

《Once Bitten, Twice Shy》

Chapter 11: Do You Still Like Her?

Samantha's movement was fast and accurate. When the needle pierced through his skin, Timothy stopped mid-action.

It was a specially-made fine needle, and there were anesthetic components on the needle tip. Hence, as soon as the needle pricked the skin, the anesthetic would spread the person's blood, and he would pass out.

Just as Samantha thought Timothy would faint, he raised his hands and once again grabbed her wrists, pushing them on the top of her head.

Samantha met the man's eyes in disbelief.

Timothy's obsidian eyes darkened, and there was no hint of drowsiness in them. Instead, his murderous intent intensified as if he wanted to tear Samantha into pieces.

Impossible!

Her fine needle had never failed before, and even an elephant would fall! Why did it not affect Timothy?

Did she never truly understand Timothy before? Or did Timothy become stronger in these two years?

Timothy pulled out the needle and looked at it. Then, he showed a mocking smile. "Samantha, I have indeed underestimated you! However, such a thing is useless to me. What's wrong? Is this all you can do?"

B*stard!

Samantha clenched her fists, stabbing her nails into her palms. She bit her lower so hard that it started bleeding.

The woman below him had such dark eyes, but they were glistening as if there was a small sun hiding in them.

It was Timothy's favorite part of her.

When she saw him, she used to be all smiles, full of adoration.

However, there was nothing but anger, resentment in her eyes now. Moreover, she was thinking about ways to hurt him..

Before he knew it, Timothy's anger grew, and his obsidian eyes were bloodshot. Then, as his anger and desire surged, he slowly lost his sanity.

Clothes fell on the floor one by one, and Samantha had gradually lost her energy. She knew well that she had no strength to resist.

Nonetheless, she would never admit defeat and beg him!

Just as Timothy inched closer, Samantha suddenly raised her hands and wrapped them around his neck. She lifted her pale but still beautiful face and showed a flirtatious smile.

"Mr. Barker, since you're in such great spirit, I might as well keep you company. However, don't forget to pay me. I want cash, no credit!"

When Timothy heard her words and flew into a rage. His slender fingers uncontrollably grabbed her neck. Each word that he uttered was like a sharp blade, ruthlessly stabbing at her. "Samatha, you're f*cking filthy!"

Filthy?

Samantha was used to hearing such words, so she was unaffected.

She daringly met his eyes, and her smile became even more sarcastic. "Likewise!"

As soon as that word came out, Samantha felt Timothy's grip tightened, and she suddenly could not breathe well, causing her cheeks to instantly redden.

Samantha had no doubts that Timothy really wanted to choke her. After all, Timothy was used to being on the top, and no one had the guts to challenge his authority.

She was probably the first one!

Samantha did not struggle and just shut her eyes. Compared to the pain she was feeling in her heart, this was nothing. If she could end everything right now, perhaps it would also be a way to free herself!

Then, she felt the oxygen become thinner, and her sight was getting blurrier. The second before Samantha was suffocated to death, the man released his grip.

Timothy once again grabbed her face, forcing her to look at him. "Samantha, don't dream about dying so easily!"

There was a huge fury and forbearance in his tone. "I'm not at your beck and call. From the day you dare to scheme against me, I became the one who has the final say on how this game will play out! Samantha, control yourself. If I see you seducing another man again, don't blame me for being rude to you!"

As soon as those heartless words came out of his mouth, Timothy ruthlessly tossed Samantha as if she was disgusting. Then, he got out of bed.

Compared to Samantha's disheveled clothes, Timothy's shirt was only slightly wrinkled. With a couple pats and swipes, Timothy looked dapper again.

After that, he walked away in big strides and did not even cast another glance at Samantha.

Then, the door slammed shut. Lying in bed, Samantha's lashes fluttered violently.

Even though there was no more danger, she was not relaxed at all. On the contrary, she felt even more miserable, and her heart was aching badly. It hurt so bad that she could not help but curl up into a ball, hugging herself tightly.

She used to think that she had already let her past relationship go and that she had removed Timothy from her heart.

However, when she saw his hateful gaze and heard his ruthless words, she was still sad.

She never thought that one day, Timothy, who had given her the best of the world, would be the one hurting her the most and making her feel so uncomfortable.

Tears flowed uncontrollably from the corner of her eyes. Then, with a hoarse voice, Samantha sobbed, "Timothy, you b*stard."

She must have been blind before, and that was why she liked him!

She was surely an idiot! Otherwise, she would not be sad because of him!

...

Timothy entered the elevator and punched the steel wall hard.

If he exerted extra energy, the damn woman, Samantha, would thoroughly disappear from his eyes, and he would never be irritated and angered by the woman again.

However, his heart once again went soft once again.

When Timothy reached downstairs, he immediately walked into the VIP private room that the clubhouse kept for them.

Noticing that he was approaching, Zachary and Jonathan subconsciously turned to each other. They did not expect that Timothy would be there so soon.

After all, with his attitude just now, they thought Timothy and Samantha would definitely have a restless night!

Timothy walked over, and the lively private room instantly turned chilly from his cold aura. When he sat, other people immediately backed away from him.

Zachary peeped at Timothy's expression, and he was puzzled. "Timmy, what's wrong? Aren't you supposed to teach Samantha a lesson for having a lover? Why..."

Timothy glared at him.

Then, Zachary felt a chill down his spine. Zachary swallowed the remaining sentence. He was going to ask why it felt as if Samantha was the one who taught him a lesson.

Since he was a child, Zachary had always been a fearless brat, and the only person he was afraid of was Timothy. When they were kids, Timothy would always hit him. Hence, he was submissive.

Timothy took the alcohol on the table and finished it in one gulp.

Zachary became anxious. Timothy has always been able to control himself, and he was unpredictable. Moreover, he rarely showed his feelings, especially these two years, and no one could tell what he was thinking. Unexpectedly, as soon as Samantha returned, he started uninhibitedly drinking again.

He knew that Samantha was a scourge for Timothy.

Zachary felt restless, so he stood up. "Timmy, I'll help you teach her a lesson!"

"Sit down!"

Zachary looked at Timothy, confused.. "Timmy, why are you still protecting Samantha? Do you still like her?"

