



197 She Can Kick Some Ass For Sure!

"Mrs. Bennett!" 1

Daphne almost jumped out of the still-moving car once she saw Amelie waiting at the main entrance of her mansion.

"Don't move! I can't let you get injured right after you managed to avoid the outcome of Samantha's rage."

Kyle grabbed her by the sleeve of his coat that was now draped around her shoulders, offering her a stern look via the rearview mirror.

The girl clicked her tongue annoyingly but still calmed down, and once the car finally stopped, she swung the door open, and ran toward Amelie whose arms were already open, waiting to embrace her in a warm hug.

"Daphne, I'm so glad you're okay! When Mr. Marshall sent me a message saying that you fell down the stairs--"

Daphne stopped Amelie's lament with a brief gesture of her right hand, struggling to hide the right hand that had a few bondages over it under



Kyle's coat. "I am alright, Mrs. Bennet, don't worry! Mr. Marshall," she paused to give the man a stink eye, "was just taken aback so he exaggerated a little."

"Then what's this?" Amelie grabbed the girl's bruised arm rather thoughtlessly and the latter wince from pain which only made Amelie worry even more. "Oh my God! I'm so sorry! Come on, let's get inside first. Liam is waiting for us in his study."

"Oh yay! I sure need me some eye candy after going through all that!"

"Welcome! It's so nice to see you again--and more or less intact."

As the three of them entered Liam's office, the man greeted both Daphne and his friend Kyle with warm words and hearty handshakes, however, it was evident in his cold look that he was not very satisfied with Kyle's actions.

"I'm sorry," Kyle apologized first, without waiting for someone to accuse him of failing to protect Daphne. "I was late and if it weren't for--"

"Oh, for God's sake!" Everyone's eyes turned to



Daphne when she so rudely interrupted the man. The girl rolled her eyes demonstratively, shaking off the coat from her shoulders and twisting her arm around for everyone to see. "I am fine, see?"

She then sighed and shook her head, lowering her voice as she continued. "It was my mistake; I acted without thinking everything through. I saw an opportunity and took a chance, but it did not go as planned. Let's just be happy that no one got seriously hurt and we have achieved our goal!"

Amelie sighed as well. "You are right, I am glad that the housekeeper is not in serious danger. We need to make sure she receives the best treatment while she is in the hospital... and we definitely need to ensure her safety. Samantha will definitely try to do something to her."

"I have already asked Julia to send some of her bodyguards to the hospital," Liam added reassuringly, "Once she is discharged, we will move her here until everything is settled with that woman."

"That crazy bitch!" Daphne dug her nails into her skin as she hugged her shoulders in frustration. "How could she do something like that? Has she lost it completely?"



"She has been feeling incredibly threatened lately," Kyle spoke again, "but I consider us lucky that we still have managed to gather so much evidence on her during such a short period of time."

"Oh, right! The camera!" Daphne exclaimed and turned to Kyle again, "How are we going to get the footage?"

"It was a bug-type camera, the footage was recorded live on one of my laptops so we don't need to get it. I have already disconnected it remotely so even if Samantha finds it, she wouldn't be able to do anything with it."

"That's smart! I was pretty worried when that psycho broke my locket camera!"

Daphne suddenly fell silent as she noticed that everyone was looking intently at her. She raised her eyebrows in bewilderment, not really sure what was wrong, but then it finally dawned on her.

"Ah!" Slapping herself on the forehead, she reached into her bra and pulled out a few folded documents, sliding them over the surface of the desk toward Amelie. "I hope this is indeed what you were looking for."



For a few long moments, the study remained completely silent, only a distant ticking of an antique clock indicated that none of the present had gone deaf.

At last, with a somewhat heavy sigh, Amelie's slightly trembling fingers grabbed the papers and unfolded them carefully, her bright eyes quickly scanning the contents of each document.

"It's... it's my father's will. The real one."

"Daphne, go to the kitchen and ask Miss Dell to get you something to eat. She is still up."

Liam nodded at the girl, his expression surprisingly serious. Daphne nodded back in understanding, briefly glancing at Amelie with a glint of worry in her eyes. "Yes, well... I will leave you three to it then."

She left her chair and started walking toward the door when Amelie raised her head and called out to her once more, "Daphne!"

"Yes, Mrs. Bennett?"

"Thank you for doing this. Really, it's... thank you."

"Come on, Mrs. B, this is barely enough to pay



you back for everything you have done for me. I'm just happy I could do at least something to be of use. And don't hesitate to ask me to help you in the future. Especially if it's related to that psycho wench!" 1

She winked playfully and waved her hand, disappearing behind the closed door.

"That girl has some spunk! And you would think that all ballerinas are graceful and elegant... She can kick some ass for sure!" Liam tried to lighten up the mood inside his study and Amelie smiled back at that genuine attempt.

"I don't feel good having used her like that, but she is indeed one gutsy girl," she suppressed a chuckle, clearing her throat to regain an expression more suitable for their current situation.

"Now let's discuss the will, shall we?"

