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Chapter 302: Unreachable

It was about time Vincent and Leah arrived in Aharromoggh.

Were they there yet?

Samantha turned off the fire and wiped her hands with a kitchen towel. She then reached for her phone and answered the call, "Hello, Dr. Jameson, are you here yet?"

Vincent answered calmly, "I'm sorry, Ms. Larsson, I have to deal with a patient's last-minute serious illness and I won't be able to go over just yet. I'll probably need another two or so days before I can go over."

"Oh, I see..." Samantha said understandingly. "I've been well recently, Doctor, so you can go ahead and sort things out on your end first. I'll be alright."

"Okay. Remember to take the medication I prescribed to you and continue to nurse your health. Call me if there are any issues." Dr. Jameson had an apologetic tone. "I'll rush over immediately once I'm done with my work here."

Samantha responded, "Okay, Doctor."

Vincent was incredibly concerned about her body and Samantha was not going to hold it against him if he was busy, especially when it was just another two extra days.

After hanging up, she thought of going to the house that Vincent rented if she was free the next day after getting off work. At least she could help with some cleaning in advance.

That way, the doctor and his assistant could immediately move in comfortably as soon as they came over.

The next day, there were no news broadcasts to be done that night and so she clocked out of work at half-past-five sharp.

As she walked out the door, she happened to meet her amiable boss, Micah. He drove over and parked in front of her as he lowered the window and asked with a smile, "Are you heading back to the dormitory? Get in and I'll send you there."

Samantha would have hopped on if she was going back to the dormitory, but she had to decline the offer because she was going to the apartment rented by Vincent. "I'm heading elsewhere. Thank you for your kindness, Mr. Lind."

Micah nodded. "Alright. Be careful."

"I will."

Micah drove off.

Samantha had searched up the route before and found that it took only a five-or-six-minute walk to the apartment Vincent rented, whereas a detour was required if going there by car. She could just turn on her navigation app and walk according to the directions.

After 15 minutes of walking, Samantha got to the apartment building and took out the mineral water from her bag. She uncapped it and took a few sips before entering.

Barely a few steps later, she keenly sensed that there was someone behind her and immediately frowned. Rather than turning to look, she subconsciously accelerated her footsteps.

As soon as she quickened her footsteps, the person behind her immediately ran to her.

The person was incredibly quick, even as Samantha had already reacted fast enough. She was about to pick up her pace and start running, but as soon as she did that, the person had appeared behind her like a ghost.

Samantha's nape received a strike from the edge of the person's palm. Her eyes went black and she could not control herself from landing limply and uncontrollably.

...

At eight that evening, Rochelle glanced at the phone screen but saw no calls from Samantha.

She called on time every single day before, so what was it that happened that day? Could it be a field assignment?

Rochelle decided to wait a little longer after considering that possibility.

She went out to exercise for a moment, then took a shower and came out. While doing her skincare routine, she glanced at the clock on the wall and saw that the time was half-past nine.

Rochelle reached for the phone again and still saw no news from Samantha.

What was going on?

Rochelle had a bad feeling. She bit her lower lip and quickly dialed Samantha's number, but no one answered even though the dial tone was heard in her ears.

She made five calls in a row and all of them went similarly unanswered.

Rochelle narrowed her eyes and decided to call Vincent, who answered rather quickly. "Hello?"

"Hello, Doctor. I'm Rochelle, a good friend of Sammy," Rochelle said bluntly. "I called Sammy but she never answered my call. I'm worried that something has happened to her. Can you contact her or check her apartment please?"

"What?" Vincent's tone sank. "Ms. Tyrell, didn't Ms. Larsson tell you that I'll come back sometime later? I'm not in Aharromoggh now and the last phone call I had with Ms. Larsson was last night."

"What!?"

She never expected something like that to happen. After all, the only reason she could rest at ease was due to Vincent's timely arrival at Aharromoggh. How could he say that he had something to do at the last minute?

To make things worse, Rochelle could not get through to Samantha's phone a day after the doctor said his schedule was delayed...

Vincent comforted her, "Ms. Larsson told me yesterday that she's been well recently and there's nothing wrong with her health. Perhaps she's just busy with something. You can always call her a little later. There's no need to worry so much."

"No, something's...not quite right!" Rochelle panicked a little and felt that there was more than meets the eye. "That's it for now, Doctor. Goodbye."

She hung up the phone and immediately called Micah.

Samantha had earlier given Micah's number to Rochelle in the event she was unreachable.

Micah answered the phone quickly. "Hello?"

Rochelle briefly explained the situation to Micah, who said in surprise, "It can't be. I saw Ms. Larsson when I got off work and she looked fine. Although, she said she wanted to go somewhere else instead of going straight back to the dormitory."

'Somewhere else.'

Samantha would not go anywhere else in Aharromoggh except for MNK Television and the dormitory building. The only other possibility was the place Vincent was supposed to rent.

Rochelle asked sullenly, "Mr. Lind, could you please go to this address and see if Sammy's there. Please keep in touch, okay?"

Micah did not turn down the request and promised her right away.

Rochelle got restless after hanging up.

Truthfully speaking, she had some sort of a telepathic connection with Samantha. Over the years, she always seemed to feel it whenever something happened to Samantha.

Her intuition was telling her that something was wrong.

She could not sit still.

Rochelle took a deep breath and dialed Jonathan's cell phone at once. He answered it in seconds.

She then said bluntly, "Send my passport over right now. I want to go abroad!"

All her documents were in Jonathan's hands and she had to get them from him.

Jonathan spoke in a cold and deep voice. "What's the matter?"

"A life is at stake. If I don't see my passport within thirty minutes, you'll be seeing my dead body!" Rochelle roared and ended the call!

...

In Aharromoggh, Samantha slowly regained consciousness and felt her entire body becoming cold. It was very, very cold, so much so that her entire body was shaking and her heavy eyelids opened all of a sudden.

In front of her was a large ocean.

'An ocean?'

Samantha was stunned for a moment. She closed her eyes and opened them again, only to find that it was real and not an illusion.

Other than having a vast ocean in front of her, her entire body was immersed in the ocean...

That explained why she felt so cold...

By then, the seawater had risen to Samantha's chest and showed no signs of receding.

Chapter 303: Ruthless as Always

Samantha hurriedly tried to struggle, only to find that an iron pillar was erected at the bottom of the sea, where her limbs were firmly tied to it using thick ropes.

She could not even move!

Samantha looked to the horizon and saw that the sun had already set. The seawater was going to gradually ebb and flow when night came, and her entire body would gradually be submerged when the water level rose.

She was practically watching herself drown and suffocate. It was excruciatingly cruel and torturous to be feeling powerless in the face of fear and death.

The only person who could hate her that much was Harmony.

Had she underestimated Harmony? Could Harmony's influence extend that far?

Based on their previous confrontations, Harmony did not seem to have such wide-reaching means. Perhaps a better way to put it was that she was unable to do such a thing in such a short period!

After all, Samantha had only been in Aharrmoggh for less than a week!

Samantha did not want to die like that because she still had a baby. She raised her eyes and looked at the coast to try and find out if there were any passers-by whom she could call for help.

However, the vast beach was empty...except for a single figure.

Samantha opened her lips and wanted to call for help, but she stopped abruptly before she could shout the word 'help'.

That man was tall and had the appearance of someone from her country, rather than a foreigner's appearance.

In other words, he was probably from her country.

