

## 75 A Diabolical Plan

"Look who finally dared to show her face to the public!" 1

Penelope threw her black sunglasses on the coffee shop's table and took a seat, grinning at Samantha with her thin rosy lips. The latter frowned; it looked like looking down on people like her was in the Sanson family's nature but she couldn't let herself get bothered by it today.

Today, she had something more important to take care of.

"You look different, Sam. I would have assumed that getting a new sugar daddy would do you some good but I swear, you look somewhat worse now... What is it? I can't really put my finger on it."

The girl leaned closer and examined Samantha with narrowed eyes. Sam recoiled, grabbed a glass of juice from the table, and pulled it closer to her face to cover herself with it.

*"This pregnancy is being a little too harsh on me... I tried to apply makeup in a way that*



*wouldn't get Richard's attention but this little bitch still managed to notice my condition. Ugh!*

Shaking her head to dispel the annoying thoughts, Samantha crossed her arms in front of her chest and finally replied, "I didn't ask you to meet just so that you could throw your childish insults at me. Amelie Ashford. Is it true that she chose you to help you prepare for the upcoming cotillion?"

Penelope almost choked on her own glass of juice as her chest shook from a fit of laughter.

"My uncle was right, you **are** scared of Amelie Ashford getting closer to me! Why? Are you afraid I would spill the tea about you?"

Samantha's only reply was a displeased grimace and Penelope liked it. "Well, you should be scared. After all, you have dug your own grave and it is my family who is still trying to prevent you from falling into it face down!"

Samantha clenched her fists with anger. Now not only was Jason rubbing it in her face, but even his fat niece was laughing at her and treating her as if she were nothing but a piece of trash.



Still, no matter how annoying it was, she had to admit that there was nothing she could do but follow the rules of their game. At least for now.

Letting out a long sigh, she leaned over the table too, and furrowed her eyebrows. "What will it take to make you keep your mouth shut?"

Penelope curled her thin lips into another arrogant smirk. "A dress."

"What?" Samantha couldn't believe that it could be that easy with this girl.

The latter explained. "I know that all the debutants are getting really expensive designer dresses for the ceremony. I want one too but neither my uncle nor my parents will spend so much money on a single dress. I want you to buy me one instead."

*'A dress?' Sam brought her right hand to her chin. 'If it's a very expensive dress, then I would see how that moron Jason wouldn't get it for her. So all she wants is a dress, huh? I guess with kids it's a lot easier.'*

"Alright," Samantha nodded as she picked up her things from a chair next to her, preparing to



leave. "I'll get you a dress. Although..." she then looked the girl up and down and smirked. "Don't expect any of such dresses to look good on your horrible body."

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"A designer dress?" Kyle Marshall poured himself a glass of whiskey and offered another one to Samantha who immediately rejected it and took a seat on the couch in his hotel room.

The man flopped onto the opposite couch and tried to think.

"Hmm... Well, it is true. Since most of the girls are coming from rather wealthy families, they like to flaunt their family money in front of each other, especially since cotillion means that they all are becoming rivals now in the race of snatching an eligible fiance."

He took a light sip from the glass and added, "But why do you want to know about the particular dresses each girl is going to wear?"

Samantha offered Kyle a sly grin. "You were the one who told me to start acting like Amelie Ashford for people to start accepting me as one

of their own, and that is precisely what I am going to do."

"I don't follow," the man arched his eyebrows and Samantha continued. "I will get Penelope the same dress as one of the girls is going to wear to the ball. When people realize that a mistake was made, I will tell her that I had no idea that this would happen, I simply bought one of the most expensive dresses in the boutique. But I will save her debut by giving her a spare, no less expensive dress I bought 'just in case'."

Kyle set the whiskey glass back on the coffee table and started laughing, supporting the woman's cunning plan with a small round of applause.

"Bravo! You sure do learn fast, Miss Blackwood! This is indeed something Mrs. Ashford would do; what a diabolical plan!"

Samantha stretched her lips into a somewhat awkward and shy smile. She believed everything Kyle said and hearing him praise her made her feel a lot better about her scheme.

"There is only one problem, Miss Blackwood," Kyle interrupted her silent gloating and took a

seat beside her. "How are you supposed to get invited to this year's cotillion?"

Samantha faked another shy smile. "I was hoping you would help me with that, Mr. Marshall. You are so popular, you can get an invitation to any event, isn't that right?"

Kyle scoffed; her fake playfulness was truly amusing.

"Well, I can't argue with that... Alright, I'll see what I can do."

"Thank you, Mr. Marshall! You are the only person I can truly rely on! You are such a good friend!"

The man emptied his glass and nodded. "Yes, I am definitely a very good friend to some..." 1

As he approached the minibar and poured himself another drink, he suddenly turned back to Sam as if he remembered something important that he failed to tell her.

"By the way... Since you are already making such advancements in high society, I think it is time for you to make Mr. Clark work for you some





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