

42 Something Tells Me You Will Definitely Need It

Samantha froze as she saw Jason approach, a bright smile on his repulsive face. Before he could say anything, she grabbed him by the arm, dragged him through the gates, and pushed him into the garden, turning off all the switches to ensure they were shrouded in darkness. 1

'Thank God Richard left before he saw him...' 1

She quickly looked around to make sure no one was watching. Once she confirmed they were alone, she asked quietly, "What the hell do you think you're doing coming here? Have you lost it completely?"

Jason ignored her outburst and slowly walked around the garden, clicking his tongue.

"Impressive. Very impressive! You really hit the jackpot with this one, Sam."

"Stop this nonsense! Why the hell are you here?"

Jason stood closer to the woman and looked down at her with a hint of dominance in his

expression.

"Time is up, Samantha. I need my money now."

Samantha couldn't help but groan. She knew the time was up; she had been counting the hours until Jason would contact her again, but she had no good news for him regardless.

I've been asking Richard for money to get physical therapy and stuff with the goal to collect it and give it to this moron but it was still not enough. All of my other expenses were written off his personal account so I didn't even have a credit card to withdraw some cash... Damn it, I really need to convince Richard to give me one of his cards! 3

Her financial fiasco even made her think about doing something she had hoped to avoid -- still from Richard. 3

If only Richard didn't go to see his wife tonight. I could have stolen that bracelet and blamed it on the maid. Surely, Jason would have gotten a lot of money for that bling. Damn it! And he always locks his office with the password lock, I have no idea how to open it myself.

Frustrated, Samantha finally looked Jason in the eyes and felt disgusting shivers running down her spine. She sighed and said, "Alright, wait here. I will get the money from my room and come back. Don't move or make a noise, understood?"

Jason grinned again. "Yes, My Lady."

'Ugh, this creep!'

She tried to return as soon as she could, scared that Mr. Sanson would still attempt to sabotage the secrecy of their meeting. Luckily for her, he was unusually obedient that night.

Sam almost threw the white envelope with cash at him as she hissed, "Here's your money. It's not everything, I need more time to get the rest."

Jason peeked inside the envelope, then counted the bills, and clicked his tongue, shaking his head in disapproval.

"This is barely anything, Samantha. Do you think I'm joking around with you?"

Samantha furrowed her brow and scowled, "I will get it, okay? Once Richard starts trusting me



more, he will give me more money. I know that he still loves me but our relationship needs more time; especially if I want to become his wife eventually."

The man scoffed and took another step towards Samantha, waving the white envelope in front of her face. "For every week of delay, I'm going to add another thousand on top of it, understood? That'll teach you to not mess with me anymore."

Samantha wanted to retort but quickly bit her tongue because she didn't want to create a scene.

'I gotta do something about this quickly and get rid of this filthy leech.' ¹

"Fine," she finally answered, "Now get the hell out of here."

She turned around to go back inside the house when Jason's voice called for her once again, "Are you sure you're staying on top of everything in your relationship? Are you monitoring all the gossip closely?"

Sam turned back to him and nodded, "I try to. Why?"

Jason lifted his phone and showed it to her, his lips curling into a smirk, "So perhaps you need to get better at that. Rumor has it that Mr. Clark just took his wife to the Emerald Hotel and they even got into an elevator together. How about that, huh?"

"What?"

She snatched the phone from his hands and started frantically looking over its screen. What she saw was a picture of Richard and his wife in the hotel's lobby, most likely taken by one of the guests.

Her lips moved on their own as she started reading the text below the image on the gossip blog page, "It looks like the famous married couple doesn't have any issues after all. First, the news of them being all lovey-dovey in the restaurant, and now -- this. I wonder if Mr. Clark is staying the night?" 1

Miss Blackwood widened her eyes, her trembling fingers could barely hold onto the phone. Jason took his phone back, his voice tinged with nauseating sweetness, "He loves you, you say? Be careful Samantha, the man is never

truly yours until he divorces his wife for you; you of all other people should know that."

Samantha made an effort to regain her composure. "They are just doing it for the media. If he really loved his wife, he wouldn't have slept with me. It's just a matter of time before it's over." 1

Jason hid both his phone and the envelope in his bag and nodded in a mocking manner,

"Sure, sure, confidence is a key, I guess. However, I'd up your game if I were you. Mrs. Ashford is quite a desirable woman of impeccable background. She has numerous useful connections and people who will always have her back. So... a free word of advice, Samantha... if you want to replace her and secure your position, you will have to become just like her. After all, just like you said, he is already sleeping with you, so do what you do best." 1

The woman's annoyed face only made him laugh. He turned around and started walking away, waving his hand, "Until next time."

Then, he paused and turned around to add, "Oh,

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and do let me know if you need my help with anything. It won't be free, of course, but something tells me you will definitely need it."

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