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Chapter 192: I'm Very Unhappy, Tim

'He wants me to guess?'

Timothy's words were frequently very vicious and he was particularly blunt when he spoke. What could be his most commonly used phrase?

Samantha answered softly, "Get lost?"

"Guess again."

Samantha thought for a moment and shook her head when she could not think of anything else. "Just tell me."

Timothy had a little smirk and he spoke in a sweet voice, "I told her that I'm married."

"What?"

'He's quite gentle this time...' That thought had just appeared in Samantha's mind when she heard Timothy's next sentence. "My wife looks so much better than you."

As it turned out, he was still the same old Timothy!

Although those words were pretty harsh, Samantha could not stop smiling and nodded affirmatively. "That's a very good response."

Timothy smiled. "What's my reward then?"

Samantha looked left and right, then placed her fingers on her lips. She then stretched out her arm and pressed those very same fingers on the man's lips.

"Your reward is a kiss!"

Timothy grabbed her slender, white wrist and took a bite on the inside.

That touch caused Samantha's hand to tremble slightly and she instinctively retracted it. Her big round eyes stared at him and she said, "We're in public! Don't do something so...naughty!"

Timothy laughed.

She was the one who teased him first and yet she was the one who lashed out at him.

The waiter laid out the dishes one by one and a delicious aroma reached their noses.

Samantha unconsciously gulped. She picked up the knife and fork and was about to cut her steak, but the man in front of the plate reached out and took it away.

She blinked and looked blankly at him. "Why aren't you letting me eat?"

Timothy looked askance at her. "I'll help you cut it."

It turned out that Timothy wanted to help her cut the steak into small pieces.

Samantha felt a little awkward because she did everything by herself during her two years abroad. She did not know how to react at that moment because it had been too long since she had the chance to let herself be doted on.

Soon, however, her heart was overwhelmed with sweetness again.

Timothy used to help her cut steaks or peel off shrimp shells in the past. Those were acts that she once took for granted and had since lost, but looking back, she finally realized how precious it was.

Perhaps Timothy had feelings for her, at least a little bit, in the past. Had that not been the case, he would not have done such tiny little things so naturally and smoothly.

Samantha rested her chin on one hand and stared intently at Timothy. She then tested the waters by demanding more of him, "You are going to help me cut the steak into heart-shaped pieces, aren't you?"

Timothy's hands stopped moving instantly. "Heart-shaped pieces?"

"Yeah, that's how other people's boyfriends and husbands cut stuff." Samantha began to conjure up some nonsense.

"Childish," Timothy snorted coldly. "Do I look like I know how to cut in heart shapes?"

Samantha shrugged. "It's okay if you don't know how."

Timothy looked as though he was in no mood to be paying attention to her. He lowered his eyes and continued to cut the steak.

A few minutes later, he picked up the plate and placed it back in front of Samantha. She looked down and saw that the steak had been cut into little heart-shaped pieces.

Samantha could not hold back her amusement and laughed out loud.

She looked at Timothy with a smile on her face. "Didn't you say it was childish? And that you didn't know how to cut out little heart shapes? What's this then?"

There seemed to be a faint redness on the man's cheeks but his tone was cold. "Are you going to eat it or not?"

Samantha kept quiet at once.

If she kept on teasing, he might get angry out of shyness.

However, she felt reluctant to eat those heart-shaped little pieces.

After thinking for a moment, Samantha picked up her phone and clicked on the camera app. She tried to find the most flattering angle for the heart-shaped steak pieces and took a picture of it.

Then she clicked on her WeTalk Moments and uploaded that photo with the text: [A gift for my celebration dinner.]

One minute later, Rochelle left a comment: [Blegh.]

Samantha replied with a zany face emoji.

Two minutes later, Ronald left a message: [Work makes me happy!! I shall be the one to start the trend of refusing public displays of affection!!]

Samantha replied to him with a head-scratching emoji.

Three minutes later, Zachary left a message: [Timmy! Oh, Timmy! Are you still the same Timmy that I used to know? Blink twice if you're kidnapped!]

Samantha replied: [The one and only.]

She also added a silly face emoji at the end of her comment.

Since Samantha's appetite had returned, she enjoyed her meal thoroughly and practically finished all the food.

She even let out a huge burp when she walked out.

Timothy chuckled when he saw that. "That delicious?"

"Absolutely!" Samantha nodded without hesitation.

The food was delicious, the main point was that she ate with the man she loved.

When they drove back to the villa, Timothy got out of the car and walked around to the front passenger seat. After shielding Samantha while she came out, he said softly, "Go on in."

Samantha could not help but ask, "Are you going back to the company?"

"Yes. I still have to handle some matters."

It should not come as a surprise, since he had postponed his work just to accompany her to dinner and celebrate her success. He had to make up for the lost time.

Samantha raised her hand to help him adjust his collar and said softly, "Don't work too late. Rest as soon as you're done."

"Okay."

Samantha tiptoed and kissed him on the cheek. "I'm going in. Drive safe."

Timothy squeezed her nose with his long fingers and spoke in a slightly hoarse voice. "Speak properly. Don't go seducing me."

"...Who's trying to seduce you? You're obviously the one with all those dirty thoughts!"

Samantha complained, then pushed him away before turning around. She dashed into the house, fearing that he would come forth and capture her.

Timothy remained still and hooked his lips as he looked at her from behind.

If he had a choice and could skip going to the company, he would have set that little woman straight.

Timothy's Adam's apple bobbed up and down a couple of times. He pulled off his tie and allowed the cool breeze to blow on him for a little while. He re-entered the car after that, then started the engine and drove away from the villa.

...

Inside the apartment hotel, Harmony came out of the shower and glanced at her cell phone. She frowned when she saw that there were no messages or missed calls.

After taking her seat on the sofa, she clicked on WeTalk and scrolled casually on her WeTalk Moments.

As soon as she scrolled to the latest post that Samantha uploaded, she stopped scrolling and stared at the picture as the glow in her eyes darkened considerably.

'A gift for my celebration dinner.'

Harmony's lips curled up into a cold and sinister smile.

She quit WeTalk, gave the '1' key a long press, then dialed Timothy's number.

The dial tone rang in her ears, but the call finally connected right before it was about to hang up automatically. The man's low and sweet voice came from the other end. "Yes."

"Tim."

Harmony spoke in a trembling and hoarse voice, as if she had just cried. "I'm very unhappy."

There was no response from the man.

Harmony did not mind in the slightest. She sounded a little choked and continued, "You probably know all about what happened with the competition, Tim. I don't care about being the winner, but..."

"...I will join Lychee TV!

Chapter 193: It's A Token of Love!

Early the next morning, Lychee TV's official Waybo account issued an announcement that Samantha was the rightful winner of that anchor competition.

At the same time, Samantha had also decided to join Lychee TV and become one of them.

As soon as that was announced, netizens left plenty of comments, most of which were positive ones. After all, Samantha had shown everyone her true capabilities and character.

She did not use her identity as Mrs. Barker to secure her victory, but instead put in hard work like everyone else and won the competition solely with her skills.

Such a person would certainly receive widespread approval from the public.

Samantha's fans on Waybo had broken past the one million mark in just a few days.

After seeing all that, Samantha reposted the Lychee TV's announcement and added a caption of her own: [I'm absolutely thrilled to join Lychee TV's big family. Thank you for your acknowledgment, everyone. I'll continue to work hard!]

Samantha was invited to Lychee TV on the same day, and the general manager held an award ceremony for her with members of the company. He personally presented the competition trophy and employment letter to her before taking a photograph with her to commemorate the event.

The clip was scheduled to air during Lychee TV's prime time and a rebroadcast would continue for three consecutive days to garner more publicity.

Samantha had received the best and most unprecedented treatment that any newcomer had ever received before formally joining Lychee TV.

She brought the competition trophy home and was flattered to no end by Old Madam Barker and Aunt Julia. The old lady even said, "Sammy, this trophy has a very special significance. We should put it in the center of the living room so any guests that visit will see it as soon as they come in."

Samantha shook her head. "I can't."

"What? Why?"

Samantha answered somewhat shyly, "This is my gift to Timothy."

Old Madam Barker and Aunt Julia immediately exchanged glances and had an 'I know, you know' look. "Ohhhhhh."

The old lady teased, "Turns out, it's a token of love!"

