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Chapter 282: You Can Only Choose One!

Timothy's black pupils looked at her indifferently with a heavy gaze. It was almost as if there were a million things he wished to say, and yet at the same time...it looked empty.

He raised his hand, covered her hand using his big palm, and said in a low voice, "You have to rest now, Sammy. Don't overthink."

'Don't overthink.'

Samantha thought about those two words and became even sadder.

She had considered several possibilities—both good and bad—after choosing to confront Timothy and even thought about how to deal with a worst-case scenario.

It had all been given due thought and consideration.

However, when it came for her to truly face it, all her strategies of handling it turned into shambles.

Human feelings cannot be precisely calculated and predicted. It was impossible to have a set method of dealing with them.

She was feeling heartbroken, even if her reasoning was telling her to deal with it calmly, there was absolutely no way she could calm herself down.

Samantha took a deep breath and tilted her head back to stop the tears from flowing. After about half a minute, she looked at Timothy again and said hoarsely, "Since you're not interested in being reasonable, then there's no point for me to continue reasoning with you!"

"Didn't you say you want to live happily with me? Didn't you say you love me? Didn't you say you love our baby?"

"Well, I'm suffering now that the child is gone. I want you to get justice for our baby, and I don't care if the evidence is insufficient. I'm convinced that Harmony did it, and I want her to pay the price. Can you do that?"

After a pause, she added mockingly, "Don't tell me that you can't, Timothy. It's only a matter of snapping your fingers if you want someone to get the justice they deserve!"

Timothy looked at her silently and did not speak for a very long time.

The huge ward was pin-drop silent.

Samantha did not need to wait for his reply because his silence was already the answer.

He would not touch Harmony, and would even venture to protect her.

Samantha felt out of breath and the discomfort was such that she felt as though she was being pinched by the neck.

After what happened two years ago, she continued to warn herself to not repeat the same mistakes and refrain from falling in love with such a heartless man.

She treaded and consolidated carefully every step of the way in her marriage.

Had it not been for Timothy's perseverance in slowly breaking down the walls of her heart, she would never have let him breach her defenses.

Who could have known that it was all a huge scam?

His acting skills were even more refined than they were two years before.

Samantha gulped heavily, suppressed her sadness, and tried her best to keep her tears within her eye sockets because she was unwilling to let them fall again.

She glared at him stubbornly and spoke clearly, "I can't do this, Timothy. I can't have you by my side while your mind is filled with thoughts of another woman. I can't share a husband with someone else either. I don't want something that's not mine!"

She bit her lower lip hard and added, "It's either me or Harmony. You can only choose one!"

Timothy continued to look at her silently and did not say a single word.

Samantha counted silently in her heart.

'Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two...'

With one more number to go, her eyelashes trembled fiercely as she looked at Timothy's hand in her grip. She wanted to hold on so tightly and was reluctant to let him go.

However, it seemed she could no longer continue holding on to him.

'...one.'

Samantha's fingertips loosened slowly and she pulled her hand back resolutely.

She moved her lips and wanted to speak, but her throat felt dry and her words were all stuck in her throat. Her lips opened and closed for some time before she forced out some words. "I'll help you choose if you can't, Timothy."

"We..."

Her hand covered her heart unconsciously. That was where the pain was most severe and she could not even sit still at all.

She pressed her hands firmly over her heart and said clearly, "...should get a divorce."

Timothy lowered his eyelids and looked at her pale face from the side. He pursed his thin lips and finally said, "Have you thought it through?"

Samantha had mentioned divorce several times during their marriage. He would get angry and reproached her whenever she mentioned it, going so far as to tell her not to ever bring it up again.

At that time, however, he merely asked her calmly: 'Have you thought it through?'

She was useless now that the child was gone, so he could burn bridges with her, forget about her, and no longer needed to act around her...

Samantha clenched her cup tightly. She raised her eyes to look at him and replied, "Yes. Let's get a divorce."

Timothy's black pupils made eye contact with her. Two seconds later, he uttered a single word, "Okay."

It was to the point, without beating around the bush.

"Heh."

Samantha was surprised that she could still laugh at that moment. Laugh she did. "So Harmony was telling the truth when she said you were always waiting for her."

"And since she can't have children, you needed me to give you an heir. I became your fertility tool to pave the way for your relationship, right?"

"That's why you don't feel sad now that the child is gone. Are you disappointed that I survived? If I died, you wouldn't even need to patronize me."

Timothy's expression remained the same regardless of what she said and he never said a word.

She would be deceiving herself if she continued to be oblivious.

She wanted him out of her sight. Sharing the same space with him was making it difficult for her to breathe.

Samantha raised her voice all of a sudden. "Get the hell out of here, Timothy!"

As she said that, she grabbed the glass on the bedside table and threw it right at him. "LEAVE!"

She did not know if Timothy did not manage to avoid the cup in time or whether he had no time to react, but the cup smashed against his forehead and he frowned slightly without uttering a single word.

The cup fell to the ground and shattered into pieces.

Seeing her get more and more emotional, Timothy turned around and walked out.

Samantha looked at his back with teary eyes and watched him take slow steps to the door. Something in her heart seemed to disappear too.

Timothy placed his hand on the doorknob and was about to turn the knob when his movements stopped.

Samantha held her breath when she saw that and had a faint glow in her eyes.

He lowered his hand and turned around to look at her.

"Rest well," he said.

Did he still show concern for her after that massive falling out?

Samantha bit her lip without answering.

Timothy was silent for a second before continuing, "Once you're back on your feet, call me and tell me when you want to get divorced."

That was it...

He was not worried about her body—he was afraid that something might happen to her and there would be no way for her to divorce him.

If that happened, he could not give Harmony the status of Mrs. Barker which Samantha presently held.

As expected of Timothy.

He knew just how to hurt others.

Chapter 283: She's Gone

Samantha exhausted all of her remaining strength and said one final word. "LEAVE!"

Timothy opened the door and walked out without hesitation.

Ronald was standing watch at the door when Timothy came out. He felt the man's extremely cold aura and could not control his heart from trembling.

He subconsciously followed behind Timothy.

Timothy halted his footsteps and ordered coldly without looking back, "Stay here. Don't follow me."

"...Ah, okay."

Ronald stayed on the spot and watched as Timothy walked further and further away. When he heard Samantha's breakdown from the ward, he could not help but sigh deeply.

What in the bloody world was going on!

...

The door closed slowly and separated Samantha from the outside world.

She had lost all her strength and was leaning gently against the bedhead. She then shed her tears like a string of broken pearls.

There was this one time when she read a book in school that urged brave girls to hold on tight after finding someone that they loved.

Timothy happened to pass by her window when she was reading that. His tall, youthful figure radiated sunlight and she subconsciously reached out to try and grab it.

She felt that he was her love and so insisted on holding on tightly to him.

Two years ago, she believed that she had not been brave enough, which in turn made her unable to persevere until the very end and ended up causing her to miss out.

Two years later, she had done so much by striving while working hard, and being brave...but she still could not hold on tight to him...

It was a lie.

Everything was a lie.

Samantha covered her face with both hands and cried without making a sound.

Rochelle happened to see that scene when she arrived. She hurried forward and immediately hugged Samantha.

She gently caressed Samantha's head and felt heartbroken to see Samantha like that. "Sorry I'm late, Sammy."

Had she arrived earlier, she could have ripped that good-for-nothing Timothy to shreds.

Samantha had been giving him chances, excusing him, justifying his actions...all of which proved to be in vain considering how he had betrayed her!

Men were all trash!

Rochelle could not spare any more time to curse at that scumbag when she saw Samantha crying. She snapped back to her senses and patted Samantha's back while comforting, "Don't cry, Sammy. Your body is weak now, and...it won't be good for your baby."

