

135 An Abrupt Stop

Liam noticed that subtle change in his wife's serious expression and grinned again, moving a little closer to her as he explained, "The meeting got canceled last minute so I rushed the pilot to take off as soon as possible and somehow ended up arriving just a little earlier than you did. I missed you, so I wanted to surprise you like this."

"Yes, you have indeed surprised me, Liam!"

Amelie pouted playfully and folded her arms in front of her chest, her eyes carefully examining her husband's somewhat disheveled appearance. He took off his jacket, it was now resting on the opposite seat; his black hair was messy, bangs falling over his dark gray eyes like a torn curtain.

'Somehow, he makes me feel like he ran here instead of taking a private jet.'

She arched her eyebrows as she noticed a large brown stain on Liam's white shirt and lifted her face back to face the man. Liam realized that he

had completely forgotten about it and scratched the back of his head, smiling awkwardly at his wife.

"Oh, yeah, this," he began to explain while looking at the crumpled jacket on the opposite seat. "The moment I heard that the meeting was canceled, I dashed out of the office and bumped into one of the secretaries carrying a tray with coffee cups. She spilled a few on me. I got a clean shirt with me but I dozed off on the plane so I didn't get a chance to change it."

Amelie couldn't help but sigh, pushing the man lightly, away from her while frowning her brows in disapproval.

"You cannot leave this car looking like this, there will be reporters taking pictures all the time! Where is the clean shirt? Please change into it while we're driving."

Not even batting an eye, Liam pulled a neatly packed dress shirt from underneath the car seat and started casually unbuttoning the dirty one, revealing his naked chest muscles to the surprised Amelie.

Her cheeks flushed red as she shifted away from

her husband, averting her eyes in slight embarrassment. The memories of seeing him naked flooded her mind again and she felt ashamed of herself once more.

"Please give me a warning next time you decide to undress in front of me again."

Her embarrassed mumbling was almost drowned by the rustling sound of the packing paper inside the box and a wide smirk graced Liam's lips while he pulled the new shirt out of it.

"Why? You cannot handle how my body looks when there are no clothes to cover it?"

Amelie clicked her tongue in genuine annoyance but had to silently admit that the man was not necessarily wrong. His body seemed to have been carved out of stone--a sculptured masterpiece; something she saw was only possible to see in the movies or the comic books about superheroes. 2

Yes, such a physique should not be worn by busy businessmen like him. He was putting them all to shame.

Amelie parted her lips, ready to spit out a playful retort when the car wheels suddenly screeched and the car came to an abrupt stop, forcing both Liam and Amelie to lose their balance.

Amelie closed her eyes as she felt the back of her head hit her husband's hand which he managed to slide underneath it to prevent her from a sudden painful impact. To her surprise, she felt heavy and a little bit hot, and the second she opened her eyes, she realized what was causing such a feeling.

Liam, still shirtless, was lying on top of her, his dark stormy eyes running all over her face with worry.

"Are you alright? Did you hurt yourself?"

His warm breath brushed over the skin of her face and Amelie felt a strange tickling spreading inside her stomach. Her body shuddered a little and every single hair covering it, stood on its ends.

There was no telling whether she indeed hurt herself or not. Truthfully, even if all her bones were broken, she wouldn't bat an eye.

No, all her attention was focused on Liam's exposed chest, moving up and down with every breath he took in or out.

Her hands moved on their own when she felt the hot skin covering his rock-hard pecs against her trembling fingertips.

It felt like they were frozen in time.

She couldn't move her eyes away from Liam's, scared that by doing so, that strangely magical moment would be instantly shattered and reality would turn it into something extremely awkward.

'I don't think I can move at all,' finally, Amelie's mind was able to form a thought and she suddenly became aware of herself once again. 'Why is he so silent? He is not moving a single muscle as well... Is he nervous too?'

She slowly moved her eyes down his face and the realization slapped her in the face--Liam's cheeks were beetroot red while his heart was pulsating under her fingers which were still pressed against his chest.

'Oh God...'



She was about to finally push the man away when the bodyguard's urgent voice jolted them both back to their senses.

"Mr. Bennett? Mrs. Bennett? Are you alright? The driver apologizes for the abrupt stop; there seemed to have been an accident so the cars now have to change their routes. It will take some time because there are too many vehicles involved."

Liam swallowed an invisible rock stuck inside his throat and finally moved his hand away from Amelie's head, creating more distance between them. His quiet, velvety voice brushed over the woman's face again, "An accident... There you have it."

Amelie swallowed hard too and nodded slowly, still unable to utter a single word.

Suddenly, a loud knock shook the silence and the car door clicked open, the bodyguard's worried voice seeping urgently inside.

"Mr. Bennett, is everything alright? You didn't reply--"

She froze as she saw Liam's naked torso hanging

over Amelie's tense body. Apologizing and bowing her head, she slammed the door closed, leaving the couple to continue doing whatever she thought they were doing. 1

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