



155 Forget About It

Richard's voice echoed through the mansion, his anger barely contained as he confronted his wife in their bedroom. 1

"Do you have any idea what you've done?!" he shouted, pacing back and forth with agitation. The annoying migraine only flared up his anger.

Samantha sat on the edge of the bed, her eyes glued to her feet, refusing to meet her husband's gaze. She had expected him to be upset, but the intensity of his anger was overwhelming.

"She was trying to humiliate me, Richard," she pleaded defensively, her voice barely above a whisper. "She tried to ruin my clothes on purpose, I know it!"

Richard stopped pacing and turned to face her, his eyes narrowing with disbelief. He wanted to tell her that those clothes were not her to begin with but he still managed to contain the words inside.

"This isn't about the fucking clothes, Sam! You attacked an innocent woman—a woman who was



just doing her job! Now, I have to pay her off to keep her quiet, and that's not going to be cheap." He ran a hand through his brown hair in frustration, his expression darkening as he considered the implications of what had happened.

Samantha's eyes flashed with anger as well. "So now you care more about some dressmaker than you do about me? I'm your wife, Richard! Don't I deserve to be protected?"

"You don't protect someone by physically assaulting others!" Richard snapped, his voice rising. "What you did was completely out of line. We're already under scrutiny, and now this? Do you realize how much damage control this is going to take?!"

The fight escalated, both of their voices clashing like thunder in the confined space of the bedroom. Samantha could feel the ground slipping from beneath her feet, every word Richard said cutting deeper, making her feel smaller and more desperate. 2

And then, as the argument reached its peak, Samantha's hand flew to her forehead, and she



swayed slightly. "Richard..." she whispered, her voice suddenly faint. 1

Richard's anger was immediately replaced by concern as he watched her pale, her body trembling while she struggled to stay upright. "Sam?" he called out, his voice tinged with panic as he moved toward her. When she swayed again, her eyes fluttering shut, he caught her just in time, lowering her gently onto the bed.

"Sam, talk to me!" His hand hovered protectively over her growing belly, the thought of their unborn child filling him with dread. He couldn't lose the baby—not after all he had done for its sake. "Hold on, Sam. We're going to the hospital, now." 2

Without waiting for a response, Richard scooped her up in his arms and hurried out of the room. The mansion's staff watched in shock as he carried his wife out to the car, their whispers wandering through the quiet space.

Rebeccah sat in the kitchen, her mind racing as she replayed the events of the day. She had been standing just outside the room when the



incident with the dressmaker occurred, her phone in hand, secretly recording everything.

She could still hear the woman's screams, still see the fright in her eyes when she dashed out of the room as if she was nearly murdered.

The maid's hands trembled as she clutched her phone, the weight of the evidence pressing down on her. She knew she had to do something, but the fear of the consequences was almost paralyzing.

The door creaked open, and Tina, the housekeeper walked in, wearing her usual stern expression.

"You wanted to talk to me?" she asked and took a seat beside her.

The maid hesitated, glancing down at her phone before meeting the housekeeper's gaze. "I... I heard everything," she stammered, her voice barely audible. "And I recorded it."

For a moment, Tina said nothing, her eyes narrowing while she processed the information. Then, without a word, she turned and walked to the far end of the kitchen, away from the table.



Rebeccah watched her, her heart pounding in her chest, unsure of what to expect.

Finally, the housekeeper spoke in an unexpectedly cold and detached tone.

"Forget about it. Get rid of the evidence and move on."

The maid blinked in surprise. "What?"

"You heard me," Tina said, turning to face her again. "Forget about it, and keep your mouth shut."

"But... she could have seriously hurt that woman," the maid protested, her voice shaking. "I can't just—"

"You can, and you will," the housekeeper interrupted, "I saved your job for you last time, but this time, it won't happen. I've worked for rich people long enough to know that they don't let anything leave their houses. If something leaks out, they'll know it was the help who made it happen. And then they'll ruin your life." 1

Rebeccah's breath caught in her throat as Tina's words sank in. There was a chilling finality in her



tone, a warning that could not be ignored.

The housekeeper's expression softened slightly, but the threat remained. "Why do you think I have such impeccable recommendations?" she continued. "Because whatever I've seen over the years is going to stay with me. I never talk. And if you don't want any trouble, I suggest you do the same."

With that, the housekeeper turned and left the kitchen, leaving the maid alone with her thoughts. Torn between her conscience and the fear of losing everything, the maid sat there, frozen, her mind a tumult of conflicting emotions.

'I can't think about this anymore, I am going insane already.'

Unable to sit still any longer, Rebecca grabbed her coat and hurried outside, hoping the fresh air would help clear her mind. The evening was cool, the sky tinged with the colors of the setting sun, but it did little to calm her nerves.

As she walked down the gravel path, she was so lost in thought that she didn't notice Kyle Marshall approaching until he was right in front



of her.

"Good evening," he greeted, his voice gentle. He noticed the tears brimming in the maid's eyes and frowned in concern. "Are you alright? What's wrong?"

The maid hesitated, averting her gaze.

Kyle had always been kind to her, always seemed to have a way of making things better. But then she remembered the housekeeper's words, the warning that echoed in her mind. Her hand reached into the pocket of her coat, squeezing her phone tightly as if it could anchor her to reality.

'Right,' she thought, 'He's that woman's friend, after all. He's always here. If I tell him everything, he'll definitely rat me out. And who knows what will happen to me? I wouldn't be surprised if that woman made me eat my phone just to get rid of the evidence.'

Swallowing hard, Rebeccah forced a smile and shook her head. "I'm fine," she lied, "Just a bit overwhelmed, that's all."

Kyle studied her for a moment, clearly



unconvinced, but he didn't press her. "Alright. But if you ever need someone to talk to, I'm here."

The maid nodded, mumbling an apology as she hurried away, desperate to escape the situation.

Kyle watched her go, his brow furrowed in thought. Something was definitely not right, and his gut told him that whatever it was, it had to do with Samantha.

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