

141 Silk Tie [R18]

The dinner was canceled at that very moment; both of them knew that the physical hunger--if it was still there--was no longer an issue. The famished grumbling resounded in their hearts now and the choice was ridiculously obvious.

They couldn't get their hands off each other the entire ride back to the hotel. Amelie had already tasted Liam's lips but if before the kisses they shared were reserved and somewhat timid, tonight, there were no more restrictions set. The two of them were allowed to go show each other how greedy they had been this whole time.

They had no idea how they reached their suite; but as they found themselves inside the dark room, with only the subtle moonlight seeping through the partly drawn curtains, Amelie suddenly became too aware of herself, and that alone made her take a step backward, pressing her back against the wall.

Liam remained motionless for a few seconds, his eyes filled with a confused glint. He watched her

intently, waiting until she had nowhere else to flee. Finally, he began to advance toward her, each step deliberate and taunting, matching the frantic rhythm of Amelie's heartbeat.

Pausing only briefly, he leaned in closer, their bodies almost touching. Amelie found herself at a loss, even the simple act of breathing becoming a challenge with the man standing so near. She couldn't believe that her body decided to turn anxiety back on.

Sensing her nervousness, in one careful motion, Liam reached out and removed a few strands of Amelie's hair from her blushing face, taking a moment to admire the melting blend of brown and green in her eyes.

His gray eyes narrowed as he scrutinized her, the intensity of his gaze making Amelie feel increasingly exposed. Despite being fully clothed, she couldn't shake the sensation of being completely naked under his penetrating stare.

With a slender neck and the hint of collarbone exposed through the unbuttoned part of her black overcoat, along with the gentle rise and fall



of her chest with each shallow breath, the man observed every detail.

"You look too nervous, Lily," his hoarse voice sounded like a wake-up call to her.

Embarrassed, she lowered her eyes. The rumors about him being a womanizer emerged inside her mind again and she felt uneasiness stiffen her chest. She had been faithful to Richard all her life so that was all she knew. She had no idea how to embrace something so new and exciting.

In a feeble attempt to assert some sort of authority, Amelie tried to push the man away to distance herself from his imposing stance, but she wasn't strong enough to move him. Instead, her failed attempt made him spread his lips in a somewhat cunning grin.

There was nothing else to do now. With her hands shaking slightly, Amelie removed her coat and dropped it on the floor. Then, she started unbuttoning her fitted dress slowly, mostly because the angular shape of the buttons refused to slip through the holes.

While she tried to remove her clothes, Liam finally leaned closer and whispered in her ear,

his hot breath brushing over her skin, making her trembling hands freeze.

"Stop. I'll do it for you."

Before she could say anything back, large hands lifted her body effortlessly as if she were a child. Cradled in the man's strong arms, she looked at him, their faces finally leveled, her eyelashes fluttering as she struggled to compose her emotions.

Liam fixed his glowing gray eyes on his wife's and asked somewhat tenderly,

"Are you still scared?"

His question didn't require her response because as soon as it left his lips, he placed her onto the bed and leaned over her, looking into her eyes for just a brief moment.

In a swift movement, he kissed her, and his kiss was wild. He bit her lower lip and then teased her tongue, rubbing and sucking on it. He tortured her sensitive palate and only pulled away when she moaned. Running his fingers over her slightly swollen lips, he looked down at her again.

"I know what you're thinking about," he whispered, pressing his forehead against hers, "You are self-conscious and scared that you won't meet my expectations, but that's not true. Let's guide each other. I'll start."

With that, Liam climbed on the bed behind her, trapping her between his legs. Amelie flinched as he suddenly slid his hand down her chest, placing it over her breast.

The sensation was tender, yet strange and Amelie's lips trembled. She didn't know what to do. His hand moved down her breast, then slowly, it ran over her belly, between her legs, stopping at a place that only one man had touched before.

"You said you had no regrets, that I am enough," Liam whispered and Amelie froze again. "I'll prove to you that you were not mistaken."

The man's words made her face flush with heat. Liam leaned over to remove her heels, leaving her barefoot. When he pulled up her dress to reveal her thighs, she called his name again.

"Liam, wait..."



"Are you still embarrassed?" He asked as he ran his lips over her earlobe.

She wasn't embarrassed by what he was doing but she was embarrassed by her own responses to his touch. Unfortunately for her, her husband was too smart and figured it out right away.

"Do you want me to cover your eyes then?"

Truthfully, Amelie didn't really want that, but she nodded her head, agreeing to his suggestion anyway. She hoped that with her vision obscured, she would finally let go of her mind's constraints and enjoy the moment.

Liam grinned again and started undoing his tie while his wife lowered her head in anticipation. Still working on his tie, he leaned closer again and planted a kiss on the back of Amelie's neck, sending tingles all over her body.

That reaction only excited Liam more. He bit the skin on her neck, making the woman flinch in surprise--she didn't want that to leave a mark everyone could see!

She was about to push his face away from her but Liam caught her protesting hand and kissed

it.

"It's alright. Close your eyes, Lily."

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