She was one of the insiders who knew about Samantha's plan and was therefore aware of the child's existence.

'Baby...'

Samantha's hand unconsciously began caressing her lower abdomen.

She had been so emotional earlier that she could feel discomfort in her belly.

She took a deep breath and forcefully suppressed all that pain.

Rochelle let go of Samantha after hearing that Samantha's crying was getting less intense. She reached for some tissue and helped to wipe Samantha's tears. "Would you like some water? I'll pour you some."

Since the cup had shattered, Rochelle could only use a disposable paper cup. She poured some warm water into it and raised it to Samantha's lips.

Samantha glanced at her with reddened eyes and eventually took a sip.

When Samantha was done drinking, Rochelle tossed the paper cup into the trash can and said softly, "How about some sleep, Sammy?"

She stretched out her hand to help Samantha lie down.

Before she could do so, Samantha called out to her, "Chelle."

"Yes, Sammy."

"I don't want to stay here. I want to be discharged."

Rochelle frowned. "But your body..."

Samantha raised her eyes to look at her. Her voice was extremely hoarse but she still insisted stubbornly, "I want to be discharged."

She did not want to stay there any longer because all she saw was nothing but Timothy's ruthlessness and indifference earlier.

Staying there would only make her suffer.

Rochelle looked at her for half a second and gave in. "Okay. I'll help you handle the discharge procedures with the hospital."

After settling that, Rochelle borrowed a wheelchair and helped Samantha into it with the nurse's assistance. She covered Samantha's knees with a blanket and pushed her out of the ward.

Ronald looked at them and did not dare to stop Rochelle, but he had to say something because Timothy had tasked him with looking after Samantha. "Ms. Yates..."

Rochelle narrowed her charmingly beautiful eyes at him.

A gush of cold air rushed through Ronald's body from the soles of his feet. He immediately changed the way he addressed her. "Ms. Tyrell, are you just going to bring Mrs. Barker away like that? Don't you have to...let Mr. Barker know?"

Rochelle sneered. "Why does he care where Sammy's going? Tell him to look after his side chick!"

Ronald did not dare say another word after receiving such verbal reproaching.

First of all, he did not dare provoke a woman like her. Secondly, he had heard the conversation between Timothy and Samantha which made it abundantly clear that Timothy was in the wrong.

He lowered his head immediately.

Rochelle ignored him and pushed Samantha away.

Ronald did not dare to raise his head until they had disappeared. After thinking for a moment, he took his cell phone out and made a call.

In any case, he still had to report to his boss.

Timothy was leaning against the sofa in his hotel suite and was closing his eyes wearily.

When the phone rang, he opened his eyes slowly and picked up the phone to answer it. "Yes."

He heard Ronald saying, "Mr. Barker, Mrs. Yates has handled Mrs. Barker's discharge from the hospital. She took Mrs. Barker away and I... I couldn't stop her."

After a pause, he asked weakly, "Do you need me to... bring her back?"

Timothy was silent for a second before opening his lips. "No."

Ronald was speechless.

The call then ended.

Ronald put down the phone and felt a headache coming on.

Was Timothy really about to divorce Samantha? Did he only use her as a tool to give him a baby?

Could Timothy... be that terrible of a person?

...

Timothy placed the phone down and looked around. His gaze finally landed on the desk where the dictionary was placed. It was still open.

He got up and walked over.

Certain words were circled in black ink.

He looked at it calmly for a moment, raised his hand, then moved his finger to flip the dictionary shut.

After that, he picked up the thick dictionary and held it on top of the trash can.

His fingers tightened at first, but he eventually released his fingers one by one and allowed the dictionary to fall into the trash can.

...

Rochelle brought Samantha back to her apartment.

She was afraid that Samantha would break down again because of the sadness, so she had prepared plenty of comforting words just in case. However, she was surprised to see Samantha be so unexpectedly calm after returning to the apartment.

Samantha neither cried nor made a fuss. Her expression was indifferent and she was very obedient, for she ate and drank when she was told to do so.

Rochelle was immensely relieved to see that.

She thought that Samantha was doing it for the child after her motherly instincts had kicked in.

That was a positive development nonetheless. It would be ideal if she quickly rid her thoughts of a scumbag like Timothy. Being alone was much better, especially since she had a child who belonged wholly to her.

Samantha went to bed early that night and Rochelle lay down beside her to keep her company in bed after coming out of the bath.

The next morning, Rochelle turned over and subconsciously reached out beside her.

However, she did not feel anyone next to her.

Rochelle opened her eyes instinctively and did not see Samantha on the bed.

She then got up abruptly to search the whole apartment but found no sign of Samantha.

Rochelle made sure that she was sober and awake. Where could Samantha have gone to? Did something happen?

Chapter 284: Did He Come Looking for Her?

Rochelle rushed back to the room and picked up her cell phone to call Samantha.

The next second, she heard a phone ringing on the other side of the bedside table.

Rochelle looked at it in disbelief.

Samantha did not even bring her phone along with her...

Had it not been for the high security of her apartment and the unlikelihood that someone would break into the house, she would have thought that someone had kidnapped Samantha quietly.

Samantha had been acting uncharacteristically when she neither cried nor made trouble the day before. Rochelle was worried that Samantha might be doing something stupid after suffering a complete mental breakdown.

Rochelle had only herself to blame for not paying attention.

She would not be able to forgive herself if something happened to Samantha.

Rochelle changed her clothes quickly and grabbed the car keys as she rushed out.

After getting in the car, she put on a Bluetooth earpiece and made some phone calls while driving along the road to find Samantha.

...

Inside the CEO's office at the Barker Group, Timothy was listening to Ronald's report on his itinerary that day when the phone rang suddenly. He glanced at it and saw that it was Rochelle. After tapping his fingertips on the table, he picked up the phone and answered, "Hello."

Ronald immediately knew to stop talking.

Rochelle's cold voice was heard asking, "Did Sammy come to see you, Timothy?"

"No," Timothy answered insipidly.

Rochelle listened to his answer and immediately exploded in anger. "Oh, so you think you can say 'no' and be done with it? Sammy's gone, and she did not even bring her cell phone with her. Can't you at least show the least bit of concern?"

Her voice became sterner as she spoke. "I'm warning you, Timothy. If something happens to Sammy, I'll fight you to the death!"

She then ended the call unhesitatingly.

One could only expect scumbags like that to have a conscience when pigs could fly.

It only made Rochelle even angrier!

Ronald listened and could not resist secretly cheering for her. She was indeed a hero among women who did not hesitate to call people out.

At the same time, Ronald was worried too.

Samantha was sad and weary when leaving the hospital a day ago. Could something have happened when she suddenly disappeared the next day?

He was just thinking about that when he saw his boss place the phone down.

“Continue,” Timothy said.

Ronald’s first instinct was to reply, ‘I’ll get someone to find her now,’ but before he could say that, he realized that Timothy had asked him to ‘continue’ instead of asking him to find her.

He had a shocked expression.

In the past, Timothy would have stood up and gone to look for Samantha by himself, so why did he act as if he did not hear anything?

Ronald subconsciously looked at Timothy’s face. There was no change in Timothy’s expression and it remained cold and indifferent, without any trace of worry or concern.

“What’s wrong?”

The man spoke once more in a cold and suspicious tone.

Ronald shivered all over and quickly came to his senses. “I’ll continue the report...”

He was supposed to turn around and leave after finishing his report, but after hesitating for a moment, he bit the bullet and asked weakly, “Mr. Barker, are we really...not going to look for her?”

She had just cheated death, lost her child, and wanted a divorce after quarreling with her husband. It was easy for her not to get over it since it was both physically and mentally traumatizing.

Upon hearing that, Timothy looked up and glanced toward him, asking, “Do you have too much time on your hands?”

