

## 146 Only You

Amelie stood in her bedroom, the soft glow of the dimmed lights casting a warm, golden hue over the room. The air was thick with the scent of lavender from the candles she had lit, a desperate attempt to calm her racing thoughts. The door was locked, and the silence was deafening.

She had dismissed all of her maids, not wanting anyone to nag her about her quiet and somewhat groggy state. She needed time, space—to think, to feel, to process everything that had happened the night before.

She undressed slowly, her fingers trembling slightly as she removed each piece of clothing. When she was finally bare, she took a few seconds to assess the light pink marks on her body--the sensual "branding" left by Liam as if he wanted to claim her, to make sure she would constantly think of his touch every time she saw her body.

With a long sigh escaping her mouth, Amelie stepped into the hot, inviting bath and leaned



against its smooth back. The water immediately soothed her aching muscles, and she let out a soft moan of relief as she sank deeper into the tub, letting the warmth envelop her.

But the physical relief did little to ease the turmoil inside her. Her mind was a whirlwind of emotions, and no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't stop thinking about last night—about Liam, about everything that he did to her in his relentless fit of passion.

Amelie kept scolding herself for being so cold to her husband this morning, and again during their flight back home. It wasn't fair, and it certainly wasn't how she truly felt, but she couldn't help it. She was exhausted and in a lot of pain, she wanted to be a little sulky too. 2

Amelie closed her eyes, leaning her head back against the edge of the tub as the memories of their passionate night together flooded her senses. It had been the most intense, exhilarating, and most erotic experience of her entire life.

She had been on cloud nine while her true emotions took charge of her body. Every touch,



every kiss, every bite, every pinch, every whispered word from Liam had sent shivers down her spine. Yet, she knew him too well—his gentle, sensitive heart. She was certain that her aloofness had hurt him deeply, that he was probably beating himself up right now, thinking he had disappointed her.

But he hadn't. Oh, how far from the truth that was.

Amelie let out a small laugh, though it was tinged with a hint of exasperation.

"Liam... you giant teddy bear," she murmured to herself. She wasn't disappointed—far from it. The problem wasn't him; it was her. She had never experienced anything like that before.

Her previous marriage had been nothing compared to this—this overwhelming wave of passion that Liam had awakened within her. It was thrilling, yes, but it was also terrifying. Her body was still aching from the intensity of it all, and she hadn't been able to do anything the day after because of it.

But it wasn't just the physical toll that worried her. No, it was what their night together meant.





Amelie bit her lower lip, her thoughts swirling again. Now that they had crossed that line, there was no reason for them to sleep in separate bedrooms anymore, was there? And that meant... that meant they might do that very same thing every night. 3

Her cheeks flushed a deep crimson at the thought. Amelie could barely handle the memory of last night, let alone the idea of it becoming a regular occurrence. She remembered Liam's insatiable behavior, how he had been so completely consumed by his desire for her. It had felt like both pleasure and torture all at once, and while she had loved every second of it, she wasn't sure if she was ready to embrace that level of intensity on a nightly basis.

*'It was almost like he was an entirely different person... So greedy, so possessive... I've never had anyone lusting after me so much.'* 1

Amelie slid her hand over the places where her husband had touched her before and felt her heartbeat fasten again.

She knew she had to talk to him about it, to make him understand. But how? How could she



explain that while she adored what they had shared, she needed time to get used to it? That she needed to ease into this new chapter of their relationship, especially given her past?

The bathwater had grown cold by the time Amelie finally emerged, her skin soft and clean and her mind a little clearer too, though still clouded with uncertainty.

She wrapped herself in a thick, plush towel, savoring the soft fabric against her skin, and then padded over to the vanity, where a glass of wine, prepared by Mary, waited for her lips. She took a small sip, hoping it would calm her nerves, before taking another, larger one. The wine was rich and smooth, but it did little to quell the storm inside her.

She sat down in the chair by the window, the cool night air brushing against her damp skin as she waited for Liam to return.

*'Knowing his personality, I'm sure he will be too anxious to go straight to sleep after work. But if he still does, I will be the one to make the first step.'*

Amelie wasn't sure how long she sat there,





staring out at the bright city lights twinkling in the distance, her fingertips making lazy circles over the rim of the glass. The wine was nearly finished when she finally heard a soft knock on the door.

"Amelie?" Liam's voice was tentative, almost meek, and it tugged at the woman's heart. She could picture him standing there, hesitant, unsure if she even wanted to see him. Almost like a scolded puppy.

She quickly downed the rest of her wine, feeling the liquid warmth spread through her chest, and stood up. With a deep breath, she walked over to the door and unlocked it, opening it to reveal her husband standing there, looking uncharacteristically unsure of himself. Smaller. Shrunken.

Before he could say anything, Amelie reached out, grabbed him by the hand, and pulled him inside, shutting the door behind his back with a resounding sound.

Liam looked down at her, all flustered, as she pushed him gently against the door, pinning him with her small body, her eyes locking with his.



The man swallowed hard, his voice barely above a whisper as he asked, "Lily?"

Amelie didn't respond immediately. She simply stared at him, her heart pounding in her chest as a thousand thoughts raced through her mind. Finally, she sighed and leaned in, pressing a light, gentle kiss to his soft lips.

She felt him relax slightly under her touch, his tension easing, but as he moved closer to kiss her again, she pulled back, placing her fingers against his lips. He ended up kissing her fingertips instead, his breath hot against her skin.

"Liam..." she began, her voice soft but steady. "I wanted to apologize for being so cold to you this morning, and during our flight back home. The truth is... I really enjoyed our night together, but it was a little too much for me."

He arched his brows at her, concern clouding his stormy eyes, but she could see the restraint, the care in his expression.

Amelie rubbed her forehead, still unsure of how to phrase what she wanted to say. Noticing her awkward struggle, Liam sighed briefly and





gently grasped her wrist, pulling her hand away from her forehead and planting a soft kiss on it.

"It's alright, I get it. I was out of control last night, but you have to understand me... It's hard to control myself when you're so beautiful, Lily."

His wife's heart fluttered at his words, and she blushed deeply.

"But I don't want this to push you away," he continued, his lips curling into a reassuring smile. "So... let's take it the way you feel comfortable with. I'll let you decide when you want us to be together like that again, and I'll let you decide how exactly you want it to be. Although it will be hard, I promise I will listen to you and stop when you want me to stop. What do you think about this arrangement?"

Amelie felt a wave of relief wash over her, a small smile forming on her lips. "Yes... I think I like it."

Liam's expression softened even more as he kissed her forehead again. "So, how do you want to proceed from here?"

Amelie took a deep breath, feeling more confident now. "Let's adjust the living





arrangements first. I'll move into your bedroom, and we can start by sharing a bed together."

Liam's eyes lit up with excitement, and he grinned almost mischievously. "I'll get to it right away then!"

Amelie couldn't help but laugh, shaking her head as she wrapped her slender fingers around her husband's forearms. "It's too late to do it now, silly. But I'll sleep in your bed starting from tonight."

Liam's cheeks flushed slightly, and she could see the familiar glint of desire in his eyes as he pulled her closer. "I thought I would be on cloud nine the moment I hear those words, but now I realize I'll be the most miserable man on Earth. To share a bed with a woman like you next to me and do nothing... God, I'll need all the help in the world to keep my hands off you."

She chuckled, sliding her right hand over his cheek. "Gosh, you are definitely a player and a flirt!"

Liam kissed her hand, grinning wickedly. "I'm *your* player and *your* flirt, Lily. It's *you* who are making me act this way. Only you." 2