

The ambulance was immediately dispatched.

Malcolm guided Sophia into the car and didn't look back.

His mother insisted that all of her belongings, including herself, be thrown out.

"Get as far away from me as possible!"

The villa's gate slowly closed in front of her with a loud boom.

Sherry stared at the wreckage on the ground, her claws almost piercing her skin.

In truth, she didn't have much. She only had a set of earrings left to her by her deceased mother when she married Malcolm.

She had been hesitant to wear these earrings and had kept them stored in a little box.

But now they had been thrown out, one on the muddy grass and the other nowhere to be found.

Her phone rang loudly in the middle of the night.

"Hello?" she answered.

"I just saw Malcolm at the hospital!" "Sherry, I just saw Malcolm at the hospital! He was actually carrying..."

"My cousin," she smiled, "I know."

Camila Castillo, her longtime and best friend, was on the other end of the phone.

Her father managed the hospital, so he couldn't have been unaware of the commotion her mother-in-law had caused at the door earlier in the day.

Perhaps that's why Camila was calling her now.

"Sherry..." Camila's voice softened as she sensed something was wrong.

"Where are you right now? I'll come pick you up."

Camila arrived promptly.

Her red sports car came to a stop in front of Ford's house.

When she saw Sherry, she had already gathered her belongings and placed them in a small suitcase beside her feet. She sat alone at the intersection of the flower bed, her head bowed like an abandoned child.

"Camila, you're here," she said, standing up and forcing a smile.

Camila's eyes turned bright red. "Are you foolish? I even risked ending our friendship to prevent you from marrying Malcolm, but you didn't listen."

Sherry chuckled, but her laughter was even sadder than her tears, "Yes, I brought this upon myself."

Camila was heartbroken and helped her into the car, adding, "Let's not talk about this. I'll take you somewhere to rest."

"Camila, I want to drink," she calmly stated as she glanced in the rearview mirror.

Camila understood that she wanted to get drunk after seeing how she was feeling. She nodded, "Alright, then."

The car came to a stop in front of a pub.

Camila was a regular here and had no trouble finding her usual spot. She ordered a bottle of imported liquor.

Sherry grabbed the bottle and started chugging it.

"Hey, take it easy; you can't drink like this if you're not used to it."

Sherry burst out laughing, warm tears streaming down her cheeks. "It's fine; I'm happy."

"Don't lie to me!" Camila exclaimed. This bar was crowded with all kinds of people, and two intoxicated females were not safe.

She motioned for a waiter and said, "Take this young lady to room 2301 upstairs."

She often stayed in room 2301. It was safer to drink there.

Sherry drank heavily, and soon her head became heavy. She only remembered Camila touching her hand and telling her, "If you keep drinking like this, you'll get alcohol poisoning. The bar doesn't have any milk, so I'll go to the convenience store outside and buy some for you. Wait for me upstairs."

She nodded and, with the waiter's help, collapsed onto the bed as she entered the elevator and arrived at a room.

She felt a chill in her hazy state.

"Mmm..."

A delicate and lingering kiss enveloped her lips, gently holding them.

A man's cologne filled the air.

A man!!!

Sherry's mind froze instantly, wanting to push him away. "Who are you?! And how did you get in?"

But she heard him whisper in her ear, seductive and deep, "Be with me; I'll help you seek revenge and take back everything that should have been yours, one by one."

She had only had sex once, and it was while she was intoxicated with Malcolm. It was incredibly uncomfortable for her.

But this man was different. When he took control, he was direct and dominant, firmly holding her waist and thrusting deeply, passionate and loving, as if he wanted to become one with her.

A romantic evening.

She almost wondered if it was all a dream when she woke up, except for the marks of lovemaking on the bedsheets.

It was still dark and suffocating outside the window.

Camila was completely frantic. She couldn't reach her by phone, couldn't find her, and the hotel's CCTV cameras conveniently malfunctioned today. She was on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

Until she heard a voice from behind her.

She rushed into the room, panting, "Did that waiter have hearing problems? I clearly said 2301, but he brought you to 2307. I had such a hard time finding you."

Sherry checked her phone for the time. It was 2 a.m.

She had been talking to him for at least two hours.

Her body ached and her head felt like it was going to explode. "Perhaps the bar was too loud, and he didn't hear me."

Camila sighed and said, "As long as you're okay. Here, I bought you some milk. Drink some first."

She felt better after finishing a bottle of milk.

Her phone started ringing.

It was a message from Malcolm.

Did he finally remember her?

"Hello?" she answered.

"Where did you go?" he asked, his voice cold.

Sherry's demeanor was no better: "None of your business."

Malcolm took a moment to breathe. "We have an appointment at the Civil Affairs Bureau tomorrow morning; once we finalize the divorce procedures, you can do whatever you want."

"Do whatever I want?" Her mind went blank.

"My mother said she saw you being taken away in a sports car. Sherry, I didn't realize it. You had already found a replacement, huh?" Malcolm said.

Sherry burst into laughter, saying, "The person who picked me up was Camila... Forget it; you won't believe me no matter what I say."

She hung up the phone.

Sherry suddenly felt bored.

It's wrong to be spoiled, wrong to cry and cause a scene, and even wrong to breathe when you encounter someone who doesn't love you.

And she had done nothing to deserve it.

She had no right to make him believe.

"Don't be afraid. Once you're divorced, it's not worth staying with this scumbag. You're so beautiful, you'll definitely find someone better," Camila added.

Malcolm stared at the black screen of his phone in the hospital, feeling a little disoriented.

"Is Sherry okay?" Sophia asked, holding his hand.

"She should be fine; she's with Camila," he said, putting his phone away.

Sophia nodded in agreement. "Then I can feel relieved, Malcolm. Our child is safe; otherwise, I would have lost all hope."

Malcolm's heart instantly melted when he mentioned their child.

"Don't worry, I won't let anyone harm you or our child."

"Alright," Sophia obediently nodded, "Malcolm, our situation... My cousin must be devastated. She has been so kind to me. Please don't make things difficult for her."

"Don't overthink," Malcolm said, his smile fading slightly, "Take it easy. There is a nurse on duty to take care of you. I need to go back to work to handle some matters."

"Okay, drive safely."

As Sophia watched Malcolm leave, she sat up and dialed a number on the phone.

She couldn't wait to ask, "Where are the photos?" as soon as the call connected. "It's so late; why haven't you emailed them to me yet?"