

Happiness 162

The Promise of Happiness

Chapter 162

Natalie's heart skipped a beat.

Just as she continued to stay rooted on the ground, Samuel pulled her toward him.

Before she could struggle out of his grip, her shirt was unbuttoned one by one by him, revealing her snow-white skin and stimulating Samuel's senses.

His deep, dark eyes looked at her with burning desire as his fingers continued their work at unbuttoning her shirt.

Natalie's mind went blank for a moment before she snapped, "Samuel, you p\*nk!"

"Yes," the man answered in a deep tone of voice.

She thought that he was going to force himself on her. However, she was then flipped over, her back facing him.

Samuel lightly stroked the wounds on her back.

One appeared to be a faint line while the other bruised badly.

*This should be the one caused by the blow which Gavin said Grandpa used all his might.*

His fingers felt rough and warm against her back, and Natalie could not help but shiver at his touch.

Trying to suppress his emotions, Samuel spoke in a hoarse voice. "Franklin is my grandpa's great-grandson. He would never truly hurt Franklin. What were you thinking? Trying to be a heroine?"

Bare-chested, she was pressed firmly against the cold, hard wall.

Turning red with embarrassment at the thought of the humiliating position she was in as Samuel examined her wounds, Natalie scolded angrily, "You could have told me that you wanted to examine the wounds and not rip off my clothes."

His burning gaze swept across her back, and he finally forced himself to calm down after a while. "No girl would act the way you do now. If I hadn't gotten your shirt out of the way, you would have continued to not tend to your wounds."

"Still, you can't do this to me!" Natalie protested.

He moved in closer and muttered with his lips pressed against her ear, "I don't do this to anyone else; I only do this to you."

In the end, he let go of her, but she remained shirtless.

He kicked the shirt away and put her down on the bed with her face down so that he could apply medication to the wounds on her back.

Natalie did not want to be controlled by Samuel, so she said stubbornly, "Samuel, I can do it myself."

"How? You have no eyes on your back." Upon ending his sentence, he took the ointment that Natalie had made, smeared it over her wounds, and rubbed it into her skin.

He knew that she had high tolerance of pain, but his heart still ached for her.

While Samuel was concentrating on applying the ointment, Natalie started to feel uncomfortable.

Wherever his finger touched felt warm and cold at the same time. She felt as if there were a million ants nibbling on her skin.

Meanwhile, Samuel was in no better condition than her as the sight of her bare back gradually filled him with burning desire.

As seconds ticked by, their breaths turned heavier, and things were on the brink of losing control.

After a while, he broke the silence. "Done."

"Thank you." Natalie heaved a sigh of relief, forgetting the current position they were

1. in.

As she turned around to face Samuel, she was quickly pinned down on the bed. Unbeknown to her, he was on the verge of losing his mind, his eyes darkening with lust.

"Samuel, you..." She stared him in disbelief.

"You want to thank me, huh?" he said lowly. "How will you repay me for my kindness?"

"You were the one who volunteered to help me apply the ointment. I didn't ask you to do it." She felt her face getting warmer by the second. "Let me go... The kids are still waiting for us outside."

Samuel wanted to kiss the moving lips in front of him, but he knew that both of them did not have the time for that at the moment. Eventually, he suppressed the urge and let go of her.

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Besides, since Natalie was wounded, he was also concerned about her current condition.

If it was not for the wounds, he would have kissed her then and there.

Soon, Natalie found herself a new shirt and thought that Samuel might want to discuss the matters that happened in the evening. However, he did not.

She could not keep it any longer and asked, "Samuel, no matter who is in the wrong, I believe your grandpa would ask for an explanation."

"There's nothing to explain to him." He squeezed her chin lightly. "He wants justice, and I naturally protect the ones I want to protect. If he weren't my grandpa, I would have sought revenge."