

## Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 7

When I had finally awoken from my feverish daze, I was completely naked and pinned to the couch.

Christopher's shirt was nowhere to be seen, and the sight of his firm torso above me took my breath away once more. "Christopher..."

He hummed slightly, lifting his gaze to meet mine. "What's wrong? Does it hurt?"

Such a handsome face. Too bad we're just friends with benefits.

"We won't go any further than this, okay?"

Since I was going to divorce Lyle, I didn't want to drag Christopher into this.

Furrowing his brows, he pressed his face so close to mine that I could feel his breath on my lips.

I thought that he was going to tell me off, but he merely stuck his tongue out and licked at the corner of my mouth. "Greedy little kitten. You didn't clean yourself up properly after eating," he teased.

I wasn't sure how to respond to that.

So, I resorted to teasing him back while looping my arms around his neck. "So do you prefer greedy kittens or minxes?"

He brushed his thumb across my lips as he chuckled. "You could be a kitten by day and a minx by night."

Is that a compliment?

I knew that he was used to sweet-talking people like this, yet I couldn't stop myself from falling for it each and every time.

Without waiting for me to respond, he continued his actions swiftly.

I had to admit that not only was he aggressive, but he was also very skillful. His hands didn't stay still for a single second, dipping in between my legs and nearly making me see stars.

Then, he entered me without warning, and the sudden fullness caused me to wince and dig my nails into his arm.

He was still focused on my breasts when he heard my cries, letting out a short bark of laughter. "Sorry. I was a little hasty."

"Are you saying that I didn't satisfy you enough last night?"

"Well, would you believe me if I told you that you were a drug and I was addicted?"

Right then, I felt another deep thrust and gasped.

I was getting way too caught up in the atmosphere that he had created and started to flirt back. "Does it matter whether I believe it or not?"

He kissed my chin and nibbled at it gently. "If you believe it, then I'll go harder."

"If I don't believe it, will you get up and leave?"

Upon hearing that, he paused his motions. I was worried that he might just get up and leave. After all, we had already gotten started, so we might as well go all the way.

He stared at me with narrowed eyes for a long while before his lips quirked up into a smirk. Then he grabbed my waist and held me in place. Suddenly, he snapped his hips forward in a deep thrust.

It hurt like hell. "Slow down! You're hurting me."

He grinned and continued just as roughly. "You wanted to know what I'd do if you didn't believe me, right?"

I nodded.

He pinched my chin using his forefinger and thumb. "I'm going to make you cry from pleasure."

Oh my god.

It was half-past ten at night when we were finally done; we had gone at it for more than three hours straight. That man had way too much stamina in him. As a result, I barely had the strength to keep my eyes open as I lay on the couch.

Meanwhile, Christopher got up as if nothing had happened and put his clothes back on. I figured that he was probably heading home after getting what he wanted.

Keeping my eyes shut, I pretended to be asleep. My heart raced in anticipation, although I didn't know what it was.

I heard his footsteps slowly grow farther and farther away. Suddenly, he came to a stop before walking back to the living room. Did he forget something?