



183 No One Else To Turn To

Samantha's eyes widened in pretend shock. 1

Others might call her paranoid, but Samantha had always possessed an uncanny ability to sense when a young, ambitious, but poor woman had her sights set on a potential target. After all, she had been one of those girls herself once. The realization sent a shiver down her spine, stirring up a familiar blend of jealousy and fear.

'Richard is growing more distant from me with each passing day,' Samantha thought, digging her nails into the soft skin of her palms. *'Nothing is stopping him from turning to someone else. And that wench... she's just too beautiful.'*

The thought gnawed at her, an unwelcome reminder of the cracks that had begun to appear in her marriage. Richard had become a stranger in their home, his attention always elsewhere, his affection nothing but a blurred reflection of what it used to be.

And now, with this young, elegant ballerina in the picture, Samantha felt the ground beneath her feet start to give way.

Across the table, Kyle watched Samantha's silent

struggle with a subtle smirk, a glint of excitement playing in his eyes.

He could practically see the wheels turning in her head, the way her grip on the situation was slipping, leaving him utterly amused.

'Look at her,' he gloated with weird satisfaction, 'beating herself up over this... She's really about to lose it now. Perhaps I can even move my part of the scheme sooner than expected.'

To Kyle's delight, Samantha was the one to break the silence, her voice tinged with desperation.

"Kyle... If that girl really tries to do something to sabotage my standing... Will you help me? The same way you helped... you know, with that maid?"

A tiny spark of triumph glistened in Kyle's eyes, but he hid his grin behind his glass of wine.

Taking a moment to savor his tiny victory, he cleared his throat and nodded, adopting a serious expression. "I guess I can try it again, but you should know it costs me a lot of money and... quite a lot of trouble too."

Samantha's eyes narrowed, suspicion slowly creeping into her features. "I see... Well, can you add it to my existing debt for now? How much

money do I owe you, anyway? Maybe I can find a way--"

Kyle sighed, cutting her off abruptly.

He pulled a pen from his pocket, scribbling a number on a napkin before sliding it across the table to her. Samantha's breath caught in her throat as she glanced down at the figure, her eyes widening in shock. "What?! It can't be...! This much?"

Kyle nodded with a calm smile playing upon his lips. "Maybe you didn't think of it as much while you were borrowing money from me, but as a businessman, I have to note everything down. Especially since my money comes from my trust fund, and I pay taxes religiously."

Samantha's suspicion deepened, her mind racing to catch up. "What are you getting at?"

Kyle leaned in closer, lowering his voice to a conspiratorial whisper, his lips curling into a subtle grin.

"What I mean, my dear Sam, is that my father is beginning to get suspicious as to where all that cash is going, and quite frankly, I'm running out of excuses. So..." He paused for effect, watching with satisfaction as Samantha's irritation grew at

his theatrics. "I've been telling my father that I've been investing my money in some stocks, but since the sum keeps going up, he now needs some proof. That's where you come in, Sam."

Samantha felt a cold knot of worry form in her chest.

She had always assumed that Kyle wouldn't demand his money back so soon, and she had certainly never imagined that her debt had piled up to such an extent. She didn't know what exactly Kyle had in mind for her, but she could see she had no way out of this.

Still, she had to ask.

"So... what exactly do you need from me then?"

Kyle's grin widened as he leaned back in his chair, folding his arms across his chest. "I assume you don't have direct access to your part of the company shares, right?"

Samantha nodded silently while Kyle smirked in response.

"But you still can access Amelie Ashford's shares if you are being supervised by an approved accountant and an attorney, right?"

"Yes... I think I saw that clause in the contract I

had to sign. I don't really have to tell Richard how I use my stock as long as the company attorney approves it."

"Perfect then." Kyle's eyes gleamed with dangerous satisfaction. "You don't have to pay me back for whatever help I have or will offer you, Sam. All you need to do is transfer fifteen percent of your stock to me, and we're even."

Samantha's eyes widened in disbelief. "What? There is no way Richard's lawyers will allow me to do that!"

Kyle scoffed, waving off her concern with a flick of his hand. "Don't worry about that. I'll make sure they do."

Samantha's mind spun with the implications of what Kyle was asking. She knew the shares he wanted were technically Amelie Ashford's, shares that she had access to only under strict supervision. If she agreed to this, she would be putting herself in an even more precarious position, risking everything she had fought so hard to secure.

Her heart pounded in her chest, and she forced herself to take a deep breath, trying to steady her nerves. "And if I agree to this... you'll help me



deal with the girl? Make sure she doesn't come between me and Richard?"

Kyle's grin softened into something almost reassuring. "Of course, Sam. You help me, and I'll help you. We're in this together, after all."

Samantha stared at the napkin, the number scrawled across it blurring as tears welled up in her eyes. She had been so confident, so certain that she could control everything in her life, but now she felt like she was standing on the edge of a cliff, with Kyle's hand ready to push her over.

'Fine. I have no one else to turn to anyway.'

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