

186 What Should I Do About This Then?

The Castillo villa was nestled on the coast, its sprawling gardens stretching towards the edge of the cliffs that overlooked the sea. 1

The gentle hum of conversation, punctuated by the occasional burst of laughter, filled the evening air as the crème de la crème of high society mingled under twinkling chandeliers and elaborate designer displays.

Angelina Castillo, dressed in a custom designer dress, drifted through her birthday party like the perfect hostess, smiling and chatting with her high-profile guests. Famous socialites, CEOs, and heirs to empires mingled effortlessly, their conversations a mix of idle gossip and business deals dressed up as casual pleasantries.

Amelie Bennett stood near one of the enormous windows, looking out at the breathtaking view of the ocean as she sipped her orange juice. Now that she was seriously trying for a baby, alcohol was out of the question.

Angelina had been gracious, though Amelie knew her well enough to sense the tension

beneath her polished exterior.

Earlier, she had apologized to Amelie about inviting the Clarks, explaining that Richard was still quite a prominent business figure, and not inviting him would have caused more trouble than it was worth.

"It's fine," Amelie had said, brushing off the apology with a casual shrug. "As long as he and his wife keep their distance."

Still, there was a subtle division at the party.

Some of the older crowd, those who still held deep ties to Richard's former empire, gravitated toward him, engaging in polite conversation and reminiscing about old business deals.

But most of the younger socialites, eager to align themselves with the future, swarmed around Amelie and Liam. Amelie could feel the energy in the room shifting, could sense the curious eyes of guests landing on her, waiting for her next move.

She felt Liam beside her before she saw him. His familiar presence was always comforting, grounding her in a way no one else could. He scowled down at the small corgi nestled in her arms, Captain Pantaloons looking up at him with



wide, innocent eyes.

"Did you really have to bring him here?" Liam asked, his voice tinged with playful annoyance.

Amelie shook her head, a teasing smile playing on her lips. "He's just like you, you know? He follows me everywhere. I couldn't be cruel and leave him alone again."

Liam rolled his eyes, pouting slightly as he pointed at the dog. "At least don't carry him around like he's a baby."

Amelie laughed, setting Captain Pantaloons down on the floor. "You are right. I think I have grown way too attached to him."

Before Liam could gloat about the dog's crestfallen expression, a voice from behind them interrupted their conversation. "Mr. Bennett! Long time no see! Can we chat for a bit?"

Liam's playful expression faltered for a moment, and he turned to Amelie with a look of reluctant guilt. She gave him a small nod of encouragement, motioning for him to go. "Go ahead. I'll be fine."

Liam leaned down to kiss her cheek before turning to the man who had addressed him.



"Sure, let's grab a drink and catch up."

As he disappeared into the crowd, Amelie helped Captain Pantaloons onto one of the nearby sofas, her eyes scanning the room. Relief washed over her when she saw no sign of Richard, but her gaze landed on someone else—Samantha.

Heavily pregnant, Samantha looked out of place amidst the glittering guests, her expression tight as she lingered near the edges of the crowd.

'It was foolish of her to come here tonight,' Amelie thought, frowning. *'She is so far along—Richard should have known better than to drag her here.'*

Just as Amelie was about to turn away, something caught her attention once more.

Kyle Marshall was approaching Samantha, his face clouded with a surprisingly grim expression. Amelie watched as Samantha's face mirrored his tension, her hand instinctively moving to her swollen belly as they exchanged words.

The two of them began walking toward the terrace, and curiosity gnawed at Amelie. She set her glass down and quietly followed them, slipping through the shadows of the villa until



she was hidden behind one of the tall, marble pillars.

She strained her ears, trying to catch their conversation over the sound of the party, her heart racing with a mix of anticipation and strange excitement.

"But why would you do that?!" Samantha's voice came first, sharp with loud shock. "And so suddenly, too?"

Kyle sighed, his shoulders slumping. "I told you before—my father doesn't like me spending money recklessly here, so he wants me back. He is putting me under strict supervision again."

"But...!" Samantha's voice wavered, and Amelie peered around the pillar to see her stepping closer to Kyle, her expression almost pleading. "I am taking care of it! I filed the request with the accountants just like you instructed me! Soon, the shares will be in your hands!"

Amelie's breath caught in her throat, and she quickly covered her mouth with her hand to suppress a gasp. *'Liam was right... she is doing it!'*

Kyle looked at Samantha for a long moment before sighing again. "That resolves my money

issues, sure. But still... there is no point in me staying here any longer, Sam. It's been way too long already."

Samantha's face darkened, her fists clenched at her sides as her lips trembled. She bit down on them, trying to hold back her desperation.

Then, in a voice filled with evident frustration she nearly shouted, "Don't go back! I need you here, by my side! I... I love you!" 2

Amelie's eyes rounded in pure shock.

She peeked from behind the pillar in an attempt to see what was actually happening and to her weird satisfaction, Samantha's corruption was there, in full display.

Hugging Kyle tightly from behind, her face was pressed against his back, tears streaming down her face.

The man, noticing Amelie, offered her a cunning smirk, and covered Samantha's hands with his. 1

"Oh my... What should I do about this then?"