



62 Away From This Life

Richard kept his promise and Johnathan Radcliffe was released from jail on the same day. Thanks to Amelie's involvement, his record remained clean and the scandal with his arrest was buried, clearing his writer's reputation of any unnecessary stains. ¹

The day after, Elizabeth told Amelie that her husband filed for a divorce but the division of assets would be done quietly under the careful guidance of their families because the two of them had a proper marriage agreement that separated both their businesses and money.

The joint wealth was to be divided equally by the unanimous return of shares.

Amelie was happy and even a little envious that her friend's situation was not as complicated as hers and she didn't have to go through the ordeal of separating their wealth.

Their baby daughter Emma was to stay with Elizabeth as well. Fortunately or not, since it was proven that Emma was not Daniel's daughter, he



didn't insist on shared custody and it was decided that she would stay with her mother, although Mr. Gilmore still had the right to discuss visiting rights if he were to change his mind in the future.

"Poor Lizzy," Emily Crane picked up a cup of steaming hot coffee from the restaurant table and shook her head. They finally were able to meet for a cup of coffee after all the mess, but now there were only three of them. "I agree that she was at fault but to think that she had to go through this in such a nasty manner because someone spread a rumor about her..."

"I still can't get over the fact that Daniel filed for a divorce!" Lauren joined in the conversation.

"Do you guys remember the Mansfield family? Their kids are all over the place; at least three of them are from different mistresses and Julie is known to sleep around too. Neither of them ever talked about divorcing. Divorcing your contracted partner... That is so rare even in this day and age." 1

Emily let out a long sigh and munched on a berry from her fruit tart.



"That's because they are being controlled by their parents; their marriage was a very lucrative deal for MDL Electronics since Darren Mansfield initiated the merger of the companies. Once these kids grow up, the inheritance war will be insane.

Daniel, on the other hand, has nothing to lose by divorcing Elizabeth; and neither does she. Her family will definitely kick her out of their business and will force her to live on her inheritance only because she needs to raise a child, but her inheritance is enough to make sure even her grandchildren have nothing to worry about for generations to come."

Amelie remained silent, slowly chewing on her slice of cake while only half-listening to her friends' discussion.

She felt extremely bad for Lizzy while she also couldn't help but feel selfish about another thing – once her divorce was finalized, she would leave the country to start a new life with her daughter and Jonathan, leaving everything and everyone behind, including her.

"I'm going to move to England," Elizabeth's words

echoed inside Amelie's mind. "I have already found a house in the suburbs, a very quiet and beautiful area surrounded by refreshing nature. All of us need some rest; Jonathan is writing a new book, and he could use some serenity too."

Amelie couldn't blame her friend for her desire to move away. If anything, she actually supported it.

If she, too, could, she would have left the country and moved somewhere different, somewhere new; away from all this mess; away from Richard; away from that woman; away from this life.

Samantha carefully knocked on Richard's study door and peeked inside as she slightly opened it. "The maid said you were looking for me? I'm sorry I didn't greet you when you came back, I fell asleep while reading and--"

"Come in and take a seat."

Richard's voice coldly cut through her words, sending shivers down her spine. His distant demeanor was unusual and it made her feel



anxious and confused.

She didn't want to annoy him further so she obediently took a seat on his leather couch under the piercing scrutiny of his dark glare. Once her body touched the surface of the couch, Richard continued, "Is it true that you were the one who spread the rumor about Elizabeth Gilmore?" 1

Samantha's eyes rounded, betraying her real emotions. A week had passed after the incident at Kyle Marshall's party and since Richard never mentioned it to her once after he promised to take care of Johnathan Radcliffe, she was hoping that things would take their natural turn, but she was very wrong.

"Uhm... I thought the matter had been already resolved. Wasn't the rumor true in the end? Wasn't that a good thing that her husband found out about it?"

"Just answer the question!" Richard finally raised his voice, shuddering the atmosphere with his anger.

Now, Samantha was truly scared. She squirmed in her seat, tensing her body to show him how



intimidated he made her feel, and started with a tremble in her voice, "I-I just heard it from that girl I'm helping, Richard. She heard it in the bar and she swore it was Mr. Sanson who said that. I just accidentally blurted it out to one of my friends..."

Richard scoffed and brushed his brown hair away from his face, "It's funny. Mr. Sanson says that it was you who told him about that. So who is a liar here?"

Samantha closed her eyes as if to fight back tears but in reality, she got annoyed.

'Damn, that idiot! He told me someone asked him about the rumor and I gave him more money for the trouble but he never told me it was Richard! Fucking bastard screwed me over again!'

"Samantha?" Richard got tired of her silence but Miss Blackwood had no idea how to explain herself.

After a few moments of feverish contemplations, she sighed, regretting that she couldn't cling to her ace card until a better moment, and offered Richard a faint smile, switching her voice to a



more pleasant tone, "I'm sorry, Richard. To be honest, I've been quite all over the place recently; forgetting things, saying things I shouldn't have said because of all this hormonal change--" 1

"Hormonal change?" He raised his eyebrows in bewilderment. "What do you mean?"

Still smiling, Samantha rose to her feet, walked up to the man's desk, held his hands between her palms, and finally answered, "I didn't want to tell you like this, but... well, when if not now. I'm pregnant, Richard. I'm pregnant with your child." 3

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