

111 I Am Only Here To Have Fun

The gossip feed was busy with everyone discussing an unknown man visiting Richard Clark in his office at JFC and some of the JFC Group's employees had already spread the rumor that the man was inquiring about Samantha Blackwood, claiming that he was the one who invested money under her name. 1

As Sam continued to go over the comments, she couldn't help but feel entirely lost.

'I knew about the investment because this was my idea, but I didn't know Richard actually got someone to do it in his stead... But now this person is claiming to be my father? What kind of nonsense is this?'

Finally, she unglued her eyes from the screen and handed the phone back to Kyle, her confused expression unwavering.

"What do you think this means?"

Kyle scoffed at her naive question and shrugged his shoulders. "It seems that your Cinderella story is progressing, Sam."



"But it's not possible," she continued to resist, "Why would someone come looking for me after so many years and claim to be my father? This man is either a fraud or--"

"Or he was hired by Mr. Clark to pretend to be your father," Kyle finished that sentence for her and grinned. "Quite a smart move, don't you think?"

Samantha offered him a blank expression. "He hired someone to pretend to be my father while investing the money that Richard gives him? That doesn't sound good to me."

"Why? Would you rather have this money to yourself?" Kyle's smile widened but Samantha didn't appreciate his excitement at all.

"No, I realize that this kind of money is impossible to amass no matter how hard you work but to get some outsider... That's a dangerous ruse."

"I suggest you go along with it regardless," the man checked the time on his wristwatch and rose to his feet. "This will do some good to your public image and elevate your status in high society as well. Once people learn that you have



family money, they stop turning their noses away from you."

Samantha hesitated to answer while Kyle carefully examined her face.

'I went along with Liam's request in the past and pushed that man to make the investment for Mr. Clark, but this... I am having trouble discerning his intentions with this clownery. Does Liam simply want Richard to marry this woman so he would shift his attention to her instead of his ex-wife? Well, whatever. I am only here to have fun.'

"I'm sorry, Sam, but I have to go now. Think of what I've said today and be smart about this. If Mr. Clark wants to do it, then it must be beneficial to you."

Once Kyle left her alone in the study, Samantha placed both hands on her stomach and looked out of the window.

'Nothing has been officially established yet but looks like the ball is rolling. Soon, I will be Samantha Clark, the wife of one of the most successful investors in the country.'



Her thoughts were interrupted by a light knock on the door -- one of the maids brought Samantha a cup of herbal tea and a slice of a freshly baked apple pie.

As the maid finished setting up the snacks on the desk, she offered Sam a careful glance and said timidly, "That man really likes you, Miss Blackwood."

"What?" Samantha's eyes blinked twice; she was taken aback by such a bold statement. "Why would you say that?"

The maid giggled briefly. "He always smiles when he leaves you, so I assumed--"

"Yeah, whatever. Thanks for the tea. You may go."

The maid bowed her head and left the office while Samantha took a dessert fork in her right hand and looked at the slice of pie in front of her.

'Could he really like me? I mean... He approached me first and has been nothing but kind and friendly to me... I keep seeing him with women at parties and gatherings, so I never even thought about the possibility...'

Suddenly, her lips stretched into a wide smile.
'Kyle Marshall... Well, I guess it wouldn't hurt to have yet another man on my side.' ⁴

"I think it's great that Mr. Bennett saved you the headache of taking care of the wedding preparations."

Carla poured Amelie a fresh cup of coffee and took a step away from the table, returning to sharing her thoughts. "Boy, all that trouble of meeting with people and discussing things that are all the same anyway... All that people care about at weddings are food and booze anyway!"

Amelie let out a small chuckle which finally made Carla aware of her chatter. She pursed her lips and offered Amelie an apologetic smile which the latter dismissed by shaking her head.

She didn't mind Carla's straightforwardness; if anything, she actually preferred it to the reserved and somewhat forced behaviors. She felt that this way, Carla would feel comfortable to open up to her and her blabber mouth would share the gossip circulating among the rest of the maids.

Hearing about the wedding made Amelie think about Liam and her cheeks instantly flushed red.

She has been avoiding him ever since she saw him naked in his gym and since then, could not muster the courage to face him properly again.

'It's ridiculous to feel this embarrassed but I can't help it. I know Liam has feelings for me but I have never expected to develop this kind of feelings toward him so soon... And it is even more embarrassing to think that I started feeling attracted to him only because I saw his body.' 5

Catching herself thinking nonsense again, Amelie nearly slammed her fork on the table and left her chair, gesturing for the maid to bring her her purse.

Today was the first day she was returning to the Emerald Hotel as its owner and she was happy that she would finally be busy enough to rid herself of such embarrassing thoughts.

Amelie was already on her way out of the mansion when she bumped into Vanessa whom she hadn't seen in quite a while. Vanessa greeted her with a smile and asked, "Are you in a hurry,



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Amelie? I wanted to talk to you about something." 2

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