

## 195 I Will Do Anything

*'No, this is not it either... God, so many documents! Why does he keep it all in here?'*

Daphne continued to go through Richard's study, carefully rummaging through his things in search of the documents she needed.

Unfortunately, even after so many long minutes already spent on that task, she had yet to find what she was looking for.

*'Of course, he would not keep such a dangerous document in an obvious place but still... It has to be somewhere here. Why else would he keep this room locked all the time? Even Mrs. Bennett never knew the passcode!'*

Growing annoyed, Daphne continued to look through Richard's things, throwing nervous glances at the man who was still fast asleep, snoring quietly on the couch.

At last, the girl touched one of the thick books that stood in a perfect line on the top shelf of his bookcase and her eyes widened in bewilderment as the wide spine of its black cover reacted to her touch with a brief artificial glimmer.

*'It's not a book, it's a small safe!'*

Indeed, once Daphne pulled the "book" out, she realized that it was simply a book-shaped electronic case with several touch sensors all around it.

*'Wow, who would have thought... I bet Mrs. Bennett's will is inside! But how do I open it? I don't think I can just steal the whole box...'*

She started frantically fidgeting with the box in search of at least some indication of a lock. Finally, as her fingers brushed over the back cover of the bizarre book, a small screen on its spine glimmered briefly, and Daphne grinned.

*'A fingerprint lock!'*

Holding the box in her slightly trembling hands, the girl quietly approached sleeping Richard and carefully grabbed his right hand, pulling it toward the small touchscreen. 2

To her delight, the first finger she tried worked, and the box responded with a quiet beep, indicating that it was unlocked.

*'Fantastic! Now let us see what you have in here.'*

Daphne opened the lid and pulled out a few folded documents, quickly scanning their contents with squinting eyes.





*'I found it! God, I really found it!'*

The girl's heart began to beat faster from that little triumph but she had no time to enjoy her success. Not willing to waste her time, she took all of the documents and hid them in her bra, closing the box and placing it back where she had found it.

'Kyle is going to be here soon, I can give it to him then.'

Daphne was about to leave the room when she almost shrieked in surprise as she was abruptly grabbed her the hand.

"Mr--Mr. Clark?!"

She stammered, pressing her free hand against her chest while Richard sat up on the couch, looking around the room, half-dazed.

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm... Well, I was on my way to the kitchen when I saw you sleeping here, so... I just wanted to check if you were okay!" Daphne tried to come up with a believable lie but it seemed like Richard did not even try to listen to her explanation.

Instead, he looked down at an empty bottle of

whiskey and sighed, finally releasing the girl's hand and wiping his face, groaning. "Thanks, I'm fine."

He then tried to get up from the couch but swayed to the side, and fell heavily back on its leather surface. To Daphne's surprise, he let out a hearty chuckle, slapping himself on the forehead.

"Looks like I'm not fine after all. Could you help me get to my bedroom?"

"Uhm..." Daphne hesitated. She was glad that Richard did not suspect her of anything due to his drunken state, but she was not sure whether helping him was such a good idea. She really did not want to face Samantha tonight.

Understanding her silence, Richard adjusted his position on the couch and nodded, letting out a loud, tired sigh. "I understand. Yeah, I guess I cannot walk even with your help. Alright, just leave me here and go."

Daphne sighed in relief and started walking toward the door. The moment she opened it, however, her eyes widened in shock, her entire body freezing--Samantha was standing right in front of her.

Looking over the girl's shoulder, her face turned dark with rage as she made an assumption of what might have happened there.

"Come here!" Samantha hissed at Daphne, struggling to remain calm. The girl stepped into the hallway and closed the door, ready to listen to Sam's cursing but instead, Samantha grabbed Daphne by the hair and started pulling her towards the stairs.

"You fucking slut! I knew it! I knew you would try something like this--that's all bitches like you are capable of!"

"Let me go, you psycho bitch! I did not do anything!" Daphne tried to free herself from the woman's grip but even when she dug her sharp nails into the skin of Samantha's wrist, the woman did not let go.

"First spying on me, then seducing my husband... Was it Amelie Bennett who told you to do all that, huh? Of course, you two sluts must think alike!"

"Don't bring Mrs. Bennett into this, you idiot!"

Samantha finally stopped at the top of the staircase, her face beetroot-red, her chest heaving with rage. She pulled the girl closer,



tightening her grip on her hair, and hissed again. "I warned you to behave, didn't I? I could have overlooked your pathetic attempt to spy on me, but I would never allow anyone to touch what is mine."

Then, she looked down at the bottom of the staircase and grinned somewhat menacingly.

"An aspiring ballerina, huh? I wonder what a fall from this height might end up doing to your career?"

"What?"

Daphne's eyes widened in shock while her lips trembled from the frightening realization. She was ready for her violence but she had no idea Samantha could be *this* wicked.

"You won't do it," she narrowed her eyes at Sam, trying to call her bluff, but Samantha only widened her grin, her voice dripping like venom as she pushed the girl down. 1

"I will do anything."