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Chapter 262: Heartless Betrayal

The reason Rochelle asked that question was as she had once been pregnant before. At that time, her nausea and morning sickness were quite serious, leaving her dizzy and nauseated all the time.

Samantha's condition at that moment resembled the time Rochelle was pregnant.

'Pregnant.'

As soon as Samantha heard those words, her pale complexion became even most ghastly and looked further drained of blood.

Her eyes widened as she looked incredulously at Rochelle. Her voice was extremely hoarse and she asked, "What...did...you say?"

Rochelle could not help frowning when she saw despair and panic—rather than the slightest bit of joy and delight—in Samantha's expression.

She knew that Samantha was preparing to get pregnant. Whenever they spoke on the phone or chatted on WeTalk in recent days, Samantha had been telling Rochelle about wanting to bear a lovely child for Timothy. She had even fantasized about what their child would look like.

As a result, Rochelle was stunned to see Samantha react like that...

It was all but certain that Samantha was in such miserable condition that night because of that good-for-nothing scumbag Timothy!

Rochelle did not want Samantha to be provoked any further. She bit her lower lip gently and said cautiously, "I'm just guessing, Sammy. Let's go to the hospital and get you checked."

'Go to the hospital...'

Harmony's words to her back in the tearoom began playing in Samantha's ears once more. She grabbed Rochelle's hand, clenched it unconsciously, and said firmly, "No. Don't go to the hospital."

"But...this sort of vomiting requires a checkup..." Rochelle disagreed.

It involved her health, after all. In the event she really was pregnant, it would not be good for her or her child if she continued to remain in such an emotional state.

“We can’t go to the hospital!” Samantha asserted yet again.

It was not that big of a deal if she was not pregnant, but on the off chance she was, Samantha would know for sure once she went to the hospital and received the results.

‘Can’t.’

Rochelle was perceptive enough to sense that something was amiss when Samantha said ‘can’t’. She wanted to ask why, but seeing Samantha’s weak appearance forced her to leave any questions for later.

She held Samantha’s hand and said softly, “Okay, I’ll listen to you. We won’t go to the hospital.”

After a pause, she asked again, “Then where—”

Before she could finish her question, Samantha answered quickly, “Your apartment.”

Rochelle nodded. “Sure, we’ll go to my place.”

She turned around, took the blanket from the back seat, and gently draped it over Samantha’s body. “Close your eyes and rest. I’ll wake you up when we get there.”

Samantha forced a smile.

Rochelle was always a reliable best friend in moments of crisis.

In consideration of Samantha’s physical condition, Rochelle avoided driving too fast and kept a slow and steady pace. 30 minutes later, she finally got to her apartment.

Rochelle helped Samantha into the apartment and laid her down on the sofa, then went to the kitchen. She then came back with a glass of warm water and placed it in Samantha’s hands. “Drink some water.”

“Okay.” Samantha held the glass in both hands and drank the water slowly. At long last, her dry throat eased a little.

Rochelle hugged a pillow and sat next to her. After seeing that her mood had eased, she asked softly, “Can you tell me what happened now?”

There was no need for Samantha to keep secrets from Rochelle.

She put down the glass and gave a rough explanation of what happened.

Rochelle exploded with rage after hearing everything.

She got up angrily and said, "I knew that fake b*tch had bad intentions. I thought I made it clear that she should know her place, but she insists on stirring up all sorts of trouble. I'll settle this once and for all, Sammy! Right now!"

Samantha felt all warm in her heart and stretched out her hand to grab Rochelle. "No, don't. It's not worth putting your life on the line just to bring her down."

Rochelle replied, "Why not? After all she did to you? I'd rather sacrifice my own life than see her alive!"

She had lived enough anyway.

Samantha held Rochelle stronger and pulled her to sit back down. "Chelle, I can assure you I'll deal with Harmony. Let me be the one to personally get revenge."

"But then... the person who hurt me in this incident isn't Harmony. It's Timothy."

After all, he had betrayed her ruthlessly even though she loved and cared for him deeply.

Everything that happened recently was laughable.

At the mere mention of Timothy, Rochelle became so incensed that she wanted to tear him apart. "I really thought he had changed. Just how...motherf*cking blind was I?!"

"Although, it shouldn't come as a surprise. How can anyone expect otherwise when he's friends with a b*stard like Jonathan?"

All Rochelle wanted at that moment was to dump Timothy and Harmony into the sea and feed them to the fishes!

Having a best friend who would stand by her side through thick and thin made Samantha's heart feel warm.

Rochelle opened her arms to hug Samantha and said, "What are your plans now?"

She then added angrily, "If you want to kill someone, I can always help you bury the body."

Her words drew a little chuckle from Samantha.

Life, however, was very precious. She had struggled very hard to survive during her two years abroad and had no reason to do something stupid for those who were not worth it.

At that moment, she was very grateful for her experiences abroad, because she would have been resoundingly defeated without them.

There was no point trying to change what had already happened. She could feel sad, cry, and be weak, but she would not allow herself to be like that.

She was not the type to wallow in pain while her foes jumped in delight.

Samantha closed her eyes and took a few deep breaths before getting up from Rochelle's embrace. Although her voice was still hoarse, her tone was much calmer than before. "I need you to do two things for me, Chelle."

Rochelle was extremely distressed to look at that ghastly pale face.

She had watched Samantha crumble into tears, regain composure, and even start dealing with the matter. The entire sequence happened in less than an hour.

How strong did her heart have to be for her to act that way?

How much pain did she have to suffer before to become like that?

Rochelle would much rather see Samantha crying bitterly in her arms at that moment.

She sighed to herself but nodded without saying anything. "Tell me. I'll do whatever you need."

Samantha took out her cell phone and handed it to Rochelle. "First things first, could you call Grandma and tell her that I'll be staying with you tonight instead of going back?"

"Okay." Rochelle swiftly took the phone and dialed the number.

Since Old Madam Barker knew that Samantha and Rochelle were very good friends, Rochelle just needed to find a random reason to convince the old lady.

After hanging up, Rochelle returned the phone to Samantha, who switched it off without hesitation and chucked it back into her bag.

Rochelle observed Samantha's actions without making any comment and asked, "How about the second thing?"

Chapter 263: Will You Want This Child?

There was no avoiding the inevitable. It had to be faced sooner or later.

Samantha lowered her eyes and looked at her stomach. She stayed silent for a few seconds before answering slowly, "Help me buy a pregnancy test."

Rochelle understood and got up without saying a word. "Go and take a shower. I'll be back soon."

She grabbed her phone and left the apartment.

Samantha decided to continue sitting on the sofa for some time. She then got up and walked towards the bathroom.

After taking a shower, Samantha wiped away the fog on the mirror and looked at her body in the reflection. Her overall figure was still quite slender.

Only her waist and stomach had become a bit meatier during that time.

Her hands unconsciously clenched into fists.

Samantha put on some loose pajamas and went out, by which time Rochelle had already returned with a whole bag of stuff.

In addition to a pregnancy test, there were also some supplements, vitamins, and the like. She had also bought some food.

Rochelle beckoned her. "I bought you some porridge. Come over and have some."

Samantha instinctively opened her mouth to refuse, but she did not manage to utter a refusal. She nodded and said, "Okay."

Those who were not worth her attention should not be the reason she treated her own body badly.

Moreover, if she was pregnant, the least she should do was consider the needs of her innocent child.

Samantha walked over and sat down at the dining table.

Rochelle thought she had to continue persuading Samantha and was surprised when Samantha was so conscious of the situation. She pushed the warm porridge to Samantha and smiled. "You should eat more."

Samantha smiled in return. "I will."

One must never do things on an empty stomach.

Since the most accurate result for a pregnancy test was just after waking up in the morning, Samantha went straight to sleep after eating her fill.

After clearing the dishes and cutlery, Rochelle went to the bathroom to take a shower. Once she came out and saw Samantha sleeping soundly on the bed, she felt slightly more relieved than earlier.

