

## 165 Pouring Oil Over the Fire

"I'm sorry, Amelie," Liam stammered again, his voice cracking as his eyes filled with bitter tears.

"I didn't mean to hurt you like that. I know it sounds like an excuse, but I truly had no idea what I was doing. I was sleepwalking, and she just happened to be there, so--" 1

Liam didn't get to finish his sentence as he noticed Amelie's expression darken.

She was staring at his chest, her gaze unfocused and somewhat distant.

Panic surged through him, and he gently cupped his wife's face, tilting it upward so she was forced to look at him again. Tears streamed down his face and he almost shouted, "Lily, I swear, nothing happened! She pulled me into her room, but she didn't do anything to me, and neither did I to her! You know I would never hurt you on purpose! I'm ready to do anything to prove it! I--"

His words caught in his throat as Amelie's warm hand reached up to his face, gently wiping the



tears from his cheeks.

She offered him a light, reassuring smile, her eyes softening, her voice barely above a whisper.

"I believe you, Liam. I believe you."

Liam's breath hitched, his heart swelling with a mix of relief and gratitude. He leaned into her touch, closing his eyes as he let her words wash over him like a pleasant warm rain.

Then, Amelie's fingers softly moved down to his lips, and she said something else; something he didn't expect to hear.

"Kiss me."

Liam's eyes widened, he could hear his heartbeat in his ears.

"Wh-what?"

"You said you would do anything... So kiss me. Right now."

At these words, the man's eyes narrowed for a brief moment, before he opened his mouth, his face moving closer to Amelie's.

"Your wish is my command."



At first, their lips touched slowly and tenderly as if they both were scared of each other's reaction. Then, however, feeling greedy like he did before, Liam softly bit Amelie's lower lip, prompting her to open her mouth, and slipped his tongue in.

A tingling sensation she had already forgotten about, rapidly surged in her lower belly once more. She let out a small, quiet moan, and her arms automatically reached forward, tightly embracing her husband.

Accepting Amelie's hug, Liam pulled her closer to his body, his hot tongue still dancing passionately inside her mouth. The longer they kissed, the hotter their bodies felt and before they knew it, they both started undressing one another while carefully making their way toward the bed.

Already on the bed, with Liam's body hovering over Amelie's, their lips finally parted, a loud, wet noise shattering the silence in the bedroom, their hot breaths panting in unison.

At last, the man opened his eyes ever so slightly, a sharp glare of a hungry predator scanning his





wife's blushing face.

"What do you want me to do?" He asked quietly, his hot breath brushing over her face.

Amelie hesitated for a few moments but her eyes never left his intense gaze. Bracing herself, she swallowed loudly and finally replied,

"I want to... I want you to show me how much you love me... I want to show you how... how much I missed you."

Amelie had no idea what had come over her.

She wanted to be completely in his grasp; she wanted to be in his power. She wanted to see what he would do if she were to lower her guard in a moment like this and allow him to do what his instincts were forcing him to do.

Somehow, unlike the first time, she was ready. No, she was actually willing.

"Are you sure?" Liam had read the readiness in his wife's eyes and his own gray orbs flickered with desire.

Amelie's breath stumbled in her throat and instead of answering with words, she only

nodded slowly, relaxing her body in his embrace.

Without hesitation, as if scared that she would change her mind, Liam undid his tie and wrapped it around the woman's wrists, tying it to the cold, gold-coated bars of the headrest of their bed.

Amelie flinched a little, realizing that her upper body was now trapped and yet, it made her feel even more excited at the same time. With Liam, she knew that she was safe.

As her husband was finishing tying the knot with his tie, Amelie tried to pull her face up in an effort to kiss him but her lips could not reach his and she ended up only arching her chest and neck in an erotic movement.

Liam's eyes shone once more, his hot tongue moving over his lower lip.

Grabbing both of her thin wrists with his right hand, he leaned in closer, his lips only a breath away from hers as he whispered, "When you twist your body like this... What is it that you want, Lily?"

Amelie hesitated, moving her eyes away from her husband's grinning face, but then let out a long sigh, and moaned. "I want to do it with you... I want you to put it inside me."

Only when those words left her mouth did she realize how embarrassing she sounded.

Flustered, she bit her lower lip and closed her eyes, feeling utterly ashamed of herself.

She wished she could be more blunt, more seductive, more honest. She wished her words and actions could be just as arousing as everything Liam did. But alas, she had no talent for such things.

Liam, however, seemed to be completely unbothered by her embarrassment.

His lips twitched into a brief, somewhat menacing grin while his dark gray eyes moved slowly over the enchanting curve of Amelie's submissive body.

A dozen dangerous thoughts rushed through his frantic mind but he clenched his teeth and pushed them all away, struggling to keep his cool as his low, husky voice finally escaped his lips.



"You don't get it, do you? When you are so defenseless in front of me... Every single word you say... is like you are purposefully pouring oil over the fire, Lily."

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