

193 Hidden Things

"Tina," Samantha motioned for the housekeeper to approach her desk, her expression cold and serious. "I have noticed that you are quite a diligent worker and your loyalty to me is truly appreciated." 1

Tina only nodded politely, her face expressionless as always. "Thank you, Mrs. Clark. I am simply doing my job."

"The agency had only good things to say about you, I am glad I listened."

Samantha leaned back in her chair, and tapped her fingers on the desk for a while, staring down the woman standing before her.

It was true that Tina was a remarkable employee: she was quiet, efficient, obedient, and loyal. She only spoke when she had to and did everything she could to appease her employers.

Among all the others she had hired before or after, Samantha was only truly happy with this choice.

"I need you to do something for me," Samantha finally spoke again. "A piece of jewelry was stolen

from me and I need it back."

"I beg your pardon?" Tina instantly recalled Rebeccah being falsely accused of stealing from Samantha too and wanted to see where the woman was going with yet another one.

Ignoring the housekeeper's slightly worried expression, Sam continued with a nod. "Yes, a necklace. A heart-shaped locket, to be precise. I suspect that our new guest, the ballerina girl, has stolen it from me because I saw her wearing it at a party not so long ago."

She then paused for a few seconds to assess Tina's reaction, but the woman turned expressionless once more. Samantha took it as a sign to continue.

"Anyway, I don't want to cause a ruckus, the girl is just poor and does not know any better, so... Just get it back for me quietly and the matter will be forgotten."

Tina hesitated. If Samantha indeed did not want to cause a ruckus, why wouldn't she just resolve the matter on her own?

"That girl only treats her with animosity, I have never seen her act rudely to anyone else... I don't like this, but I have to comply if I want to save

my job.'

"I understand," she finally replied out loud, "I will do it, Mrs. Clark."

"Thank you, Tina!" Samantha smiled, pushing a thin white envelope across the surface of her desk. "This is a little extra for you. Don't be shy and accept it; I do not offer money to those who don't deserve it."

The next afternoon, Samantha was having tea and reading a magazine when she heard a familiar knock on the door.

"Come in!" She exclaimed enthusiastically as she realized it was Tina.

"Mrs. Clark, I've got it," the woman stepped inside carefully, making her way toward her rocking chair with quiet precision. She then placed a folded white handkerchief on Samantha's lap, and took a step back, looking down at her with an empty gaze.

Samantha looked at the folded piece of fabric, her heart pounding in her chest.

She set the magazine back on the small table next to her, her long fingers reaching for the

handkerchief. *'Let's see...'*

Just as she expected, inside the folded fabric was the gold locket she had seen previously on Daphne.

Bringing it closer to her face, Samantha's eyes narrowed as they noticed the very same detail in the middle of it which piqued her curiosity the night before.

'It's a hole!'

Quickly, she opened the voluminous locket and almost gasped in shock.

"It's a fucking camera..."

Tina flinched as she heard Sam utter those words but looked away to avoid getting involved in whatever was about to occur.

Samantha was both furious and lost.

'Does this mean the bitch was filming me every time we met?! She was rude to me first so I don't think it means anything, but...'

Then, her eyes rounded in shock. "The beach! She filmed everything that happened there!"

Samantha clenched the locket inside her palm so hard, she would have broken it if she had the

strength. Her brain still refused to believe it--a spy in her house! And she has been filming everything in secret this whole time!

'Amelie... It was definitely her idea! Who else? I can't believe it!'

Gritting her teeth in rage, Samantha shifted her burning dark eyes back to the housekeeper, almost hissing at her. "Look for it. Turn the whole house upside down if needed, but get every single one of them!"

"I'm sorry?" Startled, Tina found herself lost for a moment.

Samantha threw the locket on the floor and stomped her foot on top of it several times until it cracked and the camera inside it broke. "Find every single hidden camera in this house and destroy it! Well? What are you waiting for?! Move!"

She yelled at Tina and pointed her trembling finger at the door, prompting the woman to bow nervously and run out of the room.

"How dare she..? How dare she do something like this to me?! That fucking bitch! Both of them!"

While Samantha continued to fume with rage, Tina gathered the maids and instructed them to look through every nook and cranny of the mansion in search of hidden cameras or any other recording devices.

The entire house was literally turned upside down.

Couch cushions, tablecloths, vases, bookshelves, paintings, curtains... The maids went through every single piece of the mansion's interior looking for hidden cameras like they were some sort of treasures.

As the house continued to buzz with commotion, Tina stood at the top of the stairwell, placing her hands on both sides of a large golden picture frame. She moved it slightly and immediately saw something that resembled a black ink dot sticking from beneath the top of the frame and blending perfectly with the painting inside it.

'Another one...'

The woman's fingers reached for the device almost automatically but then she suddenly stopped, moving her hand away from the frame.

She was now facing a huge dilemma: she could remove it and destroy it, just like her mistress



wanted to, but she could also leave it behind, giving Daphne one last opportunity to do something good with it.

Somehow, she hated herself for what her heart forced her to do.

Adjusting the frame back to its original position, Tina sighed, and started walking down the stairs. 2

"Alright, staircase is clean."

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