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*Chapter 102: Something Serious Happened*

Penelope was incredibly relieved after hearing that from Violet. It was only because Violet underestimated Samantha that their plan failed, even though Violet had always succeeded in all her endeavors!

Penelope admired her mother very much.

“What’s your plan, Mommy?”

Violet curled her lips and whispered a couple of words in Penelope’s ear.

After Penelope listened, she could not help but smile and heap tons of praise on her mother. “You’re really smart, Mommy! If we do this, we can kill two birds with one stone. Samantha will be ruined, and we’ll be able to keep our hands clean!”

“Of course.”

Violet raised her chin proudly. “Samantha is a disgraced woman and she’s not worth my trouble to handle personally.”

“It’s just...” Penelope frowned before continuing hesitantly, “Are you sure the person you mentioned will be willing to do such a thing?”

“Yes,” Violet replied with certainty. “Greedy people like them are the stupidest, just like starving dogs. Throw them a bone and they’ll bite down like their lives depended on it.”

She could not help but cackle as she said, “We’ll let Samantha have a taste of how it feels to be betrayed and trampled on by her closest relatives!”

Penelope laughed as well. “You’re absolutely right, Mommy!”

After that, Violet picked up the phone again and called Detective Leadon. When he answered the call, she immediately said, “Listen carefully and do exactly what I say...”

...

After Timothy left, the ward was as quiet as before.

Samantha had grown accustomed to that kind of quietness. After all, she had always been taking care of Corey alone in the ward.

She felt uncomfortable when Timothy insisted on staying, and all she hoped was for him to leave as soon as possible and let her be alone.

At that moment however, she felt even more uncomfortable when Timothy really left.

The ward was just too quiet...

It felt very empty too...

From time to time, she unconsciously turned her head to look at the sofa. It was as if Timothy was still sitting there, typing on the keyboard or flipping through documents.

When she lay down on the small caregiver's bed that night, she wondered if it had somehow gotten bigger. She was only barely able to get comfortable after tossing and turning countless times.

Before closing her eyes, she picked up her cell phone and glanced at the screen. Timothy should have arrived at his destination by then.

She had already removed Timothy's phone number from the blacklist that afternoon, but there were no calls or text messages at all.

Samantha could not help but laugh at herself once more. What was she expecting? Was she looking forward to Timothy telling her he had landed safely just because he told her his itinerary?

Greed was human nature and one would never be satisfied.

Was she expecting more?

Samantha shook her head vigorously and dispelled all the nonsensical thoughts. She really should stop thinking about it because a person's greatest bane was overthinking.

She put down the phone, turned to Corey on the hospital bed, then said softly to him, "Good night." She then switched off the light, closed her eyes, and went to sleep.

...

Three days passed in the blink of an eye.

Since she had almost used up all her daily necessities, Samantha planned to go to the supermarket so she called a nurse over. She put on some simple and comfy clothes, did her hair in a neat high ponytail, then went to the underground parking lot of the hospital.

When the Old Madam Barker came to see Corey the other day, she left a luxury car behind, saying that it would be more convenient for Samantha to go places.

Samantha originally wanted to decline because she had no reason to be driving such an expensive car. However, the old lady insisted on it, leaving the car keys with her and parking the car in the parking lot. She even said that cars were bought for driving, not to sit around as collectibles. Since the old lady did not use them, it would be a waste to just leave it sitting around.

Samantha was unable to refute the old lady and could only accept her kind gesture.

She drove the car out of the hospital.

It was more than an hour before she returned to the hospital. She carried two bags and got out of the car, then walked into the elevator and headed upstairs.

Once the ding sound was heard, Samantha frowned slightly as she walked out of the elevator as she had a vague feeling that the atmosphere was not quite right.

As soon as she walked toward the ward, she saw a horse of people at the door of the ward. Some raised microphones while others held up cameras. One could tell that they were reporters at a glance, and there were others broadcasting live on their cell phones...

Samantha halted her footsteps instantly. What was going on?

One of them had good vision and immediately caught sight of Samantha. He called out, "Ms. Larsson is over there!"

Following those words, everyone's attention turned to Samantha. At that moment, everyone started swarming around her in a frenzy, pointing their microphones and camera lenses at her.

Before Samantha had time to react, the reporters' microphones had been pushed to her lips while the camera shutters clicked away without pause. Her eyes were blinded briefly by the flash and their ears were filled with a barrage of questions.

"Ms. Larsson, are you that heartless to abandon your own parents?"

"Ms. Larsson, your parents claimed that you forced them to give up custody of your little brother Corey so he would never have to pay them any last respects. What do you have to say about that?"

"Ms. Larsson, you've married a rich man, but because you can't stand to be alone, you've been hooking up with many random men that you meet. Did you do this in order to anger your husband to death and inherit his property?"

Everything happened so suddenly that Samantha's mind went blank for a moment. However, it did not take long for her to realize that something big must have happened.

Since she had no clue what was happening, it was best for her to keep silent, or else the reporters would easily have a pretext to further question her. The first thing she had to do was make her escape.

Unfortunately, escaping was easier said than done with the crowd of reporters watching her every move.

Samantha closed her eyes and forced herself to calm down. When she next opened them, she faced the crowd, forced out a smile, and said in a cold voice, "My friends, I can answer your questions, but I'm out of breath after being squeezed by everyone. If you guys want my answer, give me some breathing room."

The reporters exchanged glances with each other, and judging from the amount of people, they probably felt that there was no need to worry about her running away. Therefore, they all stepped back somewhat unanimously, giving her a little bit of space.

"Thank you for your cooperation."

Samantha smiled, cleared her throat slightly, then opened her lips. "Alright, I'll answer your questions now. For the first question, I—"

All of a sudden, she threw the two bags in her hand at the reporters in front of her. Seizing that moment of chaos, she pushed the crowd aside and ran toward the elevator.

The reporters finally reacted and shouted, "Damn it! Mr. Larsson tricked us! Get her! Don't let her run away!"

Everyone gave chase immediately!

### *Chapter 103: Accusation*

Samantha ran to the elevator entrance and pressed the button repeatedly. Unfortunately, the elevator was in use and remained downstairs, so it would take some time before finally reaching her.

Seeing the group of reporters coming closer and closer, Samantha decisively abandoned the elevator and ran toward the stairwell.

She descended the stairs at lightning speed, and occasionally there were a couple of reporters who managed to catch up with her. They tried reaching out to grab her but she dodged them all.

When she finally arrived at the parking lot underground, she sped to the luxury car, got in the driver's seat, then started the engine and slammed the gas pedal. The car had driven off before the reporters could arrive.

The reporters were getting anxious and it was obvious that they were not going to let her escape like that. Each of them got into their own cars and drove out.

Samantha's car sped along the road and her eyebrows were knit in a tight frown. She looked at the cars in the rearview mirror, and they were still chasing after her.

From the way that they chased after her, she would be surprised if there was no one encouraging them to do so from behind the scenes!

The situation could not continue to go on like that. She had to get rid of them, or else she would be grilled to death if they caught up to her.

Samantha looked at the road ahead of her and saw a large truck driving toward the intersection on the front left of the road. She looked at the traffic lights at the intersection and calculated the time until the lights would turn red.

At that point, there were already one or two cars that had caught up to her and were already driving on either side of her car. She surmised that they were going to overtake her and force her to slam the brakes!

Samantha looked ahead of her and saw that there were another three seconds before the red light would come on. She slammed the gas pedal all the way and the car rushed out like an arrow, crossing the intersection just in time before the traffic light turned red.

The two cars reacted quickly and wanted to give chase after seeing her car rush past them. However, the big truck from the left had already reached the middle of the intersection, forcing the cars to step on the brakes.