When she approached Samantha however, she saw that Samantha was sleeping with tears streaming down her face.

Her heart trembled fiercely and was almost tightening up into a ball.

Samantha might have been able to calm down quickly, but her feelings were still hurt. It was extremely agonizing.

To be betrayed by the person one loved most was almost comparable to having a million needles stabbed into one's heart.

That feeling could not be any clearer to Rochelle.

Rochelle took out a tissue and stepped forward softly, then wiped away the tears on Samantha's face. She then draped the blanket over Samantha and tiptoed out of the room before closing the door.

She walked to the balcony and gracefully lit a women's cigarette. Instead of smoking it, she merely held it between her fingertips and watched as wisps of smoke rose into the air.

In reality, she rarely remembered her past with Jonathan, because everything they had was all in the past. She could not stand to think about those bygone days, especially the memories that conjured up feelings of hatred.

On that night, however, she could no longer control herself from remembering the past after hearing repeated mentions of 'betrayal' and 'child'.

Her hand touched her stomach slowly.

There was once a child inside.

A child that belonged to her and Jonathan.

Three months later, Jonathan had killed the fetus with his own hands...

Rochelle thought that she had become numb to that a long time ago, but she did not expect that memory to come at that moment. Her eyes inexplicably turned red.

She extinguished the cigarette butt, took out her cell phone, and immediately dialed Jonathan's number.

As always, her call was answered almost immediately, and the man's low voice said, "Hello."

Rochelle went straight to the point. "When will you die?"

The other side was silent.

His non-response did not surprise her and she snorted. "You've always been putting on this persona that you love me deeply and can't live without me. You should keep things real if you're a real man."

The other side continued being silent.

Her words elicited no response, just like always.

Rochelle ended the call right away.

The sudden, unexplainable pain she used to have appeared again out of nowhere. Rochelle clutched her stomach and collapsed weakly onto the ground in pain.

...

The next morning, Samantha woke up and looked beside her, but saw no sign of Rochelle. It did not look like Rochelle had slept beside her either.

Where could Rochelle be?

Samantha got up slowly, walked out of the room, and saw Rochelle sleeping on the sofa. The blanket had already fallen to the ground.

She curled her lips slightly and walked over then picked up the blanket and pulled it over Rochelle.

Even though her movements were very gentle, Rochelle woke up all of a sudden. She seemed to be in a daze at first, then she gradually became aware. "You're awake, Sammy."

"Yeah."

Rochelle sat up. "Did you sleep okay?"

Samantha did not want to mention those nightmares she had the entire night because she was afraid that Rochelle would be worried. Rather than answering, Samantha smiled and said, "I have to do the pregnancy test."

That was the most important thing at the moment.

The last traces of Rochelle's sleepiness disappeared completely. She rummaged through the bag to get a pregnancy test and placed it into Samantha's hand. "You know how to use it, right?"

"Yes."

"Okay. I'll wait for you outside."

Samantha went into the bathroom.

Rochelle felt inexplicably tense and could not sit still at all. She paced around the living room as if the prospective baby in Samantha's stomach belonged to her.

On second thought, Samantha's baby would be her baby too.

After what seemed like an eternity, Samantha finally walked out of the bathroom.

Rochelle went up to her and asked nervously, "How...is it?"

It was difficult to tell whether Samantha was sad or happy, and Rochelle could not figure out what the result was.

Samantha kept quiet and merely handed her the pregnancy test.

Rochelle held it and lowered her gaze.

Two red bars were shown.

The result was both expected and unexpected. Rochelle did not know what to feel at that moment and simply went up to hug Samantha.

Samantha's eyes turned red little by little.

Samantha would have been elated if she found out about her pregnancy before the previous day. After all, she and Timothy had been eagerly looking forward to it.

At that moment, however, she felt nothing but disgust when she thought about how the child was nothing more than a tool for Timothy to protect the love between him and Harmony.

Why should her child become a tool for someone else?

Moreover, Harmony seemed to suggest that Samantha would never be allowed to raise the baby that she delivered. Timothy would be raising that child with Harmony, who would be recognized as the child's mother.

Samantha, on the other hand, would be kicked away or made to disappear since she was no longer of any value.

The thought of that triggered her nausea again.

After sensing the fluctuation in her mood, Rochelle immediately started patting her back. Once she was eased a little, Rochelle stopped patting and hesitated for a moment before asking seriously, "Will you...want this child, Sammy?"

'Will you?'

That question had too appeared in Samantha's mind after she saw the pregnancy test result.

The child came at an untimely moment, but there was no escaping the fact that it had already existed.

Did Samantha want it though?

Chapter 264: Is It Dangerous?

Samantha could not answer that question immediately.

She shook her head and said truthfully, "I haven't thought about it yet."

"Then take your time to think it through. There's no need to rush." Rochelle understood Samantha's feelings very well. "You go ahead and freshen up while I get breakfast delivered. You can't let yourself go hungry now that you have two stomachs to feed."

Samantha smiled gratefully and went back into the room.

Rochelle picked up her phone and clicked into a food delivery app. She ordered a lot of food for breakfast. She then thought of something and made another order.

After Samantha was done washing up, Rochelle went to the bathroom to wash her face too. Then, the food delivery arrived and Rochelle brought in the food and laid everything out one by one on the table.

Seeing practically every type of food filling the table, Samantha could not help but shake her head and laugh, "There's only two of us, Chelle. How are we going to eat all this? It'll be such a waste!"

"Who said it's only the two of us? What about my godson?" Rochelle raised her chin and said righteously to Samantha's stomach, "I don't care if anyone else goes hungry, but I can't let my godson starve."

Samantha pulled the chair, sat down, and picked up a meat bun. "How do you know that it'll be a son? What if it's a daughter? Do you prefer sons to daughters?"

"Please." Rochelle uncapped the lid of a bowl of bean porridge and pushed it to Samantha. She then explained calmly, "It's not that I prefer boys. I just think...women are set to have a bitter life."

It was particularly so for big families like theirs, for their fate was beyond their control ever since they were born.

One's path and marriage were all decided for by one's family and all that needed to be done was to follow each step.

She could not bear letting her goddaughter go down that path.

Samantha felt the same too.

The baby's gender was not that important, since she would love her children all the same.

It was just...unfortunate that it had happened under such circumstances.

Samantha smiled bitterly and lowered her head to take a bite out of the bun.

Although she did not have any appetite, she still tried to eat more for her health and that of the child in her stomach.

Once they finished breakfast, Samantha got up to leave.

Rochelle was surprised. "Leaving so soon? Aren't you going to rest a bit longer?"

"I've had enough."

She had given herself a chance to suffer and be weak the entire night and she did not want to continue wallowing in depression. If things were left at that and remained unresolved, it would continue to remain as a thorn in her heart.

“Are you sure? Are you really alright?” Rochelle was still worried. “How about I go with you if you’re going to face Timothy?”

“I can still go with you if you’re going to beat up that b*tch-*ss Harmony! You can’t be the one beating her up because you’re pregnant, and your movements might affect the baby, so I’ll beat her up for you!”

Rochelle clenched her fists and raised her chin confidently. “I’ve been practicing Muay Thai for the past few years, and it’ll be Harmony’s lucky day to be my sparring partner.”

Samantha could not hold herself back from laughing out loud. “Chelle, I’m grateful for your kindness, really. But there’s no need to do all that.”

Seeing Rochelle’s about to protest, Samantha hurriedly explained, “Chelle, I’m not going to face Timothy right now, nor am I going to beat Harmony up. Before I do that, there’s one thing I have to confirm.”

“What is it?” Rochelle frowned. “Will it be dangerous?”

“It’s not dangerous. Don’t worry,” Samantha assured. “I’ll tell you once I find out.”

Rochelle would never be able to rest peacefully if Samantha was still that little princess of yesteryear she once was. However, Samantha had since become an opinionated and capable person. Rochelle did not ask any further because she knew that Samantha had her way of doing things.

