry sat helplessly on the ground, as if her spine had been torn out.

The check that may terminate her marriage sat beside her, its stark whiteness contrasting with Malcolm's signature.

His penmanship was as sharp and decisive as he was.

She picked it up, ripped it apart, and tossed it out the window.

She curled up into a little ball in the corner, as if this was the only way she could feel safe.

In truth, she knew everything in her heart.

Her two uncles raised her because she grew up without a father and her mother died during childbirth.

Her aunt divorced her uncle due to the additional strain of parenting her, leaving Sophia behind and fleeing without a trace; her other uncle had never married.

As a result, she felt guilty towards her two uncles.

As a result, she did everything she could to take care of Sophia.

Their family was not well-off, and they didn't have much money, but Sophia wanted to study the piano so badly that she worked four jobs to save up for a piano.

Sophia stated that she planned to go overseas after the college entrance examination, so she gave up her acceptance to Ambrosia University and focused on earning money.

Sophia was now an elite returnee, able to support Malcolm's career despite being a high school graduate and a plain-looking woman.

The bedroom door reopened.

Sherry's tears stopped immediately, and her heart filled with hope.

Malcolm might give her another chance, or they might try in vitro fertilization; she was willing to do anything as long as she could stay by his side.

"Sherry, it's me."

Sophia's voice dashed her last ray of hope.

Her stomach sank.

"I have nothing to say to you; please leave," she said as she took a deep breath and glanced at Sophia as she slowly walked into the room.

"Malcolm asked me to come up," Sophia explained. "He said that this bedroom would be our new home from now on. He plans to marry me as soon as you two divorce."

Sherry looked up, taken aback by the woman in front of her.

Her appearance remained recognizable, but her expression suggested she was no longer the pathetic Sophia she had been.

"Don't be startled, Sherry. Marrying Malcolm was beyond your reach; you two are not suitable in terms of family history or education. It is better to divorce as soon as possible."

"Even if we want to divorce, it's none of your business to lecture me!" exclaimed Sherry.

"Sherry, do you know you look exactly like a shrew when you're hysterical?" Sophia grinned.

"Don't forget, without me, you wouldn't be able to study piano and painting abroad."

"That was your decision. I didn't force you with a knife to your neck," Sophia shrugged, stepped closer while supporting her waist, and lowered her voice, her tone uncertain, "Malcolm is really something." He made me laugh six times in one night. He had to force himself to be like this because he didn't want to touch you."

Sherry's cheeks turned pale instantly; Malcolm had only touched her once since their marriage, and that had been two years earlier, when he was intoxicated.

They never slept together again after that.

Even her mother-in-law was unaware of this.

"You cannot keep Malcolm, Sherry," Sophia asserted firmly, "Even if it's not me, someone else will. In light of this, it would be more appropriate for me to have this position. When the child is born, you will still be his aunt. Aunt! The title is quite amusing," she added, unable to suppress her laughter. "I wonder if you are still menstruating, or have you gone so long without a man that your periods have stopped?"

"Stop talking, Sophia!" Sherry's anger reached its boiling point, and she raised her hand to slap her.

Suddenly, the bedroom door swung open forcefully.

Malcolm stormed into the room, his eyes filled with rage, as if he wanted to pierce her with his gaze.

Sherry shook her head and laughed bitterly.

This was the harsh reality.

She was incredibly foolish to fall for such an obvious trick.

Sophia buried her face in her hands, tears streaming down her cheeks. "My stomach hurts... Malcolm, please help me. Please save our child."

The sound of her mother-in-law rushing upstairs, the terrified cries of the servants, and Sophia's wails created a chaotic atmosphere.

And the slap that was meant for someone else eventually landed on her.

Her grandmother slapped her twice across the face. Enraged, Sherry retaliated by smashing the bedside table lamp against her head. "You despicable woman! How dare you harm my precious granddaughter! Watch as I beat you to death!"

A sharp pain shot through her temple, and a trickle of blood stained her brow, tinting her vision crimson.

Her heart twisted like a dagger as she remained motionless, watching Malcolm console Sophia in his arms.

"Would you believe me if I said I didn't push her?" she asked.

Malcolm replied, "Do you think you deserve to be believed?"