The big truck drove away about ten seconds later, and the reporters still wanted to continue chasing after Samantha. Unfortunately, they were not even able to see any trace of Samantha's vehicle.

...

Samantha drove for quite some time. She breathed a sigh of relief only when she looked at the rearview mirror and was sure that the reporters' cars were no longer in sight.

The car she drove really lived up to its worth as a luxury car. The horsepower was fantastic and it had great speed when she floored the gas pedal. That was why she could throw the reporters' cars off her trail and leave them so far behind in such a short time.

She never would have expected the luxury car Old Madam Barker left behind would be of such great help to her.

In any case, she did not completely let her guard down just yet. After all, it was still unsafe because she was still outside. Going back to the hospital was out of the question, and if she returned to the villa, she was afraid that Old Madam Barker would be worried. After considering all the possibilities, there was only one place that was absolutely safe for her.

Samantha turned the steering wheel and drove toward Rochelle's apartment.

The security guard allowed her to pass because Rochelle had previously brought her there. Samantha drove to the apartment, parked the car, then got out and headed upstairs.

Rochelle's apartment was equipped with an iris scanner door lock, and since it recognized her irises from her previous visit, Samantha could immediately unlock the door and walk in.

As soon as she entered the door, she was surprised to bump into a topless man with only a towel around his waist. The scene startled Samantha and she immediately froze on the spot.

She wondered if she had entered the wrong house.

Samantha's first instinct was to retreat, but she then had a clear look of the man in front of her. He was not a stranger, but Rochelle's husband, Jonathan.

She did not meet Jonathan very often, but when she did, he was always dressed in full black and had a cold expression. That was why she took some time to recognize him in his casual yet sexy appearance.

Samantha laughed dryly. "I, uh, I came to look for Chelle. I'm sorry, I didn't know you were here. I can leave now if it's not a good time."

Rochelle had told Samantha that it was fine to come over any time, since she and Jonathan were living separately and she had the apartment all to herself.

"No need." Jonathan pursed his lips and neatly put away the small gun in his hand. "I'll leave right away. Make yourself at home."

Samantha's pupils contracted slightly when she saw the small gun in his hand and fear started to sink in.

If she was some kind of evildoer who had come in just now, her life would probably end right then and there. Jonathan was known to be notoriously cruel...

He turned around and walked into the bedroom.

Just as Samantha was hesitating whether or not to enter the apartment, the bedroom door opened again, and Jonathan was once again neatly dressed in his usual black garb.

He said not a word and walked directly toward the door. Once he put on his shoes, he opened the door and walked out.

Something occurred to him all of a sudden. He turned his face to one side and asked Samantha, "Did she allow you to record your iris in the system?"

The 'she' he was referring to was none other than Rochelle.

Samantha nodded truthfully. "Yes."

Jonathan's finger tapped the door lock a couple of times and he said coldly, "I deleted it. The next time you come, knock."

As soon as he said that, he closed the door and strode off.

Samantha remained frozen on the spot for several seconds and was still reeling from shock.

Jonathan's desire for control and exclusivity toward Rochelle was truly quite frightening. He even did not allow a third person to be recognized by the door lock system.

With Jonathan gone, Samantha was no longer apprehensive. She immediately removed her shoes and walked in.

She sat on the sofa and took out her cell phone.

There was no need to even do a search. As soon as she clicked into Waybo, everything about her made the headlines in Waybo's trending searches.

She glossed through them and finally understood what was going on.

The reason behind it was that Simon and Cynthia had accepted a media interview earlier that morning. It was specifically to accuse her, of which there were a few main accusations.

The first was that she got to know of a rich man via her parents and married him in secret. She enjoyed glory and wealth after the marriage but refused to support her parents, abandoning them even.

Secondly, she did not only abandon her parents, but even forcibly snatched Corey away from them. Her purpose was allegedly to make them lonely, childless, have no one to rely on, and have no one remain by their side should they pass away.

The third was that she had a messy private life. That she enjoyed fooling around before marriage was beside the point. After getting married, she squandered her husband's wealth while cheating on him and hiding her countless affairs. As her parents, they had persuaded her many times, but rather than listening to them, she severed ties with them. That was why they decided to come forth, placing righteousness before their family in order to expose her true colors. That way, she would not continue to go down the wrong path!

Fourth, they hoped that she would know to come back to the right path, admit her mistakes to the public, and support them in the future. They wanted her to return custody of Corey as well. In that way, the door to the Larsson home will remain open for her.

After reading that, Samantha was so angry that she trembled uncontrollably and was almost unable to hold the phone in her hands anymore.

She originally thought that they had already reached their lowest point the last time they persecuted her. She never expected to have underestimated them.

People like them had no morals at all!

Samantha started to doubt whether they really were her parents.

#### *Chapter 104: I'm Here*

Even though Samantha had always known them to be greedy, all they used to do was constantly ask her for money. On that day however, it was clear that they wanted to destroy her completely.

She had accepted that they did not love her and Corey, but how could they twist the facts and be so ruthless?

Samantha was incredibly angry and she felt extremely sad too.

A beep was then heard and the door to the apartment was opened. Rochelle did not even bother to change her shoes and strutted in in high heels. It was only when she saw Samantha in one piece that she could finally breathe easy.



Rochelle kicked away her high heels and sat on the sofa. She glanced at the cell phone in Samantha's hand, then opened her arms and hugged Samantha tightly without saying anything.

Samantha closed her eyes as she was hugged.

Rochelle patted Samantha's back gently. Her usually hoarse and cold voice had turned very soft at that point and she said, "It's okay. I'm here."

Samantha sniffled a few minutes later. Once her emotions eased a little, she sat up straight and said, "You're still the best, Chelle."

Rochelle flickered her hair back domineeringly and replied casually, "Why of course!"

She reached for a wet tissue from the table and wiped Samantha's cheeks. Following that, she got up and walked into the kitchen, where she poured a cup of warm water and brought it out. "Have some water to drink."

"Mm." Samantha finished the water slowly, and once she had calmed down completely, the fragility under her eyes faded away and was replaced by composure.

Things have already happened and all she could do was face it.

Samantha picked up her cell phone again. The first thing she did was call the nurse and ask about the situation in the hospital.

The nurse on the cell phone said anxiously, "Things aren't looking so good, Ms. Larsson. Even though security has chased all the reporters away, it's like some of them have magic powers or something. They would manage to sneak in and knock on the door from time to time. I get startled whenever I hear a knock on the door because I'm afraid that they'd go crazy and just break in."

Samantha had roughly guessed that such was the case.

Since the news had become viral, the reporters would definitely stare at them like hawks in order to get the latest scoop and gain more publicity. Furthermore, based on what Samantha understood of her parents, they were probably the ones who hired many of the reporters. If they could stir up sentiment and get some pictures, they would be able to base their fictitious stories based on the photographs.

"Lock the door. If they break in, call the police. I'll handle this as soon as possible. We can't let them affect Corey!"

"I understand."

Samantha's anger burned even more vigorously after she hung up.

She was not half as angry when her parents targeted her, but she was absolutely furious when Corey was involved.

They caused Corey's life to teeter on the edge of death after what they did to him not too long ago. He had been unconscious since then and still, they were coming for him again...

Samantha suppressed her anger, picked up her cell phone, then prepared to check the situation from Waybo.

Rochelle then slammed her tab on the table and said angrily, "This group of keyboard warriors are just idiots. They just repeat what others say. Whenever someone starts it, others just follow along and start pointing fingers. God, I'm so pissed right now! I'm going to find all these people and slap them in the face!"

Samantha could not help but glance at the tab's big screen. Although she knew that the netizens' comments were definitely going to be harsh, she did not expect it to be much harsher than she thought.

