

The Divorced Heiress Is Getting Married Again Chapter 25

25 The Man Who Made Her Freeze

"What a strange man he is... Amelie couldn't move her eyes away from the spot where Einar's body got lost in the garden. The intense scent of his cigarette still lingered around her like a separate entity while her mind refused to let go of the words he said to her.

'What did he mean by that?'

As she started walking back towards the hotel, Amelie noticed one of her family cars pull up at the corner of the street. Samantha, dressed in yet another new expensive dress, stepped out of the car and walked

towards the restaurant's main entrance.

'At least she had the decency of not interrupting the luncheon before coming to see Richard today. I guess even he couldn't simply overlook the last night's events

and had a talk with her as well.'

Suddenly, she heard someone else call Samantha's name.

"Sam? It really is you! For a moment, I thought my eyes were deceiving me."

AS:11

1/7

25 The Man Who Made Her Freeze

In an instant, Samantha froze and turned as white as a ghost. It was obvious that she was both shocked and scared from that unexpected encounter. A tall man in his late forties stopped right next to her and looked her up and down, assessing her new appearance while the woman's entire body trembled under his

scrutinizing eyes.

"What... What are you doing here?"

At first, Amelie didn't recognize the man next to Samantha. She considered leaving the scene but her curiosity took charge; she hid deeper in the restaurant terrace and decided to wait and see what was about to

happen.

The man finally finished observing Samantha's appearance and clapped his hands in fake approval.

"Woow.." You sure look good now. I thought you'd try to hide yourself, not to flaunt your body instead! But I guess that's in your nature."

The woman's face grew even whiter and she repeated her question, her voice shaking even more than before, "What are you doing here?"

The man laughed, "This is what I am supposed to ask

25 The Man Who Made Her Freeze

you, Sam. This place is way out of your league. Unless..." He paused, took another step closer to her, and looked her right in the eyes, his lips spreading into a wide grin, "You somehow managed to fool another rich man to grant you permission to visit places like

this."

Samantha flinched and took a big step back, away from the man, which only flared his antagonizing reaction. Despite her attempt to hold onto the remnants of her composure, her voice turned higher and louder as she replied,

"You promised you'd leave me alone. I did all you asked of me, I never tried to reach out to you or get near the bar, so leave me alone too!"

Hearing those words, Amelie couldn't help but feel confused. She hid behind the open door of the terrace and tried to take a better look at the man. Finally, she was able to recognize him. It was Jason Sanson, one of the good friends of the city mayor and an owner of many bars and clubs all around the capital.

Amelie took little interest in shady people like Jason Sanson, but she did know that the major focus of his work was centered around the hostess bars which

37

25 The Man Who Made Her Freeze

were basically the "legal" form of prostitution shielded by Jason's close connections with the mayor's office.

In addition, the money he usually got from many other wealthy people visiting his establishments was enough to pay off the police which allowed him to manage his "business" peacefully.

Seeing Samantha next to a man like that did not render Amelie surprised at all.

'So the rumor about her being a prostitute and working in a hostess bar was not completely baseless... I wonder how the two of them are connected. She doesn't seem to be happy to see him at all.'

Meanwhile, their conversation continued.

"So, who's the unfortunate man that got caught in your gold-digging schemes now? Should I warn him to stay away from a despicable leech like you?"

Jason walked around the woman like a predator examining his prey before finally jumping on her and devouring her whole. Samantha flinched from every single step the man made, pressing her handbag closer to her chest like a shield.

She refused to look him directly in the eyes but she

25 The Man Who Made Her Freeze

still had enough courage to talk back at him

nonetheless.

"You should leave right this moment, Mr. Sanson. I did what I promised so you should keep your promise too. Let's not get involved in each other's lives anymore."

Her attempt at bravery amused Jason even more. He scoffed at her serious face and leaned forward, forcing Sam to finally meet his glaring eyes.

"You're not the one to order me around, Sam; you should be grateful I didn't drag your lying ass to court back then! Or worse..."

He leaned even closer, caught her chin between his fingers, and grinned again, "That I didn't use my other connections to get you properly punished for what you've done."

"Saman'ha?"

Both Sam and Jason turned around to the sound of another man's voice. Amelie noticed Richard rushing towards Samantha with resolute steps, his eyes firmly fixed on Mr. Sanson, offering him a somewhat warning

look.

Recognizing Richard. Sam almost jumped into his

6/7

25 The Man Who Made Her Freeze

arms, pressing her pale face against his chest and trembling, pretending to be crying.

"Richard, I'm so glad you're here!"

Richard carefully moved her face away from his chest and asked in a worried tone, "What's wrong? Did something happen? I told you to wait in the car."

Samantha didn't reply; she only pressed her body tighter against his, faking the crying sounds. Richard looked in the direction of the man who stood next to

Sam but all he saw was his back as Jason already

darted to the restaurant's terrace.

He quickly passed by Amelie, completely ignoring her presence, and mumbled, "So it turns out it's Richard Clark now, huh? How interesting."

Amelie watched him disappear behind the restaurant, then shifted her eyes back to the scene and froze as she locked her eyes with Richard's. He realized that she had been watching the two of them all along.

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