



Welcome Home

*Wonderful everywhere
we wish you a happy reading*

Chapter 1

"What did I say? It's your problem that you can't conceive! Now that the test results are out, let's see what you have to say!"

Sherry Wilson's grip on the test report wavered.

When she saw the words "Blocked Fallopian Tubes" inscribed on it, she felt a chill from head to toe.

After four years of marriage to Malcolm Ford, she still couldn't get pregnant.

Her mother-in-law pointed at her, with a furious look, implying that she was about to devour her.

People passing by glanced at her as if she were a joke, pointing and gossiping, adding to the chaos.

Malcolm was the only son of the Ford family, and she understood her mother-in-law's desire for a grandson. So she had silently endured it all this time.

"Mom," Sherry said patiently, "let's go home and talk."

"That's my home, not yours. Get it straight! I have never recognized you as a member of the Ford family. You're not worthy!" Her mother-in-law's words were venomous.

Sherry closed her eyes, feeling helpless. "We are legally married, and we have a marriage certificate."

"I'm telling you, Sherry, divorce Malcolm immediately! You won't get a penny of the Ford family's wealth!"

As more people gathered around her, the sweltering weather and their piercing stares made her feel even more humiliated.

Sherry took a deep breath, feeling helpless and hopeless.

In order to ensure his peaceful passing, Malcolm's ailing grandfather had arranged their marriage. She had no idea their marriage would end up in such a deadlock.

"Mom, Grandfather arranged our marriage."

"You still want to use Grandfather to suppress me? Sherry, have you become rebellious?" Her mother-in-law's anger grew, and just as Sherry thought she was about to start another round of scolding, her mother-in-law smiled and pointed to a couple embracing not far away. "Since you can't have children, there are several women who can provide Malcolm with offspring."

Sherry looked over as she followed her mother-in-law's hand and felt as if she had been frozen in place.

Not far away, at the crowded gynecologist clinic's door, her husband, Malcolm, held a pregnant woman with a slightly protruding belly in his arms, lowering his head carefully to match her height, and she smiled and nestled into his embrace.

She had never seen Malcolm smile at her before.

Her gaze was drawn to the woman in Malcolm's arms, and a strange sense of déjà vu rushed over her.

Sophia Jimenez, her cousin, whom she had loved and cared for since childhood, was the pregnant woman leaning on her waist.

Sherry was shocked, outraged, and in disbelief; she couldn't believe her own eyes.

Until Sophia caught her gaze and walked over with Malcolm.

"Sherry," she said cheerfully, as if expecting a child, "I'm pregnant with Malcolm's child. I just found out it's a boy from the doctor."

Sherry looked down at Sophia's clearly pregnant belly, as if struck by lightning. "How could you? He's your cousin-in-law! Have you completely forgotten about decency and morality? How did you manage to seduce your own brother-in-law?"

Her hand was ready to raise itself when it was abruptly grabbed in mid-air.

"Sherry, direct your anger at me," Malcolm said solemnly as he pulled her hand aside and stepped forward to shield Sophia. "Sophia is now my partner."

Anger?

What anger could she have?

She had endured all her problems alone for four years, doing her best to please Malcolm, her mother-in-law, and even the Ford family's housekeeper. What anger could she have?

She did all of this because she loved Malcolm.

What was wrong with wanting to be a good wife, take care of her husband, serve her in-laws, and have a beautiful child?

She had no idea her cousin would become the mistress of her marriage.

It felt as if an invisible hand was tearing at her heart, causing her immense pain.

"Let's go home first."

Malcolm was a well-known figure in the city, and the drama would undoubtedly continue at home.

However, when Sherry reached for the car door handle, Malcolm advised her, "You should take a taxi; don't squeeze with Sophia."

He drove, his mother sat in the passenger seat, and Sophia sat alone in the spacious back seat, apologizing with a smile, "Sorry, Sherry, the doctor said the baby in my belly is a bit unstable, and Malcolm is worried about the baby."

She laughed and casually closed the car door.

Children were the reason she was treated like this.

Passersby pointed and whispered as Malcolm drove away in his black Bugatti, leaving her standing alone at the hospital entrance.

She was Malcolm's legal wife, but she was nothing more than an outsider in the Ford household.