Netizen 1: [Whenever there's news about this Samantha person, you can't help but go WTF. If it happens once, then twice, it can't be fake all the time. There has to be a problem with her!]

Netizen 2: [I think so too. I saw a video exposing her enjoying herself with a couple of random men. It's real, for sure. The actress who came out and admitted it was just trying to cover for her. It's good to have money. Even if something goes wrong, you can easily solve the problem by spending money!]

Netizen 3: [Such a terrible character and morally corrupt person. It's no wonder that her biological parents can't stand her anymore and decided to come forward to knock some sense into her. If I gave birth to a daughter like this, I'd rather strangle her to death. What a disgrace to her family and all her ancestors!]

There were also a few sane netizens who said, [Don't just listen to one side of the story. There might be other factors that we don't know about.]

However, that person was immediately attacked by another group, who said that the person only had the guts to talk crap because they were a cyber trooper hired by Samantha or perhaps even Samantha herself. Those sane netizens were scolded so badly that they ended up deleting their comments.

If anyone else had been the one to cast aspersions on Samantha, everyone would be eagerly waiting for the tables to be turned. However, when it was Samantha's own parents making those claims against her, there would be a tendency for everyone to believe it was true. Each person fancied themselves as internet police, cursing uninhibitedly under the pretext of upholding justice.

Had Samantha's mettle been any weaker, she would have become a shut-in after all that scolding.

Fortunately, she had developed a heart of steel after experiencing the same kind of ridicule from Timothy. Those comments from the netizens were nothing.

She even comforted Rochelle. "Calm down, Chelle. You don't have to take these things too seriously."

Rochelle felt infinitely distressed when she listened to Samantha's calm tone. Just how much suffering did Samantha have to go through to maintain that kind of calmness?

Samantha used to be a very hot-tempered and spirited woman.

Rochelle got up, went to the kitchen, and opened the refrigerator. From there, she took out a bottle of iced mineral water, uncapped it, then raised her head and finished the entire bottle in one breath.

It hardly did anything to suppress her anger.

She returned to the living room, sat down, and said calmly, "Sammy, your parents had a very clear purpose in mind when they instigated this incident. They want to disgrace you in public and make everyone detest you. That way, all you can do is go back to them, rely on them, and continue to be their cash cow. They'll exert control over Corey as well so you won't be able to resist their orders anymore."

Samantha nodded. "I agree."

"What's your plan to deal with them?"

It had to be said that Simon and Cynthia were a lot smarter to use the pressure of public opinion. They were the ones who acted first and had the upper hand, for they had seized the key moment to sway public opinion.

In the public's eyes, Samantha had no credibility and integrity. How many people would actually believe what she said if she went forward to clarify things?

By then, the wave of cyber troopers would rise again, saying that Samantha would never repent and the likes. In that case, she would no longer be able to absolve herself of the false accusations.

After all, it was easier to start a rumor than stop it when it came to netizens and the internet.

There was no way to ignore that matter either. If it was left just like that, Samantha would continue to be harassed by the reporters and Corey would no longer be able to spend his days in peace.

Rochelle's thoughts were the same as Samantha's. If they wanted to mount a counterattack, they had to deliver a resounding blow with one strike. As a result, it was difficult for her to come up with a perfect solution at that moment.

Both Rochelle and Samantha were silent for some time when Rochelle suddenly remarked, "Hey Sammy, there's actually a really, really, super easy way to solve this."

#### *Chapter 105: Don't You Feel Anything at All?*

Samantha was silent but her eyebrows twitched up as soon as Rochelle said that.

Rochelle analyzed the situation and said, "You know it in your heart, don't you? As long as your real husband, Timothy, comes forward and makes public your marriage, every single accusation about you sleeping around and having a disgraceful private life would immediately be clarified. With a husband like that, no one would believe that you would go out and have an affair.

"It's the same with all those other unwarranted accusations. Timothy just needs to speak up. As your husband and the man who shares a bed with you, your parents' accusations would no longer hold water if Timothy comes out to support you. Compared to your no-good parents, Timothy—as the Barker Group's CEO—would certainly be more persuasive.

"Furthermore, as your husband, it's only right that he comes forward at this time and fends you against all those rumors. Don't you think the reason your despicable parents dared to go against you is because they think your husband won't show himself and help you?"

Indeed, Rochelle's words—including each and every pause and stop—were all accurate.

Those accusations her parents made against her were only able to arouse public anger because her 'actions' had crossed the baseline of morality.

The reason why she could not defend herself was because her words were not credible. After all, she was a nobody. Secondly, her marriage with Timothy had been publicly broken off and her reputation had been sullied right from the outset. To top it off, plenty of unsavory things about her made the headlines, making it difficult to convince anyone of her innocence without any strong evidence.

Therefore, the simplest and most effective way was to have Timothy come forward.

Samantha understood that. She understood it with crystal clear clarity, but she did not think about it.

She opened her mouth but blurted a question out. "Chelle, if you were in my shoes, would you go to Jonathan and ask him to deal with it?"

"Heh." Rochelle sneered and thought that it was a particularly funny question. She answered without even thinking, "Of course I will."

After a pause, she added. "It's much easier to use a person when there are no feelings involved."

The words were so direct, they pierced Samantha's heart instantly.

Indeed, Rochelle had no feelings for Jonathan other than hatred. That was why she had no qualms troubling Jonathan. Samantha, on the other hand...

Samantha closed her eyes.

Her relationship with Timothy had gone through a lot for the tension to ease a little, and she had yet to ask him clearly whether the person he loved was her. She feared that seeking his help for a particular matter would cause another misunderstanding, thereby breaking the balance between them once again.

When it came to Timothy, she had to be cautious for even the smallest of matters, even if it was for nothing other than to live peacefully together before that marriage was over.

Samantha was not prepared to think about that. She shook her head, opened her eyes, then looked at Rochelle with a touch of curiosity. "Chelle, you and Jonathan have been married for so long, but do you really have no feelings for him at all?"

She still remembered that there used to be a period when Rochelle's relationship with Jonathan was not as stiff as it was. At that time, she could vaguely make out from their calls to each other that Rochelle wanted to spend her days living well.

After that, Samantha's marriage was broken-off and she was kicked out of the country. She was in no state to take care of anything other than herself, and she had not been able to contact Rochelle for a very long time. When she finally managed to settle in and was able to contact Rochelle, the latter's relationship with Jonathan had become like fire and ice.

"Feelings?" Rochelle muttered. Something seemed to flash in the bottom of her eyes, but it was barely fleeting. Following that, the familiar hatred returned to her expression

and she spoke very clearly, "Does hating his guts and wishing he would go to hell count?"

Samantha tactfully kept quiet.

She and Rochelle were like sisters indeed, for their love life was the same.

Rochelle was in a very bad mood when Jonathan was mentioned. She got up from the sofa, walked to the wine cabinet, then took two bottles of wine from it. After getting another pair of wine glasses, she walked back to the sofa.

She gestured to Samantha. "Drink some."

Samantha glanced at the two bottles of wine. She recognized them as being very expensive, with only a few bottles left in the world.

Rochelle uncapped the wine bottle but did not grasp it firmly, causing the wine to spill all over. Samantha could not help but feel a little distressed when she saw it and immediately reached out to straighten the bottle.

Rochelle understood what was going on in Samantha's thoughts, so she smiled and said, "It's Jonathan's. Just let it spill. Drink all you like. Doesn't bother me."

Samantha was speechless.

Rochelle filled up the two glasses, then raised one and said, "To our friendship."

Drinking was probably not a good idea during such a crisis, but there were times where people had to be irrational and indulge themselves a little.

Samantha had been depressed for so many years that the thought of letting herself loose never even crossed her mind. She also never got a chance to have a drink with Rochelle after returning to the country, so at that moment, she decided not to worry so much and just do whatever she wanted.