Ronald was so frightened by Timothy’s stare that cold sweat broke out on his forehead. He did not dare to say anything more and turned around stiffly as he walked out quickly.

...

Samantha did not feel like going anywhere.

She did not sleep throughout the night, but forced herself to sleep for the sake of her child, and because she did not want Rochelle to worry.

As soon as the sun came up, her eyes opened and she could not sleep anymore.

Her chest felt heavy, as if a stone was bearing down on her, and she was unable to breathe.

She got up, changed her clothes, then decided to go out and get some air.

She initially wanted to take a walk within the residential area, but as she continued walking, she unknowingly walked out of the residential area and started wandering aimlessly along the road.

The apartment was located in heart of the bustling city center, so there were already many pedestrians on the sidewalk even though it was still early.

Everyone seemed to be in a hurry as they rushed to their destinations without stopping for too long at any one place.

All of a sudden, she felt envious of those people.

They were living an ordinary, average life.

She wanted an ordinary life too, with a small warm home, a man she loved, and two children. She, along with the man she loved, could then work hard to raise their children.

Perhaps there might be the occasional quarrel, the odd financial problem here and there, or the periodic exasperation at the fuss that her kids made.

However, those were all burdens that she would be happy to shoulder as long as she was with a loved one.

It was unfortunate that God seemed to be playing a practical joke on her again and again.

Perhaps God was warning her time and time again that there was no longer a future with Timothy since she did not get married to him back then, that it was her who failed to see it and insisted on being with a man who was not hers.

Samantha shook her head and laughed.

Tears welled up in her eyes again.

She continued to walk for hours on end, and when she finally stopped, she realized that she had unknowingly arrived at a restaurant entrance.

It was the place where she used to go on dates with Timothy.

It was only ten in the morning and the restaurant was not operating yet.

She stood at the door for a few minutes before lifting her feet, preparing to leave.

A voice suddenly rang in her ear. "Mrs. Barker?"

She halted her footsteps and looked up to see that it was the restaurant manager. He was an old acquaintance of hers and Timothy.

"Ah, it really is you." The manager came over. "I was wondering who it was that was standing at the door. It looked like you so I tried calling your name."

He smiled and said, "Why are you here so early? The restaurant hasn't opened for business yet."

After a pause, he added, "But I can let you in if you want, Mrs. Barker."

Samantha hesitated before finally nodding. "Could you please. Thanks."

The manager opened the door and led Samantha to her regular seat. He then brought her a glass of warm water.

Samantha said, "You can go ahead and do your thing. Don't mind me."

"Alright. Just let me know if you need anything."

After the manager excused himself, Samantha looked up and glanced at the seat opposite her. Timothy's figure seemed to be sitting there, smiling softly at her.

After staring for a few seconds, she looked at the white piano on the round stage in the center of the restaurant. Timothy seemed to be sitting there, with his slender and beautiful fingers flitting over the keys to produce a pleasant tone.

She could somehow hear music in her ears.

It was her favorite song 'How Do You Love Me'.

Samantha could not resist closing her eyes to listen.

The sound of footsteps appeared suddenly in her ears. The chair opposite her was pulled back and someone took a seat.

Samantha's heart trembled violently.

Timothy was the only one who knew about that restaurant. Did he come looking for her?

Chapter 285: Grieving in Silence

Samantha's hands, which were placed on the dining table, clenched subconsciously. She took a deep breath and opened her eyelids little by little.

The person she saw was a familiar face, but it was not Timothy...

Rochelle looked at her worriedly, "Why did you walk all the way here, Sammy? You didn't let me know and you didn't bring your cell phone either. I was worried sick!"

Samantha's fist started loosening as she forced a smile while apologizing softly, "I'm sorry."

She did not do it on purpose.

She had been walking around aimlessly and had ended up there.

Rochelle was not blaming Samantha outright, of course. She held Samantha's hand and said gently, "It won't be good for your body if you stay outside for too long. Let's go back, okay?"

Samantha did not answer but asked instead. "How...did you find this place?"

Rochelle's eyes sank but she eventually told the truth. "Timothy told me."

She then said, "He couldn't be bothered when he knew you were gone and didn't even mention anything about looking for you. I had to call him and scold him. He probably felt a little guilty and told Ronald to give me some addresses. I checked them one by one."

It was better to get the pain over with than to drag the agony on. She did not leave out a single detail when telling it to Samantha.

Rochelle had experienced the same before. She held onto fanciful wishes and overthought each word, clinging to even the slightest shred of hope just to deceive herself.

Once she woke up from the shattered dream, the hurt would reach a point of suffocation.

That was why she did not want Samantha to go through the same situation.

“Oh,” Samantha responded faintly.

She even curled the corners of her lips and smiled at Rochelle. “You’re still the best.”

Rochelle looked at her silently for a few seconds and complained, “Your smile looks much worse than when you cry. You might as well bawl your eyes out.”

It was human nature to vent it all out.

Instead of letting her hold back the tears in her heart, suppress her sadness, and pretend to be okay, she might as well turn on the waterworks and vent all her feelings in one go.

Samantha raised her head slightly and blinked repeatedly.

She gulped a few times and asked hoarsely, “How could... Timothy be such a terrible person?”

It was love at first sight for Samantha from the first time she saw him when she was young. She continued to chase after him but never got any response, so much so that she was ready to give up.

Although she might regret having given up at the time, she might have been able to give up on him with ease. After all, she was still young and those sweet memories would not exist if they never started a relationship.

Timothy would then become her first love, whom she could not get. It could be a happy little memory that she could occasionally reminisce about.

It was all but certain that she would meet another boy after that. They would get to know each other, fall in love, get married, and have children together. She would be living an ordinary and happy life.

However, she blocked a gunshot for him without regard to her own life and he agreed to devote himself to her.

She thought God was looking kindly on her, but little did she expect it to be the start of a completely wrong path.

Timothy was moved by her at that time, although perhaps it could be that he saw Harmony in her.

Her figure was similar to Harmony’s when viewed from behind, and Harmony had also saved him once...

She finally realized why the marriage was broken off two years ago.

How could a substitute like her truly marry someone like him?

Two years later, she was only able to marry Timothy because of Harmony.

Samantha suffered from insomnia because she had been thinking about that all night. The more she controlled herself from thinking about it, the clearer those thoughts became.

Those bits and pieces all came together.

In the end, she was nothing but a joke—a big fat joke!

Rochelle looked distressingly at Samantha.

Samantha did not cry out loud, but the tears in her eyes fell silently onto the table.

Rochelle's vision blurred inexplicably when she blinked her eyes.

At that moment, she saw her former self in Samantha.

She had wept silently too.

True grief seemed to be silent.

Words were meaningless at such times. Rochelle did not say anything else and simply clenched Samantha's hand to cry silently along.

Once the crying was over, she could completely forget about that scumbag Timothy.

If cheating on a person was a punishable crime, Timothy deserved a life sentence!

A sharp pain attacked Samantha's lower abdomen suddenly and her complexion paled at once. Her face had completely tensed up from the pain.

She placed her hands over her stomach.

Rochelle panicked immediately after seeing that. "What's wrong, Sammy? Is your stomach feeling painful?"

Samantha could not speak and nodded with difficulty.

"Don't worry. Let's go to the hospital."

Rochelle got up and called the manager. Together, they helped Samantha up and carefully placed her in the back seat of Rochelle's car.

The car started and drove away quickly.

Across the road from the entrance, Ronald lowered his car window and watched as Rochelle's vehicle disappeared into traffic. He frowned and pondered for a moment before deciding to dial Timothy's number.

The dial tone was ringing in his ears and the call was connected barely moments before the call attempt was automatically cut off. Timothy's trademark cold voice said, "Talk."