If she guessed correctly, then the one who attacked her and tied her here was him.

Rather than leaving, he watched her from there and would only go once the sea had drowned her.

He neither covered his face nor hid when she woke up, which suggested that he was not afraid to let her see him because he was certain of her death.

Samantha's heart froze for a while.

No one could face the threat of death without feeling any fear.

Since that 'killer' was there, it was obvious that no one else would show up and there was no one she could call for help.

By the time anyone found out she was gone and rushed over to rescue her, it was very likely that it would already be too late.

The water level had already risen to her neck as she thought about it. She watched the waves rush toward her layer by layer and coming closer and closer. It looked as though they would cover her completely the very next second.

Samantha closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and tried her best to shout to the man on the shore. "Hey... Hey..."

Her voice sounded very soft along with the sound of the crashing waves but she did not give up and continued to yell at the top of her lungs.

After yelling for some time, the man finally seemed to hear her and looked up.

When Samantha saw that, she hurriedly seized the opportunity and continued to yell out loud. "Hey, Mister, I, I know that you were paid to do this. You just want to make a living, right? I can give you as much money as you want as long as you let me go!"

"And, I-I-I promise I won't make life difficult for you. Just go back and tell your employer that I'm dead. I'll d-dis-disappear too and make sure that no one knows my whereabouts. That way, you don't have to bear the burden of killing someone and you can get extra money too. Isn't t-t-that a sweet sweet deal?"

The seawater made her feel cold and she was unable to speak properly as she was trembling uncontrollably.

However, her words did not elicit any response from the man. He remained standing there with an indifferent expression and had a very dark aura all over his body.

Dark was the appropriate expression.

He was the kind of person who seemed to be shrouded in darkness even when standing in the sun.

Samantha had seen someone like him in that purgatory-like place.

Such a person was fundamentally a well-trained killer, a person that someone in the olden days would describe as willing to sacrifice his own life.

Unlike ordinary people who worked to get money, such people generally did not work for money and served only their master!

In other words, money was not the kind of thing that could impress him. The only thing that would ever sway them was an order from their master!

Samantha could not help but feel her heart sink.

She was almost 80% sure that Harmony had no such ability to employ such a person.

If Harmony was that strong, Samantha would not have been able to play her like a fiddle.

Then again, who else would want her dead if not Harmony?

She quickly searched through the list of names in her mind. Those who hated her were probably only her parents, but it was much less likely to be them because they did not have that kind of ability.

Timothy was the only one she knew to possess such means.

Her body began trembling even more the instant that name appeared in her mind.

Did Timothy...feel that way toward her?

Did he genuinely want her dead?

The seawater had covered her neck and reached her chin.

Samantha looked at the man on the shore again and shouted louder, "Since I'm going to die, could you at least tell me who did it? Let me die in peace!"

However, her words still elicited no response and the man stood there motionlessly and silently.

The seawater had reached her mouth. Samantha could no longer speak for fear that the seawater would enter her mouth as soon as she opened it.

Her eyes gradually darkened.

She could not accept her death because her new life had just begun. Her baby had yet to be born too, and she had yet to lay eyes on her baby.

However, there seemed to be no way out of it.

'I'm sorry I can't protect you, my child.'

Out of the corner of her eye, she spotted the man on the shore finally making a move. He took out his mobile phone, dialed a number, and put it to his ear.

Samantha tried her best to open her eyes and look over.

The man was talking to someone over the phone.

Samantha looked at his lips carefully and managed to piece together the words he said because she had learned speechreading before.

"Mr. Barker, it's done!"

Her pupils contracted suddenly. At that moment, her heart seemed to have been stabbed by a million needles and it was so painful that everything before her eyes was pitch black.

'Mr. Barker.'

It was Timothy...

Was he killing her...just because she did not want to be his tool and pave the way for his love with Harmony, because she forcibly asked for half his shares when they divorced, and because she prevented him from marrying his beloved Harmony for three years?

She always knew that Timothy was cruel to those he did not love, but she never thought that he would be that cruel.

Samantha's lips curled up in self-deprecation.

Another wave of seawater came and she closed her eyes again as tears started flowing down...

...

Back at Capital City.

20 minutes later, Rochelle's cell phone rang and she answered it immediately.

Jonathan spoke in a low and icy voice, "Come down!"

She wondered if he brought the passport in person.

Rochelle did not have time to think about any of that. She grabbed her bag and quickly went downstairs.

Jonathan's car was parked at the door.. She stepped forward and opened the door, but instead of going in, she stretched out her hand and demanded, "Give me my passport."

Chapter 304: Don't Expect My Gratitude!

Jonathan glanced askance at her, but instead of giving the passport, he opened his lips and said, "Get in the car!"

Rochelle sneered. "I said, give me my passport!"

Her eyes scanned the car as she said that because she was prepared to cut all the crap and just snatch the passport from him.

Jonathan seemed to know what she was thinking but still asked coldly, "Aren't you going to Aharromoggh?"

Rochelle's vision froze. "And what of it?"

She would fight him if he so much as dared to stop her!

Jonathan's dark black eyes stared right at her. "Get in the car. I'll bring you to the airport."

Rochelle hesitated for a few seconds, but eventually got into the car and sat down.

The car engine was started and then driven into traffic.

Jonathan drove in a fast yet steady manner that was truly the epitome of stealth. Rochelle saw that he was heading for the airport and felt immensely relieved.

However, the entire journey was very quiet because Rochelle had nothing to say to Jonathan and Jonathan was always a very quiet person to begin with.

When the car arrived at the airport, Rochelle unfastened her seat belt and pushed the door open to get out of the car.

Unfortunately, the car door was still locked and her face sank immediately as a result. She glared at Jonathan angrily and demanded, "Open the door!"

Jonathan pushed his door open, got out of the car, then strode around to the front passenger side.

Rochelle had already gotten out of the car on her own and was about to head in when Jonathan grabbed her wrist and led her to another door.

Unable to free herself from his grip, Rochelle was so angry that she yelled, "Jonathan, you idiot! Where the hell are you taking me? You won't see the end of it if I'm late for my flight!"

Jonathan turned a deaf ear and forcibly led her into another door.

His strength was so great that Rochelle had no choice but to follow. She continued to struggle but could not break free of him, not even when she bit down on his arm.

The man finally stopped after walking for about ten minutes.

It was then that Rochelle realized she had not been led to some random place, but rather, the airport tarmac.

In front of them was a medium-sized helicopter.

She knew that it was a special helicopter.

In that case, Jonathan did not stop her from going to Aharrmoggh but had come to send her over and even charter a special flight for her.

At that point, a lady in a flight attendant's uniform stepped forward and said respectfully, "Hello Mr. and Mrs. Yates. Welcome abroad."

Jonathan did arrange everything...

Rochelle's long, curly eyelashes trembled slightly and there was a slight glow in her eyes. However, she suddenly said coldly, "Don't expect my gratitude, Jonathan!"

Nothing he did could ever change her opinion of him!

Jonathan let go of Rochelle's hand. He looked at her indifferent yet extremely beautiful expression as if he did not hear her harsh remark. All he did was say, "Do you need me to accompany you?"

Rochelle's lips curled up and she gave him a beautiful, dazzling smile.

The next second, she uttered a single word: "Scram!"

Once that was out of the way, she stretched her long legs and walked towards the helicopter without looking back.

Jonathan looked intently at her slender rear figure and ordered, "Follow her."