Even though they were both good friends, they still respected each other’s opinions.

“Alright then,” Rochelle answered, she then walked to the hallway to get something. She then walked back to Samantha and handed over the thing she went to get. “Your car keys.”

Samantha looked at her car keys and was slightly surprised. “How is it... why is it with you?”

The car keys should have been in her bag.

“I took it. I had a driver drive your car over and park downstairs.”

Samantha took the car key and felt warm in her heart.

“Thanks, babe.”

Samantha hugged Rochelle. “I’ll get going then. We’ll keep in touch by phone.”

“Okay.”

Samantha went downstairs and sat in the car. She turned on her phone, ignored the unread messages on WeTalk, and immediately dialed Annabelle's number to request for a leave.

After hanging up, she started the car and drove away.

Rochelle stood on the balcony upstairs and watched as the car drove away. She sighed softly and wondered just how Samantha was going to handle the entire situation.

She suddenly thought of a sentence she read on the internet recently: 'Don't get too attached to men or else you'll end up being miserable.'

What an appropriate saying for the occasion!

...

At the villa, Samantha parked her car and walked into the house.

Aunt Julia was about to head out for some grocery shopping when she happened to run into Samantha. She was a little shocked and asked, "Why are you home at this time, Mrs. Barker? Don't you have work?"

Samantha glanced at the grocery bag that Aunt Julia was carrying and said naturally, "I have an off day today."

"I see."

Samantha then asked, "Are you going out to buy some groceries? I can drive you there. I happen to have some stuff I want to buy at the supermarket."

"I shouldn't be troubling you. What is it that you need? Let me know and I'll get it for you," Aunt Julia said hurriedly.

"It's fine. It's my off day anyway, let's go together."

Samantha wrapped her hand around Aunt Julia's shoulders and walked her to the car.

Since Aunt Julia could not change Samantha's mind, she merely smiled and responded, "Okay then."

The car drove slowly out of the villa.

After driving a short distance, Samantha was the first to start the conversation. "Has grandma slept better these last two days?"

Knowing that Samantha was being filial, Aunt Julia answered frankly, "Not yet. I had a doctor come over to check up on her. She's been prescribed some medication that will be adjusted accordingly."

She could not help but sigh. "You know how old people shouldn't be allowed to let their blood boil."

Samantha nodded and was silent for a few seconds. She pretended to keep up the small talk and said offhandedly, "Grandma has always been calm and composed. This is the first time I've seen her like that. What is it...that Harmony did?"

Aunt Julia could not help but look up at Samantha. "Why are you curious about her, Mrs. Barker?"

Her face sank immediately. "She's an extremely vicious woman. You should avoid all contact with her and stay as far away as you can! Harmony is a bringer of bad luck!"

"No particular reason," Samantha's tone became more natural, as if she was just chatting casually. "It's just...Grandma has been in a bad mood ever since Harmony showed up and she's even had difficulty sleeping. Sometimes these anxieties and worries need to be treated by a doctor who is familiar with such psychological conditions.. I just want to try and understand things a bit more to see if I can help rid Grandma of her worries."

Chapter 265: I Don't Want This Child

Aunt Julia had been serving Old Madam Barker for many years and it was natural for her to show dedication in caring for the old lady. As a result, she thought that Samantha's words were quite reasonable.

General doctors were able to treat patients with physical illnesses, but psychological afflictions would require effort on the part of the patients too.

Although she was reluctant to talk about a person as vile as Harmony, she would not mind it as much if doing so would help Old Madam Barker.

However, she frowned slightly and mumbled, "Where do I begin..."

Seeing Aunt Julia finally giving in, Samantha stepped up her efforts and said, "I heard that Harmony...grew up with Timothy and that grandma used to like her very much. How did things...suddenly end up like this between them?"

With Samantha's words leading the way, Aunt Julia replied, "Harmony did grow up with Mr. Barker. She stayed in the villa just next to the Barkers' old residence and was alone

in the country. The old lady treated Harmony well because she sympathized with Harmony's loneliness."

Rochelle had found out earlier and told Samantha that Harmony lived in the same villa that Samantha once lived in, but Samantha never knew that Harmony grew up alone in such a big home.

She could not help but wonder out loud. "Harmony was already living alone when she was just a kid?"

Aunt Julia replied. "She stayed with an old servant, who acted as her guardian. I'm not sure about her parents though."

'I see,' Samantha thought.

She was uninterested in Harmony's background, so rather than continue that topic, she shifted it back to the main point and asked, "What happened after that?"

Aunt Julia had an expression of disgust when she recalled the past. "There's nothing much to tell, really. The old lady has always been very good to Harmony, and even...intended to accept Harmony as her granddaughter. But Harmony, that woman, was an ungrateful person who took advantage of the old lady's kindness and was never satisfied. The old lady wasted all that kindness on her."

'Accept her as a granddaughter...'

It tallied exactly with what Harmony said.

Samantha tightened her grip on the steering wheel.

She suddenly asked, "Is Harmony unable to get pregnant because she injured herself to save Timothy?"

The question came out of the blue and caused Aunt Julia to blurt out subconsciously, "Yes."

It was only after she had replied that she realized the significance of that question. Her eyes widened and she quickly turned to Samantha, "Mrs. Barker, how do you know that?"

Samantha's expression became so stiff that even her lips did not twitch.

She decided to extract that information from Aunt Julia because she did not want to immediately trust Harmony's words without hearing it from someone else. Deep down, she still hung on to the last trace of hope that Harmony might be lying.

She never imagined that it would all be true.

That would explain why Harmony was not afraid of Samantha verifying that information with Old Madam Barker.

After all, there was no point in making statements that could easily be exposed as a lie.

Samantha forced a smile to pretend that all was fine and said, "Timothy once told me some things about his past. That's how I came to know about it."

"Ah, so he told you," Aunt Julia's nervous expression relaxed. "It's great that there aren't any secrets between the two of you."

As she said that, she smiled and said, "As long as you and Mr. Barker are on the same page, no other woman will ever come between you two. If you both are fine, then the old lady will be fine too!"

"Yeah," Samantha responded, but her eyes looked to the other side as her eye sockets turned slightly red.

She wanted to be on the same page as Timothy, but Timothy...did not feel the same way.

There was another woman in Timothy's heart, or perhaps more accurately, there had always been another woman in his heart...

After returning from the supermarket, Samantha went back to her room and collapsed weakly onto the bed.

She lay there with her eyes wide open and stared blankly at the white ceiling. It was difficult for her to not recall the sweet memories she and Timothy had made recently.

Each scene and frame of the happy moments that she experienced had turned into a dense mat of needles that battered all the corners of her heart.

The pain was suffocating her.

Her stomach began aching slightly, probably due to the strong fluctuations in her mood, and cold beads of sweat began forming on her forehead.

She closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and needed some time to calm herself a little.

She put her hand on her lower abdomen and stroked it gently.

A conflicted expression appeared and eventually turned into resolve. She opened her lips and gently uttered three words, "I'm really sorry."

Her phone then started ringing and Samantha grabbed it to see that it was a call from Rochelle. She answered directly, "Hey."

Rochelle's concerned voice came through, "Have you confirmed whatever it was you needed to?"

"Yes."

"Then... what about the baby..."

Samantha sat up slowly and leaned against the headboard behind her. There were a few seconds of silence before she said, "I don't want the baby."

"I... I can't have the baby either."

How cruel and saddening would it be if the child was born into the world simply because it was a 'tool' that was born for a plot.

Rochelle was silent on the other end.

Neither of them said anything and they would have assumed the call had ended if not for the faint sound of each other's breaths.

About a minute later, Rochelle eventually spoke up, "If you want me to be honest with you, I certainly hope you'll keep it. I'll never be able to have a child, and your child will be like mine. I'll treat them as if they were my own."

She then chuckled softly, "But I can understand the decision you made. This child came at the wrong time. I'll support you, Sammy, no matter what decision you choose to make."

