



199 Everything Will Be Alright

"This again?" Richard frowned at his assistant, leaning back in his chair and folding his arms at his chest. "I thought I told you to decline the invitation to Amelie's benefit. I have no business showing up at her place." 1

Ron took a moment to scrutinize Richard's expression and sighed quietly in relief as he caught a tiny twitch of hesitation. Deep inside, he really wanted to attend that gathering, simply because it would offer him a chance to meet his ex-wife once again.

Ron decided to cling to that chance like a hawk to its prey.

"Mr. Clark, I understand that you are utilizing your personal feelings in this matter, but I must remind you that a lot of your partners will be there, and I must admit that we need to be on their good side right now."

Richard shot the man a somewhat sharp glare, not happy with his bluntness, but he still had no choice but to silently agree with his words.

'No one will care if I say I wanted to spend my time with my pregnant wife on Christmas. Even



such events are like mandatory work for people like me. Ron is right; I need to stay on the partners' good side if I want to stay afloat. Especially since I am going to face so much mess once Samantha's child is born... 1

There was no helping it; it was for the best to accept the invitation and attend after all.

"Alright. Samantha and I will attend the benefit. Still," he paused and narrowed his eyes, "make sure to arrange a generous donation as previously discussed."

"Of course, Mr. Clark."

Ron bowed, then turned around, and left the room, retrieving his phone from the pocket of his black blazer.

His fingers deftly dialed the already-familiar number and once the male voice on the other end of the line greeted him, the man said quietly, "I have fixed it, they will come." 1

"Excellent."

Samantha downed an entire glass of cucumber water before slamming it hard against the wooden surface her desk.



'It has been days since the incident but Kyle still refuses to talk to me!'

She groaned like a trapped animal, leaning over the desk in a somewhat dramatic manner.

'He said not to contact him for a while because he needed to take care of things with my shares, but I can't help feeling anxious! Things inside the mansion have become so tense ever since Tina fell down the stairs, that even I feel like crawling out of my skin!'

She released a long sigh, closing her stinging eyes to get some much-needed relief.

'What a mess... I can't believe I will have to leave yet another baby behind...' **3**

With her eyes still shut, Samantha carefully placed her hand on her round stomach, feeling a slight kick in response to her touch.

The corners of her lips curved slightly, but she felt hollow inside.

She even knew the gender of the baby. A girl. Someone who would look like her. Beautiful almond-shaped brown eyes with tiny amber sparkles to reflect the light. Beautiful white skin; long, lustrous chestnut hair... Perhaps she would



be tall like Tyler. That guy was not really a looker but he had a nice build.

She would not really have to run away this time around.

Richard needed a successor and she would give him one. Having gotten what he wanted, he would surely leave her be and go for a quiet divorce, making Samantha quite a wealthy woman in the end.

It was not really a big deal. Why would she care?

Because this time, she hoped that her life would finally become stable?

Or maybe because of all the men she could go for, Richard was still the best candidate yet?

Perhaps the real reason why she still could not get any kind of satisfaction from the outcome she was about to face lay in the fact that she was pregnant again.

After all, it might have been true would they said about a mother's instinct.

'Was I really so bad? Just like everyone, I wanted to have a better life. I wanted a loving husband, a warm home, and a family to make it worthwhile. If Amelie hadn't put up a fight, none of this

would have happened. She got everything, didn't she? So why... why does she still have to torment me like this?' 1

Samantha fisted her hands and felt her newly manicured nails dig into the soft skin of her palms.

Kyle Marshall said he would take her in and take care of her, but was that really true? What if his parents or someone who was secretly in love with him tried to do the same thing Amelie did?

It was unfair.

They all had so much and they never hesitated to sharpen their teeth at those who wanted even a tiny part of it. 1

'Soon it will all be over,' Samantha straightened her posture and folded her arms on top of her stomach. 'I will find a way to break this cycle. Be it Kyle or someone else... I don't care. I will find my way out. And this miserable life of mine will be over.'

Just as that decisive thought rushed through her mind, someone knocked rather persistently on the door to her study and the woman instantly knew who it was.



"Come in!"

Samantha let out a short sigh when the door opened and her husband stepped into the room.

Now, it was hard to recall when was the last time either of them was happy to see one another.

"You're here again," Richard said somewhat coldly and Sam only nodded in response. "I have asked my personal shopper to get some dresses for you. She will be here tomorrow morning. Be ready by nine."

"Alright, I will. Thank you," the woman replied in a nonchalant tone, hiding her eyes while Richard tried to catch a glimpse of the real feelings behind them.

"It's an important event, Sam," he continued, "I want you on your best behavior. Please."

The last word sounded almost like a pleading, but Samantha only found it annoying. Everything seemed pathetic now. Even her husband's voice.

Nevertheless, she nodded and forced a subtle smile. "Sure. Everything will be alright this time."

