



191 The Saddest Outcome

"So, what now?" Kyle's low voice on the other end of the line sounded somewhat distant, muffled by the background city noise.

"Well, one problem solved," Samantha answered, getting comfortable in her car seat, "but don't let them go just yet. Especially that wench Penelope. Keep her there for a few more days just so that moron Jason really believes that I was not joking around."

"Very well," Kyle replied calmly, "and what about Tyler?"

Samantha paused, looking out of the car's window. She did not really care for the man and frankly, it would have been a lot better if he did not exist at all.

A dangerous thought was formed in her head right at that moment. "Get rid of him. And I mean it, Kyle. Make him disappear."

Kyle ended the call and let out a loud sigh. He turned his head to the right, looking at the smooth black rectangular of the building's intercom, trying to remember the numbers he had to punch in without looking back at his



phone.

"Mrs. Sanson," he finally said when Jason answered the intercom. "It's Kyle Marshall."

Jason buzzed him in right away and once Kyle entered his apartment, he immediately caught the faint scent of Samantha's perfume. He felt a little strange. After being involved in this drama for so long, he could actually recognize it.

"How did it go?" Kyle asked the man, taking a seat on the couch.

Jason slid a small black flash drive towards him and sighed. "I placed the camera inside the picture frame on the TV stand just like you told me. I haven't checked the footage yet but I think it should be fine."

Kyle nodded, hiding the flash drive in the pocket of his blazer. "Thank you, Mr. Sanson. The compensation for your assistance is already being wired to the separate account."

He then studied Jason's worried, pale face, and shook his head as if to dismiss his concern.

"Don't worry, Penelope is fine and is taken care of. I have to keep her there to make sure Samantha does not suspect anything."

All Jason could do was nod. "I understand..."

"Tyler is going to be sent away under strict supervision so you won't have to worry about him as well. As for a kid... Just like we discussed, I will take him too and send him to a good orphanage where he will have everything that he needs while growing up. He will be receiving aid from Amelie Bennett's new charity funds."

Jason nodded again, still unable to contribute to this discussion. Kyle shifted uncomfortably in his seat before adding, "There is one last thing I need from you, Mr. Sanson... The child's birth certificate to register his name and the DNA test results for... the developing case."

The man was reluctant to speak again. Then, he looked Kyle directly in the eyes and sighed.

"I will provide you with the DNA test results but there is no birth certificate. Samantha never bothered to get one; the child has no name."

Now it was Kyle's turn to be silent.

It was rather upsetting if not entirely heartbreaking.

'She did not even bother to give him a name. No one did. If this is not the saddest outcome of it



all, then what is? 3

Liam left his signature on the last document and closed the folder, slumping heavily into his chair.

"The last one for today--finally! What about you? Still working?"

He leaned over to Amelie's side, peeking over her shoulder as she continued to type something on her tablet. He pouted as his wife did not answer immediately.

"I can actually feel you pouting," she finally said, fighting back a smile, "let me finish this email first."

"Is this about the Christmas benefit?"

Amelie nodded and locked the tablet screen, setting it aside.

"Yes. I think it would be better to have it at our mansion, won't you agree? The dining hall joined with the living room makes a great banquet space, it's definitely enough to fit all the guests. With the Emerald Hotel's venue reserved for the Christmas party for guests, I think it's a good idea."



Liam tried to feign enthusiasm but it was clear that he was still somewhat upset.

"It's the benefit preparations now... Thanks to that bitch Samantha Clark, we could not even have our little vacation and now we are so busy again..."

Amelie smiled at her husband's puppy-like expression, offering him a light pat on the head.

"Don't pout! Once the deal with Einar's company is finalized and all the wheels are set in motion, we will have a lot more free time on our hands. And I will make sure to plan a nice vacation just for the two of us."

"Just for the two of us..." Liam repeated Amelie's words under his breath, pushing his chair closer and hugging his wife's waist. He then nestled his chin on her shoulder while gently caressing her stomach as he continued. "Yes, the two of us, still. But once you get pregnant, there will be no more work for you! I will pamper you so much, that you will forget what work is!"

Amelie laughed at the man's cuteness, flicking his forehead lightly in a gentle attempt to scold him.

"I will not be one of those women who only sit

around the house all day. I will work while I can, I can guarantee you that much!"

Liam ignored her scolding, kissing his wife on the neck as he hugged her tighter.

Amelie sighed and covered his hands with hers, the warmth of his skin spreading all over her body.

'He seems very enthusiastic about having a child... In the past, I thought he was rather immature to have his own family, but the more I learned about him, the more tender and caring he seemed. I guess he can make a very good father... I really hope I will get pregnant this time.'