



153 Too Much To Bear

Samantha paced nervously back and forth in the bedroom, her bare feet sinking into the plush white carpet with every step. Her hands fidgeted uncontrollably, and she found herself biting on her thumbnail, a habit she refused to break. 1

The woman's audacious remark at the tea party echoed in her mind yet again and she felt her jaw clenching.

"You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

The venom in that simple phrase had been enough to send Samantha spiraling, and now, no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't push the memory away.

Anger simmered just below the surface, bubbling up every time she recalled the smug look on the woman's face, half-hidden by the teacup.

How dare she? How dare any of them look down on her? She was Mrs. Richard Clark, for God's sake. She had fought hard for this life, clawed her way to the top, and yet here she was, being ridiculed by women who saw her as nothing

more than an impostor. 1

A wave of lightheadedness washed over her, and Samantha pressed a hand to her forehead, steadying herself. The stress was beginning to take a toll, and she knew she needed to calm down.

She crossed the room to the rocking chair by the window and sank into it, sighing deeply as she placed both hands on her stomach.

But the brief comfort was shattered when the door burst open, and Richard marched into the room, his expression tired and irritated. He moved purposefully, undoing his tie as he walked, then shrugging off his jacket and tossing it carelessly onto a nearby chair.

Samantha watched him timidly, biting her lip. She had been waiting for him all evening, trying to work up the courage to confront him about the growing tension between them. But now, seeing him like this, she wondered if it was the right time.

Then again, when had there ever been a right time? Lately, every interaction between them had been tense, filled with mounting



frustrations.

She took a deep breath, steeling herself, and parted her lips to speak, but before she could say anything, Richard looked at her with a stern expression. "I heard you put up quite a resistance when Ron instructed you on how your finances will be managed from now on."

Samantha's heart sank at the accusation. She rose from the chair, her voice trembling as she replied. "The accountant you sent locked all my accounts, Richard! What was I supposed to do? All the expenses have to go through him, and I can't even buy an ice cream cone without getting his approval first!"

Richard sighed heavily and sat down on the edge of the bed, rubbing his temples as if to ward off an impending headache. Samantha walked up to him, her emotions finally spilling over as she continued, almost whining,

"Isn't it pathetic? Richard Clark's wife can't even buy mere necessities without her husband's permission! Who am I? A criminal? A scammer that needs to be watched? People keep looking down on me because I'm treated like a guest in



this marriage, and they can see it, Richard. They can! Don't you see how humiliating this is for me?" 2

Tears streamed down her cheeks as she spoke, and Richard looked up at her, his expression softening with a light touch of sympathy. "Sam, don't cry..."

He watched her, his mind whirling with conflicting thoughts.

Part of him knew she was right. He hadn't been himself ever since Amelie had told him how she truly felt about him, how he had failed her. That admission had cut him deeply, and he realized now that he had been taking out his frustrations on Samantha, holding her to impossible standards while neglecting her needs. 1

Nevertheless, the audit was a serious matter, and he couldn't ignore the fact that Samantha had been reckless with large sums of money. While he could still bury the evidence of her mistakes to some extent, if piled up, her misdeeds might start leaking out from all the cracks their relationship really had.

And yet, she had a point. Samantha needed to be



more involved in his business life, to assert her authority and prove her worth as his wife. It wasn't fair to keep her in the dark, to treat her as though she couldn't handle the responsibilities that came with her position. 2

Richard stood up, placing a hand on Samantha's head and patting it gently, trying to soothe her shaking shoulders.

"Would you like to visit some of the welfare meetings, then?" he asked, his tone now softer. "I can accompany you to show everyone my support."

Samantha gritted her teeth in frustration, burying her face against his chest to hide the irritation that flared within her. What kind of joke was that?

'I don't care about stupid meetings!' she thought, her anger soaring as he fisted her hands. 'I need access to more money! I need to pay off that idiot Jason and repay Kyle for everything I have borrowed from him! I need money to throw at those arrogant bitches to make them like me, too!' 1

But she didn't voice any of these thoughts.

Instead, she pretended to whimper into Richard's chest, letting him think she was still upset, still vulnerable. And crying, of course.

He continued to pat her head, gently running his fingers through her soft hair, murmuring words of comfort.

"Calm down and get some rest, Sam," he finally called her by her nickname, "you must be very tired. Stress is not good for the baby."

Richard gently pushed her away and helped her sit on the bed. She then watched him as he tossed his tie onto the rocking chair and turned toward the door, his shoulders slumped with exhaustion.

"Are you going to bed late tonight as well?"

Samantha asked, her voice small, hoping against hope that he would stay with her, that he would see how much she needed him right now.

Richard paused in the doorway, his jaw clenched tightly.

He knew what she wanted, but he couldn't bring himself to give it to her. He had too much on his mind, too much work left to do, and the thought



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of staying here, pretending that everything was fine, was too much to bear.

Composing himself, he shook his head and finally replied, "Yes. So don't wait up. Just go to sleep." 1

With that, he left the room, closing the door quietly behind him.

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