Ronald reported, "Mr. Barker, we've found Mrs. Barker. She's at Albidus Bistro. Mrs. Yates brought her away."

Before he left the office that morning, Timothy called him using the company phone line to give him a few addresses he could relay to Rochelle.

Ronald then tried asking Timothy whether or not he should help locate her too.

Timothy did not say anything, so Ronald became bold enough to believe that Timothy's non-refusal was a silent acquiescence, which therefore meant that he agreed. Ronald then drove over.

As long as there was a glimmer of hope, he genuinely hoped that the two of them could reconcile.

"Okay." Timothy's voice did not fluctuate at all.

Ronald continued, "Mr. Barker, I just saw Mrs. Barker crying sadly. Her expression didn't look too good when she left, and I wonder if she isn't feeling well."

He paused for a moment but continued firmly, "Would you like to call and ask, or...maybe even go and meet her? Would you like me to check up on them?"

Samantha's body was still weak and leaving her like that might be detrimental to her health.

There was a brief silence before Timothy spoke again. His tone was as cold as an ice cellar as he asked, "Would you like to look for another job?"

Of course not...

Ronald's courage immediately waned and he said, "I'll head back immediately, Mr. Barker."

He was about to end the call after saying that when Timothy suddenly said, "Wait a minute."

Was Timothy having second thoughts?

Could it be that Timothy did not say what was truly on his mind earlier?

Then again, it would not be the first time Timothy had acted like that because he frequently said things that were the opposite of his true intentions!

Ronald's eyes brightened slightly and he answered, "Yes, Mr. Barker.."

Chapter 286: I'm Sorry

Timothy's voice was as cold as before and he ordered bluntly, "Prepare a divorce agreement."

Ronald was speechless, and he thought for a moment that he had heard it wrongly. "Wh-what?"

Timothy did not repeat it a second time and hung up resolutely.

All he heard was the dial tone as he sighed heavily.

Since it had reached a stage where the divorce agreement was to be prepared, it was quite clear that Timothy was serious about it.

Ronald suddenly felt as though everything around him was collapsing. He always felt that Timothy was a good man and could not accept him being a scumbag who lied about his feelings, marriage, and his reasons for having a baby!

...

Samantha did not ask Rochelle to take her to the hospital, but instead told her to call Vincent to the apartment.

No one could know that she was still pregnant.

It was difficult to guarantee secrecy because of the sheer number of people in the hospital!

Rochelle had just helped Samantha into the apartment when Vincent and his assistant Leah arrived.

Samantha lay on the bed and duly cooperated with Vincent's examination. Her heart became slightly tense when she saw his frown.

“Doctor, is the child alright?” She asked in a low voice.

Vincent put away his stethoscope and glared at her angrily. “Are you finally afraid now? What did I tell you yesterday? I told you to stay calm and refrain from getting emotional or crying. Did you listen to my advice?”

Samantha lowered her eyes and acknowledged that she had not listened to him. “I’m sorry.”

Rochelle, who was beside her, felt distressed and could not help explaining on her behalf, “It’s not like Sammy wanted that to happen, Doctor. She’s been controlling herself as much as she can, but she’s only human after all. Humans have emotions, unlike cold and mechanical robots. No one can stop being sad or halt their cries at the snap of a finger.”

Feelings were not something that could be controlled!

Vincent was well aware of that logic, so his anger subsided a little and his tone was not as rushed as before. “Don’t worry. With me around, even the grim reaper would have to wait if he wants the baby’s life.”

He skillfully gave Samantha an injection and advised earnestly, “Mrs. Barker, my capabilities as a doctor are limited to treating physical pain. Only you can deal with the emotional pain inside your heart.”

“I gave you an injection to protect the fetus and the child is fine for now, but if things continue like this, I won’t be able to guarantee that you’ll be able to continue keeping the child you’ve worked so hard to protect.”

Regardless of how skilled a doctor was, there was nothing they could do if their patients kept acting up on their own and did not cooperate.

Samantha caressed her lower abdomen and said in a soft voice, “Thank you, Doctor. I’ll make sure to take care of the baby.”

Her good attitude, and the fact that she acknowledged her wrongs, made it difficult for Vincent to stay angry at her. He wrote a list and handed it to Leah, “Get these medications for her.”

Leah took the list and said, “Yes, Doctor.”

“Have a good rest,” Vincent said. He then turned around to leave the room.

Rochelle sat by the bedside, held Samantha’s hand, and asked softly, “Are you feeling better?”

She was terrified when she saw Samantha sweating and covering her stomach due to all that pain.

The same situation had happened to her when Jonathan forcibly gave her an abortion. She was really afraid that Samantha would fail to protect the baby despite giving her best efforts!

Samantha responded with a smile. "Don't worry. I'm feeling better."

She held Rochelle's hand and could feel just how cold it was. Rochelle's hand was trembling slightly too, which just goes to show the extent of her fear.

There was practically nothing else that could make Rochelle so frightened.

Samantha was lucky to have a best friend like her.

"That's really good to hear, but..." Rochelle frowned tightly. "Your emotions..."

Although Samantha was feeling better, there was still a possibility that she would continue being sad or might accidentally be triggered. What was to be done then?

Knowing what her concerns were, Samantha replied, "I'll be honest with you, Rochelle. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't sad."

"I'll allow myself to be sad, but...I won't let myself be sad forever."

"Don't be scared, okay. Trust me."

Simple as that sentence was, it sufficed to set Rochelle's mind at ease. She smiled in return and gave a thumbs up. "You're amazing, Babe."

Sadness in itself was not to be feared, because everyone had emotions.

One should fear being trapped in sadness, as some people were. Those who were unable to pull themselves out from that pit of despair would forever be rendered useless.

Samantha, on the other hand, was a level-headed person.

She allowed herself to experience sorrow, but she forbade herself from dwelling on it and letting it affect her all the time.

Once she stopped being sad, that would be the end of it.

Like the sun rising day after day, she would continue to live as she always did.

Rochelle's looked at Samantha's lower abdomen and stretched out her hand to stroke it gently. Smiling, she said, "Your mommy is a strong woman, so you should be strong too, okay?"

"And you must listen to your mother when you grow up. As your godmother, I'll shower you with lots of love so you'll be able to grow up happily."

'As for that scumbag Timothy, he should go to hell!'

...

Samantha obeyed the doctor's orders and lay in bed for nearly a week, which was just about enough time for the fetus's condition to return to normal again.

During the past few days, neither she nor Timothy contacted each other.

Harmony, however, has been very active on WeTalk recently. She posted at least ten affectionate posts a day and acted like a little girl who was madly in love.

It was as if she wanted the whole world to know how happy she was in her love life recently.

Samantha's health had improved slightly, and sitting still all day was not good for her recovery. As a result, she asked Rochelle to send her to Lychee TV.

There were some things she had to deal with at work.

After all, her baby would get bigger with each passing day and so would her belly. There was nothing she could do to hide it then. Although she was reluctant to part with her hard-earned job, her child was still her utmost priority.

When the car arrived at the entrance of Lychee TV, Rochelle turned to her and said, "Are you sure you don't need me to accompany you up?"

She was worried that something might happen to Samantha and would have liked to watch Samantha 24 hours a day if she could.

Samantha smiled and shook her head. "I'm going to apply for unpaid leave and discuss some work matters with Ms. Goldman. It'll be awkward if you're there."

"You can pick me up once I'm done. I assure you I won't let anything happen to me and my baby."

That was a given.

Rochelle had to compromise and said, "Okay then. Call me when you're done. And be careful."

"Okay."

Samantha pushed open the car door and got out of the car, watched her car drive away, then turned around and walked into Lychee TV.

After entering the elevator, Samantha pressed the button for the top floor.. While the elevator was going up, she casually glanced at a poster on the elevator and was intrigued by what was written there.