Aunt Julia agreed. "In that case, we should know our place and let the young couple handle it by themselves."

Samantha's cheeks reddened even more after she was teased by them. She left them with a quick sentence, "Grandma, Aunt Julia, I'm going back to the room."

She then held her trophy tightly and dashed upstairs.

Back inside the room, Samantha put the trophy on the table and admired it for a moment before using her phone to snap a photo of it. She clicked on WeTalk, opened Timothy's chat, and sent the photo.

[Your gift has arrived! You need to sign the proof of delivery!]

She had successfully managed to secure the gift she promised Timothy.

Timothy did not seem busy at that moment because he replied rather quickly: [I would like to request human-expedited delivery service.]

Samantha grinned. [I no longer have the same value as I had before. How much are you willing to pay for my services?]

[I have no money to pay you. But I can make payment using myself.]

Samantha replied with an emoji of a woman with crossed arms gesturing 'no' and rejected him outrightly.

However, Timothy did not reply to her after that. She waited a while and still did not receive any response.

Samantha looked at the phone and frowned slightly. 'Is he... Is he angry? Or is he busy?'

She thought for a moment and felt like it was most likely the latter. Timothy was not that petty of a person.

Since he had continued his work, she decided not to bother him anymore.

Samantha set her phone aside and put the trophy back into the box. After tying a colorful ribbon on the box and looping it into a butterfly shape, she placed the box safely away.

She could personally present the trophy to Timothy once he came back.

...

That night, Samantha did a thorough skincare routine before going to bed. She would be reporting for work at Lychee TV the next day and officially start her job.

She sensed an intent gaze and opened her eyelids slightly even though she had been sleeping soundly.

When she saw Timothy's handsome face, she initially thought she was dreaming and unconsciously called out, "Timothy..."

She did not expect to hear an answer from him. "I'm here. Did I wake you up?"

'Ah...!'

Samantha opened her eyes abruptly and made sure it was not a dream after staring deeply into his black eyes for about ten or so seconds. "You... Why are you...back?"

"Since you didn't deliver the gift to me, I had no choice but to come back and take it."

Timothy touched her cheek with his big palm. "I came back a little late though and you were already asleep. I didn't want to wake you up but I still ended up waking you."

"It's okay."

Samantha sat up and nestled softly into his arms. Her voice was a little hoarse after waking up, "I wanted to see you too."

Timothy curled his lips and embraced her tightly in his long arms. "Where's my gift?"

"I put it on top of the cabinet." Samantha raised her chin and motioned to the cabinet. "I'll get it for you."

"Don't. I'll get it."

Timothy got up, strode over, then walked back with the box. "There's even ribbons."

"Of course! There must always be a sense of celebration. Go on, take a look."

Timothy nodded. "Okay."

His slender fingers took apart the colored ribbons as delicately as Samantha tied them around the box. He undid the ribbons very slowly and finally opened the box to take the trophy out.

It was actually a very ordinary trophy but had become special because it was given by Samantha.

Timothy put it carefully back into the box again and lowered his head to plant a kiss on Samantha's lips. "Thank you, my wife. I'll put it away now."

"I'm glad you like it." Samantha wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him back.

Nevertheless, a kiss as brief and fleeting as that could never satisfy Timothy. He retracted his long arms, pulled Samantha closer to him, then took the lead in kissing her. The kisses grew even more passionate with each passing second.

Not long later, Timothy pressed Samantha onto the big soft bed...

...

At nine the next morning, Samantha arrived on time and set foot into Lychee TV's building.

Following the guidance of the receptionist, she took the elevator to the floor of the human resources department and saw an employee waiting for her at the elevator entrance.

The employee introduced herself, "Hello Samantha, my name is Claire York and I'll be handling your registration today. I'll also be showing you around and introducing Lychee TV to you."

Samantha smiled. "Very nice to meet you, Claire. Thank you for your trouble."

"You're most welcome. Please come with me."

Claire took Samantha into an office. Samantha handed over her information while Claire sat behind the desk and helped to enter her information on the computer.

After a wait of about 15 minutes, Claire looked up from the computer and placed two contracts in front of Samantha. "These are the two contracts you will have to sign. Once that's done, you can officially start work. "

"Alright."

Samantha glanced over the contract. Once she made sure that there were no issues, she picked up the pen and signed her name on it.

Claire took the papers back and handed an employee badge to Samantha. She then stretched out her hand and said to her, "You're officially a member of Lychee TV From now on, Samantha. Welcome aboard."

Samantha reached out and shook Claire's hand. "Thank you."

She solemnly hung her badge on her neck because that moment marked the start of her dream.

Claire then said, "Shall we? I'll give you a tour of Lychee TV."

"Sure."

Just as the two of them were about to step out of the office, the phone rang suddenly on the desk.

Claire paused to answer the phone and seemed surprised by what she heard because she exclaimed, "What?!"

Chapter 194: I Gave You a Chance

Claire's tone prompted Samantha to turn around and look over.

Claire continued to talk on the phone and nodded while answering, "Yes, I understand. Okay, sure. Bye."

After hanging up the phone, Claire turned to Samantha and said apologetically, "I'm sorry, Samantha. There's another new colleague who's having her first day today. She'll arrive anytime now so we might have to wait for her. Once I'm done with all her procedures, I'll bring the both of you around Lychee TV together."

'I see. '

Samantha was not pressed for time so she nodded considerably. "Sure. I can wait."

"Thank you," Claire smiled. "Please, have a seat then."

Samantha sat on the sofa as Claire handed a bottle of mineral water over to her. "Have some water."

"Sure."

Samantha unscrewed the lid and took a sip.

However, she felt that it was a little strange because Lychee TV selected new anchors through the competition that year and had no other plans to recruit new anchors.

The sole available spot was hers because she won the competition, so logically speaking, there should be no further recruitments.

Could it be some kind of special hiring process?

A knock was heard on the office door about two minutes later.

Claire said, "That must be our new colleague."

She got up from the sofa, walked toward the door, and opened it.

Samantha looked over unconsciously and was just as curious about that new colleague.

As the door panel opened slightly, Samantha gradually got a clear view of the new colleague standing outside the door. The faint smile she had on her face began to fade slowly.

The woman's makeup was slightly plain, but her facial features were refreshingly pure and beautiful. There was also that seemingly ever-present harmless smile on her face.

It was none other than Harmony.

Samantha had been guessing who the new colleague could be and Harmony's name never crossed her mind.

Harmony had been very quiet in recent days and had practically disappeared, but it turned out that she had been up to something.

"Hello, Harmony," Claire was the first to greet her.

Harmony smiled. "Hello, Ms. York. Sorry for the long wait. There was a traffic jam on the road earlier."

"Don't worry about it. We hadn't been waiting long. Come in." Claire turned around and stepped aside for Harmony to enter.

Harmony walked right in and glanced over the sofa. She seemed to have finally spotted Samantha and said with a smile, "You're here too, Sammy."

Had Samantha not seen Harmony's true character, it would have been very difficult to actually tell what kind of woman the latter was.

Her smile and her gentle tone almost made Samantha forget about the falling out the two of them had.

Furthermore, she must have deliberately chosen that day to officially start work along with Samantha, despite having that surprised look on her face.

Samantha curled her lips in a half-smile as a response of sorts.

Claire was well aware of what happened with those two women and could vaguely sense the invisible animosity between the two of them. She therefore cleared her throat slightly to dispel the awkwardness in the atmosphere.

"Right this way, Harmony. I'll need your information to help you with the registration."

Harmony looked back at Claire and said, "Okay."

The two of them walked to the desk. Meanwhile, Samantha took out her cell phone and scrolled on Waybo.

Harmony was already set to become an employee of Lychee TV. Samantha was not going to waste her feelings on an enemy and get depressed and angry because doing so would be just what Harmony wanted.

A chilly light streaked past Harmony's eyes when she glanced at Samantha and saw the latter scrolling indifferently on her cell phone.

Samantha was still able to remain calm.

In that case, Harmony was going to see just how long Samantha would keep up that indifference.

After Claire finished registering Harmony as an employee, she also handed a badge over to Harmony and shook hands with her, "Welcome to Lychee TV. You'll be one of us from now on."

Harmony looked at the badge with a glimmer in her eyes. "Ms. York, Sammy, can we take a picture to commemorate such a meaningful moment?"

