

167 Just One Man [R18]

Liam moved her hips up without giving her a chance to respond, bending her body almost in half as his manhood rubbed hard against her crotch, filling her with pleasure as he stroked intensely over and over her. 1

And just like always, it was Amelie who gave in first.

"Ahhh...!"

She let out a scream, and Liam moved away as his wife shuddered, her body falling back onto the bed almost lifelessly.

Liam's tongue moved over his lips once more as he turned Amelie over, his eyes flickering when they ran down her shivering body.

The woman's slim waist contrasted greatly against the seductive shape of her buttocks, her skin reddening as if someone had been applying blush on it this whole time.

He grabbed her butt with both hands, taking a moment to enjoy the softness of her flesh before

finally parting her buttocks and revealing the deep pink folds between her legs already covered in his and her juices.

Liam gently inserted his middle finger in, instantly feeling a greedy twitch of Amelie's insides. His wife's first reaction was to escape; to move away from what was awaiting for her, and the man only scoffed as he watched Amelie struggle to crawl away from him.

Trapping her thin ankles inside his grip, he skillfully pulled her back, positioning her body right below him.

Liam then reached his arm forward and adjusted the tie, making sure that it could still hold the woman hostage.

"Are you seriously trying to run away now?" He asked with a sly grin gracing his lips. "You asked me to do this to you after all..."

With that, he slid his hand below Amelie's stomach and bent her over, planting a wet kiss on the small of her back.

With her hands tied together, she could only move her hips up while she lay face down on the



bed, panting loudly from both embarrassment and excitement.

Moving down, his hot breath leaving damp stains on the woman's skin, Liam placed his face between Amelie's legs and the latter released a throaty gasp that rolled through the room like thunder.

"Ah...!"

His tongue licked around the outside of her entrance and then delved into her as his soft hands rubbed her thighs and buttocks. The lewd sounds of Liam's lips and tongue sucking the fluids from inside her made Amelie shut her eyes tightly, hot tears flowing down her face while she fought to refrain from moaning.

Still extremely sensitive, she continued to shudder uncontrollably, biting her lips and pressing her face against the pillow, burying her voice inside it.

A series of climaxes rocked her body and her inner walls contracted, clenching on her husband's tongue. But Liam never stopped moving and it only made all the sensations more intense and stimulating. 1

She couldn't close her mouth as she panted louder, her eyes welling with more tears. The pleasure's grip over her body was so strong that she felt like a dog in heat, unable to control herself and succumbing to yet another wave of arousal.

She didn't know what to do.

Unlike last time, Amelie could definitely feel more relaxed, and yet, for some strange reason, that was exactly what made her lose herself completely. She had no idea she was so sexual, so accepting, so submissive. And it was Liam who managed to bring it all out of her.

Just one man.

Finally, Amelie felt like she was regaining control of herself, her shivers dying down, and her mind became clearer, when her husband's long fingers touched her most sensitive spot, and she jerked her head backward, craning her neck as Liam began to gently rub her faster, thrusting his tongue deeper inside her.

The sensations intensified. She was about to come again, and when her body finally reached its peak once more, Amelie dug her teeth into

the fabric of the pillow, swallowing the moans and gasps that were desperate to escape her lips.

Still, she felt as if she was cut short; interrupted right before she could reach the climax as Liam moved both his face and finger away from her.

"Ahh..."

Amelie's voice sounded somewhat disappointed and she was about to call out to Liam when just a second later, he was back to stroking her with his fingertips again, slower and a lot more tenderly this time, as if he was trying to calm her down.

Amelie, however, did not like it one bit.

On the contrary, she wanted him to rub her harder, faster, but Liam didn't, and just as she was about to cum again, he withdrew his hand, teasing her body with an unknown before cruelty.

The way he kept stopping right before she was about to come was driving Amelie crazy. Her body was so getting extremely hot, and her mouth was almost dry from her feverish



attempts to steady her breathing.

"Liam, why..."

She could no longer stand the tingling torture in her lower body, the greedy twitching of her insides was driving her insane.

Her mind was getting cloudy again and all she could think about was Liam rocking her body again and again until she could no longer feel anything at all.

Amelie lifted her hips higher, her voice almost pleading as she said, "Don't stop... Put it in... I want you inside me right now..!"

She could not believe she uttered those words out loud again. It was amazing how she felt no shame in revealing her desires when it came to Liam; and yet, her honesty was way too overwhelming and Amelie could not help but bury her face back into the pillow again, silently praying that this torture would be over soon.

Thankfully, her inner struggle didn't have a chance to last long as her husband's hard manhood went straight deep inside her, forcing her to tilt her head backward once more.

Finally, with Liam deep inside her, she was approaching the longed-for climax and fluids began to gush from inside her, filling the bedroom with wet sounds.

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