A man appeared suddenly behind Jonathan, and that man nodded before walking over and following Rochelle.

As soon as Rochelle sat down, she spotted the man coming in and rolled her eyes at him.

That man was Jonathan's bodyguard, someone who could not think for himself after growing up with and protecting Jonathan from young.

Of course, that bodyguard was hers.

He was Jonathan's eyes, so to speak, and had been specially assigned to monitor her.

Rochelle could no longer remember what his name was. It was either 'hey, you' when she was in a good mood or 'hey, blockhead' when she was not.

She knew that Jonathan would not take him away from her no matter how angry she became, so she had long gotten used to pretending he did not exist.

Her helicopter soon took off.

Rochelle clenched her hands slightly and prayed in her heart, 'Please let Sammy and the baby be alright!'

Over ten hours later, the helicopter finally arrived in Aharromoggh.

As soon as Rochelle switched on her phone, she received a call from Micah and immediately turned pale after listening to what had been said.

Micah did as Rochelle asked and went to the apartment Vincent rented. Samantha was nowhere to be seen, but her backpack was found in the trash can.

Samantha's money, cell phone, and documents were all inside.

Micah immediately called the police.

The police checked the apartment's surveillance footage and saw the scene of Samantha falling after being attacked. However, the assailant's figure was not captured because of a blind spot on the surveillance camera.

After that, they could only try checking the traffic surveillance and pieced each scene together.

They spent a whole night to finally ascertain her whereabouts: she was at Selaphi Beach. Micah and the police rushed there at once.

Since an entire night had passed, it was difficult to tell whether Samantha would still be fine.

After hanging up, Rochelle did her best to calm her trembling hands and said towards Blockhead, "Go...go and get a car. I want to go to Selaphi Beach right now!"

Blockhead responded, "Yes!"

...

At Selaphi Beach, the sea was calm in the morning but nothing could be seen beyond the endless ocean.

The reason why the police were able to determine the exact location was because they had found a dropped earring on the beach. According to Micah, it was the earring that Samantha had worn the day before.

When Rochelle arrived, the police had already started a search and rescue operation. Unfortunately, the sea was vast and no one was as yet found.

Rochelle had the urge to go down and search for Samantha but was forcibly stopped by Blockhead, who prevented her from getting close to the beach.

Micah persuaded her and said, "Ms. Tyrell, I understand what you're feeling right now, but these are professional things that should be left to the professionals. I really, really hope that...Ms. Larsson will be fine. God looks kindly on those who are kind themselves."

He made that remark even though he knew that it was just a mere consolation.

Rochelle held on tightly to Samantha's earring. It was part of the pair that she had bought as a gift for Samantha before Samantha went abroad.

She had the same pair too as a symbol of their sisterly affection for each other.

Samantha was always the kind who kept her promises. She said that she would be safe with the baby, and once it was time for her to deliver, she would wait for Rochelle and they would both welcome the baby into the world.

Rochelle was confident that Samantha was not going to just die like that.

Not a chance!

Time passed by the minute, and Samantha was still nowhere to be found even though more than an hour had elapsed.

The blood on Rochelle's face had drained. She suddenly looked up at Blockhead and said coldly, "If you're not letting me get into the water, then you go ahead and jump in! Don't stop me if you don't!"

She knew that any one of Jonathan's bodyguards would possess an array of skills, all of which they had mastered completely. Therefore, he would not be any less proficient in commencing a search-and-rescue operation!

Blockhead nodded without saying another word and walked over to grab some equipment. After putting it on, he jumped into the sea without any hesitation.

Rochelle opened her eyes wide and stared intently at the sea for fear that she would miss something.

After some time, Blockhead emerged from the sea and seemed to be dragging something in his hand....

Chapter 305: Little Chance of Survival

Rochelle's heart skipped a beat. Had Samantha...finally been found?

She rushed to the beach, but as soon as she approached, she could clearly see that Blockhead was dragging an iron pole instead of Samantha.

Rochelle's body froze immediately.

Blockhead dragged the iron pole and walked to the shore step by step. He then pulled off his diving mask and threw the iron pole on the beach. The man looked at Rochelle while panting and said, "Mrs. Yates, I only found this iron pole."

Rochelle clenched her hands tightly and was gritting her teeth. "I want you to find Sammy! Not this thing!"

What use did she have for an iron pole?

Blockhead continued explaining, "I saw some broken ropes next to the iron rod, and if I'm guessing correctly, Ms. Larsson was probably tied to this iron pole. Faced with the rising tide, she was likely drowned to death."

“Ms. Larsson, along with the iron pole and the rope, was likely swept to sea by the receding tide and subsequently sank.”

“Ms. Larsson’s corpse has probably flowed along with the tide into the depths of the sea. The chances of finding her are very slim.”

It could even be said that finding her was an impossible task!

“Shut up.”

Rochelle scolded coldly, “I ordered you to find her, not give me all this crap. Don’t even think of coming back up if you can’t find her!”

Blockhead did not attempt to explain any further. His master’s order was above everything else and he was given the order to protect Rochelle. As a result, he had to listen to what she said.

He put on his diving mask again and jumped into the sea once more.

Rochelle placed her hands over her lips all of a sudden as tears started to fall.

She was well aware that Blockhead was a man of few words, like Jonathan. Even so, the training he received since he was a child had given him a very keen and professional judgment. The remarks he made were very likely a true reflection of the situation at hand, that Samantha had little chance of surviving.

However, Rochelle did not want to believe it. She could not believe it!

If she gave up Samantha, then her existence would cease too.

One day passed, then another, and another... Rochelle had lost count of the days and there was still no sign of Samantha’s corpse.

The police gave up on the search-and-rescue operation and issued a notice announcing Samantha’s death.

Rochelle had to kick up a storm for them to finally change the announcement from ‘death’ to ‘missing’.

She still refused to give up though. She brought Blockhead to Selaphi Beach and brought along a professional search-and-rescue team she hired to go dive into the sea and search countless times.

There was still no news.

Rochelle spent that entire month in despair.

On a certain day, Blockhead had just put on his diving equipment when the phone rang. He picked up the phone and answered immediately after seeing the caller ID.

He greeted in a very respectful voice. "Mr. Yates."

Jonathan asked coldly, "How's the situation?"

Blockhead replied truthfully. "It's impossible for her to be alive under such circumstances. If my hunch is correct, then it's probably the doing of someone from over there."

The people from there were famous for doing things swiftly and cleanly.

Like him, they were silent when staying their hand but became mercilessly ruthless when they did anything.

Unless...

The possibility of that 'unless' was practically zero and Blockhead did not continue to mention that.

Jonathan then said, "Then she's kicked up enough of a fuss already. It's time to come back."

Blockhead turned around to look at Rochelle, who was standing by the sea while staring ahead like a statue. She was frowning slightly and showed a rare weak side. "Mr. Yates, she's in an entranced state right now and won't go back."

There was a hint of helplessness in Jonathan's tone but his remark was a merciless tone when he ordered, "Knock her out and bring her back!"

Those seven words allowed Blockhead to breathe a sigh of relief.

He would find it difficult to use brainpower, but using force was something he was already very accustomed to.

He immediately replied, "Yes, Mr. Yates!"

After hanging up the phone, Blockhead walked up to Rochelle and knocked her unconscious before she could react.

He then stretched out his hand and caught Rochelle as her entire body collapsed limply.

He picked her up said to the leader of the rescue team, "The rescue will end from this moment on. Any balance will be directly charged to your account."

