

《Once Bitten, Twice Shy》

Read **Once Bitten, Twice Shy** online free

Chapter 16: You Can't Afford to Mess With This Woman

As soon as he said that, the door was kicked open. Next, he watched as his subordinates were thrown into the room one after another, lying on the floor and wailing in pain.

Lastly, he saw a tall and slender man walking in. The man was handsome. Even though he was smiling, he was overflowing with a menacing aura.

“You... You are...” Mason stuttered. Then, he shouted, “Young Master Yates, Jonathan Yates?”

One of the three wealthiest families in Capital City, the Yates family!

Their ancestors were mafias with countless disciples. Even though they switched to legal businesses, they still had inherent cruelty underneath their gentle facade.

Hence, Jonathan was a living Hades that no one would dare to provoke.

Mason immediately showed a fawning smile. With his head that was wrapped in white bandages, he looked extremely ridiculous. Then, Mason carefully asked, “Mr. Yates, why... Why are you doing this? I don't think I've offended you, right?”

Jonathan leaned against the wall and slowly took out a cigarette. He put it between his lips and lit it. Then, he took a puff. When the smoke surrounded him, he finally spoke.

His tone was casual, or it could be said he sounded elegant, but the words that came out of his mouth sent chills down their spines. “Someone sent me over to collect your debt.”

Mason was terrified. “Mr. Yates...”

Next, Jonathan looked at his guards from the corner of his eye, tilted his head, and directly gave a command, “Go ahead.”

Soon, the guards all flocked around Mason.

There were beating sounds as well as Mason's wailing sound coming from the ward. No one needed to see the scene to know how tragic it was.

Jonathan slowly finished his cigarette, and he crushed the cigarette butt with the tip of his shoe. After casually tidying his shirt, he said, "Stop."

He walked forward, condescendingly looking at Mason from above. He smiled and warned, "Mason, don't lay a finger on a woman you shouldn't be touching."

In fact, Jonathan was really enjoying Mason's situation then, and he added, "You can't afford to mess with this woman—Samantha."

When Mason heard that name, he widened his eyes with difficulty.

It turned out they were there for her... However, Samantha was nothing but a down-and-out socialite, so where did she get such incredible support?

Who exactly was she?

...

Timothy had been driving aimlessly at full speed the whole night. When he finally stopped, he realized he had unconsciously driven back to the villa's entrance.

Then, Timothy violently hit his steering wheel.

He obviously despised Samantha to the core, and he never wanted to see her again, yet he always ended up being soft-hearted each time. It was as if she was holding his lifeline, and he could not do anything about it.

However, two years ago, Samantha had taught Timothy a lesson... Was that not hurtful enough?

Timothy instantly turned sober, and his gaze once again showed a hint of fierce resentment.

As the night slowly brightened, the sun emerged from the clouds by the horizon, illuminating the earth.

Only then did Timothy get out of the car. Then, with a fierce and cold aura, he strode into the villa.

When he got upstairs, he walked into the bedroom and noticed that only Samantha was left in the room, peacefully resting in the bed. Nancy might have gone to take a rest.

Timothy made his way to the bedside. Lowering his black eyes, he coldly watched the woman's face.

Her complexion seemed to be better than yesterday. Despite looking pale and weak, she still appeared delicately beautiful, and others could not help but pity her.

Timothy moved his gaze downward, focusing on her fair and slender neck. With just a light snap, it would break...

If he did that, he would not repeat the same mistakes, right?

Then, Timothy reached out his hands, and his slender fingers wrapped on Samantha's neck. He was contemplating, but he could not tighten his grip.

As if she felt something, Samantha's eyelids moved slightly, and she suddenly opened her eyes, meeting the man's dark eyes.

The murderous intent in his gaze did not subside, and Samantha's heart skipped a beat when she noticed that. When she spoke, her voice was really raspy.

"What... What are you doing here?"

Timothy straightened his posture and quickly composed his emotions. Then, returning to his indifferent self, he reminded her, "This is my villa."

That was right. This was his villa... It was natural that he would come whenever he wanted.

Perhaps Nancy forced him to return, which was why he still had a murderous look on his face.

Samantha had fallen seriously ill because of Timothy since she returned. Moreover, she really could not withstand any of his torture anymore. Hence, she needed to clarify it to him, just in case he wrongly accused her again.

Samantha supported her weight and sat on the bed. She cleared her throat and simply said, "Timothy, about our marriage... I won't tell Grandma about the truth. Moreover, I'm not planning to use her to extort you. I've already told her plainly that we'll get a divorce..."

Suddenly, Samantha's sight turned black.

Timothy bent over, and his huge palm grabbed her delicate and tiny face, kissing her abruptly, making her unable to finish her sentence.

Samantha was shocked, but then her surprise turned into anger.

She was so sick, yet he still blindly bullied her!

“Mmm... Hmm...” Samantha tried pushing him away forcefully but to no avail. Then, she clenched her fists, violently hitting him.

Only when Samantha was about to suffocate did Timothy mercifully let her go.

After that, he gently wiped the corner of his lips with his fingers. Then, with a cocky smile, he warned her, “Each time you bring up our divorce, I’ll kiss you once. If you want to say that word, then do continue.”

Samantha gasped for air, and her pale face was reddened as she glared at Timothy with a gaze full of anger.

At this moment, Samantha did not look intimidating at all. Instead, she seemed dangerously alluring.

Timothy’s eyes dimmed, and he gulped. With a deep voice, he said, “Samantha, are you doing this on purpose? You’re so sick, yet you still dare to seduce me.”

Seduce him? What the hell!

Timothy’s shameless accusation angered Samantha, and she could not care about anything at that moment. Soon, she grabbed the glass on the bedside table and tossed it at Timothy as hard as she could. “Get the f*ck out!”

The glass hit Timothy’s arm, and it fell to the ground.

Timothy glanced at the area where the glass hit, and his lips twitched. “Samantha, I think you’re really tired of living!”

At the same time, a loud voice also sounded, “I think you’re the one who’s tired of living!”

The next second, Nancy rushed in and hit Timothy’s back with her cane forcefully.

As Nancy hit him, she scolded, “You jerk! When have I taught you to bully another girl? You’re an adult now! Aren’t you ashamed?”

After enduring several beatings, Timothy let out angry laughter. “I bullied her?”

Did Nancy not see Samantha throwing the glass at him?

“You’re still not admitting it?” Nancy turned to look at Samantha and asked, “Sammy, did he bully you?”

Timothy also looked at Samantha with his penetrating gaze, uttering word by word, "Tell her.. Did I bully you?"