

63 To Make Things Right

The bright silver glow of the full moon shone over Samantha's sleeping form through the slightly parted curtains flowing down the tall, wide window in Richard's bedroom. 1

Mr. Clark wrapped his fingers tightly around the thick whiskey glass in his hand, gazing down at the woman next to him. He thought back to what had transpired in his study just a few hours ago. That seemingly simple conversation had kept him awake ever since, and even half a bottle of whiskey couldn't calm his tangled nerves.

'She is pregnant,' he thought, gulping down the rest of his drink, feeling a slight numbness spread through his body, only to fade away without a trace. He filled his glass with whiskey again and leaned against the headrest, replaying Dr. Bavel's words in his mind. How did it all turn out like this?

'Amelie is infertile while Samantha is pregnant with my child. I should be feeling somewhat happy, right? My first real love has returned to me, showering me with affection, and is now

carrying my first child. But in light of recent events... this is nothing but troublesome.' 1

Richard felt extremely lost and confused.

When he married Amelie, they decided to conceive a child right away to satisfy the shareholders and investors, ensuring they wouldn't be pestered about producing an heir later on. However, after three years of trying, Amelie was still unable to conceive.

Dr. Bavel had tried to convince Richard to take a fertility test first, but Richard's unreasonable fear of hospitals prevented him from doing so. He also didn't want to subject Amelie to invasive fertility tests while she was still so young. The doctor advised them to keep trying and only start worrying if they still had no success by the time they both turned thirty.

But they grew tired of trying, and thus, the matter was postponed until better times, which, in the end, never arrived.

So what was he supposed to do now?

He looked at Samantha's calm, sleeping face and sighed. He had convinced her to keep the

pregnancy a secret for now because of the rumors and Elizabeth Gilmore's scandal, but she was already nearly one month pregnant. It would only be a matter of time before people noticed.

And then, he would have a very difficult choice to make.

'It is not uncommon to have children with mistresses... The child won't be legitimate unless I decide to marry Sam, but... Our divorce would significantly damage JFC. Damn. Divorcing Amelie wouldn't mean much to me, but she would never agree to it. She has too much to lose. The shareholders and my supporters would also frown upon my marrying Sam because she has no money to bring into JFC or this family.' 1

Richard closed his stinging eyes and pressed the empty glass against his throbbing forehead, savoring the pleasant cold sensation spreading across his skin.

'I'll keep Samantha's pregnancy a secret until the last possible moment. But I will find a way to make things right... somehow.' 5

Amelie's office at Emerald Hotel was filled with the refreshing aroma of freshly brewed coffee, brought in by Natalie, her skillful secretary who always knew how to make the perfect cup to lift her boss's mood.

Mrs. Ashford slowly sipped the hot, aromatic beverage, stealing careful glances at Einar, who was doing the same while sitting on the soft white couch across the coffee table.

The silence in Amelie's office was deafening, but neither of them seemed to have the courage to start the conversation, even though they surely had a lot to discuss.

'Something is very different about him today. He clearly looks uncomfortable, and every time our eyes meet, he quickly averts his gaze. He even seems to be blushing a little... This is extremely weird,' Amelie thought.

Mr. Ingvarsson visited her today under the pretense of discussing their stalled business negotiations, but now he was clearly taking his time to start the conversation.

Suddenly, it dawned on her—he had saved her when she fell into the pool at Kyle Marshall's



party, and she never really had a chance to thank him for that. Seeing it as an opportunity to finally start a conversation, she cleared her throat and said,

"Mr. Ingvarsson, I'm sorry for being so late, but thank you for helping me that night at the party. If it weren't for you, I might have ended up in big trouble." 1

Einar flinched and almost choked on his coffee, his face turning even redder than before. Truthfully, he would have preferred if she hadn't mentioned it at all.

Amelie widened her eyes at Einar's clumsiness and quickly took a seat next to him, offering a napkin. However, the moment their hands touched, he suddenly pulled away, nearly jumping to his feet and taking a big step back from the couch. 1

Mrs. Ashford was utterly baffled. Had she done something wrong? Einar's harsh reaction seemed excessive, but she couldn't help but offer him a somewhat guilty look, just in case she had indeed offended him. Seeing Amelie's doe eyes, Einar sighed and covered his eyes with his

right hand, his voice softening as he finally said, "Mrs. Ashford... well, yes, you're welcome. It's not a big deal."

Einar couldn't help feeling pathetic. He recalled that night again and realized it had never really left his mind; all his thoughts had been about that very moment he helped Amelie.

'You shouldn't have worn that dress that night, Mrs. Ashford... The moment I pulled you out of the water and held you in my arms... the moment my eyes saw your wet body, the thin fabric of your dress outlining your figure... and having to perform mouth-to-mouth resuscitation on you... God, what am I to do now?' 4

The deep flush on Einar's face, combined with the tiny beads of cold sweat on his forehead and neck, made Amelie seriously worried. Taking another napkin, she almost ran to him and gently pressed the cloth against his skin. She didn't want to see him faint the same way Richard did before.

"Oh my God, Mr. Ingvarsson, are you alright? Your skin feels so hot. Are you perhaps sick? Is it because you jumped in the water for me?"



Suddenly, Einar grabbed her wrists, making Amelie wince in surprise. Instinctively, she tried to pull away, but he drew her closer instead. His voice turned into a throaty whisper as he locked his deep blue eyes with hers. "Are you really that oblivious, Mrs. Ashford?"

Amelie didn't get a chance to respond because the door to her office swung open, and Liam barged in, wearing a bright smile on his handsome face. "Good morning, Miss Ashford!" His expression instantly turned grim as he saw the two of them standing so close to each other. 4

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