Then, he carried Rochelle and strode away.

...

When Rochelle woke up, she was already aboard a helicopter.

Her eyes suddenly filled with rage. Blockhead walked up to her and spoke as coldly as always, "Mr. Yates wanted me to bring you back. You may vent your anger as you please if you're angry."

He would not resist regardless of how she vented her anger.

Rochelle stared at him stubbornly and clenched her fists so forcefully that the veins on the back of her hands were popping out.

Blockhead waited for her to deliver a punch.

Ever since Rochelle had a severe falling-out with Jonathan, she hated Jonathan and was also spiteful of the bodyguard assigned to 'watch' her.

Whenever she could not chase him off, she would often hit him.

She showed no mercy to Jonathan and acted the same toward the bodyguard.

After waiting for some time, Rochelle's punch never came and the bodyguard looked at her in some surprise.

He noticed that the anger in Rochelle's eyes had inexplicably disappeared. In place of it was an indecipherable coldness and reticence.

She even seemed quiet and did not make a fuss. She leaned back on the chair, closed her eyes, and fell asleep.

Few things could surprise Blockhead, but the scene in front of him made him a little perplexed.

What was going on?

The helicopter finally landed in Capital City.

Blockhead got into a car with Rochelle and asked softly, "Shall I take you back to the apartment, Mrs. Yates?"

Rochelle's expression remained calm and she spoke in an eerily composed manner as she said, "I want to see Jonathan."

40 minutes later, the car stopped in front of a five-star hotel.

Rochelle got out of the car, walked straight in, then took the elevator to the top-floor suite. She then opened the door directly and entered the room.

There was the sound of water in the bathroom, which showed that Jonathan was bathing inside.

Rochelle looked at the big, soft bed. She raised her hands, placed her beautiful and slender fingertips on her shirt buttons, then unbuttoned them one by one. She then took off all her clothes.

She stepped across the scattered clothes and walked to the bed, where she lifted the blanket to lie down.

The sound of trickling water stopped after about ten minutes. Jonathan wrapped a towel around his waist and strode out.

He walked to the other side of the bed and laid down.

The next second, he keenly sensed that something was wrong and reached out under the blanket to grab the person's neck.

The person under the blanket did not dodge or hide. Instead, they reached out from the blanket at the same time and reached for his sensitive parts.

Jonathan's eyes sank and a killing intent suddenly appeared.

Could there be someone that desperate and brave to crawl into his bed?

As soon as his hand grabbed the woman's nape and touched her skin, his movements suddenly stopped, and his deep voice was full of shock, "Chelle?"

He immediately lifted the blanket with one hand as he said that.

At that moment, Rochelle pushed him down and sat on top of him, gazing amorously at him from above.

Her red lips parted slightly and she spoke in no uncertain terms, "I'll sleep with you...on the condition that you get rid of Harmony!"

Chapter 306: Suited His Tastes

Rochelle's long curly hair hung just above his face. Her snow-white skin was showing somewhat and her red lips were exceptionally gorgeous and extremely provocative.

It had been 752 days since he last touched her.

He was never the kind of man who had strong desires and frequently had little carnal needs. For him, women were much less fun compared to guns.

Rochelle was the only woman who could easily conquer him.

His first meeting with Rochelle was at a racetrack.

That day, he happened to have a disagreement with his father and was given a severe beating. He was in a particularly foul mood and so went to the track where he used to go racing.

Few could beat him in terms of technique.

On that day, however, a racecar caught up behind him not long after he started driving. A tacit race thus began as soon as the other car kept the same speed as him.

He had a wild way of driving, but he did not expect that car to drive wilder than him.

His strong competitive desire was aroused and he began to race seriously as the blood within his entire body was starting to boil.

In the end, the two cars reached the finish line at the same time and it was impossible to pick out who won.

Jonathan was a little unhappy of course. After so many years, only Timothy could ever be on the same level as him and he did not expect to meet a second person who could do the same that day.

He opened the door, got out of the car, then took off his helmet and looked over.

Someone came out as soon as the door to the other car was opened.

Jonathan watched intently and was curious to know just how skilled that person was to be capable of keeping pace with him.

That person was probably a newcomer, because...he knew all the expert drivers within the racing circle and had never seen someone who drove like that before.

When that person took off their helmet, their long smooth hair fell over their shoulders. Then, their fair face was revealed, followed by their beautiful facial features.

The person was a woman and a very beautiful one at that.

Jonathan's lips curled up and it was one of those rare moments he felt strongly interested in someone.

He lifted his feet without hesitation and walked over. He then stood in front of the woman and introduced him, "I'm Jonathan Yates."

The woman looked up and glanced lazily at him. "Oh."

She then walked past him and left without so much as giving him a second look.

It was the first time he took the initiative to strike up a conversation with a woman, but he only ended up hitting a wall.

Jonathan's smile widened and he looked at her slender back. Her racing suit complimented her figure exceptionally well, accentuating her thin waist and long legs.

There were a considerable number of beautiful women around him and there were those who had that kind of a figure as well. However, the woman in front of him was very different from those other beautiful women.

She suited his taste.

Even though they had been married for three years, everything about her continued to whet his appetite still.

He grabbed Rochelle's slender waist and exerted a sudden force.

In an instant, Rochelle went from sitting on top of him to being pressed hard against him. She then raised her eyes to look at him.

Jonathan exercised frequently and had an excellent physique. The muscular contours on his body were evident, and he had a very good appreciation of his own body. Unlike other men, he did not aim for overly big muscles or wanted to be too strong.

He was the typical man who looked lean when dressed and muscular when undressed. Every inch of him was filled with allure and temptation.

Many women would be willing to sleep with him without asking for anything in return.

Jonathan lowered his head and kissed her red lips.

When his lips were about to plant on her, Rochelle demanded coldly, "Answer me."

Jonathan stopped moving. His eyes were filled with a deep desire but the tone of his voice was extremely calm, so much so that it could strike fear in a person. "I can't."

Rochelle lowered her gaze and asked with a sneer. "You can't? Or you don't want to?"

He was more than capable of doing it.

Why would he be unable to handle someone like Harmony?

Jonathan stared at her for a few seconds and said, "Killing Harmony isn't going to avenge your best friend."

Rochelle was well aware that every wrong could only be attributed to certain wrongdoers.

His remark left Rochelle startled.

Jonathan never said anything unnecessary and Rochelle quickly realized just what it was he meant.

However, she could not believe what he said.

Rochelle's eyes wavered for a moment before she could recover her voice. "Was... Was it Timothy?"

She felt suspicious of everything that happened when she was in Aharrmoggh because she did not think that Harmony's influence would be so far-reaching and clean.

However, she thought that Timothy would retain a little bit of humanity at least. After all, he was the one who wronged Samantha in their marriage.

Samantha did nothing wrong, yet Timothy just had to kill her in the end.

Men...

Rochelle's eyes became teary and hatred filled her heart. She looked at Jonathan once more and asked, "So you're going to defend your good friend even when you know he's in the wrong?"

If Harmony was the one who killed Samantha, Rochelle believed that she could persuade Jonathan to kill her.

When it came to Timothy, she knew that anything she said and did was of little use to convince him to deal with Timothy.

That being the case, she did not want to waste her strength to deal with him. She raised her foot all of a sudden and kicked him fiercely.

Unsure whether it was because he did not react or if he did not dodge, Jonathan was kicked in the stomach by Rochelle and fell off the bed.

