

64 Jealous

Liam froze, his eyes frantically scanning Amelie and Einar. The sight of them standing so close, almost as if they were hugging, refused to register in his mind. At the same time, something infuriating ignited deep inside his heart. 1

Finally, he noticed Einar's hands wrapped around Amelie's thin wrists as if holding her captive. Now, the source of his growing irritation became crystal clear.

Puffing out his chest, Liam marched up to them and forcefully removed Einar's hands from Amelie's wrists, pushing him away so hard that Mr. Ingvarsson almost lost his balance.

"What the hell are you doing to her?!" Liam's voice echoed with anger, his narrowed gray eyes sparking with malice.

Einar straightened his suit and stepped back toward Mr. Bennett, their postures resembling two boxers ready to fight. He looked Liam in the eyes and answered through gritted teeth, "It's



none of your business what I was doing, Mr. Bennett."

Feeling even more agitated by the man's arrogant reply, Liam lost his cool. He grabbed Einar by the collar of his black shirt and growled, "I beg to differ. It is my business if it involves Miss Ashford."

"Mr. Bennett, Mr. Ingvarsson," Amelie interjected, trying to defuse the escalating situation.

"Gentlemen, what's the matter here? Let's calm down and remain civil!"

Unfortunately, her efforts were ignored by both men.

With an annoyed grin, Einar raised his eyebrows at Liam and said calmly, "Let go of my shirt, Mr. Bennett."

Liam smirked back. "Not until you explain yourself, Mr. Ingvarsson."

Their brief standoff was about to reach a boiling point. Einar let out a short scoff, shaking his head mockingly, then delivered a strong and unexpected punch to Liam's face.

Amelie gasped in shock and stepped aside, nearly tripping over her own feet. For a few seemingly endless moments, her brain refused to accept what had just happened. By the time she was ready to intervene, Liam had already swung his hand back at Einar.

The altercation escalated into a full-blown fight.

Scared and confused, Amelie hurried out of her office and instructed the secretary to summon security immediately. Natalie nodded and dashed to the elevators, while Mrs. Ashford struggled to comprehend the unfolding scene.

'What on earth is happening? How could they start a fight like this?'

Luckily, the hotel security responded promptly.

Three tall, burly men in black suits rushed into Amelie's office, accompanied by Austin Hall.

Spotting the commotion and knowing Amelie had met with Liam earlier, he hurried in, hoping Liam hadn't landed himself in serious trouble.

Luck wasn't on his side that day.

Locking their arms behind their backs, the security guards pulled the fighting men apart,

restraining them as they continued to struggle. The third guard positioned himself in the center, ready in case either tried to break free.

Once it seemed the men were subdued, the third guard signaled to Amelie that she could re-enter the room. Austin followed closely behind her. They both examined Liam's and Einar's bruised faces with astonishment and slight disappointment.

They were just like children caught in a meaningless fight.

Austin rushed to Mr. Bennett, his expression reflecting genuine concern as he assessed Liam's injuries. A black eye, a split lip, several scratches on his left cheek, and a torn collar gave Liam a disheveled appearance.

Instead of showing him some pity, however, his assistant slapped him on the shoulder and began his scolding. "What the hell happened here? How in the world did you get into this mess? This is simply unbelievable, Mr. Bennett! I lose you out of sight for one minute and this is where it leads to!"

Liam's guilty eyes were fixed on the floor

beneath his feet, he looked like a scolded schoolboy listening to the lament of his parent. He pushed his assistant away, still struggling to compose his anger, and simply groaned. "I'm fine, stop fussing over this."

The source of his unbounded anger was not really his assistant's concern but the fact that Amelie's attention was now focused on his opponent.

"Mr. Ingvarsson, are you alright? Goodness, your eyebrow! It's bleeding so much!"

Indeed, on top of similar damage received by Liam, Einar had a split brow, a thin but consistent trail of blood running down his face, and leaving a dark stain on the black fabric of his shirt.

Austin turned around and quickly approached Einar, offering him a bow and a sincere apology on behalf of his boss.

"I am really sorry, Mr. Ingvarsson. Please allow me to take you to the hospital and take care of your treatment. I will take care of any other complaints as well but for now, the medical treatment is our top priority."

While Austin tried to persuade Einar to follow his advice, Amelie grabbed a bunch of napkins from the box on the coffee table and pressed one of them over the man's wound in an attempt to stop the bleeding. Einar flinched and recoiled and Mrs. Ashford felt bad for causing him more pain.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Ingvarsson! But you really should seek medical attention, it looks like you might need stitches!"

Liam clicked his tongue in frustration and that loud sound prompted Amelie to meet his glare. He was upset that she approached Einar first while completely ignoring him. He was losing his mind.

"Mr. Hall," Amelie turned back to Austin and added, "Please take Mr. Ingvarsson to the hospital immediately and ask Natalie to bring in the first-aid kit on your way out. Mr. Ingvarsson," she then looked at Einar and offered him a stern and somewhat authoritative look. "Please do not act out and follow Mr. Hall. You can be grumpy at me or anyone else once your wound is taken care of."

With a long sigh, Einar nodded, then shot Liam one last warning glare, and left the office followed by his rival's assistant.

Amelie finally walked up to Liam who was now sitting on the couch with his back turned toward her and wiping blood from his busted lip with one of the napkins he picked up from the table.

The woman watched him wince from pain for a few seconds before she took a seat next to him and looked into his face.

"Look at you, Mr. Bennett... What a mess of a face you have now."

Liam was still avoiding her eyes but Amelie didn't really mind that. "What was that all about, Mr. Bennett?"

The man refused to answer her question. At that moment, Natalie walked in and placed a white plastic box with a red cross on both sides and a small pouch filled with dry ice on its top.

Amelie opened the box, retrieved a small cotton ball, dipped it into the antiseptic, then caught Liam's chin between her fingers, making him face her straight at last, and started gently

tapping the cotton on his lower lip, blowing with her lips to make sure it was not too painful.

Liam didn't feel any pain. In fact, all he cared about was Amelie's face which was so close to his that he could count every single eyelash framing her eyes. He could smell her perfume which was sweet and warm; he could hear her breathe in before she would blow on his lip again.

It was funny; in the past, he could have sworn he was able to hear her nervous heartbeat desperately trying to crash through her ribcage but now, it seemed that their roles had reversed.

"So why did you start a fight, Mr. Bennett?"

Still focused on tending to Liam's wound, Amelie asked in a calm voice.

This time, Mr. Bennett didn't hesitate.

"Because I was jealous." 3

Amelie paused and finally looked up into his eyes. "What?"

Liam's voice turned somewhat sad as he

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repeated his answer.

"I was jealous, Miss Ashford." 2

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