

99 He Likes You A Lot, That Boy

Richard slammed his fists on his desk and pushed every single object from its top in one swift, raging motion, sending shivers down his assistant's spine. 1

Even though he had just gotten divorced and witnessed his now ex-wife get married again, he still had to go back to his office at JFC and continue with his work, but the lingering feeling of frustration and disbelief prevented him from thinking straight. 2

He had spent the entire day thinking but nothing good came out of it in the end.

"How could she do this?! How could HE do this?! She is older than him and can't have kids, what is the point of this marriage?! Maybe I should tell him then... That she can't have children." 4

"Mr. Clark, you really need to calm down," Ron offered Richard a glass of whiskey in an attempt to soothe his boss' anger. "You absolutely cannot tell this to Mr. Bennett now, especially since your ex-wife doesn't know about it herself." 2

Richard emptied his glass in one gulp and almost broke it as he slammed it on the empty desk. Ron watched him fuming, utterly confused by his neurotic behavior.

'Why is he so angry? It was his decision to get a divorce, did he really expect her to continue living her life the way he wanted?' 4

"I should have let her and everybody else know that she was infertile," Richard started suddenly, "This way, no man from our surroundings would have approached her with marriage in mind." 4

"I'm sorry for asking this, Mr. Clark," Ron asked carefully, "But why do you want her to remain single?"

Richard glared at his assistant, as if the latter were a complete idiot. "Why? Because I need her by my side, you moron! Do you really think Samantha can ever become as capable as Amelie? It took almost two decades for Amelie to learn everything she needed to be perfect in every aspect. No woman can even dare to be like her, no matter how hard she tries!"

"Then why...?" the assistant began, trailing off.

"Because I need a successor," Richard interrupted, his voice tinged with frustration. "If I marry Samantha, her child will be my legitimate heir. If Amelie hadn't rushed into this stupid decision, I would have helped her with everything. I would have helped her get back into the company, her charity—everything! And then, once Samantha realized that being my wife was too hard for her, she would have asked for a divorce, and I would have taken Amelie back." 9

Ron's lips parted in disbelief.

'Could this man really be so shameless? So delusional? Did he really think that simply because Amelie was stripped of her title as his wife and left with almost no money, she would agree to this? That woman... Samantha's hold on him is making him insane.' 4

"Mr. Clark," Ron started again, threading carefully through every word eager to escape his lips. "I think you should calm down first and do what is expected of you. Send your ex-wife a gift to congratulate her on getting married. Accept the wedding invitation if there will be one. People need to see that you parted on good terms. Especially with what happened to the

stock market and everything..."

Richard widened his eyes at his assistant. "A gift? A wedding? Are you out of your mind?! I will do none of that! And," he rose to his feet, then walked to Ron, and stopped, towering over him, locking his burning gaze on his. "If I find out that any of you sent as much as a single text message to congratulate her on her marriage, I will end your career in a heartbeat." 2

"Please take a seat, Miss Ashford. Or perhaps Mrs. Bennett is what I should call you. I'll get the paperwork ready tomorrow." Oscar Bennett pointed his open palm at the leather couch in the middle of his study while he positioned himself on the couch opposite it. He then carefully placed the dog on a large velvet pillow next to him and offered him a few gentle pats.

'He really does treat him like a king... What a peculiar sight.'

Amelie smiled as she watched the man being so affectionate with his puppy but quickly pursed her lips once Oscar spoke again.

"The reason I asked you to follow me into my study is because I wanted to personally congratulate you on your second marriage and... size you up."

Amelie nodded. "Thank you. With the way things have transpired, the least we can do is get properly acquainted, Mr. Bennett."

"I expected nothing less than this level of propriety from you, Mrs. Bennett," the man nodded too, "However, even though I've heard a lot about you and trust my grandson's feelings, I'd like you to understand one important thing about your being married to him."

Amelie swallowed hard; somehow, the more this man spoke, the more intimidating he looked and she started feeling like a little girl about to be scolded. The man continued,

"Right now, Liam needs a partner more than he needs a wife. He needs someone who can help him and our company grow. But most importantly, he needs someone who can turn him into a respectable businessman."

"I promise you, Mr. Bennett," Amelie tried to reassure the man, "I will do everything I can to

help my husband in any regard. I am sure you were reluctant to agree to this union but since you still decided to trust Liam's decision, it means you believe in me too. I will not fail your trust."

Suddenly, Oscar's lips curled into something that looked like a relaxed, even friendly smile as he leaned against the back of the couch and joined his hands on his knees.

"He likes you a lot, that boy. I never knew he was capable of that, he was always so distant, so... depressed. But he has changed a lot ever since you appeared in his life. I guess I should thank you for that too."

'Liam was distant and depressed? I've always thought he was anything but that...'

A strange sense of sadness settled deep inside Amelie's heart as she realized that she never really had a chance to learn anything about Liam. With her, he was always cheerful and warm, but now it felt as if he was only trying for her own benefit. She felt regretful.

"Well," Oscar left the couch and walked up to his desk, checking the time on his wristwatch. "It's

getting late and I am sure you want to get some rest."

"Yes. Thank you, Mr. Bennett, it was nice finally meeting you."

Amelie offered the man a polite bow and was ready to level the study when Oscar spoke again.

"Amelie... Welcome to the family." 8

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