

The Divorced Heiress Is Getting Married Again! Chapter 19 - I'm All Ears

Chapter 19: I'm All Ears

The moment the music stopped for a brief intermission before announcing the next dance, Liam excused himself and walked away, leaving Amelie slightly perplexed. She didn't have much time to contemplate his behavior as Richard approached her with two glasses of white wine in his hands.

"Let's have a drink, Amelie."

"Alright."

For a couple of minutes, the two of them sat at the table in silence, watching as others continued to dance and mingle. Amelie didn't feel the need to talk to Richard and, frankly, couldn't wait for him to finish his drink and return to his new "friend."

Richard finally set his glass on the table and addressed his wife, his eyes still wandering around the hall. "You should be careful about who you choose to socialize with, Amelie. It's even worse when the center of the rumors is a woman of your reputation."

Amelie almost choked on her wine. Widening her eyes, she asked, "What do you—"

Richard didn't let her finish. "He's a lot younger than you and a financial rival of the JFC Group. Don't do anything reckless just to spite me."

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Amelie couldn't believe her ears. She had already noticed that Richard was slowly losing his mind because of his new circumstances, but to accuse his wife of being just as petty... It was an insult.

"Do you really think you have the right—"

Once again, she couldn't finish as her husband sprang to his feet and shouted, "Samantha!"

Just a few moments before that, in the opposite corner of the hall, Samantha was busy socializing with the rest of the crowd, accepting drinks and compliments from already tipsy men.

She reveled in the attention, yet there was still something—or rather someone—unattainable for her.

'I thought the rumors about him would be true...'

She fixed her eyes on Liam, who was standing alone in the corner of the room, his attention solely focused on reading something on his phone. Samantha clicked her tongue.

'The only woman he's spent time talking with is Richard's wife... Does he already have someone? Is that why he's always on his phone and doesn't pay attention to anyone?'

Somehow, his uninterested behavior was getting on her nerves. She decided to take matters into her own hands and find out what was going on with him.

Faking a pained expression, Samantha slowly walked up to Liam and groaned, her voice dramatically miserable to ensure he would hear her, "Ugh, I guess wearing heels tonight was a mistake. My ankle is killing me!"

She was about to lean on Liam's shoulder, but Mr. Bennett stepped away, paying absolutely no attention to the woman next to him. Inevitably, this caused her to fall and hit the cold marble floor with her knees.

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Richard, who had been watching the scene unfold all this time, jumped to his feet, knocking over a glass of wine that spilled right onto Amelie's dress. Ignoring that mishap, he rushed to Samantha to help her up while the entire hall instantly filled with whispers and murmurs.

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Everyone's attention was now directed to Amelie and her ruined dress. She stood there, feeling the sting of embarrassment wash over her under the piercing glares of others.

"Can you believe this? That gossip must be true. Richard Clark, the last person you'd think, got himself a lover."

"He didn't even bat an eye when he spilled wine over his wife's dress! And in front of everyone! Shameless!"

"Poor Amelie... She doesn't deserve to be treated like this. After all she's done for the company and him..."

Amelie could no longer bear to listen to the whispers. It was sickening; it was humiliating.

Suffocating from the sharp pain lodged in her throat, she turned and quickly left the room, ignoring the fact that she was the host of the event. She needed to be alone, away from everything; away from everyone.

Without even realizing it, Amelie had made her way to the garden behind the hotel. Perhaps subconsciously, she sought to recapture the peace she had felt during her walk with Liam the other day.

Luckily, due to the lateness of the hour, the garden was completely empty. Amelie reveled in her solitude, walking silently under the blooming trees. After a while, she finally stopped and turned around.

"What are you, my shadow, Mr. Bennett?"

Liam was caught off guard by her words. He had hoped his presence would go unnoticed until the end. Fighting the embarrassment that colored his cheeks red, he tried to explain,

"I am so busted... Well, I was simply concerned about you, Miss Ashford; after all, it looked like you had quite a lot of wine tonight..."

As Amelie didn't say anything in response, Liam took it as his chance to move closer to her. He quietly observed her face for a while and then asked, "Are you alright?"

"Yes."

Amelie tried to sound confident, but her averted gaze and trembling voice betrayed her real emotions. Liam wanted to say something more substantial, but she spoke before he could, "Thank you for keeping me company, Mr. Bennett, but I don't think you should miss the event on my account. I can barely be good company right now."

She paused and took a deep breath. "I should head to my room and get some rest. You were right, I have drunk too much."

"Can I help you get back—"

Amelie heard his words, but she could no longer bear to talk to him. It was already enough that he had seen her in such a vulnerable state. She was afraid that if she stayed next to him any longer, she would burst into tears.

She almost ran away from him, rushing back to her suite and locking the door behind her, shutting herself off from the rest of the world. Once she was completely alone, the darkness of her room enveloped her, and Amelie felt hot tears streaming down her cheeks.

She felt discarded. She felt lonely. She felt like a laughingstock.

Suddenly, something buzzed on the nightstand, and a faint light briefly illuminated the room. Amelie turned her head and saw that it was the old mobile phone again.

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Wiping her stinging eyes, she opened the small envelope icon and read the message:

"How is your evening?"

For once, Amelie wanted to be honest.

"Truthfully... Not good. Awful. Horrible."

"I'm sorry. Would you like to share?"

"It depends... Do you have all night?"

"All night it is. I'm all ears."

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