



201 Run

All of a sudden, Samantha felt like the rug was pulled out from under her feet. 1

She did not know what was happening and she had no idea what she had to do to make it stop.

Both Elizabeth and John had already left their quiet corner and returned to the heart of the party, but Samantha was rooted in the same place; she could not move at all.

'Arrested... I am going to get arrested... But why? How? What did I do?' 2

Frustration and delusion were clouding her mind and she struggled to wrestle with a relentless wave of unsettling feelings. Perhaps it was not true after all? Maybe it was just a cruel joke? It had to be!

She could not believe that there was something to arrest her for and yet, at the same time, she could not deny that the list of her wrongdoings was practically endless.

'I can't do this... I can't let this happen to me! Why does it have to be me?'

Without even realizing it, her fingers reached for



her neatly styled hair and started moving around, tugging at separate locks and turning her hairdo into a complete mess. Her hands kept painfully pulling and twisting, long strands of her straight brown hair catching on her rings and nails, breaking under pressure, but Samantha could not care less about that.

She felt like she was going insane, but she could still distinctly care about one thing--her future.

'I have to get out of here... Yes, I can't just stay here and let them get to me like that! Who do they think they are, deciding my future for me? Arrested? No, no, no, no, no! I won't let them do this! I have been protecting myself since I learned how to walk; there is no way I can just give up like that!'

A somewhat vicious, mad grin appeared on Samantha's dry lips and her eyes glistened with strong determination.

She could do it. She just had to run for it; just had to hide and let it pass. That was the only thing she could think of and there was no time to waste.

So she started walking.

Gliding through the hallway like a snake, she hid



from corner to corner, glaring at every single person with mad, frightened eyes as if she were scared that someone would jump on her and pin her down at any moment.

She did not care for the occasional strange looks someone would give her as she passed by them in a blur, her hands trembling and her messy hair covering half of her pale face.

She had to get out of there. She had to do it now.

At last, passing by the guest bathrooms, the woman snuck out through the main door, and once the cold winter air went through her body, sending a stiffening chill down her spine, Samantha gasped, finally realizing that she had been holding her breath this entire time.

'Good thing all the guests have already arrived,' she thought as the cold air helped her regain some clarity. 'I should run toward the main road that leads to the city... Someone ought to stop their car to help a pregnant woman, right?'

"Where is that psycho anyway?" Daphne mumbled under her breath as she walked through the mingling crowd of the mansion's

living room.

The biggest event of the evening--Samantha's and Richard's public arrest--was looming dangerously close, but now that the girl looked around to make sure that the main characters were present, she realized that Samantha was nowhere to be found.

Richard was already half-drunk, leaning over the bar and talking to someone who was sharing his new-found love for alcohol, so his position was more or less secure. The absence of his wife, however, made Daphne feel a little nervous.

"Mrs. Bennett," she stepped onto the terrace where Amelie was finding solace in the chilly embrace of the winter evening. She felt rather anxious herself and with so many people around, she desperately needed a breath of fresh air.

"Daphne?" She asked as she turned around. "Is something the matter?"

"I can't seem to spot Samantha among the guests. I don't think she's gone anywhere, but I would feel a lot better if I knew where she is at all times."

Amelie offered the girl a light smile. "She is probably somewhere around. Go look at the



second floor and I will ask Liam and Austin to help me look for her on the first floor."

"Alright, will do, Mrs. Bennett."

Daphne nodded and left the terrace, rushing toward the stairs while Amelie turned back around, looking at the falling snow that had already covered the mansion's area with a thin, white blanket that sparkled under the silver moonlight.

Suddenly, her eyes widened as she spotted a person running through the residence gates in the direction of the road.

"There is no way... Samantha?!"

She was already rather far, but there was no mistaking it--it was her. Long loose brown hair, her designer red dress, and her round stomach, preventing her from moving faster.

'I can't believe it... Is she completely insane? What the hell is she doing?'

Amelie did not know why she felt the urge to run as well instead of asking someone for help, but before she knew it, she was already running too, her feet nearly slipping on the frozen pathway. 2

"Samantha!" Amelie screamed once she closed



half of the distance between them, but the woman ignored her. "Samantha, wait! You can't be running like this! It's dangerous!"

As if out of spite, Samantha started running faster, grunting loudly as she was already exhausted and out of breath. Her fingers, clutching her skirt, were already as red as the fabric of her dress, her entire body soaked from the falling snow.

But she could not stop. She would run forever if she had to. 1

The Bennett mansion was now far behind and she only stopped once she realized that she finally reached the road.