

Chapter 67 Lay On Me

As she made an attempt to run out, he was quick to grab her. Katherine shook her head in fear and kicked him in the groin in a very hard way. He winced slightly in pain but he didn't let her go.

Katherine bite his hand that was holding hers tightly until blood gushed out of his hand but still, he didn't let her go. How strong could this man be?

Katherine was scared that he could inject her any moment from now so she sent him a knee kick in the stomach and punched his face twice but he didn't let her go still. She sent series of blows to his face and his nose began to bleed but he didn't let her go still. It was as if his left hand was glued to hers.

It was his right hand that was holding the injection.

"Let me go or I'll kill you," she said as she quickly removed the hairpin she tied her hair with and was about to struck it on his neck.

But still, he didn't let her go. She was frustrated and sent her hand forward to his neck but stopped when the pin was almost getting to his neck. All these while that she had been hitting him, if he wants to strike her with the injection, he would have done that.

"Marshall..." She suddenly called seeing how he hadn't made any move. He just held her tightly. His hand was now bleeding and his nose was streaming down with blood as well yet he didn't make any move on her.

Derrick looked at the injection in his hand and said, "I won't hurt you, Katherine. I just wanted to scare you." He said and dropped the injection to the floor then he let go of her arms slowly.

Tears rushed down Katherine's face. His words were soft, cool and were supposed to pour like a warm water on her but it went in like a sharp sword, making her feel terribly guilty. She had thought that he actually wanted to inject her and she had hurt him repeatedly.

She hurt him again and again yet he didn't even have any intention of hurting her. The guilt that overwhelmed her made her feel like burying herself alive, with tears still streaming down her face, she looked up at him and apologized, "Marshall, I'm sorry."

Derrick brought out an handkerchief from his pocket and tried to clean his face but his face was too bloody that the white handkerchief immediately became soaked with blood.

"Marshall, please sit...I'll treat you," she said, still feeling sad and guilty.

Derrick went to the bed and sat quietly. Katherine gathered her medical tools and immediately began to treat his wounds. The one on his hand and the one on his face. Took her an hour before she was done.

Although Derrick didn't make any sound while she was treating him, she knew the treatment will hurt him.

"I'm so sorry, Marshall." She apologized again.

Derrick stood and went to match the memory loss injection with his boot then he went to lay, "I'm tired." He said as he closed his eyes.

"Marshall, I'll stay with you until you wake up." She stood and went to lock the door from behind.

Katherine watched him as he laid quietly on the bed. This man kills people like ants yet he confessed to her that he will never hurt her. Is there anything special about her? Katherine thought.

She waited on him until it was midnight, she had decided not to leave this room until he wakes.

About forty five minutes later, "Father!" Derrick suddenly screamed out of his sleep. Katherine quickly went to the bed and called, "Marshall!"

It was obvious that he had a nightmare. He held his forehead and said, "my sleeps are always horrible."

"I'm so sorry, Marshall." She said.

Derrick looked at her, it was a little dark and their faces were just a distance away, he pulled her to himself and planted his lips on hers. At first, their lips remained on eachother then slowly, he sucked on her lower lips gently. Kathrine felt like she was in paradise with the way he took in her lips, she responded by sucking his upper lips. Then they sucked on eachother's lips as if it was lollipop sweet.

They didn't even know that their eyes were closed, they were both engrossed in the kissing that they forgot they were inside the room. The two of them thought they were in paradise as the moment was so passionate.

Derrick then pulled out his wet lips slowly from hers then he slowly opened his eyes. Katherine also opened her eyes and wanted to beg him to let them continue kissing. Why did he pull away? She thought to herself.

"The last time you slept beside me, I didn't experience nightmare. Might not be a coincidence, might be because you have goodluck with you." Derrick said and Katherine's jaw dropped. She didn't know what to say.

"Only that I'm not feeling sleepy again," Derrick said. "I have many wounds in my body now, my nose, my wrist, my hand and my shoulder."

