

121 A Shoebox Filled With Papers

A long, somewhat defeated sigh escaped her lungs. 1

'There is only one person who can help me build a new, much stronger social circle around Liam and me, and that person is Lizzy.'

Even after her scandal, Elizabeth never left the lips of the gossipers even once. She was the most popular socialite and her absence was mourned by the majority of high society, especially men.

And men still held the power of dictating who their women were allowed to mingle with.

'But what can I do?' Amelie lamented silently, 'Lizzy disappeared right before my divorce and I couldn't get a hold of her ever since. I know that she was invited to the Castillo parties multiple times and with her delicate skills of socializing, it would have been a lot easier to pull a lot more powerful people on our side. Away from Vanessa. Away from Richard too.' 1

Amelie's hands automatically reached for her phone to contact Anna but that idea had to be discarded once again. She had already tried to look for Lizzy with Anna's help, however, her attempts to locate her were futile.

What other choices did she have then? 1

At that very moment, the door to her study opened again and Carla came in, wearing a rather happy expression on her bright face. A new idea was born in Amelie's head.

"Carla," she motioned for the maid to approach her desk, "Were you able to talk to Julia?"

The maid blushed a little and nodded. "Yes, Mrs. Bennett. She had to leave for today but she said she would start working here soon."

"Good," Amelie offered her a smile and instructed, "Next time she comes to the mansion, please ask her to see me as well."

Samantha stood before the doors to Amelie's bedroom in the Clark mansion and chewed on her lower lip, fidgeting with a small sharp key in

her right hand.

She has already refurnished Amelie's office to her own preferences but the bedroom, for reasons that even Richard couldn't properly justify, was still out of her reach.

Today, however, she was finally able to put an end to it and erase the last remaining part of the previous mistress of the house with her own two hands.

The key turned with a loud clicking sound and Samantha stepped inside the quiet bedroom.

She had never been in Amelie's room before and yet somehow, she felt as if she was having a *deja vu*.

'Well,' she thought as she slowly looked around the room. 'Everything here just screams Amelie Ashford. Could she be more boring and predictable? No wonder Richard was desperate for something more lively; more exciting--there is absolutely no life in this bedroom. Just another old money taste in design.' 1

Samantha picked up a book on the small table next to the armchair by the window and

frowned.

'She sure likes to read old boring foreign novels.'

She then flipped through the pages and let out a loud chuckle. "Look at this, she even writes her thoughts on the margins! God, could she be even more high-brow than this? It's just laughable at this point."

Tossing the book carelessly on the floor, Samantha walked up to Amelie's closet and opened its door, stepping inside and stretching her lips into a wide grin.

"Now this," she slid her hands over the rows of designer clothes, her smile widening again, "This I can't judge you for, Mrs. Ashford. Some of these dresses are limited edition and I can only thank God for giving me the same figure as yours. Hopefully, I can quickly lose fat after giving birth to this child so that I can wear all of this in your stead."

Her eyes moved down to the shoe shelves, sparkling brighter as she realized that her collection would be filled with limited-edition footwear as well.

She took a seat on a soft round ottoman and stretched her arm out to grab a pair of red shoes when she noticed an open shoebox filled with documents.

"What's all this?"

Samantha pulled out a few papers and quickly scanned them, not really paying attention to their contents.

"Ballet scholarships... Orphanage fees... Donations... These look like the reports of all the charity and welfare work she has been doing through the years. Why did she leave it here? Ah... probably because she could no longer use the family money to pay for it. Well, too bad." 1

She stuffed the papers back into the box and was about to kick it away when she noticed a laptop that was hidden under the box this entire time.

Surprised, she opened it to see if it still worked and noticed a small note stuck to its screen.

"Miss Blackwood,

I have been using this laptop to manage all the charity work I've been in charge of since I got



married to Richard. The password is set to 1111 so please change it once you get to it.

On the home screen, you will find a spreadsheet that covers all the important accounts that are going to be under your care once you marry Mr. Clark. In the last tab, I have listed all the accounts made in your name that used to belong to me. I have been using my inheritance money to pay for my charity work and I urge you to do the same.

In the shoebox on top of this laptop, you will find examples of the financial forms you will need to fill in and file every six months along with the money deposit as instructed in the spreadsheet. You can save empty forms and simply copy them when needed.

Important: although the inheritance funds are now listed under your name, please make sure to use the JFC Group's proxy to make the transfer as this money undergoes the regular tax procedure.

I wish you all the best,

Amelie Ashford."

Samantha finished reading the note and quickly grabbed the forms she had just shoved back into the shoebox. Moving her eyes frantically over the print, she finally paused, her lips parted in shock.

"This is... this is the amount of money I now have in my name?!" 4

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