

110 It Looks Like You Have A Father

"Step into my office this instant." 1

Richard pressed the send button next to the message and tossed his phone back onto the desk. Ron didn't make himself wait, and just a few seconds later, he was standing before his boss, ready to take his orders.

"I need you to start preparing for my wedding right away."

Ron found that order confusing. "Right away? Why the hurry? Perhaps--"

Richard quickly interrupted him. "I don't want Samantha parading around in a wedding dress with her stomach bulging out. Make sure to hire the most famous and expensive wedding planner. Pour as much money as needed, I want this wedding to be as grand as possible." 5

Ron started taking notes and already looking up the best wedding planning agencies in the country while Richard furrowed his brow,



mulling over his secret plan.

'No matter how petty it might seem, I need to get married before Amelie does. I don't care how much it will cost or what I will have to do... I will make her realize that she made a mistake by rushing into that boy's arms for money she could have had if she had the brains to listen and wait.'

The man then lifted his eyes back to his assistant and shook his head. "No, scratch that, Ron. I want to have my wedding in Paris. Look into that."

"In Paris?" Ron was confused once again. "Are you absolutely sure you want to do that, Mr/Clark? Your absence will slow down the entire company."

Richard silently confirmed his decision, no longer listening to his assistant's lament.

'Amelie wanted to have our wedding in Paris too but we had to cancel our plans because I had an important business trip I couldn't postpone. It will definitely sting her if she sees that I remembered it and offered this chance to someone else instead. It's childish, I know, but I can't help it. She does not belong with that

moron and she needs to have that reality check.' 3

Now, he confirmed it out loud. "Yes, it's final.
The wedding will take place in Paris." 1

"Understood, Mr. Clark. I'll get to it right away."

Ron turned around and was almost out of the door when Richard suddenly stopped him and gestured for him to approach his desk again.

"I almost forgot... Have you heard anything peculiar about Samantha lately? Any high society gossip? Public opinions? What do people say about her in general?"

Ron took a few moments to think over his reply, then offered Richard a slight shrug, and started,

"Well, Mrs. Ashford's sudden marriage on the day of your divorce was perceived as controversial by the majority of the public, therefore, her reputation took a noticeable hit, which, on the other hand, made Miss Blackwood look better in comparison.

Of course, it is relatively impossible to shatter Mrs. Ashford's reputation entirely because of her well-known charity work and the overall



respect of the people she has worked with up until now, but this is her first scandal ever so it will take time before it dies down and she can seek attention again."

Richard had to agree with Ron's words entirely.

It was undeniably true; Ameie's image had been perfect ever since her debut in high society, thus, a single scandal was not enough to change the public's opinion about her. Moreover, Samantha's rising popularity, for the most part, could only be accredited to the fact that everyone who was close to Richard was playing it safe by not getting involved with Amelie and her new husband Liam Bennett.

With this morning's scandalous announcement, however, this, too, would soon shift. After all, people wanted to be close to those whose friendship could be of benefit to them.

Richard had no choice but to play it safe as well.

"Contact the reporters we are close to and request an article for the next issues of the most popular magazines. I'd like them to write about Samantha."



Ron arched his eyebrows. "What should be included in the contents, Mr. Clark?" 1

A light yet somewhat menacing grin appeared on Richard's face as he explained. "It's time to polish my future wife's reputation even more. Also," he looked at his phone for a bit before concluding, "Have that man contact me today as well."

Samantha unglued her tired eyes and looked at the door to her new study as she heard the housekeeper knock. She had been cooped up in Amelie's study since morning, going over more charity-related materials in preparation to meet Richard's partners and friends face-to-face, and was beginning to lose her mind; that timid knock on the door served as a savior for her.

"What is it?"

The housekeeper offered her a bow when she stepped inside the room and said in a quiet voice, "Miss Blackwood, Mr. Kyle Marshall is here to see you. He says it's urgent. Would you like me to escort him to the living room or tell him that you are not accepting guests today?"



Samantha looked at the time on her phone and sighed. "Invite him here. I am too tired to walk around the house."

"Yes, Miss Blackwood."

The woman left and Samantha smiled. Hearing everyone call her "Miss Blackwood" every time they wanted to address her sure sounded nice.

A couple of minutes later, Kyle was already in the room, examining its interior with a curious and even excited gaze.

"That's a very nice office you have here, Samantha. Still thinking about the new design?"

Kyle was the first one to request using their first names when talking to each other and since he was her first friend, she didn't hesitate to grant it.

"What makes you think this room hasn't been redesigned yet?" Samantha asked in a genuine tone and Kyle couldn't help but laugh. "Come on, everything here screams Amelie Ashford. Ah, yes. It's Amelie Bennet now."

Samantha clicked her tongue annoyingly. "I don't

want to talk about that woman anymore."

Kyle grinned and took his phone out of the pocket of his blazer, placing it before the woman. "Indeed, I didn't come here to talk about her. I came here to talk about you. How come you never told me you weren't actually an orphan?"

Samantha's rosy lips parted as a sense of bewilderment crept in. "What do you mean?"

The man pointed at the screen of his phone and added, "Have you read recent gossip? It looks like you have a father and he came to see your future husband to ask about you."

Samantha grabbed the phone, her eyes running frantically over its screen gradually widening from shock.

"What?!"