

The Divorced Heiress Is Getting Married Again! Chapter 18 - A Single Dance With You Is Worth A Million

Chapter 18: A Single Dance With You Is Worth A Million

Mr. Taylor Godard was a well-known stock analyst and Richard Clark's trusted business partner. He knew money and everyone whose money was "important" enough to get his attention. Since Samantha Blackwood had now reached that level of importance, he couldn't help but take an interest in her wealth as well, regardless of its source.

"She wouldn't stop talking about it, you know," Mr. Godard continued. "All she talks about is how kind you are to her and how considerate and friendly you were to share a donation with her for the greater cause."

Amelie frowned and clenched her fists behind the long, flowing skirt of her red dress. The rising irritation began to shake her body, and she had to make quite an effort to suppress her emotions.

"This never happened... I have never made a donation together with that woman... Miss Blackwood must have misunderstood something. There must have been a mistake."

The other guests who had been standing with them simply shrugged their shoulders and walked away, disappearing into the mingling crowd.

Mr. Godard placed a new cold glass of wine in Amelie's hand and offered her a faint smile.

"Don't worry about it, Mrs. Ashford. I'm sure it was just a misunderstanding. Surely, that woman must know that making a fake donation under your name is considered fraud."

Amelie nodded, though his words did little to ease her mind. Suddenly, the host of the evening announced the beginning of the "dancing for charity" segment—anyone could "buy" a dance with their desired partner, and the money offered would be added to their donation.

Despite its seemingly cold and calculative undertone, people enjoyed the dancing and considered it both romantic and fun, especially since it gave the women a chance to see how much their husbands were willing to pay just to dance with them. The venue hall buzzed with excitement as couples made their bids, adding an air of lively anticipation to the evening.

Amelie took a seat at her assigned table and closed her eyes. Richard had always been the first to come up to her and ask for a dance; it was their little tradition and it encouraged the rest of the guests to join in.

This time, she was sure Samantha would be his partner for the evening, and Mrs. Ashford had no desire to watch her take away yet another thing that used to belong to her.

"Would you care to sell me your dance, Miss Ashford?"

Even with her eyes closed, she instantly knew who it was—only one person insisted on calling her "Miss" instead of "Mrs." She opened her eyes, tempted to correct him again, but decided against it. She didn't think she cared anymore. Not tonight, at least.

"It depends," Amelie said, looking at Liam's smiling face and narrowing her eyes. "How much are you willing to offer for this dance?"

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Liam's bright smile transformed into a playful grin. "I heard Mr. Clark paid five thousand dollars to dance with that woman." He paused and glanced away, jerking his chin in the direction of the dancing couple he had just mentioned.

Amelie followed his gaze and fixed her eyes on her husband. Strangely, she felt neither surprised nor annoyed. And that was precisely what bothered her. Not feeling anything meant she was ready to give up, and that was still far from the truth.

"Then," she shifted her eyes back to Mr. Bennett, "how much will you offer for my company?"

Liam took Amelie's hand and helped her rise from her seat, his lips curling into a mischievous smile. He planted a light kiss on top of her hand and finally answered, "A single dance with you is worth a million, Miss Ashford."

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Amelie's heart pounded in her ears, and her face grew instantly hot. If he wasn't fooling around, he must have been insane.

As she was lost in bewilderment, Amelie failed to notice that Liam had already led her to the middle of the hall. His large hand pressed her body closer to his, slowly moving down her back.

Finally, Amelie managed to form a coherent sentence. "A million dollars? That's how much you wrote on the check before you asked to dance with me?"

She still had a difficult time believing it, even after saying it out loud. Liam let out a quiet chuckle, clearly amused by the whole situation.

"Yes, that's exactly how much I wrote on the check, Miss Ashford. Why? Was it too little? Were you offended? You know, I can always add more zeroes after another comma—"

"Are you enjoying this that much?"

Amelie interrupted his ridiculous explanation, but Liam didn't seem offended at all. Instead, he laughed again and shifted the topic of their conversation. "Do you like how I look tonight?"

Was that another attempt to make her feel better? If so, Amelie had to admit that it was working. She decided to indulge him and responded with a chuckle of her own. Liam continued in the same playful manner.

"So you think I look funny? Damn, and I spent a fortune on this suit just to impress everyone here!"

"You should have donated that money instead, Mr. Bennett. Everyone is impressed when you simply make an appearance."

As their dance continued, Amelie was stunned by how elegantly and precisely Liam moved despite his tall and strong build. What surprised her even more was how their difference in size didn't affect their rhythm. It was as if they were born to dance together.

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As if they were fated partners.

The enchanting atmosphere between them was interrupted by Liam's calm voice. "It is indeed fascinating how fast rumors can spread these days."

Amelie widened her eyes. "Are you perhaps talking about Miss Blackwood?"

Liam nodded, and Mrs. Ashford added, "Well, the rumors about your amorous adventures are quite popular too."

His only response was a rather nervous laugh. Amelie frowned. "Are all these rumors true?"

"No. Do I really look like a Casanova to you?"

To her surprise, his reply was now somewhat cold and serious, almost as if he were offended and hurt.

She didn't know what to say next, and Liam seemed to share her uncertainty. They spent the rest of the dance in silence, the playful atmosphere from earlier replaced by a more introspective mood.