She picked up her wine glass, clinked it with Rochelle's, then said with a smile, "Yes, to our friendship!"

The two looked at each other with a smile, raised their heads, then drank half the glass in one breath.

"Leave everything else aside for the time being. Tonight, we shall make this our night and drink till we drop!"

Rochelle picked up the wine bottle and filled their glasses again.

"Then I guess I'll...give my life to my bestie!" Samantha said, then took another sip.

"It's enough for us besties to be each other. Why do you need a scumbag man?" Rochelle came over, hugged Samantha, then started talking about her plans. "Sammy, we should work together to find a way to eliminate Jonathan and Timothy. Then we can inherit their property and be the richest widows in the world together!"

Samantha was amused by Rochelle's words and started to use her imagination too. "Then what? We keep a couple of young men around and spend all our nights in debauchery?"

"That's a must." Rochelle patted her chest. "If it were up to me, I'll enjoy a different one every day so Jonathan will spend his days in hell being cucked."

Samantha gave her a thumbs up.

She really had to admire Rochelle.

"Unfortunately, the reality is different. We can't kill them and we have to remain trapped in their marriage. It doesn't do us any good and we have to endure all that humiliation..."

Samantha came to a sudden realization. "Yeah. They don't treat us well, but they aren't willing to divorce us and constantly leave us depressed. Why is it that we always have to do what they want!"

"I can't take it anymore. The more we talk about it, the angrier I become. I need to give that bastard, Jonathan a bit of a scolding!" Rochelle took another glass of wine, reached out to the sofa and fumbled for her cell phone. She grabbed the device and glanced at it, but it turned out to be Samantha's rather than hers.

She threw the cell phone into Samantha's hand and reached out to get the one that belonged to her. Her fingers nimbly dialed Jonathan's number, and while waiting for the answer, she turned her head and said to Samantha, "Don't hold back now. Call Timothy and give him a good scolding. I'm telling you, it'll feel amazing!"

Samantha held the phone and looked at it blankly.

#### *Chapter 106: Public Apology*

Samantha was just like Rochelle once upon a time. If she wanted to call Timothy, she would not hesitate to do so. It did not matter where she was, what time it was, or whether she was happy or sad.

It was all because he had pampered her and spoiled her. His affection was all that she relied on.

Since then, she no longer had anything to rely on.

Jonathan had already answered the phone, and Rochelle placed her hands on her hips as she cursed in anger. All the expletives she used were never repeated and her lips rattled them off nimbly.

Samantha held the wine glass and sipped from it while watching Rochelle curse at Jonathan. There was a flash of envy in her eyes.

The alcohol imparted quite a bit of courage in her. It slowly started going to her head, causing her lucidness to fade little by little. Her eyes slowly turned to her cell phone and she reached for it, but she soon placed it back down after holding it up. The action of picking it up and putting it down was repeated over and over again.

She had lost count of how many times she did that, but her head became even dizzier and her vision became increasingly blurry. In the end, the alcohol overwhelmed her brain and everything around her started fading gradually...

...

The next day.

Samantha opened her eyes slowly and was at a loss for a few seconds. Memories however, soon poured into her mind. She frowned from the hangover and her hand reached out instinctively to her forehead.

After finally acclimatizing herself, she looked at the bedside table and saw a glass of water with some pills. Beside it was a post-it note.

She picked up the post-it note and saw Rochelle's authoritarian message. 'Take these hangover meds when you wake up. Breakfast is on the table. You just need to heat it up before eating. I'm going out to handle something. Call me if there's an emergency.'

There was a 'PS' at the back. 'The reporters are going to blow up your phone, so I turned it on airplane mode for you.'

Samantha smiled warmly and got up. She walked into the bathroom to wash up, and after coming out, she ate the hangover medication before grabbing her phone and walking out of the room.

Although she did not have any appetite, she was not about to be unappreciative of Rochelle's gesture in preparing a loving breakfast for her.



Samantha warmed it up briefly, sat on the dining chair, then ate breakfast while scrolling through her cell phone.

The first app she opened was Waybo, where the top trending searches were still related to her. The topmost one showed a picture taken by reporters that depicted her driving the luxury car a day ago.

They managed to find the price of that luxury vehicle. It turned out to be staggeringly high, and limited edition as well. Only the rich and powerful were capable of buying it.

That provided further proof that she had been squandering her husband's money while being reluctant to support her parents.

After Samantha read it, the corners of her lips curled up coldly. She found it to be extremely laughable.

If it was according to predictions, then any photo taken would allow that group of reporters to cook up stories to match, thereby swinging the opinion of netizens.

She glanced at the comments and saw plenty of bashing from the netizens.

The second trending search involved the 'revelation' by Simon and Cynthia, saying that she was out hooking up with random men. The netizens all donned their detective caps and uncovered all the men, even making a list.

Samantha pursed her lips tightly and tapped her fingers on the list of so-called affairs.

Mason Godfrey, Dr. Alan Sherwood... Even the hospital janitor was on the list, despite only exchanging one sentence with her.

Her parents really spared no effort in order to discredit her.

A glaring omission was Timothy, who was probably not included because her parents did not dare to provoke him.

Samantha had an ironic expression after seeing them removing what was supposed to be the correct answer.

The situation was starting to get exponentially worse and Samantha knew that she had to deal with it. If she did not seize the optimum time to make a clarification, it would be very difficult for her to correct public opinion.

Simon and Cynthia understood that principle as well, hence their repeated publicizing of various news to slander her.

Samantha exited Waybo and clicked on WeTalk.

There were plenty of unread messages. She saw Alan's chat at the very top and noticed that he had sent a lot of messages.

She clicked on the chat and read through it quickly.

The first few messages were Alan asking her if she was okay, followed by him asking her if there was anything she needed help with. The last and most recent was to tell her that she could contact him at any time.

Many other friends she met at home and abroad also sent messages to comfort her or ask her if she needed help.

Most of the time, there were more people offering help when she was well off compared to when she was actually in need of help. Samantha looked at the news and felt waves of warmth in her heart.

She felt touched.

She ate the last mouthful of her breakfast, put down the dishes, then wiped her lips. Then, she got up and walked to the floor-to-ceiling windows, where she looked at the blue sky and the brilliant sun while making her final decision.

Once that was done, she picked up her cell phone and called her father.

The call was answered in seconds, clearly a sign that they had been waiting for her call.

Simon's voice was filled with condescending arrogance. "What do you want to say?"

Samantha took a breath and spoke in a slightly hoarse voice. "I was wrong, Dad."

Simon snorted coldly and acted all pretentious. "You were wrong? How can I possibly accept your admission of being wrong? Weren't you stubborn when you came here the last time, saying that you wanted to let your rich husband deal with me and your mother?"

Samantha listened quietly to his exasperation and sobbed while replying, "Dad, all these baseless claims about me and random men have angered my husband so much. He's very angry at me now and he wants to get a divorce. I did have an enjoyable life before, but I finally understand that you, Mom, and the Larssons are my real support."

"Heh." Simon was smarter than before and did not answer Samantha.

Samantha's tone became anxious. "Dad, I'm really regretting it now. I only dared to call you because I spent the whole of last night reflecting on myself. I'll agree to the conditions you put forward and I'll promise to obediently listen to you and Mom. I won't fight back anymore!"

About half a minute passed before Simon said unhurriedly, "Words are useless."

He had suffered in her hands countless times before and there was no way he was going to let himself be fooled by her again.

Samantha bit her lips and said sadly, "Tell me, Dad. What else do you want me to do before you'll believe me?"

Simon had been waiting for that all along and immediately said, "I want you to hold a press conference to admit to everything and apologize publicly, not just to everyone, but to me and your mother too!"

