Chapter 4

The man on the phone was furious. "More than ten of us stayed in room 2302 overnight. We didn't even see a stunning lady, let alone any women! Sophia, are you joking with us? You promised us a lovely woman to spend time with for free, but there is no such thing. Where should I go to take pictures for you?"

"Didn't go?" Sophia asked, her face wrinkled. "That's not possible..."

She knew Camila frequented that pub, so she bribed the doorman early on. As long as they spotted Camila, they were instructed to bring her over and capture incriminating images of her in order to threaten Sherry into getting a divorce.

Sherry only had one close friend, so she couldn't possibly let her compromising images circulate outside, and she would comply.

But she didn't expect the hexoens to come to her aid when, as Malcolm was leaving to attend a phone call, she received a call from the bar doorman indicating that he had seen Sherry herself walking there!

She had those people meet Sherry halfway, take her to room 2302, and photograph her in compromising situations.

Where did things go wrong with the plan?

"I don't care, Sophia," the man continued to curse. "You've cheated us numerous times. Either give us money or find another woman for us to resolve this. Otherwise, I'll reveal all of your dirty secrets to Malcolm!"

Sophia angrily hung up the phone.

These were all ruffians and scoundrels willing to do anything.

She grumbled under her breath: she couldn't offer them money, and as for another woman... a thought came across her mind: she didn't think Sherry could escape again.

At the same time, Sherry's phone received a text message from an unknown number.

"In room 2302, there are more than ten men waiting for you. They are Sophia's followers."

Sherry's heart skipped a beat; the hotel's soundproofing was excellent, so she couldn't hear any noise from the adjacent room, which increased her anxiety.

Her finger tapped lightly on the phone.

"Can you tell me who you are?"

"How come you can't recognize my voice so quickly?"

He was the one!

That guy!

Sherry's hand shook slightly.

"Think carefully about what I said last night," said another text message. "Call me when you've made up your mind."

There was a signature at the bottom of the message: sniper.

She didn't recognize the word "sniper," so she looked it up online to see what it meant.

Could this person have a grudge against Malcolm and offered to assist her in her quest for revenge?

Who could it possibly be?

Someone who appreciated Sophia or Malcolm's business rival?

Her thoughts were jumbled, but Sherry closed her eyes and shook her head.

What was there to calculate for her as a woman with no money, no connections, and nothing else?

The first rays of sunlight shone into the room as the first light of dawn rose on the horizon.

The events of yesterday seemed like a nightmare.

She woke up alone.

"There's a bank card with a million dollars on the bedside table; take it and use it first; if it's not enough, we'll talk later."

Sherry was furious. "Mr. Sniper, are you trying to keep me as your mistress?"

"I know it's not much; I didn't bring much money with me when I rushed out last night; I'll give you more later."

Sherry laughed and dialed the number on the message.

It rang only once before being answered.

"Sherry?" said a loud and gruff male voice.

The way he said those two words left an impression.

Malcolm, too, usually addressed her by her full name.

"Mr. Sniper, although I don't have money, I won't allow myself to be kept by Malcolm. I appreciate your kindness, but let's treat last night as a one-night stand. We don't owe each other anything."

On the other end, he grinned. "Heartless enough."

"You..."

"Sherry, you don't have to rush to refuse me. I know you better than you know yourself, and you need this money."

"I don't need it, and I won't take it."

Sherry spoke boldly and confidently, but life was always willing to throw a lemon at her.

The hospital called after Sherry angrily hung up the phone.

"Ms. Wilson, your uncle received a call and fell ill unexpectedly. His condition is critical, and he requires immediate surgery; please come as soon as possible!"

Her uncle had already been taken into the operating room when she arrived at the hospital.

"Nurse, how is my uncle?" Sherry said, her pulse racing with worry.

"His condition was stable, but after receiving a phone call this morning, he suddenly fell ill. His blood pressure rose to 180. The doctors are currently trying to save him. Please don't worry; they will do everything they can," the nurse stated.

Everything they can do—these three words felt so insignificant in the face of reality.

Hepatitis Jimenez, her uncle, had a heart condition and had been taking medication for years to treat it, but his health was deteriorating.

He was the one who cared the most about her.

With a clang, a doctor in a white coat pushed open the operating room door, blood stains on his body. "Are you a member of Mr. Noah's family?"

"Yes, doctor," Sherry said, "how is my uncle?"

"His condition is critical and requires immediate surgery," the doctor said, sweating from the stress of the situation. "We can't keep delaying any longer."

Sherry nodded quickly. "Please, Doctor, do it. Please save him."

"But the surgery cost..."

She understood from the beginning that the procedure would cost $30,000.

She couldn't even come up with thirty bucks, let alone thirty thousand dollars, despite being the mistress of the Ford family.

Her uncle was equally afraid of putting her in a difficult situation and had insisted on conservative treatment, claiming that it would be enough.

But now the situation was critical, and she had no other choice.

What was her pride worth in the face of her uncle's death? To ask that person, she could lower her head or completely disregard her self-esteem.

She looked up Malcolm's phone number and dialed it.

It rang for quite some time before connecting.

Malcolm's cold voice came through: "Is such a hurry to get a divorce?"

She had forgotten that they had planned to go to the civil affairs bureau today to arrange a divorce.

Her phone said it was 7:30 a.m., but the civil affairs bureau didn't open until 9 a.m.

"Malcolm..." She struggled to say anything. "Can you lend me thirty thousand dollars?"

"Heh!" sneered Malcolm. "Do you regret it now? Was the amount on the check I gave you yesterday too small?"

"No, I..." The doctor's urging could still be heard, and she was desperate. "Malcolm, please, I just need thirty thousand dollars."

Malcolm interrupted her and said, "Sherry, your insatiable greed is truly disgusting."

A nurse in the distance kept calling out, "Ms. Wilson, please make a decision as soon as possible. The patient cannot wait any longer!"

"Malcolm, whether you find me repulsive or promiscuous, consider this thirty thousand dollars as a loan from you," she said through gritted teeth. "I will work hard to earn money and repay you. My uncle is in critical condition right now, and I've never asked for anything from you before. I'm begging you this time."

"Critical condition?"

Suddenly, Sophia's gloating and taunting voice came through the phone. "He's not dead yet?"

Sherry froze. "Sharon's Malcolm? Why are you answering the phone?"

"Malcolm said he didn't want to hear your voice, so he let me answer. Cousin, you called early in the morning and woke me up. Malcolm kept me up late last night, so I'm very tired."

Sherry's entire body went cold. "Did you... sleep together last night?"

"Of course, cousin; I slept on your bed and used your man quite comfortably."

"Do you have no shame? I don't have time to talk to you right now. Give the phone to Malcolm!"

Sophia's voice sounded mocking. "Malcolm? Why would I give the phone to him?"

"Sophia said that if it weren't for the divorce, he wouldn't want to say another word to you," Sophia explained. "I overheard everything. Noah needs surgery, right? Money?"

Sherry struggled to control her emotions.

She had to lower her head because her uncle was still waiting for money to save his life.

"Sophia, your father received a phone call this morning and became ill; the situation is dire. Can you ask Malcolm to lend us $300,000 first? I can sign an IOU."

"It's possible..." Sophia chuckled softly. "But even if Malcolm is willing, I won't let him give you the money because I made that phone call to my father."

Sherry was stunned and stood still. "What... did you say to him?"

"Oh, nothing. I just mentioned your one-night stand with a man. Who knew this old man couldn't handle it and went straight into the operating room!"