

Chapter 22 You're hurting me

Caroline stood beside the door like a child who did something wrong.

Richard untied his tie, casually tossed it aside, and unbuttoned his shirt, "Come in. "

Caroline timidly walked in. In this broad daylight, she believed that he should not do anything to her.

"I'm not running away. I just went back to visit my family, and today I was going to come back to you," said Caroline.

Richard sat on the bed and raised his eyes to look at Caroline. She was wearing a pair of denim shorts and a white T-shirt, with a simple ponytail on the back of her head. People would say nothing if she said she was still in high school.

"Why are you wearing sunglasses?" Richard asked.

"Em...because it's cool," Caroline said while pushing her sunglasses upwards.

"Come here," Richard ordered.

"Why?"

"Come here," he repeated.

"Why is he so shy about words? Can he say something more?" Caroline thought.

Caroline pursed her lips, "Here is good."

Richard's metallic eyes slightly narrowed and his gaze swept towards her. She immediately felt as if all the blood in her body was going to freeze.

The Great Lucifer Richard did have the attributes of

an emperor! No one could defy his command!

"Okay, I'll come." Caroline came forward, one step at a time, and stood still when she reached a distance of more than a mile from him, "Standing here is good for me."

When Richard saw that she had stopped, he stood up, walked over to her, and reached out to take off her sunglasses. But Caroline hurriedly dodged.

Richard, instead, grabbed her arm with one hand, like a hawk catching a chick with ease, and took off Caroline's sunglasses with the other hand.

Caroline hurriedly used her free hand to cover her eyes, "Don't look!"

Although she was usually big-hearted, in the end, she was a woman, so how could she let others, especially a man like him, see her swollen eyes?

Richard certainly wouldn't listen to her. He directly removed her hand and saw her walnut-like eyes. He was stunned and asked, "What happened to you?"

Whatever. Caroline gave up and opened her eyes, "I had an inflammation!"

"Inflammation?" Richard walked over to the bed and picked up the phone.

"Yes, master?" John's voice came out.

"Get an eye doctor over here," ordered Richard.

"No, no need! I'm okay!" Caroline hurriedly shouted as she rushed forward, "John, there is no need for an eye doctor here. I'm fine!"

Caroline hurriedly pressed the disconnect button.

"Are you sure that you are okay?" Richard raised an eyebrow.

"I am sure!" What she was afraid of the most was the doctors!

"Okay!" said Richard.

Caroline was standing near the bed, so Richard pushed her down onto the bed. Caroline was just about to get up when he held her wrists and pinned her down!

"Hey! What are you doing in broad daylight?" asked Caroline.

"I am doing you!" Caroline didn't know what button he pressed, and the curtains were immediately pulled up slowly. The room darkened.

By the time the curtains were fully drawn, the room was pitch black and no different from night.

"It's dark now." Richard kissed her while he grabbed her hands above her head.

In front of Richard Preston, Caroline was completely powerless.

A burst of pain came from her back, and her pushing made the wound on her back rub against her clothes constantly. She could not help but whimper in pain.

"It hurt!" said Caroline.

"I haven't come into you yet." Richard left her lips.

But when he looked at her miserable pale face, he finally realized that Caroline was not pretending, but really hurt.

"Where does it hurt?" he asked.

Caroline bit her lip and turned her head to the side.

Richard slightly probed his upper body forward, and Caroline subconsciously dodged. The friction in her back made her frown again.

Seeing this, he knew that the injury should be on her back!

Richard easily flipped her over, his hands grabbed her collar with ease, and her cotton T-shirt was ripped in half.

Seeing Caroline's back, the line between his eyebrows deepened.

Caroline's smooth back was covered with trails of wounds. Although not bleeding, her entire back was bruised, purple, or red, and several wounds would soon bleed.

Perhaps because of the pain of the wound, Caroline did not even wear a bra. Such an injury is bound to forbid any touching.

"Have you seen enough? Get out of me!" Caroline's grumpy voice came.

"No." Richard picked up the phone again and told John to bring up the medicine.

"I'm fine. It is not serious for me. The injury is in my back and I can't see it myself. "

Richard finally did not press her. She signed in relief.

He adjusted his posture to sit on the edge of the bed and said, "But I can see it."

"So?" Caroline sat up from the bed, by the way, taking

one pillow to cover her upper body. This man was too rough. Tear off her clothes? What the hell?

Richard looked at her but did not speak.

John was very effective. In no more than five minutes, the medicine and cotton swabs were delivered to the bedroom.

Caroline hugged the pillow, her eye-catching collarbone showing.

Richard put the potion on the nightstand, pulled out a cotton swab, and dipped some, "On your stomach."

Caroline took a deep breath and asked, "Are you going to apply the drug to me?"

"Or what?"

"Then be gentle." Caroline plopped down on the bed.

Richard took the cotton swab and applied it to Caroline's wound on her back.

"Hiss..." Caroline exhaled sharply, "Hey! It hurts!"

Richard did not speak, but the movement of his hands was much gentler.

When his movements soothed down, Caroline cocked her head and took a glance at Richard.

There was something kind in the demon's eyes. Did she see it wrong? That is indeed a kind, even the piercing light in his eyes.

In the past, she felt shivering even when she looked at him, just as Leo said before.

Richard dropped the cotton swab in his hand, and the smell of the medicine permeated the room.

"It's done," said Richard.

Caroline was still holding the pillow, blocking her chest.

She looked at Richard, and she suddenly felt she couldn't understand this man. Didn't Leo say that he would immediately divorce her? Why didn't he mention the divorce at all? He, on the other hand, is constantly...flirting with her?

"Hey, can I ask you a question?" asked Caroline.

"Sure," Richard replied while putting his sleeve down.

She has to admit that every move of him was good for her eyes.

"Why haven't we gotten a divorce?" she asked.

Reward

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