

## 123 Beacon Of Hope

"Mrs. Bennett, Mr. Lewis is here to see you again." 1

Amelie unglued her eyes from the computer screen and looked at Anna's concerned face.

Anna had finally assumed the position of Amelie's personal assistant once again and the latter couldn't be happier about it. However, ever since she started working for her again, she had been dealing with only one pressing issue--Richard's annoying attempts to get in touch with his ex-wife once again for whatever reason.

Emptying her lungs with one long, irritated exhale, Amelie tapped her fingers on the surface of her desk, and finally replied, "Send him away, please. Whatever it is Richard wants to talk to me about is no longer of any importance to me. If he is okay with wasting his time on this, then it's his problem."

Anna nodded and left her boss' office while Amelie sunk deeper into her chair, shifting her

gaze to the tall window of the room.

*'He was so eager to get rid of me so what the hell does he want from me now? Although... Seeing how persistent he is, I wonder if it could actually be somewhat important.'*

Despite lingering doubts, Amelie didn't want to entertain the idea of meeting her ex-husband for whatever reason. She had begun a new life and her plate was already full of the hardships that came along with this new beginning. <sup>1</sup>

Today, for example, was her first day of working on one of the Diamond Group's welfare projects: Liam tasked Amelie with compiling comprehensive research to establish a paid scholarship for young orphans eager to join one of his companies after receiving a thorough education sponsored by the charity fund which Amelie was now in charge of as well.

It felt refreshing to be back at doing something she was good at; she finally felt like herself again.

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Once Amelie finished working on her tasks, she



decided to check on Liam and see whether he was done with his work as well. She figured it would be nice to get home together for a change.

As she stepped outside her office, Amelie was met with a somewhat depressing silence. She checked the time on her phone and sighed.

*'I haven't noticed how late it is... Liam said he would notify me when he's done with work but it looks like he is still busy. It's rather depressing to realize that he has to work so hard on his own.'*

The moment she thought of her husband, Amelie flinched as Liam's voice suddenly reached her ears.

"Lily!"

Startled, she almost dropped her things while her husband, completely oblivious to her emotions, rushed to her side, his lips stretched into a happy smile.

"Are you done with work? I was done with mine hours ago but then Miss Hayden told me you were still busy so I have been waiting for you to finish. I wanted to come and help at first but

then I realized that you might be..."

Liam kept talking but his wife could no longer hear him. Instead, she was looking at his shining face and wondering whether he knew what he looked like at moments like these.

*'Like a puppy,' she thought, 'If a wiggling tail suddenly appeared out of nowhere, I guess I wouldn't be surprised at all.'*

"Liam," Amelie finally stopped him by raising her hand and he pursed his lips obediently. "Let's just go home."

"Home?" He repeated somewhat surprised. "Yes, let's go to our home."

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Amelie found herself restless again. Ever since she got back to working full time, she had been sleeping peacefully most nights, but there were still random occasions when she could not get even a single moment of night's rest.

She tossed and turned numerous times before she finally got tired and decided to do something else instead. It was at that very moment that the



door to her bedroom was suddenly opened from the outside.

Instantly, Amelie froze and fixed her eyes on the dark figure at the door. She was reminded of the night Liam sleepwalked back into his bedroom and she was secretly hoping that it was him again.

Thankfully, it was. And now, at least, she knew what she had to do.

She waited for Liam to approach her and moved to the side, leaving enough space on the bed if he wanted to lie down. It was almost surreal--he sat on the bed, just like the last time, and remained motionless for what seemed like an eternity. 2

Then, again, he curled up under Amelie's blanket and rested his head on one of the pillows, stretching his hand out as if looking for someone to hold it.

Amelie hesitated. She already knew she could touch him while he was in that state but she had no idea what would happen if he were to suddenly wake up. She had to admit that she was still scared.

Nevertheless, she carefully placed her hand just millimeters away from Liam's fingers and closed her eyes, focusing her hearing on her husband's quiet breathing. Somehow, hearing him breathe so close to her made her heart calm down.

Amelie didn't know how many long minutes had passed since the moment Liam got into her bed; she wanted to open her eyes and check on him numerous times and yet, something prevented her from doing that.

It was comforting. Just him being next to her. She didn't want to shatter that.

At last, Liam's body moved again and she felt him gently move the tips of his fingers over her hand.

Amelie froze. With her eyes closed, she was not sure whether he was still asleep, but then, the silence that had been surrounding them was cut with Liam's quiet yet distinct whisper.

"What is it about you that makes me this crazy, Amelie? Is it your scent that helps me find my way through the darkness even when I'm so unaware of everything else? I am so lost and I know that you know it. I'm scared; I'm so



hopelessly misguided and yet... it's only you who keeps me going like a beacon of hope within this abyss. 3

I love you. I wish I was brave enough to say that when you are awake, and I wish you were brave enough to hear it. Our wedding day... I promise I will say it then. And I can only pray that you will feel the same." 5

Just as suddenly as he appeared, Liam left his wife's room, and only silence remained within its walls.

Amelie opened her eyes, her mind drowning in the loud pounding of her nervous heart, and pressed both hands to her chest, nearly gasping for air.

Love.

For the first time in her life, there was someone who truly loved her. 4

