

130 Nothing Much, Just Fell In Love

"Oh?" Liam finally unglued his head from his wife's shoulder and straightened his posture.

"What does he want to do?" 1

"Johnathan is a member of the International Writing Association which consists of writers from all around the world, of different levels of popularity and success. Since both you and I helped John and Lizzy several times, John sent a formal request to the chairman of the association, asking them to create an award in my name."

Liam's eyes shone with excitement and he almost jumped in his seat.

"Really? That sounds amazing, Amelie!"

The woman nodded. "His request has been approved but Lizzy and I decided to make this even better. And that is where I need your opinion on this."

"Of course, anything!"



"Instead of having my name associated with the award as a favor to me, I want to create a fund to support aspiring young authors on their journey of perceiving a writing career. Just like the Diamond Group's technical scholarship, I want this fund to guide aspiring writers by creating a board of editors and volunteers from the Writers' Association who will review submitted works and select those that have potential, offering paid publishing and free promotion.

And, at the end of the year, the most successful authors will receive the Amelie Bennett's Excellency Award. Does it sound good?"

Amelie paused and silently observed Liam's reaction to her idea. Her husband nodded, though his expression sharpened slightly.

"I think this is an amazing idea, Lily! This will add to the Diamond Group's welfare projects, promoting our status even more, but most importantly--having your name associated with such an amazing award... My heart is galloping just thinking about that. You never cease to impress me, Lily. I am so proud to be your husband!"



Amelie's cheek turned pink while her lips could no longer fight back a somewhat embarrassed, yet genuine smile.

She wasn't used to such a supportive reaction. In the past, whenever Amelie had a new charity project in the making, she had to get Richard's approval as well, and more often than not, her ex-husband was not very impressed by her ideas.

"It's a waste of both time and money," he would repeat each time, "You can't help everyone, Amelie. Stop playing Mother Teresa."

Richard's voice echoed inside her head again but this time, his words were fading. Because they were drowned by the firm and encouraging voice that belonged to Liam.

"Thank you," she finally spoke again, feeling incredibly happy that her husband was fully on her side.

She expected Liam to shower her with more exciting exclamations but his face suddenly darkened and his lips pouted as he looked away.

"What's wrong?" Amelie could not understand



what had changed so suddenly and Liam explained, still pouting. "This means you will be surrounded by dozens of young men who share one of your biggest interests--passion for reading. It won't take long before you find me absolutely dull..."

Amelie widened her eyes as the realization dawned on her--he was jealous, and he was not even pretending.

'How can he be so cute all the time? I want to laugh but I bet he will get even more upset if I do.'

Struggling to contain the urge to chuckle at her husband's cute pouting, she cupped his left cheek with her hand instead and pulled his face closer to hers, losing herself in his stormy eyes.

"I don't think I will ever find you dull, Liam. In fact, ever since I met you, my life has been anything but dull when I'm with you. You don't have to worry or be jealous. I am your wife and that means more than anything to me." 2

Finally, Liam's lips curled into a happy smile and Amelie could practically see it glow as he asked childishly, "Really?"



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This time, Amelie could not control herself and a soft giggle escaped her rosy lips. She nodded, then moved her gaze down to his smiling lips, and closed her eyes, gifting them a gentle kiss that caught Liam completely off-guard.

'I think this is the best way to do it,' she thought while she tasted Liam's soft lips, "Instead of trying to figure out how I feel, I want to do what I feel. And right now, I feel like being closer to him.' 1

"Mr. Ingvarsson, are you alright?"

A short, stocky man with curly gray hair moved his small round glasses down the bridge of his nose and offered Einar a rather worried look.

"If you continue to space out like this, we won't be able to finish drafting these documents until midnight! You have just returned from your vacation, there is a lot of work to do."

Einar blinked his bright blue eyes at his assistant and then checked the time on his watch.

'It's almost ten already... I haven't even noticed.'



"Sorry, Stig," he apologized to his assistant and shifted in his seat, feeling somewhat embarrassed of his own clumsiness and lack of concentration.

"You have been acting strangely ever since you came back," Stig noted carefully, "Did something happen over there?"

"Nothing much, just fell in love."

His careless tone and nonchalant way of returning to reading the documents made his assistant arch his eyebrows in shock.

"You call it 'nothing much'?! When did you--" Realizing that he raised his voice at his employer, the man covered up his frustration with a cough, and continued, now in a more reserved manner. "When did you even have time to fall in love? And who is it? Please don't tell me it's some gold-digging floozy." 1

Einar set the papers back on the desk and furrowed his brow. "Do you think I would be this lovesick for some foreign bimbo? I said I was *in love*, give me some credit, please."

"I am just not used to you being so open about



your emotions, that's all. Must be a hell of a woman, then. Who is it?"

Einar hesitated but revealed the name anyway, "Amelie Ashford."

"Amelie Ashford? Oh, you poor fool--pining for a woman who has just announced her wedding date!"

"What?" Einar's entire body flinched, "What wedding date? She is married to Richard Clark!" 2

His assistant shook his head and pointed at his phone. "I guess you didn't care to check the news while you were on vacation. Go on, do it now. The woman you are in love with now prefers to be called Amelie Bennett." 2

