

85 Trapped

Amelie stormed out of her husband's study and marched through the dark corridor of the mansion that used to be her home for so many years. Now, it felt more like a dungeon; a tower in which she had been imprisoned for years and was finally about to break free. 1

Unfortunately, freedom never came that easily even for someone like her.

"Where do you think you're going?"

Richard's frosty tone bounced off the mansion's walls and scattered around his wife in hundreds of sharp needles. Her reply did not follow and the man only became angrier.

Catching up with Amelie, Richard grabbed her right wrist from behind and spun her around, trapping both of her hands in his painful grip.

"I asked you a question, Amelie."

"Let go, you're hurting me!" Amelie tried to free herself from his clutches but it was futile; she was too weak against him.

Richard quickly removed the leather purse from his wife's shoulder and threw it to one of the bodyguards who appeared in the hallway as if out of nowhere.

"Bring this to my study for now," he instructed and the man followed his orders right away.

"What are you doing?!" Amelie watched the man disappear behind the door of Richard's study while the latter started forcefully dragging his wife toward her room.

"I've had enough of you running around and doing god knows what behind my back. You will stay here, get some rest, and think about the situation you could have dragged us both into had I not discovered your affair earlier." 3

Amelie couldn't believe her ears. She could have written it off as being too exhausted to understand what was happening but everything was far too real to be mistaken as a mere hallucination.

"Richard, what the hell are you talking about? You can't just lock me inside the house, this is insane! You have no right!" 1



Before she could finish that sentence, she was already standing in the middle of her bedroom; the one she had been using for years before it became the most alien place in the world.

Richard finally let go of her hands and stood in front of the closed door, preventing the woman from escaping. His face was distorted with a foreign, almost menacing expression.

"As the only family you have left here, Lily, I am only trying to look out for you. Who knows what the two of you have been discussing using that burner phone of his? What if you have been leaking confidential information to him all this time? Now I can't help but think that the issues JFC has been having lately were caused by your little affair with the boy who happens to be our biggest financial rival!"

"What?" Amelie's brows shot up; once again she was shocked at how low her husband's opinion was of her. "Do you really think I am capable of such things?"

Richard's eyes narrowed. He towered over her, his cold gaze sending shivers all over the woman's body. "I don't know what you're capable

of anymore, Amelie. The wife I once married is no longer standing before me. I have to be cautious now, I'm sure you'll understand. I'm doing it for the sake of JFC and for the sake of our family." 1

Amelie felt her heart pounding in her ears while her vision became blurry. She felt trapped; she desperately wanted to do something: to scream, to run, to hit the walls with her fists... Anything was better than that and yet, she could do nothing. 1

Subjected to so much stress and exhaustion, her body finally gave in to the torture of the fatigue and all she could see was her bedroom spinning before her mind sank into complete darkness.

Austin knocked on the door to Liam's office and walked in, wearing a serious expression on his tired face.

"I was just contacted by Miss Anna Hayden. That woman managed to get her hands on the original document so she will be keeping it with her for now. Miss Hayden couldn't convince her to come and stay in the Bennett mansion, however, but I

am sure she will give in at some point."

"Good, good, great job," Liam almost sang these words and spread his lips into a wide grin. His assistant arched his eyebrows. He was used to Liam's unexpected mood swings but this was the first time he saw him smile like that ever since he had officially inherited Diamond Group.

"What's with the grin? You are making me anxious, Mr. Bennett."

"Austin... It's finally happening. I am finally getting married soon!"

Liam's weird voice combined with that horrifyingly wide smile on his face made him look like a madman and Austin got scared that overworking his boss like that made him finally lose it.

He pulled a chair closer to the man's desk and took a seat beside Liam, carefully observing his face. "You are getting married, Mr. Bennett? Alright, I see... May I ask who that unfortunate woman is?"

Locking his wide eyes on Austin's, Liam proclaimed loudly, "Amelie Ashford!"

Austin sighed and shook his head, his fingers reached to rub his closed eyes.

"Amelie Ashford, of course. Alright, Mr. Bennett, I guess it's time to beg your grandfather to allow you to get a short vacation... or something."

He left his chair, preparing to leave, and added, "Mr. Bennett, please get a hold of yourself already. Of all the women in the world, she is the only one you simply cannot have."

"No, you don't understand, Austin," Liam rose to his feet as well and leaned on his hand after he slammed them on the desk. "She said it herself; she asked me to marry her!"

Another sigh left Austin's mouth. "She asked you to marry her? When? Why? There was no news about her getting divorced, as far as I'm concerned, she is still a married woman."

"That's what makes me so worried, my good man," Liam fell back into his chair and sighed as well. "I met her yesterday when I ditched the meeting... She was crying and saying something about how she is nothing if she is not married. Then, she asked me to marry her. Something must have happened, but she didn't say what. I

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am suspecting that her husband is planning to divorce her."

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