

## 101 Neither Of Us Is Alone Now

Amelie sat on the bed and took a careful look around the room. 1

Liam's bedroom was rather reserved in colors, it was evident that he favored all shades of black which contrasted greatly with the bedroom she had in Richard's mansion. She wondered if Liam picked this design himself.

The bed was big and wide; the gray and white bed linen felt nice to her touch and the more she slid her hands over it, the more relaxed she felt. The soothing feeling combined with a faint lingering scent of Liam's cologne was making her sleepy. 1

Turning the lights in the room off, Amelie snuggled under the blanket and placed her heavy head on the soft pillow but sleep was still reluctant to claim her into its embrace.

*'It was a very tiring day...'*

Amelie opened her eyes again and looked at the moon shining through the open window. The chilling sensation gliding over the skin of her

face and shoulders made her finally realize that autumn was already here.

She tried to sort out her thoughts in an attempt to calm her busy mind.

The first thing that came to mind was her divorce and instant marriage. She was still not entirely sure how she felt about being someone else's wife. Ever since she was a child, she knew that she would marry Richard and help him manage the merged family business. Now, she was Mrs. Bennett; the wife of Liam Bennett and she was yet to find out what it meant for her.

*'Oscar Bennett seems like a nice man. I'm glad that he didn't feel prejudiced against me... His words have put a lot of pressure on me but I have to remain confident. I can't let him down.'*

Then, her mind shifted to Vanessa Bennett.

*'I remember hearing of her when she married Noah Bennett several years ago. I... don't think she was happy to see me in this mansion.'*

Amelie shut her eyes tightly again and hugged another pillow closer to her chest.



Everything felt uncomfortable and very new and it was making her restless.

*'It's not like I expected everything to suddenly be the way I wanted it to be, but I can't help but feel that even leaving Richard, my life will not become any bit easier... I guess I am just being childish.'*

Suddenly, the silence in the bedroom broke, as someone opened the door without even knocking.

Surprised, Amelie sat on the bed and looked at the person who barged into her space, her eyes instantly widening as she recognized the intruder.

"Liam?"

The man didn't reply and Amelie thought it was because he didn't hear her. She called his name once more. "Liam? Is something wrong?"

Slowly, the man started walking toward the bed, completely ignoring his surroundings and Amelie finally realized what was going on.

'Is he... sleepwalking?'

At first, she was completely lost. She had never seen a person sleepwalk before and confused, could not remember what one was supposed to do in a situation like this. And before her mind finally cleared up, Liam was already sitting on the bed right next to her, his open eyes fixed absent-mindedly on something far ahead of him.

Amelie slowly shifted to the edge of the bed, trying to be as quiet and unnoticeable as possible in order not to wake him up. However, somehow, she couldn't leave the bed. She wanted to watch him.

The bedroom was silent once again, only Amelie's nervous, shallow breathing surrounded the two of them in their serenity.

At last, Liam placed his head on the pillow and turned to face Amelie, who held her breath, once again not sure what to do next.

Liam's lips parted slightly and his deep voice reached her ears.

"I'm glad you're here. I'm scared." 2

Amelie's eyes widened as she couldn't





understand whether he was still sleeping or suddenly woke up and noticed that she was indeed right next to him.

"Liam?" She called for him again but the lack of response confirmed that he was still asleep. It made her feel a little better for some reason.

Carefully, she lay right next to him and fixed her eyes on his strangely calm face. It was weird to see him like that--he was there, right next to her, the complete opposite of his usual cheerful self, and he was not even aware that Amelie was watching him.

Suddenly, she remembered the talk she had with his grandfather.

*'He said Liam was distant and depressed, yet I have never seen him that way. Could sleepwalking be the result of his vulnerable emotional state? I guess he came here because this is the place where he feels comfortable...'*

Amelie slowly reached her hand forward but paused before her fingertips could touch his cheek. Her heart spasmed with regret.

*'He said he was scared. What is he scared about?'*



Of managing the company? Of shouldering everything alone? Was that why he said he was glad I was here?

She took a deep, yet inaudible breath and gently slid the back of her hand over Liam's left cheek. Thankfully, that subtle movement didn't disturb his sleep. Instead, he grabbed her hand and pressed it against his mouth, sending shivers down Amelie's spine as she felt his warm breath and hot lips on her fingers.

A light smile appeared on her face as she whispered, "Everything will be alright, Liam. Neither of us is alone now. I will be there for you as long as you need me." 3

She closed her eyes and listened to Liam's calm breathing, still smiling as his every exhale tingled the skin of her fingers.

And finally, she was able to sleep.

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A faint, distant barking crept inside Amelie's deep slumber, gradually removing the heavy curtain of dreams. She opened her eyes and looked at the pillow next to her.





There was no one next to her. Was all of that just a dream?

She was about to go back to sleep when the barking seeped into the bedroom again and Amelie realized that Captain Pantaloons was standing outside her door, scratching his claws over its surface. 1

Jumping off the bed, she rushed to let the dog in and arched her eyebrows as she saw that the puppy came to greet her with a small bouquet of pink roses in his mouth. 1

Unceremoniously, the dog threw the bouquet at the woman's feet and dashed inside the bedroom, seeking a suitable pillow to take as his designated seat.

Amelie picked up the flowers and smiled as she read the note attached.

"You must have been scared, I'm sorry. I was drunk and went inside my bedroom out of habit. I hope the pretty lady in this room will find it in her heart to forgive me once again." 3

"Drunk?" Amelie pressed the card against her chin and thought about the time when she found

the old mobile phone next to her hotel room.

"Was he sleepwalking back then too?"

"Woof!"

She looked at Captain Pantaloons who placed his butt on one of the pillows on the armchair, then walked up to him, and scratched behind his ear.

"Well, good morning to you too, Your Highness."

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