

Love After Divorce: My Ex-husband Wants Me Back - Adeline's Passionate Encounter with Brendan

Chapter 1 Sex Without Love

The night was dark, and outside, thunder clapped and lightning flashed. It had been raining all day.

Adeline Dawson was curled up in bed. She'd wrapped herself in a quilt, but despite that, she still couldn't help trembling.

She had been afraid of dark, stormy nights since she was a child. She felt as if countless invisible hands were going to grab her and drag her into the abyss.

Adeline bit her lip. Even though her whole body was covered in sweat now, she still didn't dare to move a muscle or make a sound.

Creak.

The door of the bedroom slowly swung open. Then, Adeline heard the sound of leather shoes against the wooden floor.

Adeline's heart started beating fast, and she held her breath for so long that she began getting chest pains. Her mind started filling with horrible scenes that made her shiver.

She was alone in this big villa. In order to guarantee the privacy of the masters, the servants all stayed in another house behind the main residence.

Next thing Adeline knew, someone was pulling the quilt off her, which made her tremble even more.

"Don't..."

She screamed in panic, but that didn't stop the intruder from ripping away the quilt ruthlessly. Through her tears, Adeline saw a handsome man in a white shirt in front of her. It was Brendan Clemons, her husband.

"What are you doing here?" Looking at Brendan in front of her, Adeline felt her fears gradually subside. Her heart, which had jumped to her throat, slowly returned to its rightful place.

"Why? Were you expecting somebody else?" Letting go of the quilt, Brendan snorted and then began unbuttoning his shirt. With his slender fingers, he undid his buttons one by one, revealing his toned, honey-colored chest.

Adeline immediately blushed and turned away.

"Are you shy?" Brendan stared at his wife who was sitting up in a fetal position in bed. She had on a silk slip nightdress. She looked very nervous, and she wouldn't meet his gaze. One of the straps of her nightdress had fallen down from her shoulder, and the way she was curled up raised the hem of her nightdress to her thigh. Under the dim lights, her flawless skin looked even more seductive.

Brendan swallowed as he felt a little bit turned on.

Adeline and Brendan had been married for three years, and they had sex frequently. Seeing the expression on Brendan's face, Adeline immediately knew what he was thinking.

"Go take a shower." Adeline jumped out of bed. She took out Brendan's pajamas from the wardrobe, handed them to him, and shoved him into the bathroom.

A few moments later, she heard the sound of running water from the bathroom. Thinking of what would happen after Brendan was done taking a shower, Adeline felt her eyes sting.

During the past three years, she had been dutifully playing the role of Mrs. Clemons. But when night fell and she and Brendan were alone in the room, he tortured her in bed.

He was like a crazy, insatiable beast that didn't stop until she was completely exhausted.

While Adeline was in a daze, the door of the bathroom swung open, and Brendan stepped out. He didn't wear the pajamas that she prepared for him. Instead, he only wrapped a bath towel around his waist. Water was dripping from his hair all the way down to his abdomen until it was absorbed by the towel.

Before Adeline could get prepared, Brendan yanked off the towel and threw it on the floor. He grabbed her and put her on her back on the mattress. Next thing Adeline knew, Brendan was sliding her panties aside and entering her, and she was letting out a cry of pain.

Brendan went on top of her and started pumping. The hot air that he breathed out made her earlobes and her neck itch. Then, he moved to kiss and suckle on her plump breasts. She couldn't help moaning and trembling from the excitement.

Brendan was so hot and hard inside of her, and his thrusts were short and swift. Adeline had to admit that her husband was indeed skilled in bed. After only three years, he had already memorized where her most sensitive spots were. At the moment, he found one of those spots and ground against it, driving her insane with pleasure.

The ecstatic feeling made Adeline's head spin, and she could feel every jolt of it shooting up her spine. She was addicted to that feeling. As Brendan pushed in and dragged out, she arched her back and then raised her hips. She was desperate to meet his every thrust. She needed to be filled.

Wet, slapping sounds filled the room together with Brendan's sexy grunts.

"I want to hear you moan, honey. Come on. Let those sounds out." Brendan's deep, alluring voice bewitched Adeline to the point of complete abandon.

She finally opened her tightly sealed lips and let her satisfaction transform into soft yet unrestrained groans of pleasure. Finally hearing his wife moan, Brendan was even more aroused. He almost couldn't stop himself.

After taking her thoroughly on the bed, he picked her up, set her on the floor, and took her there. He also took her in the bathroom and on the balcony. He made her come again and again as if he never got tired. Finally, she was exhausted, and she fell asleep in his arms.

After a long time, Adeline opened her eyes. Hearing Brendan breathing steadily, she knew that he was sleeping soundly. She removed his hand from her waist, slipped out of bed, and tiptoed to the window. She sat down and stared blankly at the night sky.

Three years had passed. In all that time, Brendan had never called her "honey" unless they were having sex.

Adeline turned around and gazed at the handsome sleeping face of Brendan. Except when they were in bed, his eyes were always cold and emotionless when he looked at her.