

The Divorced Heiress Is Getting Married Again! Chapter 20 - The Charger

Chapter 20: The Charger

The events of the first night of the benefit seemed to have affected Elizabeth more than they affected Amelie. Before Amelie knew it, she was sitting in the beauty salon they both liked to frequent, flipping through the glossy pages of a magazine while waiting for their appointments.

Elizabeth was preoccupied, discussing her desired hairstyle for the evening with the hairdresser, when the door to the salon swung open, announcing the arrival of a new customer.

Amelie's hands froze as she heard a familiar female voice chatting with the receptionist.

"Yes, Miss Blackwood, here you are," the chatty young woman at the desk said, clicking the computer mouse a few times before turning back to Samantha. "We had to squeeze you in because you called us last minute, so you'll have to wait for the stylist to get free."

Elizabeth furrowed her brow and hissed, "Now she's here too? What the hell?"

Then, she looked Samantha up and down and asked, "And what is she wearing?"

Amelie, too, scrutinized Samantha's appearance and widened her eyes. The woman was dressed in clothes from her favorite local brand.

'She's dressed better this time... I wonder if someone actually helped her pick the right outfit.'

Elizabeth leaned closer to her friend and clicked her tongue. "She keeps coming to all the places you like. Is she trying to become a second you or something?"

Amelie gripped the magazine tightly, her words almost indecipherable as she whispered, "More like she's trying to replace me..."

Lizzy didn't hear those words, and Amelie was actually grateful for that. Her friend continued,

"Alright, back to a more important topic... Who do you think that guy is? Did you recognize him during the ballroom dance? It's like you guys are digital pen pals! This feels kind of romantic, with a touch of nostalgia, don't you agree?"

Amelie offered her friend a faint smile but shook her head. Talking about the man on the other side of the old mobile phone was a little embarrassing for a woman of her age.

"I don't think of it that way, but it has been a nice diversion... It felt a little creepy at first, but now it feels somewhat familiar... Like I'm really talking to a friend who happens to live miles away."

Elizabeth sighed. "I still wonder why he chose to leave it with you in the first place. If it's so important to him, he should have put it in the safe in his suite instead. And all that teasing! What a weird man."

Suddenly, Mrs. Ashford flinched as she remembered something no less important.

"That reminds me... the phone is about to die. I need to ask Anna to find a charger for it. He really didn't think it through, leaving it without so much as a charger."

Elizabeth nodded and burst into laughter, watching as her friend began to frantically type a message to her assistant.

Meanwhile, still standing next to the registration desk, Samantha overheard their entire conversation. A smirk formed on her lips as she processed this new information.

Once she finished her appointment, Samantha glanced to her left, noticing Amelie handing Anna an old mobile phone and instructing her to find a charger as soon as possible.

'That looks like a burner phone... What is she hiding there?'

The curiosity was too much to bear, so Samantha decided to do what she did best—get involved in someone else's business. Walking over to the two women, she stretched her lips into a friendly smile.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Ashford? I couldn't help but overhear you... Is it possible for me to go with Miss Hayden? You see, I meant to buy a new phone myself, and since she is going to the mall anyway, I thought I could tag along and not waste money on a taxi."

Anna looked at her employer, waiting for further instructions. At first, Amelie wanted to refuse, but she decided not to bother with Samantha anymore. After all, she didn't need another distressing call from her husband.

"Fine," Amelie said, her tone resigned. "But Anna can't take you back to the mansion. I still need her assistance at the hotel before the event."

"Thank you, Mrs. Ashford!"

With a wide smile still adorning her fresh face, Samantha left the salon, followed by Anna Hayden.

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Once they arrived at the mall, Anna headed straight for the electronics store. Samantha struggled to keep up with her surprising speed but still managed to execute her plan. With practiced skill, she stealthily lifted the phone from Anna's jacket pocket and quickly hid it inside her purse.

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'Good, the skills I learned while living in the orphanage never fail me in situations like this,' Samantha thought with satisfaction.

When they finally reached the store and went inside, Anna approached the help desk. She dug her hand into her pocket, only to realize it was empty. Patting her jacket up and down, her face turned pale and her eyes widened with shock at her own mistake.

Samantha walked up to her, feigning concern. "What is it, Miss Hayden? Is something wrong?"

"I can't believe it... The phone is gone!" Anna exclaimed, her voice trembling with disbelief.

Samantha offered her a worried look and said, "Oh no! Someone must have stolen it!"

Anna shook her head. "Who would steal such an old model?"

Samantha shrugged. "Poverty makes you steal all you can steal."

Anna's expression darkened. Seizing the opportunity, Samantha offered her a kind smile and placed a reassuring hand on the woman's shoulder.

"Maybe it just fell in the car? You know what, why don't you go check the car while I look around here? It will be more effective this way."

Anna hesitated but then nodded. "Well, alright... Thank you."

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Anna dashed out of the store and headed for the exit. Once Samantha was sure she was gone, she slipped into the bathroom, locked herself in one of the stalls, and took the phone from her purse.

"Let's see what you're using this for, Mrs. Ashford," she murmured to herself.

As she went through the phone, her lips curled into a sly grin. Message after message, the information she uncovered was a goldmine. When she reached the end of Amelie's conversation with the mysterious man, Samantha put the phone away and smiled.

'Hmm... I can present this as Amelie's secret affair, or... I can have some fun with it instead.'

"Miss Hayden, what are we to do?" Samantha stood near the entrance to the electronics store, waiting for Anna to return.

When Anna arrived, still disappointed and empty-handed, Samantha shook her head, her voice quiet and sad. "I couldn't find the phone either. I guess we really lost it."

Not waiting for Anna's response, Samantha turned on her heel and headed back into the store. Anna stood there, watching as Samantha greeted the store clerk, her mind refusing to move from one nagging thought—something was not right.