

147 The Gifts

Back in the Clark residence, Samantha sat in the quiet of her study, the rich mahogany furniture gleaming softly under the warm light of the chandelier above. The room smelled faintly of the roses that had been delivered earlier that day, their delicate petals arranged in an ornate vase on her desk. She picked up her cup of tea, but instead of taking a sip, she found herself staring at the gold band on her finger—the symbol of her new life.

The wedding ring glittered under the light, its diamonds catching and refracting the glow. It was a tangible reminder that she was now Samantha Clark, wife of Richard Clark, one of the most powerful men in the city. She traced the band slowly, a small smile curling at the corners of her lips. Samantha Clark. She had never imagined that title would one day belong to her, a girl who had come from nothing. Now, she had everything—wealth, status, and the security she had always craved.

Her gaze drifted down to her stomach, round



with the life growing inside her. Gently, she placed her hand over the soft curve and smiled again. 1

This child would be her anchor, her guarantee. With her second child on the way, her place in Richard's life was solidified. Even if, God forbid, their marriage were to crumble in the future, she would still be the mother of his first child. The alimony alone would ensure she lived comfortably for the rest of her life. 2

"This time, there is no chance of failure."

Yes, Samantha thought, her future was secured.

She was still lost in thought when the door to the study creaked open, and Kyle Marshall stepped inside, a wide grin on his face.

Despite Richard's feelings about Samantha's friendship with this man, he was still her friend and since Samantha harbored the thought of him secretly liking her, she simply couldn't let go of such a connection. If Kyle's feelings were indeed true, he could be her safety net.

Entering the room, he moved with the easy confidence that only someone like Kyle could



possess, his suit immaculate, his smile wide and a little forced.

"Samantha," he greeted, his voice smooth, as he took a seat across the woman's desk. "How are you today?"

Samantha looked up, breaking free from her reverie, and smiled. "Kyle, it's good to see you." Her tone was light, but she couldn't help the slight pout that followed. "I was upset that you weren't at the wedding, you know. My only close friend, and you weren't there."

Kyle sighed, seeing through her false expression. "I know, and I'm truly sorry. There was a situation with my family that I couldn't ignore. But," he added, his voice lifting as he reached into his pocket, "I've come to redeem myself and I think I will succeed."

He placed a small, velvet-covered box on the desk before her. The box was unassuming, with a thin silk ribbon wrapped around it, but the way Kyle's eyes twinkled told her there was something special inside.

Samantha's curiosity piqued, and she raised an eyebrow, a playful, almost childish smile on her



lips. "Is this for me? What's this?"

Kyle chuckled, leaning back slightly. "Why don't you open it and see for yourself?"

Samantha's fingers danced over the box for a moment before she carefully removed the ribbon and lifted the lid. Inside, nestled in soft, ivory silk, was the most exquisite baby comb she had ever seen. It was made of white gold, polished to a mirror finish, with a tiny unicorn in the middle, its body encrusted with delicate gemstones that shimmered in the light.

Her breath caught in her throat, her eyes glistening with happiness as she gingerly picked up the comb. It was a luxurious piece, something so beautiful and intricate it felt almost too precious to use. "Kyle, this is... it's beautiful. Thank you so much."

He grinned, pleased with her reaction. "I'm glad you like it. I know that it's not really a *wedding* gift per se, but I wanted to give you something special for the baby, something that would show just how happy I am for you."

Samantha's heart warmed at his words. Kyle had always been thoughtful, and this gift was a

testament to that. She carefully set the comb back in its box and looked up at him. "It's perfect. Really, thank you."

"So," Kyle began, his tone light and somewhat teasing, "what about the other wedding gifts? Have you opened them yet?"

Samantha shook her head. "They were delivered this morning, but I wanted to wait for Richard so we could open them together."

Kyle gave her a look of mock disapproval. "You're so patient, Samantha. I don't think I could wait that long. I can barely wait till the end of a birthday party to go through all the gifts I get."

She laughed softly, her fingers still tracing the edge of the box. "Well, I'm dying too, but Richard has been a little sour with me during these past few days, I don't want to make it even worse..."

"How about we open just one, then? Just to satisfy our curiosity?" Kyle suggested, his eyes gleaming with mischief. He still didn't know why he wanted to coax her into doing this so badly; perhaps it was just his genuine curiosity. He craved to see how badly the high society decided to treat this poor woman now.

Samantha hesitated for a moment, but then she nodded, a small smile playing on her lips.
"Alright, just one."

They moved down to the drawing room, where the gifts were stacked neatly in a corner. There were quite a lot of them, each box varied in size and color, and Samantha's heart trembled with foreign excitement.

She picked up the first box, a large one wrapped in gold foil. She carefully undid the ribbon and peeled back the paper, revealing a polished wooden box inside. When she opened it, she found a gleaming antique Swiss watch, clearly meant for Richard.

