

## 171 Of Some Actual Use

Samantha tapped her fingers nervously on the polished surface of the restaurant table, her frantic mind racing with thoughts of the conversation she had overheard earlier between Rebecca and Jonathan Radcliffe. 1

Her entire body trembled with anxiety, and her hands shook slightly, causing her perfectly manicured nails to tap a staccato beat against the table.

She was so shocked that she hadn't even finished listening to their conversation; the moment she realized the depth of her maid's betrayal, she had immediately called Jason Sanason and arranged this meeting, prepared to give him a piece of her mind.

Now, as she waited, Samantha could hardly believe she was meeting Jason like this again. Just the thought of him made her skin crawl. She was irritated, both at the situation and at herself for having to face that man once more. She had thought she was done with this part of her life, but here she was, back in the muck.



Finally, Jason showed up at the restaurant, his confident walk irritating her further.

He sauntered over to the table with that cocky grin she despised so much and took a seat across from her, his eyes dancing with amusement.

"To what do I owe the pleasure?"

Samantha scowled at him, her voice laced with venom. "What the hell are you grinning about, you idiot?"

Jason's smile vanished instantly, replaced by a look of cold disdain. He knitted his brows together and leaned back in his chair, crossing his arms in front of his chest, "I see that becoming Mrs. Richard Clark has indeed flared up your confidence, you whore."

"Whore?!" Samantha nearly jumped out of her seat, her fists clenching at her sides. It took every ounce of self-control she had not to lash out at him right there in the restaurant. Instead, she took a deep breath, forcing herself to calm down. Jason, sensing her restraint, savored her reaction with a new smug look on his face.



"Don't you ever call me that again, you moron!"

Samantha finally spat back, her eyes blazing with fury. "Did you bring it? Where is it?"

Jason feigned an innocent expression, shrugging his shoulders nonchalantly. "I don't have it anymore."

Samantha's composure shattered once more.

"What?! Don't fucking mess with me! Where is it then?!"

Jason leaned forward, his voice dripping with sarcasm, "Do you think I don't take care of my paperwork? I am running a business, for fuck's sake! It was stolen, alright? Perhaps you were the one who did it, huh?"

Samantha's face turned red with rage, her hands shaking as she reached for the glass of water in front of her. In a fit of anger, she stood up and splashed the water over Jason's face, hissing through clenched teeth, "You fucking waste of a human body! I swear to God, if this paper gets out, I will fucking kill you, you goddamn roach!"

Without waiting for his response, she darted out of the restaurant, her heels clicking furiously against the tiled floor.



Jason wiped his face with a napkin, his expression darkening as he watched her storm out. Once she was gone, he tossed the napkin aside, muttering under his breath with annoyance, "Fucking bitch. I guess it's time she's reminded where her real place is."

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Upon returning to his apartment, Jason's mind was still reeling from the encounter with Samantha. As he walked through the door, he noticed Penelope sitting next to the blue bassinet, her face drawn with worry.

"What the hell is this thing doing here?" he demanded, gesturing to the bassinet with a sneer.

Penelope pressed a finger against her lips, warning him to keep his voice down. "Tyler brought *it* here again and left," she whispered. "We gotta move or something. With this junkie knowing where we live, he'll just keep popping up whenever he pleases."

"Don't let him in then! Do I have to keep reminding you that we don't owe this bastard anything?"





Penelope frowned and clicked her tongue, "What was I supposed to do? He left this thing right next to our door and left, it took me hours to finally put it back to sleep. You have no idea how much it cried, the neighbors were threatening to call the police!"

Jason sighed heavily, running a hand through his hair as he made his way to the mini-bar at the end of the living room.

*"This is getting tedious. Once I'm done with this bitch, I need to make sure both that junkie and this kid are out of my sight forever!"*

He poured himself a drink, the amber liquid swirling in the glass as he downed it in one gulp. When he reached for the bottle to pour another, his eyes caught sight of a light-blue envelope resting on the counter, a glossy rectangular card sticking out of it.

Curious, he set the glass aside and picked up the envelope, pulling the card with his stubby fingers.

As he finished reading it, the man's lips curled into a grin because he realized what it was—an invitation to a charity event.



He turned around to face Penelope, holding up the envelope and the card in the air. "What's this? How come we got this?"

Penelope glanced up from the bassinet, offering her uncle a short shrug before returning to watching the baby. "It's for that annual event for single parents that Amelie Ashford's welfare fund used to be in charge of. Now it's gonna be Samantha who's hosting it. Tyler left it along with the kid; I guess he applied to fish for some money from it."

Jason's grin widened, a glint of mischief in his sparkling eyes. "Well, well, well. Finally, this damned child will be of some actual use to me."

"What are you thinking, uncle?" Penelope offered the man a worried look but Jason discarded it with a scoff.

He took another sip of his drink, a sly smile playing on his lips. "Let's just say I have a plan to remind Mrs. Richard Clark that she's not as untouchable as she thinks she is. And this charity event," he said, waving the invitation in the air, "is the perfect opportunity to make my move."



Penelope watched him warily. She knew better than to trust Jason when he had that look in his eyes—the look of a man who was about to stir up trouble. But she also liked the idea of bringing more misery into Samantha's seemingly peaceful life.

"Just be careful," she tried to warn him, "She might be an imbecile but the newly acquired confidence is surely making her dangerous."

Jason only chuckled in response. "Dangerous? Maybe. But so am I. And she's about to find out just how dangerous I can be."

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