



145 An Unexpected Visitor

The next morning, Liam and Amelie had to go back home. 1

Tired, groggy, and in a lot of pain, Amelie was sulky and silent the entire time, barely offering her husband a few words in reply to his questions which made Liam think that she was extremely upset with him.

'I have ruined it, there is no doubt. Was I too pushy? Was I... BAD?'

Countless disturbing thoughts continued to swarm inside his restless brain but he still didn't dare to talk about that incredible night they had spent together.

Thankfully, since Amelie slept a lot and spent a lot of time getting ready, the amount of awkward time they had to share was limited and before they even realized it, they were already sitting inside Liam's private jet.

Once again, Amelie remained silent and no matter how caring or attentive her husband tried to be, she kept her distance from him and



spent the entire flight back home sleeping in a separate section of the plane.

Once they arrived at their mansion, Amelie nearly darted back to her bedroom, complaining that she needed to take another hot bath to help her body relax. Liam tried to convince his wife to see a doctor just in case but she refused, and Liam had no choice but to leave her alone.

'Well...' he sighed and shook his head, brushing his shiny black hair backward as he checked the time on his watch. 'Only 5 PM... Might as well head back to the office; Austin is probably dying there without me.'

As soon as Liam got to the Diamond Group's headquarters, he was greeted by his nervous personal assistant, surrounded by what looked like a dozen empty paper cups that contained coffee delivered from the coffee shop downstairs.

Austin jumped from his chair, nearly knocking off half of the paper cups, and rushed to his boss, his eyes widened both from the influx of caffeine and unconcealed worry.

"Mr. Bennett! You are right in time! Come!"



He grabbed Liam by the sleeve of his shirt and pulled him right into his office, shutting the door behind them with a resounding bang.

"What's going on?" Liam asked impatiently and widened his eyes too. Austin stood closer to the man and lowered his voice even though he knew that no one would hear them. "You have an unexpected visitor today, Mr. Bennett. I told him you might not be able to see him but he refused to leave. He is waiting in the conference room B at the moment."

Liam was caught off guard. He had made sure that he was not expecting any visitors before he flew to France and today was his free day as well.

Still, allowing this meeting to happen was not such a bad idea even though the stranger waiting for him seemed to be rude to refuse to listen to his assistant. Releasing a long sigh, he pushed Austin out of his way and reached for the door.

"I'll meet him. Who is it?"

Austin hesitated, offering Liam a somewhat frustrated gaze, but then sighed a well, and



finally replied, "It's Mr. Einar Ingvarsson."

Liam froze and furrowed his brow. After Amelie convinced him that he needed to fix his relationship with the Icelandic businessman, Liam complied and even sent him a wedding invitation earlier than anyone else, giving him ample time to consider his decision carefully and adjust his plans.

In the end, Einar never replied and Liam took it as his rejection. But now he was back in the country and even waiting for him in his company's building? Now that was just too interesting to ignore.

"Conference room B, you said?" He grinned and pushed the door open, "Well, let's see what he has to say to me."

"What a pleasant surprise, Mr. Ingvarsson! I had no idea you would be coming to visit me today."

Liam entered the conference room and walked up to the man, who was leaning against the back of the chair, his arms folded at his broad chest.

Einar stood up and forced a smile, accepting Liam's hand for a welcoming handshake. "I apologize for my sudden visit, Mr. Bennett, but I have spent way too much time in leisure and once I learned that you were coming back from France, I decided that wasting time was no longer my priority."

A strange grimace appeared on Liam's face but he disguised it underneath a fake smile too. *'He always sounds so pompous; his blood is definitely poisoned by that Ivy League curse.'*

He took a seat behind the long desk, motioning for his guest to do the same and once Einar took back his seat, Liam continued, "So what brings you directly to my office, Mr. Ingvarsson?"

Einar shifted a little and adjusted his tie, using the subtle movements of his body to conceal his discomfort. "First of all, I'd like to congratulate you on your new title, Mr. Bennett. The country's first smart technology tycoon... There are only three of you in the world, it's quite an impressive achievement."

Liam nodded, seemingly thanking the man for his praise, but his stormy eyes still narrowed in



displeasure. He leaned back in his chair as well and fixed his intense gaze on the other man.

"Thank you, Mr. Ingvarsson, I appreciate that. But surely, it was not the only reason for your coming here. After all, you were invited to my wedding but gave me no response... And now that you are here, I assume your answer is now positive."

Einar understood what Liam meant and it made him frown too.

He wanted him to acknowledge that he knew about him marrying Amelie and congratulate him on his wedding too.

The memories of their fight in Amelie's office resurfaced in his mind and he had to make a lot of effort to push them back and compose his growing irritation.

Clenching his fists under the desk, Einar offered Liam another forced smile and nodded. "Yes, you are absolutely right. I am here to congratulate you both in person and accept your wedding invitation, Mr. Bennett."

Now, Liam's smile was genuine. "Thank you, Mr.



Ingvarsson, but I must confess, I feel a little bad that you had to come all the way here just to say these words. Now you have to be stuck here alone until the day of the wedding ceremony."

Einar shifted in his seat again, the veins on his neck bulging as he clenched his jaw in frustration. "Thank you, but you don't have to worry about me, Mr. Bennett. I enjoy staying in this country and I am sure Mrs--Mrs. Bennett will be happy to keep me company as well."

It felt as if the two of them were having a silent battle, each trying hard to sting his opponent with the sharpness of their words. Nevertheless, both struggled to ignore each other's efforts, maintaining a nonchalant expression throughout that unconventional verbal fight.

But Liam knew that he was winning. After all, it was clear why Einar had come to the country so early before the wedding--the businessman wanted to check; to make sure that Amelie's wedding was not something she was forced into once again, and fish for a chance that if it still was, she would finally see that choosing him over Liam and letting him take her away from her past was still a better solution to her

distress.

Getting tired of Einar's solemn face, Liam fixed his glaring eyes at him once more and said, "I assume you are staying somewhere else in the city? If you had checked into the Emerald Hotel, my wife would have known right away."

Einar arched his brow at the sudden change of the subject. He then nodded. "Yes, I'm staying at the Sunrise Villa. A shed, if you ask me, especially compared to the Emerald Hotel, but I couldn't impose by repeating my stay in that fine establishment again. Not with the new owner on top of that."

'New owner?' Liam raised his eyebrows too. 'Ah, he must still think that Amelie lost the hotel due to divorce. Well, as much as I don't really care where this man stays, I want him to see that I am comfortable enough to let him close to Amelie. As close as possible, even.'

"So you don't like your current hotel, huh?" He started with a cunning smile, "You are right, once you visit Emerald Hotel, you can never feel comfortable anywhere else again. And since you were so considerate to come all the way here to



personally greet and congratulate me and my wife... I would like to invite you to stay at my mansion until after the wedding, Mr. Ingvarsson."

"I beg your pardon?" Einar's body tensed and he leaned over the desk, his face a mixture of confusion and disbelief.

Liam nodded and rephrased his words once more. "I am inviting you to stay at my house, Mr. Ingvarsson. What do you say?" 2

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