

The Divorced Heiress Is Getting Married Again Chapter 34

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Kyle brought his half-smoked cigarette to his lips and glanced at his wristwatch, irritation etched between his eyebrows.

"How much longer do I have to stay here and wait? This is getting really annoying."

He took another drag and released a thick puff of light gray smoke, savoring its bitter scent. Just then, he saw a black car pull over to the neatly tended pavement not far from the Emerald Hotel.

Kyle squinted, trying to get a better view of the person exiting the car. When he confirmed it was indeed the person he had been waiting for, he stubbed out his cigarette and quickly fixed his hair, assessing his reflection in the front camera of his phone.

"Well, he was right about it. She does hover around here a lot to get his attention. Is she keeping him as her backup plan or something?"

Hiding his phone back in his pocket, Kyle nodded to someone standing in the shadows. Suddenly, out of nowhere, a swarm of reporters rushed towards

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Samantha, who was on her way to the hotel's restaurant. They began taking pictures of her and bombarding her with relentless questions about her relationship with Richard Clark.

"Miss Blackwood, how did you get to know Mr. Clark?"

"Are you in a romantic relationship with him, or are you two really just friends from university?"

"How do you feel living under the same roof as Mr.

Clark's wife?"

"Is it true that you used to work in a private hostess

bar?"

Samantha froze in her tracks, her eyes widening at the reporter who asked the last question. The rest of the reporters fell silent, and even the passersby stopped to watch the unfolding drama in complete silence.

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The same reporter's voice pierced through the quiet street once more, repeating the question, "Is it true that you used to work in a private hostess bar?"

Now, it was Kyle's time to make his planned

appearance.

He leaped in front of the reporter and shoved him

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away from Samantha, causing the reporter to drop his camera, which shattered into pieces. Despite the orchestrated chaos, the reporters played their roles convincingly, feigning ignorance and bewilderment.

Kyle continued his rampage, targeting the other reporters. He seized their cameras one by one, smashing them to pieces on the solid ground like a madman.

"What the hell are you doing just standing there?!" Kyle shouted at the security guards at the restaurant entrance, pointing at the bewildered reporters. "Take care of them! This is your job, isn't it?"

Following his command, two tall security guards stepped forward, positioning themselves between the reporters and the hotel entrance. With menacing looks on their faces, they began pushing the reporters away. Seeing the end of their performance, the reporters finally retreated from the hotel's grounds.

Kyle rushed back to Samantha and offered her a friendly smile. "Miss, are you okay?"

Trembling, Samantha lifted her head and looked at Kyle's face. A tinge of realization dawned on her

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features. She recognized him.

"Are you feeling a little better now?" Kyle asked, watching as Samantha gulped down the entire glass of cucumber water. He gestured to the waiter to bring another cold drink to their table.

Once the "unexpected" ordeal with the reporters was finally over, he brought Samantha inside the

restaurant, as he had planned beforehand. Now, it was just a matter of time before the rest of his plan could unfold.

Samantha pressed a soft white napkin against her lips and nodded. "Thank you, I am feeling much better

now."

"No worries at all!" Kyle spread his lips into a wide smile and leaned back in his chair. "I'm used to being chased by rude reporters. They have no shame because scandals are what put bread on their table. But let me give you a piece of advice: there's no need to play nice with people like them. Be rude, be just as offensive—they never expect that, so they get confused and back off. Trust me, it works every time."

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Samantha's cheeks flushed a subtle hint of pink. Kyle observed her silently for a few moments before asking, "You do know who I am, don't you?"

Samantha's response was a simple nod and an awkward laugh. Kyle laughed too.

"Great! I was afraid my being away for so long would make people forget about me!"

Miss Blackwood finally felt like she could be more comfortable around the man. She placed her elbows on the table and relaxed her voice.

"So, what brings you back to the country, Mr. Marshall? Last time I saw you in the news, you were skiing with some model in Switzerland."

"Oh? Hmm... yes, maybe I was..." He shook off the brief sense of confusion and returned to the previous topic. "Anyway, I ran away from my dad's oppressive reign to reunite with my best friend, you see. We were forcefully separated some time ago due to unforeseen circumstances, but now that both of us are free from our nagging families, we can finally reunite again."

Samantha offered him another smile, trying to think quickly.

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"Yes, I remember now. There were a lot of rumors about Kyle Marshall being good friends with Liam Bennett... Maybe getting close to him will eventually get me closer to the big fish himself, she thought.

"So... does this kind of thing happen to you a lot?" Kyle's low voice brought Samantha back to reality. Confused at first, she raised her eyebrows at him, then it finally dawned on her—he was referring to their encounter with the reporters.

"No... this is actually the first time something on this scale has happened to me. But... I am aware that people often talk behind my back."

Kyle crossed his arms in front of his chest and scoffed.

"Well, let them talk. If they have no proof to back their speculations, the rumors will die down pretty soon. Trust me, I know what I'm talking about."

Samantha found little consolation in his words. She bit her thumbnail as she thought about Jason Sanson and asked cautiously, "What if they don't? People like drama, after all."

"Bingo, Kyle thought, grinning at the woman sitting in front of him. The satisfaction of having her trapped in

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his scheme was almost impossible to hide. He leaned over the table, closing the distance between them, and said, "Then you have to find a way to divert their attention to someone else's drama instead."

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