

163 The Damage Could Have Been Irreversible

"Thank you, Mr. Ingvarsson," Liam looked at Einar, stretching his lips into a forced smile that didn't quite reach his eyes. He found it difficult to be friendly with anyone today; his mood was dark and heavy, still tainted with the hectic morning he had up until this very moment. 1

Einar stood silent and somewhat solemn, his sharp blue eyes fixed firmly on the man sitting behind the desk.

Right now, The two men were in Liam's office at the Diamond Group's headquarters, and the tension between them could start a fire if a single spark was to make its way inside the space.

And the reason for that was quite obvious.

Liam had rushed to the office as soon as he woke up this morning, his mind reeling from the shock of waking up next to Vanessa, who was still fast asleep, her arms wrapped firmly around his waist. 2



He had been so horrified, so wracked with guilt and confusion, that he hadn't known what to do with himself.

Why was he in her room? Did he sleepwalk again? And if yes, then why didn't she help him go back to his bedroom? Why was he half-naked? And, of course, why was his sister-in-law hugging him so tightly?

As Liam moved her sleeping body away, he noticed the strong smell of alcohol escaping her lips, but it was still not enough to explain his predicament to the fullest.

And all he could think of at that very moment was how to escape Vanessa's room unnoticed.

As he managed to leave the bedroom quietly, Liam stumbled into the empty guest room next to Vanessa's, where he had found a fresh set of clothes and a note written in an unfamiliar handwriting.

Ignoring yet another wave of confusion, he had taken a quick shower, got dressed, and darted out of the mansion, jumping into the first car in the garage and driving it himself.

His entire body had been trembling as he sat in the car, trying to make sense of what had happened.

Now, just as written in the note that was still in Liam's pocket, he sat in his office, facing the one who had written that note for him.

Einar studied Liam's disheveled appearance, his eyes narrowing slightly as he contemplated his response.

He could see the anxiety etched into Liam's features, the way his shoulders were tense, and the lines of worry that creased his otherwise smooth forehead.

Finally, he parted his lips and said in a low, detached voice, "You are welcome, Mr. Bennett. I am glad this little mishap did not cause any significant problems for you or... your wife."

At the mention of Amelie, Liam's body visibly flinched and tensed, a deep frown marring his tired face.

The guilt he felt twisted his stomach into knots but he had to remain composed before the man whom he still considered his rival.



"It was rather clever of you to leave me a fresh set of clothes and a note in the empty guest room, Mr. Ingvarsson. How did you know I would go there anyway?"

Einar scoffed briefly, a wry smile tugging at the corner of his lips.

"To be honest, it is not me who should be thanked for this in the first place. One of your maids--Carla, I think?--saw your drunk sister-in-law take you into her room while you were sleepwalking, and I just happened to be awake when she found herself in a bind, running around your mansion in panic. I knew that if Mrs. Bennett were to find you in Vanessa's room, she would definitely misunderstand, so I made sure she was notified that you sleepwalked into another guest room and stayed there." 4

Einar paused, letting his words sink in before continuing.

"Then, I realized that if I were to leave the door to that room open, once you awoke, you'd probably be tempted to find refuge there. So I brought one of my suits in and left you a note, advising you to go straight here instead of



waiting for your wife to wake up and question you on the topic. I didn't think you would be ready to explain yourself." 1

Liam smirked slightly, then sighed, silently acknowledging that Einar's plan was indeed clever, albeit deceitful. "Thank you again. You saved me from an unfortunate misunderstanding." 1

Einar ignored his gratitude and cut him off, his voice cold and stern, almost threatening.

"Mr. Bennett, I don't mean to be rude, but this could have been more than a simple *misunderstanding*. Mrs. Bennett has just gone through a very unpleasant experience of a man she once trusted cheating on her and betraying her, crushing her heart and soul. If she had seen you last night with that woman... Everything you have worked for in this relationship could have been ruined, perhaps forever. You could have destroyed Amelie's heart. And this time, the damage could have been irreversible." 4

Liam clenched his fists, his eyes narrowing.

He knew that Einar was right. He knew the gravity of what had almost happened and it



annoyed him to no end. "You're right, Mr. Ingvarsson," he admitted quietly, his voice tinged with frustration. "But there was nothing I could do. I can't control my sleepwalking and--"

Einar interrupted him again, his voice rising with barely contained anger. "That is a weak excuse, Mr. Bennett. Befitting a weak man. Your first mistake was not taking care of your condition. Your second mistake was letting your brother's widow become a problem for your own marriage." 5

Einar walked closer to Liam's desk, placing both of his large hands on top of it and leaning in, his bright blue eyes sparkling with a glint of serious warning.

"I stepped down because I wanted to believe Amelie when she said that she was happy with you. I wanted to believe that you could be better than that scumbag Richard Clark. But if you cannot be trusted... then I will get involved once again. I will not let anyone—and I mean anyone—make her suffer again. Did I make myself clear?" 3

