



91 Hope To Be Like Her

Jason Sanson poured himself a steaming cup of coffee and nestled comfortably in the armchair of his living room. He gazed out the window at the concrete jungle of buildings and roads and let out a long sigh, instantly regretting the movement—it reminded him that his jaw was still healing.

He looked down at the coffee cup on the tray beside him and decided against drinking anything hot for the time being.

"Damn this old age," he muttered to himself. "It's preventing me from healing faster. And after all this time, no one has found out who those people were!"

Jason Sanson had already spent two weeks locked inside his apartment, partially recovering from the attack by an unknown gang at his main office, and partially hiding, afraid that those people might come after him again.

'And all of that was to get that bitch's employee contract.' he fumed internally. *'If it really was*



Samantha who hired them, I will make her pay for this for the rest of her life!"

Frustrated and angry, he banged his fist on the arm of the chair, instantly regretting it as pain shot through his already aching body. He needed to relax and get his mind off those unfortunate events somehow.

Jason reached into the pocket of his silk robe and retrieved his smartphone.

'Let's see if there is anything scandalous going on,' he thought. 'Perhaps I can gloat a little or be bitter to relieve this stress.'

He opened the news feed and started mindlessly scrolling through the backlog of articles he had missed until he reached one that nearly made his eyes pop out of their sockets.

"JFC Group has received a generous but anonymous investment in Samantha Blackwood's name?! WHAT?!" 1

Jason nearly fell off the armchair, his entire body trembling from both pain and confusion. He read the message over and over again, but the words refused to make sense to him.

'Someone invested millions in Samantha's name?! This is either a huge mistake or those thugs beat the last brain cells out of my skull!'

Flopping back into his seat, Jason narrowed his eyes and tried to think.

'There is no way in hell this was her money. That idiot Richard Clark must have made this investment using one of his proxies... But why would he do that? To elevate her standing in society?'

Suddenly, a wide grin appeared on his lips, and Jason felt overly excited despite the pain it caused.

'If my guess is correct, then that bitch will pretend the money indeed belonged to her. She'll never tell me the truth because she'll be scared this will be another thing I can hold over her head and blackmail her with...'

At that moment, a new plan formed in his diabolical, scheming brain, and he rubbed his hands together.

'She had the nerve to ignore my calls and messages, and I let it slide because I needed



time to rest. But now... now, the game has changed. With this, I can get even more money from her!"

"So, how is your progress? How far have you gone with this?"

Richard entered the bedroom and walked over to Samantha, who was sitting in her rocking chair by the window with a massive folder resting on her knees.

Just a few days after he told her that he would make her his wife, Samantha had already received her first assignment—to memorize the names of every business partner, investor, shareholder, and supporter of both JFC Group and the Clark family. It was basic knowledge his wife needed to possess.

Samantha pouted. "It's too difficult... There are so many names, and to tell you the truth, I am very bad with faces. It takes me a lot longer to remember people, especially since I've never really met them before."

Richard couldn't help but let out a disappointed



sigh.

"I am not asking you to dive into the world of business management or finance, Sam. This is just basic memorizing. When we are out and about, even when you simply visit me at work, you need to be able to recognize the people around you and make small talk to be polite. I want people to respect you and treat you the same way they treated Amelie. For them to do that, they need to see that you are just as incredible."

Samantha's brows knitted together.

'Incredible? He is about to divorce her and marry me, but he is still calling her all these words... Ugh, how annoying!'

She made an effort to soften her expression and replied in a saccharine voice,

"I know, Mrs. Ashford is amazing, and I can only hope to be like her. But don't you think it's better when I am different? She is always so cold and reserved. Sometimes I think people treat her the way they do only because they are secretly scared of her. I, on the other hand, am lively and easygoing. People like me because I am

approachable and easy to talk to." 1

Richard sighed again.

He had to admit that Samantha's sweet personality was indeed charming and attractive; he had already noticed that people were drawn to her because she was so adorably innocent. 1

Yes, it would be impossible to turn her into an exact copy of Amelie in terms of experience and knowledge, but if Samantha could combine her charm with the basics he could teach her, she would definitely become quite a popular socialite.

Gently placing his hand on her head, Richard offered her a warm smile, though his voice remained firm.

"You have to study, Sam. I need a wife who can be my partner as well. I know it can be challenging, but this is what it means to marry a man like me. You are bright; I am convinced you can do this." 1

Planting a light kiss on her forehead, he added, "I will be back in a couple of hours, and then we can have a lunch break."



He left, closing the door behind him, and Samantha released a long, irritated groan.

'Study this, study that! Do this, do that! Is it not enough that I am already giving him an heir? There are so many wives who just sit at home, take care of the children, meet up for brunch, and shop for banquet dresses. Why can't I be one of them?'

She quickly regained her composure and sighed.

'I have to do this. Yes, I have to. If I want to stay his wife even after this child is born, I have to do everything he wants. It's still... better than what I was doing before.'