

## The Divorced Heiress Is Getting Married Again! Chapter 4 - Serendipitous Occasion

### Chapter 4: Serendipitous Occasion

Once dinner was over, Amelie didn't feel like going home at all. The thought of staying under the same roof with Richard, who had been incredibly rude to her throughout the entire evening, made her feel dizzy and sick.

1

She decided to spend the night away from home and went to the Emerald Hotel, the five-star establishment she inherited from her family and managed as her own part of the JFC Group.

Amelie loved the Emerald Hotel with all her heart, mostly because it was the only thing left to her by her late mother. It belonged solely to her, and she cherished it the most, ensuring it remained as elegant and luxurious as her mother had left it. No one, not even Richard, was allowed to interfere with it.

The moment she entered through the tall glass doors, held open by the handsome doorman, Amelie felt the tension leaving her body. For the first time today, she felt comfortable and calm.

1

Although she rarely stayed there as a guest, one of the penthouses was always reserved exclusively for her. This privilege allowed her to skip the check-in and go straight to the elevator. However, as she walked past the receptionist's desk, a peculiar scene caught her attention, prompting her to approach the desk nonetheless.

"Sir, I've already told you, this hotel does not accommodate pets. Besides, you made a reservation without mentioning your pet, so there was no way we could have known."

1

The tall, slender girl behind the receptionist's desk offered the guest an apologetic look. Amelie shifted her eyes to the man who was having issues checking in.

He was tall and slim with a strong build, which he couldn't hide even under the baggy shape of his black tracksuit. He looked like a celebrity desperately trying to conceal his identity—his face was hidden behind a black face mask and designer sunglasses. The only thing Amelie could discern was his messy black hair, which shone like raven feathers under the dimmed, warm lights of the lobby's chandelier.

2

Pressed against his chest was a little orange corgi puppy, comfortably snoozing despite the slight commotion caused by its owner.

4

"But I specifically stated that I was going to stay with a dog, and your manager told me it was alright. Where am I supposed to go now? It's too late to find a new hotel!"

1

Although he seemed quite upset and even nervous, his deep voice remained calm and respectful.

"Sir, I don't think it's possible that someone from our management team said that. Perhaps if you give me their name, I could call them and ask—"

"I don't think this is necessary, Miss Yang."

Upon hearing the hotel owner's voice, the receptionist girl immediately offered Amelie a bow accompanied by another guilty expression now directed her way. The guest, too, fixed his deep brown eyes on the woman but remained silent, waiting for her to continue.

1

"Please proceed with checking in as usual and inform every single member of the management team and staff that I myself allowed this man to stay with his puppy."

1

Mrs. Ashford then turned to face the guest and smiled, "Welcome to Emerald Hotel. I hope you will enjoy your stay here."

The man was clearly caught off guard as the only thing he could blurt out was almost incomprehensible "Thank you!" followed by a very fast nod that finally disrupted the puppy's sleep. Amelie responded with a polite but reserved nod and walked away, her mind already drifting away from the mysterious man with a corgi puppy in his arms.

1

The second she closed the door to the penthouse behind her back, her phone vibrated with the incoming call from her best friend.

"Lizzy<sup>1</sup>, your timing couldn't be better."

The woman on the other line responded with a chuckle and asked, "So? How did it go with Richard?"

Amelie couldn't help but sigh and Elizabeth realized everything right away.

"He refused to talk about it. It was the first time during the years of our marriage that he was actually rude to me. Defensive and rude. I guess... This is my answer."

2

Elizabeth released an angry groan but quickly collected herself, "I'm sorry, Lily. Of all the arranged marriages we have witnessed, I have always hoped yours will remain untainted... It puts our lives in perspective now. What a shame."

1

Amelie took a seat beside the tall window and pulled her knees closer to her chin as she listened to her friend. Even when Richard reacted so harshly to her subtle confrontation, her mind still somehow refused to believe that her suspicions were true. But now that she heard Lizzy's words, she suddenly felt small and utterly confused.

"Lizzy..." she started quietly, her voice half-muffled as her lips were hidden behind her knees, "Do you think Richard would be upset if I took a lover too? Do you think he would be jealous?"

The woman on the other line sighed, "Lily, I..."

"Never mind. Well, it's already late and I am kind of tired so I think I will go to sleep now."

"Alright. Sleep well."

Amelie threw her phone onto the bed and turned her face sideways, her eyes focused on looking through the thick glass of the window. Despite the lateness of the hour, it seemed like the city refused to go to sleep, and so did her frantic mind. Her head was still filled with hundreds of questions that she couldn't find an answer to.

"I am pathetic. My husband brought home another woman but I am the one who is running away and hiding. It is my house too. It is legally mine. So how come I have to be the one to leave with my tail between my legs?"

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, her nails dug into her skin as she hugged her shoulders.

"I have to go back. I will go back tomorrow and see everything for myself. No matter who she is, I can't allow her to push me out."

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"You really are a troublemaker, huh? I had to go through so much trouble bringing you here and yet here you are, sleeping, not a care in the world. I guess it's nice to be a dog. I hope I will be reborn as one of those too!"

5

The man removed the sunglasses and his black mask and looked at the sleeping puppy. He then released a long exhale, slid his hands over his soft black hair, and walked up to the tall window of his penthouse suite. Then, he looked down at the bright city lights below him and smiled,

2

"Amelie Ashford... I did not expect to meet you this soon. What a serendipitous occasion!"

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