

36 Don't Overreact

Amelie's entire body shook with frustration. Richard's question was not only ridiculous but also unbelievably rude and provocative. What was he trying to achieve by asking her something like that? Amelie had no desire to play into his hand today. 1

"How is it any of your business whether I flirt with other men or not?" she retorted. 1

Her question seemed to add fuel to the fire.

"It is my business because you are my wife, Amelie." 1

'There it is again,' Amelie thought as she looked at her husband's serious face, which she could no longer recognize. 'He is doing it again,' she mused. 'He tries to stick his nose into my personal life while his own life is all over the place.' 2

She couldn't fathom Richard's erratic behavior. She might have understood if they were in love or if he hadn't brought another woman into their home under the guise of friendship. But neither

was the case, and that made his words all the more ridiculous. 1

Amelie's silence only annoyed Richard further. His unreasonable jealousy surged, and he furrowed his brow, his voice dropping even lower. "Are you really that shallow? Does it only take a foreign man with unusual looks and a cold, mysterious demeanor to make you lose your mind and toss away your dignity?" 1

Now, this was not only absurd, it was absolutely insane.

Amelie wanted to laugh. She couldn't tell whether it was a hysterical reaction or a proper response to her husband's words, but the impulse was there, impossible to control. Yet, somehow, she managed to contain it.

Moving just close enough to Richard's face to make it clear she wasn't intimidated, Amelie offered him a reserved smile and finally said, "Don't overreact." 6

Then, she turned on her heels and walked away, her posture strong and confident as if she had just won a battle.

For once, Richard was rendered speechless. It hit him the moment his wife finished speaking—those were the same words he had said to her during the benefit. Now, they came back to sting his own heart. 5

For the first time in their lives, Amelie resorted to hurt.

The Clark residence greeted Amelie with the fresh scent of garden flowers. She made a mental note of it right away—the gardener had been doing a very good job with the flowers. It was time to discuss his raise.

Despite the pleasant aroma, she didn't feel happy stepping back inside their family house. Today, however, she had no choice.

As the "lady of the house" and responsible for all the staff members she had hired when she became Richard's wife, Amelie had to manage the financial matters related to the mansion's maintenance every two months.

She took a moment to savor the serene atmosphere of her study before turning her

attention to the financial report brought to her by Valerie Geller, the mansion's housekeeper.

Amelie's eyes narrowed as she noticed a significant spike in expenses labeled "maintenance," with no further explanation provided. She pointed her finger at that line of expenses and asked,

"What is this, Mrs. Geller? It stands out like a sore thumb compared to the rest of the report."

The housekeeper hesitated. She was still quite confused about the situation with the mansion's unexpected guest and was unsure how much or in what tone she could discuss her with Amelie.

Feeling the weight of Mrs. Ashford's piercing gaze, she finally relented.

"These are all additional expenses created by Miss Blackwood. You see, Mrs. Ashford, that woman orders a lot of diet meals instead of eating here or letting the chef cook for her. Mr. Clark also hired two trainers for her—one for physical therapy and one for fitness or yoga, I'm not really sure... They come and go and I just..." 1

Mrs. Geller paused and looked back at Amelie,



awaiting her reaction. However, Amelie remained as stoic as ever, so the housekeeper continued.

"Since Mr. Clark allowed Miss Blackwood to stay here indefinitely, she ordered some renovations to make herself more comfortable. It was all approved by Mr. Clark himself in your absence."

Amelie couldn't help but sigh; her right hand instinctively moved to her forehead to smooth the frown that had settled there. She didn't really care how much money Richard spent on his little friend, but it bothered her that it created inconveniences for others; including herself. 1

'I guess I need to have a talk with him about this,' she thought. 'It's ridiculous that I have to handle all this annoyance alone. If he finally wants to get involved in managing this house, then he should deal with all the expenses related to his decisions himself.'

Setting the printout of the report aside, Amelie curled her lips into a faint, warm smile and asked, "What about everything else? Is anything troubling you or anyone else in the mansion?"

Valerie took a few moments to consider her

response before shaking her head.

"No, Mrs. Ashford, everything else is just fine around here. Miss Blackwood treats everyone nicely and doesn't really cause any trouble. She goes out a lot, so the staff barely sees her anyway."

'And yet, she is already nestling herself in here...'
Amelie let out another long sigh. *'Well, at least she isn't causing any trouble for the people who are actually working here.'*

"Very well, Mrs. Geller. Thank you for your work."

The housekeeper responded with a nod and began to leave the room. However, she suddenly paused and turned around, her face tinged with uncertainty.

"Mrs. Ashford, there is something I need to tell you..."

Amelie arched her eyebrows. "Yes? What is it?"

"I know it's none of my business," Mrs. Geller started hesitantly, "but I once overheard Miss Blackwood talking to someone called Mr. Sanson

for quite some time. She sounded very agitated during the entire conversation and was talking very loudly, so even if I didn't want to, I would have heard her anyway..."

Amelie was about to ask the meaning behind Valerie's revelation when the housekeeper added, "I also noticed that she keeps lingering around Mr. Clark's study when he is not home. Frankly, it got me very concerned, so I decided I should tell you just in case." 1

"I see," Mrs. Ashford leaned back in her chair, tapping her nails on the desk. "Thank you, Mrs. Geller. You were right to let me know."

"Good night, Mrs. Ashford."

The housekeeper nodded again and left the study.

'Her connection to Jason Sanson is no longer news to me, but what does she want in Richard's study? He locks it every time he leaves; even I don't have a spare key.'

Amelie brushed aside that thought rather recklessly and was about to leave her study when someone else knocked on the door.

Assuming it was Mrs. Geller again, she didn't hesitate to invite her back in.

"Come in, please."

To her disappointment, however, it was Samantha.

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Mass release of chapters is already tomorrow!

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Creator's Thoughts