

## Chapter 2 Madam

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Samuel's voice startled me awake. I quickly removed my hand, smoothing down my dress.

"What is it?" I asked, trying to sound calm.

"Madam, could you come outside for a moment?"

I suppressed my arousal, got out of bed, and went to the bathroom to splash water on my face and compose myself.

Samuel was urging me from the yard. I quickly threw on a jacket and shouted,

"Coming, coming."

I slowly walked towards him. He smiled and waved. This man's hormones were incredibly potent; I was already attracted to him before I even got close.

"What is it, Samuel?" I pursed my lips, forcing my gaze away from him and onto the garden flowers.

Samuel held a saw, his arms moving as if he was showing off his muscles. He smiled and said,

"I can't trim these branches alone. Could you please help me pull them down?"

I bit my lip and nodded, tiptoeing to reach the branches. I called to Samuel,

"You come over here and trim them. I'll pull them down for you."

Samuel walked towards me with the saw. He skillfully trimmed the lush branches and then pointed to another area, motioning for me to come over.

I nodded and walked beside him. We were so close that as I was pointing out another branch that needed trimming, I accidentally touched his firm, toned abs.

Perhaps it was because I hadn't been intimate with a man in a long time, but the moment my hand touched his warm skin, I felt my mouth go dry.

Samuel didn't seem to mind my touch; he even leaned closer.

My heart pounded violently. I looked at his abs, so close, still feeling the warmth of my touch.

Involuntarily, I began to examine his incredibly attractive body. He was so strong. My gaze, almost mesmerized, drifted from his Adam's apple to his chest, abs, waist, and the bulge between his legs.

Samuel must be amazing in bed...

I couldn't help but imagine what he was like. Wild, rough, full of energy, relentlessly driving a woman to the point of surrender.

I was shocked by these thoughts. I'm a married woman! How could I think such things?

It's insane!

I shook my head, trying to dismiss the thoughts.

Samuel was completely unaware of the thoughts racing through my mind in the space of half a minute. He smiled and continued talking, leading me to another area that needed attention.

"Madam, there are a lot of weeds here, and the saw isn't very useful. Could you please pull them out?"

Samuel pointed to a patch of weeds and bushes. I nodded, crouched down, and began to pull weeds.

Samuel knelt behind me, also pulling weeds. Soon, I had cleared the area in front of me. I stood up, lost my balance, and stumbled backward.

Samuel had also stood up, and I fell right into his arms. My back pressed against his chest without any space between us.

His arms wrapped around me, brushing against my breasts. His strong, muscular arms held me tightly.

It felt like an electric shock. I quickly pulled away.

My husband used to like to knead my breasts in bed, but I never really felt anything. I thought my breasts were just insensitive.

But today...

The intimate contact with Samuel sent a wave of intense pleasure mixed with shame through me.

Nervousness, excitement, and arousal all hit at once. The unfamiliar sensations made my face flush crimson.

It must be because I haven't been touched by a man in so long.

I repeated this to myself as I distanced myself from Samuel.

"Madam, what's wrong? Why are you so red?"

The culprit himself asked, completely oblivious, looking at me with concern.

Embarrassed and flustered, I couldn't accept that I had felt something for a stranger's touch. I covered my face and tried to run home, ashamed.

"I don't feel well! I'm going inside. If you need help, ask someone else!"

I didn't dare raise my head, afraid Samuel would notice something was wrong. I hurried towards the house, my haste causing me to stumble. As I ran past Samuel, there was a sharp crack, my ankle twisted, and I fell.

Just as my face was about to hit the ground, Samuel caught me.

"Madam, are you alright? Did you twist your ankle?"

The next second, the strong male scent overwhelmed me, making me forget the pain in my foot.

Samuel held me in his arms, and my buttocks pressed against his erect manhood.

Oh, God!

My heart began to race.

I could feel him getting harder.