

The Divorced Heiress Is Getting Married Again! Chapter 1 - Prologue — Divorce Papers

Chapter 1: Prologue — Divorce Papers

"For the official record, I need you to say it one more time. Mrs. Amelie Ashford, do you agree to this divorce?"

Benjamin Andersen, a court judge and a trusted friend of the family for many years, lifted his eyes from the divorce papers and gripped the pen, ready to hand it over. He took a moment to look at the woman sitting next to him—truthfully, she didn't look like she came to get divorced. If anything, she looked like she came to rub someone's face in it, perhaps even to take her revenge.

Her face was fresh with subtle touches of makeup, her long, loose hair cascading in lustrous waves down her back. She was dressed in a knee-length deep green silk dress and wore no jewelry or accessories except for a pair of pearl earrings.

A simple yet somehow strikingly inappropriate look that contrasted sharply with the plain, dark colors worn by others present in the room.

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She looked glorious and dignified, just as always, exuding a distinct regal authority. Even the judge had to admit that one would have to be an utter moron to divorce a woman of such unbelievable presence.

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Amelie's eyes were fixed on the wall behind the judge. All she had to do was say yes—she was ready for it anyway—yet something deep inside was preventing her from saying it. It was ridiculously absurd.

Richard Clark shifted uncomfortably in his seat and released an irritated, though suppressed, groan. Samantha Blackwood, Richard's mistress, placed her manicured hand on the desk and started nervously tapping her fingernails. Each time they touched the polished wood, it sounded like gunshots.

The combination of their joined impatience jolted Amelie back to her senses. Moving her eyes back to the judge, she took another moment to savor the silence and finally answered, "Yes. I agree to this divorce."

A flicker of a hidden smile graced Samantha's lips while Richard sighed in relief. They both were already aware of Amelie's firm decision, but now it was finally official.

Richard was the first to put his signature on the document, then it was Amelie's turn. She placed the documents in front of her and looked at her ex-husband-to-be's name written in black ink by his hand. She was already used to it; managing the company together had made her look over thousands of documents signed by Richard. Yet she had never once considered that there would be a time when she would see his signature on divorce papers.

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'Here go the years I wasted on this marriage... ending with just one stroke of my pen. I guess it was smart of me not to take his last name after all.'

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Amelie released a subtle exhale of regret and finally moved her hand over the page. It was done. She signed it. Now, she was divorced.

The judge put his seal on each page to make it final and was about to put the documents in his briefcase when Amelie moved her hand over the desk, almost as if she wanted to grab the papers, and asked, "Could you not hide your seal just yet?"

The conference room grew silent once again. Mr. Andersen, Richard, and Samantha fixed their widened eyes on Miss Ashford, their bewilderment was almost palpable.

At last, Richard leaned over the desk and narrowed his eyes. "What is that supposed to mean? What do you need his seal for?"

With a light smile on her pinkish lips, Amelie pulled a few documents out of her purse and placed them on the desk in front of the judge. Without even looking at her now ex-husband, she explained, "I need his seal to stamp my marriage certificate."

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"What?!" Richard jumped from his seat, his face turning red. "Amelie, what the hell are you talking about?!"

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Miss Ashford knitted her brows as she watched her ex-husband's reaction. Why did he even care? His mistress was right next to him, yet he acted as if she were betraying him.

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With a long sigh, she opened a small front pocket of her purse, took out a rose gold diamond engagement ring, and put it on her ring finger. Her voice steady and cold, she

finally replied, "I am getting married, Richard. My new husband is about to make an entrance."

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The Ashford family and the Clark family had been closely connected for quite some time. Ever since they merged their companies to form JFC Group, one of the biggest investment conglomerates in the country, the two families became united in more than just a business sense.

Alexander Ashford, Amelie's father, and Christopher Clark, Richard's father, agreed that their children would marry and jointly manage the future of JFC Group. They believed that their kids becoming a real family would strengthen the bond within the company as well.

As a result, as soon as Amelie turned fifteen, Richard's mother, a woman of high social standing and impeccable education, took her under her wing and raised her to be the perfect upper-class wife.

Amelie didn't mind it. When her own mother died when Amelie was barely five years old, Laura Clark had always acted as a mother figure to her.

Everything she did, everything she learned, was for the sake of her future husband and the part of the company she was about to take over. She was molded for one role only, and since it was the fate of every woman in her circle, Amelie did not find anything wrong with it.

She was quite content living the life that had been prepared for her and did not mind spending the rest of her life in an arranged marriage with Richard, her friend and companion for many years.

Yes, she was relatively happy.

Until Richard decided to ruin it all.
