

Chapter 3 Help Me

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Samuel was oblivious to my discomfort, scooping me up in his arms.

"Don't move, my dear. I'll get you to bed."

His scent, thick with hormones, filled my senses. Blushing, I inhaled deeply. The room still held the lingering aroma of our passion.

Then I remembered the mess on the bed. By the time Samuel carried me inside, it was too late; the soaked sheets were undeniable.

He smirked, "My dear, it seems your husband isn't quite meeting your needs."

My face burned. I frantically pulled the covers over the stain, stammering,

"No, it's not like that."

Samuel chuckled, a smoldering intensity in his eyes, a smile both alluring and unsettling. Shame and embarrassment washed over me; I wanted him gone.

But Samuel said,

"Let me apply some ointment, or your ankle will be stiff for days."

I looked at my swollen, throbbing ankle, and agreed.

"It's in the bedside table drawer."

Samuel retrieved the ointment, his movements showcasing his powerful physique, making me blush again.

That same hand had effortlessly lifted me?

He knelt, holding my ankle gently. He applied the liniment, massaging it in.

"It might sting a bit," he said.

I bit my lip, closed my eyes, and nodded, "I can handle it."

His touch, firm yet gentle, was more painful than I anticipated. I whimpered,

"Ow...easier..."

His hands stilled. He looked up, a playful glint in his eyes, his gaze burning with desire.

I realized what I'd done and covered my mouth. But the pain made me gasp.

My eyes snapped open as the pain intensified, and I saw the unmistakable bulge in his trousers from his kneeling position.

It was impossible to miss.

Especially since he'd spread his legs wide, almost flaunting it.

My throat tightened, my breathing ragged, and forbidden thoughts flooded my mind.

I grabbed a nearby glass of water and drank it down, trying to quell the heat rising within me.

As he continued the massage, a warm wave spread between my legs, weakening my knees.

My seat was soaked. I tried to cover it, but it was hopeless.

Samuel's eyes were fixed on the stain, a knowing smile playing on his lips. His hands moved from my ankle, up my leg, resting on my thigh.

"Let me massage your thigh to improve circulation," he said.

My eyes widened as his hand moved towards my inner thigh.

He reached for the waistband of my thong, pulling it slightly, then releasing it.

The sound of elastic against skin filled the room, a sound both intimate and mortifying. My face burned. Samuel smirked, giving my buttock a playful squeeze.

"My dear, you have a lovely figure. If I were your husband, I'd cherish you."

I wanted to protest, but his words only fueled my arousal. I should have pushed him away, but I couldn't help but relax.

"No...stop..."

My refusal was a mere whisper, a seductive murmur.

Another wave of heat washed over me, my legs trembling. My thong was drenched.

I stared at Samuel, a mixture of confusion and shame in my eyes, speechless.

His intense gaze made me want to vanish.

With one arm, he lifted me and carried me to the bathroom, smirking as he opened my jacket.

"Your underwear is soaked, let me get you a fresh one!"

My lingerie was exposed. He turned me, kneeling me with my back to him.

He nipped my buttock, sending a jolt of heat through me.

"No..."

I couldn't control the way my hips moved as I protested.

He pulled down his trousers and slapped my bottom. "My dear, I'll make sure you're satisfied!"

Just then, my husband's voice called from outside.

I snapped back to reality, trying to escape, but Samuel grabbed me, slamming the bathroom door shut.

He pinned my arms above my head, pressing me against the door.

"No! Let me go, Samuel!"

The reflection in the door would show everything to my husband!

I struggled, but Samuel held firm.

"Don't you find this more exciting?"

He licked my ear, sending a shiver through me, arching my back, my bottom thrusting towards him.

He slapped my buttock, spread my legs, and then thrust...