

## The Divorced Heiress Is Getting Married Again! Chapter 3 - Dinner

Amelie bit her lip. "I'm not sure, but..."

Emily's face brightened a little. "Richard is way too reserved for that... Aren't you supposed to have dinner with your husband tonight? Ask him then. Just ask him. No beating around the bush, no sugarcoating, no police bullshit too. We are all adults now. Just ask him if he's having an affair."

Amelie looked at her best friend, seeking reassurance, and Elizabeth responded with a nod and a smile. Mrs. Ashford cleared her fists on top of her knees.

'Well... maybe I'm just being paranoid.'

2

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The mansion Amelie shared with her husband used to belong to Richard's parents. They died soon after their son's marriage, leaving the couple alone in the house. Amelie had spent many years there already, she ensured that even after her in-laws' deaths, everything remained the same, even though she had wanted to add her own touches to their shared home.

1

Amelie Ashford and Richard Clark led the life expected of a married couple of their standing: they had their own parts of the spacious house strictly assigned to them, slept in separate bedrooms, and shared regular, scheduled meals as if they were part of their work routine.

1

Amelie and Richard had dinner together three times a week, more if there was something important to discuss or if they were hosting guests. Tonight was one of their regularly scheduled dinners.

Amelie took out a compact from her purse and looked into the small mirror. She still hadn't visited their house since her personal assistant delivered the news, and now she was heading to the Italian restaurant chosen by Richard to share a meal with him.

"Anna said they looked friendly, as if they knew each other from before... Well, it's not really frowned upon to have mistresses as long as there are no crazy rumors or unwanted pregnancies involved. Although men usually refrain from bringing them

directly to their homes. The fact that he indeed brought her to our house... God, I'm getting a headache already."

1

Amelie leaned back in the car seat and closed her eyes, hoping to dispel some of the unpleasant thoughts that had been haunting her since her meeting with her friends. Instead, however, Richard's late mother's voice rang sharply in her mind,

"Men will always be men. That's what you get for being tied to someone who will never love you, Lily," Laura's beautiful face smiled at her in her memories, "If Richard brings in a mistress, don't just suffer silently by his side. You're not made of stone. Get yourself a lover too. Even a fleeting, mindless fling is still better than getting depressed because your husband fell in love with someone else."

1

Amelie looked out of the car window, the smeared blur of the streetlights bringing her a subtle sense of calm.

She had never entertained the thought of taking a lover. She was content with the life she had. Richard was her friend; he treated her with kindness and respect, and she felt fulfilled with the charity work she was doing... What else could she possibly want?

2

"Mrs. Clark was the epitome of the perfect wife, and she, too, never had an affair... Was it because Mr. Clark remained faithful to her as well? Ugh... I'm getting lost again. I should just clarify it with Richard."

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The Italian restaurant chosen by Richard for their scheduled meal was quiet, with dimmed lights and dark tones filling the space with a serene and somewhat romantic atmosphere. Richard liked this restaurant because the chef was one of his friends, and he always had a nice table prepared for them, no matter how last-minute their reservation might be.

Amelie speared a bunch of salad leaves with her fork and watched as her husband smeared butter over a slice of garlic bread. A dozen thoughts must have rushed through her head, and for a moment, she even thought she had forgotten what she wanted to talk about.

Thankfully, the waiter placed a bottle of red wine on their table, bringing Mrs. Ashford back to her senses.

"I heard we have a guest staying at our place."

Richard furrowed his eyebrows and, without even looking back at his wife, asked in a cold tone, "Anna? I thought she was your personal assistant, not a spy."

2

Amelie traced the ridges of her wine glass with her finger, her eyes also refusing to meet her husband's gaze.

"We live under the same roof. Our mansion is big but it is not a royal palace. I would have found out eventually. I would appreciate it if you shared something as significant as that with me beforehand."

At last, Richard set aside his silverware and fixed his sharp, narrow eyes on Amelie's expressionless face. For a moment, she thought he was trying to gauge her reaction, but as her face remained calm, his voice grew even colder as he replied, "This hardly concerns you, Amelie. She's a good friend I reunited with during my business trip. That's all you need to know."

3

Amelie felt something sharp lodged in her throat. This was the first time Richard had been so cold with her, and it bothered her a lot. It was as if he had become a whole different person after that business trip. She didn't like it.

2

Nevertheless, something deep inside made her want to sting him too. With the cold surface of the wine glass against her lips, she allowed herself a light smile and asked, "How long is she going to stay with us? Do I need to have someone arrange the guest room to her liking?"

"That's enough." His sharp tone cut through her like a knife, causing her entire body to wince. In the past, Richard had only allowed himself to speak so harshly with other men, but now, it was his wife who was on the receiving end of his annoyance.

"I will take care of it. You do what you always do, Amelie. This discussion ends now."

This was a warning. She really had to stop.