

Louis' Heartwarming Description of Sydney

I moved slowly over to him and sat on the edge of the bed. He pulled me closer to him and took my hand. "If this relationship is going to work, you are going to have to learn to be honest with me. Stop worrying about how....crazy...you think that you are going to look to me." He took my face into his hands and looked deeply into my eyes. "I love you for who you are. You don't have to hide from me."

I let out a shaky breath. "You say that now, but if I ever really let you in..." I shook my head.

He laughed. "What do you think is going to happen? Do you think that I cannot handle it?" He cocked his head as he looked at me.

I looked at him with raised eyebrows. "Do you think that this is some kind of challenge? This is who I am, Louis." I am sure that he could tell from my tone that I was not amused.

He stroked my back. "I am not making fun of you. I am just trying to lighten the mood, which is what I think you need right now. You are just taking things far too seriously. Whether or not you realize it, I have gotten to know you pretty well, *mon coeur*. In fact, I am sure that I know you better than you think that I do."

"Really? And what is it that you think that you know?" I looked at him quizzically.

He sat up and faced me. "You are hungry ALL OF THE TIME. You need to be fed every two hours or there will be serious consequences. You always want to choose the movie that we watch and then you always fall asleep and snore through it. Romantic comedies are your favorite, but you are also addicted to murder mysteries, though you are always wrong about the identity of the murderer. You love Italian and Mexican food, but your absolute favorite is Greek. You love red wine and margaritas and hate white wine and all other hard liquor. All your desserts must contain some kind of chocolate or there is no point in having dessert. You buy yourself a new outfit every year on your birthday to make yourself feel better about getting older. You are completely self-conscious when you are wearing anything tight or short (or are naked), though you shouldn't be because you are absolutely gorgeous. You put everyone else in your life first and often forget that you need things too. The first opinion you want on anything important is Kate, followed by a close second with Maya. I have absolutely no idea where my opinion factors in, but that is not what is important right now." He stopped to draw breath. "Shall I go on?"

Wow. I wasn't expecting that. I guess that he has been paying attention.

"Am I to assume from your stunned silence that you realize that I am right? That I do know you pretty well?" He shook me gently by the shoulders. "I LOVE you. I am very sorry if I scared you with my ridiculous idea to go to Vegas." He sighed. "But I really want you to hear me when I say this. Nothing that you can say or do will scare me or will change how I feel about you."

I just continued to stare at him. For the life of me, I couldn't think of what to say.

"*Mon coeur*, I have never felt this way for anyone. It amazes and overwhelms me. I...sometimes get carried away. I just knew that I wanted to spend the rest of my life with you and it came out. I am sorry."

I laughed. "You're sorry that you want to spend the rest of your life with me?"

He looked relieved. "There she is." He grinned and gave me a soft tap on the nose. "I knew that you were in there somewhere."

"You sure know how to scare the crap out of a girl."

Louis threw his head back and laughed. “You have such a way with words, Syd. I just love it.”

I smiled at him. “I’m glad that you are amused.” I took his hand. “I have never felt like this for anyone before either, Louis. It just....scares me. Everything has happened so fast. I just need things to slow down.”

“As you wish. The last thing that I want to do is upset you. Feel free to take a moment.” He smiled.

I threw my arms around him and felt tears welling in my eyes. “You really do know me, don’t you?”

“Yes, I do.” He pulled out of the hug and handed me my purse. “Now go and visit with Kate. I am sure that you have a lot to discuss.”

I shook my head in disbelief. “You are amazing.” I kissed him on the lips and caressed his face. “May I take you to dinner this evening?”

He kissed me on the nose and smiled. “I would love that. Why don’t I pick you up at seven?”

“Sounds great.” I stood up and crossed the room. When I got to the doorway, I turned around to take one last look at Louis. “I love you.”

He met my gaze. “I love you, too.”

Excerpt from *French Twist* by Glynis Astie, Copyright 2013