Rochelle then ordered in a ruthless and indifferent voice, "Get out. I'm tired and I want to sleep!"

Jonathan stood up from the ground and looked at her with a sullen expression. "This is my room."

Rochelle gave him a cold side-eye and closed her eyes without even bothering to answer him.

Jonathan stood there for a few seconds before saying again, "Have a good rest."

As soon as he said that, he turned around and strode out of the room.

Blockhead, who was guarding the door, saw his boss walking out with only a bath towel. The man's handsome face was indifferent and there was a distinct air of unfulfilled desire that suggested his moment had been ruined.

Nothing could surprise Blockhead anymore and he lowered his eyes while standing silently.

Jonathan glanced at him and instructed, "Book the room next to this."

Blockhead said nothing and turned around to head downstairs.

...

Rochelle did not sleep much all night, mainly because she was feeling insomniac after thinking so much about Samantha and the baby. Inside her dream, the mother and child were submerged in the sea and she could only watch on without doing anything.

It was the same as when her own baby was forcibly ripped out by Jonathan—she had no power to do anything.

She woke up suddenly and there was cold sweat all over her forehead as she gasped for air.

After a while, she wiped the sweat from her forehead and reached under the pillow. Sure enough, her hands had touched something.

She took it out.

It was a small handgun that Jonathan carried along with him as a weapon for self-defense.

He put it under the pillow whenever he slept and it was a habit of his that never once changed even after so many years.

A cold glimmer flashed in Rochelle's eyes as soon as she saw the gun.

She drove to the Barker Group and reached about an hour later.

Rochelle parked her car at the side of the road. After waiting for about ten minutes, a black car approached the entrance.. The car door opened and Timothy got out.

Chapter 307: Control Your Woman

When Rochelle spotted Timothy, she held the handgun in her hand and unlocked the safety latch. She then got out of the car and walked straight towards Timothy in her high heels.

By the time she was about three steps away from him, she called out, "Timothy!"

Timothy stopped walking and turned to look at her subconsciously.

At that moment, Rochelle remembered the trick Jonathan had taught her when using a gun.

Speed, accuracy, and ruthlessness were qualities to strive for.

She raised her hand, aimed at the man's heart, and shot without hesitation.

"Tim, be careful!"

Harmony rushed down from the car and stretched out her hand to push Timothy away a little.

Due to the close distance, she could only manage to push Timothy away but did not have time to dodge. The bullet grazed her arm and her clothes were immediately bloodstained.

The pain turned her face pale and she fell.

However, Rochelle did not expect that Timothy would have a savior, but it was not that big of a deal for her. Since that pretentious b*tch Harmony was there too, Rochelle would be glad to deal with the both of them together!

After all, Harmony could not be that innocent either!

Rochelle clenched her hands again and aimed at Timothy before delivering another shot again.

However, Timothy was fully alert by then and his reaction was quicker than any ordinary person could imagine. One second before Rochelle was about to fire the second shot, he had already gone up to her and pinned her against the car while grabbing her neck.

His strength was so great and he showed absolutely no mercy, leaving Rochelle feeling suffocated all of a sudden. Her hand fell weakly to her side and the handgun fell to the ground.

Timothy lowered his gaze and glanced at Rochelle as if she was already dead to him. A few seconds later, there was yet another fluctuation in his eyes.

He tilted his head and asked, "Rochelle?"

Ronald was shocked by the quick sequence of events. His brain slowed down for half a second and he quickly regained his composure when he heard that name. He stepped forward quickly and persuaded, "Mr. Barker...?Please don't be so harsh. She's Mrs. Yates!"

Although he did not know why Rochelle suddenly came to his boss with a handgun and tried to kill him, she was still a very good friend to Samantha and he could not just watch his big boss choke her to death.

Timothy glanced at Ronald and loosened the grip on his slender and beautiful fingers.

Rochelle was finally able to breathe and she could not help but cough fiercely.

Timothy handed her to the security guards who rushed over, who then quickly held her on either side lest she did something drastic again.

"Call a doctor."

After saying that, Timothy bent down and carried the limp Harmony up from the ground before walking into the Barker Group.

Ronald wiped the sweat on his forehead and quickly took out his cell phone to call a doctor.

After making the call, he glanced at Rochelle and felt a headache coming on.

He wanted to let her go but did not dare to do so without authorization because Timothy did not say anything. His only recourse was to say, "Perhaps you should come up with me, Mrs. Yates."

Rochelle looked at him coldly and kept quiet.

Ronald could only look at the security guards and have them bring her up.

The security guards grabbed Rochelle and went inside.

Ronald picked up the pistol that had fallen on the ground and sighed deeply. What in the world was going on?

A murder nearly happened...

...

Inside the CEO's office, Timothy was sitting on the sofa while fiddling with the special gun. He admired it quite a bit and looked up at Rochelle, who was sitting on the sofa opposite him. "Pretty good gun."

Rochelle curled her lips. "If it's that good, you should use it to kill yourself."

Timothy's expression remained the same. "Unfortunately, you couldn't."

"I won't do anything to you, for Jonathan's sake."

Timothy put the handgun on the coffee table and instructed Ronald, "Tell Jonathan to come over and bring her away."

Ronald answered immediately. "Yes."

Ten minutes later, Jonathan opened the door and walked in.

He glanced at the situation in the office and looked sullenly at Rochelle.

Timothy looked up at Jonathan and said lazily, "Control your woman, Jonathan. There will be no next time!"

There was no brotherly sentiment at all.

Jonathan did not say a word and raised his head slightly. He strode quickly to the sofa and put away the pistol, after which he stretched out his arms and carried Rochelle from the sofa before turning around to leave.

Rochelle was reluctant to leave and struggled continuously.

However, Jonathan's arms were like chains that held her tightly. She could not break free of them and could only let herself be carried away by him.

After they left, Ronald's anxious heart finally relaxed.

Timothy turned to him and asked, "How's Bunny?"

Ronald quickly regained his senses and replied, "The doctor just arrived. He went to the lounge to treat the wound."

"Alright," Timothy responded before continuing, "Set up the meeting then."

"Yes!" Ronald answered.

...

After Jonathan forced Rochelle into the car, he immediately drove away.

Rochelle protested, "Let me out!"

Jonathan ignored her.

Rochelle glared at him fiercely and repeated, "I said, let. Me. OUT!"

"Then what?" Jonathan looked at her.

Rochelle spoke with murderous intent, "Then I'll kill Timothy. If I can't kill him this time, I'll kill him sooner or later!"

Jonathan curled his lips in a blatantly mocking smile and said mercilessly, "You can't kill him."

"But..."

He looked at her eyes and slowed his sentences a little. "If you really want to get revenge and can only live at peace if you do that...then you can take it out on me!"

As soon as he said that, he pulled out the handgun attached to his waist and put it in Rochelle's hand, as if he was going to let her do as she pleased.

Rochelle immediately pointed the handgun at Jonathan's forehead. "Do you think I won't?"

Jonathan looked at her intently and closed his eyes after a few seconds.

Rochelle's eyes were very red and she bit her lower lip with such force that it was nearly bleeding. In the end, she sneered, "Your life isn't worth anything at all."

It was not as if killing Jonathan could avenge Samantha and the baby.

Jonathan opened his eyes.

However, he could not breathe a sigh of relief just yet because the next thing he saw was Rochelle aiming the muzzle of the handgun at her temple.

