

The Divorced Heiress Is Getting Married Again! Chapter 14 - Old and Shabby

Chapter 14: Old and Shabby

Austin Hall turned away from the tall pile of documents, interrupted by the silly giggling coming from his boss. Liam was looking at his phone and smiling like an idiot—a smile Austin had never seen before. He couldn't tell whether it was a good sign or not.

Curious, Austin stood behind Liam and looked over his shoulder to see what was so amusing. Young Mr. Bennet immediately locked his phone screen, shielding it from his overly curious assistant.

"Stop spying, Austin! This is not what you're paid for."

"That's where you're very wrong, Mr. Bennet."

Austin offered his boss a wide grin and added, "Your grandfather hired me specifically for that—to spy on you. Well, and to make sure you're doing your job and not slacking off like you always do."

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Liam couldn't help but sigh.

"You're supposed to be my assistant first, and only then my grandpa's spy."

Austin shook his head and clicked his tongue, clearly disagreeing with his boss's words. He then placed a stack of documents in front of Liam and handed him a shiny black pen.

"If you want me to act as your assistant, then you have to start acting as my employer. Come on now, we have a lot of paperwork to go over before we can take a break. I, for one, would like to have lunch before dinnertime."

Liam groaned miserably in an overly dramatic manner, then finally grabbed the pen and nodded.

"Alright, bring it on. You're no better than my grandpa!"

Once Amelie managed to calm herself down and fix her appearance, she contemplated whether it was wise to go to the JFC HQ office instead of working from her hotel suite.

However, a slight nervous trembling shook her from within when she looked at her schedule. Today was simply not her day. Unwilling to risk performing her duties poorly, Amelie delegated most of her work to her executive assistants and decided to take the day off instead.

Slipping into more casual clothes, she put a book into her bag and opted to spend the afternoon in her favorite coffee shop.

The book café she liked to visit was old and usually half-empty at this time of day.

Amelie appreciated it for its unique atmosphere, calming music, and peculiar design. The numerous bookshelves were stacked with books in different languages that patrons could borrow to read inside or even take home. Amelie had been reading the books from this café ever since she was in high school.

The food and drinks served there were prepared by the family that owned the establishment. Their dessert recipes were top secret, passed down from generation to generation, and were memorable due to the homely taste they had.

But the thing Amelie loved most about the place was the little cozy garden adjacent to the café. As a loyal customer for so many years, Amelie was well-known by every worker in the coffee shop and even had her own designated armchair placed in the garden under the broad branches of the dogwood tree.

Amelie walked through the carefully tended stone pathway of the little garden, pressing her book tightly to her chest. She couldn't wait to find comfort in the soft embrace of the armchair, surrounded by the pleasant scent of blooming flowers lingering in the air.

To her dismay, however, it seemed comfort was out of the question that day.

The moment she saw her favorite armchair, she froze, recognizing the person sitting in her spot.

It was Samantha.

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The woman, too, noticed Amelie and instantly jumped to her feet, offering a cheerful greeting. "Ame—I mean, Mrs. Ashford! Good afternoon! What a pleasant surprise. I had no idea you visited old and shabby places like this one."