"It's such a pity, but you must always come first!"

"Thank you, Chelle. I'm glad I have you," Samantha said sincerely.

"Of course, silly."

After a pause, Rochelle said in a serious tone, "What are you going to do next? Are you just going to let that dog and his b*tch go?"

Samantha smiled and said nothing.

Although Samantha did not answer, Rochelle did not ask any further and ended the call with her usual phrase, "Call me if you need me."

"Definitely."

After hanging up, Samantha got up from the bed and walked to the window to open the curtains.

The sunlight shone in from outside and she stretched her hand out to feel it.

Then, she picked the phone up again and sent a message to Timothy on WeTalk.

[Come home tonight. There's something really important I have to tell you. You're not allowed to say no.]

His reply came after about ten minutes.

The text contained only one word: [Okay.]

...

Timothy drove back to the villa at 7:30 that evening.

As soon as he entered the door, he saw Samantha standing at the door to welcome him and raised his eyebrows slightly. He said with a smile, "Looks like it's really important."

Samantha tilted her head slightly and replied with a smile, "It is. It's really, really important."

Timothy changed his shoes, walked in, and put his arms around Samantha's waist. He gazed down at her and said in a smoky, sweet voice, "Tell me.. I'm listening."

Chapter 266: You're Going to Be a Father, Timothy

Samantha pushed him away gently. "Let's have dinner first. We can't keep Grandma waiting."

Timothy felt a little helpless and tapped the tip of her nose. "You're doing this on purpose, aren't you?"

She was keeping him on tenterhooks when she avoided breaking the news right away.

Samantha admitted it openly. "Yes. It's on purpose."

Her smug expression seemed to be telling him, 'What are you going to do about it?'

Timothy was not irritated at all and even said dotingly, "Okay, as you wish then, my lovely wife."

She would have felt all warm and sweet inside if he had said that to her before. At that moment, however, she found it laughable and disappointing.

Had she not known already that it was all an act, she would have been utterly oblivious to the sheer pretense of his affection...

Timothy went back to his room to change his clothes and went down to eat with everyone.

He added more food to Samantha's plate from time to time to let her eat some more, then urged her not to go on a diet anymore. Samantha tried to keep her nausea in control and chewed all her food properly before swallowing them.

After the meal, Samantha had her routine walk with Old Madam Barker outside the house to ease her digestion. Half an hour later, Samantha returned to the room.

Timothy had just come out of the shower and was wiping his hair with a towel.

When he saw Samantha coming in, he threw the towel on the sofa and stretched out his hands toward her. "Come here, you."

Samantha walked over obediently.

Timothy held her slender hand and exerted a little bit of force to pull her into his arms, causing Samantha to sit directly on his lap.

The man pressed his thin lips to her ears and asked in a magnetic voice, "Can you tell me that important thing now?"

Samantha rarely used such an adjective and he was really curious as to what important thing it could be.

She raised her eyes to look at him.

The man before her was truly flawless. He had thick eyebrows, a perfectly angled brow ridge, a tall but non-protruding nose, lips that were neither too thin nor too thick, and a beautifully-chiseled jawline.

His face was perfect when seen from any direction.

One could easily imagine just how attractive his child would be, regardless of gender.

The fact that she was so stupid to have been deceived twice was probably due in large part to his face.

Samantha's long eyelashes trembled slightly. She raised her hand and placed her fingertips on his brow ridge, drawing her fingers down to his nose bridge, until it slid further downward and landed on his lips.

Timothy was surprised at first but had a devilish little smirk. He did not stop Samantha from caressing him and jokingly said, "Was this what you meant by 'very, very important'?"

Samantha's movements stopped immediately when she heard his question.

Her lips began curling up slowly and she approached Timothy's ears bit by bit. Her lips then parted open slightly as she whispered a two-word sentence into his ear.

The expression on Timothy's face froze instantly.

A few seconds later, his black pupils stared intently at Samantha and his voice trembled slightly as he muttered, "You... Can you say that again?"

Samantha maintained her smile and repeated what she said earlier. "I'm pregnant."

After gulping, she added, "You're going to be a father, Timothy."

It turns out he had heard everything correctly.

Timothy's gaze shifted from Samantha's face to her lower abdomen. He wanted to reach out to touch her but he did not dare to and merely mumbled blankly, "I'm...going to be...a father?"

Samantha had a complicated expression when she looked at Timothy.

It was the first time she saw Timothy so stiff and somewhat helpless.

He was no longer the business world's all-powerful Barker Group CEO and had become an ordinary first-time father.

It was super adorable.

At that moment, she doubted whether everything Harmony said was fake...

Samantha clenched her hands firmly, causing her nails to scrape against her palm. The slight tingling snapped her right back to reality.

Timothy's reaction and joy had nothing to do with her.

Everything he did was for another woman.

She could not let herself be deceived any longer.

Samantha quickly adjusted her mood and said with a smile, "Yeah. Remember how I've been nauseous recently? I gained a little weight too. I was with Rochelle yesterday and she reminded me to take a test. I took it this morning and didn't expect to be positive."

There was a flicker in Timothy's dark eyes. He looked at her and could not control himself from kissing her lips. Even his voice was much warmer than usual, "I'm very happy, Sammy."

Samantha smiled too. "So am I, but the baby is probably less than a month old and isn't stable yet, so you're the only one I told. Let's keep it a secret from Grandma, just for now."

"You know that Grandma hasn't been in good health recently. If we tell her earlier, she might probably start worrying even more. It'd be better for us to wait until the first trimester is over and tell her only when the fetus is truly stable."

The man massaged her head. "Okay. We'll go along with you."

Timothy thought of something all of a sudden and reached out to grab his cell phone. Samantha asked when she saw that, "What are you doing?"

"Making a doctor's appointment. I'm bringing you to do a pregnancy check-up," Timothy answered naturally.

A pregnancy check-up.

He seemed quite anxious.

Samantha snatched his phone away and maintained that perfect smile on her face. "What time is it already, Mr. Barker? Who does a pregnancy check-up in the middle of the night? We can go again tomorrow morning since one night isn't going to make a difference."

Rather than getting angry at being lectured, Timothy smiled instead. "Yes, you're right, my wife."

Samantha did not bother to answer him and yawned, pretending to be sleepy. "I'm sleepy and I want to sleep."

"Okay."

Timothy then carried her body firmly and walked steadily to the bed. He then set her down gently and covered her with the blanket.

He then leaned over and planted a kiss on her forehead, "Have sweet dreams, Sammy and..."

He then looked at her belly, "...baby."

Samantha closed her desolate eyes.

...

The next day, Timothy and Samantha went to the hospital for Samantha to undergo a comprehensive check-up.

When the final report came out, the doctor said, "The fetus is still very healthy, but the mother has been a bit emotional. She has to maintain a peaceful mind or else it'll be bad for both mother and child."

Timothy frowned when he heard that.

To prevent him from noticing that something was amiss, Samantha immediately said in a coquettish tone, "Did you hear that, Timothy? You have to listen to what I say and avoid making me angry!"

Timothy's thoughts were interrupted by her words. His frown disappeared and he put his arms around her to kiss her on the cheek. He smiled and said, "Okay, I'll listen."

After leaving the hospital, Timothy sent Samantha to Lychee TV and only drove away after reminding her to take good care of herself.

Once the car disappeared from Samantha's sight, the smile on her face disappeared along with it.

Samantha took her phone out of her bag, held her phone tightly in her fingers, and made a call.

Chapter 267: I'll Be Your Mother in The Future

The phone rang for a while and was answered just as the service provider was about to cut the call. The voice on the other end of the line was very surprised, "Sammy?"

"It's me." Samantha smiled slightly. "How have you been, Dr. Sherwood?"

That was the first time Samantha had called him since he left, he even wondered if he had misread when he first saw the caller ID.

Hearing that familiar voice, he could not help but smile. "I've been good. How about you?"

