

"Sherry, be cautious about being deceived!"

"I have no money, no house, and I'm burdened with a seriously ill uncle," Sherry said coldly. "What's the point of fooling me?"

Malcolm's tone was ominous: "You're a woman, and you're not unattractive." As a man, I understand men the best. Men have desires for women that go beyond money. You should understand what I'm saying."

"Are you suggesting that my body betrayed me?"

"You can sense it. Sherry, if you want to take revenge on me, go ahead, but don't mock your own body!"

"I'm not joking!" Sherry couldn't argue with him anymore. "Malcolm, even if I was deceived, I accept it. At the very least, he paid for my uncle's surgery! My uncle might not have survived if it wasn't for him!"

Malcolm furrowed his brows as he asked, "You went and sold yourself to earn money for your uncle's surgery? Why didn't you come to me, Sherry? Instead, you chose to sell yourself?"

"I did come to you!" "It was when I asked you for \$300,000," Sherry sighed. "You refused to give it to me and even scolded me for being greedy!"

"300,000 dollars... I thought you were asking for divorce compensation," Malcolm stated calmly.

"I'll transfer the money to you now. You give the money back to that man and cut ties with him."

Sherry laughed to herself. "You're giving me money because you don't want me to sell myself, or because my uncle is Sophia's father, your future father-in-law?"

"Think whatever you want; give me your bank account number, and I'll transfer the money to you right now," Malcolm said.

"No need."

"Can't you be more grateful, Sherry? I'm helping you understand that!"

"I don't need your charity, Mr. Ford, and I don't even have a bank card; in the four years of our marriage, I had to ask your mother for ten or twenty dollars just to buy groceries; why would I need a bank card?"

Malcolm clenched his teeth, his anger rising. "Fine, if you don't want it, don't come crying to me when you're deceived!"

Malcolm was so furious that his veins bulged, and he hung up the phone angrily.

Sophia had been watching the whole time and had brought a glass of lemon water just in time.

"Sherry lacks education and can't see through the evil intentions of others; don't be too upset; drink some lemon water to calm down, and I'll talk to her tomorrow."

Malcolm's anger subsided slightly after he drank a refreshing glass of lemon water.

In his eyes, Sherry had always been a weak presence, never challenging him. She was diligent in her housework and respectful to his mother.

But he hadn't expected the always lovely Sherry to suddenly change, shouting at him and showing disrespect.

A cold sensation touched his temple, and Sophia's slightly cool fingertips gently stroked him.

Malcolm leaned against her and closed his eyes contentedly, adding, "Sophia, you understand me the best."

Sophia smiled softly and said, "You married Sherry in the first place because of your grandfather. There was no emotional foundation between you two. It was forced. You've also had a difficult four years. I understand what you're saying."

"Actually, Sherry hasn't had it easy either," Malcolm said, pityingly holding her hand in his palm. I know how my mom is. I haven't been home much in the last few years, and she has endured a lot from my mother. And she has fulfilled her responsibilities as a wife and daughter-in-law all these years."

Sophia increased the pressure on her fingers but remained silent.

"She doesn't have a degree, and she can't find a good job after the divorce," Malcolm added. My mother won't allow her to take a single penny with her, but she has been with me for quite some time, and there is some sentiment there. I intend to give her \$500,000 in cash. Do you think it's enough?"

"She is my cousin, and she has raised me since I was a child," Sophia said softly, not wanting Malcolm to suspect anything. From my perspective, I definitely want to give her more. But if you give my mother money in your name and she finds out, she'll undoubtedly throw a tantrum. It's better if you give me the money, and I'll give it to her discreetly."

Malcolm nodded in agreement after a brief moment of thought, saying, "You've thought it through." What do you think about this? I'll give you \$1 million, which you can give to her tomorrow."

"Alright," Sophia turned around and sat on Malcolm's lap, wrapping her arms around his neck and kissing him. "Thank you, Malcolm."

Malcolm couldn't resist carrying the smooth and fragrant beauty towards the bed.

The room was filled with intimacy.

Mr. Sniper didn't show up last night.

Sherry slept alone on the large bed, curled up into a little ball, tightly wrapping herself in the blanket for a sense of security.

This room was new to her, making it even more perplexing.

She had slept on this bed twice before, both times in complete darkness.

Unable to sleep, she picked up her phone, intending to text Mr. Sniper and ask if he could come over tonight, but she felt it was too edgy and undignified, so she put it down.

This was a spacious suite.

A row of wine cabinets stood opposite the bed in the bedroom, neatly displaying various types of red wine, equipped with temperature regulators to intelligently control the temperature inside, ensuring that the wine was preserved at the optimal temperature.

Mr. Sniper was a wine enthusiast.

Sherry stood up and walked over to the closet next to the wine cabinet.

Instead of suits and shirts, she found a variety of branded women's clothing, including a row of high heels at the bottom of the wardrobe.

Ding ding ding—

A text message arrived.

"Did you see the closet? They are all prepared according to your preferences. - Sniper"

Sherry grabbed her phone and hesitated for a moment before dialing.

It was well past three a.m., yet Mr. Sniper responded quickly, "Sherry?"

"It's me." His mesmerizing voice pierced her eardrums, making her uneasy, and her voice trembled slightly. "I saw the closet. Thank you very much."

"Do you like it?" Mr. Sniper sounded in good spirits.

"I really like it."

"As long as you like it."

Which woman hasn't dreamed of having a completely new wardrobe?

But for Sherry, it was all just a dream.

Sophia was studying at a business school overseas, and the tuition cost hundreds of thousands of dollars per year, so she didn't have any extra money to buy things for herself before getting married.

After marrying Malcolm, she found herself without a job or any source of income. Consequently, whenever she needed money to buy food, she had to take into account her mother-in-law's attitude. Her mother-in-law kept a close eye on her, fearing that she would use the money for her own family.

Being the CEO of a company, Malcolm should have supported her financially as his wife, but she lived on a meager income, even less than that of a housemaid.

Suddenly, the door clicked open.

In the middle of the night, Sherry was filled with fear and demanded in a firm voice, "Who is there?"