

159 Grief

Liam stared at Amelie, his eyes wide with confusion and disbelief. 1

He couldn't process the words that had just left her lips, the shock reverberating through his entire being. "What do you mean?" His voice trembled, almost unrecognizable to his own ears. "Say it again! Lily... What did you just say?"

Amelie was crying openly now, her chest heaving with each sob, her shoulders trembling under the weight of the news she had just delivered. Her voice barely made it past her trembling lips as she tried to explain.

"Julia... she just received a call. I... I had her check if your grandfather was alright because I was worried. Julia's people contacted the authorities, and they sent out a search party right away. He went to the mountains to hunt and... and they found him dead there. A heart attack. He had no chance... I'm so sorry, Liam."

As the words hung in the air, Amelie reached out and hugged her husband tightly, but Liam's body

remained frozen in place, as if paralyzed by the sheer magnitude of his loss.

His face turned pale, his eyes wide and unblinking, staring into a void that only he could see.

Around them, the room fell into a hushed whisper, the guests at the reception murmuring among themselves, the news spreading like wildfire through the crowd.

But Amelie blocked it all out, focusing solely on Liam.

She could feel his body growing limp in her arms, and panic surged through her.

"Julia," she called out, her eyes widening once she spotted her sister once again, "help me get him out of here. We need to take him somewhere private!"

Julia, who had been standing nearby, quickly moved to her sister's side. Together, they guided Liam out of the reception hall, away from the prying eyes and the insidious whispers that followed them.

Amelie turned back briefly to apologize to Edward Harris, who nodded understandingly, his face marked with concern and sympathy. She tried to maintain her composure, but inside, she felt like she was on fire, every nerve ending ablaze with a blend of grief and anxiety.

When they finally reached her penthouse suite, the room that had once been her sanctuary now felt suffocating, tainted by the tragedy that loomed over them.

Before, this place had been her refuge, a place where she could escape from the horrors of the past few months with her ex-husband. But now, standing here with Liam, who was consumed by shock and despair, she felt lost and unanchored again.

"Thank you, Julia," Amelie said softly, "I need to talk to Liam alone."

Julia nodded, "If you need anything, I'm just a call away," she said before quietly leaving the room.

Amelie turned to Liam, who was now sitting on the edge of the bed, staring blankly at the floor. She slowly approached him and sat down beside him, her heart breaking at the sight of him so



lost and vulnerable. She reached out and covered his hand with hers, her touch gentle and soothing. "Liam," she whispered, "I am so sorry... I—"

She didn't get to finish her sentence.

Liam's low voice cut through the air like a blade. "I always thought that I was ready for this somehow. You know how they call our family cursed... my parents, my brother... but Grandpa, he overcame it all. If you think about it, he was the most miserable of us all. How many deaths has he witnessed? How many of those he loved so much... bit the dust before his very eyes?"

His voice wavered as he tried to hold back the tears that threatened to spill. "I hate myself for getting ready for his death. But now... Lily, I'm not ready at all. What do I do? What the hell am I supposed to do?"

Amelie's eyes welled up with tears as she looked into her husband's face, seeing the anguish and despair etched into his features.

She knew that behind that confident mask was a timid and vulnerable young man, but it still broke her heart to watch him crumble like that

before her eyes.

She understood his pain all too well. Like her, Liam had lost almost everyone who mattered to him, and now, with Oscar Bennett's death, he was the last of his family.

Without a word, Amelie wrapped her arms around him, pulling him close. Liam pressed his face against her chest, his tears finally breaking free, hot and heavy as they streamed down his face.

His weeping was quiet, almost silent, but the depth of his pain was palpable, a raw and aching wound that seemed impossible to heal.

Amelie held him tightly, her own tears silently falling as she patted his soft black hair, trying to offer him whatever comfort she could. She knew she had to be strong for him, to hold herself together even as she felt herself breaking inside.

So they sat there, alone in the dimly lit hotel room, wrapped in each other's arms, sharing the unbearable weight of their grief until there was nothing left but the quiet, grieving silence.

The news of Oscar Bennett's passing sent shockwaves through the world, leaving everyone reeling in disbelief.

For many, Oscar had seemed almost immortal, a man whose willpower and vitality defied time. He was a legend, a symbol of inner strength and unfathomable power, and his death felt like the end of an era for those who knew him intimately.

The world was forced to reckon with the reality that even the strongest among them could fall, and it was a sobering thought.

But no one was more affected by this tragedy than the Bennetts.

Liam was devastated; his grief consuming him in a way that left him hollowed out and broken.

When his grandfather's body was finally brought back by his friends, the reality of the loss hit him even harder, and he withdrew into himself, a mere shadow of the man he once had been.

The wedding ceremony, once meticulously planned and eagerly anticipated, was canceled without a second thought.



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No amount of effort or preparation could make it seem important anymore. The world moved on, but for Liam and Amelie, time seemed to stand still, trapped in a moment of endless grief.

Amelie didn't care about the wedding being called off, but high society had a different view. The gossip and speculation were relentless, with every media outlet repeating the same phrase: "From a divorce to a funeral."

What a pity. Did Amelie Ashford truly not deserve to be happy?

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