He thought that they would no longer be in contact if there was nothing important.

He was pleasantly surprised and very happy too.

"I..." Samantha hesitated before going any further. Instead, she rephrased and asked, "Dr. Sherwood, do you mean what you said?"

Alan's smile receded.

It appeared that something did happen to her.

When he left, he had promised Samantha that she could come to him if she ever needed any help.

He also knew that Samantha was not the kind of person who would trouble others if she could help it. The fact that she spoke up at that time was proof that it was a serious matter.

Alan replied unhesitatingly, "Of course. I always keep my words."

After a pause, he guessed, "Is it about Corey?"

There were only a handful of people who could spur Samantha into asking for help from others without hesitation.

"Yes."

Samantha did not go into the Lychee TV but instead went to the convenience store nearby. She sat down on a chair outside, stared at the busy traffic on the street, and lowered her voice.

Alan then said, "Corey's current situation is very stable from what I know. Did something unexpected happen to him?"

"No, Corey is fine, but he just hasn't woken up yet." Samantha took a breath. "You once told me that you hope for him to be transferred to an overseas hospital so you can personally treat and take care of him. I'm agreeing to that right now. Is there still time?"

Her words surprised Alan.

He had previously proposed for Corey to get treatment abroad but Samantha did not agree at the time. Firstly, she had hoped that she would be able to care for Corey in person, with the second reason being that Timothy had been actively searching for a

suitable heart for him. There was no longer any pressing need for Corey to go abroad if he could still be well taken care of in the country. As a result, Alan did not bring up that matter again.

Needless to say, he was surprised that Samantha would take the initiative to bring that up again.

“I’m glad that you’re willing to leave Corey in my hands to get treatment, but I can’t help wondering why you changed your mind all of a sudden?”

Alan’s tone sank, “Did you and Timothy...get into problems again?”

Samantha kept quiet and finally spoke sometime later. “I’m sorry, Dr. Sherwood.”

Her apology was an indication that she was hesitant to say any further.

She had always been the kind of person who kept to herself regarding the pain and suffering she was going through.

Alan sighed softly. “Okay, I won’t pry. As for Corey, you can be rest assured that I’ll arrange for it immediately.”

“You don’t need to worry about anything if Corey is by my side. I’ll protect him.”

Samantha answered gratefully, “Thank you, Dr. Sherwood.”

“You don’t need to thank me. Corey is my patient, and you know I’ve always been fully responsible for my patients. I can’t ruin my reputation, after all.”

His words made Samantha smile involuntarily. “You’re right. You’ve always been a very responsible doctor.”

He had taken great care of her when she was his patient.

“By the way, I have one more...favor to ask,” Samantha said. She seemed hesitant but eventually continued, “...although you can always refuse.”

“Hmm?” Alan realized something was off and spoke more seriously. “Tell me, what’s the matter?”

Samantha went straight to the point and asked, “Well, since you’re a doctor, you probably know Dr. Jameson, right?”

Dr. Vincent Jameson, along with Alan’s master Dr. Arthur Louie, were known as the two giants in the medical field. Dr. Jameson’s specialization was gynecology.

“Yes,” Alan cleared his throat. “I know him quite well.”

“How...well?”

“He’s my uncle.”

Samantha’s eyes widened suddenly. She originally thought that Alan would know those renowned individuals in the medical field because he was a renowned doctor himself, but she never expected he knew both of the medical world’s giants. One of them was his master while the other turned out to be his uncle.

Although she had guessed that Alan had a remarkable background, she hardly envisioned reality to far surpass what she had imagined it to be.

“Ahem,” Samantha cleared her throat at just the right moment.

Alan seemed to chuckle at the other end of the line and took the initiative to circle back to the main topic. “Why do you ask? Do you want to give him an exclusive interview, or...do you want to seek treatment from him?”

When he reached the last few words of his sentence, he suddenly realized something and asked. “Sammy, are you...pregnant?”

Why else would she look for a gynecologist?

“Yes. I am,” Samantha answered truthfully.

There was a long silence from the other end. By the time Alan spoke, his voice had become slightly hoarse. “Congratulations, Sammy.”

“Thank you.”

“Are you feeling unwell? Is that why you want to look for Dr. Jameson?” Alan’s voice was filled with care and concern.

Samantha bit her lower lip gently before opening her mouth slowly. “The reason I’m looking for him is because...”

After ending the call, Samantha got up and walked to Lychee TV.

She took the elevator to the top floor and saw Harmony standing outside as soon as the elevator door opened.

Harmony glanced at Samantha and smiled slightly.

It was clear from Harmony's posture that she deliberately stood there to block Samantha's way.

Samantha lifted her feet and walked out.

Harmony took a step forward and blocked her from the front. Her lips opened and she said, "Why did you leave yesterday, Sammy? Didn't you say you'll never back down?"

It was rare for Harmony to gain the upper hand against Samantha, so she was extremely proud at that moment and had her head held high.

Samantha looked at her silently.

Harmony's gaze shifted downward and lingered on her lower abdomen. With her lips still curled, she said, "It seems the heavens are siding with me and Tim. This baby could not have come at a more perfect time."

Samantha unconsciously clenched her hands as they hung beside her body.

Looks like Timothy did share with Harmony the good news of Samantha's pregnancy as soon as he could. It should not come as a surprise that Harmony would be so smug...

Harmony took a step forward, turned her face to the side, and nearly pressed her lips to Samantha's ears as she whispered, "Hey, Sammy. I heard your emotions are a roller-coaster and it's affecting the baby. You really should take better care of yourself and the child. You need to give birth safely, after all."

She then said softly to Samantha's stomach, "Hey there, little one. I'm going to be your mother in the future."

Harmony raised her eyes and looked at Samantha again. "I'll treat the child like my own and give them all my motherly love.. You don't have to worry because he or she will be the only child of Tim and me.

Chapter 268: Going All Out to Win Timothy's Heart

Samantha closed her eyes as she could not bear it any longer.

Harmony smiled and found it quite refreshing.

Ever since her return to the country, Samantha had been despicable enough to pull all sorts of dirty tricks on her. It was very refreshing for Harmony when the tide finally turned at that moment.

What goes around comes around.

Karma was finally striking back, hard.

Harmony was certainly not about to let that opportunity go and wanted to rub more salt in Samantha's wound, but she saw Samantha opening her eyes slowly.

Rather than seeing the sadness in Samantha's expression, what Harmony saw instead was a little smirk.

Harmony was a little scared by Samantha's reaction. She wondered if Samantha was smiling like that after going crazy due to excessive provocation.

Samantha looked at Harmony's stunned expression and spoke in an indifferent voice as if none of Harmony's words affected her at all. "I told you once before, Harmony. You're too anxious."

She looked at Harmony disdainfully from head to toe. "Have you already become his wife? Is the child already yours?"

"Last I checked, you're not Mrs. Barker and the baby is still in my stomach. Did you seriously come to me just to show off even though nothing's certain yet and you haven't even got anything to show for?"

As she spoke, she felt that it was laughable and chuckled out loud. "Do you seriously think I'm the kind to offer you my right cheek after you slapped my left one? Is that why you came here to tell me all that?"

"If I were you right now, I would've turned around, ran away, and got lost if I saw myself from afar. You're one of those who live their life with their tail between their legs, so the least you could do is avoid provoking me before I deliver the baby."

Samantha turned around and whispered in Harmony's ear in the same way Harmony did to her earlier, "Do you really expect me to give up my position and baby to you without a fight after what you said earlier?"

"Keep dreaming."

Harmony's expression changed instantly.

She did not expect Samantha to still have a bit of fighting spirit left!

Any ordinary woman would have broken down under the pressure.

Harmony had seen that Samantha's psychological mettle had been crushed after the latter fled two nights ago. That was why she decided to follow up on that victory and continue delivering more blows to Samantha.

However, Samantha was still fine and standing!

Just what was Samantha's mettle built of?