Although Claire did not mind, she was worried that Samantha would not be too pleased about it and might find it difficult to refuse. As a result, she opened her mouth and was about to decline, "I don't—"

Before she could say anything, Samantha looked up suddenly and said, "Sure."

Claire's eyes widened in surprise.

Samantha had earlier seemed to be ignoring Harmony and all of a sudden agreed to take a photo together. What was going on?

Harmony appeared to be rather surprised too.

She offered that simply because she wanted to show her magnanimity and prove that she did not care about the competition anymore. In the event Samantha refused, it would be a clear indication that Samantha was a petty woman who held grudges.

An incident like that would spread easily.

Once that happened, everyone at the station would have their own preconceived notions about the two of them.

To Harmony's surprise, Samantha actually agreed to her request.

It did not matter though, because Harmony was skilled at taking photos with other people. She had never been drowned out by anyone else in a group photo.

If Samantha willingly put herself in a situation to be humiliated, Harmony would be more than happy to grant Samantha's wish.

Harmony smiled. "Alright, Sammy. Let's take the photo here. The lighting is much better at this spot."

Samantha got up and walked over.

Claire was more than happy to do that as the go-between. "I'll use my phone then."

She stood in the middle while Harmony and Samantha flanked her on either side. Claire held up her cell phone and aimed it at the three of them before capturing the moment.

"Okay, I'll send you the photos right now."

Claire sent the photos through WeTalk to Samantha and Harmony, respectively.

Harmony's expression soured immediately when she glanced briefly at the photo.

Why did Samantha look much younger and more petite than Harmony was? Did she take a step back in secret earlier?

Samantha looked askance at Harmony. She seemed to have seen through Harmony's thoughts and did not bother to hide her derisive smile.

She had taken many photos with Rochelle before, and if both their alluring qualities were displayed to the fullest in those photos with neither being outshone by the other, there really was no reason for Samantha to fear Harmony.

The purpose for taking group photos had always been to embarrass the uglier person.

Harmony's face soured even more and her hands clenched her phone even tighter.

Upon seeing the situation, Claire sighed deeply at the invisible clash between the two. She immediately said, "Alright, I'll now bring the two of you for a tour of the station."

Claire walked out of the office together with Samantha and Harmony. They then took the elevator to the first floor and introduced themselves floor by floor.

Samantha and Harmony's introduction to Lychee TV finally concluded after almost an hour's worth of going around. Claire excused herself after completing her duties, leaving only Samantha and Harmony behind.

Harmony raised her eyes to look at Samantha. She gracefully tucked a stray lock of hair behind her ears and revealed her fair, dainty earlobes. "Are you surprised to see me being accepted into Lychee TV? What's mine will always be mine."

Samantha turned around and left, as if she had not heard Harmony's words at all.

She did not want to waste a single drop of saliva on Harmony.

Harmony looked at her back figure and continued in a very regretful tone, "I gave you a chance, Samantha. I wanted to be good friends with you, but it's unfortunate that you have no intention of cherishing this opportunity. In that case...."

Chapter 195: You're Not Worth My Attention!

Harmony paused for a while, then completed her sentence firmly, "...we're destined to be rivals."

'I gave you a chance.'

'Be good friends.'

At that moment, Samantha felt as though she did not understand human language anymore. Which part of Harmony's behavior was in line with 'be good friends'?

She had never seen such a thick-skinned woman before.

That woman probably did not even know how to spell the word 'shame'.

Samantha turned around, looked up at her, then smiled slightly. "I'm afraid I'll have to decline a 'good friend' who steals someone else's hard work.

"As for being a rival..." Samantha sneered, "You're not good enough for me to take you seriously."

What right did Harmony have to look down on her when Harmony lagged behind her in terms of ability, and especially when it came to character and integrity?

The smile on Harmony's lips fell slightly.

Samantha did not look at Harmony again and simply walked away.

As an anchor, her office was situated on the third floor. Claire had already brought her to visit the office earlier so she headed there right away.

When she walked into the main hall of the office, her other colleagues looked at her and greeted her in a friendly manner. Samantha then responded one by one to each person.

A round-faced girl with pigtails came over and greeted her with a smile. "Hello, Ms. Larsson. I'm the secretary for the entire office and my duty is to assist all anchors. My name is Annabelle Furlough. You may call me Anna or Belle."

“Nice to meet you, Belle,” Samantha greeted politely.

“If you ever need my assistance in the future, please don’t hesitate to ask.”

“Sure, I will.”

“Let me take you to your workstation then. I’ve already had the janitor clean it up for you and prepare all your office stationery,” Annabelle explained while leading Samantha over.

“Thank you.”

When they reached the desk, Annabelle stretched out her hand and gestured to the left. “Here’s your desk. The one on the right belongs to another new colleague. Your seats are next to each other because you were both employed at the same time, and unfortunately, there are no other empty spots either.”

Annabelle glanced at Samantha and lowered her voice, “Is that okay, Ms. Larsson?”

Samantha knew what Annabelle meant by that. After all, the whole world knew about what happened between her and Harmony.

The seating positions did not matter for Samantha because she had a clear conscience. She nodded and said, “Don’t worry about it.”

Annabelle was greatly relieved and even smiled teasingly, “You’re a very friendly person, Ms. Larsson, and there’s none of that pompousness they say you have. Looks like those rumors really can’t be trusted.”

She then seemed to realize what she had just said and covered her mouth quickly. “I’m sorry, Ms. Larsson.”

Samantha shook her head to indicate that she did not mind.

Groups of netizens have been badmouthing her and trying to shift public opinion against her on Waybo. She knew that their comments and remarks were all unpleasant.

However, actions speak louder than words, and with time, everyone would be able to see her true character.

“Please make yourself comfortable. If you need anything, just let me know.”

“Sure.”

Annabelle turned and left.

Samantha sat in her chair and looked at the complete set of office equipment. She was even provided with an Eppla desktop computer that had her nameplate affixed to the side.

It was not until she sat on that chair that she finally realized she was already an anchor. At long last, she had taken the step into a place she could only dream of in the past.

Samantha took out her phone, snapped a picture of her location, then uploaded it on her WeTalk Moments with the caption: [First day on the job. All the best to me!]

The first like came half a minute later.

Samantha clicked open and could not control herself from smiling when she saw that it was Timothy.

A minute later, Rochelle liked it too and left a comment below the picture: [Damn it, that scumbag robbed me of the first like!]

Samantha replied with a 'see-no-evil' emoji.

However, Rochelle's attitude toward Timothy had changed since he rescued Samantha from danger and she never used the word 'scumbag' anymore. Why, then, did it seem as though she was dissatisfied with him again?

It was not like Rochelle to do something without a reason, so what could possibly be the problem?

Samantha was considering those questions when a notification tone came from her phone.

She snapped out of her senses and gazed down at the phone screen. It was a WeTalk message from Rochelle, so Samantha moved her finger to tap on it.

[Let's get dinner tonight!]

Samantha cocked her eyebrows slightly. [You're back?]

She knew that Rochelle had gone abroad for business a few days ago but Rochelle never mentioned what business it was.

[Yeah, I came back last night.]

She had not met Rochelle for some time already and had started to miss her, so she responded without hesitation, [Ok.]

[What time are you getting off work? I'll drive over to pick you up.]

[5.30]

[Ok.]

Samantha sent another WeTalk message to Aunt Julia to inform her that she would not be going back for dinner that night, lest they wait too long for her.

No work had been assigned to Samantha as of yet, so after placing her phone down, she switched on the computer and clicked on the intranet to watch some stellar broadcasts done by other eminent anchors. In the process, she also learned more about the television station's work culture.

After watching for just over half an hour, she rubbed her eyebrows and got up to head to the bathroom. She went into one of the cubicles to answer nature's call.

Footsteps were heard outside all of a sudden, and Samantha did not pay much attention to it after thinking that it was some other colleague. The next second however, Harmony's voice was immediately heard.

She seemed to be on the phone with someone. Her voice was soft and sweet, and there were traces of coquettishness in her tone as well, "Yes. I've already gone through the employee registration process. It went well.

"Oh, don't worry. The colleagues are all very friendly. No one said anything at all, but even if they did, it's not like I care. Your opinion is the only one that matters.

