

Reawaken Expired Love

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Chapter 1 I Want You

Lightning lit up the sky, followed by the deep rumble of thunder outside the window.

The bathroom's frosted glass door, touched by a soft, uncertain light, showed the outlines of two figures.

A tall man and a woman, both delicate and graceful, stood behind it.

Steam clouded the air, making it hard for Alicia Ellis to see. Her hands pressed against the glass, the pattern of her palms clear against it.

Around her waist, the man's arms held her tight, strong as iron.

A whirl of emotions filled her. Confusion and happiness tangling together, she felt like a feather tossed high into the air before falling.

Today, she celebrated three years of being married to Erick Ellis.

In the past, Alicia always reminded Erick, but he never remembered. He even seldom came home.

Though they were married, they felt like strangers.

This intimacy, typical for a couple, was new to them.

Three years of marriage, and Alicia remained untouched.

But she never held it against Erick.

Finally, the bathroom door opened. Erick, dressed in a bathrobe and immersed in steam, stepped out.

His robe hung open, showing his chest, marked with Alicia's nail scratches.

Alicia was bursting with excitement, like a hyper little animal. In her eagerness, she accidentally scratched his skin a few times, unable to contain her wild energy.

Erick, wearing a cool smile, took a seat and casually lit up a cigarette.

After a bit, Alicia came out, gripping her bathrobe tightly. Her cheeks were pink, a blend of shyness and nerves showing. She was trying hard to look composed. "You seem pretty happy today," she remarked, somewhat hesitantly.

In their marriage, Alicia had always been the more submissive one, partly out of guilt.

Three years back, her stepsister Michelle Singh had orchestrated a car accident that had almost killed Alicia. Erick, who was very fond of Michelle, had stepped in to mediate.

Erick's lips curled into a charming smile. "What would make you forgive Michelle?"

At that time, Alicia was recovering in a hospital bed, barely surviving. Even raising her hand was tough. She struggled to lift her head, staring at Erick's lips, then finally met his gaze.

"I want you," she declared, each word weighted with determination.

Her demand was clear. She wanted Erick to marry her and send Michelle away to Faylea.

She decided to let go of any grudges.

She was surprised when Erick actually said yes.

A marriage made from such a deal seemed like it would be dull.

But today was different. He returned early, and they made love with passion, igniting the faint hope in her heart.

She went to him, hopeful, even daring to wish for an embrace.

After their passionate encounter, her legs were still shaky. Her bathrobe, loosely tied, revealed a scar running from her ankle to her knee, thin and delicate yet seemingly ready to break.

It was the reminder of her almost fatal car accident, closed up with more than ten stitches.

It was a sign of her struggle to be with him.

Erick sat across from Alicia, outlined against the light, his gaze cold. "Michelle got back from overseas yesterday. She's unwell and wants to stay with me to get better. Your thoughts?"

His cigarette glowed intensely, and with a flick, the ash fell onto the plush carpet.

What grew cold next was Alicia's heart.

In that moment, she realized everything.