

46 Finally, Some Good News

Samantha's eyes remained glued to the exit of the diner, even though Jason had left quite some time ago. An unsettling feeling of uneasiness gripped her heart, and her body trembled with tension. ¹

Without realizing it, she put her thumb between her lips and began nervously biting her nail.

'I need to find the money to pay Jason off as soon as possible. That way, he won't have anything to blackmail me with. The only problem is the baby... Tyler promised he would take care of it with his connections in the black market. I specifically left him a lot of money for the job, but that stupid idiot decided to play games with me too.' ²

Truthfully, she wouldn't care about the kid if she hadn't made one grave mistake when she left her apartment.

'How could I be so reckless? If only Tyler hadn't betrayed me like that... The DNA test result has my name on it, proving I'm the child's mother.'

Otherwise, Jason wouldn't have anything on me. Ugh! This is infuriating!

Samantha rubbed her forehead with both hands, her elbows resting on the table as she cradled her face.

'If there's no more baby... then after I pay him off, he won't have anything to hang over my head. But as long as he has it, who knows how long he'll keep blackmailing me? He might end up stalking me until I die. Or until he dies...'

Miss Blackwood let out a long exhale, as if she had been holding her breath all this time.

'Keeping the kid in his house was a smart decision. If he had sent it to an orphanage instead, I would have found a way to get it from there myself and get rid of it... Ugh, why on earth did that idiot Tyler have to sober up and go to Jason? He ruined everything!'

Her situation was incredibly desperate. She had made numerous mistakes while chasing her chance at a better life, and now it felt as though they were all conspiring against her to deliver some sort of poetic justice. 1

But Samantha didn't believe in karma. If there truly were a concept of "an eye for an eye," people like her wouldn't exist. Instead, she knew she had to do whatever it took to survive. 1

'Jason was right—out there, it's survival of the fittest. And I'll step over anyone to ensure I survive.' 2

Amelie lazily scrolled through the large spreadsheet opened on her computer while her eyes refused to focus and absent-mindedly traveled over its contents. Anna, her assistant, was sitting across her desk and answering her boss' emails on her laptop.

Mrs. Ashford found it difficult to concentrate on her tasks because she kept replaying the conversations she had with both Kyle Marshall and Liam. She tried to convince herself that neither of them had any real meaning behind them but she still couldn't help feeling nervous.

At last, her anxiety took over and she turned to her assistant.

"Anna, what do you know about Mr. Liam

Bennett?"

Anna shifted her eyes from the laptop screen to Mrs. Ashford and took a moment to think about her question. She recalled all the information she had to collect on the Bennett family before Liam's arrival so that Amelie could be on top of things, but Amelie ended up never requesting it.

She started with a thoughtful hum, "Hmm... Frankly, there isn't much official information about him, mostly just rumors. He was sent to a boarding school in Switzerland as a child, then he dropped out of several universities abroad before finally settling at Professor Stieg's University to earn his business degree--"

Amelie didn't let her finish. "Professor Stieg's University? That's where Richard and I studied too. Since we never met him there, it makes sense that he graduated only this year... a coincidence? Well... What else, Anna?"

"Let's see... He hasn't been involved in any business matters concerning the company before; the Diamond Group was managed by Mr. Bennett senior and Liam's older brother, so I'm not sure about his professional reputation."

Amelie nodded. She knew that Liam was supposed to assume the role of the company's director only this year, and given his history of moving from university to university, it made sense that Oscar Bennett hadn't involved him in business matters before.

Now, she was curious about his personal relationships.

"What about his relationship with Kyle Marshall? They appear publicly as friends, but is that really the case?"

Anna tapped her fingers on the desk, sifting through the intricate web of information stored in her memory before finally replying, "They have been spotted together numerous times in clubs and bars abroad in the past. From the pictures I've seen, they seemed quite friendly."

Yes, that was their public image—they were friends. Yet somehow, Amelie was still not entirely convinced of the genuineness of their connection.

"Alright, thank you, Anna."

"Anytime, Mrs. Ashford."

Miss Hayden returned to her tasks, then suddenly her face lit up with excitement as she exclaimed, "Mrs. Ashford, great news! The orphanage just sent us an email; the girl you were sponsoring got accepted into a ballet school in France!"

Amelie instantly felt better upon hearing this. "Really? Brittany got accepted?"

It was fantastic news. Mrs. Ashford adored ballet and always regretted that the late Mrs. Clark never allowed her to take lessons. Therefore, when she started her charity work, she made sure to provide the kids in the orphanages she sponsored with all kinds of classes, including dance and ballet. 2

In addition, once a year, she selected a talented and hard-working girl who expressed a genuine desire to learn ballet professionally, granting her a fully paid scholarship to one of the best ballet schools in France.

This year, her protege was Brittany, and Amelie was thrilled that she had been accepted.

Mrs. Ashford finally relaxed and offered her assistant a relieved smile. "I need to go and

personally congratulate her in the next few days. Anna, please find a timeslot in my schedule for tomorrow and reserve a few hours for my visit to the orphanage."

"Right away, Mrs. Ashford."

Amelie leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes, her heart beating faster with excitement. *'This is wonderful news. Finally, some good news.'*

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