

《Once Bitten, Twice Shy》

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Chapter 12: ?Did She Deserve It?

'Like her?'

Did she deserve it?

Timothy mumbled those two words, and his gaze was filled with mockery.

He did not know whether he was mocking those words or something else.

Then, Timothy slammed the glass in his hand on the floor. The loud bang shocked everyone, and his surroundings instantly quietened. No one even dared to gasp.

Zachary was also stunned. When he saw Timothy's expression, he became even more anxious. "Timmy, you can't let yourself be bewitched by Samantha. Don't you remember what she did two years ago?"

As Zachary said that, he glanced at Jonathan, who remained silent at the side. "Say something!"

Both of them clearly saw how Timothy lived through the past two years. They could not let Samantha hurt him again.

Jonathan patted Zachary's shoulder, hinting to him that there was no need for him to be worried. "Tim has his own plans."

Zachary was filled with disdain. Timothy meeting Samantha again would only bring harm!

"Tim." Jonathan raised his glass at Timothy. "Cheers."

The only thing he needed was to get plastered.

Timothy met his eyes and smiled. He took another glass and clinked Jonathan's.

All the words were drowned in the alcohol.

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In the room.

Samantha covered herself in the blanket and picked up her clothes on the floor. However, they were already torn into pieces, and there was no way for her to wear them again.

She gritted his teeth in anger and cursed at Timothy. Next, she called the clubhouse's extension, requesting for the server to buy a new set of clothes for her.

About thirty minutes later, the server sent her the clothes. After changing into them, she looked at herself in the mirror and noticed that the hickeys she drew on herself were rubbed off. Instead, there were actual markings on her.

Her pale skin was bruised, and it was a ghastly sight.

Samantha took a deep breath, and she wiped away the tear stains on her cheeks. Then, before she left the room with her bag, she covered the marks on her neck with her messy hair.

When she reached the entrance of the clubhouse, a woman was walking over.

Samantha was feeling extremely dejected, so she did not notice that woman. She lowered her gaze and walked past that lady.

The lady abruptly stopped at her pace. When the wind blew Samantha's hair, she saw the love marks on Samantha's neck spread down her blouse. She gritted her teeth, and there was envy in her eyes!

The woman with a twisted expression was Penelope.

She watched as Samantha walked away, ruthlessly uttering her name. "Samantha Larsson!"

Samantha hailed a cab.

After getting into the car, the driver asked in a friendly tone. "Miss, where do you want to go?"

Samantha opened her mouth but suddenly stopped. She wanted to go home, but where was her home?

Larsson's residence? Two years ago, when Simon extorted a sum of money from Timothy and chased her abroad, that was not her home anymore.

As for Timothy's villa... That was never her home.

For the sake of getting revenge on her, Timothy planned this wedding arrangement to torture and humiliate her. That villa was more like a cage to lock her up.

Samantha laughed involuntarily.

She never expected that she would have such a day.

As she laughed, tears quietly fell from her eyes.

Samantha reached the villa in the middle of the night. The huge and spacious villa had always been quiet, and it became strangely more tranquil in this hour.

She did not mind it. Since there was no one around, there was no need to pretend, and she did not need to be afraid of others seeing her weak and useless side.

She walked into her room, mentally and physically burdened with exhaustion. Then, she immediately laid in her bed.

She thought she would not be able to rest, but as soon as Samantha shut her eyes, she fell into a deep sleep. She did not know how long she slept, but she felt chills all over her body, and she felt waves of pain on her abdomen!

She was keenly aware that something was wrong with her body, and she struggled to get up. However, it was as if there was a giant boulder pressing onto her, and she could not even move her fingers.

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The following day.

Penelope sat in a jewelry shop's VIP room. The store manager was presenting her with the latest design of the season, letting her go through them and pick.

The Schmidt family's daughter grew up spoiled. Moreover, she had been with Timothy for the past two years, and she had seen a lot of jewelry. Hence, she was fussier.

After seeing a few batches of jewelry, she glared at the manager in disdain, and there was none that she liked. "What's wrong with your store? How dare you perfunctorily show me these things?"

The manager naturally did not dare to offend Penelope, and he hurriedly flashed a smile and apologized, “Ms. Schmidt, I wouldn’t dare to half-heartedly serve you even if I had the guts. These really are the latest designs.”

Then, a salesperson passed by with a piece of jewelry. With her sharp eyes, Penelope caught sight of the item, and her eyes immediately lit up. She instantly yelled, “Wait! Let me see the thing you’re holding!”

The salesperson took the jewelry over and placed it in front of Penelope.

Penelope picked up the jade bracelet and admired its beauty under the light. The quality was impressive, and its color was excellent. Penelope knew that it was of top-grade at first glance.

“You dare to say you’re not perfunctory. You didn’t even show me such a good jade bracelet!” Penelope scolded and continued, “I want this jade bracelet. Pack it for me!”

The manager glanced at the jade bracelet and frowned. “Ms. Schmidt, this... this jade bracelet is not from our store. Someone pawned this here, and she will be back for it. Therefore, we can’t sell it!”

Initially, Penelope went there shopping because she was in a bad mood. However, when she finally saw something she liked, she could not buy it?

As Penelope was spoiled since she was young, she would always get whatever she wanted. The manager’s answer provoked her, and she snorted. “I must have this jade bracelet. Just let me know the price!”

In her opinion, the manager was only doing this to demand an exorbitant price.

Unexpectedly, the manager replied, “Ms. Schmidt, this is not an irrevocable deed. I really don’t have the right to sell it to you.”

When she was once again turned down, Penelope slammed the table and pointed at the manager’s face, “Hey, don’t forget that this store is under the Barker Group! Do you know what my relationship with Timmy is? With just a phone call, I can destroy your future in this business!”

The manager was neither haughty nor humble. “Ms. Schmidt, I don’t know what’s your relationship with Mr. Barker, but I’m just doing things according to the procedure. I’m really sorry.”

His words sent Penelope into a fury. She had been with Timothy for two years, yet no one took her seriously. She was adamant about letting everyone know what her relationship with Timothy was that day!

“What a snob! Just wait and see!” After saying that, Penelope glared at the manager, took out her phone, and called Timothy..