

The Divorced Heiress Is Getting Married Again! Chapter 6 - Dear Friend

Chapter 6: Dear Friend

Amelie felt that getting to her bedroom was out of the question that day. The moment that woman called out her husband's name, Mrs. Ashford turned around and saw Richard walking toward them with urgent steps.

She felt as if her heartbeat resonated with the sound of the man's leather shoes stomping on the marble floor.

'He is supposed to be at his main office. Did he come here just for her?'

In the past, Amelie was always the first to greet her husband when he came home. This time, however, Richard only threw her a passing glance before standing in front of Samantha. He carefully placed his hands on her shoulders, his eyes filled with genuine worry.

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"Sam, you troublemaker, what are you doing? The doctor said you should let your leg rest. That sprain was quite nasty. Where is Miss Dell? You were supposed to call her if you needed anything."

Amelie couldn't help but widen her eyes in bewilderment. There had been numerous occasions in the past when Richard would look at her with the same expression. Over time, even the friendly tenderness he once harbored for her had gradually disappeared. She often wondered if he was still capable of worrying about someone as he did before.

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Apparently, he was. But now, all his attention was focused on another woman.

"You ordered Miss Dell to look after her? She works for the entire household; she is not a babysitter."

Though she was standing right beside him, Richard ignored her words completely. Instead, he noticed the housekeeper on her way to the kitchen and called out in a loud, stern tone,

"Mrs. Geller, please help Miss Blackwood return to her room and make sure she has everything she needs. I don't want her wandering around the house in such a state."

Every member of the staff, although officially employed by Richard, was selected by Amelie and was used to receiving orders only from her. And since it was about *another woman*, Mrs. Geller felt confused. She turned to Mrs. Ashford and offered her a look that was a blend of confusion and guilt.

Unwilling to put her in an even more uncomfortable position, Amelie simply nodded, silently indicating that she should proceed as instructed.

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Once the housekeeper led Samantha away, Richard turned to his wife and narrowed his eyes in slight annoyance.

"It appears you've been too lenient with the staff recently. I clearly ordered Miss Dell to look after our guest, but she ignored my orders. Do I have to take care of that myself too?"

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Amelie couldn't help but frown. She couldn't believe Richard had the audacity to accuse her of neglecting her duties or failing to keep the mansion staff in check. No matter how angry he was, she couldn't allow him to belittle her like that.

"Miss Dell is an excellent maid. There is no way she ignored anything you said. That woman must have simply not called for her. And even if she did, I don't see why she should wait on her hand and foot. As you saw for yourself, that woman is not completely helpless."

Her nonchalant tone and words clearly ticked her husband off. Richard stepped closer to Amelie, his tall body towering over her like a mountain, his dark eyes shining with an unconcealed hint of malice.

"That woman? That woman is my dear friend. Do not disrespect her like this."

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Although his voice was quiet, it sent shivers down Amelie's spine. Just like during their dinner, he talked to her as if she meant nothing to him. Or even worse, as if she were beneath him.

At first, Amelie felt like lashing out at him. If he had the nerve to treat her this way, she had the right to act the same. Then, however, something inside her snapped, and all of a sudden, she felt absolutely nothing.

With a subtle smile on her full lips, she said quietly, "A dear friend, huh..."

She used to be his friend too. That was the only thing she could cling to in a marriage without love. Now, there was nothing left to cherish.

She sighed.

"Alright, I will talk to Miss Dell and instruct her to be more attentive from now on. Your... friend will be taken care of."

But Richard was not happy even with this reply.

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"Forget it. She is fired effective immediately. Find a new maid today."

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Amelie couldn't believe her ears. Her husband had never been so rash with his decisions before, and now his words were simply ridiculous.

"Fired? She didn't do anything wrong! Get ahold of yourself, Richard, this is too much!"

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Mr. Clark ran his fingers through his sleek hair and released a heavy sigh. He realized it the moment those words left his mouth, yet somehow, he refused to admit his recklessness.

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He couldn't take his words back now. His pride had taken over. But what irritated him the most was his wife's bold attitude, which he thought he had never witnessed before.

He looked his wife straight in the eyes, his voice as cold as ice.

"Cut her salary in half for this month. I will check it myself."

Without allowing his wife to retort or saying anything else, he turned around and stomped toward his study, his heavy footsteps echoing through the hallway with a warning anger.

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Amelie silently watched him ascend to the second floor. Only when she could neither see nor hear him did she finally feel like she could breathe again.

"Mrs. Ashford..?"

Miss Dell's careful voice made her flinch. She wondered whether the maid had heard their conversation, but judging from her scared expression, it looked like she was already aware of everything.

Amelie forced herself to smile and said in her usual kind voice, "Miss Dell, let's have a little chat in my study."