



179 Don't Do Anything Stupid

Richard sat at the head of the long, polished mahogany dining table, cutting into his steak with his lips pressed into a tight thin line. 1

Across from him, Samantha toyed with her food, her fork scraping lightly against her plate; the coldness oozing from her husband's body made her lose her appetite the moment he entered the room.

The atmosphere was thick with tension, the kind that had settled into their home over the weeks like dust on unused furniture.

Tina, the housekeeper, stood quietly behind Samantha's chair, her posture rigid and attentive. She was always there during meals, overseeing the service with an eagle eye.

Richard finally glanced up from his plate just in time to see a young maid approaching with a bottle of wine. He couldn't recall seeing her before.

"You hired a new maid?" Richard's voice cut through the silence, startling the maid, who nearly spilled the wine. He turned to Samantha, his expression mildly curious but with an edge of

something sharper. "What happened to the previous one? Rebecca, was it?"

Samantha's hand tightened around her fork, the knuckles turning white. A flash of irritation crossed her face. It was annoying how he remembered the name of the maid who clearly had a crush on him.

"I had to let her go. She was stealing from me," she replied briefly, piercing a slice of tomato with her silverware.

Richard scoffed, a sound of disbelief that only deepened the lines of tension etched into Samantha's face. "Stealing? What did she steal from you? If that's true, we should involve the police and the agency that sent her here. We can't have that kind of behavior going unchecked."

He glanced at Tina, who quickly averted her eyes under his intense glare. Samantha watched the interaction, a new wave of annoyance rising in her. She knew Richard's disdain was less about the stolen items and more about his perpetual testing of her words.

Once again, he did not believe her.

Samantha lifted her chin, struggling to maintain



her composure. "Just some minor jewelry, some petty cash from my wallet... A couple of luxury brand scarves. Nothing of significant value, but it was still infuriating."

Richard shifted his gaze back to Samantha, his eyes narrowing. He was still probing for any inconsistencies.

"Have you filed a complaint with the agency? What if this is some sort of scam they're running? What if this one," he gestured toward the new maid with his knife, making her jump on the spot, "is going to steal from us too? What if they all are?"

Samantha hesitated, her mind racing for a plausible retort. She could feel the doubt simmering behind Richard's questions, and it infuriated her. How dare he undermine her in front of the staff? But before she could respond, Tina stepped in.

"I apologize, Mr. Clark," the woman interjected quietly, "Rebeccah resigned on her own. She felt guilty, so she left her position without causing a scene. She returned everything she had taken and offered Mrs. Clark an extended apology. The agency's director also sent their apologies. Please, sir, there's no need to involve them



further."

Richard's eyes flicked back to his wife, his expression now unreadable.

He studied her for a moment, then nodded slowly, leaning back in his chair. "So now she has others backing up her stories," he muttered under his breath, his tone laced with sarcasm. "Now I'm really curious as to what that girl did to make the two of them work together against her."

He sighed, pushing his plate away and setting his silverware down with a clatter. "Alright, fine. But don't go changing the maids every month, it's annoying to get used to new faces around here. It takes them way too long to adjust to our routine as well."

He rose to his feet, ready to leave the table, but paused as if remembering something of great importance.

"The ballerina girl from Paris will be arriving soon. Since you're now in charge of the Ashford fund, make sure her stay in this house is pleasant. She needs to take care of her health, after all. Don't do anything stupid."

Without waiting for a response, Richard turned

and left the room, his footsteps echoing down the marble hallway.

Samantha watched him go, her jaw clenched so tightly she thought her teeth might crack. When she was sure he was out of earshot, she slammed her fist down on the table, rattling the silverware and making Tina jump.

"I don't know how I'm supposed to react, Lily." Liam's voice was a mix of relief and frustration as he held Amelie's hands in his. "On one hand, I'm so happy that you are healthy, but on the other hand... To think that bitch put you through all of this, on top of everything else... I just want to tear her apart, no matter the outcome!" 1

Amelie giggled softly, finding a strange comfort in the way Liam tried to look angry for her sake. His eyebrows were knitted together, but his eyes gave him away; they were too soft, too full of love to ever truly appear threatening.

"It's okay, Liam," she said gently, squeezing his hands. "What matters is that we still have a chance to have a child. That's all I've ever wanted."

Liam shook his head, his expression softening as

he looked at his wife. "You are way too kind, you know that?"

Amelie's smile faded slightly, replaced by a more serious expression.

"I may be kind, but this woman has crossed all the lines. I thought I could let it go, but she drove me out of what rightfully belonged to me by lying to everyone. I can't forgive that."

Liam's eyes sparked with a dangerous excitement, a glimmer of mischief that made Amelie's heart skip a beat. "Just say the word, Lily! I'll find a way to deal with her."

Amelie smiled again, but it was a sadder, more contemplative smile.

"Not now. Elizabeth's husband, John, has been gathering dirt on her for quite some time now, but I don't think he has enough yet. With this new evidence, it could tip the scales, but..." She sighed, shaking her head again in frustration, "I am indeed too kind for my own good."

