



66 Was It Fun?

"Was it fun?" 1

Richard stood in front of Amelie's desk in her JFC office, his arms crossed in front of his chest. The irritated tone he asked that question with prompted Amelie to raise her eyebrows and offer her husband a questioning expression.

'He barged into my office first thing in the morning completely ignoring my schedule and now he is standing here like a king and asking vague questions as if in an attempt to mock me. Shameless.'

Amelie was already not in the mood for such ridiculous interrogations and wanted to get rid of her husband as soon as possible. Thus, she finally asked in a distant tone, "What do you mean?"

"Don't play ignorant, Amelie. I've heard about the little sparring match you had in your hotel's office yesterday. Never took you for someone who welcomes violence in her surroundings." 2

Richard replied with a patronizing grin and

walked closer to his wife's desk. "Having two respectful businessmen fighting for you in the middle of the day... you must be feeling quite good about yourself."

Amelie didn't care for the man's sarcastic speeches; if anything, she was annoyed and even slightly disappointed.

'He doesn't care whether I was hurt or not. He doesn't care whether something was broken or damaged. He doesn't care if this affected me or someone else in a negative way. No, he only wants to know whether it made me feel elated. He came here to show me that I can get involved in scandals too.'

Still, she wanted to make him believe that it didn't bother her at all. "What the hell is that supposed to mean? If you have something to say, then say it Richard. Stop beating around the bush."

Richard's reply was preceded by another mocking scoff.

"You keep pestering everyone for getting into scandals but now it is you who are about to become the center of everyone's gossip, Lily."



Blame your blubber-mouth secretary for spreading the news about Mr. Bennett and Mr. Ingvarsson fighting for you in your office."

'Yes, *here it is*,' Amelie curled her lips lightly, savoring her ability to read her husband's intentions. Yet, she was still able to remain unbothered. "As far as I know, this news hasn't reached the public yet so don't act all smug. This is hardly anything to be proud of."

Richard nodded. "Yes, I understand that. Do you, though? In any case, I don't need this kind of scandal in my life. My wife having two men fighting because of her... this is just absurd." 1

"And why is it absurd?" Amelie finally relaxed her posture and leaned back in her chair. She wanted to hear another "intelligent" reason to leave her husband's mouth and surprise her with its foolishness. 1

Richard was finally able to see through Amelie's facade. Yes, she was calm and unfazed on the surface but deep inside, he knew she was struggling.

He placed both palms on top of the woman's desk and leaned over it, his voice growing colder

as he replied, "So you do enjoy this type of attention, huh? I am disappointed, Amelie. This is a cheap thrill and no less cheap trick to get me alerted. I never knew you had that in you." 2

Amelie's eyes opened wider in shock; she couldn't believe the man in front of her had the audacity to accuse her of fighting for his attention. The more he spoke, the more ridiculous she found him. It was embarrassing. It was undignified.

Her voice was just as cold. "What? Do you even hear yourself?"

Richard straightened his posture back into a somewhat menacing stance, crossing his arms before his chest once again. His face relaxed a little as he was preparing to voice his next response. And then, his lips stretched into another appalling smirk. 1

"Anyway," he started. "I am afraid I will have to put an end to this circus show. Mr. Bennett has already left so one hindrance is already out of the way. The only one left is that Icelandic animal pretending to be a respectful businessman."

Hearing her husband utter such outrageous

words made Amelie finally lose her cool. Almost jumping to her feet, she started loudly, "Richard, you are completely--"

"Enough." The man shot her a cold glare, his voice lowering further to let her understand that he was no longer messing around. "What a hypocrite. He told me he only does business with people he respects and trusts but then he goes ahead and acts like a complete moron. I am not going to be associated with someone like that."

Amelie felt utterly lost. Her husband's words began to sound like a foreign language to her.

"Richard, what are you saying? Are you trying to break off the business deal with Mr. Ingvarsson? Are you out of your mind? This is a reckless decision! You are making a huge mistake!"

Richard let out a half-hearted scoff.

"Am I? Well, too bad. If Mr. Ingvarsson hadn't thrown his hands around, I might have given this business deal another chance. But not anymore. The deal is off. I want this man out of my face as soon as possible but first," he paused and locked his glaring eyes with Amelie's. "I want him out of

your hotel. Today." 1

Amelie needed to reason with him; his behavior turned erratic again.

Walking from behind her desk, she stood right in front of her husband and tried to be persuasive and firm.

"Richard, you must reconsider! I have been working so hard to make this man choose JFC Group among dozens of potential partners. I have been walking on eggshells around him and carefully gathering all the information to make sure this deal ends in success. You can't simply toss this all away on a whim!"

The man leaned closer, his face almost touching Amelie's while his sharp eyes were firmly fixed on hers. There were no distinct emotions in his darkened face but his tone had the notes of warning as he repeated his words. "The deal is off. If you don't kick him out of the hotel, I will do it myself."