"Marshall, give it seven days at most. I promise you that it will heal completely," she said.

"It's dark, shall we take a walk or do you want to go to bed?" He asked.

"I'll be honored to go on a walk with you, Marshall," she said and they both stood. He pulled off his boot and went inside the bathroom to bath then he came back with only a towel wrapped around him.

When Katherine saw him this way, his fresh legs, his chiseled and wet chest, her vagina clenched and became wet. Her tongue hovered across her lower lips seductively and she almost bite on her hard nipples. How can someone be this hot? She thought to herself.

When Derrick glanced at her, she quickly lowered her head as if she had not been staring hard at him.

Derrick wore a simple pant trouser and creamy shirt then he wore a simple slippers on his foot. Katherine had turned away when he was dressing in order to respect his privacy. Although they were husband and wife, the relationship that subsists between the both of them had never given the both of them the courage to behold eachother's nakedness.

"We can leave now," he said. Katherine stood and beheld him, although he was dressing simple, he looked too hot. She could even see his well developed muscles clearly now.

She salivated at his hotness and walked out with him. They walked out of the building through the backdoor. At the back of the supreme house, there are big pools, and many beautiful flowers that were designed in different shapes. Some flowers were made to form a garden, some were made to form triangles and squares.

They both took a walk to a garden and stood right in the middle of the flowers, the garden was averagely wide and looked very cool.

Since they had been quiet all these while, Katherine decided to break the silence, "Marshall... I feel like you are kind to me even though you are brutal to others. Yet, I'm not in any way special, although we are married, I still didn't expect you to be kind to me."

"You are the Surgeon General, being kind to you will definitely encourage you to work hard to treat my soldiers. And I must say you are really doing a good work," he answered flatly.

Was that the reason behind it? Katherine was a little dissapointed at the reason he gave.

"Is there any other reason?"

"Yes."

"Oh! Please tell me, Marshall," Katherine asked curiously.

"My mother had said in the last letter she wrote, the one she told you to give me at the hospital that I should be good to you. She said you were the kindest person she had ever met." Derrick answered but then again, Katherine was dissapointed at the answer.

"Is there any other reason?" She asked.

Derrick looked at her petite and curious face, then he asked, "is there a particular reason you want me to give?"

"Not at all, Marshall," she quickly looked away. She find it hard to look at his face most time. His face is too noble to behold.

"I have no other reason, General." He said to her.

Katherine's mood defaulted with the way he addressed her. Calling her by her name makes her feel more comfortable around him, but addressing her as 'general' makes her feel like their relationship is purely platonic. Well, was it not? It seemed that it was her who seemed to be wanting more.

It seemed their relationship will only remain platonic. Nothing positive can really come out of it. Of course, he's the god of war, high in the top while she's only a surgeon General. High in rank too but still far below his.

She just remained beside him and looked quietly.

"Let's take a walk to the pool, it's cold there," he said.

"Okay," Katherine had barely taken two steps from where she was when a strong wind suddenly blew. She suddenly collided on Derrick and held him tightly, these actions was instinctive but she was too scared that she couldn't help it.

Derrick lost balance cause of the way she had collided on her and fell to the grassy floor on the garden, he fell with his back to the floor while Katherine fell on him. Nonetheless, she held tightly onto him still. Her head resting on his chest.

After the intensity of the wind had reduced, Katherine opened her eyes and realized she was already lying on Derrick. She immediately stood up from him as the position was so awkward.

"I'm so sorry, Marshall." She suddenly apologized but Derrick remained flat on the grassy floor.

"You have done nothing wrong," he spoke calmly.

"Marshall!" She blushed. As she thought of how she had laid on him, her mind melted and her cheeks turned red. She was already looking away so that he wouldn't see the expression on his face.

Why was he still laying on the floor? Did he not have any intention of standing up?

"Your embrace warms my heart." He said and commanded in a calm tone, "Lay on me."

