

## The Divorced Heiress Is Getting Married Again! Chapter 5 - Unpleasant Encounter

### Chapter 5: Unpleasant Encounter

In the car on her way back home, Amelie opened the gossip feed that had been created years ago by the wealthy ladies of her social circle. She liked to think of it as the "digital tea party," only with more guests, some even uninvited.

Scrolling through the gossip that had accumulated overnight was part of her usual morning routine; she needed to stay on top of things to excel in her position.

Today was no different. As she scrolled through the messages, she finally saw what she had been dreading since she woke up—the news about Richard Clark having a new "friend" had already spread.

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'I should have expected this... Even if my friends didn't leak the news, there are eyes and ears everywhere. I'm actually surprised it is still confined to this closed feed and not being discussed openly by the media.'

Amelie felt immediate annoyance. Even though most people had largely stopped caring about the affairs of the rich, it was the wives of other wealthy men who still liked to give each other headaches over these issues. It would have been foolish to assume she would be left alone this time.

Her car finally stopped at the main entrance to the mansion. Mrs. Ashford stepped out and threw a quick glance at the large house in front of her—it was the first time in years that the never-changing building looked astonishingly different.

The driver opened the door for her, and the moment Amelie walked inside, she noticed a woman she had never seen before. The stranger had a white cast on her left leg and was leaning on white plastic crutches as she started walking in Amelie's direction.

"Hi!" the unfamiliar woman exclaimed cheerfully with a smile.

Amelie froze on the spot. The woman's greeting left her flabbergasted.

She took a moment to scrutinize the stranger's appearance. She looked exactly as her assistant described it to her the day before: she had straight dark brown hair that barely went past her shoulders; her skin was fair but still had an olive undertone about it; thanks to her young age, her features were delicate and fresh while her big brown eyes were sparkling with curiosity.

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She was slightly taller than Amelie but their build was about the same. She wore simple baggy off-brand jean shorts and a plain black t-shirt. It was obvious that she was not coming from the same background as Richard.

'Well, she does look cute,' Amelie admitted quietly, "there is an air of innocence about her. I guess a lot of men are drawn to such women because they prompt them to feel protective of them."

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Finally, her eyes fixed on the white cast on the woman's leg, 'I wonder what happened...'

As she caught herself genuinely wondering about this woman's circumstances, Amelie quickly rid herself of these useless thoughts.

'Now that I've seen her, I don't see why we should continue interacting.'

Amelie offered the woman a light nod and started walking towards the stairs when she heard her voice again, "Wait a second, Lily!"

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Mrs. Ashford froze once again, a slight shiver running through her entire body.

Even though she was clearly more than six years older than the woman, and found it extremely inappropriate, Amelie could have overlooked the informal address. But to call her "Lily"? Only those very close to her were allowed to use that nickname. The fact that this woman even knew it made her really angry.

Taming her rising irritation, Amelie finally turned around and raised her brow. "Excuse me?"

Her cold tone clearly scared the new woman. She averted her eyes for a moment and fidgeted with a lock of her hair. Then, as if nothing had happened, she smiled again and said,

"Oh, I'm sorry. I should have introduced myself first. My name is Samantha Blackwood. I am a friend of your husband back from university. You can call me Sam though, that's what everyone calls me anyway."

"Well... Nice to meet you." For some reason, Amelie couldn't bring herself to say the woman's name. She observed her appearance once again.

'A friend from university? Although we were in different departments, I know that Richard was surrounded by friends when we were students, but she looks too young to be one of them.'

Amelie nodded at her again and turned around. 'That should be enough. If Richard has even an ounce of decency left in him, he won't make me run into her again unless absolutely necessary.'

Mrs. Ashford attempted to walk away, but the woman refused to end the conversation just yet.

"Wait a minute!" She grabbed Amelie by the arm, and the latter instantly pulled it away as if burned by boiling water. Her reaction made the woman recoil, her face turning somewhat scared.

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Amelie arched her eyebrows again. She found the woman's behavior not only strange but also fake. It felt as if she was acting.

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"Is there anything else?" Amelie looked the woman straight in the eyes, demanding a response.

Samantha answered timidly, "Well, I wanted to say thank you for letting me stay here. I am very grateful."

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"I did not let you stay here. My husband did. Express your gratitude to him. I'm sure you'll find a way." Amelie didn't mean to sound so bitter, but she couldn't help it.

The woman seemed to have ignored that bitterness completely. "Yes, well... but it is still nice to get acquainted. We will be seeing each other often, after all."

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Mrs. Ashford gripped the handles of her handbag tightly, her irritation reaching its peak.

'See each other often?'

Samantha continued cheerfully, "Anyway, can I call you Lily when I see you? You can call me Sam. Everybody does."

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Amelie closed her eyes in an attempt to compose herself. She hated the mere idea of her husband's mistress calling her Lily. She hated the idea of her addressing her at all.

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Finally, she released a subtle exhale and replied, "You will call me Mrs. Ashford, and I will call you Miss Blackwood. That should do it."

Unwilling to prolong this unpleasant encounter any longer, Amelie tried to walk away again when Samantha called out, "Richard!"