

## Chapter 462 Amelia Was Insulted

Amelia's POV:

I found Larry's expression disgusting, so I closed my eyes.

He was lying on top of me, thrusting himself inside me like a male dog during its rutting season.

"What do you think? The magic medicine of youth has really helped me become younger, right? Are you happy now, Amelia? What do you think of my big cock?" Larry kept whispering lewd questions in my ear.

Gritting my teeth in anger, I made up my mind to ignore him. After all, the more I reacted to his actions, the more it would excite him, so I chose to just lie still. Besides, it wasn't the first time he had humiliated me like this.

"You're going to keep silent? Do you really think that I can't do anything to you if you stayed silent?" Stroking my nipples, Larry continued, "I still remember all your sensitive spots. Let me try it, honey. I want to see if you're still the same lascivious woman I remember."

Larry suddenly straddled me, twisted his body, and pulled out his penis. I felt as though my soul was trembling. He was hitting my g-spot with the head of his penis as though he was trying to shoot an arrow at the target.

"Ah!" I crumbled under his thrusts. The feeling was a mix of pain and pleasure.

"You're amazing, babe. Open your legs a little more. I want to see your pussy. Oh my God, your pussy is now juicier than ever. Just looking at it is making me hard again." Uttering those lewd words in my ear, he picked up his phone and took photos of my vagina.

"What a beautiful pussy! I must collect tons of photos of it!" Larry said with an obscene smile.

"What?" I closed my eyes. Recalling those nude photos of me that he had sent to Morgan before, I could not help feeling ashamed and annoyed. Larry was such a lunatic and a pervert! He knew that his ways of torture would really get to me and make me suffer.

"No! Let me go!" I screamed hysterically as I tried to fold my legs, but Larry rudely parted my legs again, despite my struggle. I was no match for his strength and a moment later, I felt the flashlight between my legs.

'He's a pest! A fool with sores in his brain!'

Ashamed and furious, I cursed him crazily, "Larry, you won't die a good death at all. I curse you to hell. You fucking bastard!"

No matter how much I tried to cover up, Larry was still able to see my naked body. I was so embarrassed that even my own breath made me feel like I should just die.

"Don't be so shy, honey. The day has finally come. You don't know how long I have been waiting for this." Larry looked at me with infatuation and called my name softly. "Amelia, my babe!"

I felt like my ears would be on fire if I heard him any longer.

A loud ringtone interrupted my thoughts. Looking in the direction of the sound, I saw the phone on the bedside table ringing. It was my phone.

'Oh my God! Who's calling me now? Morgan! It must be Morgan! Oh, no! This can't be happening right now!'

I was just about to reach for my phone when I noticed the restraints on my hands and feet. I couldn't move at all. "Larry, please don't answer the phone! I am begging you!"

I did not want anyone to know that Larry humiliated me once again, especially Morgan. Deep down, I hoped that he would forget me for good. I was raped by Larry again. I did not deserve Morgan's love. He deserved someone better than me.

"Wow! Your phone is still ringing, dear Amelia." Turning a deaf ear to my cries, Larry picked up my phone and glanced at the caller ID. "It's that idiot, Morgan!"

'What? So it really is Morgan! No!'

"Please don't answer it. You've already caught me, Larry. What are you going to get by bothering Morgan?" I was so angry that I couldn't help bursting into tears.

"No way! I must show off your present charms to your ex-husband." Smiling devilishly, Larry picked up the phone and gazed at my body. "Let me send him the beautiful photos that I just took."

"No, Larry, please don't do that. Please spare me at least some dignity!" I cried and begged, even though I knew that my dignity would be soon gone.

Larry's POV:

I was so excited to see the young, beautiful, and naked Amelia pleading under my body.

I continued to thrust back and forth deep inside of her. Raising the phone high up in my hand, I couldn't help but marvel at her sorrowful and pitiful expression.

She was so beautiful. She was mine, and I had given her twofold all the humiliation that she had put me through.

I wanted to admire her a little longer, so I did not answer the phone immediately and let it ring. The thought of Morgan being anxious while he was searching for her thrilled me. He would not have imagined that I had captured Amelia, let alone that I was having sex with her.

"Morgan, Morgan, help me!" Amelia cried so hard that her voice came out hoarse, but it sounded like sensual music to my ears. But the words that came out of her mouth frustrated me. How dare she call out another man's name?

"Don't say that name again!" I was so jealous that I raised my hand and choked Amelia's neck. "I'll fuck you to death, you slut! How dare you call someone else's name when your husband is making love to you?"

I hit Amelia hard, thrusting deeper and deeper until I filled her womb with my thick sperm and stroked her body. "Doesn't it feel amazing, Amelia? Is my big dick not enough to satisfy you?"

Amelia cried bitterly and groaned. I knew she was reacting to my thrusts. I ground her clitoris with the top of my penis. "Scream if you feel good, babe. I'm so full of energy right now. I'm sure that when I'm done with you, you won't be able to get out of bed!"

Just then, to my displeasure, the phone rang again. That damned Morgan! I should teach him a lesson for disturbing me while I was having fun.

"You asked me not to answer it, but I want to!" Sneering at Amelia, I answered the phone.

Amelia's POV:

As Larry continued to push himself faster and deeper inside of me, I couldn't resist the instinctive reaction of my body and reached a shameful climax.

I closed my eyes as waves of pleasure rippled through my body, but my heart was beyond just aching. How could my body climax when a scumbag like him was fucking me? What was I even doing?

Deeply scarred and humiliated, I felt the urge to bite off my tongue and let myself bleed to death. I suddenly thought of Morgan, and realized that I could never leave him. His continuous calls made me understand that I must never give up on him. However, when Larry answered the phone, I was scared out of my wits, and bit him hard on the wrist.

Caught off guard, Larry let the phone slip from his hand and fall to the floor, which ended the call.

I breathed a sigh of relief, but I soon found out what a mistake I made. Larry became crazier. His movements were a nightmare. He kept lifting my butt, so that his balls would slam against it while he thrust deeper again.

"You bitch, how dare you bite me?" Larry cursed angrily, but then his tone suddenly became affectionate. "Oh, no, Amelia, you're so obscene, so beautiful! Your pussy is like a piece of art!"

Sadly, Morgan called me again. But I couldn't do anything at all. I watched in horror as Larry picked up the phone from the floor and answered, turning on the speaker.

"Hello? Amelia! Amelia, you finally answered. Where are you?" Morgan's anxious voice came from the other end.

I didn't dare to make a sound. I bit my tongue, forcing myself to stop moaning and groaning. But Larry seemed to be waiting for me to make a sound, because he fucked me even harder. At the same time, he also stroked my nipples.

After desperately holding on for a few seconds, I involuntarily let out a loud groan and burst into tears.