

166 You Still Manage to Break Me Apart [R18]

With that, Liam's hands slowly moved over Amelie's body, sending goosebumps all over her soft skin. 1

Moving over her neck, collarbones, and cleavage, he lightly brushed her nipples with the tips of his fingers, making her chest tremble with light excitement.

His hands then slid down her waist and thighs, all the way down to her calves, and finally grasped her ankles, spreading her legs wide before him.

"Giving me your permission to do anything... it's quite a dangerous move, Lily... I will still try to control myself for your sake," he murmured as he pushed one of the pillows under his wife's lower back.

With one swift move, Liam removed Amelie's silk panties and threw them onto the floor, taking a moment to admire the pinkish hue of her soft skin. Amelie flinched at the



embarrassing feeling of total exposure but didn't dare to move, remaining obediently motionless.

Fixing his stormy eyes between her legs, Liam moved his wife's right ankle closer to his face and planted a light kiss on her skin, struggling with the hidden desire to bare his teeth and leave a visible bite mark on her skin.

He then slowly ran his fingers over her folds and a slight smile graced his full lips.

"It looks like you are ready, but... I don't want to grant you your wish just yet... Let's do something else before I comply with your request."

Amelie didn't get a chance to respond to his words as she felt something hot and stiff thrust above her crotch.

As she released a short moan, Liam joined her thighs together, trapping himself between them.

His manhood was stiff and the way it protruded between her thin thighs was almost intimidating, its tip sliding easily through the silky surface of her white skin.

"Even though you are ready to take me in, I



promised you I would be gentle during our next time, so... I'm going to do my best tonight."

Although Amelie was grateful that her husband had listened to her, somehow, she still felt that his words were nothing but a mere lie to make her lower her guard.

She had already forgotten how big he was and with his every movement being somewhat purposefully emphasized, she could have sworn it was almost as if he was already inside her.

She was tingling all over and before she could even realize it, she was already dripping wet.

It was embarrassing how easily aroused that man was able to make her feel.

At first, Amelie's body tensed under the shame, but the more his hot, thick manhood rubbed her between her legs, the more relaxed and submissive she became, following the guidance of her hot body.

Focusing her fading attention on Liam's careful movements, eventually, she could even feel every little twitch of the blood vessels hardening under the skin of his stiff member.



At last, her thighs began to shake as the faint sense of pleasure started making its way to her sensitive spots.

Her instincts were practically screaming at her, urging her to grasp something; hold onto something to steady her body but Amelie's hands were bound and all she could do was succumb to the abrupt impulses that shook her body like small electric currents.

Again and again, Liam simply continued to thrust himself between his wife's thighs, his lips spreading wider as he watched Amelie's body twitch below him.

Every time he shoved his member between her soft thighs, her body shuddered, making her heaving chest bounce, her soft, round breasts only adding to his own growing arousal.

With yet another sudden wave of pleasure, Amelie pulled her arms over her face, her elbows joining together, but Liam pushed her wrists back up, fixing his dark eyes on hers, his words barely audible as he warned her,

"Don't move. You have to stay like this at least until I come."



Placing her joined feet over his left shoulder, the man grabbed Amelie's right breast with his free hand, trapping her hardened pink nipple between his fingers. His glare flickered as he watched his wife slightly arch her back from the sensation and he fought himself licking his lips, barely holding himself back from running his hot tongue all over her chest.

Even his gaze alone was making Amelie feel extremely shy. Liam had that invisible power, something innate in his mere nature that made her feel even more exposed even though there was already nothing left to separate her from his intense stare.

Every time he looked at her like that, from above, she felt like the most lustful, sensual woman in the world.

She felt like a musical instrument tuned perfectly to his personal touch. No one else could play her like that.

Slowly, yet persistently, excitement began to take control of her body and Amelie could no longer pretend to be coy. Her body gave out all her honest feelings and Liam soaked up every



little shudder of his wife's muscles under the weight of the pleasure he continued to inflict upon her.

Liam enjoyed every little flinch, every tiny gasp that escaped Amelie's frame, and stroked himself even faster over the woman's sensitive spot, smiling wickedly as he rubbed the swollen bud.

"I love seeing this side of you, Lily. So shy, yet so erotic. I am on cloud nine every time I think that this side of you belongs to me and to me alone."

Amelie's face turned even redder as her husband's words sunk into her mind.

Just like she could only show this side of herself to Liam, he, too, was only this greedy when he was with her. When they were alone like this, they bore the most vulnerable sides of themselves because they trusted that the other one could keep them safe and never share them with anyone else.

"I like it," Amelie could barely force that sentence out of her trembling lips, "I only want you... to see me like this."

It was only a few words, but their impact was

powerful.

Liam's manhood hardened and he began to jerk himself faster and harder as if he was already on the verge of a climax. He gritted his teeth and grunted like an animal.

"You are merciless, Lily... Even when your tongue doesn't touch me, you still manage to break me apart."

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