



168 Are You Still Afraid to Feel It All? [R18]

Amelie's nipples rubbed against the soft bedsheet as her body moved wildly with Liam's rhythm. 1

Every time her insides were rubbed with his hard manhood, she thought she would die of satisfaction. She shuddered, desperately pulling the tie that still held her trapped, her hips trembling with pleasure. A wave of gratification swept over her body so powerfully that her vision blurred, and her hot lips parted, pushing out a loud moan.

"Ahhh...!"

Another wave of fireworks.

Narrowing his eyes, his brows knitted together, Liam swiftly turned her around, their bodies stilled joined together, and Amelie felt her husband's whole body pressed against her, his movements even more prominent, making her release another moan again.



"Well, since you asked so nicely," A sly grin graced Liam's lips as he parted his wife's legs wider, going deeper once again.

'What?' Amelie widened her eyes at the man's smug expression, dumbfounded. 'He has already done what she asked for, so what was he planning to do now?'

Then, it all made sense to her. Liam had only come once while she was already a mess from all the times she reached her peak. The man jolted her out of her thoughts when he grabbed her pelvis with both hands and pulled her lower body closer to his hips, nearly tearing the tie that held her tied to the headboard.

He moved slowly as he thrust into her, his dark gray eyes firmly focused on hers the whole time, as if trying to read her true feelings through them.

Silently, his teeth gritted, Liam squeezed her thighs in his hands again, his long fingers leaving red marks on the woman's soft skin, his movements becoming faster; greedier.

At that moment, he looked more like a beast than a man.



He lashed out, rough and far beyond anything Amelie could endure, and with her hands tied, she had no control over her body. She shuddered as he rammed into her, the sound of his body colliding with hers echoing through their bedroom, loud and rough. Her heated body accepted this gladly and soon, she climaxed again, her fingers clinging desperately to the fabric of Liam's tie in agonized pleasure.

Another electric current shook her body in a violent spasm.

But Liam didn't plan to stop.

He kept going, never giving her a moment to rest, forcing her through a series of shudders in rapid succession.

Amelie felt as if she came every time he moved in and out of her, biting her lips in pleasure until they finally started to bleed.

She wanted to tell him to stop, but whenever she tried to speak, the words stumbled over her tongue, falling back into her throat and drowning in her frantic breathing.

At last, when the bitter metallic taste finally



reached her senses, Amelie found strength to speak.

"Liam..." only his name escaped her mouth and Liam, noticing the redness on her lips, slid his thumb over them, grabbing her chin between his fingers as he replied, "What is it?"

Amelie tried to speak again but all her sounds were just a blend of gasps and moans which only made Liam grin again. "Just say it, Lily. What do you want me to do?"

Frustrated, Amelie caught her husband's fingers with her lips and trapped them between her teeth.

Liam found her attempt to hurt him adorable and as he thrust his hips again, he pushed his fingers deeper into her mouth, catching the woman's tongue in a teasing movement.

Amelie had no choice but to give up.

It felt as if her body had reached its limit, but she still couldn't say what she wanted. As the onslaught of relentless pleasure went on, Liam's whisper began to fade away.

"Are you still afraid to feel it all, Lily?"

His question jolted her back out of her stupor yet again.

As if splashed with cold water, all of Amelie's senses became sharper; the feel of her husband's hot manhood stretching her from within, the warmth of his skin, the sweetness of his hot breath, and his dark gray eyes staring down at her--for some reason, it had all become clearer.

It was a feeling she had felt before--during their first time at the hotel--her lower body cramped and she tried to move her hands, but she couldn't even hide her face because she still had no strength to break free from her restraint.

"Ah, I can't anymore..." Amelie's voice was quiet but desperate.

But Liam only pushed her legs further apart, and though she tried to keep them together, there was no way to overcome his grip.

Amelie's toes curled as she tried to restrain herself, but as Liam continued to push deeper inside her, she couldn't help but tremble, letting



out suppressed gasps like a struggling trapped animal.

She couldn't bear it any longer. All the strength in her lower body was gone and she craned her neck again, groaning. A strong, hot hand grabbed her head from behind as Liam forced her to look him in the eyes.

Her body shook again, the weakness spread through her whole body, almost rendering her numb. The tremors wracking her went on and on without rest.

Liam refused to stop too, his hips driving into her, pushing as deep as possible. His eyes continued their intense scrutiny and under that dark stormy gaze, Amelie moaned again, her eyelids closing.

"You are beautiful, Lily," he said finally, leaning over to kiss her closed eyes. "You are pretty. No wonder I can't get enough of you. I'm afraid I will end up developing a strange addiction..."

He turned her body over again and kissed the back of her neck, his hands cupping and gently squeezing her breasts.

He entered her from behind again and Amelle automatically raised her hips as if she was already used to it.

Her mind was practically screaming at her, urging her to give up and beg for rest, but her body moved on an instinct. Happy with such a reaction, Liam sank his teeth deeper into the woman's skin, leaving a large bite mark on the back of her neck.

Pressing his body against hers, he moved his hips faster as he rubbed her breasts. His voice whispered seductively in her ear.

"Tell me how it feels, Lily. I need to know how it feels."

"Good..." Amelie almost bit her tongue as she said those words but her lips moved on their own again. "Great... It feels amazing."

"This... Only you can feel this, Lily. Only you."

Liam let out a low, almost fierce moan as his large hands gripped his wife's hips, pushing her body down as the muscles in his thighs tensed. His teeth bit the nape of her neck again and his long black lashes fluttered to a close as he came

inside her.

It was a moment of shared euphoria; something that only the two of them could have. And even though Amelie felt utterly drained of strength, when Liam's body sank down right beside her, his strong arms wrapping around her still trembling body, the only thing she could feel was happiness.

Even though she was the one who felt like dying, it was Liam who was desperate to prove his love to her.

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