Chapter 287: Don't Mind If I Do!

The elevator reached the top floor with a ding and the door opened.

Samantha stepped out and entered the zone that was specially dedicated to Victoria's team.

Annabelle was sitting at the front desk when Samantha's appearance caught her by surprise. She immediately hurried over to Samantha and asked concernedly, "Why are you here, Ms. Larsson? How are you feeling?"

Samantha looked at Annabelle and smiled slightly. "Thanks for your concern. I'm recovering well."

She had received a lot of well-wishes from her colleagues recently. After all, she was injured while on assignment with them and they even chipped in to send her a fruit basket.

The reporter and cameraman who were in the same group as she was blamed themselves for being separated from her. They even messaged her through WeTalk, saying Penelope would not have gotten to her that easily if they were not separated from her at the time.

It was a very warm and empathetic gesture from them.

"By the way, is Ms. Goldman here?" Samantha asked again.

"Yes," Annabelle replied.

Samantha nodded and headed straight for Victoria's office.

She walked to the office door, adjusted her hair and clothes a little, then raised her hand and knocked on the door.

After Victoria invited her in, she opened the door and entered.

Victoria was a little surprised to see Samantha. She got up quickly from her chair, walked around the desk, and went up to ask, "How's your body feeling, Sammy?"

"Much better, Ms. Goldman. Thank you for your concern."

Victoria took Samantha's hand and led her to have a seat on the sofa. She looked at Samantha's face carefully and felt a little guilty after seeing Samantha's somewhat sickly appearance. "I'm sorry, Sammy. It's partly my fault that you got injured this time."

Samantha would not have suffered if Victoria did not ask her to go on the assignment.

Samantha shook her head. "This has nothing to do with you, Ms. Goldman. Please, no need to blame yourself."

Penelope would have created another opportunity even if Samantha did not go on the assignment.

Her grudges with Penelope and Harmony had nothing to do with anyone else, although she could not tell Victoria that either.

She pursed her lips lightly and changed the subject. "Ms. Goldman, I came here today because I have something to talk to you about."

"Oh?" Victoria looked at her curiously. "What is it? Tell me."

Samantha went there to apply for unpaid leave, but she nevertheless cherished the opportunity to work under Victoria.

However, she had since changed her mind after seeing the poster inside the elevator earlier.

The poster happened to contain a much better idea than her initial unpaid leave.

"I saw the poster inside the elevator. Is that plan true?"

"Plan?"

Victoria thought for a few seconds before understanding what was being referred to. "Oh, you're referring to the new plan that the station has launched? It's in preparation, but I don't believe many will sign up. After all, you probably know that it's dangerous and will take up a long period."

After a pause, she could not help but ask, "Why are you asking this? Could you be...interested in that?"

Samantha nodded without hesitation. "Yes, Ms. Goldman. I'd like to sign up."

"But..." Victoria was puzzled. "You and your husband just got married not too long ago, right? Are you sure you're okay with it, being the newlywed that you are? Besides, is your husband willing to let you?"

Samantha lowered her eyes and did not explain anything. She merely said, "Please sign me up for it, Ms. Goldman."

Victoria's prejudice against Samantha had been dispelled after their interactions with each other, and Victoria became rather fond of her too.

Samantha was an extremely good prospect who might one day inherit Victoria's mantle and surpass her.

Victoria cherished her talent and did not want her to participate in such a dangerous project.

She could see that Samantha was burdened by something, but she was in no position to ask if Samantha did not want to mention it. She frowned and said, "Let me give it some thought. You should go back and consider it further too."

...

Samantha walked into the elevator and pressed the button for the first floor.

The elevator began descending and stopped when it reached the third floor. The door opened slowly and outside the door stood Harmony, who was talking on the phone.

Samantha's lips twitched.

There were times she viewed Harmony with awe and wondered just how that woman could follow her around all the time like a dog.

Harmony should switch careers and become a paparazzi rather than an anchor. She would definitely be a cut above the other paparazzi and come out on top!

As soon as Harmony saw Samantha, she pretended to have a surprised expression and walked straight into the elevator.

Then, she asked in a very sweet voice, "What would you like for dinner, Tim? Something Japanese?"

The other side then said something that made her smile even bigger. "Alright, see you tonight."

After reluctantly hanging up the phone, Harmony turned to Samantha and said with a smile, "What a coincidence, Sammy. Care to join us for dinner this evening? Tim and I will treat you to something delicious to nurture your body."

Samantha had once pissed her off by doing the same thing, that is, being affectionate on the phone inside the elevator.

It was Harmony's turn to give Samantha a taste of her own medicine!

Rather than ignoring Harmony like before or treating her as an inanimate object, she turned around and shot her a look before saying, "No thanks. You can enjoy your meal with Timothy. Just be careful not to choke and die."

The smug smile on Harmony's face froze.

What she hated most about Samantha was that unyielding reluctance to admit defeat. Samantha still had a sharp tongue even after being abandoned by her husband.

Nevertheless, all Samantha could do was talk because she had become a toothless tiger.

Harmony smiled again. She had a magnanimous expression and spoke as if she was reluctant to take things personally. "I'm worried about your health, Sammy, and you just lost your baby too. I'll let you have your way then."

"If being sarcastic towards me makes you happy, then I won't hold it against you."

Samantha cocked her eyebrows lightly. "Are you sure?"

Harmony nodded. "Of course. We're both women, right? Like I said before, I've always sympathized with you."

Samantha smirked.

The next second, she raised her hand suddenly and slapped Harmony without hesitation. It was a well-aimed slap that landed squarely on Harmony's left cheek.

A crisp sound echoed in the narrow elevator.

Harmony was stunned.

She never thought that Samantha would dare to hit her at such a time.

“You...” Harmony stared at her in astonishment.

Harmony had only managed to say one word when Samantha raised her hand again and delivered yet another merciless and well-aimed slap on Harmony’s right cheek!

After that slap, she glared at Harmony coldly and said, “Don’t mind if I do then, since you’re letting me have my way and won’t hold it against me!”

Harmony staggered back by the two slaps and her anger had shot through the roof. Samantha had attacked her countless times, but she always had to hold back because she needed the baby in Samantha’s stomach!

Since Samantha was of no use anymore and was also presently weak, it was about time for her to teach that b*tch a lesson!

Harmony raised her fist and deliberately aimed a punch at Samantha’s lower abdomen.

Chapter 288: Tricked Again!

Samantha glanced at the number displayed above the elevator from the corner of her eyes then looked up at Harmony and watched as the punch was about to hit her.

She merely stood there firmly, and Harmony did not know if Samantha was slow to react or whether there was simply nowhere else to hide.

Seeing that Harmony’s fist was a few millimeters away from hitting Samantha’s lower abdomen, the elevator let out a ding and the door opened as it reached the first floor.

Taking advantage of the situation, she leaned back against the elevator’s steel wall and slid gently to the floor.

She covered her stomach and winced in pain while looking at Harmony.

A few of the station’s colleagues were standing outside, all of whom saw Harmony punch Samantha and knock her to the ground.

Everyone glanced at each other.

It was common knowledge within the station that Samantha and Harmony were at odds with each other, but they had always maintained a certain amiability—although perhaps only superficially—without having any head-on conflict.

That was the first time such an incident has happened!

Everyone knew that Samantha went out on assignment a few days ago and cheated death after meeting with an accident.

Injuries suffered during duty were considered workplace injuries, and many higher-ups personally sent her well wishes while her colleagues were also very concerned about her.

To everyone's surprise, Harmony went so far as to punch and kick Samantha at such a time.

She was pushing someone down when they were already injured!

That was simply too vicious of a person!

Everyone looked at Harmony in dissatisfaction and some even asked bluntly, "Why are you hitting Ms. Larsson?"

