

92 In A Blink Of An Eye

Amelie typed a message and pressed send, holding the phone against her chest as she waited for the reply. Instead of a new message, however, the phone vibrated with a notification of an incoming call.

"Anna, it's me, Amelie Ashford."

"Mrs. Ashford! Thank goodness! Are you alright? No one is allowed to visit you--"

Although Amelie was somewhat relieved to hear her assistant's worried voice, she had to postpone the niceties for a better time.

"Anna, don't worry, I am fine. I'd like to talk more but I need you to do me a favor."

"Of course, Mrs. Ashford, anything."

"I need you to contact this number if you find out that Richard started contacting the lawyers--"

This time, it was Anna who interrupted Amelie.

"Mrs. Ashford, Mr. Clark contacted the lawyers today. And not just lawyers... Mr. Benjamin

Andersen was contacted by his assistant too."

"I see..." Amelie lowered her gaze and sighed. Benjamin Andersen was the court judge and an old friend of the family; contacting him meant that Richard had indeed initiated their divorce.

She somehow was still partially in disbelief that this was happening, but now it finally sunk in.

Soon, her marriage would be over.

Once the call with Anna ended, Amelie took a seat behind her desk and looked at the few stacks of paperwork she managed to get from her husband while she was locked in her bedroom.

'It will all be gone in a blink of an eye...'

She skimmed through the papers that described all her recent activities as a chairman of the welfare board and felt her heart cry in pain from every single beat it made.

'I am only able to be in this position while I'm the wife of Richard Clark. It pains me to do this but I can't let innocent people who depend on my charity work, suffer because that woman is too

incompetent. I will leave all the information needed for her to operate with and I can only pray she will not harm the people in need after I leave.' 5

As she finished outlining the main points of her work, Amelie rose from her seat and went into the walk-in closet at the opposite end of the room.

There, she sat before the numerous shoeboxes carefully aligned underneath the shelves, crossed her legs, and pulled out the first box she laid her eyes on. Inside, she found several notebooks of different shades of pink with the word "Diary" written in the middle of the cover in silver cursive letters.

'I have been writing in these ever since I realized I would become Richard's wife...'

She slid her fingers over the glossy cover and opened the notebook, her lips stretching into a wide smile as she noticed the awkward handwriting of a thirteen-year-old Amelie.

'Every little achievement I had over the years... it is all documented here. My own cotillion. My first charity banquet. All the organizations I

managed during my university years. The first orphanage I sponsored. The first child I sent to a private school. My wedding...'

Amelie's eyes glided over the rest of the boxes in the closet and she couldn't help but let out a long sigh.

'I stopped keeping a journal once I got married to Richard. After the wedding, everything I've done was documented elsewhere. Once I got married, I stopped being that Amelie; I turned into someone else; Amelie Ashford whose life was tied to her husband and to JFC Group. But now... whoever this Amelie might be now, it no longer matters.'

A thick film of tears blurred Amelie's eyes but she was too weak to lift her hand and wipe them.

It was devastating. Everything she had ever done for this family and business; all the efforts and sacrifices she had made... She was stunned at how easily it all could be erased; turned to nothing.

'Every single thing I have in this life is tied to Richard. Once the divorce is final, even my

friends will eventually have to distance themselves from me. Every single person in our surroundings will be forced to treat Samantha better, spend more time with her, or attend the events she will be holding... And I will have to start over. On my own. All alone.'

The moment she finished that thought, Amelie heard the phone vibrate once again. This time, it was an incoming call from Liam.

The woman finally wiped her eyes and cleared her throat with a series of short coughs but as she answered the call, her voice still trembled.

"Miss Asfhrod?" Liam's talent to see through her mood didn't fail him this time either. "You sound upset, are you hurt?"

Somehow, just hearing Liam's voice made her forget that she was, in fact, aching to her very core.

"No, Mr. Bennett, I am fine. I was... taking a nap."

"You wouldn't lie to me, right? That is a very childish thing to do. Especially to a man who is worried to death about you!"

Amelie could practically see Liam's pouting face and it made her let out a brief chuckle.

"The divorce is final, Mr. Bennett. Richard has already contacted both the lawyers and the judge. I guess I shall expect to be served with papers pretty soon."

Her words were met with a disappointed sigh on the other end of the line. "It will be alright, Miss Ashford. We were prepared for this and the sooner it happens, the better. You said you trusted me, right?"

"I do."

"That's all I need, Miss Ashford. Everything is going according to our plan. I promise you, it will be fine."

The next morning, the serenity of Amelie's bedroom was interrupted by one of the new maids who came to deliver Richard's request.

"Mrs. Ashford, Mr. Clark would like to see you in his study."

Amelie felt her entire body tense but it was

something she was already prepared for.

Rising from the chair next to the window, she nodded at the maid, and said in a firm and cold voice, "Alright. I'll be there." 1


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