"Sammy's gone and I can't avenge her. There's no point in living anymore."

She was already in hell, to begin with.

Both the person she once liked and the baby she once had were dead. She had since lost her best friend—whom she cared most for—along with said best friend's baby.

All of a sudden, her plans to torture and get revenge on Jonathan did not matter anymore.

She felt very tired and... exceptionally bitter.

Rather than live that kind of life, Rochelle felt that she might as well be with Samantha and the baby in the afterlife. Perhaps she could still see the man she liked and the baby she once lost?

As soon as that thought occurred to her, Rochelle closed her eyes happily.

Chapter 308: Will You Consider Remarrying?

Jonathan did not stop her and merely said, "Samantha's younger brother."

Rochelle froze. Her long eyelashes trembled and she opened her eyes abruptly. "Spit it out!"

"Corey is still alive. Samantha transferred him to a foreign hospital before she left. He's now being taken care of by Little St. John, also known as Dr. Sherwood," Jonathan said calmly. "Corey's still comatose. He needs someone to take care of him long-term now that Samantha's gone. He's the only person she truly cares about. If you're dead, Corey will become an orphan and he definitely won't be able to survive."

Rochelle knew exactly what Jonathan meant by those words.

He knew all too well how to stimulate her desire to survive.

She had always been a pitiful little bug that he held in his hands.

Rochelle closed her eyes and took a few deep breaths.

She then put down the gun, took out her mobile phone, and called Alan.

Before Samantha went abroad, she had given Alan's number to Rochelle too.

The dial tone rang in her ear and it took some time before the call was picked up. A man's gentle and elegant voice greeted, "Hello."

"Hello, Dr. Sherwood, I'm Rochelle Tyrell, a good friend of...Sammy."

Rochelle could not help herself from sounding choked when she mentioned the name 'Sammy'.

Alan was also silent for a moment before replying, "Hello, Ms. Tyrell. Sammy mentioned you before. What's the matter?"

Rochelle gulped heavily and suppressed the sourness in her throat before asking, "Is Corey...with you?"

Samantha did not mention Corey's transfer to her, or more likely forgot to mention it due to the mental and physical exhaustion at the time.

"Yes. He's with me," Alan replied.

"Then is he... Is he okay?"

"He's in a rather stable state, but he hasn't regained consciousness yet. Don't worry, I'll always take good care of him. I promised Sammy, after all."

Rochelle said hoarsely, "Thank you. I'm very sorry to trouble you."

After a pause, she added, "I'll...be Corey's guardian in the future. Please tell me if you need money or anything at all, Dr. Sherwood."

Alan could not help but chuckle in appreciation. "Sammy is lucky to have a good friend like you."

Rochelle could not bring herself to say anything else.

'You're wrong. Sammy isn't lucky to have me as her good friend. I'm an unfortunate person. That's why the people around me disappear one by one. I can't keep any of them around.'

The sole exception was Jonathan.

His life was a bit too resilient though.

Alan seemed to sense Rochelle's sadness and lowered his voice to say, "My condolences."

Rochelle sniffled. "Thank you."

"I won't be visiting Corey because I don't want my misfortune to rub off on him. I'll leave everything to you."

"Okay. Please keep in touch."

After hanging up, Rochelle raised her head and forced herself to blink several times before suppressing her desire to cry.

Jonathan merely stared silently at her until Rochelle turned around to stare at him.

The both of them looked at each other.

Rochelle spoke first in a soft yet hoarse voice. "Jonathan Yates."

Over the past few years, she rarely if ever called him by his name. Most of the time, she either called him an idiot or did not even bother to address him in any way at all.

The only reason she ever called him was to tell him to die or go to hell.

His heart moved slightly when she called his name all of a sudden.

"Yes. Tell me." He could not control his voice from turning hoarse.

Rochelle looked at him intently as her lips parted open for her to say, "I want money and power."

After calming down and thinking about it, she concluded that she had been reckless indeed.

Jonathan was right: the possibility that she could kill Timothy was zero.

Since she could only continue to live, she would not give up seeking justice for Samantha. Even though she could not kill Timothy yet, she was never going to let him live comfortably with Harmony.

The two lives—that of Samantha and the baby—could not perish in vain.

Jonathan knew what she was thinking and was particularly fond of her tenacity.

He curled his lips and replied, "Alright. I'll give you whatever you want."

He raised his hand and tested the waters as he touched Rochelle's face with his fingertips.

Rochelle clenched her hand fiercely.

She did not dodge him anymore and allowed him to touch her.

After returning to the apartment, Rochelle took out her luggage bag and packed her things.

From that day onward, she was going to move in with Jonathan and start living their...married life again.

All of a sudden, she spotted the photo frame placed on the table. It was a Polaroid photo taken with a pregnant Samantha.

At that time, they laughed and said that it was their first family photo.

Rochelle's tears slid down one after another as she looked at the photo. She then placed the photo on her heart and cried in agony.

...

Half a month later, the Barker Group announced in a high-profile manner that they would allocate certain funds to form a charitable foundation.

The name of that foundation was the Barker Foundation.

Harmony was the president and the foundation's highest answerable person.

Anyone with a discerning eye could see who that foundation was for.

Back then, Harmony revealed during a live news broadcast that she was a mistress who destroyed other people's families. The mystery as to whose relationship she destroyed was finally solved.

Harmony had meddled with Timothy's marriage to Samantha.

It was undoubtedly obvious that Timothy was doing that so Harmony could clear her name under the pretext of charity. That would then pave the way for her future marriage to him.

In the end, Samantha was defeated and her marriage ended in divorce. History had repeated itself and she was an abandoned wife once more.

Even more pitiful was the fact that Samantha had been sent abroad to be a foreign correspondent, but she then disappeared there and was likely killed.

Harmony became the final winner.

The matter caused an uproar on the internet and heated discussions went on for a considerable amount of time.

When the buzz finally subsided, another shocking piece of news appeared.

Rochelle started going out on dates with Jonathan on certain occasions. Jonathan brought Rochelle with him wherever he went, thereby dispelling the rumor that they had secretly divorced due to their extreme incompatibility.

Jonathan later invested in the Barker Foundation, and due to his wealth, Rochelle had also joined the foundation and became vice-president.

Everyone used to be answerable to Harmony, but that person soon became Rochelle because she was the genuine Mrs. Yates. Harmony, on the other hand, had not officially gotten married to Timothy yet. Some people turned to Rochelle and treated her as the head.

From then onward, the conflict between the two had intensified from little things to more serious ones.

...

Three years later, the strategic cooperation between the Barker Group and EIA Group had achieved great success, further expanding the Barker Group's territory to historic highs.

Domestic and foreign media scrambled to do a news report on it and Timothy, as the business tycoon, was the subject of everyone's excitement.

At the global summit, Timothy ended his remarks and a reporter immediately took the opportunity to ask questions regarding his personal life.

After all, as a sought-after bachelor, his personal life was an attractive issue to focus on.

"Mr. Barker, you've been single ever since your divorce three years ago.. Everyone is very curious about your love life. Have you ever considered remarrying?"

Chapter 309: Don't You Want Me Anymore, Daddy?

Over the years, countless media companies have tried to ask about his private life but Timothy never responded. The reporter who asked that question initially thought that it would go unanswered as always, but Timothy unexpectedly looked up at the reporter.

His thin lips moved and he uttered a single word, "Yes."

As simple that word was, it caused a huge sensation in an instant.

