

194 Make Amends

"What should I do for a response, Mr. Clark?"

Ron waved the glossy invitation for this year's Christmas benefit, watching as Richard poured himself another glass of whiskey.

"Nothing, we are not going. Make sure to tell Samantha that."

"Are you certain? They still sent an invitation..."

Richard sighed, rubbing the temples of his head in an attempt to relieve some tension. "It was just a formality. Amelie... If I were her, I would have sent an invitation to my mortal enemy simply because it's the right thing to do. But we can't attend. Not after what happened at the Castillo beach house."

"Then... what about the cause itself?" Ron understood his boss' logic but the annual Christmas benefits were quite a big deal for high society and even though it was clear that not many people would miss the presence of the Clark family, simply dismissing such an event seemed like a mistake.

"I will just make a generous donation," Richard gulped half of his whiskey and sighed again. "Ask



the billing team to prepare all the necessary transfer documents."

"Alright, I will do that."

Ron nodded and hid the invitation in the inner pocket of his blazer, his eyes still glued to the man sitting at the desk of his home office. He was seriously worried about him now.

Richard stopped coming to the JFC Group's office and started handling all the work from home which inconvenienced a lot of his partners who were already questioning both his competence and sanity.

On the rare occasions when Richard came to the office, he had a hard time focusing and delegated most of his tasks to his executive assistants while he would lock himself inside his room and drink until it was time to go back home again. 1

'His drinking problem is getting out of hand... I have never seen him like this before. Was it Samantha who turned him into this miserable shell of a man? Or... Amelie?' 2

Fighting back a disappointed sigh, Ron allowed himself a slight frown, addressing Richard once more.



"Mr. Clark... This might not be any of my business, but I think you should cut back on drinking. Your work performance has been suffering because of this, but what is more important is that... you are about to become a father."

"Am I?" Richard cut his assistant off with his cold voice. "Can I really call myself a father when the child my wife is carrying is not mine?" 4

"Mr. Clark, I..." Ron paused; he had no idea what to say. He could understand Richard's broken state but at the same time, he felt no sympathy toward him. Hell, he could not even force himself to feel any pity. The man made his bed and now had to sleep in it.

"Well, I should go now, Mr. Clark," he finally pushed back all the nagging emotions he felt and offered his boss a light bow, turning on his heel to exit the room.

Still, he paused for another moment, turning his head slightly sideways, and said, "You know, Mr. Clark... It's never too late to make amends. You cannot get her back, but you can at least try and live properly from now on."

With that, he nodded, and exited Richard's study,



leaving a deafening silence behind.

"That bitch!" Daphne kicked her backpack so hard, it flew all the way across her room, knocking over a small flower pot that stood in the corner. "I expected her to try and steal it at some point but to destroy it like that?! Ugh, I just want to snap her neck in half like a twig!"

When Daphne returned from her routine workout this evening, the locket given to her by Kyle was placed back where she had hidden it before, but it was now completely broken.

The trinket itself did not cost much but it was one of the cameras that could have given her the most evidence if needed. Especially since she still needed to provoke Samantha and make her lose her temper on her.

'I guess I need to speed up the process... But still, I better tell Mr. Marshall about it and maybe he can bring me a new locket tonight.'

She nodded in agreement with her own decision and quickly typed a message to Kyle, tossing her phone on the bed once she received a positive reply.

Then, she took a shower and changed into her home clothes, tapping on the phone screen to check the time.

'It will take him some time... I feel kind of hungry. Let's see if I can gather some snacks in the kitchen.' 1

Daphne carefully peeked from behind her door, making sure that Samantha was nowhere in sight. Tonight, she was not really in the mood to deal with her; especially not on an empty stomach.

The coast was clear and she stepped out of her room, walking carefully through the hallway in the direction of the staircase. She arched her eyebrows and paused in her tracks as she noticed that Richard's study was open, dimmed lights shining through the wide gap of the open door.

'This is the first time I see this room being unlocked like this... Is he there?'

Curious and brave as always, Daphne tiptoed to the door and peeked inside, her heart trembling with both trepidation and excitement.

'He fell asleep in here?'



It was indeed a weird sight to behold. Richard was in his study, lying almost lifelessly on the brown leather couch, an empty bottle of whiskey lying next to him on the floor.

Daphne found it weird that he left the door open like this but at the same time, she could not believe her luck.

'Well, I guess I should be thankful that he has turned into such a senseless drunk! This is my chance to find out the truth for Mrs. Bennett!'

Taking a careful look around to ensure no one was watching, the girl took a deep breath to steady her nerves and walked into the room, closing the door behind her.