

Chapter 6

"Sophia!" Sherry said sternly, her eyes filled with a strong warning. "The nurse just told us to go to the pharmacy to get medicine. Why don't you go? I need to talk to Malcolm about something."

"Why don't you just say it here, Sherry? We're all family; there's nothing to hide, right, Malcolm?" Sophia interrupted.

"Sophia, have you forgotten basic manners since you studied abroad? You don't even call him brother-in-law anymore, and now you're addressing him by his name?" sneered Sherry.

She didn't want to argue with Sophia in front of her uncle, but Sophia was acting recklessly today. Whatever she did, if something happened to her uncle as a result, she wouldn't let Sophia off the hook!

Finally, Noah's expression became serious. "Sophia, listen to Sherry and hurry up."

Sophia wanted to say something, but when she looked back at Malcolm, she realized he was silent. Resentfully, she left the room and walked to the pharmacy on the first floor to collect the medicine.

Sherry took a deep breath, trying not to draw attention to herself. "Malcolm, can you please come out for a moment? I need to talk to you about something."

Noah laughed. "Is it about having a child? Hahaha, is our Sherry feeling shy?"

Sherry felt a little embarrassed. "Uncle..."

"All right, all right. I won't say anything. You two go ahead."

Malcolm's attention shifted, lingering for a minute before he followed her out.

Sherry took him to the stairway and nonchalantly closed the door.

There were rarely many people here. When she turned around, she noticed Malcolm standing not far away, arms crossed, staring at her with icy, lifeless eyes.

"What exactly do you want to say?"

Sherry closed her eyes, trying to calm herself amidst the chaos. "Can we keep our divorce a secret from my uncle for now? You saw it yourself; he just had surgery and is still recovering. The doctor said he shouldn't be subjected to any more stress, or he might not make it through the next time."

"Sherry, do you understand your current situation?" Malcolm asked, his anger concealed. "Do you want me to do something?"

"We've been married for four years, and I've never asked anything of you," Sherry said bitterly. "This time, please consider it a request from me."

Malcolm's expression remained cold. "Even if you dislike me and don't want to agree, my uncle is Sophia's father," Sherry pleaded. "Can you just think about it for her sake?"

"I'll talk to Sophia about it," Malcolm said, his gaze drawn to a small cut at the corner of her mouth. "What happened to your mouth?"

Sherry groaned in pain as she reflexively touched the corner of her lips.

Mr. Sniper left a small bite on her lip when they were intimate last night, and her heart sank.

"Were you with another man last night?" Malcolm asked, his eyes narrowing fiercely.

Sherry found it amusing that they were on the verge of splitting up and he could already be with Sophia, so why couldn't she be with someone else?

"Sherry, we haven't even finalized our divorce, and you dare to cheat on me?"

"It was just an accident," Sherry explained, feeling helpless. "Forget it; why do I need to explain these things to you? You won't mind anyway. Malcolm, we'll go to the Civil Affairs Bureau to finalize the divorce when my uncle's health improves. It won't prevent you from seeing Sophia."

Malcolm, however, wasn't about to let her go so easily; he grabbed her shoulder and forced her against the wall, peering down at her.

His grip was too tight, and Sherry groaned in pain as she forcefully pushed him away. "Just take care of Sophia. Why are you interested in what I do?"

"When did you two get together? Huh? Speak!"

"What does it have to do with you?" Sherry pushed him hard. "You cheated on my cousin first. What gives you the right to accuse me?"

"Sherry, we're still married until we finalize the divorce!" The veins on his hands grasping her shoulder bulged.

Sherry shook her head coldly and firmly. "Or maybe I never had a husband to begin with."

The conversation ended without any joy.

The only consolation was that Malcolm finally decided to keep their divorce a secret from her uncle for Sophia's sake.

It was no longer relevant.

Sherry returned to her uncle's hospital room and saw him smile at her. She realized that nothing else mattered as long as he was healthy and happy.

When Noah saw her return alone, he couldn't help but wonder, "Where's Malcolm?"

"He went to the company first," Sherry stated as she sat on the chair next to the hospital bed and picked up an apple, peeling the skin as she proceeded. "Malcolm asked me to pass on a message to you. He was busy and will come to meet you when he has time."

"Malcolm is such a mature and responsible young man," Noah murmured. "When I give you to him, I can completely relax."

Sherry remained silent and concentrated on peeling the apple.

She was an expert at it, peeling the apple skin in a single, long strip with no gaps.

She diced the apple and placed it in a lunchbox for her uncle to eat whenever he pleased.

"Your mother left too soon," Noah lamented, looking at the apple slices in front of him. "She was also good at peeling apples, just like you."

Sherry had few memories of her mother.

Her two uncles had only told her snippets of her parents' story.

In fact, it was a rather cliché story; the man abandoned his pregnant partner to pursue a higher profession abroad and then disappeared.

Her mother died shortly after giving birth to her; possibly feeling lonely and despairing about the world, she stayed until she successfully delivered her daughter and then abruptly left.

Life was short, but hatred endured.

"Uncle's only hope is that you and Malcolm will be okay. It will be fantastic news for your mom once you have a child. Sigh, if Sophia had half of your obedience and understanding, I would be relieved!"

"Sophia has returned from studying abroad, and she looks good," Sherry added with a smile. "She will undoubtedly find a kind and caring boyfriend."

"I hope so," Noah said, his brow furrowing slightly. "The next time Malcolm comes, I'll have to swallow my pride and ask him to keep any good young men in the company for Sophia."

Sherry didn't want to talk about it any longer, so she looked at the empty bedside table and asked, "Did Sophia not bring back the medicine?"

"I haven't seen her. I assumed she went to look for you. Since we were children, this girl has always followed you, imitating everything you do like a devoted follower."

People change, and the girl who used to follow you around now proudly displays her pregnant belly.

"Uncle, please go ahead and eat the apple. I'll be back shortly," Sherry said as she stood up.

As she exited the hospital, her phone began to ring.

It was a text message.

"Insufficient funds to notify me. - Sniper"

The following day, she received a notification of a bank transfer.

Her account had been credited with \$5 million.