

The Divorced Heiress Is Getting Married Again! Chapter 7 - The Office

Chapter 7: The Office

It had been almost a week since that horrible interaction with both her husband and his "friend," and Amelie hadn't visited their mansion even once. The mere thought of going through that humiliation again was sickening.

She tried to keep herself as busy as possible, burying her head in work and preparations for the upcoming benefit. Her devotion to work had already alarmed both her friends and colleagues, but Amelie was afraid that if she stopped for even a few hours, she would be pulled back into the relentless chaos of her own mind.

'Nobody gets divorced because of one single mistress anymore...' She set aside her pen and leaned back in her chair as her thoughts continued to drift back to that dangerous topic. 'Even if I do file for a divorce, I have too much to lose. Richard's late father took care of it in his favor.'

1

An arranged marriage, especially one made for the sake of a joint business venture, was far from straightforward. It was a high-maintenance business deal involving significant amounts of money and assets combined under a union.

Unfortunately, in most cases, such arrangements were not made in the wife's favor.

Amelie was even less fortunate in this regard. As a married woman, she held forty percent of the company's shares. However, if she were to divorce Richard Clark, she would be left with less than ten percent.

3

"Mr. Clark took care of everything... He wanted to honor my mother's wish for this marriage to last, but to keep me shackled with my own money..."

Amelie closed her eyes; the growing migraine was becoming unbearable.

As she reached for the box of pills in her desk drawer, she heard a light knock on her office door.

"Mrs. Ashford, it's Carrie."

"Come in."

Carrie Wright was one of Amelie's secretaries at JFC headquarters. She was a tall young woman with bright eyes and curly blonde hair, which she always gathered tidily in a high bun.

As she walked into her boss's office, Carrie offered her a timid look.

"Mrs. Ashford, Mr. Ron Lewis is here to see you. Should I ask him to come back another time?"

Amelie released a heavy sigh. Ron Lewis was her husband's executive secretary. Although both Mrs. Ashford and her husband worked in the same building, their offices were on different floors. This arrangement had been made by the late Mr. Ashford, who believed that the young married couple shouldn't get involved with one another too often since their fields of work were different.

It didn't bother either Richard or Amelie, but it did give their secretaries quite a workout whenever they needed to see either one of them.

"Let him in, please."

Whatever the reason for her husband's secretary's visit, it was still better than dealing with Richard directly.

Carrie asked Ron to come in, and when he did, she left the room immediately, leaving the two of them in awkward silence.

Ron Lewis, the same age as Richard, was not only his personal secretary but also his friend. They had met back in high school and reunited when Ron was looking for a job after graduating from a local college. A clever man of many talents, Ron was given the chance by Richard to prove he deserved such a demanding position, and he had been by Richard's side ever since.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Ashford."

"Yes, what is it?"

"Mr. Clark would like to see you in his office."

2

Amelie looked at her wristwatch and frowned.

'I was about to finally have some lunch... Ugh, whatever.'

With another heavy sigh, she rose from her chair and nodded at Mr. Lewis. "Alright, let's go."

Richard's office was drastically different from Amelie's. He preferred dark browns, blacks, and grays, while she favored lighter tones that invited plenty of sunlight into her space. It was always amusing to compare their offices because they were decorated in the same fashion, with the only difference being the choice of colors.

As Amelie opened the door and walked into her husband's office, Richard didn't even bat an eye. His attention was focused on the paperwork covering almost his entire desk. She interpreted this as a deliberate attempt to hurt her, a way to show that even with his wife avoiding him for so long, he didn't miss her one bit.

3

'How petty.'

The moment Amelie approached her husband's desk and took a seat on a leather-covered chair standing next to it, Richard immediately handed her a fresh printout and finally shifted his glaring eyes to her.

"So, when I said Miss Dell should have her salary halved for this month, you went against my order and sent her money from your private bank account?"

1

Amelie looked at the printout for a few moments before replying in a calm tone, "Miss Dell has a younger brother in the hospital. She is his only relative and has to provide for him. I couldn't cut her salary in half just because you had your little tantrum."

1

"What? A tantrum?!" Richard raised his voice but then quickly calmed down and loosened his tie. With a brief sigh, he murmured, "It's like you're growing more bitter with each passing day..."

5

His voice was quiet, but Amelie heard it all. Sure, he could sting her as many times as he wanted, but that wouldn't change anything.

Ignoring his subtle insult, she fixed her eyes on his, and Richard continued, "Why can't you just obey my orders like everyone else does?"

2

His question made Amelie shiver in disgust. He had never shown such disrespect before.

Rising to her feet, she said, "I am your wife, Richard, not your subordinate. I am your companion who holds fifty percent of control over this company and—"

2

She couldn't finish because her husband also rose to his feet and interrupted her. "Yes, power and control, these are your most prominent features, Amelie. Compared to..."

1

Richard paused, but Amelie understood it all. He was comparing her to that woman.

With another loud sigh, he fell back into his chair and said carelessly, "Forget it. You should go."