

80 I Will Have To Divorce Her 1

[Miss Anna Hayden was seen to visit Mr. Sanson's bar again. I have followed her like you instructed me and it turns out that she got her hands on quite a scoop.] 1

Ron finished typing the message and pressed "send", releasing a long, exhausted exhale. He felt uneasy spying on the fellow colleague, but it caused him a great deal of distress to spy on Mrs. Ashford as well.

His hands began to tremble when he noticed that his message was opened by the receiver and he felt his heart beating faster. The situation was too stressful to bear.

Meanwhile, in the foreign and somewhat uncomfortable confines of a hotel room, Richard's eyes were repeatedly going over the contents of the message sent by his assistant, the words refusing to settle in his brain.

'Not only the rumors of her being a hostess were true but she also has a child she left behind?'

Richard couldn't understand what exactly he was

feeling at that moment. It was simply too much to take in all at once.

'So Amelie knows about it too... I wonder what she will do with this information.' 1

Frankly, he was not really interested in what his wife was planning to do with that information. She was very careful with both her words and actions so he was sure that regardless of the circumstances, Amelie would not rush with spreading this news around.

What bothered him the most, however, was the fact that Samantha lied to him, even though she knew that his feelings for her were genuine.

'Anything could have happened while she was working there... I wouldn't trust the words of those women so easily. However, if Amelie indeed has something to confirm it... That might pose a problem.' 1

Thinking about Samantha diverted his mind back to the conversation he had with Ian Shaw. Regardless of her past, Samantha was his ticket to saving the company from falling apart. She was carrying his child which meant that he would still have a legitimate heir. 1



'Amelie can be prideful, but I am sure she will be reasonable enough to make the right decision when the fate of our company is on the line... I better think about it some more and come up with a solution tomorrow.' 3

Amelie's phone vibrated with a persistent notification of an incoming call. She looked at the screen of her smartphone and noticed that it was Mrs. Finch who was eager to contact her so early in the morning.

"Hello?" She answered the call in a somewhat urgent tone.

"Oh, Mrs. Ashford! I am really sorry to bother you but I just couldn't keep it from you any longer!" Mrs. Finch's voice sounded urgent and even a little distressed. Amelie got worried.

"What is it, Mrs. Finch? Did something happen?"

"As a matter of fact yes, something horrible happened," the woman responded with a heavy sigh, "Do you remember Sophie Fisher? She has turned fifteen this year."

Amelie remembered Sophie; she was the first girl she sent to study ballet in France. She remembered all the girls she sent to the ballet school and tried to follow their progress as much as she could.

Sophie Fisher was a very promising young lady and had a bright future waiting for her, thus, hearing her name in such an alarming context, made Amelie more than simply anxious.

"Yes, I remember Sophie. Is she in trouble?"

"Oh, it's much worse than trouble, Mrs. Ashford! I didn't want to bother you but the girl is just in such bad shape... Sophie broke her leg, Mrs. Ashford. I'm afraid she won't be able to dance anymore."

"Pardon?" Amelie couldn't hide her shock; this news was just too shocking. "Where is she right now?"

"She is back in the country and is currently undergoing physical therapy. Mrs. Ashford, I am really sorry to bother you with this, I know you are a very busy person, but could you pay her a visit if you have some free time? The girl is simply devastated..."

Amelie felt her heart contract as if something extremely painful penetrated its very muscle.

It was not only the sadness of being failed by one's passion, but the tragedy of losing one's dream. All these girls had was what was given to them by Amelie; she had to be there for them when they lost it.

"I will visit her, Mrs. Finch. Please send the address of the hospital to my assistant Anna and I will go there as soon as I can."

Mrs. Finch exhaled with relief. "Thank you, Mrs. Ashford, you have no idea how much it will mean to her!"

Amelie moved her eyes down to the bottom of her computer screen and noticed the time. It was already past ten in the evening and she was still far from finishing her tasks. Having Richard away always brought her more work, but that was just her job.

Her phone buzzed with a short notification of an incoming message. It was Anna.



[Mrs. Ashford, Mr. Clark has just returned from his business trip and is now in his office at the JFC business center.]

Amelie couldn't help but sigh. She was exhausted and didn't really want to see her husband today but at the same time, she wanted to know whether his business trip was successful or not.

'I am sure he is tired too but he still went straight to the office. I'll just ask him a couple of questions and go back to the hotel.'

Amelie left her office and slowly approached the double doors that led to her husband's office on the opposite side of the floor. As she opened the glass door, she noticed that his secretary was already gone.

'This is the first... Natalie has never been dismissed before Richard left his office.'

Although Amelie found it weird, she had no emotional strength to dwell upon that unusual event. She headed further through the hallway and as she reached the doors to Richard's office, she froze and focused her hearing.

Her husband and his assistant were right in the

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middle of an important conversation.

"...What are my other choices then? I will have to divorce Amelie." 2

'What..?'

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