Harmony, however, was smart enough to have learned from her past mistakes. She took a deep breath, calmed her emotions, and made sure to not be affected by Samantha's taunts.

She had not been careful enough the first couple of times and had always fallen for Samantha's goading. That was why she frequently had the tables turned on her in the end despite gaining the upper hand against Samantha.

Harmony's expression soon reverted to normal. She opened her innocent eyes and spoke in a seemingly considerate manner, "Sammy, I'm telling you all this in advance for your sake, so you'll be mentally prepared. We're both women, after all. There's no reason why women should make things hard for other women."

"Also..." She looked at Samantha's stomach again and sighed softly. "You still have to put in the effort even if you don't get anything out of it. The baby depends on you, you know."

"You don't have to worry about handing over your baby and your title as Mrs. Barker. Tim wants to give it to me. I'm reminding you because I hope you'll back off and remain in one piece. By the time Tim decides to take things into his hands..."

Harmony's expression became pitiful. "You've been around Tim long enough, so you should know how merciless he is to women he doesn't have feelings for!"

She was finally competent enough to make a proper threat.

It succeeded in hurting Samantha, just a little.

However, Samantha's pain originated not from Harmony, but from Timothy.

The only person who could ever hurt Samantha was Timothy.

Samantha remained expressionless and continued to smile, "Ah, Timothy, you say?"

"I might not know just how deep and unwavering your feelings are for each other, but from this moment on, I'll go all out to win Timothy's heart."

'Go all out to win Timothy's heart...'

Harmony nearly thought she had misheard it and her eyes widened suddenly.

She could understand every word individually, but for some reason, she found it difficult to comprehend those words when strung together into a sentence like that.

Samantha knew that Timothy was only taking advantage of her and had no feelings for her, and yet she was still determined to win Timothy's heart?

As if noticing what Harmony was thinking, Samantha deliberately repeated her words. "Yes, I'm going all out to win Timothy's heart."

"There are another nine months before the baby comes into the world, and we'll be spending every single day with each other for more than nine months."

"Even if Timothy doesn't like me now, who knows whether he'll like me in the future? More importantly, Grandma likes me a lot and Timothy is extremely filial. If he could marry me just to fulfill Grandma's wishes, why can't he have feelings for me for Grandma's sake?"

Harmony's expression changed somewhat. She became a little anxious and stared angrily at Samantha, saying, "You're dreaming! Tim will never have feelings for you!"

Samantha shrugged her shoulders. "Your love for each other might be stronger than steel and I might not be able to change Timothy, but don't forget that this baby belongs to me. We're bound together by blood. This is something that Timothy and I share, something that cannot be cut off for the rest of our lives!"

"You want my child to call you 'mom'? I can tell you right now that my child will never recognize a homewrecker as a mother! You can raise my child until they get older, but you'll also die in their hands!"

"How... you... Samantha!" Harmony was so angry that she gritted her teeth while calling out Samantha's name.

She had even raised her hand and clenched her fist as if she was about to hit Samantha.

Samantha smiled and relished Harmony's collapse. In a battle of oratory skills and verbal attacks, Harmony's ability was not even a fraction of Samantha's.

She had genuine experience after doing emergency broadcasts countless times.

How could someone whose credentials only looked good on paper ever hope to be on par with Samantha's shrewdness?

Rather than avoiding the attack, Samantha took a step forward and lifted her chin. “Feel like hitting me? Go ahead. I won’t hit you back this time.”

“Make sure to aim well and hit my stomach!”

“Although, I’m sure you know what the doctor said. I’m emotionally unstable and I might lose the baby if I get too excited. Once the baby’s gone, so does that beautiful fantasy you’ve all planned out.”

“Ahhhh—” Harmony lost herself and could not help herself from screaming out loud.

She was very concerned about the child in Samantha’s belly and did not dare to lay even a finger on Samantha.

Samantha stood still and waited for more than a minute, watching as Harmony never once dared to throw a punch despite being on the verge of exploding from all that pent-up anger. Samantha’s lips twitched as she uttered, “Coward!”

She did not mind a fair competition at all, but Harmony was someone who only knew how to play tricks behind people’s back, which disgusted Samantha time and time again.

Samantha was no saint—she was instead a vengeful person!

Things were just starting to heat up.

Samantha did not look at Harmony again. She lifted her feet and walked straight into the office lobby.

Harmony looked at her from behind and gritted her teeth fiercely. ‘Just you wait! You have no idea how I’m going to destroy you after you deliver the baby!’

...

After Samantha went to her workstation, she recalled Harmony’s actions earlier to confirm that Harmony really referred to the baby as ‘hers’.

Samantha then took her cell phone out of her bag and sent a message: [The arrangements can now be made.]

Chapter 269: I Want Them to Pay the Price

After sending the message, Samantha put down the phone and leaned against the back of the chair.

Hatching schemes and plotting revenge were very tiring endeavors. All she ever wanted was to live a simple and ordinary life with the man she loved.

She was unfortunate because even her smallest of wishes was an unrealistic expectation.

Samantha could not help herself from looking at the photo frame placed on the table. It contained a photo of her and Timothy.

Back at Barrkjaer Island, she asked Timothy to take a picture of her and the scenery, instead, Timothy went and took a photo together with her.

When she joined Lychee TV, she got the photos developed and chose a beautiful photo frame which she kept on the workbench.

Looking at that photo again reminded her of how Timothy brought her to Barrkjaer Island simply to meet Harmony in secret. How laughable.

Samantha picked up the photo frame, removed the photo from it, and tore it forcefully.

The photo was separated into two halves, one of Samantha and the other of Timothy.

She then opened the drawer and left the torn picture inside—out of sight, out of mind.

...

After the pregnancy check-up the other day, the doctor prescribed some medicine to aid fetal development. Even so, she was not in a good condition after taking the medication. She felt nauseated at every turn and vomited anything she ate.

She had difficulty falling and staying asleep. Either she woke up spontaneously after falling asleep, or she had poor sleep and sweated profusely.

After that went on for more than a week, Samantha did not gain any weight and even went down a size.

Ever since Timothy knew that she was pregnant, he declined all business functions other than work and stayed with Samantha every night.

Unfortunately, he was not a doctor and did not know how to relieve her physical discomfort.

Timothy accompanied Samantha to sleep that night, but when she finally managed to fall asleep, she suddenly covered her lips not too long later and called out uneasily, "Timothy..."

The man opened his eyes as soon as she called out his name. He got up and carried her up quickly but carefully. He headed for the bathroom in a couple of strides and placed her on the small stool that had been earlier prepared in the bathroom. Then he opened the toilet bowl lid for her.

Samantha vomited yet again while facing the toilet bowl.

Timothy squatted at the side and placed his big palm on her back to comfort her.

He looked at Samantha's face from the side. When he saw her vomit so violently that the blue veins on her forehead and neck were popping out, a distressed expression appeared in his eyes.

Although he had known that some pregnant women felt very uncomfortable after reacting strongly to morning sickness, he never really experienced it before and felt heartbroken to see Samantha like that.

He did not expect it to be that excruciating.

The baby was taking a toll on Samantha.

After Samantha was done vomiting, her entire body felt light and she fell limply into Timothy's arms. She did not even have the energy to speak.

Timothy took a towel and carefully wiped her face and lips. She then carried her gently, walked to the bed, and placed her down.

He took the cup of water from the bedside table, felt it to make sure that it was still warm to the touch, and gently helped Samantha up to give her a drink.

"Do you feel better?" He spoke gently as if she were a fragile doll.

Samantha tried to force a smile but it looked like a bit of a wreck because she was so weak.

Timothy gently stroked her cheek and said softly, "I'm sorry I made you suffer."

Samantha seemed slightly startled. Her eyeballs rolled stiffly as she looked firmly at him.

Timothy noticed that something was amiss with her and could not help but say, "What's the matter?"

