



84 Undignified Games

Amelie rushed to her desk, heart pounding as she yanked open the very first drawer. To her disdain, it was completely empty. ¹

"No... it can't be... He wouldn't..." she whispered, her heartbeat accelerating in panic. She tore through the remaining drawers, one by one, frantically searching every nook and cranny of her hotel room, but the phone Liam had given her was nowhere to be found.

Her mind raced with nervous thoughts once more. *'Fools... We never exchanged numbers, and Liam's number was always marked as private. I will have to meet him in person if I want to talk to him without that phone... but it was so important to him, it was his father's phone...'*

With Samantha's employee contract missing, she knew exactly what happened; Richard was in her room while she was visiting Sophie. ²

Determined to get it back, she quickly grabbed her purse and called her driver, instructing him

to prepare the car. She needed to go to the mansion immediately.

Once she arrived, Amelie, ignoring the greetings of the maids, marched straight to Richard's office and swung open the door, not even bothering to knock. Her sudden entrance surprised him as he spilled the drink he was holding in his hand.

"What the hell, Amelie? Who barges into someone's private study like this?!"

Richard looked up from his desk and took off his ruined jacket, dropping it carelessly on the floor. Just like that part of his outfit, it was easy for him to discard other things as well.

Amelie took a careful look around his desk and a large bookshelf behind him. Everything seemed to be exactly as it always had been for years before, only the fireplace to her right was on, an oddity considering it was the end of August.

"What did you take from my room?" She demanded, her eyes continuing to scan the office somewhat hopelessly now.

Richard stood up slowly, reaching into a drawer



and pulling out a few papers. Then, walking towards the fireplace, he asked in a calm tone,

"Why are you so nervous? I only took what did not really belong to you." He waved the papers in front of his face, and Amelie recognized a copy of the employee contract Anna got from Jason Sanson's hostess bar. Her guess was correct; her husband went through her things today. 1

Richard tossed the copy of the contract into the fire, the orange flames greedily consuming the documents right away. 1

He then slid his hands into the pockets of his black pants, a grin spreading across his arrogant face. "Or was there something else missing? Something that I shouldn't have seen, perhaps?"

Amelie frowned, annoyance reaching its peak. He knew pretty well what she was referring to and yet, he still had the nerve to humiliate her like that.

Not willing to wait for her reaction, Richard pulled out the phone Liam had given her from one of the pockets, and Amelie felt a wave of dread wash over her. Her insides trembled and her palms were sticky with sweat.



She didn't even care if he looked through the phone; what she did care about was that he found some twisted pride in that.

He liked to be the one pulling all the strings.

The man scoffed and examined the phone with a careless gaze before he spoke again.

"The same phone Samantha had during the benefit... the same phone that turned her into a laughing stock that evening. Did you plan that with Liam Bennett together? Did the two of you have a lot of fun embarrassing her like that? Judging from the contents of your messages, you have become rather chummy with one another. If I didn't know better, I would assume you were having an affair with him," Richard taunted, his eyes gleaming with malicious amusement.

Amelie couldn't help but let out a mocking chuckle, her voice laced with defiance as she answered. "Why do you care whether I am having an affair with him or not? Are you the only one who is allowed to have a lover?"

Richard stepped forward, his face contorted with anger. "I do care who you are getting involved with because you are my wife! You are

the face of our company and our family!" 1

'Our family?'

Amelie stepped forward too, meeting his gaze with cold determination, her heart was finally getting back to its normal beating speed.

Soon, there would no longer be any family. Or rather, there would be a family she would no longer be a part of. And now, his desperate attempts to call for her consideration found no response within her soul.

She fixed her sharp eyes on Richard's and finally replied,

"If either our company or our family's image can be ruined by us having affairs, then perhaps we are doing everything wrong. Then it means we are both utterly pathetic."

Richard's frown deepened for a moment, but then he smiled, a cruel twist to his lips.

Struggling hard to conceal his irritation, he slowly walked back to the burning fireplace, fidgeted with the old phone for a few more seconds, and threw it directly into the fire.

Amelie watched in horror as the flames licked around the device, her body growing cold, eyes wide with shock.

Of all the mindless cruelties he could have tortured her with, this one was beyond reason. 1

Savoring his wife's reaction, the man said coldly, "Anyone else, I could have understood, but him? Don't make a fool of yourself, Amelie. You are too old to be playing such undignified games behind my back."

Amelie took a deep breath, closing her eyes momentarily to calm herself. When she opened them again, her gaze was steely. "You are right; I should stop playing around anymore," she said, turning on her heel and walking away with her head held high.

Giving in to Liam's desires was the right decision. From now on, all she wanted to see was Richard's life drowning in misery. 3