



173 A Delicate Matter

Samantha sat in her study in the Clark mansion, her fingers nervously tapping against the mahogany table. 1

Across from her, in the seat that seemed to have become his by right, Kyle Marshall sat in silence, observing her with a calm, measured gaze. 1

Rebeccah, one of Samantha's maids, moved around them carefully and quietly, setting a tray of tea and cups on the table. Samantha forced a smile as Rebeccah served them, thanking her with a voice that barely concealed her irritation.

"Thank you, you may leave now."

When the maid finally left, shutting the door softly behind her, Samantha let out a shaky breath, feeling a cold shiver run through her entire body.

Kyle arched a curious brow, picking up a cup of tea and taking a slow sip. "So, what is it, Sam? You sounded rather urgent on the phone. I thought you were supposed to be hosting the single-parent charity event all day today."



Samantha grimaced at the mention of the event. Her face contorted in disgust as she shook her head. "I got sick; there were too many people at the venue, and I felt stuffy and lightheaded. But also... There is something that has been weighing on my mind since yesterday, and I couldn't focus on anything because of that."

Kyle's brows arched higher. "Really? What is it?"

Samantha hesitated. Her hands were trembling slightly, and though she tried to hide it, Kyle noticed it right away. He reached across the table, covering her hand with his, his voice softening as he offered her a kind smile.

"What is it, Sam? You can tell me. You know my lips are sealed, and I will help you with anything if I can."

Samantha sighed, forcing her lips into a tight smile. "I need... Well, I need a lot of money, I guess."

"A lot?" Kyle readily reached into his vest for his leather wallet. "How much is a lot today?"

Samantha shook her head again. "I don't think the cash you usually carry with you will be

enough, but... I do need this money in cash as well. It's... a delicate matter."

The man grinned oddly, tucking his wallet back into his pocket. "Oh? And how delicate are we talking about here?"

Samantha bit her lip, unsure of how much to divulge. She didn't know if she could trust Kyle with this.

In the past, she might have relied on Tyler's shady connections to handle situations like this, but that was no longer an option. She needed to hire a professional—someone who could handle things quietly and efficiently—and that would require a significant sum, especially given her newfound public status as Mrs. Richard Clark.

'Kyle has been kind and generous to me all this time and if he really does like me, I don't think he will be angry with me if I tell him the truth, but... I can't help but feel anxious. This type of crowd... It's just way too different.'

She remained silent for a while, lost in frantic thought, and Kyle, dying from curiosity, eventually sighed, shrugging his shoulders somewhat disappointed.



"I don't mind offering you more money, but if it's indeed a big sum, I need to at least know what you're going to use it for, don't you agree? What if my money gets you into trouble?"

Samantha's eyes widened as she considered his words.

'He's right,' she agreed with him silently. 'He would be a fool to lend me a lot of money without knowing what it's for. This is no longer just about Jason's shenanigans which for Kyle is just petty cash. And as for getting in trouble... Damn it, I don't know what to do anymore.'

At last, she locked eyes with Kyle again, her gaze intense, and spoke again, "I need to hire someone to... well, make a certain person disappear. Forever."

Kyle leaned back in his chair, folding his arms across his chest, a wide grin spreading on his lips. "And may I know who this person might be?"

Samantha jerked her head toward the door of her study. "The maid you just saw. She witnessed something she shouldn't have, and it looks like she's brave enough to run her mouth all over town. I can't let her ruin my husband's



reputation. I hope you understand." 1

Kyle nodded, his grin never faltering.

"I see. Well, these things happen a lot; some people just don't know how our society works when it comes to secrets. Very well, I will lend you the money. But," he emphasized, rising from his seat and straightening his jacket, "I will be the one to hire someone for the job. I can't let you get into trouble with such a serious matter, Sam."

Samantha's eyes sparkled with both relief and excitement. "Thank you! God, it's like a boulder off my shoulders! You have no idea!" 1

Kyle smirked, nodding. "Oh, and don't worry. I will just add this to your existing debt. As usual, you will pay me back when you can." 1

He turned to leave, and Samantha's smile faltered for a moment. The mention of her growing debt brought a sour taste to her mouth, but she quickly shook it off. What mattered now was that Rebecca would no longer be a problem.

As she sat there, thinking over her conversation



with Kyle, a knock on the door interrupted her thoughts. She stiffened, her heart leaping into her throat. "Come in," she called, trying to keep her voice steady.

The door opened, and Richard stepped inside, his expression stern, yet unreadable. "I saw Kyle Marshall getting into his car just now. How many times do I have to repeat myself? I don't want him around you, especially in my house."

Samantha felt her stomach drop and she tried to retort in a quiet voice. "He... He is a friend, Richard, nothing more. He won't harm us, I promise."

"You should be more careful when selecting friends. I heard he has a massive gambling debt and has been investing in some shady business too. The last thing I want is to be associated with him if he sinks." 1