

## The Divorced Heiress Is Getting Married Again! Chapter 13 - Captain Pantaloons

### Chapter 13: Captain Pantaloons

Richard's towering figure loomed over Amelie's slight frame, casting a cold shadow on everything around her. His icy tone and menacing glare conveyed a chilling realization to Amelie. Unfazed, she narrowed her eyes and asked just as coldly, "So is it true, then?"

For a moment that seemed to stretch into eternity, Richard remained silent. His silence, however, spoke volumes. Amelie felt as if he could incinerate her with his smoldering dark eyes.

Finally, he slowly parted his lips, still contemplating the right response, and said in a voice almost a whisper, "That is none of your business."

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Amelie wanted to smile but restrained herself. It wasn't a smile of victory; though she knew she had struck a nerve, she felt a similar pain. Emily's words echoed in her mind as she recalled the day her husband had returned from his business trip.

'Does this mean Richard has been visiting hostess bars all these years too?'

This single thought made her shiver in disgust. Suddenly, the image of her husband—her childhood friend and trusted companion—began to distort. The man standing before her now seemed like a complete stranger.

Richard's next words jolted her back to reality.

"I don't know how or what you have managed to find out, but this is personal. Such details should never leave the relationship because they can harm more than just the people involved. I suggest you stop getting involved in gossip, Amelie. You've always struck me as someone above that. Unlike your idle friends."

Amelie clenched her fists in frustration, her nails digging into the soft skin of her palms. Richard always knew how to manipulate her into thinking she was at fault, but she had never let it get to her before. Now, however, this was too much.

"The news has already reached the public media, Richard. It wasn't just internal gossip. Your pictures are in the hands of reporters. You should thank me that my 'idle' friends managed to stop them from being plastered all over the internet."

She wanted to end it there, but she was too hurt to stop.

"It wasn't me. Many men in our circle visit such establishments. Your friends do too. Perhaps someone recognized her."

Richard's lips curled into an annoyed grin, but it was clear he was nervous. Their conversation had devolved into a mutual attempt to sting each other. He sighed.

"No matter how jealous you are, you should know your limits."

His words made Amelie finally realize something important—she wasn't jealous. But that didn't mean she wasn't hurt.

Imitating his grin, she replied, "I would have been jealous if I were in love with you, Richard. Fortunately, that's not the case."

Trying to compose herself, she adjusted her hair and clothes before adding, "I suggest you handle the rumors yourself. Don't drag me into this anymore. This time, it's your reputation that's on the line."

Amelie could no longer bear to look at her husband's face. She was grateful that her remark left him speechless and took it as the perfect moment to leave.

She started walking without even knowing where she was going; the tears welling in her eyes blurred her vision. She hadn't cried in years—she simply had no reason to. But now, she couldn't control it.

2

Fearing that someone might witness her broken state, Amelie rushed into her bedroom and locked the door. Once inside her safe space, her legs gave way, and she slid down to the floor, covering her hot face with both hands.

She couldn't understand why she was so hurt. Perhaps she was jealous. Perhaps she loved Richard after all. Or maybe she was simply scared. Everything was changing so rapidly, and she couldn't keep up.

Suddenly, she felt a short vibration from inside the pocket of her jacket. Amelie reached in and realized she had been carrying that old mobile phone with her all this time.

Wiping her eyes with her free hand, she noticed a little blue envelope icon on the small screen, indicating an unread text message.

At first, she wasn't sure what to do. She had agreed to keep the phone safe, but that didn't mean she had the right to go through its messages or calls. However, her curiosity got the better of her, and she pressed the button to open the message.

To her surprise, the text was addressed to her.

"Thank you for agreeing to keep this phone. As I thought, you are the kindest woman in the world.

By the way, since you accepted the flowers, I assume you like them. I will try to send you flowers as often as I can, both as a token of my appreciation and because I feel they might cheer you up and make your day a little better.

Thank you again,

Your clumsy neighbor who still insists he's not a drinker."

2

Amelie couldn't stop herself from releasing a light chuckle. She still found the situation with the phone a bit strange. Even though the number that sent the message was private, the person behind it was a guest at her hotel, so she could easily discover his identity. At the same time, she had to admit that letting him remain anonymous added a touch of thrill and mystery to the situation.

It was something new and fascinating. The clichéd romantic comedy was beginning to seem rather entertaining now.

Still smiling, Amelie decided to reply and see where it would take her.

"I will keep the phone safe for now, but the flowers are not really necessary. If you want to express your gratitude, perhaps you could just tell me your name or the name you would like me to call you."

The response didn't take long. When Amelie opened the message, she burst into uncontrollable laughter—something she hadn't done in years too.

"You can call me Captain Pantaloons."

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Her laughter echoed in the room, filling the space with a joy she had almost forgotten.