

The Divorced Heiress Is Getting Married Again! Chapter 15 - It's Mrs. Ashford

Chapter 15: It's Mrs. Ashford

The dimmed lights of Amelie's hotel suite were making her sleepy, but she still had to finish the final preparations for the benefit. She was just about to send an email to Anna when the ringing melody of an incoming call interrupted her.

Amelie looked at the phone screen and frowned. It was Richard.

She had no desire to talk to him but decided to answer the call anyway.

"Must you always be so cold and rude?" Those were the first words he said to her. Apparently, they were now at the point where they didn't even greet each other.

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Her husband's irritated, stern voice continued, "If you don't want to be friends with her, that's your choice, but I have never seen you deliberately try to make someone your enemy, Amelie."

His words were followed by a sigh.

"She's already had a difficult life, Amelie. She's been through a lot of trouble, and the last thing she needs right now is you upsetting her with your cold attitude. All I ask is for you to be a little more considerate. Your whole life revolves around your charitable work, so show some compassion."

"I don't have to show her anything. She might be a person in need, but you are the one taking care of it. This charity... is yours."

Richard's voice lowered. "You have changed, Amelie."

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This single sentence made Amelie's heart beat faster with agitation. She couldn't believe her husband's arrogance.

"I have changed? Then how exactly do you expect me to behave?"

"Forget it."

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Those were the last words Richard said before hanging up on her.

Amelie threw her phone on the bed and covered her face with both hands. All the hurt she had finally managed to suppress came back to choke her once again.

'What do you want me to do, Richard? What am I supposed to do when she is pushing me out of everything while I have nowhere else to go?'

She had never felt this miserable before. She had witnessed her friends dealing with their husbands having affairs, and she had watched them remain stoic and strong as if it never bothered them.

So why was it bothering her so much? Perhaps they all just pretended. After all, admitting that they were hurt would be admitting that they were weak. Nobody wanted to admit that they could be so easily hurt.

'Even if I never had lasting romantic feelings for you, Richard, you were still my friend for so many years... and now... what are you now, Richard? What am I?'

The benefit was fast approaching, and foreign guests were already beginning to arrive. It was decided that they would stay at the Emerald Hotel, allowing Amelie to ensure their stay was comfortable and that nothing would go wrong.

During the final preparations, both Amelie and Richard were occupied with their respective tasks, and Mrs. Ashford was grateful that she hadn't had to face him until now.

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Today, however, she had no choice but to stand side by side with him to greet their guests. All of them were important businessmen, some even potential partners.

Welcoming guests of such status required both of them to be present; it was a tradition.

The tall doorman opened the heavy, ornate door, and two bellboys immediately rushed to the entrance to assist with the guests' luggage. The first guest to arrive was the infamous Liam Bennett.

Accompanied by his assistant, Liam walked toward Amelie and Richard with deliberate, confident steps, his entire demeanor exuding an impressive aura of self-assurance.

Amelie wasn't sure whether every rumor about Mr. Bennett was true, but one thing she could now confirm for herself—he was astonishingly handsome.

Unlike Richard, who was also quite attractive and had an air of maturity about him, Liam's features were refreshingly soft, even though he appeared older than his years. Amelie couldn't help but wonder if this was due to the sequence of tragedies that had plagued his family like a curse.

Liam's face was fair and devoid of any blemishes. His sharp jawline contrasted with the soft curves of his full lips and the small, angular shape of his nose. His eyes were dark, reminiscent of stormy skies, and the thick black frame of his long lashes gave him a slightly exotic look.

The most prominent feature, however, was his jet-black, carefully styled hair. The color was so intense that under the bright light of the fading sun, it had a peculiar, almost silver glow. Watching it reflect the rays of light was an enchanting experience.

'He is not just handsome; he is strikingly gorgeous...'

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Amelie caught herself admiring Liam's beauty and felt her face grow hot. She couldn't remember the last time she had felt so flustered in the presence of a man. It was almost embarrassing.

As if to come to her aid, the rest of the rumors about young Mr. Bennett rushed through her memory, and her mind picked the most unpleasant one to focus on.

'He is a well-known womanizer who likes to sleep around... Well, I guess I can see where these rumors are stemming from. He is too handsome to be ignored.'

When Liam finally approached the married couple, Amelie thought he would greet her husband first, just like everyone always did. However, to everyone's bewilderment, the man turned to Mrs. Ashford, took her small hand in his, and planted a light kiss that barely brushed over her soft skin.

Amelie's eyes widened, and everyone else seemed to share the same thought—young Mr. Bennett was definitely a player and a flirt, finding nothing wrong with directing his subtle romantic gestures towards a married woman whose husband was standing right next to her.

Amelie found it strange, and yet her heart refused to slow down.

"Welcome back, Mr. Bennett. It is a pleasure to finally meet you." She tried to sound as detached as possible but her stern voice failed to fool Liam. Still holding her hand in his, he smiled and nodded, "The pleasure is all mine. You look absolutely stunning."

Amelie didn't get a chance to answer as Richard chimed in, offering Liam to accept his handshake.

"It is nice to meet you, Mr. Bennett. Too bad your brother couldn't make it. I was looking forward to meeting him too."

Liam didn't seem very interested in Richard's words. Their handshake barely lasted a second and his words sounded almost disrespectfully as he replied, "It's a pleasure."

Mr. Bennett quickly turned his full attention back to Amelie and smiled again. "I hope to see you often from now on, Miss Ashford."

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"It's Mrs. Ashford," Amelie tried to correct him but the man paid no heed to her words. Instead, he playfully winked at her and walked away, escorted by his assistant towards the elevators.

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Amelie watched him disappear behind the elevator doors, his hot breath brushing over the skin of her hand still lingering in her memories.

Slowly, she covered that hand with the other as if to seal that feeling forever and felt a pair of sharp eyes drilling her back from behind. She turned around and saw Richard looking down at her with the most unpleasant glare.

He was angry.

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