

56 I Need Your Help

Richard placed his elbows on top of the desk, leaning over, and rested his chin on his joined hands. His face was dark, serious, and somewhat gloomy as he continued to stare at the empty space in front of him. 1

"Mr. Clark?" Richard's assistant carefully peeked inside his office and asked in a timid voice, "Would you like me to order you some lunch? You haven't left the office since early afternoon..."

"No," Richard dismissed him with a cold tone. "Take the rest of the day off and inform everyone that I will be taking an early leave too. I'm... not feeling well. So make sure no one bothers me until tomorrow."

"Will do, Mr. Clark." Ron nodded understandingly and quickly left the room.

As Richard's office fell silent once again, he leaned back in his chair and pressed his cold palm against his forehead. The coldness of his hand felt nice against the hot skin of his face but

it still wasn't enough to soothe the throbbing headache that pounded inside his skull like a swinging mallet.

It was killing him since the moment he received the news.

'Amelie is infertile.'

He had repeated that verdict so many times already that now these words made absolutely no sense to him. If she were indeed, not able to carry a child, then what did that mean to him? What did that mean to the company?

He closed his burning eyes and Dr. Bavel's words echoed inside his skull like a broken record.

"There can't be a mistake. The lab assistant is required to write the records by hand right after the results are ready to avoid any mishaps like power outages or data corruption. Only after they are out at the pick-up station, they can be added to the computer filing system. Our assistants make no mistakes, Mr. Clark. I'm sorry." 3

The sound of the doctor's voice made Richard shudder.



He knew what it meant. It could only mean one thing -- the shareholders and partners of JFC Group would be very displeased. And not just that. If worse comes to worst, he would probably have to look for a surrogate.

For now, the best solution would be to bury it and only return to it when the time was right.

'This is just too much...'

He sighed and closed his burning eyes trying to calm his nerves. There was still another, more urgent matter, he needed to take care of.

"Johnathan Radcliffe." He repeated the name uttered by Samantha.

He had already found out everything he could about the man. A college dropout; a gambler; a mediocre writer whose only book was published at the Behemoth Publishing House, the one owned by Elizabeth Gilmore's family.

"A no-name like him should have known better than assaulting women at a young socialite party. Tsk. That's why I don't like people who abuse short-lasting fame handed to them on a silver platter."



Richard already knew that Johnathan was arrested right away and was currently held behind bars at the seventeenth precinct uptown. Thanks to his filing a report against him on behalf of Samantha and Amelie, the man couldn't be released and could only wait for the trial if Richard were to take him to court.

And he only needed to make one single phone call to make it possible.

Picking up his phone from the shiny surface of his desk, Richard selected a number from his contacts and waited as the dial tone filled the silence that surrounded him. After three long seconds, the phone responded with an abrupt cracking sound and the male voice on the other line groaned in his ear, "Yes?"

Mr. Clark cleared his throat, then furrowed his brow and said, "Hey. I need you to do me a favor."

Amelie flopped into the soft embrace of the armchair next to the tall window of her penthouse suite and pulled her knees closer to her chin, hugging her legs with both arms. 1

The past few days were hectic and exhausting and somehow, it felt as if she hadn't had a proper rest in weeks.

She looked at her husband's last message on her phone, her lips moved on their own as she mouthed each word. "The doctor said everything is fine. We're both healthy." 1

At least there was something to be happy about.

She shifted her eyes to the old mobile phone on the bedstand and let out a somewhat melancholic sigh.

'He didn't reply to my messages too...'

With both Elizabeth and Liam ignoring her attempts to talk, Amelie felt incredibly lonely. She knew that both of them had important matters to deal with but she couldn't help feeling selfish. Sometimes, she just wanted to be that way too. 1

The door vibrated with a series of reserved knocks and Amelie's entire body flinched at that uninvited sound.

"Who is it?" She was sure she wasn't expecting



anyone tonight. The familiar voice on the other side of the door made her jump to her feet. "It's me... Lizzy."

Amelie dashed toward the door, opened it right away, and the moment she did, Elizabeth almost fell right into her arms, wrapping her arms around her shoulders as she burst into tears.

Without a single word, Mrs. Ashford led her friend inside the room and helped her take a seat on the couch, offering her a glass of water which Lizzy gulped down right away in an attempt to compose her feelings.

Amelie could no longer remain silent. "What's wrong, Lizzy? Did something happen?"

Elizabeth looked at her friend with teary eyes and Amelie realized that this was not the first time she cried today. Perhaps, she had been crying for quite a while. And as she took a few more moments to scrutinize her friend's appearance, it became painfully evident that Lizzy was not fine at all.

Downing another glass of cold water, Elizabeth finally felt that she could talk again and locked her red, watery eyes with Amelie's; her voice



trembling as she started, "Lily... I need your help."

"Of course, Lizzy," Ameli agreed with an encouraging nod, "What do you need my help with?"

Elizabeth averted her gaze and whispered in response. "I... Johnathan Radcliffe. I need you to help me get him out of prison." ¹

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