

Chapter 7

After going to the pharmacy and receiving the prescription and payment receipt, Sherry finally understood why Sophia didn't pick up the medicine and why Mr. Sniper wanted to give her money.

The postoperative immunosuppression medicines alone cost over \$100,000, and that was only for a week's supply.

"Ms. Wilson?" The cashier noticed her frozen expression and asked, "Do you still need the medicine?"

Sherry nodded and handed her card over. "Of course," she said.

By the time she finished organizing her uncle's meals and daily routine, it was almost past eight o'clock.

As Sherry took the metro back to the hotel, she glanced at the clock hanging in the foyer—it was ten minutes to eight.

Ten minutes until the agreed-upon time with Mr. Sniper.

If last time she unknowingly entered the wrong room and had a romantic encounter with Mr. Sniper, this time she willingly walked into room 2307.

Her hand on the doorknob began to tremble uncontrollably.

"You're here? Come on in; the door isn't locked."

Mr. Sniper's voice came from inside the room, indicating that he might have heard her movement.

Sherry took a deep breath to calm herself, then turned the doorknob and entered.

To her surprise, the room was completely dark.

The window was open, allowing sunlight to shine in and outline the figure of a tall man.

Was he the one?

With each step she took, Sherry felt a sense of gravity and uncertainty about the future.

They had already had the most intimate interaction a man and a woman could have, and she had no idea what he looked like.

Even though it was only a one-night stand, he paid her \$6 million.

Sherry laughed at herself. It seemed like she had sold her dignity for a decent price.

As her hand reached for the wall-mounted light switch, she hesitated. She wasn't sure if abruptly turning on the light would disrupt Mr. Sniper's routine.

"Hello, Mr. Sniper, I..." she began.

He raised his hand to silence her, took a sip of the red wine in his hand, and said, "Would you like a drink? The Lafite that was air-freighted from Calormen today tastes quite good."

Sherry politely declined, saying, "No, thank you. I don't drink."

"Is that so?" Mr. Sniper asked, chuckling softly. "Then how did you spend last night's passionate evening with me if you don't drink?"

Sherry blushed. Although she had consumed alcohol the night before, the memories that made her blush and her heart race were unforgettable.

"I'm sorry; I didn't mean to offend you; I'm truly sorry, and I'm willing to make it up to you."

"All right, Ms. Wilson, how do you propose to compensate me?"

Sherry was surprised. "Do you know my name?"

She immediately regretted asking. She could tell from his tone that Mr. Sniper was wealthy and powerful, and uncovering her background would be a piece of cake for him.

Mr. Sniper remained silent, instead saying, "I know more about you than you think."

Although he didn't say anything particularly weighty, this man exuded an unseen tension.

Sherry was still trembling.

Her hands were clenched in front of her, and her knuckles were white.

"Mr. Sniper, regardless, I still want to thank you; without the money you gave me, my uncle might not be alive today."

Mr. Sniper seemed unconcerned, saying, "Mm."

"I just don't understand why it's me," Sherry said, taking a slow breath. "With your circumstances, there would surely be many young and beautiful girls surrounding you, and I'm not sure why it's me."

Her mother-in-law and husband despised her because she was childless.

She was perplexed as to why Mr. Sniper was willing to spend so much money on her.

"Sherry," he said more solemnly, "what I do and who I choose is my freedom. I am not obligated to explain or report to you."

Sherry couldn't think of anything to say, so she bit her lip and nodded, "I understand; I'm sorry."

"Are you sure you don't want anything to drink?"

She shook her head and replied, "No, thank you."

Mr. Sniper chuckled softly as he approached her in the darkness. Sherry noticed that he was covered in mist, with his upper body exposed and only a towel wrapped around his waist, indicating that he had just taken a shower.

"Shall we get started then?" he whispered in her ear.

Sherry took a reflexive step back, avoiding the kiss he was about to plant on her forehead. "I haven't divorced yet, Sniper. I..."

"Does it matter?"

"Can you wait until I finish the divorce proceedings?"

Sherry closed her eyes, too afraid to look at him, and furrowed her brows tightly. "Is that possible?"

A pair of scorching hands gripped her shoulders, and his voice was just above her head, sounding distant yet close: "Your husband cheated on you with your cousin, and the two of them teamed up to kick you out of the house. Do you still want to be loyal to him?"

Sherry was at a loss for words.

Mr. Sniper's strength was incredible; even as she hesitated, his arm was tightly wrapped around her, and his other hand lifted her chin, gently placing his lips against hers.

He had a subtle scent of alcohol, causing Sherry's consciousness to blur for a moment.

His arm was strong, yet his kiss was tender and restrained. His arm pressed her against his chest, while his kiss was as light as a feather but carried a sense of possession.

"Sherry, you agreed to my conditions."

She made a faint murmur, unsure if she was agreeing or disagreeing.

"Our agreement has been in effect since the moment you agreed. You are now mine."

Sherry's palm rested on his broad and powerful chest, and she could even feel his heartbeat.

In the darkness, she couldn't see his face.

But she could tell he was tall and well-built, with a strong and solid physique, and his breathing was becoming heavier.

"But... Could you please tell me who you are?"