



140 Do You Have Any Regrets?

Part II

Amelie flinched at her question. "Regrets? What do you mean by that?" 1

Mrs. Hauet carefully scrutinized Amelie's expression before letting out a long exhale as if she had been holding her breath all this time.

"Marriage is not simple, no matter who your spouse is," the woman started, "I married my first husband when I was only nineteen. My parents arranged it too; we had known each other since we were kids. He was a little older and was about to graduate from university and join his father's company.

When I looked at other women in arranged marriages, I always thought "I am lucky. I know my husband and we are friends. We respect each other and treat each other with kindness. What else is there to wish for?"

She paused to think about what to say next; given the circumstances, Elise realized that she had to choose her words wisely.



Inhaling deeply, she continued, "As you know, my first marriage ended with a huge scandal. The divorce was a big mess and I was still technically just a child, barely turning twenty-four, with my husband and my dancing being all I had.

My second and current husband, Louis, is the kindest man I have ever met. Even after decades of marriage, he still dotes on me and tolerates my every whim, spoiling me to no end. But there were times when we only got married when I couldn't help but ask myself "Can the years to come erase what I had been carrying in my heart until now?"

High society teaches us to forgive one's caprice or mistake because we are forced upon each other and we have no say in it. My first husband is now a very respectable man; he has adorable grandchildren too.

So I sometimes wonder... If I had forgiven him back then, allowed us both to outgrow our childhood connection and see our relationship with fresh, adult eyes... Could I have had the same life as his current wife does?"

Elise paused and Amelie felt something shift

deep inside her heart. She knew what the woman was trying to convey and she was happy to realize that her reality of things was different.

"Does your current husband love you, Mrs. Hauet?"

Elise nodded and Amelie smiled, looking back at her hands again. "My husband loves me too. And you see, Richard is no longer a child, he had dozens of opportunities to see our marriage for what it really was but he failed each time.

The more we grew older, the bigger the distance between us grew as well. Perhaps what failed you was the way you both needed to grow a little more to make the marriage work. As for me... I needed Richard to treat our marriage as an adult so that I could finally see that all I ever wanted was childish love."

Liam raised his hand to knock on the wood of Mrs. Hauet's door when her voice seeped from behind it. He paused, his entire body freezing in anticipation.

He knew it was wrong to eavesdrop but he



couldn't help it. His wife was talking about her ex-husband.

'Regrets? Why are they talking about her previous marriage? I can barely hear anything and it's hard to tell which voice belongs to Amelie.'

His heart began beating faster and he felt his palm sweat as he clenched his hands at his sides.

He couldn't tell how long he had been standing there but once his senses returned to him once more, he heard the doorknob twist and the door opened, allowing the women to exit the room.

"Liam?" Amelie raised her eyebrows as she saw his pale face. "When did you come here? Is everything alright? Looks like these girls were a bit too much for you alone."

Elise giggled, then wrapped her arms around Amelie's shoulders, embracing her in a friendly hug, and smiled at Liam. "Thank you for visiting us today. I hope you will enjoy the rest of your stay in Paris."



The car ride to the Eiffel Tower was surprisingly quiet. Liam's eyes were glued to the window the entire time while Amelie couldn't help but throw occasional brief glances at his frowning face.

'He looks very upset... Did something happen? When I saw him standing at the door, I suspected that he had heard our conversation but I did not say anything to make him feel upset.'

The car finally pulled over and Liam got off first, rounding the black limo to hold the door for his wife. He acted just as kind and considerate but his face betrayed it all—he was not happy and he struggled to hide it.

They started walking towards the private elevator when Amelie suddenly stopped and tugged at her husband's sleeve.

"Liam?"

The man stopped too but was reluctant to turn around. There was no other choice; Amelie had to be in charge tonight.

She took a couple of steps forward and faced her husband, a deep frown etched between her



beautifully shaped eyebrows.

"Liam? What's going on? You have been pouting ever since we left the school. And I already know that this pout is real."

Liam sighed and looked down as if there was something very interesting about his shoes. "It's... Haaaa..." He emptied his lungs and felt light-headed for a moment before he shook away the nagging uneasiness and finally responded, "Do you... regret it? This... all..? After seeing him like that..."

Amelie's eyes rounded in shock. "What? Why are you asking me this?"

"I'm not sure," Liam sighed again and scratched his head helplessly, "I feel so selfish and greedy all the time. I am very insecure around you. I keep questioning myself and my actions. I keep worrying that you will one day realize that you've made a mistake and leave me. I keep... trying to do things for you but is it really enough if you don't really love me? I don't want to be just another man who hurts you."

Amelie cupped Liam's cheek with her hand and he instinctively tilted his face into it. Seeing him



so vulnerable, so bare, made her finally realize that it was she who ended up hurting him because she, too, continued to question herself.

Brushing his hair away from his forehead, Amelie looked into his dark gray eyes and smiled. "I love you, Liam. And that makes you enough." ³

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