

The Divorced Heiress Is Getting Married Again! Chapter 8 - A Home-cooked Meal

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As Amelie left Richard's office, he reclined in his chair and covered his face with both hands. He hadn't meant to lash out at his wife, yet whenever she was around him, he simply couldn't help himself.

Her cold, almost emotionless face contrasted sharply with the fresh breath of air that Samantha brought into his life with just a single smile. He couldn't remember the last time his wife had smiled at him like that.

4

"Daphne," he pressed the button on the speaker and addressed his secretary, "order me something warm to eat, please. I will have my lunch in the office."

"Um... Mr. Clark? There is someone to see you—"

Before Daphne could finish her sentence in her usual vibrant voice, the door to his office swung open, revealing Samantha with a bright smile on her blushing face. In her right hand, she carried a large paper bag, and in her left, a bouquet of fresh white daisies.

3

"Hi!"

2

Her usual chipper greeting made Richard jump from his seat and rush toward her, his eyes frantically scanning her appearance.

"What's all this? Why are you out of the house already?"

He took both the bag and the flowers from her hands and helped Samantha take a seat on his leather couch. As she settled in, she explained, "I had my doctor's appointment today, and he said my ankle is healing exceptionally well. He removed the cast and said I can now walk freely without crutches. Isn't it fantastic?"

Before Richard could react, Samantha continued, "Since I got the green light to resume my normal activities, I decided to cook you some lunch and deliver it here myself. I hope that's not an issue!"

3

Richard was at a loss for words. As Samantha placed the food on the glass coffee table, he felt his mouth watering at the sight of all the prepared dishes, which were clearly still hot.

White rice, steamed vegetables, crispy white meat in honey sauce, and even his favorite peach pie, still steaming with wisps of heat, filled his office with a homely, cozy aroma usually reserved for meals prepared by Mrs. Geller at home.

Samantha saw the confusion on Richard's face, and her smile brightened even more.

"Don't look so lost. This is the least I can do to express my gratitude for your generosity! You paid for all my hospital bills and even took me into your home. Preparing a hot meal is nothing compared to your kindness, Richard!"

1

Richard looked at Samantha's smiling face, and memories of their fateful encounter instantly flooded his mind.

He had been on his way back from a business trip in J City. His car was making a U-turn when, suddenly, a woman jumped right in front of it. She was as pale as a sheet, her appearance disheveled as if she had just escaped the clutches of death.

3

Fortunately, Richard's car didn't hit her but the woman still fell from shock and sprained her ankle. Richard ran out of the car and the moment he saw her, he recognized her right away. The young student from the university; that beautiful girl whom he couldn't forget even after all these years. It was indeed her, Samantha Blackwood.

3

The feelings that had been bottled up for so long, resurfaced once more.

He took her straight to the hospital and demanded the best treatment which Samantha received without a delay. As they started talking, Richard found out that she was running away from an abusive boyfriend who stole all her money and kicked her out of their apartment. She had nowhere to go and Richard was kind enough to offer her his home as a temporary shelter.

7

Samantha reluctantly agreed, promising that she would only stay until she would be back on her feet, no pun intended. Richard didn't mind it if she chose to stay there indefinitely.

Which, as he was now tasting the hot, home-cooked meal prepared just for him, proved to be even more beneficial than he had imagined.

'Amelie has never cooked for me even once... She always complains about how she never has neither time nor energy. She keeps repeating that we have Mrs. Geller for that, but Sam... She is still recovering from a painful injury and nevertheless, she found time to cook for me.'

5

Samantha carefully observed as Richard tasted her food, expecting a verdict from him. Once he was done tasting every dish, he offered her a warm smile and patted her on the head.

"This food is amazing, Sam. I wish Amelie cooked something like that for me at least once."

At first, Samantha slightly pouted her lips. After all, what kind of woman likes to hear about another? Then, however, she stretched her mouth into a fake smile and shook her head, "Well, both you and Mrs. Ashford grew up eating only the finest delicacies so I guess she is afraid to even try cooking because she knows you have very high standards! She is probably just afraid that you will compare her to the chefs in your favorite restaurants."

3

Richard couldn't help but scoff at her adorable effort to defend his wife.

4

"You cooked for me and I have to admit, even the most skilled chef can never cook anything as delicious as this!"

He patted her on the head once again and added, "You are giving Amelie too much credit simply because you are too nice."

1

Samantha's cheeks shone with an intense pinkish hue. She pouted her lips again, playfully this time, and said, "I think Mrs. Ashford is an amazing woman. She has to juggle so many things at once, although... Well, I guess her only flaw is that she can be quite hostile toward people like me..."

Richard shook his head, his attention was now fully focused on the food before him, his voice completely careless as he replied, "Don't worry, Sam, she is just a very snobby woman. But as soon as everybody sees how nice you are, her opinion won't matter anymore."