It was only when Samantha publicly acknowledged everything she had done and made a public apology that she would have to carry that blot on her life forever. Finally, she would only rely on the Larssons to control her in the future.

As soon as Simon finished talking, he could clearly hear Samantha's breathing becoming heavier on the other end.

After hesitating for a long time, Samantha finally answered softly, "Okay."

*Chapter 107: I Deny Everything!*

Simon smiled triumphantly. "It's not too late for you to wake up and see the truth, Sammy. You're my daughter, and as a father, I definitely won't ignore my children and leave them to fend for themselves!"

"Thank you for being willing to give me another chance, Dad." Samantha sounded infinitely grateful.

Simon was absolutely thrilled. He had suffered countless times since Samantha returned, and the most recent ended up with him being bedridden for three entire days. At long last, he could finally regain his dignity again!

He wanted her to know that he was her father and that he was the one who should dictate how her life went!

Then, he said in a commanding tone, "Since you've finally come to your senses, we should handle this matter as soon as possible. A press conference will be held tomorrow!"

Samantha naturally did not object to it. "Okay. Go ahead and make arrangements, Dad."

Simon hung up the phone with glee.

Samantha put the phone away, raised her eyes, then looked at the blue sky again. She curled the corners of her lips and her eyes felt cold.

After a few seconds, she turned around and walked into the bedroom.

Inside the dressing room, she chose from Rochelle's sportswear and donned a hat as well as sunglasses. After putting them on, she stood in front of the mirror to make sure that her disguise was airtight. Then, she picked up her bag and headed out.

...

News of Simon's upcoming press conference was revealed later that evening. It was to be held at ten the next morning in the conference hall of a five-star hotel.

Early the next day, countless reporters had already flooded into the hotel, anxious about not getting a good seat if they arrived late.

At half past nine, the entire conference hall was crowded with people. There were still many reporters who could not get in and a crowd formed at the entrance.

Simon and Cynthia had already arrived, but there was no sign of Samantha yet. Cynthia could not help but feel a little worried and asked her husband in a low voice, "Samantha won't disappear at the last minute, right?"

"If she doesn't come, it'll only reinforce the accusations against her. Moreover, there are plenty of reporters who have shown up here, and they'll be pissed as hell if she doesn't show up. You can imagine just how badly they'll write about her if that happens!" Simon was not at all worried.

In an era where public opinion could influence practically anything, the reporters' pens were mightier than the sword.

On hearing that, Cynthia finally set her heart at ease and could not help but start imagining just how she could maximize Samantha's value later.

With ten minutes to go before it was ten o'clock, Samantha was still nowhere to be seen. The reporters seemed a little impatient and unhappy. After all, they were very upset when Samantha escaped last time. If she pulled a fast one on them again and wasted their precious time, they were not going to be polite to her anymore!

They ought to know that every minute and every second of a reporter's time was money.

The clock finally struck ten.

Dressed in simple clothes, Samantha stepped into the conference room, drawing the attention of everyone present there.

She had finally made an appearance!

The reporters became energetic at once, pointing their cameras at Samantha and clicking away as she walked.

The clicking sound resonated continuously throughout the huge conference room.

Samantha walked to the conference room stage where a microphone stand had already been prepared. She stood behind the microphone, looked at the crowd, then lifted her lips and said, "Hello everyone, I'm Samantha Larsson. First of all, I'm very grateful to all the journalists and reporters for taking the time out of their busy schedule to participate in this conference."

She took a step back and bowed slightly to the reporters in a very polite manner.

It was difficult for one to get angry at someone who was smiling, and such was the case when Samantha's courtesy and respect toward the reporters calmed their anger.

After Samantha got up, she approached the microphone again and said, "Before we start this press conference, I have a small request."

She turned her gaze to the parents standing in the audience and said, "I hope my parents can also stand onstage with me. After all, I'm only standing here today because of them."

Simon and Cynthia looked at each other—a profound smugness emanated from the bottom of their eyes.

After all, Samantha was about to apologize to them in a moment. If they stood onstage, everyone could see them more clearly.

Simon immediately said, "Alright. Your mother and I will accompany you onstage."

Cynthia took Simon's arm, and the two of them walked pretentiously onto the stage, as if they were walking the red carpet in a lavish ceremony. Both of them stood beside Samantha.

Samantha smiled at them, then faced the crowd and started speaking, "My friends, if there's anything you'd like to ask, you may begin now."

The reporters were already raring to go, so her words were like a start button that set off a frenzy of questions.

One reporter spoke first. "Ms. Larsson, do you admit to the three accusations against you by your parents?"

The entire room fell silent on its own and everyone was waiting for Samantha's answer.

Simon and Cynthia's lips were already starting to curl into a smile.

Based on their agreement, Samantha would confess to everything, repent in public, and apologize for everything. The matter would then be regarded as settled.

Samantha looked directly at the largest camera lens in the conference room, which happened to be recording her live.

Her red lips parted slightly and she uttered her words clearly. "I! Deny! Everything!"

Those three simple words were like small stones that caused huge ripples as they were thrown into the sea.

A commotion immediately ensued.

The reporters initially thought that since Samantha had brought her parents out to hold a press conference, she would go through the expected course of action and confess before apologizing. None of them expected anything otherwise, but who would have known that she would deny the accusations!

A reporter's greatest fear was the lack of chaos in the world. With chaos, their news would become even more valuable and the traffic would increase too. At that moment, everyone subconsciously sat upright, staring at the family onstage and eagerly waiting for them to rip each other to shreds!

Simon and Cynthia never thought that Samantha would still have any tricks up her sleeve after coming to the door. Simon's face turned extremely ugly, but since they were onstage, there was nothing he could do to her. His only recourse was to lower his voice and threaten her, "I'm warning you, Samantha. Don't play with fire and get yourself burned!"

Samantha glanced back at him, smiled warmly, and said in the gentlest of manners, "It remains to be seen who will end up setting themselves on fire."

"You!" Simon was furious and wanted to give her a tight big slap. Unfortunately, he had no choice but to endure it.

Samantha ignored him, turned her head around, then continued to look into the live recording. Amidst the noise of the crowd, her gentle yet firm voice sounded once more.

“Next up, I’ll explain one by one the three accusations that my parents made against me.”

The reporters fell silent again. All of them suppressed their excitement and waited for her explanation, eager to see if she really was wrongfully accused or whether she was just forcing an explanation!

#### *Chapter 108: Interrogation*

“First, regarding my parents’ claims that I married a rich man, enjoyed all the riches and glory, and abandoned them without giving them money to support them.”

Samantha smirked. “I’ll admit that I’m married.”

As soon as she uttered that remark, there was yet another uproar.

Simon seized that opportunity and immediately accused her. “Listen clearly, everyone. She admitted being married to a rich man and enjoying all the glory and wea—”

Before he could finish speaking, Samantha glanced at him and interrupted him right away. “I may be married, but I don’t enjoy any glory or wealth.”

“Is that a joke!” Simon scolded angrily, “Do you think everyone’s blind? That luxury car you drove that day was so expensive and yet you say you’re not enjoying yourself?”

Her father’s words seemed to have won the approval of reporters.

They had taken photos of the car and found all sorts of information regarding the vehicle.

One of the reporters, who might or might not have been bribed by Simon, asked aloud, “Yeah, Ms. Larsson, you escaped from us in a luxury car. Everyone saw that. What’s your explanation for that?”

Samantha’s smile became even bigger and she seemed to have been waiting for that question. She answered unhurriedly, “Before I answer that, I’d like to show you a couple of things beforehand.”

There was a projector in the conference room, so she turned her gaze to a hotel staff member on the sidelines and asked politely, “Can you help me set up the projector?”

The staff nodded. “Of course.”

