

### Chapter 351 Heal Her Leg

'He doesn't want me to fall in love with him,

At the same time, he doesn't want me to escape from him.'

They entered the house. Everett did not look relaxed.

Delilah looked around the house and felt that no one had come to the house.

'Did Havana not come here today?' She thought.

Everett looked at her and said,

"Go to the bathroom and take a shower."

'Didn't he tell me that he would heal me? Did he change his mind?'

Delilah only nodded and went upstairs.

She took a shower and went out of the bathroom. She saw him sitting on the bed.

Delilah walked slowly and said,

"I am going to make dinner."

"First sit on the bed." He ordered with a cold voice.

Delilah did not argue and went to sit on the bed beside him.

Everett turned to her and looked at her right foot. The scratches were not simple. A small piercing could be seen. It caused the blood to rush out a few minutes ago.

He stood up and bent one knee as he sat on the floor.

Delilah was startled. "W-What are you d-doing?"

Everett ignored her question and touched her right leg.

"W-What-"

"Can you shut the fuck up?" He yelled as he glared at her.

"But where is the potion that would heal me?"

"Didn't I tell you that I would heal you?"

"B-But..AAaahhh!"

She could not help but moan when Everett's lips touched her foot.

"Ev-Everett, w-what are you doing?"

She gulped and asked him.

He did not reply to her. He focused on her leg.

His hands were wrapped around her ankle to keep her leg unmoved.

She felt his tongue moving on her wound. His lips brushed her leg.

She took deep breaths. It was painful. At the same time, she felt a different sensation.

It was very intimate to see him licking her leg.

It was just a shocking thing for her to see. Because when they spent the night together, she could not see him because of the blindfold. Now she could see him rolling his tongue over her leg.

He kept doing that for some time.

The feeling of pain was removed and she started to feel pleasure. She gasped when she felt him kissing her leg.

"Everett!"

She moaned his name. Her mind lost its sense as it wanted more from him.

Her body wanted him to touch her everywhere.

He didn't stop and his eyes were looking at her face.

It looked like he was doing something deep to her.

He stood up without leaving her leg. That made her upper body fall onto the bed.

Her back pressed against the bed and she stared at Everett.

His hand moved up to her leg from her ankle, which shifted her long dress up.

She felt goosebumps all over her body.

What was he doing to her?

She bit her lower lip and stared at him with a pair of shy eyes.

Her right thigh was exposed to him. His hand was on her thigh.

"Why did you come back late?"

His profound voice shook her from inside. Delilah realized what she was doing or thinking.

She immediately tried to sit up but his grip tightened.

She wheezed. She felt pain in her thigh which was grabbed by him.

"You are hurting me, master." She said with a cold voice.

She did not want to talk to him, not after what he told her last night. She did not know why she fell into his trap a few minutes ago.

"Leave my leg."

Everett glared at her. "Where. Were. You?"

Delilah grabbed his wrist and pushed his hand from her leg. Then she sat up and fixed her clothes.

"I was out for some time. I forgot about the time."

He didn't move but bent toward her.

Delilah felt her heart beat become fast. She gulped when he came close to her face.

He sniffed and said,

"You smell fresh now. Otherwise, I was smelling another man from you."

Delilah's eyes widened. "An-Another m-man?"

He grimaced at her. "Weren't you with another man?"

Delilah was frightened that he could smell others.

"T-That was m-my-"

"Boyfriend?"

Delilah shook her head. "No, he is my friend."

"You go to the hospital not to do work but to make friends?"

Delilah lowered her head. "Why can't I make friends when you have your friends?" She said in her mind, not in front of him.

"No answer?"

"Why can't I make friends?"

"Now you want to socialize with others, I see."

He moved from her and stood straight.

"Stay away from that man." He uttered and turned around to leave the bedroom.

She got mad at him when she heard him.

She stood up and asked,

"Why would I stay away from him? Why can't I make friends? You also have friends. You even have a lover. Then why can't I make one?"

She heard a growl. He turned to her.

"Don't dare to talk about this again. You can't go anywhere. You are living here and I caged you here. You can't escape, I told you."

Delilah saw his black eyes turn orange in anger.

"Why don't you want me to leave?"

"Because you are my slave."

Delilah scoffed which made him infuriated.

"You also know that. I am a slave just by name. You never touched me after my heat, but did you touch me before that night? Then how can you call me your slave?"

Everett was silent while glaring at her.

Delilah gathered all her courage. She wanted to talk to him about her heart. She could not live like this anymore.

She stepped forward and dared to hug him.

"I also don't want to go away from you. I have no intention of escaping from you. I know you think of me as just a slave, but I want to tell you about my feelings."

She raised her head and looked up at him. He looked stunned by her words and actions.

She smiled at him and confessed,

"Will you give us a chance? Because I love you, Everett. I really love you a lot."