

48 There Is Nothing To Blackmail Me With

"Richard! You're finally home! I missed you!" 1

The moment Richard entered his mansion, Samantha greeted him as if she had been waiting for him all this time right next to the door.

Usually, when she was there to wait for him like a loving wife in the old cliché movies, Richard felt a sense of relief after a long and busy day. Today, however, even her bright smile couldn't erase the serious and somewhat gloomy expression from his face.

"What's the matter?" Samantha couldn't help but express her concern. She didn't like it when Richard looked so serious in her company. After all, her sole role in this was to make him feel better than he did with his wife.

The man looked down at her with his dark eyes and said coldly, "Follow me to my office, Sam, we need to talk."

Miss Blackwood got scared; these words never meant anything good, especially to someone like



her. Nevertheless, she made an effort to look composed and did what she was asked to.

When the two of them got to Richard's office, he went straight for the minibar and poured himself a glass of whiskey while Samantha took a seat on his leather couch. Mr. Clark stood with his back to the woman and began, "I checked the account that I have made for you, you withdrew quite a lot of cash from it. You don't like to pay with a card?"

His question seemed like an interrogation and it made Samantha anxious. She tried to conceal it with a wide smile and began to explain,

"Well, my yoga instructor has a small studio, it's pretty new so he still hasn't installed the proper charging system there..."

Richard finally turned around and pierced her with his sharp glare. "What's the name of that studio? I forgot."

The cogs in Samantha's mind started to work frantically as she tried to remember any small yoga studio she had ever seen in the city. Unfortunately, just like it always happened in desperate situations, her brain refused to



provide her with one so she had no choice but to come up with a name of her own. "Well... it's called the Morning Star studio." 1

Richard smiled and leaned his arm against his bookcase. "That's a pretty name. Where is it located?"

Samantha was beginning to feel frustrated. 'Why is he asking me all these questions? Is he suspecting me of something? He said I could use that money for whatever I want so why the third degree all of a sudden?'

Regaining her composure, she let out a long exhale and faked a convincing smile. "Why? Do you want to go there with me next time?"

The notes of innocence in her voice made Richard chuckle. He walked up to the couch and took a seat next to Sam, setting his whiskey glass on the glass coffee table. "I know you've met Jason Sanson the other day, Sam."

Miss Blackwood felt her insides tie in hundreds of tiny knots while her blood felt so cold, it was about to cut through her veins. If someone had told her that the whole world was about to be swallowed by an earthquake, she would have

believed it without hesitation -- that was how much her body was trembling at that very moment.

'How on Earth did he find out about that? Does he have someone following me around? I made sure to choose a shabby place away from the city center, I didn't see anything suspicious...'

She wanted to try and explain herself but Richard spoke first. "Samantha... Is Jason Sanson trying to blackmail you with anything?"

The woman widened her eyes at him
"B-blackmail me? God, Richard, there is really nothing to blackmail me with! The rumors that I was a prostitute have already died out and trust me, I have absolutely nothing else to hide."

Samantha was prepared to defend herself further when Richard surprised her with his next words. "Sam, I told you I would help you so you can tell me everything. What's going on between you two? If he's causing any trouble for you, I will help. You have to trust me for this to work."

The woman lowered her eyes and clenched her fists. No, for this to work, she couldn't tell him

everything.

'Yes, you all like to feed us with promises and ask us to trust you but in the end, it all comes to nothing but ultimate betrayal. I can't be stupid anymore. No, there will be no trust. If I have to remain fake to secure my future, this is what I'll be, Richard.' 1

With another long sigh, she decided to go with yet another lie just to be safe, "I trust you, Richard, but... well, to be honest, I felt a little embarrassed..."

Richard offered her a surprised expression. "Embarrassed?"

Samantha nodded. "You see, back in the hostess bar I worked at, I had a very good friend. A very nice and kind girl who got into that business because of her family's debt. I learned that she got pregnant because one of the clients was not careful enough and both Mr. Sanson and that man refused to pay her to take care of her baby.

I couldn't reach her myself so I asked Mr. Sanson to give her some money that you gave me because I understand what it feels like to be abandoned and completely alone. I'm sorry,



Richard, I should have asked you first but the moment I heard about it, my heart was broken."

Mr. Clark sighed and rubbed his stinging eyes. 1

"Aren't you scared that Mr. Sanson will just pocket this money for himself?" 1

"N-no, he won't, I know that for a fact! Why would he? This money is just pocket change for someone like him, he is a very rich man, trust me!"

She looked at him carefully, assessing his reaction; Richard let out another heavy sigh, "Alright, I will let it slide since you're so confident, but you have to promise me that if Mr. Sanson tries to make any shady moves, you will tell me everything, can you promise me that?"

Samantha nodded in relief. "Yes, I promise."

