

45 Rendezvous

Liam rolled over on his bed yet another time and let out a loud, dramatic sigh. He had been in the state ever seen he returned from his walk with Mrs. Ashford last night and evident from the dark circles under his eyes, he hadn't slept since. 1

When Austin Hall came to do some work with him in his suite, Liam's sole activity was just that -- rolling over his messy bed and sighing in a tragic manner. 2

Already used to his childish behavior, Austin tried to work regardless, however, after yet another dramatic sigh, his patience finally vanished. With one annoyed movement, he threw the pen on the table and shot his boss a burning glare, "Mr. Bennett, what is wrong with you today? Are you a Renaissance lady dumped by her lover or something? What's with all this dramatic distress?" 2

Finally, Liam stopped his rolling and groaned into the pillow, half of his words drowning in it as he answered, "I think I might have accidentally

ruined my relationship with Miss Ashford."

Austin joined his hands on top of the table and raised his eyebrows, "What do you mean? What the hell did you do this time?"

Liam sighed again and rolled over to his back, spreading his limbs as if he were to start making a snow angel.

"Kyle told her some nonsense about me and when she started asking questions, I got all defensive and came off as rude and suspicious. Now I think she would create a distance between us because she doesn't trust me anymore..." 1

Austin shook his head in disappointment and returned to his tasks. "Don't be ridiculous, she probably just took it as your usual antics. And to be completely honest with you, she should have distanced herself from you a long time ago. I'm a bit disappointed in her at this point." 2

"Tsk!"

Annoyed at his assistant's lack of support, Liam threw a pillow at him and hit him in the head, messing up his hair and knocking off his glasses.

He then rolled over on the bed again and instructed Austin in a grumpy tone,

"Get out. And take that stinky dog with you, I would like to have at least one day where my surroundings don't smell like dog fur."

Austin put his glasses back on his nose and looked down at Captain Pantaloons who looked back up at him. The two of them tilted their heads to the side almost in unison as if questioning Mr. Bennett's sanity, while the latter filled the room with another string of sighs once again.

"I didn't expect you to call me up so soon. Not gonna lie, I'm pleasantly surprised."

Jason Sanson placed a glass of water back on the restaurant table and curled his lips into a wide grin, offering Samantha an excited expression.

Miss Blackwood was not in the mood to share his excitement. Covering a white envelope with a napkin, she slid it across the table, closer to Jason's plate, and then carefully looked around the restaurant to make sure no one was there to

see it.

She chose this place on purpose -- it was a simple diner that served unsophisticated dishes, thus, she was sure that their rendezvous would go unnoticed by those from Richard's surroundings.

The man hid the envelope under the table and discreetly checked its contents, another sly smirk forming on his face. "You better bring me more next time, this is barely enough to cover the interest that I've added."

Samantha answered through gritted teeth. "I'm working on it, alright? Anyway, this is actually not for the money I owe you, I need you to do me a favor."

Jason leaned back in his chair and hid the envelope inside his jacket. "So I see you are finally taking me seriously, Sam. Probably the smartest thing you've done so far. Alright, what do you need?"

"I need you to use your connections to spread some dirt about Elizabeth Gilmore."

Mr. Sanson remained silent for a minute,

thinking over her request, and then arched his eyebrow, "Gilmore? The daughter of the biggest media conglomerate? They have control over every major newspaper and journal in this country, do you really think they won't filter any bad rumor about their daughter?"

Samantha rolled her eyes. "That's why I reached out to you. I don't need this to go to the media they own. I want this to be a full-blown rumor spread by people themselves. You know, talks, speculations, mere gossip. No official or *removable* traces left."

Jason scratched his chin, thinking about her words. He did have some people who could make certain rumors blow out, and with his girls being in "relationships" with some influential individuals, it wouldn't take a lot of time before they spread these rumors to their wives; men were even worse gossipers than women after all. And if something were to go awry, he would have yet another thing to hold over Samantha's head and blackmail her with it.

Before he could agree, he decided to ask, "I thought your goal was to dethrone Amelie Ashford, what did Elizabeth Gilmore do to you?"

Samantha was finally able to smile too.

"Everything is related, Mr. Sanson. If I destabilize her surroundings, Mrs. Ashford will shift her attention from me which will allow me more freedom to do what I need to do. Moreover, if I contribute to resolving the scandal later on, everyone will change their opinion of me which will only play into my hands." 1

"Women are scary creatures when they have an important goal in mind!" The man laughed and clapped his hands theatrically. "I guess the concept of survival of the fittest applies to you more than to men in this day and age. When will you girls learn to support one another instead of trying to destroy yourselves?" 4

Still laughing, he rose to his feet and added, "Alright. I see what I can do. However, this is a very delicate job so I will need more money in another week. Only after I get it, I'll set all the wheels in motion."

Samantha clicked her tongue in irritation. "You greedy leech." 1

Mr. Sanson nodded and almost sang as he left, "Birds of a feather flock together, my dear Sam.

Ciao!"

Comment ¹³

View All >



Leave the first comment for this chapter.



Vote



Fandom



Send Gift