"Relax, I'll take good care of myself. You don't have to be so anxious about me. I'll take care of myself for you."

The other side seemed to have said something that elicited a sweet little giggle from Harmony.

She then said, "Thank you for fulfilling my dream. I'll work hard. Didn't you say that I'm the best and most outstanding anchor in your eyes? I'll show you how amazing I am as an anchor!

"You're pretty busy lately, right? Pay more attention to yourself, okay. You have to rest no matter how busy you are, or else I'll go to your office every day and stare at you so you'll rest on time.

"Okay. Go do your work then. Love you."

After uttering those last two words in a shy voice, Harmony ended the call and chuckled slightly, as if reminiscing about their conversation. Samantha then heard her opening the door and walking out.

Once the sound of footsteps disappeared, Samantha walked out of the cubicle.

It turned out that Harmony was able to join Lychee TV not because of her background, but because someone behind her was helping her.

From Harmony's tone on the phone, the person helping her from behind was probably the man she had told Samantha about before, the one who loved her deeply.

Samantha had a strange feeling in her heart for some reason, although she could not point her finger on why exactly.

...

After getting off work, Samantha walked out of Lychee TV's entrance, where Rochelle had parked her dazzling sports car to wait for her.

She walked over, opened the car door and sat in, and said sweetly to Rochelle, "Babe, I miss you so much..."

Rochelle did not respond to Samantha right away.. Her face sank when she glanced over Samantha's shoulder and looked behind the latter.

Chapter 196: Was He Harmony's Backer?

Samantha looked at Rochelle's expression and was a little surprised. "What's up, Chelle? What are you looking at?"

While asking, she turned around and followed Rochelle's line of sight, only to see Harmony standing in front of Lychee TV.

Was it simply because she saw Harmony? Rochelle could not have known Harmony...

"Why is she here?" Rochelle asked coldly.

The 'she' referred to Harmony.

Although Samantha was still very curious as to what was going on, she still answered the question. "Her boyfriend probably helped her get in. She officially started work today, along with me."

That answer made Rochelle's expression much colder.

"Chelle, what's going on?" Samantha rarely saw that kind of expression from Rochelle and frowned as a result too.

However, Rochelle did not answer her and merely said, "Wait here, Sammy."

She unfastened her seat belt, pushed the door open, and got out of the car. With her high heels on, she extended her beautiful legs and walked straight toward Harmony.

"Chelle!" Samantha unconsciously called out to her.

She started to get a little anxious when Rochelle did not respond to her calls, so she walked over after pushing the door open and getting down from the car.

When Rochelle went up to Harmony, she had to look down at Harmony due to their height difference of about half a head. Her expression was cold and carried her own indomitable aura.

Harmony still had a delicate and innocent little look. Her clear eyes stared at Rochelle as she asked softly, "And you are?"

"Rochelle Tyrell. I'm Jonathan's wife," Rochelle replied concisely.

Samantha, who chased over, stopped in shock when she heard that introduction. Rochelle wanted to disassociate herself with Jonathan as much as she could and never once mentioned Jonathan's name whenever she introduced herself. It was therefore very uncharacteristic of her to actually mention his name out loud.

What in the world was happening?

"Oh, so you're Jon's wife." Harmony seemed to have a sudden realization and put on a sweet smile. "I've been wanting to meet you."

Rochelle smiled and stretched out her hand toward Harmony.

Harmony reached out as well and accepted the handshake.

The etiquette for handshakes was to retract one's hands after giving a light shake, but as soon as Harmony shook hands with Rochelle, she felt the strength of Rochelle's handshake and felt pain as a result.

Harmony was not too surprised. She knew that Rochelle and Samantha were very best friends, but she did not expect Rochelle to be so bold as to bully her outright.

She pulled her hand as hard as she could but failed to pull it away. On the contrary, Rochelle's strength increased as her smile widened. The pain made Harmony grit her teeth.

She used all her strength to pull her hand away, but Rochelle let go of the handshake almost immediately. The immense force she exerted when pulling her hand back caused her to stagger back a couple of times and almost made her fall.

Harmony's face soured somewhat.

Rochelle was clearly there to pick a fight!

Rochelle looked at her coldly and did not apologize at all. Rather, she expressed 'concern' in an unfeeling manner. "Are you okay?"

Harmony had a half-smile, "I don't seem to have any beef with you, Ms. Tyrell. Don't you think you're going overboard? Or could it be that you're being the fall guy for your good friend because she wants to continue faking her kind persona and doesn't want anyone to badmouth her?"

As she spoke, she looked unabashedly at Samantha at one side and was being quite overt in her implication.

Many employees heard her say that because they had just clocked off work and her voice was not too soft.

Once Harmony made that comment, the onlookers could not help but whisper to themselves.

Rochelle's lips twitched.

'This woman knows how to pretend. She's even more of a b*tch when she pretends compared to what I've managed to find out.'

"Perhaps you should take a good look at yourself first before accusing me of going overboard." Rochelle took a step forward and gazed down condescendingly at her. "Feelings are a pet peeve of mine. Everything about my husband is for me and me alone to enjoy, including how I call him. Did I give you permission to call him 'Jon'? Stay the f*ck away from other people's husbands. Know your place as a friend.

"If you blur the lines under the pretext of being a friend, this palm of mine will end up on your pretentious little face."

Harmony's face suddenly turned pale.

Rochelle was clearly venting on Samantha's behalf, but her words had rid Samantha of any involvement and even implied that Harmony was overstepping boundaries and got too close to other people's husbands.

The discussions about Samantha and Rochelle were suddenly shifted to Harmony. All kinds of snide comments were then said.

Her eyes reddened and she covered her face. She subsequently turned around and left, as if she had suffered tremendous humiliation.

Rochelle snorted contemptuously but had a conflicted look in her eyes.

A woman whose ruthlessness was hidden behind fake pity and sympathy-gaining antics was much more terrifying than scatterbrained pretty faces who acted impulsively.

It was a thorny situation indeed!

Seeing that there were more and more people gathering around, Samantha snapped to her senses and rushed forward. She pulled Rochelle and immediately went back to the car.

After closing the door, Samantha turned around to look at Rochelle and said softly, "Thanks, babe."

She finally knew why Rochelle told Harmony about being Jonathan's wife. Her goal was to use 'Jonathan' as an excuse to bait Harmony and teach her a lesson.

"No thanks necessary," Rochelle said grimly. "She just pissed me off. It has nothing to do with you."

Samantha smiled slightly. A thought occurred to her and she then asked, "But...does Harmony know Jonathan? Does Jonathan have...some kind of special relationship with her?"

Could Jonathan be the 'boyfriend' that Harmony mentioned? Could that be the reason Rochelle's expression changed so drastically and got so angry after seeing her?

Although she knew that Rochelle did not love Jonathan and did not mind Jonathan's frolicking outside, she would not allow other people to shake her identity as Mrs. Yates. The reason was because she wanted Jonathan to die childless, and it made sense that she would never allow anyone else to usurp her status.

If the 'boyfriend' Harmony mentioned was Jonathan, it would make sense because he would have the ability to be her backer and get Lychee TV to employ her.

Samantha's face sank when she thought of that.

She would never allow anyone to harm Rochelle or her affairs.

Rochelle turned around and looked at Samantha's gaze. She opened her mouth to speak, but could not utter a single word.

'It'd be good if Harmony really did have a special relationship with Jonathan... But...'

"Let's get dinner to celebrate your first day on the job. Wouldn't want you to lose your appetite later," Rochelle said, then started the engine and drove the car into traffic.

Samantha looked at Rochelle's bad expression. Although she wanted to get the full details, she still chose to shut up.

They went to an oriental-style restaurant, the food of which was described by Rochelle as being light-tasting dishes that could quell a person's anger.

Samantha went along with her suggestion.

Although Rochelle had ordered a tableful of dishes, she only touched her cutlery a couple of times and did not seem to have any appetite at all. However, she was constantly scooping up food for Samantha to ensure that the latter ate a bit more.

After eating some just to make Rochelle happy, Samantha then put down her cutlery as well and said straightforwardly, "Chelle, is there something you want to tell me? Just give it to me straight."

Samantha's tone sounded certain.

Chapter 197: Who Has a Place in Timothy's Heart?