He had finally answered, and the answer he gave was a huge bombshell no less.

The reporters, now excited, began asking all kinds of questions.

One of them put forth a question, "Mr. Barker, since you said that you'll remarry, does that mean it's on the horizon?"

A second asked, "Ms. Harmony Johnson has been by your side all these years. Will she be the future Mrs. Barker?"

Then a third reporter questioned, "Mr. Barker, can you tell us when is your wedding date?"

Timothy's black pupils glanced across everyone and he said again, "My wedding will be held on the first of the next month. Thank you all."

That remark drew yet another gasp.

There were only about 20 days left before the first of next month.

The reporters asked, "Mr. Barker, why is it so sudden?"

"Is there any other reason? Will you be able to arrange everything in time?"

After all, given Timothy's social status as a monopolistic business tycoon, his wedding would be the wedding of the century. How could 20 days be enough time to prepare?

Timothy did not answer any further questions. He turned around and strode off with his bodyguards' assistance.

Ronald had already been waiting for Timothy by the car door. Once he saw the man coming out, he immediately opened the car door and waited for him to get in and sit in the passenger seat.

The car then started.

Ronald glanced at the rearview mirror to look at Timothy sitting in the back seat. His expression was much sterner and his facial contours were more prominent. His looks were unmatched and he...carried a sinister aura.

During the past three years, his methods in the business world have become more ruthless and self-reliant. His work style has leaned more toward a similar style as that of the Barkers and was even capable of surpassing them.

In the past, Old Master Barker went to the Capital City and started his own business due to the conflict with his family's philosophy of doing things.

Timothy's style used to be like the old man—although he was still very strong, there was still a trace of sentiment within his strength.

That had since evolved to 'anyone who stands in my way will be destroyed'.

Ronald sighed slightly in his heart.

Saying that Timothy had become worse was a bit of a stretch. Business-wise, Timothy had excelled, so much so that Ronald had already purchased three properties in Capital City with the bonus he received in the past three years.

However, Timothy was simply too cold-hearted, unlike when he was with Samantha. Ronald could sometimes joke with him then, and there were occasions he felt that Timothy was an ordinary man with a smile and warmth.

At the thought of Samantha, Ronald could not help but feel an ache in his heart.

When he heard the bad news of Samantha's death, he cried the entire night and ended up with eyes the size of light bulbs the next day.

Before he knew it, three years had passed.

Ronald could not help but remember what the big boss said at the summit earlier. He pursed his lips slightly and hesitated for a few seconds before saying, "Mr. Barker, will you...really be getting married on the first of next month?"

Even Timothy's special assistant was shocked at that news!

He did not even know about it until Timothy mentioned it that day!

Timothy was flipping through some documents when he heard those words. He raised his eyes and squinted at Ronald.

Ronald gulped sharply and immediately understood.

During the past three years, he had been able to infer the man's intentions with a simple glance.

His big boss truly was going to get married on the first of the coming month.

The bride...was none other than Harmony.

Ronald had to admit that Harmony was spectacularly good at putting on an act. She used the Barker Foundation to do a lot of 'good deeds' in the past three years. She donated funds, aided those in disaster, provided for children, and took care of the elderly. Coupled with the perfect public relations every single time, she had covered up all her scandals from three years ago and had become an angel in everyone's eyes.

The only thing she had to endure was Rochelle, who was vice-president of the charity. However, Rochelle's position was that of a wife to Jonathan, who doted on her a lot. Under the two different factions, 70% sided with Rochelle, which frequently left Harmony brooding with resentment.

On the first of the coming month, Harmony would get married to Timothy and officially become Mrs. Barker.

They had arrived at the airport while Ronald's thoughts were all over the place.

Timothy entered with Ronald, and he had to answer a call when his cell phone rang.

Ronald whispered, "Mr. Barker, I'll check the luggage first."

Timothy nodded lightly.

Ronald pushed both their luggage and left.

All of a sudden, a small figure ran out of nowhere and leaped straight at Timothy to hug the man's calf.

Timothy's eyes narrowed and he lowered his gaze to see a little boy. The boy was wearing a small suit, carried a small schoolbag, and wore a small yellow hat on his head, looking very much like a character from one of those cartoons.

From his point of view, he was unable to see the little boy's full appearance. He only noticed that the boy had fair skin, long eyelashes, and the baby fat that only little kids would have. The boy looked like he was about three years old.

Where did that little kid come from?

He never liked being close with anyone, and the few women who wanted to get close to him through willful ignorance would unceremoniously be shoved away.

However, he decided to endure it after considering how he was just a little kid.

Timothy opened his lips and said, "Hello."

Before he could say anything, the little boy's adorable little face looked up and he smiled at Timothy while calling out in a childish voice, "Daddy!"

Timothy was thoroughly lost for words.

He had seen plenty of things in the past but none were able to leave him utterly speechless. For was the first time, he was so speechless that he did not know how to respond at all.

The little kid yelled again and hugged even tighter.

Timothy's lips curled up into a cold grin and there was a coldness in his eyes. "Who are you calling 'Daddy'? Why are you screaming? Go away!"

The little kid pouted when he looked at Timothy's icy expression and heard those fierce words. "Daddy, don't you want me anymore?"

Tears appeared in his eyes as he asked that and he began to cry out in a loud voice, "Daddy, don't you want me, waaaaaa..."

He was crying rather loudly.

In an instant, the passers-by within the airport stopped to watch.

One of them happened to be a passing tour group. The members of the group were all elderly people and became increasingly unsettled by what they saw. They immediately gathered around and started lecturing Timothy.

"What kind of a father are you? How could you leave such a small child alone?"

"It's very unbecoming for you not to comfort him when he's already crying like that.. I'm going to report you for child abuse!"

Chapter 310: He's My Son!

When those accusations were leveled, Timothy saw the little boy cry even fiercer.

As he cried, he explained to the elderly people, “Gramps and Grannies, Daddy treats me really good. He won’t leave me.”

The boy had red lips, pearly-white teeth, and facial features as delicate as a porcelain doll. That alone made him very likable to begin with, and his miserable appearance elicited even more pity from those elderly people.

As a result, they stepped up their efforts again.

One old lady stepped forward directly and roared while pointing at Timothy, “You were about to abandon your child, but he’s still saying good things about you. This is the first time I’ve ever seen a father as heartless as you!”

“Hey ladies, snap a picture of him! We’re going to expose him as a useless father!”

Timothy frowned, and his temples were sore.

He was fearless in the face of imposing individuals within the business world, and he was unperturbed even by tall, strong men. When facing those annoying old ladies, he could not lay a finger on them or scold them. Giving them a cold stare was not going to do anything either since they just ignored it outright!

His handsome expression sank and there was a profound coldness in his eyes.

He inadvertently glanced at the little boy who was still crying and distinctly noticed a lack of sadness despite the loud wailing.

The boy was doing it on purpose.

He did not like children, especially not crying children, and his patience was reaching its end.

Timothy stretched out his hand, grabbed the little boy by the collar, and was ready to fling him away.

Seconds before that was about to happen, Ronald pushed aside the crowd and squeezed in.

When he saw Timothy’s expression and movements, his heart skipped a beat and he hurriedly said, “I, our... You like joking around, don’t you, little boy! How could Mr. Barker abandon you when you’re so adorable! Hahaha!”

Timothy’s movements froze. He looked up coldly at Ronald and his dissatisfaction with Ronald’s remark was evident.

