

The Divorced Heiress Is Getting Married Again Chapter 22

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A wave of astonished gasps moved through the gathered crowd; everyone's eyes were instantly fixed on Samantha who opened her bag and took out the old model of the phone she stole from Anna. @

While the guests were exchanging perplexed whispers, Liam's dark glare continued to frantically scrutinize the phone in the woman's hands; he refused to believe that it was his phone.

"So it was Miss Blackwood all along?"

"I wonder what Mr. Clark will have to say about all

this."

"It looks like Miss Blackwood has a talent for attracting new "friends", won't you agree?" Mr. Lyn laughed casually and looked at the phone in Samatha's hands. "I need proof before submitting my donation. Miss Blackwood, Mr. Bennett, show us your phones so that we can all see that the messages are indeed between the two of you."

"Sure!" Samantha didn't hesitate and showed the phone to the rest of the spectators. Reluctantly, Liam

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did the same. The messages were indeed identical.

"I am confused... I thought Miss Blackwood had a thing

with Mr. Clark?"

"What an awkward situation, was Miss Blackwood

two-timing all this time? Or were the rumors exaggerated and it was just an innocent friendly exchange?"

Another string of speculative whispers echoed through the room. Samantha turned red and was about to start explaining when Liam threw his phone onto the marble floor, crashing it into pieces, and towered over her, his voice as cold as ice, "Where did you get this?"

Everyone was shocked by Liam's cold and rude behavior, especially since it made Samantha recoil in

fear.

Amelie furrowed her brow — that was yet another one of Samantha's masks and she could see right through it. She was not as much concerned about how she got her hands on that phone, but rather what she was planning to do with it. Now it seemed that

whatever she had in mind, had the opposite outcome. @

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Offering Liam a teary gaze, Samantha said in a trembling voice, "What do you mean, Mr. Bennett? I—I just found it, like you said..."

"You found it? And where did you find it, pray to tell?"

"In the garden... Outside the hotel..."

She was on the verge of tears and despite everyone's bewilderment, Amelie only found it funny.

Finally, Richard came back to the hall with some of his friends and upon noticing the weird gathering in the middle of the room, walked up to Samantha, and put his hand on her trembling shoulder.

"What's going on here?"

Miss Blackwood quickly pressed against Richard's body while Liam explained, "Mr. Clark, your "friend" here

to get me involved in some lying scheme of

was tr

hers."

"Scheme?" Mr. Clark arched his eyebrows, "What kind of scheme?"

Liam pointed at the old phone in Samantha's hands, "This woman said she found this phone in the garden but I never took it there at all. Which means she lied.

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Which means she must have stolen it from someone

who had it before her."

Richard's expression acquired a distinct shade of anger, he clenched his fists and stepped closer to

Liam.

"These are some very bold accusations, Mr. Bennett. Has it occurred to you that the person who kept this phone before could have lost it in the garden?"

Samantha stood next to Richard, clinging to his arm, and added quietly, "I might not be coming from a wealthy and respected background like the rest of you, but I have never stolen a thing in my life."

Liam could only scoff in response. The situation was ridiculous and yet, the woman's words rendered him speechless.

'She is good. And she is lucky this moron Richard is so

blind to her act.'

Amelie rose from her seat and started walking towards the gathering. She didn't like this situation one bit; yet another evening of such an important event had

turned into a circus show.

She was about to interfere and put an end to it when

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she felt a pair of sharp eyes drilling her from the opposite corner of the room. Amelie turned her head to the right and noticed one of the foreign guests following her every move with his deep blue eyes.

The man's name was Einar Ingvarsson; he was one of the richest men in the Scandinavian business alliance and came here to establish new business relationships. He was known to be a huge supporter of charity work and took an interest in Amelie's charitable deeds.

When he agreed to attend this year's benefit, Amelie wasn't sure under which pretense he was really coming. It was known that Einar was looking for more investment opportunities and beneficial international partnerships, but every time she tried to direct him to talk to Richard, Mr. Ingvarsson always successfully ignored her suggestion, keeping their correspondence strictly among the two of them.

Now, the tall Icelandic man was standing in the corner of the room, his lips stretched into a wide grin as he watched her husband and his mistress as if it was some

kind of an entertainment show. He was amused.

Amelie frowned.

15.10

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'What is he smiling *about*?"

Unfortunately, she had no time to dwell on the inner

workings of his mind; there was a more annoying issue she had to take care of first.

At last, she made her way through the crowd and stood between Liam and Richard, showing both of them a disappointed look.

"Gentlemen, there must have been a

misunderstanding. Miss Blackwood neither stole the phone nor was she the one Mr. Bennett has been talking to."

Richard offered his wife a warning look, "Amelie, don't get involved in this."

Liam took a few steps forward, shielding Amelie from her husband with his tall body, "Shutting down your wife, the hostess of his event, in front of her guests when all she wanted to do was to help us resolve the issue is very disrespectful, Mr. Clark. Stooping so low for the sake of that woman..."

He purposefully emphasized the last two words while looking at Samantha's offended face. Richard stepped closer to him, their faces almost aligning, and

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responded, "That's enough, Mr. Bennett."

The two of them looked like they were about to jump on each other and the atmosphere inside the hall became so tense, it felt as if the slightest spark could set the entire place on fire.

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