Samantha thought that Rochelle had some personal issues, but it seemed as though it had something to do with her.

Rochelle was not the kind of character who would get so sullen if something upset her. The only thing that would make her like that was if it had something to do with Samantha.

Rochelle froze as she was scooping up some food and felt her head throb when she raised her eyes to look at Samantha.

Samantha was perceptive and intelligent, so much so that it might not be a good thing sometimes. As the saying went, ignorance was bliss.

Whatever it was, the matter would sooner or later come to the fore. After all, the enemy was roaming freely beside Samantha, and she would be at a disadvantage if Rochelle did not give her a reminder.

Rochelle cleared her throat gently, then sorted out her expressions before saying solemnly, "Sammy, you must remember to keep calm no matter what I tell you later, okay?"

Those words left Samantha with a bad feeling.

Few things could make Rochelle that serious, and the situation might even be worse than she thought.

She picked up the glass of water and took a sip from it. After drinking that sip, she took a deep breath and looked at Rochelle, saying, "Go ahead."

"I went abroad a few days ago, right?" Rochelle pondered over her sentence and tried to express herself in the gentlest way possible. "I went there not because of anything else...but because...I went to investigate Harmony."

The private investigator she hired had not been able to obtain any further information and she was starting to get impatient. As a result, she decided to set out on that task as well and brought the private investigator abroad to continue the investigation. In the end, she managed to find out quite a bit of information about Harmony.

Those words were completely beyond what Samantha expected. She was taken aback for a moment when she asked, "You went to investigate her?"

"Yes." Rochelle nodded affirmatively.

Samantha frowned. "Why would you want...to do that?"

If the issue was simply that of Samantha vying with Harmony for first place in the competition, Samantha felt that Rochelle would not have gone to such lengths for the investigation.

Rochelle bit her lower lip slightly. She stretched out her hand to hold Samantha's hand before finally saying, "Because I once saw Harmony and Jonathan having a small gathering with Zachary and Timothy in a clubhouse's VIP room."

Samantha gulped unconsciously.

Rochelle closed her eyes, then emphasized each word that she said. "Timothy seems...to care for Harmony a lot."

The word 'care' was the least hurtful word she could think of.

When she opened her eyes, she saw a flicker in Samantha's eyes, followed by a slight change in her emotion.

'Care.'

Timothy's disposition was naturally cold, and he would never show any signs of being close to a person unless they were someone he cared deeply about.

He never showed signs of being close to any woman, not even to Penelope, whom he was rumored to have been in a relationship with. Why would Timothy 'care' for Harmony that much?

In other words, Harmony not only knew Timothy's trio, but even had a very good relationship with them. Furthermore, Harmony seemed to be much closer to Timothy compared to the others.

Ever since Samantha moved to Capital City and got to know Timothy, she had never seen Harmony around him nor heard of the name Harmony at all. In that case, could Harmony have already known Timothy before Samantha knew Timothy?

Samantha could not resist voicing out the thoughts she had in her heart.

Rochelle listened and sighed. "You're correct. Harmony knew Timothy's gang before you did, and the two of them grew up together."

Were they childhood sweethearts, then?

Samantha clenched her fists unconsciously. She opened her mouth, but it took some time before she could finally find her voice. "What happened after that?"

Although Rochelle felt sorry for Samantha, getting hurt sooner was better than getting hurt later. She was not the kind to beat around the bush either, so she immediately revealed the results of her findings.

"I haven't been able to find out more about Harmony's background, but she seemed to have moved into the villa next door to Barkers when she was five or six years old. It's the very same villa that Timothy's grandfather presented as a gift to your family. Harmony knew Timothy from a young age because they were neighbors, and at that time, Harmony used to always follow Timothy around. She ended up meeting Jonathan and Zachary like that and even struck up a good relationship with all of them.

"They grew up together and went to school together too. Harmony frequently went to the Barkers' house to play, and Timothy's grandparents liked Harmony too.

"Timothy and Harmony's relationship was very close, and no one thought much of it when they were young. But as they grew up, they...their relationship...seemed to like that of a little couple. I haven't been able to find out whether there was ever anything going on between them, and I can't seem to get that b*stard Jonathan to cough up what he knows either. But judging from Timothy's character, the fact that he's willing to let

Harmony remain by his side makes it very likely, in my opinion, that she...is his first love.

“But it’s strange that Harmony suddenly went abroad and never came back. After you came to Capital City, met Timothy, fell in love, and got engaged, Harmony never even showed up. It wasn’t until some time ago that she came back suddenly again, and by coincidence, she appeared in front of you, made her presence known, and vied with you in the competition to win first place. She even insisted on joining you at Lychee TV after losing the competition. It would be odd if she did not do all that without a clear purpose in mind.”

Samantha listened quietly to everything that Rochelle said and her face paled uncontrollably.

There was finally an answer to all the suspicions she once had...

Harmony’s WeTalk nickname was Lily. The man whom she visited at the hospital—the one whom she loved and who loved her deeply—was Timothy.

The ‘Bunny’ caller ID that she saw on Timothy’s phone that day really was Harmony.

It finally struck Samantha why Harmony frequently said inexplicable things to her before. Harmony was initially assumed to be nothing more than a shameless woman, but she turned out to have been hinting all along that what she had with Timothy was true love, and that Samantha was taking away the Timothy that belonged to her.

Was it also Timothy’s doing that Harmony was able to join Lychee TV?

Could Harmony have been talking to Timothy during the phone call that Samantha overheard earlier?

Harmony mentioned something about the person being busy recently, and it all seemed to add up.

Rochelle squeezed Samantha’s hand and called out softly, “Sammy, are you...okay?”

Samantha was in a daze for a few seconds before slowly coming to her senses. “I’m...not feeling too good.”

She might not have believed what she heard if she heard it from anyone else, but when Rochelle was the one telling her that, she believed that Rochelle would never lie to her.

“Sammy, I’m telling you this not to make you feel sad. I just want you to have your guard up and—”

"I know," Samantha interrupted. She raised her eyes to look at Rochelle and said firmly, "Chelle, I'm not actually afraid of Harmony. I'm not scared either if she really had been in a relationship with Timothy before. After all, that's in the past. What I'm afraid of is..."

Samantha could not help but pause for a few seconds before straining to continue her sentence, "Which one of us has a place in Timothy's heart..."

Chapter 198: Evidence Is Needed to Catch a Criminal

Rochelle could not help but gnash her teeth when she heard Samantha suppressing the sadness in her voice.

'That scumbag Timothy had better devote his entire heart to Samantha! I'll never forgive him if he dares to betray Sammy!'

Rochelle was still a sensible woman despite having those thoughts in her heart. She squeezed Samantha's hand, as if to lend her strength and support, and said, "Sammy, from the looks of things at the moment, Timothy hasn't acted out of the ordinary in front of you and Harmony is the one who's making the move. You need evidence to catch a criminal, so we have to investigate further before accusing Timothy."

Indeed, one had to be in possession of evidence before making any claims about a person.

Timothy had been treating her well the whole time and they even enjoyed sweet moments together. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary at all.

On the contrary, it was Harmony who hinted at her, made overt remarks, and provoked her.

In the event it was entirely a one-person act by Harmony, Samantha would have fulfilled Harmony's wishes if she fell into the trap.

"Yeah, you're right." Samantha nodded in agreement.

Rochelle picked up the cup and took a sip of tea from it to calm herself down a bit more. Only then did she ask, "What do you plan on doing?"

'What do you plan on doing?'

Samantha lowered her gaze. She pinched the spoon between her fingers and unconsciously began stirring the soup in the bowl.

In truth, everything happened so suddenly that her brain was feeling a little exhausted after receiving so much information at one time. She would not be able to figure out what to do next because she had yet to even digest everything thoroughly.

Caring too much about the situation made her unable to be decisive on the matter.

She kept quiet. Rochelle did not urge Samantha on either because she understood Samantha's feelings at that moment.

She knew exactly what it felt like to love someone because she once loved someone deeply too.

A love that was etched in one's memories would taste the sweetest during moments of happiness but was agonizingly painful in times of suffering. Love was unreasonable that way.

She got up, sat down on the sofa beside Samantha, then spread her arms and said, "My arms are always welcome if you're feeling down."

Samantha did not hide her feelings with Rochelle. She snuggled into Rochelle's arms and hugged Rochelle back.

