

## The Divorced Heiress Is Getting Married Again Chapter 28

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Samantha had been awake since five in the morning. Once Richard left the mansion, she couldn't get back to sleep again. In fact, for the last few days, she didn't feel like she could rest at all.

Locked in her bedroom, she paced back and forth, nervously biting her nails. Meeting Jason Sanson still bothered her immensely. But what troubled her most

was the ruthless lie she had told Richard about her relationship with Jason and her career at one of his

hostess bars.

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*"This won't do," she thought to herself, I need to settle*

*this once and for all."*

She grabbed her phone and started scrolling through her contacts. After she left the bar, she didn't remove

any of her old connections; instead, she changed their names in case someone would go through her phone looking for something to use against her.

Jason Sanson was hidden behind the name "Jennifer".

"Ugh," she groaned loudly, "I don't want to do this, but I

have no choice."

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Clearing her throat with a short cough, Samantha pressed the call button next to the name and Jason picked up almost right away as if he was aiting for

her call.

"Sam! Took you long enough, I was about to call you myself."

"What? Never mind... Let's meet today. We need to

talk."

The man on the other line smirked.

"The Blue Rooster restaurant in District A, meet me there in an hour." Jason hung up right away, without allowing her to reply. Annoyed, Samantha almost slammed her phone against the table and furrowed her brow in complete disgust.

Once again, her past had managed to catch up to her.

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Samantha arrived at the restaurant earlier than the

agreed time because she was afraid that coming late would only spoil her ex-boss's mood, and that was the last thing she needed. She kept staring at the door, nervously waiting for his arrival and once he entered

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more.

Jason took a seat across the table and picked up the menu, assessing Samantha's appearance with a cunning grin.

"In the past, you would sit timidly at the table, pretending to be shy. And now, look at you, you're even wearing expensive clothes, it almost looks like you belong in here."

Samantha scowled at him, "Just order something quick, I don't want to waste my whole afternoon on you."

They remained quiet until their orders were finally placed on the table and when the waitress left, Samantha leaned over and said in an irritated tone,

"You said you were expecting my call, what did you mean by that?"

Jason set his fork aside and smirked, "You know better

than I do what I meant by that; you called me because you got scared that I know who your current lover is."

Samantha had to admit it his words made her even more anxious than she was before. This man truly knew too much of her secrets to simply leave be.

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"What do you want from me?" She decided to be straightforward and get it over with.

"The mayor has been under a lot of political pressure lately, I'm sure you knew about his new initiative. Unfortunately for me, it means that more than half of my establishments were closed, leaving me without quite a large chunk of income. And the ones that are still open have fewer customers now too."

Samantha raised her eyebrows, "And how is it any of my concern?"

"Oh, but it is!"

Still grinning, Jason placed his phone in the middle of the table and pointed his finger on its screen. There, Samantha saw a screenshot of a bank transfer note

which she recognized right away. It was the money Jason sent her several months ago.

"Rings any bells?" He almost sang that question.

*'Of course it does,' she thought, This is the money he paid me to get out of his brother's life.'*

"So what about it?" Samantha finally asked out loud. Jason clicked his tongue, "If you want me to keep my

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possible."

"Back? Have you already forgotten what this money was for?" She couldn't believe this man's udacity.

Jason could only laugh.

"How can I forget? This is the money **you** demanded to get the hell out of our lives. Or do you need a little reminder of what happened back then?"

Samantha's hand trembled as she wrapped her thin fingers around the fork. If she could, she could have jammed it right into the man's neck and walked out, never looking back again. Her body was shaking with the sickening blend of both fear and rage.

Mr. Sanson was clearly satisfied to see her genuine reaction. It was all he expected from their meeting to let her understand that no matter where she went, there would always be things that she would never be able to leave behind. Because she dared to mess with the wrong people.

Chewing on a juicy piece of red meat, Jason pulled the phone back to his plate and continued carelessly, "So, just to make sure we're on the same page, let me refresh your memory now. You drugged my brother,

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slept with him, and when you got pregnant with his child, you demanded money for an abortion. Am I missing anything?"

Samantha's face grew significantly pale and Jason savored every second of her soaring distress. Stabbing yet another piece of meat with his fork, he continued, his eyes firmly fixed on her distorted face, "You got the money, but nine months later, you came back to him with a baby in your hands and claimed you would sue him. This," he pointed at the phone with his chin, "Was the money you asked for to get rid of the child and get the fuck out of our sight.">

Samantha patiently waited for him to finish, then finally answered through gritted teeth, "I did what I was paid for. The child was gone and so was I."

Calmly, Jason set his silverware aside, padded a white napkin over his lips, then leaned over the table closer to the woman, and said in a low, warning tone, "Au contraire. The child is in my house right now, Samantha."

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