

119 I Think I'm In Love!

"What do you mean she knew? What the hell are you talking about?"

Richard's voice became louder with each uttered word and Natalie recoiled in fear. Noticing her reaction, he took a deep breath in an attempt to compose himself and added calmly now.

"Natalie... Explain what happened."

"I... It was when you were both working late here, at JFC," the secretary started, still somewhat intimidated, "Mrs. Ashford came here to see you and I guess she didn't notice me--well, I didn't notice her at first, too. I was gluing the heel of one of my shoes behind the closet door so I was out of her vision. She stopped right before your door and since it was partially open, I guess she heard you talk to Ron. I mean, I did..."

She paused and Richard released a long, heavy sigh. "Find Ron and send him to me immediately."

Natalie nodded. "Yes, Mr. Clark."

She dashed out of his office and Richard rubbed



his tired eyes with both hands, fighting back the urge to groan in irritation.

'So I was right, she had it all planned beforehand. She heard me... Fuck! I can't believe this.' 4

The moment Ron walked into his boss's office, Richard motioned for him to approach his desk and commanded. "Find a way to contact Amelie. Book meetings with her, wait for her in the hotel, I don't care! Get her to contact me or get her number instead. Don't come back until you do." 2

"Uncle, have you heard the news?!"

Penelope marched into Jason's office and slammed a new magazine issue on his desk.

"The wedding is confirmed! She is going to be Richard Clark's wife! And she's even pregnant with his child! What the hell is going on here?!"

Jason clicked his tongue at his niece's loud lament and picked up the magazine, catching the page Penelope had already folded for him. His beady eyes ran over the article about Samantha

and a wild grin cut his face in half.

"Huh! So that's why she has been acting so brave lately. Well, well, well... She is indeed a scary bitch!"

"Uncle!" Penelope didn't care for her uncle's sarcasm, "Don't you get it? She will be after us in no time! We know so much about her, she will definitely try to do something to make sure we keep quiet!" 2

Jason tossed the magazine away and scoffed.
"Don't be ridiculous, Pipi."

He then retrieved another magazine out of his desk drawer and opened it before his niece, pointing at Amelie's picture. "Someone like her will always be walking on thin ice."

Jason wrapped his fingers around a tall glass of iced coffee and offered Samantha a wide grin to which she responded with a deep frown between her eyebrows.

"Why the hell did you come here? I thought I had warned you to not come to this place."

"Well," Jason started, setting his glass back on the coffee table, "You have been ignoring me for the last few weeks so what was I supposed to do?"

"What do you want?" Samantha's anger was already soaring, "I have sent you my last payment already so I don't think we need to see each other anymore." 1

Jason let out a mocking laugh. "Really? Do you honestly think it will be so easy to get rid of me now that you're sitting on a pot filled with golden coins?"

"So do I have to repeat myself then? What the hell do you want from me? More money?"

Samantha was getting anxious and Jason was enjoying it. He shook his head calmly and replied, "Have you already forgotten that I offered you my services, my dear Sam? Do you really think that just because you're getting married to Richard Clark, you actually have him in a bag?"

The woman clenched her fists on top of her knees and frowned again. "You know something, don't you?"

Jason crossed his arms in front of his chest and grinned again. "A little bird told me that your future husband is searching for ways to reach his ex-wife for some reason. I don't know why but I am certain that he is trying to establish a contact again. So... I advise you to be careful, Sam. Who knows that this man is trying to achieve this way."

Samantha looked away in an attempt to conceal her concern. What would Richard want from Amelie now?

He had been so nice to her ever since he divorced his ex-wife, she thought he was just as happy. So why?

"Alright," she finally spoke again and reached into her purse, retrieving her new designer wallet.

"Keep me posted. But... Don't you ever show up here without a warning again."

"I think I'm in love!"

Carla raised her heels, trying to reach the highest shelf in Amelie's study while Mary sprayed wood polish over the door, wiping it up



with a rag.

"In love? When do you even have time?"

Carla offered her sister a frown and clicked her tongue. "You will end up as an old hag, Mary, and that is exactly because of your limited outlook! I have met this person in this mansion and fell in love with him at first sight!" 1

Mary exchanged mocking looks with Amelie who stretched her lips into a smile and shifted her gaze toward Carla. "Who is this person then? I don't think I have seen anyone young enough here to be a good match for you."

Carla shoved the duster under her armpit and offered Amelie a dreamy smile. "To be honest, he looks very similar to you, Mrs. Bennett. For a moment there, before I got closer to him, I thought he was your twin brother!" 1

Amelie arched her eyebrows, "Pardon?"

Then, all of a sudden, it finally dawned on her. "Was that person wearing a black pantsuit? Have you talked to them?"

Carla was clearly surprised by Amelie's strange

reaction.

"Yes, he was wearing a black suit, and no, we didn't talk, I just passed him by and he winked at me." 1

Amelie didn't know what to say. She looked at Carla with a somewhat apologetic expression and finally replied. "Well, you were right about one thing--they are indeed related to me. That person was my older sister Julia." 1

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