Samantha gulped quietly and shook her head. "Nothing, I'm just tired. I want to sleep."

"Okay, go ahead and sleep. I'll be right here. Call me if you're feeling uncomfortable."

Samantha turned to the other side so her back was facing Timothy.

She clenched the blanket unconsciously and she tried her best to remind herself that Timothy did not genuinely feel anguished for her.

He felt 'anguished' simply because she was still useful to him.

What she said to Harmony the other day was equal parts genuine and on purpose. She did not truly believe Harmony and still doubted Harmony's inability to get pregnant.

Since it would be difficult for Samantha to find out if Harmony really could not get pregnant, she deliberately made those remarks to try and rile Harmony up.

As incensed as Harmony was at that moment, she never once dared to lay a finger on Samantha, thus proving that she really could not get pregnant and needed Samantha's baby.

Once Timothy had an heir, nothing else could get in the way of her relationship with Timothy!

That was why Timothy and Harmony both valued the child in Samantha's belly.

Their actions would always revolve around the baby.

'Keep a level head, Samantha Larsson.'

'I must always protect myself.'

'I must see to it that those who hurt me will pay the price.'

Timothy did not go to sleep again. He sat on the edge of the bed and caressed Samantha's shoulders. Once he sensed that her breathing had become even and she had gradually fallen asleep, he pulled the blanket over her and got up.

He walked to the balcony and closed the balcony door. After confirming that the inside of the room was completely shut off from the outside, he took his cell phone out and made a call.

Samantha, who should have fallen asleep at that time, opened her eyelids slowly and looked at Timothy who was making a call outside.

The next day, Timothy was nowhere to be seen after Samantha woke up.

She sat up holding the quilt and saw a post-it note on the bedside table. Written on it was a message in bold, masculine handwriting.

'Take care of yourself. I'm on a two-day business trip, but I'll be back as soon as possible.'

Samantha's lips twitched. She crumpled the post-it note into a ball and threw it into the trash can.

She got out of bed and went to the bathroom to wash up.

Samantha did not need to go to work because it was the weekend, so she notified Alan after breakfast and drove to the hospital.

She went to the ward to see Corey and went through all the necessary patient transfer procedures.

Once that was out of the way, Alan's people arrived and were briefly introduced to Samantha. They then moved Corey from the ward to the vehicle outside.

Samantha stood there and her eyes reddened as she watched the vehicle leave.

It would probably be a while before she and Corey could meet again. Her only silver lining from their temporary 'goodbye' was that Corey would be able to wake up soon, smile at her, and call her 'Big Sis' again.

Her biggest worry had been lifted off her, and she no longer had anything else to worry about.

...

Timothy returned to the villa three days later. It was still morning, so Samantha had not woken up yet when he entered the bedroom. Without waking her up, he merely took off his jacket, lay on the floor against the bed, and closed his eyes to sleep.

Samantha finally woke up an hour later. The moment she moved, Timothy seemed to have sensed it and opened his eyes.

There was still a bit of confusion in Timothy's eyes and her voice was hoarse since she had just woken up. "When did you...come back? Why didn't you lie down and sleep?"

"I just arrived," Timothy replied softly, then said, "Time to get up.. I'm bringing you to meet someone."

Chapter 270: Making an Enemy Out of Him

Samantha raised her head slightly and looked up at him. "Who is it?"

Timothy smiled without saying a word. He reached out to carry Samantha and walked straight to the bathroom.

Samantha did not struggle and immediately wrapped her arms around his neck to keep her balance. She knocked her forehead gently on his and complained, "Still keeping me in suspense?"

Timothy helped Samantha wash up before carrying her out again. He subsequently helped her to change her clothes before they went out together.

About 40 minutes later, the car stopped at the entrance of the hotel that Timothy frequented whenever he did not stay at home.

After getting out of the car, Timothy threw the car key to the valet beside him. Holding Samantha's hand, he led her into the hotel and took the elevator upstairs.

When they arrived at the door of his exclusive suite, Timothy did not swipe his keycard to enter but knocked on the door politely instead.

Footsteps were soon heard behind the door and it duly swung open.

The first thing that caught Samantha's eye was a bespectacled, slightly chubby girl. Samantha then glanced subconsciously at Timothy.

A girl? In his exclusive suite?

Before Timothy could say anything, the girl smiled and greeted them first. "Hello, Mr. Barker."

After a pause, she looked at Samantha and said courteously, "This must be Mrs. Barker. Nice to meet you."

Samantha snapped back to her senses and smiled. "Hi."

The girl turned around and said, "Do come in, Mr. and Mrs. Barker."

Timothy wrapped his hand around Samantha's waist and led her into the room.

Standing at the floor-to-ceiling windows was an old, gray-haired man. He turned around after hearing their footsteps and looked over.

As soon as Samantha laid eyes on that old man, she instantly recognized who he was.

After all, she had seen his profile and photos before.

It was none other than Dr. Vincent Jameson, a famous gynecologist.

He appeared quite energetic despite his age, probably because he exercised frequently to keep his body in good shape. He stood tall and did not look frail.

Timothy looked at Samantha and introduced her softly, "This is Dr. Jameson. The girl from earlier was his assistant, Leah Smith."

After saying that, he turned to Dr. Jameson again and said, "Professor, this is my wife, Samantha Larsson."

Samantha took two steps forward and greeted respectfully. "Hello, Dr. Jameson. It's an honor to meet you."

Vincent was very kind and did not put on any airs. He walked up to Samantha and smiled in return, "Mrs. Barker, a pleasure to meet you."

The two of them shook hands politely.

All four individuals sat on the sofa. Timothy and Samantha sat on one side with Vincent and Leah sitting on the other.

Vincent said, "Mrs. Barker, I was invited here by Mr. Barker and will be staying in Capital City for a week. I'll be treating you so that you'll be able to carry your baby safely in the future. I hope you'll be able to stay here during this period so I can observe you at all times."

Samantha nodded. "Okay, I'll cooperate."

Timothy then said, "Dr. Jameson, please don't hesitate to let me know if there's anything you need during this time. I'll make sure to arrange it. You don't need to be so courteous."

Vincent smiled. "Your sincerity is enough, Mr. Barker. You can be assured that I'll do my best after accepting this responsibility."

"Thank you." Timothy expressed his solemn and sincere appreciation in those two words.

Since Vincent had just arrived in the country, the comprehensive health examination was scheduled for the coming day. After everyone was introduced to each other, Vincent and Leah went back to their room to rest.

Timothy then drove Samantha to work.

There were traffic jams everywhere since it was already rush hour, so the car had to slow down at frequent intervals.

Samantha turned around to look at the man in the driver's seat and thought for a while before asking, "That so-called business trip you went on two days ago was actually to invite Dr. Jameson?"

"Yes."

"But as far as I know, Dr. Jameson has mostly been engaging in medical research and no longer sees any patients. How did you convince him?"

After a pause, she remembered Vincent's words and said, "Dr. Jameson mentioned that your sincerity was enough. What sort of sincerity could make an impression on him?"

Money alone was not necessarily enough to sway a man of such stature.

Anything that money could buy would never be a big deal. The trickiest of situations occurred only when money was not the be-all and end-all.

When the light turned red, Timothy turned around to look at the woman's curious gaze.

He curled his lips lightly. "Dr. Jameson has a kind heart."

Samantha understood immediately.

Only those who cherished life in the world would not be moved by money.

They did not need money; they wanted something that could be of use.

Alan, for example, needed medical equipment, and Vincent would probably need something similar since he was doing research.

The only thing that could sway him was something that could contribute to medical knowledge.

Samantha's heart trembled slightly as she looked at Timothy.

He was an extremely capable person who could accomplish his goals in a perfect, seamless manner.

It was truly frightening to make an enemy out of him.

However, she had to think for herself.

She could not let herself remain helpless and continue being a victim of Timothy and Harmony's love.

Samantha forced a happy smile. She leaned forward and gave Timothy a peck on the cheek, saying, "You're the best, Hubby."

