



## 144 I Hope You Felt The Same [R18]

"You are finally getting comfortable," Liam suddenly broke their kiss, his hot whisper brushing over the woman's lips. He then bit the tip of her nose and added, "Let's test your limits a little more." 1

With that, the man lifted his wife's legs over his shoulders and grinned. Due to the considerable difference in their body sizes, Amelie's hips were now above the bed, and his manhood penetrated deep into her opening.

Amelie's eyes widened but she rushed to close them that very instant. It was harder to endure his deep movements in this position, and her legs started to tremble. Liam moved himself slowly into her and the moment his length reached deep inside her, unbearable heat spread up from her lower crotch and coursed through her entire body.

She let out another moan, arching her back, her ribcage protruding, almost ready to burst from



under her sweat-covered skin; and even though she was squirming and shuddering, Liam still didn't hold back, driving into her even more intensely.

Amelie's nails were now digging into the man's skin--a feeble attempt to get a hold of herself after she climaxed hard again. With her face tilted to the side, her lips trembled but her words were drowning in her wild breathing.

"Liam... I-I can't..."

Liam knew she came again but he kept moving his waist regardless. The overwhelming pleasure he was causing her made her think that she could die at any moment; she had absolutely no idea what to do with herself. Scratching his back with her fingernails, she pleaded desperately again.

"I can't... I can't take it anymore..."

"You can't?" Liam asked as if mocking her.

But all Amelie could force herself to do was to shake her head in response.

The man grinned and moved his hips even faster.



The sight of his wife almost begging for rest was enticing him way too much for him to stop.

Surrendering to his rejection, Amelie's vision blurred and only moans came from her mouth, droplets of sweat running down her temples.

Her fingers grasped the sheets again and the room shuddered with her groan that she desperately tried to confine behind her gritted teeth.

It was her third climax in a row.

Liam caught her from behind her back with his strong forearms, holding her trembling body with his large hands as he looked down at her flushed face. Amelie locked her eyes on his, her chest rising up and down as she was trying to catch her breath.

Wrapping his arms around her, he rose from the bed, leaving her suspended in the air.

Instinctively, Amelie wrapped her legs around her husband's waist and pressed herself closer to his chest while Liam held her tighter and put her body against the wall. It was cold against her skin and her toes curled from that unexpected sensation.



Although Amelie was too weak to protest, she was still conscious enough to find herself in that position. She had never had sex like that before and was worried about falling to the floor. Betraying her concerns, both her arms and legs tightened their grip on Liam's body and he scoffed as he realized that she was scared.

In an attempt to distract her from her worries, he only pushed his length deeper, supporting the woman's body by her butt.

His huge, hot manhood made embarrassing sounds as he thrust inside her, his body rocking violently as he pounded into her. Amelie's body was slippery from sweat and she was biting on Liam's shoulder as if it would help her cling onto him even better.

She thought she could no longer climax again, and yet, Amelie's body continued to shake uncontrollably while the tingling and tightness gripped her lower body once more. She felt like she was losing her mind, tears running down her face as she closed her eyes tightly.

"Liam..." She finally unclenched her jaw and whispered in his neck. Liam let out a low growl.





"Say it again. My name." His lips moved over her ear as he pressed his face closer. "Don't be afraid to say my name at times like these."

Clinging onto him with her last strength, Amelie embraced her husband and spoke his name in a whirl of passion and pleasure.

"Liam."

The sound of his name repeated in her voice made Liam let out another growl. His thick, hard manhood thrust deep inside her and Amelie felt hot liquid fill her in. Her arms and legs shook with the indescribable pleasure, and even after her body went limp, her hands continued to tremble. 1

As Amelie was lost in her climax, her vision was blurred as she inhaled and exhaled, struggling to fill her burning lungs with air, desperately clinging to consciousness as it threatened to fade at any moment. She tried to think how many times Liam was able to cum while inside her but her brain refused to stay focused even on that.

She felt like passing out completely. She had never had sex this intense before but even while she was on the verge of dying, her husband



could still go on. Amelie felt unpleasantly weak.

"Liam..." She pleaded feebly and the man planted a tender kiss on her damp temple.

"I know," he whispered understandingly, "I'll let you get some rest now."

Amelie moaned again as Liam pulled himself out from her opening, and she felt the liquid inside flow out of her, running down her skin.

The man gently placed her back on the bed and quickly cleaned her with the first towel he could grab, hoping that it would be enough until she could take a proper bath later.

He then covered her with the blanket and moved her sweaty hair away from her still-blushing face. Her eyes were already closed and now she looked as serene as before.

"It looks like I have really overdone it tonight... I'm sorry, Lily, it was very difficult to control myself with you."

Liam planted another kiss on Amelie's forehead and smiled. "Still, you were amazing, Amelie. I hope you felt the same." 1

