

## 69 Time To Get Serious

A tall man strode purposefully through the dimly lit corridor of his mansion, a small corgi puppy nestled on the muscular forearm of his left arm. 1

His footsteps were urgent and heavy, his right hand clutching a large black folder, with several papers spilling out from inside.

He pushed open the door at the end of the hall with a resounding bang, startling Liam, who jumped in his seat.

"Grandpa, what the hell?! Are you trying to send your only grandson to join his late brother so soon? You nearly gave me a heart attack!"

Oscar let out a hearty laugh and marched towards the leather couch by the window of his grandson's study. He carefully placed Captain Pantaloons on a soft pillow, one of many strategically placed throughout the mansion for this very purpose. 1

Oscar Bennett was remarkably perky and cheerful for a retired man of seventy-eight. His tall, athletic build, combined with good genes

and a regimen of constant physical activity, had shielded him from the ravages of time. Even at such an advanced age, he looked no older than sixty and attracted admiring glances from beautiful women of all ages wherever he went.

"Do you have to drag that stinky dog everywhere?" Liam snapped, shooting an annoyed glare at his grandpa. "I don't think I remember what it feels like not to have something that doesn't smell like a dog!"

Oscar responded with a glare that was far more serious and menacing. "It was your job to ensure the mansion was ready while you were back home. Whose fault is it that you ended up bringing him here instead of leaving him at our home?"

Liam bit his tongue as he knew that his grandfather was right. He returned to his laptop while Oscar threw a black folder at him, a dozen papers scattering all over the desk.

"While the wheels are still turning for you to become the president of Diamond Group, it's time for you to start taking things seriously."

Liam gathered all the papers and started looking



over them. "What the... Are these bridal resumes or something? Where the hell did you even get those?"

"You little punk!" Oscar raised his arm, holding another pillow, ready to launch it at his grandson. Liam ducked, but Oscar tossed the pillow back on the couch and straightened his tie. "These are the women a matchmaker I know has selected as potential candidates for your future wife. You'll start going on blind dates as soon as we're back home again."

Liam randomly picked one of the profiles and started reading out loud. "Sabrina Leeves, twenty-four years old. Has just graduated from bla bla bla... The only daughter of the president of HAN Group... Wow, impressive; very impressive."

Oscar clicked his tongue, discerning the notes of sarcasm in his grandson's voice. "Don't get funny with me, Liam. The moment you get the position, all the greedy fathers will surround you like locusts, shoving their "eligible" daughters right into your face. Knowing you, there will be a lot of scandal and I, for one, would like to avoid it."



*'Just like you avoided it with Noah's fiancée...'*

Liam rubbed his throbbing temples with his fingers and sighed.

"Well, maybe I should just marry Vanessa then. Her parents are not going to take her back anyway since she was supposed to marry into our family. Does it matter which Bennett she marries then?"

This time, the pillow finally met with Liam's smirking face. Oscar frowned while his grandson was fixing his messed-up appearance.

"Vanessa has just lost a fiancée in the same way you lost your brother. I want her to stay here and take care of this mansion... I understand you are trying to cope with loss in such a nasty way but I won't tolerate your foolishness when it comes to such serious matters.

You are the future of Diamond Group, Liam. You are the future of this family. You need an impeccable partner; someone who can help you with your business; someone who will give you the family you keep losing. I won't have you laugh at this." 1

Oscar's words made Liam look down at the



women's profiles one more time.

Yes, he was sure they were all incredible young women with impeccable backgrounds and reputations. Some could bring him valuable connections; some could offer him stable support; while some -- could be wonderful mothers to his future children.

Some women looked cute; some looked too mature for their age. And yet, none of them looked like her. She was the one who could give him everything. And he believed that he was the one who could do the same for her.

Unfortunately, she was not among the women in those profiles.

With a long exhale escaping his lungs, Liam finally spoke again.

"Grandpa... I already have someone I want by my side."

Oscar's eyes lightened up with hope. "You do? Who is she? Which family? Have you already met her? Do you have a picture?"

Liam was taken aback by his grandfather's



unexpected enthusiasm which wiped off the serious expression from his face almost immediately. He smiled somewhat melancholically.

"I can't tell you who she is right now but trust me, she is a perfect candidate to become my wife. I just... need a little more time to persuade her to accept my proposal."

"What?" Oscar rounded his eyes. "She doesn't want to marry you?!"

His grandson shrugged his shoulders. "Yet. But trust me, she will. I will make sure she will." 1

Oscar offered him a suspicious look before gently picking up the puppy and rising to his feet. "Alright, I will leave it to you but if it doesn't work out, make sure to let me know as soon as possible. Understood?"

"Yes, Grandpa."

Oscar left and Liam spent another few minutes looking at the door that he closed behind his back.

He had expected that the marriage talk would



come up as soon as his brother would pass away but it still didn't fail to leave him nervous.

'Well,' he picked up his phone and tapped on the call button next to his assistant's name. *'It is really time to get very serious then.'*

Comment <sup>4</sup>

View All >



Post your first comment!



Vote



Fandom



Send Gift

