

## Chapter 8

"You will find out, but not now," Mr. Sniper's kiss became more passionate, lingering on the corner of her lips where he had accidentally bitten her. "I apologize for not being careful last night and hurting you."

"I don't know who you are; how can we fulfill our agreement?" Sherry's mind felt dizzy, and only a glimmer of sanity remained. She continued to struggle: "I don't know who you are; how can we fulfill our agreement?" What if I mistake you for someone else?"

"It won't happen," the sniper said seductively. "I personally protect my woman. No one can come near her."

Another night of intoxication followed.

Mr. Sniper was no longer in the second-floor room when Sherry woke up.

Everything from the previous night seemed like a nightmare—chaotic and bizarre—but the bruises on her body proved otherwise.

Mr. Sniper did exist, and she had completely sold herself.

Camila arrived and handed Sherry a box of contraceptives, explaining, "These are the birth control pills you asked me to bring. Do you need water?"

Sherry shook her head, leaned back, and swallowed the tablet whole.

The hospital had diagnosed her with blocked fallopian tubes, making it impossible for her to have children, but she took precautions just in case.

She knew it was unnecessary after spending two nights with Mr. Sniper, even if it wasn't her fertile period, but she still had Camila get the contraceptives for her.

Camila chewed on the leg of her sunglasses as she read through the text messages between Sherry and Mr. Sniper, her brow furrowed. Oh my god, is Mr. Sniper around the same age as our parents?

Sherry raised an eyebrow and claimed, "No, he's young, about the same age as Malcolm."

"Then he's really old-fashioned," Camila sneered. What kind of person his age still sends text messages? My father even contacts me through WhatsApp."

Sherry's thoughts were jumbled, and the pill left a slight bitter taste in her mouth.

"Hey, what does he look like?"

Sherry sighed, "Too dark; I couldn't see clearly."

"How about his appearance?"

Sherry remembered his strong and powerful arms, well-defined chest and arms, and muscular legs during their intimate moments last night.

"Cough, he's just average."

Camila smirked, "I only asked about his physique; why are you blushing?"

"I'm not..."

"You are; don't lie," Camila continued to read the text messages, clicking her tongue as she read, "He's quite wealthy too. He gave you five million dollars right away. He seems to really like you."

"Camila, is it wrong for me to do this?" Sherry's fingers intertwined, and her clothes crumpled from rubbing.

"What's the problem?" Let me advise you: you should divorce Malcolm right away. Whether you want to be with Mr. Sniper or not, you can't stay involved with that jerk. Listen to me, cut the knot, get the divorce certificate done quickly, and let those scumbags be with scumbag women in the future. They are a perfect match."

Divorce had to be done as soon as possible.

She felt she had done everything she could for the Ford family and Sophia, and after the divorce, she would be free from any obligations.

"Hey, I have a feeling Mr. Sniper has been interested in you for a long time. He was just waiting for you to end your relationship with Malcolm so he could have you."

"How is that possible?" Sherry wondered.

Camila remained calm, crossed her arms, and asked, "Why is it impossible?" Consider this: if you were a random stranger and he gave you such a large sum of money for a one-night stand, he would be an idiot or foolish."

"But," Sherry murmured, biting her lip. What does he see in me exactly? I've been married before and I can't have children. What does he see in me?"

"No one knows. The tastes of the wealthy are often peculiar. Maybe he simply likes attractive married women."

Camila's words made Sherry feel uneasy.

Based on her brief interaction with Mr. Sniper, he didn't seem to have unusual tastes.

Mr. Sniper, on the other hand, seemed to have an inherently noble disposition; while he wasn't violent in his words or actions, he exuded authority; he was a natural leader.

"Okay, stop worrying about it. Anyway, your uncle's surgery is now complete, and you can relax."

Camila had other responsibilities and left after spending some time with her.

Sherry freshened up before going to the hospital to bring meals for her uncle.

Since the hospital food seemed unappetizing, she went out and grabbed something light and nutritious before heading to the hospital.

Her uncle appeared happier, and his complexion had brightened.

"Malcolm visited me yesterday. Did it affect his work?"

Sherry smiled sweetly as she fed her uncle, saying, "No, Uncle, he knows how to handle things."

"That's great, that's great. You and he should get along well. Don't come to the hospital just to keep me company. Let Sophia come in; she is my biological daughter."

Sophia?

Sherry inwardly sneered. She had married into the Ford family while pregnant, and even her mother-in-law treated her like a princess; why would she go through all this trouble to bring food?

"She's very busy with work," she explained.

Noah frowned and asked, "Busy with what?" You gave up the opportunity to attend a prestigious university,

worked hard to earn money for her to study abroad, and even after returning to Local, you persuaded Malcolm to hire her. She should repay you in every way she can. But she doesn't even show up anymore."

Sherry felt a dull ache in her heart as she reflected on the past.

Yes, she had sacrificed her own promising future to fulfill her cousin's dreams, and she had pleaded with Malcolm for a long time before he agreed to let Sophia work at Drenai Group.

But who could have predicted that she would bring her cousin in and that a third party would intrude on her marriage?

"Let's not go there," Sherry gently remarked. "Your main task now is to take care of yourself. After all, you raised me; it's only natural for me to be filial."

She could pretend that nothing had happened in front of her uncle, but when she left the hospital, she couldn't maintain a smile on her face.

Her life had gone from stagnant to chaotic in three days.

Her marriage had been a disaster from the beginning.

It was better than feeling hopeless now that they were getting a divorce.

Sophia, on the other hand...

She had chosen her own path, and Sherry had done everything she could as her older sister.

Ring, ring, ring... Her phone began to ring.

"Hello?" she answered.

"Sherry, did you sleep with that reckless man again last night?" Malcolm demanded.

"Malcolm, I have some free time now," she said, seething with anger. "Let's go to the Civil Affairs Bureau and file for a divorce."

"I have a question for you; please answer me!"

"Why are you bringing this up now?" Yes, I did have a sexual relationship with him. Are you satisfied?"

Malcolm erupted in fury, exclaiming, "I warned you previously; did you forget?"

"What do you want from me?" If you want a divorce, that's fine; I agree. It's also acceptable if your mother wants me to move out. I won't ask for anything. I won't stand in the way of you being with Sophia. I'll make it easy for you. I've fulfilled all your desires during our four years of marriage.

Malcolm, we're almost finalized with the divorce. What else do you plan to do to make me feel worse?"

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