"Yeah, why are you hitting her? Ms. Larsson's injuries haven't healed yet and she still looks pale."

Harmony's eyes widened all of a sudden.

Although she had intended to teach Samantha a lesson, the punch she had just thrown out did not land on Samantha at all!

Samantha was faking it!

"I... I didn't hit her!" Harmony subconsciously defended herself.

Timothy would marry her after he divorced Samantha, and by then, she would become Mrs. Barker. As a result, she had to maintain her image in public at all times and refrain from damaging her reputation.

"I didn't! I really didn't! She fell!" Harmony asserted as she looked at the crowd!

One colleague really could not stand it any longer. "Do you think we're blind, Ms. Johnson? Why even bother arguing when we clearly saw Ms. Larsson fall because of your punch!"

Another colleague walked in quickly and carefully helped Samantha up. She asked with concern, "Are you alright, Ms. Larsson?"

Samantha leaned a little weakly on the female colleague and shook her head gently. "Thanks, I'm fine."

As she said that, she looked up and glanced mockingly at Harmony.

Time to beat Harmony at her own game!

Since Harmony loved playing innocent, Samantha was going to let her have a little taste of her own medicine.

Harmony glared at Samantha angrily and became even more furious when she saw that ridiculing stare. The anger got to her and she could not control herself any longer. "How dare you pretend, Samantha!"

As she said that, she was about to walk forward and rip Samantha up.

The other colleagues were getting quite annoyed at Harmony. How could she claim that she did not punch Samantha if she could bring herself to attack Samantha right before their eyes!

A male colleague immediately stood in front of Samantha and said to Harmony, "Ms. Johnson, need I remind you to mind your words and your actions! Ms. Larsson was injured while on duty, and if you continue being hostile, we'll have no choice but to call the police!"

Harmony's eyes reddened in anger. She bit her lower lip and knew that she had fallen into Samantha's trap again.

Samantha was the most despicable b*tch there was!

Harmony would not stand to gain anything if she remained in that imbroglio. She took a deep breath, quelled her anger to the best of her ability, then pushed the crowd away and dashed off.

...

Samantha regained a bit of strength and stood up straight as she said sincerely to her colleagues. "Thanks, everyone."

"No biggie. It's the right thing to do," they replied.

One of them said, "Do you need someone to send you to the hospital, Ms. Larsson?"

"No thanks. A friend is picking me up and she's already waiting at the door. Thanks again, guys."

"Okay then. Take it easy."

After bidding her colleagues farewell, Samantha walked out of Lychee TV and got into Rochelle's car.

Rochelle turned to look at her and saw a little smirk. She asked curiously, "Everything went well?"

She was referring to her application for unpaid leave.

Samantha blinked and said with a smile. "That's not it. I met Harmony in the elevator earlier, or rather, she forced herself in and tried to be all affectionate with Timothy in front of me."

"Ah?" Rochelle's started to get angry. "Did she bully you? Is she still at the station? I'll turn around and give her two slaps!"

"Please, she's not capable of bullying me just yet. I've already given her those two slaps." Samantha then briefly explained what happened.

"That's my Sammy right there!" Rochelle was relieved and she could not help but rejoice. "She has to be stupid if she never learns from all the slaps she's been given!"

Samantha smiled and said nothing.

Harmony 'killed' her child, so she gave Harmony two slaps on behalf of the 'baby'.

Two slaps alone were not enough. Samantha was going to make sure to get justice for every single thing that Harmony ever did!

...

That night, Rochelle came out of the shower and saw Samantha leaning blankly against the bedhead. She glanced at the wall clock and saw that it was almost 11, which was about time Samantha should go to bed.

Could she have started to feel despondent because it was getting late?

Rochelle walked over quickly and sat beside the bed. She then held Samantha's hand and asked softly, "What are you thinking about, Sammy?"

Samantha returned to her senses and looked up to see Rochelle's caring expression. She seemed to know exactly what Rochelle was thinking and replied, "Don't worry, I'm not feeling depressed."

She pursed her lips slightly and said again, "I was just wondering whether...it's time for me to settle things with Timothy now that I'm done with work stuff."

It was something she had to face eventually.

Rochelle held Samantha's hand tightly. "Whatever happens, you'll still have me and the baby."

Samantha used to be the one and only person that gave meaning to her life.

Then came Samantha's baby.

She would take good care of Samantha and the baby even if it was the last thing she did!

Samantha smiled at her. Words of gratitude were unnecessary because they already understood each other.

Since she had already made a decision, she did not want to procrastinate any longer and picked up her phone to call Timothy.

As soon as she was about to call, she remembered what Harmony said in the elevator and decided against it. It would be disgusting if Timothy was with Harmony!

Samantha called Ronald instead.

Ronald answered right away. "Is everything okay, Mrs. Barker? What brings you to call me at such an hour?"

Samantha said bluntly, "Tell Timothy to show up at the Civil Registry Bureau at ten tomorrow morning to finalize our divorce!"

Ronald sighed deeply and struggled as he asked, "Mrs.. Barker, are you sure you want to get a divorce with Mr. Barker? Have you thought about it already? Is there really no room for discussion?"

Chapter 289: I Find Him Repulsive!

Samantha laughed when she heard that and it was a rather sarcastic laugh at that. Rather than answering Ronald, she asked, "Are you saying you want me to accept my husband even when his heart is torn between two women? Even when he wants to keep his marriage intact while continuing his affair?"

"Or are you asking me to turn a blind eye and continue loving Timothy as if Harmony doesn't exist?"

"I guess the rich and powerful are like that. I grew up in such an environment too. Everyone looks like they love each other on the surface even when they're frolicking behind each other's back. I, for one...can't accept a marriage like that!"

"I find it repulsive. He disgusts me!"

Samantha's voice was rather calm and she spoke in a placid tone as well. To Ronald's ears, however, they were thunderously loud.

He was unable to refute a single word.

Deep down he felt that Timothy was not a heartless man, but there was no way he could put in a good word for Timothy anymore.

After all, the facts were right before his eyes.

Ronald admitted his mistake helplessly. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Barker. I was out of line."

Samantha did not want to get angry at Ronald because he was just Timothy's employee. She said calmly, "This has nothing to do with you. You just need to relay my message to him."

"Yes, Mrs. Barker," Ronald responded respectfully.

Samantha pursed her lips and added again, "And one more thing..."

Ronald's heart trembled unconsciously. "Yes?"

"Don't call me Mrs. Barker again."

The moment she filed for divorce and Timothy agreed, she would no longer have anything to do with Timothy.

Ronald did not dare to say anything else. "...yes, Mrs.... I mean, Ms. Larsson."

...

At half-past nine the next morning, Samantha and Rochelle had arrived at the bureau.

With half an hour left, Rochelle brought Samantha to the cafe opposite, where they waited while having a simple breakfast.

Timothy was still nowhere to be seen with five minutes to go before ten.

Rochelle could not help but cock an eyebrow and sneer, "Don't tell me that Timothy doesn't want a divorce anymore!"

Samantha picked up her cup and drank the warm water without expressing any opinion.

With two minutes to go, a black car finally drove up to the entrance of the Civil Registry Bureau. It was Timothy's car.

Samantha and Rochelle looked through the floor-to-ceiling glass.

Once the car had stopped on the side of the road, Ronald got down but Timothy was nowhere to be seen.

Rochelle frowned slightly. "That b*stard didn't come? What's the meaning of this?"

Ronald carried the briefcase and crossed the road before entering the cafe.

He then walked up to Samantha and greeted her politely, "My apologies, Ms. Larsson. I'm late because I was caught in traffic."

Samantha looked at him and saw some sweat on his forehead. She then said lightly, "It's fine. Where's Timothy?"

"Um..."