After he set up the equipment quickly, Samantha threw a stack of paper in her hands and projected them onto the big screen.

Everyone looked over at the same time.

Displayed on the screen was a long billing statement of all the bank cards under Samantha's name. It detailed what she spent on and how much she spent from the day of her marriage up until that day.

Everyone was stunned after reading it. She was ridiculously poor!

Did she really spend that little money after so many months? It paled in comparison to the reporters...

Soon after, Samantha put up the supporting documents of all assets under her name.

Before any of them could even recover from the shock earlier, they were given yet another bombshell by those documents. Samantha had no assets under her name, and at that point, her bank card balance was left on with a few thousand bucks.

Was Samantha really married into a wealthy family?

Samantha waited for them to digest the information before speaking again, "Now I'll explain the luxury car. That luxury car isn't mine. It belongs to one of my elders who temporarily lent it to me to drive."

She looked at the reporter who asked the question and smiled, "Is that a good enough explanation?"

The reporter blinked awkwardly and was speechless when asked.

Simon did not expect Samantha to be able to refute that. After all, he had asked her to fork out one million before, which she was able to do. She even boasted to them how kindly her husband treated her...

In that case, she must have faked all those billing statements!

Simon gritted his teeth and said again, "Don't trust her. Samantha's words are full of lies. She even lied to her mother and me. All of this has to be fake!"

Samantha's heartfelt cold when she heard Simon's clamor.

She kept thinking about remembering that little bit of family affection, but all he wanted was to condemn her to unrighteousness, unfaithfulness, and unfilial piety.



Samantha closed her eyes and clenched her hands little by little. Three seconds later, she opened her eyes and had only indifference within them.

“My dear reporter friends, I have a few more things that I want to show you.”

She did not hesitate in the slightest and immediately revealed the paper on the big screen.

It was the same billing statement, and the same supporting documents for assets under a single person’s name. However, they all belonged to Simon instead of Samantha.

The date range was the same—from Samantha’s date of marriage up until that day.

Simon’s bank statements, as well as the credit and debit columns, were full of transactions. It showed clearly to everyone what it meant to enjoy glory and wealth.

The largest sum was transferred on the day Samantha got married, while the second largest was banked in by cash some time ago.

Samantha moved her lips slightly and explained everything clearly. “The first sum was my wedding dowry, but the money was all taken away by my father instead of being given to me. For the second sum, they used my brother Corey to threaten me into handing over the money. My brother has suffered from a serious heart disease since he was a child. Not only did my parents decline to spend money on his treatment, they even used him to get more money by marrying him to a ghost bride. I have to give them money if I don’t want to see my brother die, so I put in a lot of hard work to raise a million bucks, which I handed over to them in exchange for them to give up custody of my brother.”

Everyone was completely stunned.

The perception was that Samantha had been an unfilial daughter who had gone beyond the moral baseline, but it seemed that Simon and Cynthia were actually good-for-nothing parents.

Sensing that everyone’s gazes were shifting as they looked at him, Simon became panicked and angry. He rushed recklessly to Samantha, pulled the paper in her hand, then tore it off like a madman. After that, he pointed at her and cursed, “Stop deceiving everyone. Every word you say is a lie. These are all fakes. How could you frame your parents in order to exonerate yourself? Do you even have a heart?!”

Samantha smiled insipidly and looked at him directly. Her tone was calm and stiff as she said, “Every word I said is true. If I’m lying, may thunder strike me down and make me suffer in death!

“What about you, Dad? Are you brave enough to swear that you have never done any of these things before, and that I framed you for all this? Or else you’ll suffer in death too?”

She took a step toward Simon with every word she said. Simon felt her inexplicable aura and retreated unconsciously. At the last question, his legs turned limp and he fell miserably to the ground with a plop.

“I, I...I...” He opened his mouth to try and speak, but the pressure was so sudden that he could not even speak at all.

Simon had an ashen expression after falling to the ground. Samantha merely looked at him coldly and dejectedly.

If she came forth just to explain herself, there might be a possibility that no one would believe her. Therefore, the reason she agreed to hold a press conference was because she could confront her father in public.

A comparison of right and wrong cleared things up at a glance.

Their conversation earlier has proved that the two accusations her father leveled against her were merely nonexistent and a plain twisting of the facts!

Doing it in such a way was more effective and direct than anything.

When the reporters saw such twists, they all smiled and they were already quickly rewriting their press releases.

Amidst the chaos, one reporter called out and asked a very pointed question!

“Ms.. Larsson, let’s put aside for the time being the question of whether you or your parents are right. Don’t you still have to explain your messy private life before marriage and your unsavory acts of cheating and hooking up with random men after your marriage?”

#### *Chapter 109: A Stunning Reversal*

As soon as that remark was said, the guns were once again trained at Samantha.

No reporter disliked having more news. The more the better, and the more explosive the news was, the more valuable it would be. They all agreed, “That’s right, Ms. Larsson. How do you explain your parents’ third accusation?”

The guilty conscience that Simon initially had from being questioned earlier had disappeared considerably. Even though Samantha refuted the first two claims, the third one was not a false allegation!

Detective Leadon, who had been helping him with the investigations, had clearly told him that Samantha could not keep to herself before and after her marriage. She had been with countless men before and he managed to compile a list of those who had an affair with her.

Those were facts with conclusive evidence! Was there any other way she could absolve herself from those claims!

As long as she was unable to explain her messy private life, her image in the public eye would never be reversed. She would still become a wretch that everyone else cursed at!

Simon thought to himself and figured that no man would be willing to be cuckolded. When she was finally abandoned by her rich husband and completely lost his backing, he would be able to deal with her easily!

The expression on Samantha's face did not change and the emotion in her eyes did not even fluctuate. She swept her gaze across all the reporters, knowing deep down that many of the reporters there were bribed by Simon. He aimed to be thorough when striking her down.

She curled her lips and said, "I'll answer the question about my private life now, but before I do, I invite everyone to watch this video recording."

She took out the phone, tapped on the screen, and projected on the big screen.

After turning on the video recording, the fat Mason Godfrey was first to appear in the frame. He had a somewhat respectful look in his eyes and even spoke in a polite tone as he said to the camera, "Hello everyone, I'm the Mr. Godfrey that was included in the list of Samantha's affairs. This is a wrongful accusation. Ms. Larsson and I have only met a few times, and there's nothing shady going on between us. Regarding those official accounts and netizens who have deliberately discredited my image on the internet, please stop spreading any further rumors and delete the posts immediately, otherwise I'll have to resort to legal measures to defend myself. Thank you all!"

The second one who appeared was the hospital janitor. He faced the camera with an honest expression and seemed very uncomfortable. He spoke in his village accent and explained seriously, "Hello everyone. I'm the second man rumored to have an affair with Ms. Larsson. I was cleaning at the time when Ms. Larsson kindly informed me about a falling object that was about to hit me. She did that so I would avoid getting injured. I don't know how a rumor like that even came about. I'll make it clear right now that I'm not having an affair with Ms. Larsson!"

The next individuals who appeared were two nurses from the hospital's inpatient department. They were there when Samantha kindly reminded the janitor and saw everything with their own eyes. Finally, they emphasized, "Ms. Larsson has spent the past few months coming to the hospital to accompany her brother Corey. We've never seen her deliberately hooking up with any men at the hospital. She is gentle, polite, and has good morals. We urge all netizens not to listen to rumors, and not to hurt people with their words."

The fourth one to appear was Alan, who generated the most discussion.

Alan succeeded in standing out from the other affairs listed down because of his kind appearance and gentlemanly temperament.

Moreover, when photos of Alan helping Samantha apply medicine in a cafe were circulated, everyone flung their wrists in dismay. How could such a good-looking man be deceived by a scumbag like Samantha?

