



196 You Are Not Coming Back

Tina was on her way to the kitchen to revise the shopping list--a routine activity she somehow had forgotten to do because her mind was unable to focus. 1

Walking past the staircase, she heard the commotion echoing loudly through the hallway, familiar female voices carrying an unmistakable tension that made her stomach twist with unease.

'Daphne and Mrs. Clark?'

The housekeeper paused at first, her ears straining to make sense of the distant shouts. It was unmistakably Samantha's voice, sharp and shrill, clashing with the colder, more controlled tone of Daphne.

They were arguing and it was clear that something was very wrong.

Tine pressed her back against the cold surface of the wall, peering out cautiously. The noise was coming from the top of the grand staircase, just beyond her line of sight. Every instinct told her to mind her own business, to stay hidden like she had learned to over the years working in

many other households, but something in her gut still made her move toward the sound.

Tina hovered at the edge of the staircase, tucked into the shadows where neither woman could see her.

At first, the housekeeper was rather surprised that Samantha was so bold in expressing her rage against the ballerina, but truthfully, the mansion was Samantha's safe domain.

Especially now that she was so sure that there was no longer anything to capture her wrongdoings.

With that sudden thought, Tina's mind raced back to the camera she had found earlier in the frame on the opposite wall, right in view of where the two women now stood. She had conflicting feelings about leaving it untouched at first, but now, it seemed like she had made the right choice after all.

'At least the camera would capture everything,' she told herself, trying to calm her nerves. But then, Samantha's voice rose in volume again, cutting through Tina's racing thoughts with chilling clarity.

"I warned you to behave, didn't I? I could have



overlooked your pathetic attempt to spy on me, but I would never allow anyone to touch what is mine! An aspiring ballerina, huh? I wonder what a fall from this height might end up doing to your career?"

Tina's breath caught in her throat, her pulse quickening.

For a split second, she found herself completely frozen, unsure if she had really heard what she thought she had.

But when she saw Samantha's cold eyes, her intentions became absolutely clear. And then, Sam really did it. She pushed Daphne down the stairs.

At that moment, Tina's body moved before her mind had time to process.

She bolted from her hiding spot, just as Samantha gave Daphne a hard shove.

The girl gasped and stumbled backward, her arms flailing as she fought to regain her balance on the steep steps.

Time seemed to slow as the housekeeper threw herself forward, her heart pounding in her ears with its deafening drumming.



She caught Daphne's arm just as the girl's feet slipped out from under her. But the momentum still carried them both down, and Tina's head slammed into the marble floor with a sickening thud.

And then, as if nothing even happened, the mansion fell silent again.

Groaning and rubbing her bruised arm, Daphne rolled over to her side, taking a brief moment to dispel the fear that clutched her entire body like a straightjacket. Then, she finally realized what had happened and swiftly sat up on her knees, turning her attention to the unconscious woman lying next to her.

'Oh God!'

The girl's eyes grew bigger the longer she looked at Tina, but her body refused to move at all. She then looked up at Samantha and the sight of her white face jolted her back to clarity.

As she turned around to face Tina again, Daphne realized that there was another witness to that disastrous incident.

Kyle appeared suddenly, his footsteps heavy as he rushed to the scene.



He stopped in his tracks when he saw the three women, his expression shifting from confusion to something darker, more calculating. He took it all in—the unconscious housekeeper, the trembling Samantha, and Daphne, who was crouched beside Tina, checking her pulse.

"What the hell happened here?" the man's voice was sharp yet nervous as he directed his question at Samantha, but the latter did not respond. She was too paralyzed by shock to do more than shake her head, her eyes wide and unfocused.

'So she feels fine ordering others to hurt people, but when she does it herself...'

Kyle frowned, dismissing that thought, and shifted his gaze to Daphne, who looked up at him with an expression of a lost child.

"What happened to her? Is she alive?"

The girl nodded briefly, "She is alive, but she needs to be taken to the hospital right away; she hit her head on the floor." 1

Her slow, almost unnaturally so, reply made Kyle feel extremely nervous again.

'If only I had come here a little earlier... I



promised Liam I would not let anything like this happen.'

Kyle's eyes narrowed and he could not help but let out a somewhat disappointed sigh.

He then moved to study Daphne's appearance, worried that she might have ended up getting hurt after all, but to his relief, the girl seemed fine.

"I will take the woman myself. Do you need to go to the hospital too?" He asked just in case; he still had to be cautious.

Daphne offered him a rather long, silent look before nodding. "Yes, I hurt my arm, I'd like to check it."

She then pulled her bruised arm closer to her chest, her thin long fingers slipping over her top and tugging at a small white corner of the folded documents she had hidden in her bra before the incident.

Kyle nodded understandingly, helping the girl get up from the floor. "Go outside and wait for me there," he said softly. "I'll take care of everything here first."

Without another word, Daphne walked toward



the front door, throwing one last glance over her shoulder at Samantha. The moment she was out of sight, Kyle bent down and carefully lifted Tina into his arms, cradling her like she weighed nothing.

"Go back to your room and don't do anything else. This never happened." He told Sam without even looking at her.

Samantha, who had been rooted in place up until now, finally seemed to find her voice again.

"Wait! What... What are you going to do?"

Kyle turned his head, looking at her with an unreadable expression. For a moment, he said nothing, carefully observing the woman's pale face, then sighed and shook his head. "I will take care of it. Just don't do anything else. It's enough."

Samantha's throat felt tight, her pulse racing as she watched Kyle effortlessly hold the unconscious Tina in his arms. Her hands trembled at her sides, her mind still reeling from what had just happened. The weight of her actions pressed down on her, making it hard to breathe.

"Kyle... I didn't mean for this to happen. I just—"



She broke off, her voice cracking as the realization of what she had done sank in.

Truthfully, she did not really care about either Tina or Daphne. Even if both of them got hurt, she would have found a way to cover it. Or rather, her husband would have done it for her. 1

What bothered her the most was the fact that Kyle witnessed her do that, and even though she was convinced that deep inside he was just as wicked as she was, this was something she would have preferred to leave unnoticed.

With another long exhale, Kyle cut her off with a cold look. "Just go back to your room and stay there. Don't do anything. Don't say anything. I will be back once this is taken care of."

He briefly looked at the large picture frame next to Samantha, then down at Tina again, turning around to walk out of the mansion.

Samantha's eyes filled with panic.

She wanted to stop him, to make sense of everything, but the fear and guilt twisted inside her, paralyzing her once again. She stayed frozen in place until Kyle disappeared through the front door, Tina still unconscious in his arms.



Outside, Daphne stood near the car, the cool night air brushing against her skin.

As Kyle approached, carrying Tina with an unsettling calm, Daphne helped him put the woman in the car, closing the door as she spoke again, "The camera in the picture frame must have captured her pushing me down. Do you think this will be enough?"

Kyle walked around to the driver's side, completely ignoring the girl's question.

"Are you all right?"

Daphne was taken aback by his sudden change of subject. She was his responsibility and it looked like the man was quite shaken by everything that had happened.

"I'm fine, don't worry about me."

"Good," he cut her off somewhat coldly, "I hope you did not leave anything valuable in that house because you are not coming back. Now let's go."

