



47 Financial Reports

Amelie pierced a slice of cherry tomato with her fork and placed it between her teeth while Richard was busy cutting his steak. 1

Tonight they met again to have their usual shared dinner as there were quite a lot of important things to discuss regarding their company. The last dinner they had together was to celebrate Amelie's birthday and since then, neither of them really had time to meet and talk properly, especially since they were in charge of different aspects of the business.

Once all the business-related matters were finally discussed, Amelie moved on to the more personal topics.

"The orphan girl I have been supporting was accepted to the ballet school in France. I have a month to organize everything; the scholarship withdrawal will be forwarded to one of my accounts so I will need your signature once everything is ready."

Richard only nodded and sipped a bit of red wine

from his glass.

"Just send me the final paperwork through your secretary, I'll sign it."

"Thank you."

Richard returned to eating but Amelie still had something else she wanted to discuss. She silently watched as her husband ate his steak, then set her silverware aside, and finally continued somewhat seriously,

"While I was going over the last month's financial reports with one of our accountants, I noticed something strange going on with a part of my shares."

Mr. Clark flinched and slowly looked up at his wife while Amelie went on, "Have you been doing some share trading lately? The money transfers were going in and out, the returning sum was always with a surplus."

For quite a few moments, Richard's deep eyes were firmly fixed on Amelie's face even though his lips refused to give way to even a single sound. Then, however, he returned to his food as if his wife's question didn't bother him at all and



answered nonchalantly,

"I traded a small number of your shares to buy stocks in promising startups. Shouldn't you be happy that I am increasing your personal wealth while all you do is spend it?" 2

Amelie was about to get some wine but the moment she heard Richard utter those words, she froze, gripping the stem of her glass tightly to the point that her fingers turned almost white.

'Of course, my desire to help those in need with the money that belongs to me is just mindless spending; a waste. It doesn't matter to you that my charity work brings in new investors and attracts business deals that increase your personal wealth.'

The man took his wife's silence as a sign of her understanding what he meant. However, once Amelie took a sip of her wine, she spoke again, "I would prefer it if you run these things through me first. Regardless of the circumstances, these are my shares so I am responsible for where this money is being traded. The last thing I need is a problem with the audit department."

Finally, Richard set aside his fork and looked up at her again, his face growing somewhat annoyed. He looked at her silently for a while, then said in a cold tone, "Don't worry, I'll make sure it won't cause you any concern in the future." 2

After they were done with their dinner, Richard took his car back to his office at JFC headquarters. His discussion with Amelie kept bothering him, therefore, he made a decision to take care of this matter right away.

As he took a seat behind his desk, his personal assistant, Ron Lewis, entered the office wearing a worried expression on his face.

"You asked for me, Mr. Clark?" He was used to irregular working hours due to his boss' busy schedule but he still secretly hoped his having dinner with his wife meant that the day was finally over.

Richard gestured for him to come closer and said, "Prepare the paperwork for the financial audit department, the final drafts have to be ready by tomorrow morning. I am initiating the

distribution of the shares within the company."

Although Ron understood what it meant, Richard's request still seemed rather unorthodox to him, especially when done so urgently. He raised his eyebrows at his boss and Mr. Clark sighed.

"Alright, let me put it this way - I want Amelie's shares that are involved in the trading flow to be replaced with mine."

"But Mr. Clark, this might cause the fluctuation within your balance which--"

"Just do it." Richard interrupted him with a rather menacing tone, "And make sure all the financial reports do not go to her from now on either; my wife is too busy as is, I will be the one handling everything related to money starting tomorrow." 3

"Uhm... I see. I'll get right to it, then." Ron still felt uneasy about Richard's order. 1

He fidgeted on his spot, reluctant to leave the room which only agitated Mr. Clark even more.

"Is there something you want to say?"

Mr. Lewis walked up closer to his boss's desk and placed his tablet in front of him. There, was a series of candid pictures taken by reporters.

Uninterested, Richard pulled the tablet closer and started looking over the pictures, his eyes growing wider as he recognized the person in them.

'Samantha and Jason Sanson?'

"What is the meaning of this?" He finally asked his assistant.

"A reporter I know sent them to me, Mr. Clark. I paid for the pictures so they will not be published anywhere but I thought you might want to see them anyway."

Richard slowly moved his finger over the screen, scrolling through the pictures of Samantha and Jason at some sketchy diner, a deep wrinkle forming between his brows. He then handed the tablet back to Ron. "Good job. You may go now."

Once his assistant left the office, Richard let out an exhausted sigh, leaned back in the chair, and closed his eyes; a myriad of annoying thoughts rushing through his feverish mind.

'Why would she meet with him again? Is he blackmailing her or something?' 1

He pulled his phone from the pocket of his jacket and logged into the bank account he created for Samantha. As his eyes moved over the account activity, his eyes narrowed in suspicion. 1

'Just cash withdrawals, huh?' 1

Comment 11

View All >



Leave the first comment for this chapter



2

Vote



1

Fandom



1

Send Gift