She really needed that hug at that moment.

...

After Harmony left the entrance of Lychee TV, her wronged look and almost-teary expression on her face disappeared in an instant. She stopped a taxi and got in.

The driver asked her politely. "Good evening, Miss. Where would you like to go?"

Harmony did not give a location and merely said, "Just drive wherever."

"Okay." The driver started driving off into the traffic.

Harmony took out her cell phone and dialed a number. The other side answered almost immediately and she greeted softly, "Zac..."

The other person said something and she answered, "Okay. Understood."

The call then ended.

She lowered her gaze as the corner of her lips curled up into a big grin. She placed her phone back in her bag, then raised the right hand that Rochelle had grabbed forcefully earlier.

Harmony looked at it for a moment, then raised her left hand and bent her fingers. She placed her long nails on the fair-skinned back of her palm and drew five long bloody lines.

She snorted in pain, although her expression did not change much and her grin became even wider.

After scratching the back of her hand, she looked at it again and felt that she had achieved the effect she wanted. She then raised her eyes and gave the driver a location to drive to.

...

That night, Timothy had dinner with a business partner whom Zachary introduced him to, and Zachary was there too. Their dinner only ended at ten.

After sending the business partner off, Ronald was about to go out to pick up the car when Zachary stopped him. He placed his hand on Timothy's shoulders and said, "Timmy, you've been so busy recently that we haven't seen much of you at all. You even stood me and Jonny up several times now! Now that I've finally gotten the chance to hang out with you today, you can't just leave like this!"

Timothy narrowed his eyes at him.

"Come on, I'm just concerned about you, you know. Working all the time is so not okay. You have to take a breather and make sure to rest! Let's head upstairs and have some tea. It'll be perfect to get us sobered up from all the alcohol. I've given Jonny a ring too. He'll be here soon."

'Make sure to rest.'

Those four words were the same four words that were always present in Samantha's recent WeTalk messages to him.

Besides, a long time had passed since he hung out with Zachary and Jonathan.

Timothy finally spoke up and answered, "Okay."

After leaving the VIP room, Timothy and Zachary walked toward the elevator entrance. There was a high-end tea room on the top floor of the hotel of which they were regular patrons.

When they entered the elevator, Zachary pressed the button to the top floor.

The elevator doors closed slowly, but before it could close completely, someone shouted from outside, "Could you hold it please."

Zachary pressed the 'door open' button as soon as heard that.

The elevator door reopened and a figure walked in. As she walked, she said softly, "Thank y—"

Before she could finish her words, Zachary saw her familiar face and interjected in surprise. "Bunny, it's you."

Harmony raised her eyes slowly. There was first a hint of surprise when her captivating gaze laid eyes on Zachary. She then looked at Timothy beside her and smiled as she maintained her gaze on the man's handsome face. "Zac, Tim, what a coincidence."

Zachary smiled and asked, "Are you here for dinner?"

"Yeah, today's my first day on the job, so I rewarded myself with a nice dinner. I'm feeling a bit bloated right now because of my meal so I was planning to head upstairs and have some tea," Harmony said naturally.

"Are you alone?" Zachary frowned. "I shouldn't be surprised. You just returned to the country, and we're the only people you know. We happen to be going to have some tea too. Why don't you join us? We can celebrate your first day at Lychee TV while we're at it!"

Harmony smiled sweetly. "In that case, I'll shamelessly crash your tea session then."

The elevator dinged and they reached the top floor.

Timothy was first to walk out. Zachary gestured in a gentlemanly manner for Harmony to walk out before him.

As VIP guests there, the manager greeted them respectfully as soon as he saw them. "Mr. Barker, Mr. Summer, your tea room is ready. Right this way please."

He glanced at Harmony subconsciously as he spoke.

Due to the immense publicity surrounding the recent competition, his wife had been duly following all the updates and talked to him about it every day. He therefore recognized Harmony at a glance, knowing her to be the fake 'most beautiful anchor' who robbed Mrs. Barker of the credit and deprived the latter of first place.

Logically speaking, Harmony and Mrs. Barker ought to be on bad terms with each other and should rightfully be mortal enemies. Why, then, would Harmony show up with both Mr. Barker and Mr. Summer?

Her relaxed look and smiling expression even suggested that she had a good relationship with the two men.

What was going on?

Although the manager was confused, he made sure not to let his emotions show on his face. After leading the party of three into the room, he gently closed the door behind him and took out his cell phone. He opened his WeTalk and recorded a voice message to his wife, "Dear, I just saw Mr. Barker and Harmony together...."

Chapter 199: Rekindling Old Love?

Inside the tea room, Zachary ordered some of their usual teas. The waiter was about to brew the tea for them when Harmony said, "I'll do it."

The waiter unconsciously turned to Zachary and awaited further instruction.

Zachary raised his eyebrows and turned his head to look at Harmony. "Do you know how to brew tea?"

"Of course." Harmony smiled slightly. She glanced at him before turning to Timothy. "Tim...and you guys enjoy drinking tea, right? I learned it from an instructor when I was abroad."

After a pause, she added, "It's only right that I brew tea for you since I'm technically freeloading on your tea session."

Learning to prepare tea was very much in line with her gentle and graceful character.

Zachary nodded with intrigue. "Show us what you've got then."

He raised his chin at the waiter. "You may excuse yourself."

"Understood, Mr. Summer." The waiter got up and bowed slightly before turning around and walking out of the tea room.

Harmony sat opposite them on the soft cushion. She rolled up her sleeves slightly, revealing her fair-skinned hands. Before going any further, she first washed her hands in the porcelain basin at one side.

She used the tea clip to pick up some tea leaves and placed them in the teapot, then picked up the pot of boiling water and poured it into the teapot.

After waiting for a moment, she poured the hot, barely tea-infused water from the teapot over the teacups to warm them up. Then, she picked them up using the tea clip and placed one each in front of Zachary and Timothy.

Her movements were extremely pleasing to watch because they were just so elegant and graceful.

Zachary had always enjoyed looking at beautiful women and he had seen his fair share of them. Harmony was undoubtedly the most charismatic he had ever seen—in addition to her beauty, she was also refined in her mannerisms and speech.

She looked exactly like a goddess.

If Harmony did not go abroad and stay with them, Timothy and Harmony would have been together long ago. Perhaps there might even be children aplenty. Had that happened, Samantha would never have entered Timothy's life, and Timothy would never have to endure two years of suffering.

That was the reason Zachary never liked Samantha. On the contrary, whenever he looked at Harmony, he could not help but feel that Harmony was a much better fit for Timothy.

As he was ruminating in those thoughts, the tea's fragrance wafted into his nose and snapped him back to his senses.

Harmony had poured the brewed tea into the tea pitcher, which she then picked up and poured into Zachary and Timothy's cups. She eagerly invited them to try the tea. "Try it."

Zachary was very supportive. He did not seem to care that the tea was still boiling hot and immediately picked the teacup up. After blowing on it and taking a sip, he praised without hesitation, "It's delicious!"

"Be careful not to scald yourself," Harmony reminded with a smile. That smile was so beautiful that anyone who saw it would feel a stirring in their emotions. She looked at Timothy with her beautiful eyes and said, "Please have a drink, Tim."

Timothy's dark eyes seemed distant and there were no emotions whatsoever, although his expression did look somewhat fatigued. He picked up the teacup and took a sip but made no comment.

Harmony did not mind either and was overjoyed to see him drink it.

...

Rochelle originally suggested that Samantha join her for a drink, but later decided to drive Samantha back to the villa because the latter was not in the mood.

Samantha headed back to the room and went to the bathroom to soak in the tub. She wanted to let herself relax a little. Unfortunately, she became more uncomfortable the

longer she soaked, and she did not know whether it was due to the water temperature being too high or whether she was just feeling a little irritable.

After her soak, she lay down on the bed and closed her eyes to try and sleep.

However, her first meeting with Harmony appeared unconsciously in her mind.

It happened at the airport on the day that Timothy suddenly decided to bring her to Barrkjaer Island. Harmony went to Barrkjaer Island too.

Now that she thought about it, she wondered whether Timothy really wanted to travel with her and hold that wedding, or whether he just used her as an excuse to meet Harmony in private?

Could their old flames have rekindled when the two of them met? Was that why Harmony followed them back to the country too?

