

"No," she scoffed.

Mr. Sniper pulled her to the edge of the bed and said, "You little liar, I can tell from your voice that you've been crying."

Sherry fought back, saying, "Let's eat first; it'll get cold."

"No rush," Sniper said as he drew her into his lap, gently lifting her chin. "Tell me, who bullied you?"

Scenes from her day with the Fords flashed across her mind.

Sherry curled up in his arms, quietly murmuring, "It's nothing; just thinking about all the grievances I've suffered at my mother-in-law's over the years, I feel so weak."

"Mm, anything else?" Mr. Sniper inquired quietly.

"And... I just feel so unworthy. I could have gone to a prestigious university, but my uncle raised me, and I couldn't be so selfish and only think of myself. Even for the sake of my uncle, I can't ignore Sophia."

"Sherry, life is a series of choices. If you make the wrong choice, you bear the consequences, but that's okay. The next time you face a choice, you must consider yourself more."

Mr. Sniper reminded Sherry of an elder figure.

"Mr. Sniper, can I ask you a question?"

He "mmm"ed, "Go ahead."

"How old are you this time of year?"

"What piques your interest in me?"

Sherry was rather ashamed. "I understand, it's your privacy; it's okay, I was just casually asking; you don't have to answer."

"Good girl," Mr. Sniper said, kissing her on the cheek, "now it's my turn to ask you a question?"

Sherry gave him a timid look and nodded.

"Do you still love Malcolm? I want to hear the truth."

This was a challenging question to answer.

To be honest, she and Malcolm had never met before they got married. They lacked an emotional foundation and had never even dated. They were simply forced into marriage.

It was a complete coincidence. She saw Malcolm's grandfather having a heart attack while working part-time at the café. She took him to the hospital in a panic. Malcolm's grandfather was saved because of her prompt assistance. When he woke up, the first thing he said was that Malcolm should marry her.

Not only Malcolm, but she was also taken aback at the time.

But Malcolm's grandfather couldn't handle any more shocks due to his illness, and Sophia needed money for her study abroad at the moment. She did everything she could to raise the funds, but it wasn't enough. Malcolm's grandfather gave her the money, which came in handy. As a result, she married Malcolm.

After four years of marriage, she could understand Malcolm's lack of interest in her.

At the time, she believed that love grows with time, and that if she treated her mother-in-law well and took care of Malcolm's everyday needs, he would one day recognize her worth. She worked hard and displayed various emotions during this process.

She didn't have a deep, everlasting love for him, but she had grown accustomed to the role of "Malcolm's wife," and it was difficult for her to detach herself from it for a while.

When she didn't respond, Mr. Sniper continued, "To be fair, you don't have to answer my question either."

"Thank you," Sherry replied, tugging at the corner of her lips.

"You never have to thank me," Mr.

Sniper murmured, taking her hand in his palm and playing with it. "Sherry, you need to learn to be more confident."

Confident?

Sherry gave a bitter smile. Sophia had a point; she lacked education and exceptional talent, so what could she be confident about?

"How long will you stand by me, Mr. Sniper?"

Sniper laughed. "What do you think?"

Sherry made a shaky motion with her head. "I'm not sure," she said, "but you saved my uncle's life with the money you gave." I will do my best as long as you haven't abandoned me. If you want something to eat, I can cook it for you, and if I don't know how, I can learn."

"Sherry, what I want is a partner, not a housekeeper," Sniper said helplessly, "forget it; I'll teach you gradually in the future." Let's see what you've prepared, shall we?"

Sherry sprang out of his arms and introduced him to the lavish meal she had prepared: "Steamed bass, stir-fried veggies, braised pork ribs, and a corn and radish soup... Is that all right?"

The combination of meat and vegetables, the nutritional value, and the vibrant colors...

"Very good."

"If it doesn't suit your taste, just tell me; I can adjust," Sniper said as he sat down at the dining table.

Mr. Sniper used his chopsticks to pick up a piece of bass, tasted it, and then went for the vegetables.

Sherry's cooking skills were excellent; despite the fact that they were all home-cooked dishes, they were not lacking in color, aroma, or taste.

Before he could speak, Sherry had already prepared another bowl of corn soup and placed it in front of him, looking at him earnestly.

He laid down his chopsticks and said, "Sherry."

"Ah?" Sherry sat up straight, like a primary school student, waiting for the teacher's criticism: "Is it not to your liking?"

"It's delicious; all of the dishes are favorites of mine, but..." Sniper groaned, "Can you please stop staring at me like that?"

Sherry was perplexed. "I..."

"I'm a normal man; no man can resist the way you just looked at me, you understand?"

Sniper felt a flutter in his heart as he glanced at her still confused state, with her lips slightly open and no reaction.

In one breath, he drank a cup of soup, lifted her up, and threw her onto the bed.

Sherry was taken aback, clutching his shoulders and exclaiming.

Mr. Sniper positioned himself on top of her, breathing heavily, and she was already sinking into the soft mattress.

His breath was warm and moist, brushing against her cheeks and neck, and the implication was clear.

Sherry only understood what he meant by that sentence earlier at this point.

"Um..." she tried vainly to explain, "I wasn't intentionally staring at you; I just wanted to know if you liked the food I made."

"Mm," Mr. Sniper began kissing her eyes, "how many times have you cooked for Malcolm?"

"He rarely comes home," Sherry added.

"Is he gentle or rough compared to me?"

Sherry stiffened.

This time she knew what Mr. Sniper meant: she was in bed.

"Can I not answer this question?" she felt a little embarrassed.

"You can." Mr. Sniper's kisses descended softly, settling on her lips and lingering at the corners.

He seemed to particularly enjoy her lips, lingering there without leaving.

Sherry was gradually worn down by his relentless torment, trembling lightly, and eventually being consumed by him, like a delicate feather gently caressing her heart; it was a night of both exhaustion and ecstasy.

And once again, it was a morning of snoozing.

Camila's phone call abruptly startled Sherry awake.

She casually glanced at the time and realized it was already past ten o'clock; she was truly waking up later and later.

Back when she lived with the Fords, if she didn't rise at 6:30 a.m. to prepare breakfast, her mother-in-law would undoubtedly throw a tantrum; now that she had woken up at 2307, she felt a sense of relief.

"How are you, Camila?"

"Sherry, we've all been deceived by Sophia; you don't have any blocked fallopian tubes at all!" Camila exclaimed.