

## The Divorced Heiress Is Getting Married Again! Chapter 12 - Were You The One Who Spread The Rumors?

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The urgency of Elizabeth's message made Amelie slightly nervous. She was not the one to indulge in gossip but this time, she sensed something very important going on.

Elizabeth's family controlled more than seventy percent of the media, which meant that if there was important news, she was the first one to know, even if it was still just a budding rumor.

Typically, Elizabeth was the one to post significant news or speculations in their shared gossip feed, but this time, it seemed someone had managed to get ahead of her.

Fighting back the growing feeling of anxiety, Amelie logged into the website and scrolled up to the first post that had started it all.

There it was – a clear shot of Richard Clark and Samantha Blackwood walking through the department store. His hand was firmly placed on her lower back, while she looked up at him with a smile full of unconcealed adoration.

The picture was clearly a professional paparazzi shot, which meant that the news about Richard having an affair was about to spread through the official media like wildfire. But what bothered Amelie the most wasn't the picture itself, but the article that followed it.

"Spotted: Richard Clark having a lazy morning shopping with his 'old friend.' Decades of intimate friendship with his wife are finally over? Mr. Clark seems to be a fan of the 'friends to lovers' trope."

Amelie's eyes scanned the title at least a dozen times, her lips moving along with every single word. "Love," "friends" – these were the words that stung the most. Even if the mock article title had no real substance, to her, they meant the world.

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The world that was slowly crumbling beneath her feet.

Calming her racing heart, Amelie scrolled down to the comments section with trembling fingers. Despite the early hour and their busy schedules, all the people she knew had managed to discuss the potential article in detail.

As Amelie read through dozens of undignified messages, she realized once again what it meant to belong to high society. While everyone else might simply reprimand Richard for being "greedy" or "too full of himself" for trying to replace his perfect wife with a mistress, those who knew them personally were capable of hitting all the right nerves.

They all knew what it felt like to be in Amelie's shoes.

And most importantly, they all had at least one reason that could justify Richard's behavior.

"I know what they call me behind my back. The perfect Snow Queen. Cold and calculating. Emotionless. Heartless. I am sure that outside this feed, they all agree Richard had no choice but to find a mistress. After all, how long can you tolerate someone like me, regardless of how perfect and capable I am?"

She hated herself for thinking like that, but she couldn't help it.

Finally, her eyes stopped on one particular thread that had garnered the most attention. Her finger moved on its own, opening the string of messages that attacked her brain all at once.

"I've seen her in a hostess bar before."

"She used to work in many hostess bars."

"My husband, too, confirmed that he has seen her in one of those bars."

"So she is a prostitute?"

"How low. It's one thing to use their services but to bring one to your own home where your wife lives..."

"A prostitute as a lover? He must be out of his mind."

"Guess even the most stoic and respectful men can still lose it eventually."

Each comment stung like a dagger, and Amelie felt her stomach churn with a mix of anger and despair. The world she thought she knew was unraveling before her eyes, and the people she considered friends were tearing her apart with their words.

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Amelie widened her eyes in shock, her blood running cold with each passing moment.

She didn't care about Samantha or who she was. Truthfully, Samantha could be a murderer for all she cared. What mattered to Amelie was her own reputation, the

reputation of her family, and the standing of the JFC Group. Such rumors, if revealed to the public, would ruin everything in an instant.

With her hands still shaking and her heart galloping, Amelie found Elizabeth in her contacts and pressed the call button. Her friend picked up almost immediately.

"Lizzy," Amelie's voice was quiet and strained, "can you take care of it, please?"

"But, Lily..." Elizabeth paused for a moment, then took a deep breath and exhaled loudly. "This can work in your favor. He will understand how damaging this can be to the company and—"

"No." Amelie cut her off, her voice as sharp as a blade. "These are just baseless rumors. I don't want this to affect my family in any way. Please. I'm counting on you."

"...Alright," Elizabeth agreed reluctantly. After hearing her friend's dry words of gratitude, their call ended.

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Amelie's car stopped in front of the mansion. Once again, she felt like a stranger visiting her own home.

The mere idea of stepping inside this house made her sick, but she had no other choice. She was still the lady of the house; she managed everything related to it, and it would have been beneath her to leave the mansion, loved by her in-laws, in disarray just because another person was living in it.

Moreover, after spending most of her time in the hotel, Amelie needed to get more clothes. She couldn't allow herself to walk around wearing the same attire, and buying new outfits each time was simply a waste. As someone deeply involved with charity, she knew better than that.

Once she had made all the necessary arrangements and gathered more of her belongings to bring to her penthouse suite, Amelie was ready to leave the house when she saw Richard marching toward her with urgent steps.

"Finally came back home?" His narrowed eyes moved down to the packed suitcase next to her legs, and the crease between his eyebrows deepened. "Come with me to my study. Now."

Reluctantly, Amelie followed her husband to his private study. Once she stepped inside the room, Richard slammed the door behind her and pushed her against the cold wall. His eyes burned with discernible rage, and his voice was as cold as ice.

"Were you the one who spread the rumors about Samantha being a prostitute?"