

The Divorced Heiress Is Getting Married Again! Chapter 9 - A Morning Call

Chapter 9: A Morning Call

The annoying sound of the phone ringtone shook the spacious hotel room with its loud and repetitive melody. The man stretched his hand out in an attempt to find his phone but instead found the wet tongue of a sleeping dog.

"Ew, for God's sake! Can you at least close your mouth when you're sleeping? You've drooled all over the bed!"

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Wiping his hand over the white blanket, the man sighed in annoyance and finally found his phone which continued to assault his ears with its annoying default melody. He checked the caller's name, cleared his throat with a series of short coughs, and answered the call,

"What?"

"Rude! Good morning, Mr. Bennett, this is your personal assistant Austin Hall if you have already managed to forget. You have to wake up at six o'clock every morning to take the dog out for a walk as per Mr. Oscar Bennett's instructions."

The man rustled his hand through his soft black hair and groaned miserably while his assistant continued, "Come on, Liam, chop chop! You know that your grandfather has a tracking app on your phone, he will find out if you skip even one day!"

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"Ugh!" Liam looked at the puppy who was now sleeping with his belly up, his pink tongue still sticking out as if he were dead. "Why do I have to babysit you anyway?!"

Austin sighed, "If you listened to me and went straight back to your family house, you wouldn't have to take care of him, you know."

Liam frowned, "And who is going to take care of him there? The renovations are still not done and if Grandpa finds out that I let his precious mutt breathe the construction dust, he will disown me right away."

"Anyway," his assistant added in a chipper voice, "My job here is done. Now get ready and take the dog for a walk. I'll pick you up for breakfast at eight. Bye!"

Austin hung up before his boss could retort again. Liam poked the puppy with his finger but the dog paid absolutely no attention to his effort to wake him up. With another long sigh, the man left the bed, then walked up to the tall window that offered him the view of the city, and looked to his right, his lips curling into a light smile.

'I wonder when she will be back to her suite again.'

4

"I guess it's official now. Richard is sleeping with her."

Amelie placed the coffee cup back on the table and continued, "One of the maids saw her going to his bedroom last night, and as far as I'm concerned, she hasn't left yet."

4

Elizabeth almost threw her dessert fork on the table; she was two times angrier on her best friend's behalf.

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"I still can't believe he had the nerve to bring her to the house! What a scumbag! They are friends and she has nowhere to go? Bullshit! He knows you have no say in it because the mansion belongs to him and he did not hesitate to use that! Jerk!"

Amelie smiled subtly at her friend. Meeting her today was a smart decision. She had returned to the mansion because she missed her bedroom and study but once she heard about that woman entering Richard's bedroom Amelie felt like dying.

Thankfully, Elizabeth always could find time to be her shoulder to cry on.

"Damn, that little bitch chose the worst timing!" Lizzy continued angrily, "Right before the benefit, it's like she had it all planned!"

3

Lizzy's raging protectiveness made Amelie's smile even wider.

"I can only hope the media will stay out of it until the benefit is over. I don't want people's attention to be focused on the wrong things."

Elizabeth could only sigh. She admired her friend's devotion to her charitable work and was amazed by her ability to remain composed even during such stressful times. She, however, was still bothered by this.

"You know... imagine if she was the second wife and you both were forced to make a joint donation for the benefit... Ugh, what an irritating thought!"

Elizabeth's words made Amelie freeze before she could grab her cup of coffee again.

That was indeed a legitimate tradition; she had witnessed it before too. During large charity events, all the wives of one wealthy and influential man had a tradition of submitting a shared donation to the charity of their choice to show the rest of the society that they could even overcome rivalry when it came to doing something significant for a greater cause.

In Amelie's case, however, things were a bit more complicated.

"She is an orphan and currently has no job." She finally took a sip of her coffee and continued, "If she is smart, she will make her own donation during the benefit. When the rumors finally spread far and wide, it will help her save face. I don't think she wants everybody to think of her as a mere gold digger."

'Though even if she does, the money will still come from Richard's pocket.'

She didn't say these words out loud, but Elizabeth thought of the very same thing.

Stretching her lips into a coy grin, Lizzy poked a strawberry with her dessert fork and put it in her mouth her voice completely nonchalant as she replied, "Well, if Richard dares to bring that woman to the benefit with him, she had better make a generous donation. Otherwise, she will be the object of ridicule and not you. People are already buzzing about her identity, I don't think your husband will like it if all the media crowns his "dear friend" as a lowly gold digger."

Amelie couldn't help but laugh. That was exactly why they were best friends — Lizzy never failed to lift her spirits with her sharp and witty remarks.

Elizabeth, too, felt a little more relaxed when she saw her friend smiling like that. Then, she tried to change the topic of their conversation to a more pleasant one.

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"Oh, by the way! Is it true that someone from the Bennett family is attending this year?"

Mrs. Ashford nodded, "Yes, someone from the Bennett family is indeed attending this year's event. We can expect a very generous donation and perhaps... some entertainment too."

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