

118 She Knew

Amelie took a deep breath before knocking softly on the door to Liam's study. It was time to clear the air between them, especially since he was always the first one to take a step forward and talk things out. 1

Her knocking was met with a brief and loud "Come in!" but when she stepped in, despite the readiness in his voice, Liam jumped to his chair, his eyes widening in a blend of surprise and slight disappointment.

"Oh," he said, the single word hanging in the air. 1

Amelie hesitated at the doorway, her heart sinking a little. She realized it right away--he had been expecting Julia instead of her. For a moment, she debated whether it was a good idea to bring up the topic of meeting her sister just a few moments ago, but she needed to get it off her chest.

She was still a little shaken by that unexpected encounter, thus, steeling herself, she slowly approached his desk and said rather nervously,



"I met my sister Julia just now," she began, "She told me you hired her to work for you."

Liam's expression shifted, a mix of nerves and concern instantly sharpened his features. He opened his mouth, ready to explain, but Amelie held up a hand to stop him. And he obeyed her silent command.

"It's fine, Liam," she said gently. "My sister and I have a very complicated past and absolutely no present. Right now, we're nothing but strangers, and that's totally okay. That's the life Julia chose, and I have no right to judge her or anyone else for that."

Liam sighed in relief, the tension easing from his shoulders. He was disappointed that Amelie had to meet her sister like this, but he was glad that she wasn't disappointed or mad at him because of his secretive actions.

Amelie placed a neatly folded set of clothes her husband left in her bedroom yesterday on his desk and then took a seat across from him.

"I came here to apologize," she admitted, looking into his eyes.



Liam frowned, leaning forward slightly.
"Apologize for what? I don't understand."

"For how I've been acting around you these past few days," she said in a serious tone. "I got flustered during the dress fitting because... well, because I saw you naked once... and the image of you has been stuck in my mind since then."

Liam's eyes widened in shock, his face turning a deep shade of crimson. "Naked?! I--Where did you see me naked?" he stammered.

"In the annex building," Amelie explained. "I didn't know it was finished and I had no idea it was supposed to be your private gym. I saw the light on when I was on my walk and went in to check. And... well, there you were."

Liam's blush deepened, especially as he recalled undressing in front of her again.

He had thought she was embarrassed because he had seen her in her underwear the day before. Instead, it had been him all along. He had made a fool of himself not even once, but twice.

Amelie looked at his flustered face, realizing that this man, who often seemed so confident



and easygoing, was just as vulnerable as she was. His emotions were written all over his face, and the flirty facade she had witnessed before now seemed like a shield to protect his true self.

'Someone who gets this shy as easily as he does, cannot be a Casanova. I guess all he ever wanted was to protect himself. Or simply fool everybody else instead.'

As the silence in his study lingered, Liam still found himself in need of words. However, since he still could not find a proper reply to Amelie's explanation, he reached out to take his clothes from the desk, but Amelie took his innocent gesture for something else.

She gently grabbed his hand and trapped it between her soft palms. Liam flinched at the contact, but she didn't let go. Instead, Amelie held his hand for a few long moments, looking at it silently as if she wanted to study every pore in the texture of his skin.

Meanwhile, her mind was in turmoil. She had already admitted to herself that her attraction to him was more than just physical and now it was time to start acting like it.

She was about to speak again when Liam suddenly asked, "So... did you like what you saw?"

The shift in his voice made Amelie move her eyes to his face, her own expression freezing in perplexity. Liam went on,

"You know, since I am your husband now, you can see whatever you want at any time." 2

Amelie watched as her husband's lips curved into a wide, sly smile and couldn't help but sigh. His smugness had successfully ruined the romantic moment she was trying to create. She quickly pulled her hand away, shaking her head with a faint smile on her pink.

"Thank you, Liam," she said, her tone tinged with forced amusement. "I'll think about this tempting offer."

Richard placed his phone down on his desk and leaned against the back of his chair, fixing his empty gaze on the white ceiling above his head. He had been juggling the wedding preparations alongside his usual amount of work since



morning and it had already started taking its toll on him.

A sudden knock on his office door made him let out a heavy sigh—he just couldn't catch a break.

"Come in."

Natalie, today's secretary, peeked inside his office somewhat shyly but once she saw her boss' tense expression, the woman almost jumped inside, closing the door behind her.

"Mr. Clark," she started quietly, holding a glossy magazine between her fingers. "I need to tell you something."

"What is it? Make it quick."

Natalie nodded and rushed to his desk, placing the magazine before Richard, and pointing her finger at an interview section.

Richard lowered his gaze and raised his eyebrows as he saw the picture of his ex-wife next to the article title written in large bold letters.

'Amelie Ashford's next husband knew about her divorce before she did?' 1



He repeated the article in his mind, his eyes widening in shock. He shifted his glare to the secretary, "What is it? What do you have to say about this?" 1

Natalie swallowed hard, sifting through the words that kept bubbling in her head, then finally opened her mouth and forced out the answer. "I... Mrs. Ashford--I mean Mrs. Bennett... She heard you. She knew you were going to divorce." 2

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