Did Harmony suddenly feel like raising her status to the next level? Could that have been why she made her presence known around Samantha and did all sorts of things to provoke her?

Samantha opened her eyes all of a sudden. She shook her head vigorously to dispel those increasingly outrageous thoughts.

Sure enough, she could not stop thinking about it.

Overthinking usually reached its peak during late nights. If Samantha connected the dots surrounding all of Harmony's troublemaking actions during the entire period, her train of thoughts would only go down a negative path.

Samantha sat up and picked up her cell phone.

She bit her lip and hesitated for a moment before putting it down again.

A few seconds later, she could not control herself from picking it up again.

She could say goodbye to having a good night's sleep if she kept that question to herself, so she might as well just ask it outright.

Samantha took a deep breath. Her finger hovered on WeTalk and she finally clicked on it. Timothy's chat was pinned to the top and she typed out a message before sending it.

[Still busy?]

After waiting for more than half a minute, she received a reply from him. [Not anymore. I just finished. What's wrong?]

Samantha looked at the message and thought about how rare it was that Timothy was not busy. Perhaps it was a sign from above that was telling her to ask.

Such serious issues were not something that could be discussed on WeTalk. Samantha typed another message and sent it. [Can you come home? I have something to talk to you about.]

The notification tone signaled Timothy's reply. [I'll head back now.]

Samantha's uneasy heart had calmed down somewhat after seeing his answer. She really did not notice anything off about him, at least not when she considered all his behavior up until then.

...

Inside the tea room, Timothy put away the phone and looked at Zachary. His thin lips parted slightly and he said, "Go ahead and enjoy yourself. I'm leaving."

"Ah...that quick?" Zachary was not about to just let him go like that. "Timmy, you barely had two sips of tea after sitting down. You should appreciate Bunny's carefully brewed tea! Besides, Jonny hasn't arrived yet. What work is there for you to rush back right now and do?"

Timothy did not seem to have heard what Zachary said. He stood up right away and put his jacket on.

Zachary saw the non-response and finally realized what was going on. "It's probably Samantha again... You're probably hurrying back just to make her happy, right? Come on, does she really need to be so strict with you... Boring. How boring..."

"Ah—"

Harmony suddenly let out a painful cry, causing Zachary to turn his attention to her. He asked concerned, "What happened, Bunny?"

She endured the pain and shook her head. "I'm fine. I accidentally got scalded by some hot water."

"Oh? Let me have a look."

Zachary leaned over immediately to get a clear look at her hand. He then inhaled sharply and asked, "What's with your hand, Bunny? Are you hurt?"

"What? Ah, no? It's nothing." Harmony panicked suddenly. Her gaze darted away and she immediately retracted her hand to hide it.

“Why are you still trying to hide? I clearly saw that!” Zachary stood, and leaned half his body across the table, and grabbed her by the arm. He pulled the hand she tried to hide and steadied it under the light. He then exclaimed once more, “Your hand... It’s bleeding! Is this what you call a burn? This is obviously scratched by someone! Who caused that?”

Harmony bit her lip and said nothing.

Zachary turned his head to look at Timothy and called out solemnly, “Timmy, look!”

Timothy’s eyes looked over and his gaze fell on the back of Harmony’s hand. Her fair skin looked even fairer under the light, contrasting sharply with those shocking bloody lines.

The glow in Timothy’s eyes became even darker.

Chapter 200: He Still Cares About You

Zachary frowned even more. “Today’s your first day of work at Lychee TV, right Bunny? Did you get this injury in the station? Were you bullied there?”

“It doesn’t make sense though. You’re new at the television station. None of your colleagues could possibly have any grudges with you and there’s no need for them to treat you like that, but... Wait a minute. Isn’t it Samantha’s first day on the job too? Did she do it?”

After considering the possibilities, Samantha—who also had her first day at Lychee TV—was the only one who could have any enmity with Harmony.

“Stop your random guesses. There’s no such thing.” Harmony reprimanded, as if Zachary had hit the nail on the head. She then forcibly pulled her hand away from Zachary’s grip and hid it behind her back.

She looked as if she was trying to cover it up.

“It really was her!” Flames of anger burned in Zachary’s eyes. “Didn’t you already return the title of champion to her? Why does she still resent you? She’s just the same as before. What a ruth—”

Before he could complete the word ‘ruthless’, a lighter flew across the air and struck his head. Zachary’s words got stuck and he unconsciously looked up to see Timothy’s cold gaze. His little heart trembled slightly but he added stubbornly, “Timmy, isn’t it wrong to hurt others on a whim?”

Timothy looked at him coldly and kept quiet, but his slender and beautiful fingers had reached for the vase on the coffee table.

There was cold sweat on Zachary's back. He was absolutely certain that the vase would be smashed on his head if he so much as made one more unpleasant remark about Samantha.

"Okay, okay! I'll shut up! I won't say anything!" Zachary said while raising his hands in a gesture of surrender.

When Harmony saw that, she hurriedly said, "Tim, don't take it out on Zac. He's just worried about me, plus it really has nothing to do with Samantha. I just hurt myself by accident."

Timothy glanced at her and remained silent. He stretched out his long legs and left immediately.

Harmony sat there while watching the man's back figure disappear behind the door. She had an unbearably disappointed and dejected look as she lowered her eyes and pursed her lips lightly.

The tea room suddenly became quiet.

Zachary scratched his head when he saw Harmony like that and comforted her. "Bunny, you... I hope you don't take it to heart. That's just how it is with Timmy's temper. He treats everyone coldly. Just look at how he treats me! He was going to crack my head just because of a little disagreement!

"At the end of the day though, Samantha is the one to blame. Timmy used to be more approachable last time. It's because Samantha betrayed him and caused him to experience those two years of pain that he became much colder. I really can't wrap my head around what exactly he sees in Samantha."

He touched his chin for a moment. "Could Timmy be the kind of guy who likes things hardcore and enjoys being abused?"

The two of them then heard footsteps at the door of the tea room.

Zachary and Harmony unconsciously looked at each other. Did Jonathan arrive? Or did Timothy come back because he was worried?

The door was pushed open. The person who came in was neither Jonathan nor Timothy, but a waitress.

She stepped forward with a paper bag in her hand and said respectfully to Harmony, "Ms. Johnson, this ointment is for you."

Ointment?

Harmony took the paper bag and opened it. Inside was some ointment that was used specifically to treat scratches.

The only people who knew about her scratched hand were herself, Zachary, and Timothy.

Did Timothy request someone to buy the ointment and send it to even though he left without saying anything?

Zachary scoffed, "I knew it. Timmy doesn't look like the kind who likes getting tortured. He's the stereotypical broody man. He might not have said anything nice, but he still cares about you deep down. If that weren't the case, he wouldn't have asked someone to buy some ointment for you."

Harmony looked at the ointment and could not control her smile. All that sadness and disappointment from earlier had disappeared.

Zachary picked up the teacup and finished the tea in one sip. He then sighed and said, "If you ask me, Timmy definitely likes you more compared to Samantha. If you hadn't come back so late, Timmy wouldn't've married no matter what tricks she has up her sleeve or how much Old Madam Barker urges him. In fact, there wouldn't even be a place for her in his heart. It's such a pity..."

'Pity?'

Harmony looked at the ointment in her hand as her emotions began swirling deep in her eyes.

It would never be a pity because what was hers would always belong to her.

Timothy was destined to belong to her. He always was and always had been.

...

Samantha lay on the bed while waiting for Timothy to come back but felt very restless. She lay on her left, then on her right, and none of the positions she was in seemed comfortable to her.

She held her phone and thought about reading some gossip or watching a television series, but she was unable to pay attention to anything she read or watched.

In the end, she got up, put on a thin jacket, then went out of the room and headed downstairs. She wanted to make herself a warm cup of milk and calm her mood while she wondered how to start the conversation with Timothy later.

Samantha walked into the kitchen and took out a large bottle of milk from the refrigerator. She poured some into a glass and heated it briefly in the microwave. Once it was warm, she held the glass and walked out of the kitchen while drinking the milk.

From the corner of her eyes, she saw Aunt Julia's room door swinging open.