Many women also posted various comments on Waybo to draw Alan's attention to Samantha's true colors. A woman like that was completely unworthy of him and it was best for him to ditch her!

Alan appeared in front of the camera dressed in a simple shirt and pants. He seemed very natural and down-to-earth.

He raised his hand and greeted the camera before beginning his sentence. Every single word escaped his mouth very clearly. "Hello everyone, I'm Dr. Sherwood. Ms. Larsson and I are very good friends, and at the same time, my team is now in charge of treating Corey. That's the reason for my frequent interaction with Ms. Larsson in recent days. That's all there is to it. There's nothing going on between us, so please, stop spreading rumors."

After he finished speaking, the screen suddenly turned black. When everyone thought the video was over, another magnetic voice sounded.

"Hello everyone. I'm Little St. John!"

That simple sentence silenced the entire conference room for a second and they soon let out a huge exclamation.

Little St. John—the medical world's most mythical figure!

As the only disciple of Professor Louie, he was already the subject of everyone's attention. Having made many academic breakthroughs in the medical field and won many international awards at a young age, he was just recently nominated for the famous Alfred's Prize.

Since he was very low-key and mysterious, no news outlet has so far been able to interview him. Everyone did their utmost best to find out even the slightest bit of information about him.

Although a few people knew his true appearance, everyone heard his voice before because everyone wanted to be the first to circulate the audio recordings of his academic publications. His voice was very distinctive and recognizable, so listening to the person's voice was enough to convince anyone that it was the little saint!

No one expected him to appear in Samantha's video recording!

"Circulating on the internet are photos of Samantha chasing the bus in order to get to Dr. Sherwood, and those photos are true. However, she did so not to seduce him, but to ask him to convey her wish for me to take over Corey's treatment. The interaction between Alan and Ms. Larsson was purely regarding Corey's treatment. Please don't believe the rumors and don't hurt innocent people by spreading them. Thank you, everyone."

After the recording was over, it took everyone some time before they returned to their senses.

If an authoritative figure like the little saint had come forward to endorse her, even the reporter who asked the question earlier could not confidently refute it to be false.

Samantha immediately followed up to it, casting all the information about Corey's case that she had prepared beforehand onto the screen. She did the same with her chat history with Alan on WeTalk and various other evidence as well.

Her personal and physical evidence have all been provided.

Simon's face turned pale. His eyes widened in shock and he was in disbelief.

Where did Samantha meet such a powerful person? He knew what happened to Mason, and it was not like those grudges could easily be forgotten. Samantha had offended him before, so why would he be willing to come out to testify for her?

What else was there about Samantha that Simon did not know?

All the reporters were silent. The evidence had piled up. What else could they ask?

Samantha did not commit to any of those three accusations and even turned out to be a super poor person. Her parents did not love her at all, and they turned out to be absolute bloodsuckers.

Amidst the silence, the door of the conference room slammed open and a man appeared at the door, shouting, "Don't believe what Samantha says! She's a liar who only spouts nonsense!"

*Chapter 110: I'm Samantha's Husband!*

Everyone's attention was drawn to the entrance.

The man was unattractive, thin, and looked like he was in his fifties. However, the clothes he wore were all from luxury brands, and the logos were so huge that it was as if he wanted everyone to see them.

He had a disability in his leg and he hobbled over in a very slow manner when he walked in.

Everyone could not help but start discussing, "Who is he?"

"Beats me!"

"I've never seen this person either. Has anyone ever met this man before?"

Amidst the discussion, the man hobbled slowly onto the stage and stood right beside Samantha. He then faced everyone and looked into the camera making the live recording.

He opened his lips to reveal a hoarse voice that made it sound as though his throat had been damaged. "Hello everyone. Please allow me to introduce myself. I'm the rich husband in Samantha's secret marriage! You can address me by my surname Cheadle."

"Whoa!"

"Goodness! That's Samantha's husband?"

"I didn't expect the rumors to be true. He really is disabled!"

"What did he mean by the remarks he just made? Could Samantha's explanation have been false?"

Everyone looked like they were eager to bring out the popcorn again. The quiet conference room started to bustle and everyone looked at the stage with excitement.

Samantha and Simon had been facing off against each other earlier, but at that moment, it looked as though the face-off would involve Samantha and her husband!

Aside from those at the venue, the number of people tuning in to the live broadcast had exceeded 100 million, exceeding the viewers for those eight o'clock dramas!

Samantha's eyes darkened as she looked askance at the man who claimed to be her husband but whom she had never met.

The reporters could not wait to ask questions.

"Mr. Cheadle, what do you mean when you said that Ms. Larsson is a liar who only spouts nonsense?"

"Mr. Cheadle, are you saying Samantha's explanations are all lies? Is she deceiving the public?"

Mr. Cheadle gave Samantha a vicious look and said in a heartbroken tone, "Samantha might look pure on the surface, but it's all just an act. I'm suffering from a leg ailment and ill health because of a prior accident. It was a blow to my self-esteem. She took advantage of this by showing concern for me and whispering sweet nothings to my ears. I thought she really didn't care about my condition and loved me truly, which is why I married her.

"It was only after marriage that she revealed her true colors. She didn't love me at all. Everything she did was for my property. She kept asking me to spend money on her, buy her a car, a house, and luxury goods. She used my card for all of that, which is why there are no transactions on her bank cards. She doesn't have any assets under her name.

"I've been tolerating all this in silence. I love her and I'm willing to spend money on her, but I hope that she can look back and see just how good I've been to her. Unfortunately, she measures my feelings for her in terms of money. She never exercised any form of restraint and repeatedly refused to get close to me because of my disability. Ever since we got married, she never allowed me to give her even a kiss, much less sleep in the same room with her!"

As Mr. Cheadle spoke, he had a look of constant suffering on his face, and there were even tears in his eyes.

Everyone could not help but start sobbing.

Men generally did not cry easily, so it must have been too saddening for him that he would shed his tears in front of so many people!

"She never lets me touch her but she lets other men do so. Those who appeared in the video just now were all her affairs, but they're not the only ones. There are many other random men who have not been singled out. She's really good at persuading people,

which is why those men are willing to clear her name. They're in the same position as I am. They're going around in circles because they're being deceived!"

"Furthermore, having affairs and giving me the silent treatment isn't all she did. She's evil enough to want to kill me!"

Mr. Cheadle's voice rose suddenly and he opened his shirt, revealing a very obvious stab wound on his waist and abdomen.

"When my father-in-law came forward to expose her, I wanted to follow along as well, but she came to me and tried to kill me. I'm lucky to have survived it and cheated death. I came here as soon as I woke up just so I can tell everyone that Samantha is a vicious, evil woman who kills people for their money!"

He then gave Simon a look while he spoke.

Simon nodded and began crying all of a sudden, as if he had suffered for countless years. He cried and said, "I've wronged you. If you hadn't shown up, Samantha would have succeeded in fooling everyone!"

Cynthia added on with wiping her snot and tears. "Sammy, you've reached a point where I can't help you anymore. As parents, we can only endure it if you treat us that way. But your husband treats you so well and, rather than being satisfied with him, you did so many wrongful acts that just can't be accepted. This is an outrage!"

While saying that, she turned to the reporters and bowed deeply. "It was my fault for not educating my daughter properly and making her become like this. I apologize to everyone here. I'm sorry everyone. I've disappointed my son-in-law!"

Simon huffed and knelt directly on the ground. "As a father, I'm the one who has to bear the biggest blame for raising such a daughter. I apologize to everyone. I've let everyone down, and I've let my son-in-law down!"

Then he looked at Samantha, and said, "You evil woman. Aren't you going to hurry up and kneel down to apologize? Get down and beg everyone, including your husband, for forgiveness!"

