



## 87 Her Only Flaw

Samantha nervously bit the nail on her thumb and knitted her brows together, pacing back and forth inside the bedroom she was now sharing with Richard. Yesterday's unexpected events were weighing heavily on her mind and she couldn't help but feel extremely anxious which proved to be very taxing considering her current condition. 1

Exhausted and weak, she finally sank into the rocking chair Richard had bought specifically for her, placing her hands on her slightly rounded stomach.

"I don't understand this," she thought, "Why is she back here? According to the maids, she returned last evening, and Richard brought her to her bedroom. She hasn't left since."

Samantha glanced at the electric alarm clock on the bedstand next to Richard's side of the bed and noticed the time. It was already past noon.

"It's Saturday, so she doesn't really need to be at work today, but still... why would she spend the



night here? And Richard... he didn't sleep here last night either. The maid said he was working in his study all night, but now I'm getting suspicious."

This behavior was indeed alarming. With her being pregnant and Richard agreeing to her idea of creating a false account for her to convince everyone that she wasn't just a poor orphan but a hardworking and knowledgeable woman, she was certain that the ball had finally started rolling and it would only be a matter of time before Amelie would be completely out the door.

So what changed?

"I can't simply sit around and wait until my situation worsens. This anxiety will eat me alive. I need to talk to him."

Samantha stood in front of the door to Richard's study and took a deep breath. She rapped her knuckles lightly on the cold, dark wood, and a moment later, the man's low, raspy voice invited her to come in.

"Oh? It's you..."

The slight disappointment in his voice made





Samantha's insides tremble. Nevertheless, she decided to ignore the unwelcoming tone and offered Richard a warm smile.

"Were you expecting someone else?"

Richard glanced at his wristwatch, then moved his tired, bloodshot eyes back to the woman who had already seated herself on his lap, nestling into his arms.

"Miss Smith was supposed to bring me fresh coffee. I thought it was her."

Samantha pouted and brushed his disheveled hair back, revealing his forehead where her lips planted a tender kiss.

"The maid told me you have been cooped up here since yesterday. Is everything alright? Mrs. Ashford is also back here for some reason..."

"You don't need to worry about her, Sam. She is here because she got herself into trouble and I am simply looking out for her." 2

Samantha's eyes sparkled with a glimmer of hope. She was dying to know what was so bad that the perfect Amelie Ashford could have done

to get herself into such a situation but decided against asking any more questions about her. It was obvious that Richard was not in the right mood for that.

Instead, she placed his right hand on top of her stomach and smiled again. "Can you feel it? It's growing already. Slowly, but the bump is already forming. Can you believe it? It's still so tiny, but soon, it will be another human being. Our child." 1

Richard gently slid his palm over the woman's belly and couldn't help but smile. He still couldn't believe it; he would become a father. Strangely, this thought invited an unexpected contemplation to his exhausted mind.

*'If only it were Amelie...'* 2

The man then shifted his dark eyes back to Samantha and noticed her upset expression. His eyes widened. "What's wrong?"

"Well," she started quietly, "This is your child, but I can't help feeling bad for it. When he or she is born, people will look down on the baby because it's a bastard child. I know you will help me take care of it, you are a very kind and generous person after all... But people are waiting for Mrs.



Ashford's child, not mine. Even if her child is younger than mine, it will always be the first in everything."

Richard furrowed his brow. Samantha was not wrong; everyone, including him, was hoping that it would be Amelie, but she was unlucky; in all her life, being infertile was her only **flaw**. 2

The one flaw nobody could overlook.

A long sigh escaped Richard's lips and he smiled again.

"I wanted to wait a little more but I guess I might as well say it now. Amelie can't have children. She will never be able to give me an heir. Your... Our child will be the one. First one... in everything."

For some unknown reason, Richard found it difficult to utter those words calmly, but now, they were finally out there.

Samantha's heart started beating faster. Of course, she knew about Amelie; she was the one who switched her lab results after all, but she was unbelievably happy to know that it had finally worked out in her favor.



However, even though Richard acknowledged their child as his heir, it was still not enough.

*'Nothing stops him from tossing me aside when the child is born. With his money and connections, he might even get rid of me, leaving me penniless in the end. I need a more secure position.'*

She pouted again. "I feel bad for Mrs. Ashford but... I don't think she will agree to this. Don't you remember Mr. Harris and his ex-wife? She refused to accept that child, it was such a mess! Mrs. Ashford is a very proud woman, what if she does something to me because she is jealous?"

Now that Richard knew about Amelie's relationship with Liam Bennett, he, too, didn't exclude the idea of Amelie plotting something like that as well. Even if she would continue having an affair with that man, she couldn't become his wife because of her inability to conceive a child; Oscar Bennett would never allow it, especially since the Bennett family was already dying.

But if he were to plan this perfectly, then everything would turn out just the way he and



everybody else wanted. 1

Sliding the back of his hand over Samantha's rosy cheek, Richard then moved his eyes back to her stomach and finally said, "Don't worry, you and our child will be alright. Once you are my wife, you will be safe."

"Your wife?!" Samantha's voice trembled as she couldn't conceal her pleasant bewilderment. "Are you being serious?"

Richard only nodded. "Yes, Sam. I will divorce Amelie and marry you instead." 4