

# My Villainous Wife

## Chapter 117 - Move Past The Bulwarks

WARNING!

HAZARDOUS content is just below. Tread carefully and read with a holy water in your hands.

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Once they got inside Yan Xiaoran's penthouse, the first thing they did was lock themselves on tight embrace.

Alexander pushed her to the wall that took her out of breath and pinned her hands on top of her head.

"You know... you're misbehaving a lot these days. Pray tell me, what happened to you?" Alexander whispered against her lips.

With a smirk that pulled the corners of her mouth, Yan Xiaoran lightly and quickly kissed him before she said, "Misbehave? I don't know what you're talking about."

She suddenly ran her tongue across his lips, licking it like it was a delicious lollipop.

In a fraction of a second, Alexander's hands were already on her face, cupping it in his hand. He then leaned forward and caught her lips within his and started to kiss her passionately.

With her hands free, Yan Xiaoran tugged his collar with one hand and deepened the kiss. Of course, she didn't forget to let her other hand roam free on his body. Actually, it dove straight downwards and move past the bulwarks of his belt and pants.

A growl dangerously came from his throat as his eyes that were closed and enjoying their passionate kiss flew open in shock.

Alexander broke their kiss first and glared at her, "What are you doing?"

Grinning like a Cheshire cat, Yan Xiaoran replied, "Oops. I thought it was my hand."

"And why would you grab your hand?"

"I don't know. Maybe, because I like it?" She winked and before her lips could break into a smile again, his mouth crashed down on hers.

This time, their kiss went from passionate to rough and needy. She could even feel her heartbeat trying to escape from her ribcage as it started a drum concert.

Without breaking their kiss, Alexander let go of her face and started to pick her skirt up. But instead of feeling his hands cārëssing her most private part, Yan Xiaoran felt herself being picked up.

In a blur, she found her back against the bed. She bounced off twice before her husband hovered over her body. Alexander's eyes were too dark for her to tell what kind of thoughts were running in his mind. What kind of dirty things he imagined doing with her while they're in bed.

Kneeling in between her legs, Alexander started to unbutton his shirt. Slowly and torturously, his hand moved, teasing her and tempting her to rip his shirt off herself.

Unfortunately, before that thought could even flash in her head, Yan Xiaoran saw the smooth, hard planes of his chest and those washboard abs that could make her pântiës into a twist.

Yan Xiaoran's breath caught.

Even though she already touched his body and saw every inch of it, she still couldn't help but think that he's too handsome for her. Yan Xiaoran could confidently say that she's pretty herself and she could prove it with how men would give her a second glance and turn of their heads. However, compared to how beautiful her husband is, Yan Xiaoran might have to give the crown to him and walk away from the throne. Don't even mention that both women men would surely fall for his charm.

"Like what you're seeing? Why don't you take a picture of it and frame it before hanging out on your wall?" Alexander smiled diabolically.

"I'd loved to." She said before pushing herself to sit, "But I have better ideas than have your pictures on the wall."

"And that is?" He raised a thick brow at her. Still, a smile was on his lips.

Matching his smile, Yan didn't hurry to answer him as she slowly slid her hands

upward from his torso to his shoulders. She slowly let the shirt fall off his body but the cuff of his sleeves held it in place just behind and below his hip.

Interested to see what she was going to do, Alexander didn't stop her and let her caress his golden skin. Every touch of her hand sent shivers under his skin and fire deep in his core to which a certain part of him couldn't be more excited to stand up and make his existence known.

He could see the way her elbows grazed it and the way her eyes widened at the contact. Her mouth was slightly apart and God only knows what he wished he could wrap her mouth around his twitching core.

"So?" Alexander said in between a groan and growl.

"So?" Yan Xiaoran looked up at him in confusion and that almost made him laugh at how she completely forgot what they were previously talking about.

"I was asking what better idea do you have inside your pretty brain that I'd love to drive it insane?" He asked again, adding what he wanted to happen. To drive her crazy until her brain would only register him in her body.

Blinking her eyes, Yan Xiaoran almost slapped herself with that silly question. Of course. He was asking what better idea she had inside her head. But sadly, the moment she touched his skin, Yan Xiaoran's mind was a mess and her previous plan disappeared and forgotten.

Rising to her feet, Yan Xiaoran towered his kneeling figure and pushed him down. She saw his eyes covered with haze and anticipation.

Without wasting a second, Yan Xiaoran sat on top of him. But instead of sitting on his stomach or hips where his shaft was, she decided to sit on his chest and leaned forward. Both her legs were on top of his hands that still wore the sleeves of his shirt.

And before Alexander could say a protest, he felt his shaft spring free of its containment before her warm mouth wrapped around it.