Ronald hesitated awkwardly but braved himself to answer, "Well, Ms. Larsson, Mr. Barker is busy and he gave me full authority to handle this matter."

The implication was that Timothy would not come.

As Ronald spoke, he hurriedly opened the briefcase and took out a document, which he handed over to Samantha. "Ms. Larsson, this is the divorce agreement. Please have a look at it. Do let me know if you have any questions."

Samantha stretched out her hand and took the document.

She casually flipped through a few pages and saw Timothy giving her money—a hundred million to be exact.

Samantha looked at that number for a few seconds and closed the document. Then, she looked at Ronald and asked, "So, if I have no objections, I can just sign it and the marriage between us will end, am I right?"

Although Samantha's expression and tone were calm at that moment, Ronald inexplicably felt a chill coming down his spine.

He gulped unconsciously and forced out a smile, saying, "Yes, that's right."

Samantha hooked her lips and smiled.

“When we got married, he nonchalantly sent someone over to let me sign the agreement. Now that he’s divorcing me, he’s sending me off in the same way without even bothering to show himself!”

“What does Timothy take me for? Someone who he can call over and chase away as he sees fit? Someone to be thrown away like a used tissue now that I can’t be his tool to carry his baby?”

“One hundred million? Am I a beggar to him? Can money repay everything he owes me?”

She never wanted his money.

Ronald could not refute anything that Samantha said.

He lowered his head and felt a little ashamed to see her. All he could say was, “I’m sorry, Ms. Larsson. I’m really sorry...”

Ronald should not be the one to offer an apology.

Samantha closed her eyes, calmed herself down, then said, “Call him. I want to speak to him!”

Ronald hesitated but nodded eventually. “Okay, I’ll call Mr. Barker.”

Truthfully speaking, he felt that both parties had to be present in a divorce.

Singing a divorce agreement unilaterally was simply ludicrous!

Ronald took his cell phone out, dialed Timothy’s number, then put it on speaker.

A beeping sound was heard...

After a while, the other side picked up and the man’s deep voice said, “Hello.”

Samantha answered, “It’s me.”

Timothy’s tone was faint and contained no emotion. “Speak.”

“Timothy Barker,” Samantha called his name out loud. After a half-second pause, she continued, “Do you have any regrets?”

That was the last chance she was going to give him.

He snickered a little.

His thoughts were obvious enough without him answering.

He had no regrets.

Samantha's long eyelashes trembled slightly and she dropped that subject before getting to the main point. "Fine then. Let's get on with the divorce agreement."

"I'm not satisfied with the conditions you offered."

Timothy was not surprised by her words and said coldly, "Name your price."

The contempt in his tone could not be any more obvious.

Samantha's expression did not change at all and she said emphatically, "I want half your shares in the Barker Group! Not a single share less!"

Ronald gasped sharply as soon as she said that.

Even Rochelle was slightly surprised too.

She knew that Samantha did not care much about money and was surprised to hear such a big remark all of a sudden.

Wanting half of Timothy's shares was equivalent to wanting half of Timothy's net worth.

However, Rochelle supported Samantha because a b*stard like Timothy ought to pay for what he did. Samantha was pregnant too, and raising the baby in the future would require a lot of money.

Furthermore, he would be spending all his money on that pretentious b*tch Harmony if Samantha did not make such a demand!

When Rochelle thought of that, she felt that half the shares were not nearly enough!

Chapter 290: Three Years of Mourning

Timothy sneered. "My, what huge demands you're making, Samantha."

When he was being all sweet with her, his money was hers to spend as she liked; when he fell out with her, all that then became a 'huge demand'.

How ironic.

Samantha snickered. "You told me to name my price, didn't you? What's wrong? You can't bear to give me half of your net worth? A scumbag like you can't have it easy, you know. I'm not a pushover that you can bully!"

She could compromise again and again because she loved him, but unfortunately, it seemed her love had all been in vain.

Therefore, she did not want to love him anymore.

Even if she was feeling agony right then, she would still do her best to pull out the thorn.

When she thought of that, she sneered again. "You bullied me, lied to me, treated me as a tool, and wanted my baby to pave the way for your relationship with Harmony. You don't have the f*cking right to negotiate with me from your ivory tower!"

Rochelle heard that sentence and almost could not resist clapping her hands.

Her fights with Jonathan had always been simple and crude. Why waste her breath when fists could do all the talking?

Although she had always been the one to hit Jonathan, he was so sturdy and muscular that he felt no pain even though her hands were swollen after hitting him.

However, she was always short of words when she cursed, which was why she admired Samantha's sharp tongue at that time.

She was a worthy candidate to become a famous anchor in the future.

Timothy was silent for a few seconds before saying, "Sure. I'll give them to you."

Anything that could be solved with money was never a problem for him.

"I'll convert half the shares into cash for you at a price higher than the market price."

His straightforwardness once again surprised Ronald and Rochelle.

That was a lot of money, after all. Was Timothy really that generous, or was he just willing to spend all that money for Harmony?

"Heh."

Samantha was still unhappy. "Are you deaf, Timothy? I said I want shares. Not money!"

Timothy then said in a dissatisfied tone. "Don't make excessive demands, Samantha. You can't have the shares!"

Having taken half of his shares, Samantha would become an important shareholder of the Barker Group.

“All the more reason I have to!” Samantha said emphatically.

Money was not her target, but since Timothy had taken away everything she cared about, she would naturally retaliate and take away everything he cared about.

The atmosphere suddenly became heavy and the surrounding air seemed to turn stuffy.

One could feel the menace and strong oppression through the phone.

Samantha was unafraid and curled her lips as she continued, “I have a second condition.”

‘Another one?’

Ronald unconsciously held his breath.

Her first condition was shocking enough. What could the second condition be?

Samantha picked up the glass of water and raised her head to finish it one go. She then wiped the corners of her lips and said calmly, “Our child is dead, Timothy. I want you to mourn for three years. If you remarry, you must only do it after those three years are over!”

Ronald almost uttered out ‘holy moly!’

Even if he racked his brain, he would never have imagined that Samantha would put forth such a thorny condition!

‘Mourn.’

It was extremely harsh and absolutely savage!

If not for the fact that he had to be on Timothy’s side because of his position as Timothy’s assistant, he would have wanted to give Samantha a standing ovation right then.

Rochelle could not be bothered that they were still in the midst of the call and clapped her hands immediately, going so far as to cheer loudly, “You go, girl! That was awesome!”

Timothy was gravely mistaken if he thought a scumbag like himself would be so easily allowed to get together with that pretentious b*tch Harmony!

On the other side of the phone, Samantha seemed to hear Timothy's angry breathing and she smiled even wider as a result. "These two conditions are indispensable, Timothy. If you agree to them, I'll sign the papers and divorce you. If you don't, then I'll be Mrs. Barker for the rest of my life and let your little Bunny be a shameless little mistress."

"Call me if you've made up your mind," she said and ended the call immediately.

Samantha then turned to Rochelle. "Let's go, Chelle."

"Okay."

Rochelle got up at once. She carried Samantha's bag and helped her up as they left without looking back.

Ronald, who was frozen in place, looked at the divorce agreement that had been left on the table. He smiled helplessly and placed the document back in the briefcase.

Although he did not complete his task that day, he still had to admit that Samantha was a very sassy woman.

What a pity that Timothy was going to lose her.

...

On the way back, Rochelle continued to lavish praise on Samantha without even pausing to catch her breath.

Samantha felt amused and let out a rare, genuine smile.

The smile, however, was fleeting. It came and went in a flash.

She was not too happy even though she had gained the upper hand.

After returning to the apartment, she took her medications and lay on the bed to rest again. She had gone through an emotional rollercoaster earlier and had to get some rest.

Rochelle did not dare to disturb her after seeing that and closed the door gently to let her rest.

