

Chapter 10

"Could it be anyone else?" Mr. Sniper approached, placing his hands on either side of Sherry's body, trapping her beneath him, and whispered, "Are you waiting for me, even at this late hour?"

Sherry bit her lower lip, still not accustomed to being so close to him.

Fortunately, the darkness helped her conceal her discomfort. "I'm not."

"If you weren't expecting me, why did you call me as soon as you received the text?" Mr. Sniper chuckled softly, no longer pressing her.

He stood up straight and opened the wardrobe door, saying, "Sherry, come here."

Sherry reached out from behind the cover and placed her hand in his outstretched palm, saying quietly, "It's late; you should rest."

"All I wanted was for you to choose some clothes." What were you thinking? Mr. Sniper laughed and stopped pressing her.

He handed her the gown and told her, "Go change; I want to see."

Sherry took off the outfit, feeling a little embarrassed. "Now?"

"Yes, now," grinned Mr. Sniper, "don't you want to try on the dress? Then we'll have to come up with something new."

Sherry was frightened and hurried into the restroom, clutching the dress.

"You little trickster?" Mr. Sniper crouched down and began selecting a pair of high heels that would complement her outfit.

Sherry sat on the toilet seat, holding the frock in her arms, feeling uneasy and ashamed, blushing all over, in contrast to Mr. Sniper's calm demeanor.

For some reason, she always felt awkward whenever she was in front of Mr. Sniper.

When she initially opened the wardrobe today, she was immediately drawn to the outfit in her hands; she just didn't expect Mr. Sniper to have the same taste as hers.

Knock, knock, knock...

The bathroom door was slammed.

Sherry was startled.

Mr. Sniper's shadow, "Sherry," could be seen through the glass; only his silhouette was visible, but his deep and captivating voice could be heard clearly: "You've been in there for fifteen minutes. If you can't change, I will come in and help you."

"I can do it myself!" Sherry promptly declined.

"Alright," he said softly, "I'll wait for you outside."

Mr. Sniper seemed to prefer the darkness, which was reflected in the dimly lit restroom.

Sherry quickly changed into her new dress and examined her reflection in the mirror.

The fitted dress accentuated her slim figure with a full chest that tapered at the waist. The skirt was fluffy, falling just above her knees, revealing a pair of straight and slender legs. The skirt swayed gently as she walked, adding to her graceful demeanor.

Mr. Sniper was astonished when she walked out, his gaze immediately becoming eager.

"My taste is indeed impeccable."

He sat down in front of her, holding a pair of white pointed diamond heels and helping her put them on, the high heels elongating her already tall body.

Mr. Sniper reached behind her head and carefully untied her hair, allowing her black, silky hair to fall down like satin.

Her hair, which had been tied up for a long time, came loose with a slight curl, emphasizing her exquisite features.

Mr. Sniper seemed particularly pleased with her hair, running his fingers through it repeatedly and commenting, "Malcolm doesn't understand jade gambling."

Sherry looked at him, puzzled.

"In his hands, a fine jade becomes an ordinary stone."

"Perhaps I am just an ordinary stone," Sherry giggled to herself. "I was lucky to find a buyer who didn't understand its worth and treated me like a gem."

Mr. Sniper helped her tuck her unruly hair behind her ears. "Are you questioning my taste?"

"No, I just don't think I deserve the title of 'fine jade.'"

Mr. Sniper gently hugged her waist, holding her chin with his other hand, and kissed her deeply on the lips. "If you put on makeup, my Sherry would be even more beautiful," he added.

Sherry noticed Mr. Sniper's face for the first time in the moonlight outside.

To be more precise, he wore a white mask from his nose to his forehead, revealing only a pair of bright, focused eyes that met her gaze.

Sherry looked away as if she were on fire.

"Did I scare you?"

"I'm not scared," Sherry said, shaking her head, "just a little surprised."

"Hmm," Mr. Sniper pondered, "did you visit your uncle at the hospital today?"

"I will return the five million you gave me," Sherry said, nodding. "After the divorce is finalized, I will find a job and cover my uncle's medical bills myself. I will also save money to repay your operation costs."

He placed his finger on her lips, preventing her from speaking.

"Sherry, you should know that I don't need money," he added. "You already know what I want."

Sherry was overwhelmed with emotion.

Mr. Sniper pushed her onto the bed and kissed her tenderly but firmly from her forehead to her nose, behind her ears to her lips, and she gradually forgot to resist.

"It's getting dark now; can you take off your mask?"

"Sorry, Sherry, not yet." His kisses became more passionate, his clothes became obstacles, and her body became his playground.

Sherry floated and sank in the depths of desire, and Mr. Sniper covered her eyes with his palm under the moonlight. "Be good, focus, and enjoy me."

"Mr. Sniper..."

"Hmm?"

"There's something I don't think I can hide from you."