

## 90 I Trust You

"Mrs. Ashford," the tall man in a black suit stopped her on her way out of the bathroom and looked her up and down, paying special attention to her hands which were empty and slightly damp from water. 1

Kyle caused quite a weird situation with his lie and although he still managed to successfully hide the phone in Amelie's bathroom, he had to leave the house in a rather embarrassing manner, mumbling some ridiculous excuse about how he simply wanted to joke around.

Amelie went back into her room and heard the lock twisting with a particularly sharp sound. She then sat on her bed, pulled the phone out of the pocket of her bathroom robe which she was wearing inside out, and sighed.

*'He was so confused about this whole situation that he didn't even notice that my robe was inside out.'*

With another brief sigh, she unlocked the phone and indeed saw a message notification icon on

its screen.

[Miss Ashford, please reply to this message once the phone is in your hands.]

Amelie felt as if she was in a low-budget and very cliché spy movie; her lips curled into a wild smile.

[The phone is now in my hands, Mr. Bennet.]

The reply didn't make her wait too long.

[Hmm... How can I be sure it is really you? What is the name I gave you when you first asked me what you should call me?]

Now, Amelie couldn't help but laugh. Even though she was locked in her own room, exchanging messages brought back pleasant memories of them talking in the same way when she didn't even know it was Liam.

[Captain Pantaloons.]

[It **IS** you, Miss Ashford! What a relief! How are you doing? Do you think we can have a call? Is there someone listening to you?]

Amelie shifted her eyes to the door for a



moment. The mansion was rather old so the walls were very thick, therefore, the possibility of the security guard overhearing her was almost non-existent.

A distant ringing sound was already echoing in her ears when she realized that her finger pressed the call button on its own.

"Miss Ashford!" Although Liam was excited, he took precautions and refrained from talking loudly. Amelie appreciated his effort. "Hello, Mr. Bennett. Thank you for getting me this phone, I have been going insane."

"What is going on? Is everything alright? Are you hurt? Are you ill? Are you being mistreated there?"

Another chuckle escaped Amelie's lips; Liam's worried tone was very endearing. "I am fine, Mr. Bennett, please don't worry. Richard thinks I am having an affair with you and he believes that I have been giving you confidential information regarding JFC, that is why he locked me here."

"Damn it..." The man's voice trembled for a moment but he quickly regained his calm. "Miss Ashford, it will be alright. You just have to trust

me that I am already working hard to make things right for you. Since the situation has become this drastic... Some things will have to be rushed. But it is going to be over soon, I promise."

Amelie could discern quite a lot of sadness and frustration in the man's voice but it only proved how serious he was. She couldn't really believe it yet; Richard was struggling to get rid of her while Liam was working hard to make her his wife.

It was strange.

"I trust you, Mr. Bennett," she finally answered him in a quiet voice and heard a relieved sigh on the other end of the line.

"Good. I'm glad. Text me anytime, Miss Ashford. I will be there for you."

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"Are you ready?" Richard entered his wife's bedroom and examined her appearance.

Today was the bi-monthly meeting with the finance and legal departments that Richard and



Amelie had to attend together. The previous evening, he instructed her that she would be joining him as well because there was something very important that needed to be discussed.

*'With all the fake news he spread about my being sick, I am surprised he allowed me to leave this mansion today. I guess... The things he wants to discuss are really that important.'*

She had already guessed it. With the legal department present during this meeting, Richard must have finally decided to announce that their marriage was about to end.

Not to her face. Not privately, like other people did. No, he wished to leave her no chance to harbor even an ounce of respect for him. Coward. Pathetic. 2

*'He still has no idea that I already know that he wants to divorce me. I wanted to tell him today but I think there might still be a better chance to do so. If this will give me another opportunity to sting him, I'll gladly do so.'*

To Amelie's surprise, the meeting's agenda had nothing new about it. They discussed the financial issues at hand along with the legal



matters concerning the subsidiary companies that needed their contracts revised. The only thing she found weird was the company's position on the stock market.

Amelie was confused.

*"Why did he bring me here then? Just for appearances? He could have still had everyone believe that I was sick and kept me locked in the mansion... Why am I really here?"* 1

"There is one last thing for today that we haven't discussed yet," at last, Richard placed a few documents on the desk in front of the departments' heads and added, "It concerns a new investment."

Mr. Ross, the head of the legal department, took the documents in his hands and started scanning them while Richard spoke again.

"We have received a quite substantial investment from Miss Samantha Blackwood which helped us stabilize our position on the stock market.

Thanks to her generosity, the minor issues JFC has been having lately are now taken care of." 1

Amelie didn't know whether to laugh or cry. This



was even more pathetic than announcing their divorce without first telling her.

Samantha Blackwood, an orphan who used to be a prostitute; a prostitute who abandoned her baby when she couldn't get money from the man she seduced; a gold-digging liar who has secretly been rich this entire time.

She felt as if she was trapped in a never-ending episode of a very bad comedy show.

"Miss Blackwood is our new investor?" Mr. Ross couldn't believe it too but once Mr. Wright, the head of the legal department, examined the documents, he confirmed its legitimacy.

"Oh my, who could have thought that Samantha Blackwood's money would be the key to resolving our stagnant financial situation? I guess I was wrong about her all along. After all, she did make a generous donation at the benefit, too, and I just ignored it. Perhaps it wasn't Mr. Ingvarsson with whom we should have planned a deal."

"Amelie," Richard furrowed his brow but the woman ignored him and only let out a soft chuckle filled with mockery.

*'So this is what you've been planning all along, huh? Well played, Richard. I really hope no one will ever find out how fake your new wife really is because this will be the humiliation even I won't be able to digest.'*

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