

The Divorced Heiress Is Getting Married Again! Chapter 2 - The Woman With A Cast On Her Leg

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"This year's benefit is going to be much grander than the last one. With the foreign companies joining us, we even had to extend it to three days instead of two, as we usually do."

Emily Crane, one of Amelie's friends and the wife of David Crane, the president of DN Electronics, set her cup of coffee on the glass coffee table and leaned back on the comfortable sofa.

1

Amelie Ashford, Emily Crane, Lauren Weil, and Elizabeth Gilmore were all daughters of wealthy and prestigious families, connected through the intricate social web created by their parents. They had been good friends since elementary school and remained on very good terms even after their arranged marriages, which kept them busy with their own duties and responsibilities.

Nevertheless, they all pledged to meet at least once a week for a "tea party," usually held at Emily's house, and help each other with any issue or request as long as it was within their capacity or simply gossip and exchange information.

Although it sounded more like a cold-hearted and calculative agreement, it was, in fact, a manifestation of a real friendship that had lasted for decades.

1

Their current weekly tea party had just begun, but it was already filled with never-ending talks about the upcoming annual benefit. It was a very important event that was organized by their joint efforts and aimed to raise funds for numerous good causes, from supporting orphanages and hospitals to providing financial support for talented children or sponsoring less fortunate individuals.

Amelie watched as her friends engaged in a lively discussion about this year's division of funds when she noticed Anna Hayden, her personal assistant, waving at her from the hallway.

"Excuse me, I need to see my assistant for a moment."

Amelie smiled at the ladies, rose to her feet, and left the room. She greeted Anna with her usual kind smile and asked, "I've seen all of your messages already. Is something the matter?"

Anna Hayden, a woman in her late twenties with a sleek bun tied behind her neck and dressed in a modest black pantsuit, fidgeted with her phone for a few moments before finally clearing her throat. "Mrs. Ashford, Mr. Clark brought someone to the mansion this morning."

Amelie raised her eyebrows but remained composed. Her husband was on a business trip in J city and was supposed to return today. Did he come back with an important business associate?

"He brought someone? Who did he bring?"

2

"A woman..."

3

Amelie's face grew a little darker. "Do I have to pull it out of you word by word, Anna? Come on, continue. It's alright."

Miss Hayden was visibly uncomfortable, and that alone made Amelie realize what she was hinting at. Her assistant finally continued, "A young woman wearing a cast on her left leg. He refused to explain anything and escorted her straight to the guest room. It looked like she had been in some kind of accident."

3

Mrs. Ashford stood silent for a while, her eyes fixed on the painting on the opposite wall. Then, she finally turned back to her assistant and asked, "What did she look like?"

"Well... she looked young, maybe twenty-five, no older, with straight dark brown hair, big brown eyes, and fair skin. She was approximately your height and weight. Mr. Clark was quite friendly with her, and it seemed like they knew each other from before. They appeared... comfortable with one another."

Amelie immediately tried to think of all the women surrounding her husband whom she knew personally, but none seemed close enough to him to warrant bringing one to their home for any reason.

"Alright. Thank you, Anna. You may go on with your usual work."

Miss Hayden offered her boss a light nod and left the house. Amelie, discarding the uneasy thoughts forming in her head, returned to her friends in the living room.

"Did something happen?" Elizabeth was the first to inquire, but all three friends stared at her with curious and slightly worried gazes. Amelie smiled and picked up her now cold cup of tea, shaking her head slightly. "No, just some household news. Nothing to worry about."

Although it seemed like she had dispelled the initial feeling of discomfort with her reassuring response, Amelie's mind refused to return to the normal conversation. Her thoughts frantically raced over her assistant's words.

'A woman in her twenties with a cast on her leg? Since he brought her to our house, it means they are very close. Why else would he do something so imposing?'

Her friends, who had been casting occasional glances in her direction throughout their conversation, finally fell silent. Lauren Weil carefully placed her hand on the woman's knee and said, "You are miles away, Lily. Are you sure it wasn't something important?"

Mrs. Ashford hesitated, caught off guard by her friend's spot-on question. She contemplated whether to address the matter or simply brush it off, but decided that her friends' opinions might be more helpful than her own speculations.

With a light sigh, she began, "If you suspect your husband of something... how would you confront him?"

2

The living room remained silent for a few moments. All three women raised their eyebrows, then it seemed like their thoughts immediately synced. Emily spoke first, "Are you suspecting him of having an affair? Damn it, all men are the same! Nothing new about them!"

Lauren joined in as well, "What can you do? We are all in arranged marriages, so having mistresses is not uncommon. My husband visits hostess clubs almost every week! It's disgusting, but there's nothing I can do to stop it. Neither of us is in love anyway."

Their words made Amelie even more uneasy than she had been. Elizabeth frowned at the two of them and clicked her tongue, then turned back to her best friend and asked, "What is it, Lily? Are you really suspecting him of cheating?"

That question invited morbid silence to the room once again.