He was so considerate when it came to the baby in her womb.

Unfortunately, the consideration he showed only left her feeling bitterly disappointed...

Truthfully speaking, she was still in disbelief over his heartlessness towards her.

The car drove to the entrance of Lychee TV.

Timothy got out of the car and walked around to the passenger seat. He opened the car door and shielded Samantha as she got out of the car.

They arrived at a time when people were clocking to work and a lot of people instantly recognized Timothy and Samantha. They were an attractive couple, and Timothy's tender actions spurred everyone into taking out their cell phones to photograph them secretly.

After all, the scene was just so eye-catching as they looked like they came straight out of a romance television series.

Timothy kissed Samantha on the forehead and drove away after watching her enter the building.

Samantha went upstairs and had just sat down at her desk when she saw a picture posted by her colleague on the intranet forum. It was a picture of her and Timothy being affectionate with each other.

Gossipmongering was practically second nature to those who worked in the media line. The post instantly became a hit and the discussion became more lively as Samantha did not come out to stop it.

The incident went abuzz early in the morning and everyone eventually got to know about it.

When lunchtime came, Samantha clicked into the forum and read the posts. There were already thousands of top comments and everyone was happily cheering for her and Timothy.

Samantha smiled in satisfaction.. She held the mouse, logged in to WeTalk on her computer, then sent the post's link to a certain contact through WeTalk.

Chapter 271: I Just Wanted to Piss You Off

At the third-floor office lobby, the news regarding Timothy and Samantha had spread all throughout the station and Harmony had naturally heard about it too. Her expression became gloomy and she was upset all morning.

As she was about to head out for a good lunch and give her ears a break from all the gossip, there was a notification from WeTalk on her computer.

She hesitated to click on the message after seeing that it was from Samantha. In the end, her hand took on a mind of its own and hovered the cursor over it before clicking in.

Harmony saw the link that Samantha had sent.

Her originally hideous expression became even uglier. She was so infuriated that she put her hands on the keyboard and immediately typed out a line of words to reply.

[What's the meaning of this?]

The reply came with a ding.

Samantha had answered: [Nothing in particular.]

Harmony frowned slightly when she read that message and was about to reply with a question mark.

Another message came.

Harmony looked at it and nearly spit out a mouthful of blood.

Samantha had replied: [I just wanted to piss you off.]

Harmony's expression changed rapidly a couple of times. How she wished she could reach through the screen and choke Samantha to death!

Harmony could not hold her anger back and began typing away fiercely at the keyboard. [He's just acting! There's nothing for you to be proud of!]

Samantha responded quickly, confidently, and determinedly: [Even if he's just acting, I can let him act for the rest of his life. Since you enjoy being a side chick, why don't you go ahead and live your entire life in the shadows without ever getting proper acknowledgment?]

[That's it from me for now. I'm going to have my lunch. Timothy specifically sent someone over to deliver my meal because he wants me to eat something nutritious. The portion's a bit big though, so I don't think I can finish it.]

[But even though I can't finish it, I'd rather toss it in the trash or feed some dogs than let you have a single crumb!]

Harmony's expression became violent. She had completely blown her fuse and swept her hands across everything on her table, sending all her stuff crashing onto the ground.

She panted heavily, becoming angrier and more anxious as she continued thinking about it.

...

Even though Samantha did not see Harmony's reaction with her own eyes, she could already imagine just how Harmony was about to explode in anger at that moment.

Just thinking of that scene made her feel delighted.

The fact that she thumbed her nose at pretentious b*tches did not mean that she could not become a pretentious b*tch herself.

She simply chose not to go down that road. Once she did, she could 'outb*tch' even the most pretentious of b*tches like Harmony!

Of course, Samantha had other reasons for doing so and did not do what she did only to piss Harmony off.

Samantha set aside the mouse and continued eating.

Her meal tasted much more delicious compared to before.

Human nature was innate, and as any ordinary person would, she thoroughly enjoyed seeing her enemy suffer.

...

The next morning, Timothy accompanied Samantha to the hospital to do a detailed health examination with Vincent.

It took some time due to the many elements involved, but Timothy was very patient. He kept her company throughout the entire process and did not look at his phone too frequently.

When Leah was jotting down Samantha's data, she glanced at Timothy waiting outside the door and could not help but remark enviously, "Mr. Barker is so considerate of you. He's handsome, rich, and treats you so affectionately too..."

Samantha looked in the direction that Leah was looking.

She saw Timothy's slender body leaning against the wall and standing casually while waiting quietly for her. When the sun illuminated one side of his face, he looked just like a knight who stepped out of a fairytale.

Her long curly eyelashes trembled slightly.

Leah's assessment was spot-on...

He was handsome, rich, and affectionate...

How unfortunate that she was not the subject of his affection.

Her resentment was inevitable.

Timothy must have been blind not to like her, and so be it if that were the case! Having said that, it was illogical of him to like a woman like Harmony!

Samantha had poured her affection into the wrong person!

"Whoa, whoa, Mrs. Barker. Relax! You need to relax! Don't get anxious! Why is your heart rate so high?" Leah said suddenly.

Samantha snapped out of it after hearing Leah's words and took a deep breath to calm herself.

Timothy seemed to have heard the movement inside and walked in while asking in a low voice, "What happened?"

Leah replied, "It's nothing, Mr. Barker."

Timothy acted as if he did not hear Leah's answer and called out softly, "Sammy?"

Samantha answered, "I'm fine."

"Okay, call me if you need anything. I'll be at the door," Timothy said before returning to his original spot.

Leah's eyes sparkled again. "You're too spoiled, Mrs. Barker! Too spoiled! Your relationship with Mr. Barker is just like those in the fairytales!"

Samantha did not want to dwell on that topic and changed the subject. "How many more checks are there left?"

As expected, Leah stopped gossiping and answered professionally, "Two more, Mrs. Barker. Just hang in there. It won't take long."

The entire morning was over once the examination was completed and it just so happened to be time for lunch.

Timothy waited for Samantha and Vincent to come out, then placed his hand around Samantha's waist out of habit. He subsequently looked at Vincent and said, "I've made reservations at a restaurant. Care to join us? You've been hard at work the entire morning."

Vincent did not refuse and said with a smile, "If you insist, Mr. Barker."

They soon arrived at the restaurant.

Timothy had ordered the food in advance, making sure that half the dishes catered to Vincent's tastes while the other half was food that Samantha liked.

His thoughtfulness was such that one could not find any fault with him.

Timothy was a well-known business tycoon and it was only natural that Vincent knew of him. Such individuals had long grown accustomed to being put on a pedestal by others and would usually be haughty or arrogant.

However, Vincent saw none of those characteristics in Timothy after interacting with him for a couple of days.

Timothy was calm, restrained, and strong...yet gentle.

It was no surprise then that his nephew would lose to a man like that.

Timothy sent Vincent and Leah back to the hotel once they had finished the meal, and Samantha said, "I'm a little tired. I'm not going to work later so I'll rest at the hotel too."

Timothy rubbed her head and said softly, "I'll bring you a delicious dinner once I get off work tonight."

"Okay." Samantha nodded sweetly and pushed the door open to get off.

She stood there and watched as the car left before turning to Vincent and smiling at him. "Can I treat you for some afternoon tea, Dr. Jameson?"

Vincent looked back at her and curled his lips. "It'll be my pleasure."

He then turned to Leah beside him and said, "You may head up and get some rest."

Although Leah did not know what exactly was going on, she felt that her presence would be somewhat inappropriate because Samantha and Vincent probably had

something to discuss in private. As someone who never asked too many questions, she nodded obediently and said, "Okay, doctor. I'll head up now then."

Leah walked with a bounce into the hotel.

Samantha, together with Vincent, went to the hotel's second floor where there was a restaurant well-known for afternoon tea.

After being seated, Vincent did not beat around the bush and immediately asked, "You can be upfront with me if you have something to say."