

## Chapter 15: The Meeting

The next morning.

"The car is ready when you are, Miss Amelia," Alfred said. Amelia was working her way through breakfast, but if the car was already waiting...

She slammed back the last dredges of coffee and made her way outside.

A shiny, new Rolls-Royce Phantom was waiting at the gate. Amelia shook her head. "Thank you for the lovely car but I'd prefer to ride with Olivia," Amelia told the driver. He promptly closed the door.

"Sometimes I don't understand you," Olivia said, laughing as Amelia ducked into her Mercedes e300. "You're a princess. Act like one! There's nothing wrong with flaunting your tiara now and then."

Amelia frowned at her friend. "I disagree. To truly earn one's respect, you have to prove your worth. It's not enough to just 'be a princess', Livs. I need to show people that I'm worthy of that status. People don't really bow down to superiority or high rank. They only pretend to. I was Luna, remember? I had the high title but no one was submissive to me. Not really. I hadn't shown them my true abilities. The fancy car means nothing. My ability to run the company does."

"Hmm. I guess you have a point. And I have someone to ride with," she added, winking at her friend.

The meeting room was already full with people when Amelia arrived. Judging by their expensive, tailored suits, they were all shareholders, senior managers, and executives.

Apparently, some of them were humans. Amelia was a little nervous at first, but Asher took her by the arm, patted her on the shoulder, and led her straight to the seat at the head of the table.

"Everyone, I'd like you to meet our newest addition, Amelia. Effective immediately, Amelia will be taking over the vice presidency of the Silvermoon Royal Group."

No sooner had the words come out of Asher's mouth than the table erupted in chatter. Asher hadn't mentioned Magnus, but she was still surprised by the commotion. Clearly, some people were not overly impressed by her presence. Most of them were smart enough to keep their thoughts to themselves. That was not the case, however, with Amaya Fest. As the daughter of the biggest shareholder, she felt an obligation to call out this imposter.

"We've met before," Amaya stated, rising to her feet. The table went silent; all eyes were now on Amaya. "At a business luncheon? About a year ago?"

"I'm sorry, I don't recall," Amelia said, wary of this woman.

"Amaya Fest. And you're Gabriel Stormfang's wife? If

memory serves me right?"

Amelia opened her mouth to correct Amaya, but apparently she wasn't finished. "A trophy wife. From a posh, respected family, yes. I can't help but wonder, though, what qualifications can a trophy wife possibly have? I mean, there's a lot more to senior management than running an unassuming team."

Amelia's eyes grew wide. "I beg your pardon," Amelia started, but Amaya cut her off again. "I don't know what you did to get here," she paused, letting the implication sink in, "but I assure you, whatever you DID won't work here. The Silvermoon Royal Group is a respectable company with a strong moral code of ethics." Amelia opened her mouth to reply, but she was speechless. She couldn't believe what was happening. This woman was calling her whore! She was insinuating that Amelia had slept her way to the top. Amelia looked around the table. Everyone avoided eye contact like the plague.

"I assure you..." Amelia started, but she was cut off, yet again! Was there no way to shut this woman up?

"Perhaps I'm confused," Amaya said, faking a confused look on her face. "But I thought we terminated all cooperation with the Stormfang Company? According to the Chairman's order? Am I...am I wrong on this?" Amaya looked around the table. People shook their heads to confirm her statement.

"You're not wrong," a man with a red tie, an executive whose

name Amelia couldn't remember, asserted.


"We're divorced," Amelia said. "Any past business you had with him is of no concern to me. I have no ties to Gabriel." Asher smiled at his sister. He was proud of Amelia; she was holding her own. That should shut her up, he thought. But it didn't. Instead, Amaya let out a loud, belligerent laugh.

"Seriously?" she asked, laughing even more loudly. She was clearly being outright obnoxious. Her laughter felt like nails on a chalkboard. Amelia dug her fingernails into the table. Keep your composure, she said to herself. Show them you are strong. She's just trying to rattle you. Do NOT let her get under your skin. "Is this some sort of joke, then?" Amaya asked, gesturing to the table. "Who's backing you then? Asher?" she asked, turning to him. He threw her a look laced with daggers. "Who else is there? Unless, of course, you're the mistress of Mag..."

But before she could finish the statement, Magnus himself burst through the door. He had been listening to everything through the intercom. He walked right up to the front of the room and stood beside Amelia. His voice was calm and steady as he addressed the conference room.

"Amelia WILL BE our new Vice President."

Amelia looked at her father, and felt a bit of safe. Amaya had a horrified look on her face. "Anyone who doesn't like that is free to leave. I will accept your resignation immediately." The table was silent. The tension was so

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thick, you could cut it with a claw.

"Anyone?" Magnus asked again. He stared directly at Amaya. "Anyone?"

Amaya slowly slid back down into her seat. Finally, Amaya had nothing to say but wearing a forced smile. Although she also has her family at her back, it wasn't easy for the family to achieve the honors and status they have today.

She wasn't going to ruin all those years of hard work for the sake of a momentary whim.

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