



55 One Little Thing

Once he was done with his tests, Richard rushed to see Samantha before he had to go back to the office. 1

He gently knocked several times on the door to her hospital room and her soft voice invited him inside.

"Hey, how are you doing?"

Richard pulled a chair next to Samantha's bed and fell heavily on it, crossing his legs and leaning backward, demonstrating with his whole body that he was already exhausted. Sam shifted her body closer to the edge of the bed and placed her hand on top of his knee.

"I am fine but you, on the other hand, don't look good at all. Is something the matter?"

The man only nodded and let out a loud sigh.

"I'm fine, don't worry. So... What happened last night, Sam? Who the hell had the nerve to push you into the water?"

Samantha hesitated. It was Kyle Marshall who

found out about him and his connection to Elizabeth Gilmore so she wasn't sure if it was her place to blame him for getting angry at the rumors she spread around about them.

However, at the same time, having someone to finally protect her from everyone felt incredible. She wanted to savor that feeling.

"His name is Jonathan Radcliffe. I'm not sure why he got angry with me... We were having a simple conversation when he suddenly got mad... I guess he just had too much to drink."

Richard covered her hands with his and offered her a warm smile. "Don't worry, I'll take care of him. He won't bother anyone anymore."

Samantha turned on her skillful actress once again. "Hey, don't be so harsh with him tho! I'm sure he meant no real harm, he was probably just too drunk--" 1

Richard interrupted her as he planted a light kiss on her forehead. "You are too nice for your own good, Sam. But you still fail to understand the advantage of being close to someone like me. When someone dares to insult you or do you any wrong, I can get them punished for it. No doubt



about that."

Samantha reached her arms to envelop Richard in an affectionate hug. It was a nice feeling; finally, there was someone who was feeling to protect her; someone who didn't care what kind of background she was coming from. He was there to protect her. 3

'Well,' she thought to herself as she wrapped her hands tighter around Richard's shoulders.

'Maybe I can use all of this to my advantage after all. There is just one little thing I need to take care of.'

Richard left Samantha's room to get back to work, promising that he would visit her again tomorrow. Miss Blackwood didn't mind since she still had things to worry about that concerned Mr. Clark directly.

As if to demonstrate to her that she was in luck, the next morning, Dr. Bavel knocked on her door and entered the room.

"Miss Blackwood, you are looking a lot better today!" He greeted her with a cheerful

compliment as he approached her bed. "How is your headache today? Do you experience any symptoms related to... you know... your additional condition?" 1

Samantha felt a little shifty about that question. "No, nothing is bothering me, Mr. Bavel, I'm alright."

While the doctor was busy filling her chart and asking her additional questions, one of the nurses entered the room and marched straight to him, wearing a somewhat discreet expression on her face.

She leaned a little closer to the man and said quietly, "Mr. Bavel, the Clark-Ashford fertility tests are ready at the lab pick-up station." 2

'A fertility test?' Samantha arched her eyebrows as she heard the nurse. *'Why is he checking that? Is he known to have some issues?'*

Since she was already pregnant, if Richard indeed had registered trouble conceiving, it would be quite difficult to convince him that the child was his. If she wanted to succeed with her plan this time, she had to be sure that there would be no mishaps in the process.

The doctor nodded and smiled briefly. "Alright, thank you, Hanna. I'll finish my round and take care of it."

The nurse nodded at both the doctor and Samantha and left the room. Miss Blackwood felt her hair stand on their ends.

'The lab pick-up station, huh? I think I know where it is.'

Once Dr. Bavel disappeared behind the door of another VIP room, Samantha couldn't waste any more time. Discreetly, she rushed down to the first floor where the laboratory was located and quickly started frantically running from door to door in search of the one she needed.

Finally, she found the pick-up station that had Richard's chart in it.

'Alright, let's see what it says here.'

Samantha scanned the page with the test results under Richard Clark's name and widened her eyes as the news registered inside her brain. 3

'Infertile.' 3



The word flashed before her eyes in huge red letters like a warning sign.

'It can't be...' She ran her eyes over it again and again but nothing changed; Richard couldn't conceive; he was infertile. 4

'What the hell am I supposed to do now?' Miss Blackwood felt her knees giving in so she leaned against the wall, seeking some support. *'If I am pregnant... No, damn it! Tyler's child?! No!'* 1

She tugged at her own hair in frustration nearly dropping the charts on the floor.

'No! If I want to stay with Richard, this has to be his child! I have to do something... Anything!'

Desperate, Samantha returned to the pick-up station and yanked the test results that belonged to others. She rummaged her fingers through them, looking for the verdict that she needed and she finally found it.

'Yes! This couple has a healthy husband and an infertile wife! Awesome, now all I need is to just switch their names.' 5

With careful precision, she took off a white



sticker with the other person's name and put Richard's name instead. She repeated the same thing with Amelie's sticker until the results matched the ones she needed.

'Good. This should do it.' 2

Samantha exhaled in relief and hid the nameless papers underneath her hospital attire. All she had to do now was to throw them away somewhere outside the hospital and the deal was done. 1

Now, she only needed a good opportunity to reveal to Richard that she was pregnant with "his" baby.