Samantha originally thought that she would either find it hard to fall asleep or she would start overthinking again, but to her surprise, her eyelids were heavy when she lay down and she fell asleep right away.

She did not know how long she had slept and whether it was for a few hours or a few seconds, but she was woken up by her cell phone's sudden ringing.

Samantha opened her eyes sleepily.

She reached for the phone and was a little surprised to see the caller ID.

It was Harmony.

She looked at the time on her phone and did not expect to have slept from noon to evening. It was already past six.

Why was Harmony calling? Did she discuss everything with Timothy already?

Samantha was not in a hurry to answer the phone since there was nothing for her to worry about. She placed it on the bedside table, got up from bed, then walked slowly to the bathroom and washed her face.

After her mind cleared up a little, she walked out of the bathroom and saw that her phone was ringing again after the missed call earlier.

She ignored it and walked out of the bedroom.

Having caught a whiff of the aroma coming from the kitchen, she walked over to see a table full of delicious dishes that Rochelle had prepared and gulped at the sight of all that food.

"You're awake, Sammy? It's time for dinner. I just finished cooking all your favorite food," Rochelle said.

"Okay," Samantha responded and pulled the chair to sit down.

After the meal, Samantha's stomach warmed up while her mood and physical condition improved considerably.

She then remembered her cell phone in the bedroom and got up to lazily make her way there.

The phone was still ringing continuously.

She walked over and held her phone to glance at the screen. There were more than a dozen missed calls and she grinned when she saw how anxious Harmony was.

Samantha slid her finger across the phone screen and answered coldly. "What?"

Chapter 291: I'll Sign It

"Finally willing to answer the phone?" Harmony asked furiously as soon as she spoke, probably because she had made numerous calls that had all went unanswered.

Samantha walked over to the sofa and leaned back lazily while smiling. "You should be grateful I'm willing to answer your call, Harmony. Do you think a side chick like you has any right to talk to me?"

"You..." Harmony exploded in anger. "You shameless b*tch! Who do you think you are, acting so high and mighty in front of me? You're a woman who's been abandoned by her husband. How dare you make all those demands? Do you think you can delay the divorce by doing that? You're a joke!"

"Oh?" Samantha's expression did not change in the slightest and she continued to speak indifferently, as if unaffected by Harmony's words. "Judging from how anxious you are, my conditions probably got you all in a twist!"

Harmony yelled out some expletives.

Samantha could not be bothered to listen to everything and so placed the phone on the coffee table. Rather than hanging up, she simply left it sitting there and picked up the remote control. Then, she turned on the television and tuned in to the live news.

Harmony cursed wildly, but instead of hearing any response from Samantha, she heard only what sounded like the live news. It was then that she realized she had been scolding in vain, and she immediately trembled in anger as a result.

She knew that she was wasting her breath because Samantha was a thick-faced woman who would not be affected by her scolding. At that moment, she took a few deep breaths and regained her composure.

She said sarcastically immediately after that, "You think I don't know what your plan is? The only reason you're putting forward all these conditions and delaying the divorce is that you want Tim to change his mind."

"But this plan of yours is just wishful thinking. I'll have you know that you'll only make Tim feel disgusted by you and hate you even more!"

"Then again, your trademark move has always been to muddle your relationship with him!"

Samantha's gaze switched from the television screen to the phone screen. She picked up the phone and said, "Instead of calling to yell at me, why don't you sit down and have

a nice discussion with your beloved Tim. Since he loves you so much, I'm sure he can find it in his heart to fulfill the conditions I mentioned for your sake. Unless, of course...he doesn't think you're as important as his shares!"

"Heh, I'm most important to him, that goes without saying. It's just... why in hell should we give you our shares!" Harmony retorted without thinking.

"Our? As in the both of you?"

Samantha was amused to hear that. "You probably should go back to school if you didn't attend one. Don't let yourself be left behind because you're uneducated, Harmony!"

"On a serious note, it's not just his shares, you know. Half his net worth belongs to me since I'm his rightful wife according to the marriage certificate! He's lucky that I only asked for half the shares!"

"You, on the other hand, only have the right to talk about those shares once you're actually married to Timothy. Doing so now makes you seem uncultured."

"Samantha!!" Harmony was gritting her teeth!

That vile woman had a sharp tongue, and every word she said made Harmony want to rip her to shreds!

"I finally realize why Tim doesn't like you anymore. Even if you use every trick in your book, Tim will never look twice at a wicked woman like you!"

Samantha sneered and chided unhesitatingly, "I can never be on the same level as you when it comes to wickedness. Don't you agree?"

"I'm sure you know exactly how my baby died!"

There was silence on the phone.

Harmony reacted quickly enough and spoke as if that was an inexplicably ludicrous accusation, "It was Penelope who killed your baby. What does it have to do with me? I didn't lay a finger on your baby and you're now accusing me of killing it?"

No one could seize the crown from Harmony when it came to putting on an act!

Samantha replied, "God is always watching, Harmony. You never should've targeted my child. Do you expect to live a happy and loving life with Timothy now that my baby is dead? Keep dreaming!"

Since Harmony had planned to use the baby as a stepping stone to get into a relationship with Timothy, Samantha was going to let her have a taste of what it felt like to have that very same stone crush her foot!

Had it not been for the child's 'death', she would never have thought about the condition that Timothy would be required to mourn for three years.

If Harmony wanted to become Mrs. Barker, then Samantha would be sure to get under their skin for at least three years!

Harmony called because she wanted to vent her anger by scolding Samantha, but rather than getting Samantha riled up, she was the one who was eventually goaded into exasperation. Her eyes were full of murderous intent and her tone sank. "I've given you numerous chances because I pity you, Samantha. But you never seem to cherish my kindness at all!"

"I won't go easy on you, Samantha. Just you wait and see!"

She was about to hang up after uttering those cruel words.

Samantha said abruptly. "Wait a minute."

Harmony stopped herself from hanging up and a touch of smugness appeared in her eyes. "What is it now? Are you starting to feel scared?"

Using force was the only way to get to a contemptible person like Samantha.

Samantha's voice turned gentle. "I changed my mind when I heard you say that."

Harmony was not surprised at all. Samantha neither had Timothy nor a family to support her. She was powerless and alone, which made it easy to pick on her.

Samantha seemed to have finally understood the situation she was in.

"Are you finally willing to sign the divorce papers?" Harmony asked again in a contemptuous tone.

"I'll sign it..." Samantha spoke clearly and added word for word, "But..."

She then paused on purpose, which made Harmony ask anxiously. "But what?"

Samantha smirked. "I'd like to add another condition."

"Have you lost your damn mind? Another condition?" Harmony had never expected that plot twist.

Samantha ignored her and said, "I want you to do a news broadcast and tell the entire nation that you were wrong, that you're a mistress who destroys other people's families, that you are morally corrupt, that you don't deserve to be an anchor, and that you'll permanently retire without ever showing yourself in public again!"

"I won't sign the divorce papers if you leave out even one single word!"

"It's either that, or you won't become Mrs. Barker even if you wait those three years!"

As soon as Samantha said that, she could hear Harmony having a mental breakdown on the other end. She did not bother to listen any further and ended the call without saying another word.

All that mattered was that she got a good kick out of it.

Samantha placed her phone down and looked up at Rochelle, who had come into the living room at some point during the phone call.

Rochelle smiled at her and said admiringly, "I was really worried about you before, Sammy. My greatest fear was that you might look fine on the outside when in fact you were depressed and fragile inside. From the looks of it, I can rest at ease now."

As far as Samantha's fighting spirit was concerned, it was already rising to Rochelle's level.

Rochelle stepped forward, sat on the sofa, and suddenly thought of something as she frowned and looked at Samantha. "It's just..."