



## 134 Surprise

After the incident with Vanessa's allergic reaction to sunflowers, Amelie's mind had been constantly haunted by the overwhelming sense of uneasiness. 1

Noah's widow was fine after the emergency treatment and the whole thing was swept under the rug, most likely thanks to Liam's efforts, but the bitter taste of betrayal still bothered Amelie.

Sure, Angelina saved her when she came back to their mansion under the false pretense of losing her earring in their living room; Amelie had no idea how she could have gone through that ordeal without her help, but on the other hand, it also meant that now she owed Angelina a favor and that favor would definitely be related to Vanessa.

"Don't feel burdened, Amelie," Vanessa's last message "comforted" her, "I am on your side."

*'Unfortunately,' Amelie mused silently, 'That, too, cost me quite a lot. Now I will have no choice but to get involved in Angelina's schemes.'*



Thankfully, there was still something that helped Amelie eventually get her mind off both Vanessa and Miss Castillo. Since Liam agreed to accept Richard's invitation to his wedding, she spent the next week preparing to leave for Paris.

Amelie refused to share one of the private jets rented by her ex-husband; or rather, Liam insisted on her flying in one of their own jets instead because this way, she could get her friends on board with her and feel a little less anxious during the trip.

*'Liam said he had an important meeting scheduled in the morning so he wouldn't be able to fly with us but he promised to come in the evening so that we could both attend the wedding together.'*

It was a little upsetting to think about her husband being forced to fly alone but there was no helping it. At least she would spend more time with her dear friends.

"Everything is ready, Mrs. Bennett."

Carla returned to the salon of the private jet after talking with the pilot, looking extremely upset, her lips pouting. Amelie got a little



worried. "Is something wrong? You have been looking quite sad since last night."

The maid sighed heavily. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Bennett. I just... hoped that Miss Julia Ashford would join us as your private guard on this trip."

Amelie couldn't help but curl her lips into a warm smile. She placed her hand on the maid's shoulder and gave it a light, encouraging squeeze. "I'm sorry, Carla, but Julia doesn't take such jobs anymore; she has her own subordinates to do that, she just manages them."

"I know..." Carla sighed those words again and dropped her shoulders, dragging her feet to her designated seat in the salon.

*'This girl seems quite infatuated with my sister,' Amelie smiled again as she looked at Carla's melancholic behavior. 'Now that I think about it, I haven't heard from Julia in quite a while. I guess she still feels uncomfortable around me... I wonder if she still thinks of me the same way she used to think of me in the past.'*

"Amelie!"

She turned around to see Lizzy's smiling face

and felt a little better again.

The plane was about to take off.

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The plane finally landed and Amelie opened her eyes, feeling slightly drowsy after the long nap she took after a single glass of champagne got into her head unexpectedly. She was thankful that she could have some sleep; she didn't really like to fly and always felt utterly anxious and even scared every time she did.

Now that it was finally over, a line of cars was waiting for them, ready to take them to the hotel where everyone was staying the night.

"Mrs. Bennett?" A man dressed in a black driver's uniform called Amelie's name, his accent betraying his nationality.

"Yes?"

"If you will follow me, please, I was instructed to take you to the hotel in a separate car," The man explained with a serious expression on his face. He then pointed at the designated car and Amelie instantly felt at ease again as she saw one

of Julia's personal bodyguards holding the door open for her, waiting.

"Is something the matter?" Elizabeth tugged her friend on the sleeve of her pantsuit jacket, glancing suspiciously at the driver who was now beginning to feel nervous.

"No, I am just going to take a separate car. I guess it was Liam's arrangements," Amelie explained, patting Lizzy's hand with hers in a reassuring manner.

"Are you sure?" Lizzy refused to give up just yet, "Your ex prepared a limo for us, I think it's more comfortable."

Amelie noticed the driver's somewhat scared face and sighed, shaking her head at her friend's persistence. "It's alright, I will see you guys again once we're there."

Reluctantly, Elizabeth let go of Amelie's hand and walked away while the latter offered the driver a light smile and started walking toward the large black car. "Alright, let's go then."

The man's face lit up a little and he rushed to the car as well, nearly jumping to the driver's seat



while dropping his hat onto his knees. Amelie nodded at the bodyguard, silently thanking her for holding the door, and pushed her body inside the car, gasping loudly as she realized that she was not alone there.

"Liam?!"

She practically shouted his name which made her husband flinch with his entire body as well. He opened his mouth to greet his wife but Amelie spoke again, still quite shocked, "What are you doing here? I thought I would only see you at night."

Liam's lips curved into a rather smug grin. "Oh, are you disappointed that I didn't come to see you at night?"

The car started moving, forcing Amelie to momentarily shift her attention to the moving scenery behind the tinted windows. She then let out a long exhale and shook her head, struggling to hide the smile that was caused by Liam's sudden appearance. 2

Regardless of his little antics, she couldn't help but feel happy to see him this soon.

