

182 A Thing For Your Husband

Daphne stood awkwardly in the middle of Richard's study, her eyes darting around the room. 1

She felt like a schoolgirl facing the music with the dean and it momentarily brought back memories from her days in Mrs. Hauet's private school. Right now, however, her task was far from pleasant reminiscing. She needed to examine Richard's office as much as possible while she was still there.

The walls were lined with shelves filled with leather-bound books and various trinkets that looked both expensive and old. A large, mahogany desk dominated the space, covered in stacks of documents and a half-empty bottle of whiskey. Richard sat behind it, nursing a glass of the amber liquid while his eyes remained firmly fixed on the papers in front of him.

'I have only seen his pictures next to Mrs. Ashford but he doesn't look half as good in person. I must admit, I am glad Mrs. Ashford is now with a better-looking man.' 1

"I heard you were rude to my wife," Richard said

suddenly, his cold voice cutting through the awkward silence like a blade.

He didn't look up from his work, but his tone carried a weight that made Daphne shift uneasily on her feet. She wondered why he had called her into his study right after returning from work.

'Why did he invite me here now?' she thought, feeling a mix of curiosity and unease. 'I don't mind being seen with him, especially behind closed doors, but that woman is not even here right now.'

Before Daphne could respond, Richard continued, "I would appreciate it if you didn't bother her much. She is pregnant, and I don't want her to go through any stress. These past few weeks have been rather hard on her."

Daphne smirked, trying to hide her evident irritation. "Yes, I understand. I guess I owe her an apology then."

Finally, Richard lifted his eyes from the documents, his dark brown gaze sizing the young woman up. His thick brows furrowed slightly, and Daphne felt a strange tension in the air between them. "I thought you needed some rest too. I did not expect you to be the one to



stir up trouble. Especially so soon."

Daphne opened her mouth to retort, but Richard shook his head, cutting her off. He took another sip from his glass, his expression softening a bit as the liquid spread its warmth around his body.

"Anyway, how do you find your stay here so far? How is the guest room? Christina will be your personal maid while you're here, so ask her if you need anything. There's a spare car with a driver always waiting here, so if you need to see a doctor or go somewhere, feel free to use it. Just make sure Samantha is informed."

Daphne faked a polite smile and nodded, "Yes, thank you, Mr. Clark."

The study fell silent again, Richard's eyes lingering on the girl, making her feel even more uncomfortable.

She couldn't shake the feeling that he was scrutinizing her, trying to read something in her expression. She held his gaze, refusing to look away, even though she could feel her heart pounding in her chest.

Richard let out a sigh, clearing his throat somewhat awkwardly. "Have... have you met Ame — I mean, Mrs. Bennett yet?"

"No," Daphne replied calmly, trying to keep her voice cool. "Mrs. Bennett has been busy lately, so I didn't want to bother her. Why? Is there something you want to say to her? I can deliver a message once we meet."

Richard shook his head again, a flicker of something unreadable passing across his face. "No, nothing of that sort is needed. Don't worry."

Daphne nodded, watching as Richard's focus returned to the papers in front of him. The tension in the room seemed to dissipate slightly, but the young woman couldn't help but feel that there was more going on than Richard was letting on. She gave a small bow and left the study, feeling his gaze on her back until she closed the door behind her.

Meanwhile, Samantha was sitting across from Kyle at a cozy corner table in a restaurant he had chosen for the evening.

The soft lighting and elegant decor would have made for a rather romantic setting, but Samantha was too distracted to enjoy it.

"My friend's father just bought this restaurant and invited a famous Italian chef to work here.

"How do you like the food?"

Without saying a word, Samantha pushed a tiny piece of meat off her pasta, her thoughts elsewhere.

Kyle noticed her distant expression and tapped his fork against her glass of water, drawing her attention. "What's the matter? You've been awfully quiet all evening," he said, his voice laced with concern.

Samantha sighed, finally looking up to meet his gaze.

"Well... there is this ballerina girl who is now staying at our mansion because that witch Amelie Bennett promised her she could recuperate there if she needed to... I can't help but feel threatened by her behavior!"

"Threatened?" Kyle's eyebrows shot up in confusion. "What do you mean by that?"

Samantha sighed again. "She's too pretty and arrogant! And she doesn't seem to understand that I am a figure of authority for her! You know, the moment she arrived, she was rude to me, and she even..." Samantha paused, her voice trembling as she forced a sniffle. "She even said that she doesn't recognize me as Mrs. Clark



because the only Mrs. Clark she knows is dead!"

Kyle hid his amusement behind a sip of wine, though internally, he was laughing.

'So, I guess Daphne is playing her role perfectly already. I like that. Samantha is so scared to lose Richard that she's going off the rails because of some nineteen-year-old.'

He took another sip from his wine glass and added nonchalantly,

"You know, I heard that Amelie Bennett invited the girl to stay in her mansion instead, but she refused, saying she doesn't feel comfortable next to Liam. Could that be..." Kyle's lips stretched into a somewhat wicked grin as he leaned over the table. "Could it be that the girl really has a thing for your husband?" 3



