

## The Divorced Heiress Is Getting Married Again Chapter 23

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"Gentlemen, I implore you," Amelie stepped in again, her voice growing more impatient and nervous at the same time, "Must I remind you that we're at a very important event with dozens of people watching us right now?"

She then looked at Richard and frowned, "Think of all the potential business partners you might lose because of this childish feud. Both of you should stop this instant. The goal of this benefit is to gather money for people in need, not to fight one another."

"Well," suddenly, another person stepped in, his low voice mixed with a foreign accent made everyone turn their attention to him. Einar's face was still shining with a smug and somewhat mocking grin, "This is the silent auction after all. I would pay good money to see how this situation unfolds. What a dramatic sight indeed."

Amelie shot the man a warning glare but others seemed to have taken his words as an attempt to joke and lift the mood. The hall resonated with laughter and finally, the guests returned to mingling, leaving

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the tension of the previous events behind.

Einar watched as the crowd dispersed all around the venue, then offered Mrs. Ashford a smirk, and walked away as well.

Having had enough of everything, Amelie pressed her cold hand against her throbbing forehead, seeking a little relief from the pounding sensation that was about to split her head in half. Elizabeth rushed to her and asked in a worried voice, "Are you alright? Want to go outside for a bit and get some fresh air?"

Amelie threw a quick look around the hall and shook her head, offering her friend a light smile.

"Stay here and watch over your husband, it looks like he's been hovering over that champagne stand for quite some time now. I'll go first, I need to take care of this headache before it gets worse."

"Alright, call me if you need anything."

Mrs. Ashford nodded and rushed to leave the room. As

she closed the door to the hall behind her, she noticed. Einar leaning against the wall in the hallway, his fingers scrolling over the screen of his phone. She couldn't help but feel that encountering him tonight

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brought her nothing but irritation and yet, she couldn't simply ignore someone as important as him.

"Wy did you leave, Mr. Ingvarsson? It looked like you were enjoying yourself just a few minutes ago."

The man raised his bright blue eyes from the screen and fixed them on Amelie's face. He remained silent for a few moments, then smiled, and finally replied, "You put an end to the sole source of entertainment I found there."

At first, Amelie wanted to ignore his words, they didn't make any sense to her at all; then, however, she released a long sigh, and said, "This is a benefit, Mr. Ingvarsson, not a comedy show."

"If you say so." He simply shrugged his shoulders and focused his attention back on his phone.

"Thank you for coming tonight, Mr. Ingvarsson. I hope it wasn't too... uncomfortable for you."

Einar, once again, said nothing. He simply nodded, turned around, and walked away, leaving Amelie utterly lost and confused.

"Oh, I missed Mr. Ingvarsson, what a pity..."

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Amelie flinched as Samantha's upset voice reached her ears from behind. She couldn't believe that woman still had the nerve to approach her after that stunt she pulled back in the venue hall.

Narrowing her eyes, she asked her coldly, "Where did you get the money to make that donation? And where did you get the nerve to sign my name on it without my consent?"

Samantha got flustered and lowered her eyes, "Well, since every guest is required to make a donation and I was invited last minute-"

Amelie clenched her fists.

'Invited? I was the one *sending the invitations*, you simply barged in and *ruined everything*.

Mrs. Ashford couldn't force herself to say those words out loud, instead, she returned to the main source of her distress, "So you just wrote your name next to mine on the bank note? Do you even understand that you have committed fraud this way?"

Samantha was now on the verge of tears again.

"Is this about the phone? I did not mean to keep it at

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someone were to find out..."

She stopped and looked at Amelie from underneath her thin eyebrows. Still faking sadness, she was patiently waiting for the woman's reaction.

Amelie widened her eyes.

'Sensitive? So she went through all of the messages? But why didn't she *try* to make everyone *believe* I had an affair instead? Why did she pretend she was the one *talking to Liam* all this time?

"Give it back," she stretched her arm and opened her palm, demanding she return the phone. Samantha obeyed her command and gave the phone back, her head low as she apologized, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Ashford. I really meant no harm, I swear."

The door behind Miss Blackwood opened once again, revealing Richard's towering body. He marched to them and stood between his wife and Samantha.

"Why are the two of you here?"

Amelie saw it as her opportunity to solve this once and for all.

"How could you allow her to add her name to my

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donation? These funds are coming from my personal account, by doing that, she has committed financial fraud! Think about all the trouble I will face during the audit. Do you understand that it might result in a huge scandal and ruin my reputation?"

Richard sighed and rubbed his forehead; he was clearly not expecting his wife to confront him tonight, especially not in front of another woman who was directly involved in this.

"Amelie, calm down. She didn't commit anything, I have already adjusted the financial transfer papers, your donation was made in cash this time and with my money, so stop overreacting okay?" a

Amelie widened her eyes in shock. She couldn't believe what she was hearing. It was Richard who turned her into a laughing stock; it was Richard who put her on the spot and dragged her into financial trouble that could have ruined her reputation; and yet, "she" was the one overreacting?

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