

104 Fishing For An Exclusive

Samantha watched as Richard poured himself yet another drink and frowned. He had been restless for days, drowning his nervousness in alcohol, and she hated every bit of it; especially since she knew the reason for his distress. 1

"Richard, you are making me worried. The divorce is final, we can be freely together now, and most importantly, that woman's reputation is now very unstable due to her ridiculous stunt with the new marriage... One wrong move and she will be completely ousted from high society."

Richard paid no attention to her gloating and got back to his drink while Samantha massaged his shoulders from behind and added, "Rumor has it that she is having trouble being accepted by her new household as well. Serves her right for being so prejudiced and arrogant."

Finally, Richard set aside his whiskey glass and turned around, pulling Samantha away from his shoulders. "How do you know that?"

Unfazed, the woman shrugged and continued in

the same cheerful tone, "Mr. Kyle Marshall told me."

Richard's brows knitted together as he picked up his drink again. "Stop hanging around with that man. He is friends with Liam Bennett which means you shouldn't be friends with him. Find a better crowd to socialize with." 5

Sam sat across from Kyle at their favorite brunch spot, the late morning sunlight streaming through the large windows casting a warm glow on the table. The bustling restaurant was filled with the sound of clinking cutlery and murmured conversations of people seeking shelter from the sudden change of the weather, but Sam's mind was elsewhere. She twirled her fork in her hand absentmindedly, thinking about Richard's recent request.

'Why can't I see Kyle anymore?' she mused silently. Richard had insisted it was for the best, that she needed to focus on fitting into his world, but she couldn't help but feel isolated no matter what she tried to do.

She still had no real friends in Richard's circles,

and spending all her time with the maids wasn't good for her reputation either. Kyle was her only refuge in this yet unfamiliar world.

"Hey, what's on your mind?" Kyle's voice broke through her thoughts, his concerned gaze fixed on her blank face.

Momentarily confused, Sam shook her head, attempting to dismiss his question with a forced smile. "Nothing important, just... thinking about a few things."

Kyle didn't seem convinced but chose to let it slide. He leaned forward, lowering his voice conspiratorially, and repeated the words that the woman had failed to hear the first time he spoke them.

"You know, there's something you can do now that Amelie Ashford is out of your life."

Samantha's curiosity was piqued. She looked up, meeting his eyes, a hopeful and excited smile gracing her lips. "What do you mean?"

The man smiled, a hint of mischief in his expression as he tried to explain,



"Well, I know about your predicament, Miss Blackwood; it's written all over your face. You are worried about still being a dark horse in high society, aren't you?"

I get that, it's not that easy even for people like me. You need to earn your reputation in high society by showing your competence to others. But public opinion is surprisingly easy to manipulate through the press."

Sam arched an eyebrow, intrigued yet cautious. "The press? How would I even go about that?"

Kyle leaned back in his chair, his demeanor as confident as ever.

"You need to meet a few journalists of course! Think about it this way: you are going through such a straightforward Cinderella trope and who if not simple and hardworking people enjoy stories like this?"

A poor orphan who had nothing suddenly becomes the center of everyone's attention. She works hard, and then a rich and handsome man falls in love with her and even divorces his outstanding wife for her. Someone even makes a generous investment to help his company in her



name--that's how amazing she is! Everyone will love that."

"Yes, well..." Samantha was still not entirely convinced by his suggestion. "I will probably get some clout with this, but how will it help me get high society on my side as well?"

Kyle spread his lips into a wide grin. "Miss Blackwood, you truly underestimate the influence the public has on high society. If you are respected by the audience, the rest of the actors would want to be associated with you because that will give them respect by proxy."

"Then... I think I got it, Mr. Marshall," Samantha nodded understandingly, "I need to become approachable to all the journalists who are trying to get to know my story and make sure to tell it in a way that would make an average person like me and resenting the way high society treats me..."

"Bingo!" Kyle clapped his hands and laughed. "And since you're so quick to catch on and in quite a risky situation," he nodded at Samantha's stomach and added, "Perhaps I can make some of those journalists seek you out first."



"Mrs. Bennett?" Mrs. Greene waited at the door of Amelie's temporary bedroom and once she came out, the woman offered her the same reserved smile and continued. "There is someone to see you in the living room. It's a journalist from Fame Magazine."

"Fame Magazine?" Amelie repeated a familiar name and felt a little sad. It belonged to Elizabeth's publishing house and was one of the most popular magazines in the country. She had given multiple interviews to it in the past and although it was strange to have its representative invited to the mansion without prior notice, she had to admit that she was expecting them to reach out to her sooner or later.

"How come you invited a journalist to this mansion when they had no appointment scheduled?"

The housekeeper's answer was surprisingly calm. "Miss Stone, the said journalist, is a friend of Mrs. Vanessa Bennett; she agreed to let her in without prior notice. Miss Stone would like to



interview you, what should I tell her?" 1

Amelie frowned.

'Just because this Miss Stone is friends with Vanessa doesn't mean she can ask for an interview with me avoiding the set procedure of pre-approving the questions. I guess she is fishing for an exclusive. It would have been better to have Liam's opinion on this but I don't want to run to him every time something like this happens. I have to show both Vanessa and this journalist that there is nothing to cling to with me.'

"Alright," she finally answered Mrs. Greene,
"Please let her know that I will meet her in five minutes."

