



125 She Is The Least Deserving One

With tears obscuring her view, Rebecca dashed out of the living room, covering her mouth to prevent any noises from escaping her trembling lips. As she ran, she bumped into Tina, the new housekeeper, who grabbed her by the shoulders and quickly pulled inside the kitchen. 1

"What's going on? What happened?"

The maid, still shaking from Samantha's outrage, took a seat behind the staff's kitchen table and accepted a glass of water from Tina, whose worried eyes had been fixed on her all this time. Once Rebecca finally felt like she could talk again, she looked at the housekeeper and mumbled quietly, "Miss Blackwood got really mad at me just now. She told me to get out of here... Do you think it means that I'm fired?" 1

Tina glanced briefly at the entrance to the living room, mulling over her further actions, then shifted her eyes back to the maid and let out a long sigh.



"I don't know what happened in there but you should be careful. She is pregnant, no matter what you do will be put against you in the end. I will talk with her and try to smooth things over, but I think it will be better for you to take a few days off for now. Go home and wait for my call."

Sobbing uncontrollably, Rebecca nodded at the woman and left the kitchen, walking through the first floor's hallway in the direction of her room. As she started gathering her things, prepared to leave, her eyes landed on the stack of magazines on her roommate's bedstand.

The cover of the issue on top made the maid pause and focus her eyes on the title written in large letters below Samantha's picture.

"From rags to riches: a modern fairytale that proves that miracles can happen to those who deserve them."

She whispered these words and clenched her fists tightly, gritting her teeth in anger.

'She is the least deserving one, unfortunately.'

With that, Rebecca grabbed the magazine and threw it into the garbage can next to the door,

leaving her room and that mansion.

Amelie checked the time on her computer screen and let out a disappointed sigh.

It was already noon but she had yet to start working; she couldn't believe that she had wasted the entire morning doing nothing but thinking about Liam like a lovesick schoolgirl.

'He said all those things because he thought I was asleep,' she recalled the night when Liam sleepwalked into her bedroom again and felt her cheeks turning hot.

She was still not sure what to think about his confession. On one hand, she had never had anyone confess their love to her before. Sure, some men expressed their interest in her in the past, but since Amelie already knew that she would end up marrying Richard anyway, she had never entertained the thought of accepting anyone's feelings or beginning relationships that would not mean anything to her in the end.

On the other hand, she, too, had never really experienced true love and that was precisely



what she considered the biggest problem now.

'Even when Einar kissed me and confessed his feelings, I felt nothing, but with Liam... Could this really be love? He said he was still not brave enough to say it to my face but I also don't want to push him into baring his heart while I'm not sure how serious my own feelings are. God, I wish it was easier somehow... Perhaps I just need to wait for the wedding to be over so that I can see what exactly I feel when we are--'

Amelie felt ashamed just thinking about being intimate with Liam only to find out what exactly she felt toward him.

'Can I be even more awful than this? Using sex to find out whether my feelings for him are only physical?'

But she couldn't help it; it was easy with Richard: they were attracted to each other on a physical level only, thus, even when they had to share a bed together, they knew exactly what they felt.

There were moments of confusion between the two of them when they were younger, after all, both of them had to accept the fact that they had to be together as a family, and that alone forced

them to seek some kind of illusion that they might indeed feel love toward one another; especially since they were close friends ever since they were just kids.

In the end, it was nothing but a feeling of comfortable adjustment; even after so many years together, they failed to find that thin thread that was supposed to tie them together in happiness.

Amelie shook her head and sighed again. These thoughts were completely useless now because, with Liam, she really had a chance to be happy and loved.

She flinched as someone knocked on the door to her office at Emerald Hotel and looked at her computer screen again.

'Ah, a meeting notification... I completely blacked out again.'

"Come in!"

She declared loudly and Anna opened the door from the outside, motioning for a young but somewhat serious-looking woman in a knee-long pencil skirt and plain white shirt



tucked inside it to come in.

"Miss Yasmin Howe, we spoke on the phone the other day, Mrs. Bennett."

The woman didn't wait for someone to introduce her and did it herself instead, casually approaching Amelie's desk and offering her her hand for a handshake.

Amelie shook her hand with a reserved smile and asked the woman to take a seat.

Yasmin Howe was one of the famous journalists who wrote articles exclusively about women in business and that was the exact reason why Amelie agreed to give an interview with her magazine.

With all the media starving to find out what was happening with Amelie's personal life after her marriage, having a professional article published about her new business life instead, seemed more appropriate and definitely more beneficial for her.

"Nice to meet you, Miss Howe. Let's start the interview then."