His words drew everyone's attention to Samantha.

Her parents came out to accuse her and her husband had made an appearance to do the same. As the closest individuals around her, it was too far-fetched for anyone to believe that she was innocent.

Moreover, public opinion had always leaned toward the weak. Mr. Cheadle went through a horrible situation. Showering his affections on an undeserving woman led her to string him along and nearly take his life.



Someone then shouted, "Apologize, Samantha!"

Everyone's emotions were stirred at once and the commotion was getting louder. They all shouted, "Samantha, you evil woman! Kneel down and apologize!"

"Apologize right now, Samantha!"

Even the comments on the live broadcast continued to pour in. [Kneel down and apologize, Samantha!]

Samantha stood there calmly. Her hands hung on both sides of her body and she clenched tightly while pursing her red lips.

She had long surmised there was someone else behind her parents. After all, the way they suddenly attacked her in waves was unlike something people with their IQ would have done.

Her guess was confirmed as soon as the fake husband appeared.

Whatever trick the people behind her conjured up really was quite amazing.

They first waited until she had provided all the evidence in her support, after which they would let the fake husband appear to cast down on her integrity by refuting all those words she said. No one would believe her after that and there was no way she could argue herself out of it.

With her parents kneeling down, apologizing, and forcing her to apologize, Samantha would be finished as soon as she opened her mouth.

Samantha frowned and her thoughts began to race in her mind.

Seeing her standing motionlessly there. Simon and Cynthia looked at each other before grabbing both her arms and forcing her to kneel down.

Before Samantha had time to react, she heard two screams from Simon and Cynthia.

*Chapter 111: Drama!*

Samantha was stunned for a moment. She raised her eyes to look at Simon on her left. He was clutching his stomach after being kicked and fell to the ground with an agonized look.

She could not help turning to Cynthia on her right. The woman seemed to have been dragged by her wrists and shoved away. She staggered and nearly fell off the stage.

Samantha finally had a good look at the person.

A man stood in front of her. His handsome face was covered with a profound iciness and anger was surging in his eyes, making him look as though he was going to burn everything to the ground.

The sunlight shone in from outside and illuminated him, setting off a halo all around his figure. Samantha looked at the person in front of her in a daze and was unable to believe her eyes.

Why would Timothy show up?

In that split second, she instinctively stretched out her hand toward him, trying to touch him and ascertain if he was real.

It was then that the audience exclaimed the loudest.

The little saint's appearance in the video had already amazed everyone, and not a single person expected that Timothy—son of the Barkers and CEO of the Barker Group—would be there!

He kicked Simon and Cynthia away as soon as he arrived, so did it mean that he came to help Samantha?

Samantha was his former fiancée with whom he had broken off the marriage, and rumor had it that he did not like Samantha. There was one time someone did a news report about the two of them spending the night together, but he immediately asked it to be taken down. Why else would he do that if he did not want Samantha to be related to him?

What was the situation at that moment?

The Barkers were a top-tier family, while Timothy was a business tycoon and the most desirable bachelor out there. He was the epitome of an elite, and the atmosphere of the entire conference room as well as the live broadcast has instantly shot through the roof!

When Simon saw Timothy, he was shocked for a full minute, but soon, he got up with difficulty, ignoring the pain in his stomach, and said respectfully toward Timothy, "Mr. Barker, were you also...deceived by Samantha? I have to tell you that you really shouldn't believe a word she says. Not a single word. Just look at how cruel she is to her husband. She doesn't deserve your help!"

As a man, Simon knew that men would always have some pity toward the women they used to be with. Moreover, a woman who deliberately showed weakness and pity would surely be able to spur a man into protecting them. Simon thought that Timothy came forth to help Samantha because of her underhanded schemes and plots.

The only way Timothy would not help her was if Simon showed Timothy Samantha's true colors. If that failed, all Simon's efforts that day would go down the drain!

It would be even better if he could persuade Timothy into helping him!

As soon as that thought occurred to him, Simon complained even more urgently. "Have you forgotten, Mr. Barker? Samantha conspired against you as soon as she returned to the country. After the news about your night together was circulated, she wanted me and her mother to go to the Barkers and force Old Madam Barker into approving her marriage. Her plan failed only because I couldn't stand her despicable behavior and scolded her!"

Cynthia walked to Simon's side and nodded repeatedly. "Yes, Mr. Barker. I can't side with Sammy on this even though she's my daughter. She's just too terrifying and too cunning. She deceived too many men, and you mustn't believe her!"

Simon and Cynthia's words reached Samantha's ears clearly.

Although she was bitterly disappointed with them, she still found it laughable when she heard them hurl all sorts of accusations at her.

Such were her parents.

An uninformed person might think they were her enemy.

However, would Timothy believe them?

Samantha's long curly eyelashes trembled slightly and her black eyeballs moved extremely slowly as she turned to look at Timothy.

The man's face became colder and colder and his thin lips were pursed tightly into a thin line. His body exuded a sort of dangerous aura that stopped anyone from going near him, just like one of those demons that came straight out of hell.

He finally responded to Simon. "Really?"

As soon as he uttered that word, Simon's eyes lit up all of a sudden. It looked as though Timothy had believed what he said and immediately continued to add, "Yes, Mr. Barker. I swear that I'm telling the truth. The reason why I came forward today and placed truth over family ties is because I really can't stand Samantha's actions anymore!"

Samantha's heart sank straight down, as if it had fallen into endless darkness.

After all that, did Timothy still believe someone else's words?

Timothy's dark eyes shifted to Samantha. He stared deeply into her eyes but said nothing, merely watching her for a few seconds before stretching out his hand toward her.

Samantha was just about to wonder what was going on when the man's hand suddenly held her.

That warm palm wrapped around her hand slowly and he lifted her face up to look at everyone present there. Under everyone's gaze, he inserted his slender fingers gently yet firmly between her fingers and interlocked with them.

The clicking of camera shutters rang all over the meeting room.

The comment section exploded in the live broadcast, with everyone typing question marks. Some viewers were somewhat distressed and posted comments saying: [Don't be deceived, Handsome! Run for your life!]

Samantha herself was stunned silly and her head went blank. She had lost all cognitive ability. In her daze, could only stand there in confusion and allow Timothy to hold her hand.

Timothy raised his eyebrows.

Simple though that little action was, it carried an inexplicably powerful aura which surged forth and stopped the photographers from pressing on the shutter button. The crowd was quiet and there was pin-drop silence.

The man's thin lips started to move and his voice was deeply sweet as he spoke clearly, "Hello everyone. I'm Samantha's newlywed husband, Timothy Barker."

The audience was thoroughly stunned. Time seemed to have frozen instantaneously.

The live broadcast crashed right away, and only a black screen remained.

Was Timothy that so-called disfigured, disabled, and inhumane rich husband that Samantha was newly married to?

How... How was that possible?

Mr. Cheadle was a much better fit no matter how one looked at it!

Although the reporters were stunned by Timothy's charisma, they bit the bullet and asked questions for the sake of their news reports and site traffic. "Mr. Barker, if you're really Ms. Larsson's newlywed husband, then why is Mr. and Mrs. Larsson in the dark over having a son-in-law like you? Why did they acknowledge Mr. Cheadle as their son-in-law?"

“Do you still miss your old relationship with Ms. Larsson and end up being tricked by her sweet words, as her father said earlier? Is that why you showed up and pretended to be her husband and clear her name?”

“Heh.” Timothy’s lips twitched, as if he heard the funniest joke ever.

He could not be bothered to talk nonsense and immediately took something out from his pocket. He then projected it directly onto the big screen in the same way Samantha did.

When the reporters saw what was on the big screen, they exclaimed out loud and were utterly dumbfounded.