



## 202 We Are Equals Now

Samantha winced with her entire body once she felt someone else's hold on her wrist. She turned around, her eyes wide with shock, firmly glued to the woman standing before her. 1

"Samantha, what are you doing?" Amelie whispered as she tried to catch her breath. "You are pregnant, for God's sake! You won't be able to run far in such a state!"

"Why does it matter?" Samantha's reply was half-buried when a car drove past the two of them, honking loudly. "Suddenly you are concerned about my state? But aren't you the one who is going to have me and my husband arrested tonight?"

Amelie wanted to feign ignorance but decided against it in the end. After all, if Sam resorted to acting so thoughtlessly, it meant she somehow had already learned the truth.

"What does it change that I'm pregnant, huh?" Samantha continued in an angry voice, shaking off Amelie's hand. "People like you don't give two shits about that! You are ready to ruin my life even though I am about to become a mother!"



None of this matters to you! Someone else's life does not matter to you at all!" 2

Tears started running down Samantha's face and Amelie took a careful step toward her, but the woman took a big step back, getting even closer to the moving cars that continued to pass them.

"You fucking hypocrite! All that money thrown into the faces of poor people--of orphans like me, but when one of us tries to get closer to you, you scowl at us in disgust, baring your claws, ready to tear through us like we are worthless ragdolls!" 2

"Samantha, you need to calm down, you are being hysterical," Amelie tried to reason with her, stepping closer once again, but Sam pushed her away, her voice getting louder. "Hysterical?! What the fuck do you expect me to be, then, huh?! Do I have to bow my face down and accept my fate? I have been crawling out of my skin to make my life better, but you just could not let it happen!"

She looked to her left, watching as another car drove past them in a blur. "You have everything! You never had to work for it a single day in your life. You have no idea what it feels like to wonder every day whether you can pay your rent or not;



whether you will greet the next day on the street. Or think about where your next meal is coming from. You didn't have to spread your legs in front of disgusting men--men from your stupid society!--to barely earn your living. No... you were given everything. You were just born and you already had it all."

Amelie felt her chest stiffen with pain and bitterness. She wanted to feel bad for Samantha but she still couldn't. She could offer her shallow pity or an empty apology, but would it actually change anything at all?

"Samantha," she placed both hands on top of her trembling shoulders, offering her a calm look, "Let's get back first. There is nothing--"

"You are right," suddenly, Samantha pushed Amelie away again, walking towards her with an alarmingly mad look in her wide eyes.

"There is nothing left for me anymore!" With another big step, she closed the distance between them and pushed Amelie toward the road again. "I am going to be arrested anyway, right? So what do I have to lose?"

"What..?"

Amelie froze on the spot but when Sam tried to



push her again, instinctively, she grabbed her by the shoulders again, pulling her closer to herself. "Samantha, get a hold of yourself!"

"Why should I? Why should I be the only one to lose everything? It was all your fault anyway!" She violently shook Amelie's body, trying to push her away again, but Amelie did not loosen her grip.

Getting even angrier, Samantha let out a scary laugh, continuing to struggle with her opponent.

"It's your fault! It's all because of you! Had you been content enough with what you had, none of this would have happened! Why couldn't you just leave me be?! Was that idiot Bennett's money not enough for you? Did you really need more?! You greedy fucking slut!"

"Samantha, please!" Amelie shrieked in fear as another car drove loudly past them; they were already on the road and the cars emerging from the turn could barely avoid hitting them.

"Now you're begging me, huh?" Samantha took another step forward, pushing both of their bodies almost to the middle of the road. "Isn't it funny? All that money and greed but your life is in my hands right now. No," her lips stretched



into another scary grin and she let out a broken chuckle. "We are holding each other's lives like this; for the first time, we are equals."

For a moment, it felt like the whole world fell silent.

Samantha dug her nails into Amelie's shoulders, her trembling lips smiling menacingly at the woman's evident fear.

Then, the distant noise of a moving car reached their ears, alerting them both that it would soon emerge from around the sweeping turn.

Amelie's legs were about to give up, but she could not let Samantha make such a horrible mistake. Gathering all the strength left in her body, she placed her leg forward, leaning into Sam's body to push her away, but Samantha was stronger.

And her push was harder.

Samantha's body was the first to receive the impact; Amelie's body was hit right after.

The car breaks screeched loudly, and the second car that drove behind it, stopped almost immediately, the driver jumping out of it with a shocked expression on his face.



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Amelle could not understand what was happening to her. She felt strangely cold and her body would not move.

She heard people yelling, tall, dark figures looming over her body, a warm hand pressing against her neck to feel the pulse.

Somehow, she slowly turned her face to her left and saw Samantha. Her eyes were closed, and there was no telling whether the color red she saw was her dress or her blood. 8

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