

89 A Gamble

Kyle exited his car and asked the driver to take a break at the nearby coffee shop while he was busy with an urgent task he was "ordered" to do.

'Quite an impressive house... This woman really hit a jackpot this time, huh?'

Kyle stood before the front gate of the Clark residence and took a good look around. Liam assigned him with a rather important and no less complicated task to deliver the phone to Mrs. Ashford who, as he suspected, was locked inside this mansion, and the more the man assessed the situation, the more disheartening it looked.

'So many security guards... This does look like a prison to me right now.'

"Mr. Marshall!" Samantha's loud and surprised voice reached his ears as she finally came out to greet him.

With a long sigh, he finally stretched his lips into a wide smile, turning on his usual friendly act. After all, he did come here without an invitation.



"Miss Blackwood, how I am glad to see you! I am sorry for coming here unannounced but I was a little worried for you."

"You were worried?" The woman arched her eyebrows in a pleasant surprise and invited Kyle in, leading him straight to the spacious and well-lit living room.

"We haven't talked or seen each other in a while, you see," Kyle accepted a glass of iced tea from a maid and continued his explanation, "And with the rumors that Mrs. Ashford has fallen very ill, I got worried that you might have been afflicted by the same illness too. Especially since you haven't shown yourself anywhere lately."

Samantha was touched by his seemingly genuine concern; her emotions were evident on her bright face. "Oh, that is so nice of you, Mr. Marshall! You even came all the way here, that's so sweet!"

Kyle took a sip from his glass, hiding a slight hint of mockery in his smile. He then added, "I am also here because I need to ask you something."

"Me? Sure, ask away."

"A friend of mine has just opened a bar and is having a party in a few days. There will be a lot of great booze and not much food so I thought you'd like to come with me. You might meet some new people there, too."

Samantha shifted awkwardly in her seat and averted her gaze, contemplating the best reason as to why she couldn't go. Kyle's sharp wit helped him realize it right away.

"Don't tell me... You can't go?" He faked his best disappointed expression. Samantha felt a little guilty. "Yes, I'm sorry, Mr. Marshall. Not to this one."

The woman hesitated again. She wasn't sure whether she could tell him the real reason but at the same time, there were not many people from high society whom she could call friends so she felt that sharing such an important secret with him would help her get closer to Kyle and win more of his trust as well.

The decision was made.

"Well, Mr. Marshall... You know, I consider you my friend so I'd like to be honest with you."



Kyle's curiosity flickered. "Honest? I'm all ears."

Samantha continued. "I can't go to this particular party because I can't drink. And the reason I can't drink is... I am pregnant."

The man felt a strange tingling sensation inside his chest; he usually felt that way whenever he laid his hands on a juicy piece of gossip that could ruin one's life.

This news was big but not necessarily dangerous; however, the fact that nobody still knew about it meant that Kyle was indeed the first one from the rest of the outsiders to find out about it.

'I have been suspecting this for quite some time but now that she confirmed it... There is no use for me to leak this to anyone, I am sure soon enough the whole country will be discussing it out loud. Well... She trusts me this much now, so it means all my cards were played perfectly.'

"Congratulations, Miss Blackwood! I assume now, it will only be a matter of time before you finally get what you've been fighting for."

Samantha looked shy but couldn't respond as

one of the maids asked her to come to the kitchen and check whether the new chef's lunch menu was to her liking. She excused herself and promised to return as soon as possible.

"Don't worry about me," Kyle reassured her, "I'll go to the bathroom while you're busy."

Once Samantha disappeared into the kitchen, Kyle quickly ascended the stairs and found himself on the second floor of the mansion.

'Judging by the tall dude at the last door, it must be Mrs. Ashford's bedroom. God, he really did imprison her, what a moron, I swear.'

He needed to act quickly and make sure that his actions wouldn't make the security guard too suspicious, and thankfully, he was lucky enough to learn something just a few minutes ago that might help him achieve his goal.

Faking a worried expression, the man jumped out of the corner of the hallway and ran toward the guard, his voice trembling as he exclaimed, "Help! I need your help! Miss Blackwood fainted and we need a strong man to carry her to her bedroom!" 2



The security guard widened his eyes and then looked back at the door behind him. It was clear that he wasn't sure what to do but Kyle needed him to leave right away.

"What are you standing here for?! The woman is pregnant for God's sake! Quick, help her get to her bedroom while I call the ambulance! Do you realize what will happen once Mr. Clark learns that his pregnant friend was not offered help when I myself came asking for it?"

It was a gamble but Kyle's words still worked like a charm. Scared to be fired by his employer, the man rushed down the stairs while Kyle knocked on Amelie's door.

"Mrs. Ashford? It's Kyle Marshall, Liam Bennett's friend. I am here to give you something important. Liam asked me to deliver you a phone so I am going to leave it in the bathroom next to your room. I will hide it behind the toilet."

"Mr. Marshall?" Amelie's voice sounded weak from behind the door but the man didn't have the time to ponder over her condition.

"Once you get the phone, don't try to call Liam in case the guard can hear you. He sent a message



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there so you just need to reply to it."

"Thank you, Mr. Marshall."

"Yeah..." Kyle shifted his eyes to the end of the hallway and sighed. "Well, good luck."

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