

137 The Wedding

'I was expecting to hear either from Richard or his assistant this morning but I guess things might have been too hectic for them today...' 1

Amelie looked around the garden, then checked the time on her watch, and shook her head in disappointment. As expected, Richard's hangover must have stalled him from appearing on time.

Liam placed his warm hand on top of Amelie's and offered her a reassuring smile.

'He is probably thinking that I'm feeling nervous right now. He is too sweet.'

She gave his hand a little squeeze and smiled back, letting him know that she was alright. At that moment, everyone's attention was drawn to the wedding host who loudly announced the arrival of the groom.

Richard's face looked fresh with the skillful touch of makeup but the redness in his eyes betrayed his sleepless night. His body was tense as he was greeted by the applause and even

though Amelie's eyes were firmly glued to his detached expression, the man refused to offer her even a single glance.

'Looks like Samantha has given him a piece of her mind after last night. Perhaps it's for the better that he resorts to ignoring me completely.'

"Please stand up for the bride!" The host announced again and the guests left their seats, turning around in anticipation.

Amelie pursed her lips and held her breath; now she was getting a little bit nervous.

The music continued to play and finally, Samantha appeared, holding an elegant bouquet of white lilies between her hands, her pink pouty lips grinning as she locked her eyes with Amelie.

'I cannot believe this...'

Amelie was shocked beyond comprehension. And so were the people who attended her wedding with Richard.

Samantha was wearing Amelie's wedding dress, the one she got from her late mother.

But it was not only the dress that made Amelie

shiver in both resentment and disgust. Samantha was wearing a set of diamonds that used to belong to Richard's late mother.

The diamonds that even **she** never dared to put on.

A hushed wave of murmurs moved from guest to guest as they shared their thoughts about the bride's appearance.

"Lily, isn't that--" Elizabeth leaned closer to her friend and paused when she saw Amelie's furrowed brows.

"Goodness, she looks ridiculous in that dress!" Another woman declared in a low whisper and her comment was continued by someone else. "I heard she was supposed to wear one of Nadine's dresses... What happened there? How could Mr. Clark allow her to come out looking like that?"

"If this is supposed to be a joke, Miss Blackwood went too far," a man's voice reached Amelie's ears from behind, "She has only made a fool of herself."

Despite such a harsh reaction from the crowd, Samantha didn't seem to be bothered by it at all.

Her eyes continued to scrutinize Amelie's expression while her lips curled into an innocent smile.

Amelie turned her head and looked at Richard. The man was as pale as a sheet, his dark eyes wide in unpleasant astonishment. 4

'So he did not plan it after all,' she sighed and rubbed her temples in an attempt to prevent a headache. 'This woman is going to destroy him.' 1

The wedding ceremony went by in a blur. It was clear that everyone felt uncomfortable looking at Samantha's appearance, and it was even more uncomfortable for them to endure Richard's evident annoyance.

Every guest had silently agreed that the ceremony was a complete disaster and thanks to the media invited, they all would forever remain a part of it.

The atmosphere of the banquet that followed afterward seemed a little let tense, perhaps thanks to the alcohol consumed by the annoyed guests, not to mention the absence of one of the

main characters--Samantha went back to her room, supposedly to get some rest (after all, she was pregnant), but everyone made a collective guess which was most likely true--Richard, annoyed by Samantha's foolish stunt, sent her back to their suit to repent while their guests enjoyed the party without having the need to constantly look at her audacious face.

The crowd agreed that it was the best decision.

Amelie took a sip from a champagne flute, leaning against the back of her chair.

The celebration hall of the hotel was spectacularly beautiful and she had to admit that even such a ridiculously bad wedding ceremony could be easily forgotten when one was surrounded by such an incredible atmosphere.

Still, Amelie could not help but feel a little uneasy. With her friends mingling with other guests and Liam's departure to take an emergency business call, she was left alone, feeling somewhat bizarre as she realized that some people were still a little hesitant to offer her more than a polite greeting.

Unfortunately, there was still someone who was

willing to give her his full attention even though it was the last thing **she** wanted.

"I am not used to seeing you alone at parties," Richard stood next to Amelie's table, holding two wine glasses in both hands. "May I join you for a little chat?"

Amelie took a quick look around, but when she realized that no one was really paying attention to one another anymore, she nodded at her husband and straightened her posture, ready to listen. 4

"I'm sorry," the man started, offering her a glass, "I had no idea she had your dress here. And I certainly had no idea she would wear it during the ceremony. I've seen the dress she picked, it was an entirely new one."

Amelie could only sigh. "By doing that she has done, she did not offend me, Richard. She offended both our parents and you. I don't understand what have I ever done to her that she feels so threatened by me but it is beginning to get out of hand. If you want my friendly advice, hire a proper personal assistant to her. The one who would religiously report to you her



every action and step." 2

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