Aunt Julia walked right out. Samantha originally thought that Aunt Julia was either going to the bathroom or to fetch a glass of water from the kitchen just like how she went to get some milk. To her surprise, Aunt Julia walked straight toward Old Madam Barker's room.

Samantha unconsciously glanced at the wall clock. Old Madam Barker had long gone to bed at that hour, so why would Aunt Julia go to the old lady's room?

Was Old Madam Barker feeling unwell?

She knew that Old Madam Barker had, in recent years, suffered the occasional illness due to her old age. She could not help but feel worried for the old lady and hurried over right away.

When Samantha walked up to the room door, she was about to walk in when she heard Aunt Julia say, "Old Madam, remember when you told me to investigate Harmony's return to the country? There have been some discoveries."

'Harmony.'

When Samantha's ears picked up on that name, her left foot—which she had lifted up just before taking a step into the room—froze briefly. She then slowly placed it down again and turned around, deciding instead to stand by the wall near the door rather than go in.

She felt a buzzing in her ears because she never expected Old Madam Barker to investigate Harmony.

According to the information that Rochelle found, Old Madam Barker knew and liked Harmony when the latter was a child. Why did the old lady suddenly decide to investigate Harmony's return to the country?

Samantha's senses made her aware of something. Her heart sank unwittingly and her hand tightened its grip on the glass.

Old Madam Barker's voice was then heard. "Tell me."

Aunt Julia replied, "Harmony came back much earlier than we thought. I don't know if it's a coincidence or not, but she returned on the same day Mr. Barker came back from Barrkjaer Island with Mrs. Barker. They were on the exact same flight too."

Old Madam Barker remembered that.

Timothy and Samantha went to Barrkjaer Island for a vacation. The journey back was marred with unhappiness and they were even photographed being at odds with each other.

Harmony came back at the same time too?

Old Madam Barker rubbed her temples because the entire situation was giving her a slight headache.. "Go on."

Chapter 201: He Lied

Aunt Julia nodded and continued, "After Harmony returned, she had a considerable amount of interaction with Mrs. Barker and even...met Mr. Barker in private."

Even though the old lady had already suspected just as much, she still felt a headache coming on when she heard it from Aunt Julia.

"I was careless. She had been so quiet during her years abroad that I didn't pay attention to her at all. I didn't expect her to be brave enough to come back and show up so brazenly before Tim and Sammy."

Old Madam Barker couldn't help snorting, "She really has no idea how to read the room. I let her leave the country all those years ago and even gave her a prosperous life, but those evil intentions of hers still remained. Seems like I underestimated her."

'Let her leave the country...'

Samantha's black pupils contracted slightly as her breathing got heavier.

The main reason for Harmony's sudden departure to another country turned out to be none other than Old Madam Barker's decision...

Judging from Old Madam Barker's words, Harmony had most likely been told to leave the country, and in exchange for a prosperous life there, was neither allowed to return nor approach Timothy again.

However, Harmony had returned all by herself and met Timothy in private.

Old Madam Barker would not have done what she did back then for no apparent reason, not unless Old Madam Barker was not fond of Harmony. Timothy and Harmony had probably wanted to get together after growing up as childhood sweethearts and

developing feelings toward each other, only for the old lady to play the role of a villain and destroy their budding relationship.

Furthermore, Harmony went to Barrkjaer Island before returning to the country, so that guess might end up ringing true—Timothy and Harmony had probably met in Barrkjaer Island and rekindled their old relationship, which was why Harmony returned and was so desperate to reunite with Timothy after that!

Samantha bit her lips tightly as her face turned pale.

She really did not want to let her mind wander in that direction, but the truth seemed to be leading her down that very path.

“Is someone outside?”

Samantha heard Aunt Julia’s voice.

Startled, she snapped to her senses and immediately turned around to make herself scarce. The last thing she wanted was for Old Madam Barker and Aunt Julia to know that she had heard their conversation.

Aunt Julia walked to the door and glanced outside. There was no one out there, so she turned around and headed back into the room.

Samantha did not want them to know that she had heard everything and decided not to go back to the old lady’s room. Her feet felt somewhat light as she walked up the stairs and returned to the bedroom.

She sat on the bed and hugged her knees as her mind went into disarray.

Bits and pieces of memories appeared in her mind, many of which were unsettling even though she had dismissed them earlier as though they were nothing to make a fuss about.

Samantha shook her head all of a sudden.

Overthinking was not something she ought to be doing. Dwelling on it continuously would only make her denounce Timothy for those accusations and that would be very unfair to him.

In any case, she wanted to hear what he had to say.

He was the one person she should place her trust in.

Samantha picked up her phone, clicked on WeTalk, and sent another message to Timothy: [Where are you?]

A few seconds later, she received a voice message, "Five minutes out."

Samantha did not reply to the message. Since there were another five minutes before he arrived, she decided to just do other things to pass the time.

She clicked and opened her WeTalk Moments but was surprised to see that the first one was from Harmony. It had been uploaded five minutes ago.

It was a photo showing Harmony's injured hand with some ointment beside it. The caption wrote: [I'm so glad you showed concern for me.

Samantha frowned slightly.

Before she even had time to think about it, the sound of a car engine was heard downstairs.

Timothy had returned.

Samantha put down her phone and walked to the dressing table. She looked in the mirror, took a few deep breaths to sooth her emotions as well as calm her expressions and then did her best to be as natural as usual so Timothy would not notice that anything was wrong.

Timothy pushed the door open and walked in a few minutes later.

Samantha got up and walked towards him with a smile. "You're back."

"I am." Timothy's black pupils looked softly at her. His fingertips reached for her cheek as he tucked a lock of hair behind her ears. "Were you waiting long?"

Samantha shook her head. "No."

She smelt alcohol on him and could not help asking, "Did you drink?"

"Yes. I had a social function earlier so I drank a bit." Timothy was very particular about hygiene and frowned rather uncomfortably. "I'll take a bath."

Samantha felt that she could use that opportunity to figure out how to bring up the subject, so she nodded and said, "Okay, I'll get the bath running."

"It's fine. You don't have to go through all that trouble. I'll do it myself."

Timothy smiled affectionately and placed his phone down. He then unbuttoned his coat and shirt, undid his tie, then took off his pants, throwing them on the sofa in succession. He then stretched his long legs and walked into the bathroom.

The bathroom door closed and she could hear the running water.

Samantha checked his pockets one by one and made sure that there was nothing inside. She then picked them up and placed them in the laundry basket.

A cell phone notification was heard.

She thought it came from her cell phone, but she glanced at it and noticed that it was not hers. She then turned to the cell phone that Timothy had placed on the coffee table.

The notification was from his cell phone.

When she looked over, she happened to see a text message from 'Bunny' on the lit screen.

She had already confirmed that 'Bunny' was Harmony.

There was no way she could ignore it when that name popped up.

Samantha clenched and unclenched her hands as they hung on either side of her body. She walked to the coffee table and picked up the phone.

The unread text message said: [Thank you for the ointment...]

Reading the entire message would require her to click in, but Samantha had no intention of doing so at all. She could already guess the lovey-dovey contents in the remainder of Harmony's text.

It was abundantly clear that Harmony was making her affections known in the photo she posted earlier, all because Timothy had brought her the ointment.

In that case, Timothy had obviously met up with Harmony despite saying that he had a social function to attend.

He did not tell her the truth...

If his relationship with Harmony was a normal one, then at most they were all childhood friends, like how Timothy was with Zachary and Jonathan. There was no reason to lie about a little get-together with one's childhood friends, and it was not as though she could not be considerate of him if that was the case.

Unfortunately, he had flat out lied.

What could that mean?

Could it signify that his relationship with Harmony was really not as simple as it seemed?

There was a slight redness in Samantha's eyes.

The sound of running water came to a stop and the bathroom door soon opened. Timothy walked out while wiping his wet hair and had only a towel wrapped around his waist.

Samantha sniffled, placed the phone down quickly, and turned to look at Timothy.

The man looked up at Samantha and noticed that something did not seem right with her. He frowned slightly and tossed the towel to one side before walking up to her.

His gloomy gaze landed on her face as he asked gently, "What's the matter?"

Samantha lowered her eyes immediately and avoided making eye contact with Timothy.. She quietly took a deep breath, suppressed her uncomfortable emotions, then opened her lips and went straight to the point without answering him. "Timothy, do you...know Harmony Johnson?"