

39 Talking Through The Closed Door

Amelie didn't know how to react. The ring was a stunning rose-gold band with delicate flower engravings and several sparkling diamonds arranged in an elegant floral pattern in the center. It was more a work of art than a simple ring, which is precisely why she felt it was too extravagant to accept given the current circumstances. 1

Her eyes then moved to the writing on the box. Just as she suspected, it came from one of the most famous jewelry houses in the world, renowned for their exquisite, unique designs and high prices.

Amelie carefully held the ring between her fingers. After a few long moments, the startling realization finally struck her—the ring was a perfect fit!

She was tempted to try it on but quickly changed her mind and put the ring back in the box.

"This is too much... It is frowned upon to gift a

married woman a ring; everybody knows that. What a shame, though... Such a beautiful piece of jewelry,' she thought. 2

Even though she found it stunning, she knew she had to return it to Liam.

Placing the box back in the small paper bag, Amelie walked up to the door of Liam's hotel room and knocked three times. The voice on the other side responded immediately, surprising her.

"Yes?"

Amelie's eyebrows arched. *'Has he been standing there waiting all this time?'* she wondered. 1

Clearing her throat, she called out, "Mr. Bennett?"

"Yes, Miss Ashford?" Liam's voice now sounded somewhat shy and even a little guilty. Amelie felt strange talking to him through the closed door.

"Mr. Bennett, could you open the door so we can talk?"

At first, her request was met with silence, but



after several moments, Liam finally replied, "I will open the door only if you promise me that you won't try to return my gift." 4

For a second, Amelie was completely stunned. Then, she couldn't help but laugh. The situation was ridiculous, yet she had to admit that Liam's behavior was endearing.

"Are you really not going to see me at all just because I want to return your gift?"

Now, Liam's voice sounded incredibly sulky, "Yes, Miss Ashford. Not seeing you will hurt me like a knife but I won't falter. If you wish to see me again, you must promise you'll keep the ring."

Amelie giggled again but then fell silent as she wanted to think over his words. With Liam, there really was no telling whether he was joking or not; he was just that mysterious and a little weird.

As the silence in the hallway continued, Liam's anxiety reached its peak. He pressed his ear to the door and finally asked, "Uhm... Miss Ashford? Are you still there?"

Amelie laughed again. "Thank you for the

present, Mr. Bennett. I will think about whether to keep it or not and will let you know tomorrow. Try not to go crazy in the meantime please."

She let out one last giggle before winking at Captain Pantaloons and disappeared behind the door of her own suite. Once Liam heard the clicking sound of the door handle, his legs finally gave in; he slid down to the floor, his back pressed against the door, feeling his face turning incredibly hot while the drumming sound of his pounding heart drowned out all the other noises that surrounded him.

He was embarrassed but he didn't regret his actions. Exhaling loudly, he chuckled to let go of the remaining tension and whispered, "She will definitely keep it."

"Where did you learn to do such a skillful job with a tie?" Richard looked down at Samantha whose attention was solely focused on his charcoal-colored tie.

He had spent the entire day at the office and had only just returned to change for his dinner with Amelie to celebrate her birthday. Samantha was

not happy that work continued to keep him so busy that he barely had any time for her. However, this did give her a little more freedom to handle matters related to Jason's money.

She looked up at Richard's face and noticed tiny beads of sweat on his forehead and neck, becoming incredibly worried. Placing her hand against his forehead, her eyes widened.

"Richard, you're having a fever! You shouldn't go anywhere in this state. Can you please stay home today?"

Richard forced his lips into a faint but lighthearted smile and gently brushed Samantha's hand away from his face.

"I can't cancel this dinner, Sam. It's Amelie's birthday, and celebrating it publicly together is important for our family's reputation and standing."

Samantha pouted and looked away. She knew it was still early, but the whole ordeal with Jason and the baby had shattered her patience. It truly annoyed her that Richard still cared so much for his wife, who wasn't even living with him anymore.



Her gaze slowly moved to the dresser, where she noticed a long jewelry box covered in dark blue velvet. She suddenly felt excited, hoping it was meant for her.

"What's that? A gift?" 1

"Ah, this?" Richard picked it up and opened the box, revealing its contents. "This is another gift for Amelie. A custom-made diamond bracelet from the famous French jewelry house. I paid quite a fortune for it since it was a last-minute order."

Samantha's eyes ran over the bracelet while her annoyance only soared. His wife already received presents from him, why was he pampering her so much today? Was that what he always did for women he liked?

"Can I see it?" Her hand reached for the box but Richard quickly closed it and hid in the pocket of his jacket.

"It's just a bracelet." He then looked at Samantha's pouting face and smiled. "What? Do you want one too?"

"Is this a real offer or you're just teasing me?"



She asked playfully. Richard nodded. "Your birthday is in December, right? Perhaps I should place an order now, the master will have more time to make something even more beautiful than this." 5

It was nice to hear such a reassuring reply but waiting for December was way too long. Nevertheless, she feigned innocence again.

"You remember my birthday?"

"Yes, I remember that I wanted to get you a gift back when we were in the university; you said you had no money to celebrate it so I wanted to arrange a party for you and get you a gift."

Samantha smiled but her thoughts were filled with irritation. *'Yes, but then your future wife had to drag you to her debut social event that she was in charge of and ruined everything... If everything had gone according to my plan back then, I would be already living quite a sweet life now.'*

She fixed his tie and shook her head. "It's fine, I don't need any gifts. I am already staying here for free and you are taking such good care of me, I really can't be that greedy."

Richard gently patted her on the head and smiled too. "With you around here, my days have become a lot brighter. I am glad you are staying here, Sam." 1

Samantha watched as Richard got into his car and left, her eyes followed him until he finally disappeared behind the corner of the neighboring building.

She took a slow stroll around the mansion to calm down and clear her head and when she was about to go back to the house through the main gates, she saw Jason Sanson exiting his car, smiling and waving at her as if they were old friends.

