

93 A Replaceable Object

Amelie walked through the long hallways of the mansion and with every step she took, her heart felt more and more at ease. She stopped right before the door to Richard's study and closed her eyes, taking a few deep breaths to steady her nerves. 1

'I could barely breathe these past few days but now... aside from the strange sensation emptying my lungs, I feel absolutely fine.' 2

As she walked inside the room, Amelie's assumptions were instantly confirmed. Richard was sitting behind his desk together with a man she had never seen before, but judging from his looks and the thin stack of papers before him, he was an outside attorney hired by her husband to put an end to their marriage.

"Come, take a seat."

Richard's voice was firm but Amelie could tell that he was nervous too. She took a seat opposite from him and fixed her sharp eyes on her husband. Today, she wanted him to finally

understand that there was nothing left for him to torment her with.

"This is Mr. Stephen Lindermann, he is a divorce attorney," Richard started again and Amelie's heart wavered for a single moment.

'He hired the same attorney Mr. Harris hired for his divorce? As if he is scared that I will put up a fight. How pathetic.'

Seeing how Amelie paid no heed to that brief introduction, Richard sighed, and Mr. Lindermann continued instead of him, "Mrs. Ashford, Mr. Clark has filed to divorce you. I am here to explain what exactly it entitles and how you can proceed from this moment on." 2

Amelie nodded and shifted her glare back to her husband who, on the other hand, was looking at his own hands, joined on top of his desk.

The attorney explained, "Mrs. Ashford, as your marriage with Mr. Clark was arranged beforehand and had a strictly contractual nature, the division of assets is not possible in your case. You are entitled to the set amount of money and company shares as stated in the prenuptial agreement signed prior to your

wedding." 1

"Moreover," he placed the papers before Amelie and added, "All the welfare, charity, and hospitality work you have been conducting through the years will be suspended and transferred under the management of Mr. Clark. You will no longer have access to the bank accounts related to the proxies or main accounts related to JFC Group's main businesses." 1

You will be recognized as JFC Group's shareholder and will be invited to all the shareholders' meetings where you will preserve the voting right along with the rest of the shareholders. Mr. Clark is obligated to provide you with all the relevant documentation in due time and secure your access to the alimony account. Do you have any questions?"

"No." Amelie's answer was quick and stern. She knew all of that already; she was ready to hear these words.

Richard, however, looked somewhat disappointed. Perhaps he expected his wife to be more disturbed as the things she was about to lose meant the world to her.

"Very well," Mr. Lindermann offered Amelie his pen and tapped his finger on the blank spaces below the wall of text on the first page of the papers before her. "These documents will be the proof that you refrain from any additional claims of JFC Group or Mr. Clark's personal assets. Once you sign these papers, your divorce file will be forwarded directly to the court."

Amelie accepted his pen and looked at the papers placed in front of her. Her life's work; her family's money... Now, it would all be in the hands of another woman who did nothing to deserve it but spread her legs for her husband. 2

'It's fine. I guess... If this all can be acquired so easily, I don't need any of it after all.' 2

With several swift movements of her hand, Amelie finished signing the documents and handed them back to the attorney who quickly checked the correct placement of the signatures, and put the papers back into his briefcase.

Amelie then looked at Richard's face and noticed a hint of relief in his features. Scum. He had no right to feel this happy in front of her. 1

"Excuse me, Mr. Lindermann," she finally looked

at the man who held her fate in his hands and added, "Could this be finalized as soon as possible? I am going to get married again so I would like this matter to be resolved promptly." 1

Richard's eyes widened and his jaw dropped. Finally, a reaction she wanted all along.

"What are you talking about, Amelie?"

"Is this all for today?" Amelie ignored his question and turned to the attorney instead. Mr. Lindermann looked at Richard and the latter nodded and said, "Thank you for your work, Mr. Lindermann. You may leave."

"I will contact you tomorrow and let you know about the future arrangements. Have a good day."

The moment the man was out of the room, Richard leaned over the desk and narrowed his eyes. "What do you mean you are getting married again? How can you even think about that right now? Who is the man you're going to marry anyway?" 4

Amelie couldn't help but scoff. "Why do you care? Pretty soon, we will no longer be married;



we will be strangers. So you don't need to worry about my personal life anymore."

"What? Strangers?" Richard's eyebrows arched in disbelief. "Whether we're married or not, we will still remain family, Amelie!" 3

"Family?" She found his words astonishingly ridiculous. "Family members do not treat each other as replaceable objects, Richard. Stop being so delusional. We have never been a family." 3

Richard bit his tongue and Amelie felt somewhat victorious. She rose to her feet and offered him a reserved smile. "Now that everything is settled, I'd like to leave this place for good."

The man, however, had a different opinion on that matter. Leaving his chair as well, he walked toward the door and shook his head. "No. I will not allow you to make another huge mistake and jeopardize JFC with your reckless actions. You are staying here until your future after divorce is decided." 4

He then waved at the security guard waiting outside the door and as the tall man in a black suit walked into the room, Amelie pierced her husband with a cold glare which only made him

avert his own eyes and step outside, leaving her behind. As always.

Once Amelie was escorted back to her bedroom, she had no chance to despair. She retrieved Liam's phone from the pocket of one of her coats in the closet, typed a quick message, and pressed "send".

Soon, she would be out of there. 1

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