‘When did I get a son out of nowhere?’

'Am I bring forced to acknowledge this kid?'

'Which part of this little brat is adorable?'

'He's trying to scam us and he's so noisy that my head hurts!'

Of course, Ronald knew what Timothy's gaze was trying to tell him, but there was nothing he could do about it.

If Timothy was allowed to fling that little boy away, the elderly people who were already surrounding him would definitely rip him to shreds.

Timothy had never experienced that aspect of reality yet.

Messing with anyone else was fine as long as those people were not ladies like them!

Ronald did not have the luxury of admitting his mistake to Timothy and said to the horde of elderly onlookers, "I'm sorry, everyone. The boy is just a little cheeky. You may all leave now."

The elderly onlookers were not that easily sent away. The lady who spoke just now opened her mouth again and asked Timothy, "So he is your son, isn't he? You won't lose your son again, will you?"

Ronald could only give Timothy a look.

'Just do it.'

'It'll be over as soon as you answer it.'

Timothy's face became even uglier.

He lowered his eyes and looked at the little kid who was still holding on to his legs. At that point, the little kid also raised his small head and looked at him with big tearful eyes.

That look was a look of anticipation.

Timothy laughed in anger and spoke coldly as if each word popped out from between his teeth. "Yes.... He's... My... Son! I... Won't... Lose... Him!"

The elderly onlookers were finally satisfied with his answer and left after giving him another brief, earnest lecture.

Ronald wiped the sweat from his forehead and breathed a sigh of relief.

However, when he raised his eyes, he saw that Timothy's handsome face was blacker than the bottom of a pot. Ronald immediately held his breath just as he was about to breathe out that sigh of relief.

Timothy said in a cold and extremely disgusted manner, "Get him away from me!"

Ronald nodded, squatted down slightly, and stretched out his arms towards the little boy. He lowered his voice and coaxed, "Hey there little kiddo, let me carry you up."

The little boy raised his eyes and glanced at Ronald, and at that moment, a disgusted look that was similar to Timothy's immediately appeared.

Ronald was speechless.

Was he not friendly enough? Probably not. He was much friendlier than the stone-cold Timothy!

Ronald suddenly remembered that there was some candy in his pocket and quickly took it out. He smiled very sincerely and said again, "Hey, I have some candy here. Come over and I'll give you some!"

At that point, the little boy turned his head away and refused to look at Ronald.

He then hugged Timothy's leg even tighter, as if he had already decided against letting go.

Ronald felt a little sad.

The only aspect by which he was probably inferior to Timothy was his looks.

What had the world become if even a three-year-old boy valued a person's face?

Since Ronald had failed to convince the boy, his greatest fear was that Timothy might get annoyed and just kick the boy away. Ronald had no choice but to say, "Mr. Barker, I think this child just got lost from his parents. He doesn't feel safe so he decided to stick with you."

"He's still young, and his parents are surely very anxious. We still have an hour before we have to board our flight, so why don't we send him to the lost and found office?"

The child was quite clean and his clothes seemed expensive, so the likelihood that he had been kidnapped was low and the more probable explanation was that he was a traveler's child.

Timothy glanced at Ronald without refusing that suggestion.

He just wanted to get rid of that troublemaking brat as soon as possible.

However, Ronald's voice softened once and he said, "Mr. Barker, you... I'm afraid you have to carry him up..."

It was not that Ronald was lazy and did not want to carry the boy...it was the boy who did not let himself be carried by Ronald!

Timothy's eyes instantly became cold and he pursed his thin lips slightly. He then bent down, grabbed the little boy's waist with both hands, and carried him up effortlessly.

The little boy wrapped his short hands naturally around Timothy's neck and did not seem the least bit afraid.

Ronald could not help but gasp at the sight of that.

That was the first time he ever saw a child who did not fear Timothy. He remembered a certain year in the past when Timothy attended a Children's Day event where all the children were afraid to get close to him as soon as they saw him. It was understandable, considering how scary Timothy's cold face was.

Timothy freed up a hand and removed the boy's short hands from around his neck. After a few seconds, the little short hand hugged his neck again, prompting Timothy to narrow his eyes at the boy. In an instant, the little boy withdrew his hands again.

However, the boy looked away and wrapped his hands around Timothy's neck again. His body became cold but he did not care anymore.

Ronald looked at it and had to stop himself from laughing out loud.

The little boy managed to subdue Timothy! How amazing!

Timothy did not bring the little boy to the lost and found office but went straight to the VVIP waiting room.

He then instructed Ronald, "Tell them to make an announcement and direct this kid's parents here so they can bring him away."

It was difficult enough for Timothy to actually humble himself and carry the boy there. There was no way he would be willing to wait there at the lost and found office.

Ronald nodded. "Okay, I'll go right now."

After walking into the VVIP room, Timothy unceremoniously threw the little boy onto the sofa. He looked down condescendingly at the boy and asked, "What's your name?"

The little boy did not brush off the question and answered solemnly, "Daddy, my name is Matthew!"

Chapter 311: What's Your Mother's Name?

'Matthew?'

Timothy cocked an eyebrow. How desperate were his parents to have a child that they would give him that kind of a name?

Seeing Timothy's silence, Matthew thought that the man was too amazed by his name and continued to proclaim proudly, "It was my mother who gave me my name. It sounds good, right!"

'What does that name have anything to do with sounding good?'

Timothy sat on the sofa opposite Matthew and folded his long legs gracefully. He then opened his lips and commented scathingly, "It sounds awful."

"Your mother must be uneducated."

Matthew firmly believed that his mother was the best in the world and could not stand to hear anyone say such bad things about his mother. He immediately froze and said coldly to Timothy, "My mother's the best! You can't say that kind of stuff about her. My mother's amazing!"

He was very protective of his mother.

If his mother was amazing, then what about his father?

The boy most probably did not have a father if he could call a random stranger 'daddy' while lavishing so much praise about his mother.

Timothy decided against provoking the kid any further because he did not want the little brat to cry and quarrel with him again. He asked patronizingly, "This 'amazing mother' of yours, what's her name?"

Someone who could give a name as tacky as Matthew would probably have a name that was just as tacky.

Matthew puffed out his small chest and raised his head before introducing the mother's name as if reciting aloud, "My mother's name is S—"

Timothy's cell phone rang before the boy could finish speaking.

He held up the phone to glance at the caller ID and swiped his finger on the screen to answer, "Hello."

Matthew had to stop talking.

On the other end of the line, Harmony's gentle voice was heard, "Hey Tim, why did you suddenly hang up just now?"

She was the one who called Timothy earlier and was worried that something had happened because he ended the call just as they were talking.

After a pause, she added, "Did something happen on your end? I thought I heard a child calling someone 'daddy'."

Timothy's black pupils glanced at Matthew. He curled the corners of his lips and answered lazily, "I met a little boy who called me Daddy."

Harmony was silent for a few seconds and reprimanded in a soft voice, "Children nowadays are just thoughtless and their parents just don't teach them well enough."

Timothy's expression sank slightly but he did not answer her.

Harmony keenly sensed that Timothy was a little unhappy but she did not know what he was unhappy about.

Could it be because children were mentioned?

After all, she still had not given up looking for a cure during the past three years. Despite trying various kinds of treatments, none of them seemed to have any effect.

Even if Timothy did not like children, he still needed an heir.

They were about to get married soon, but if she could not bear a child, Timothy would never be truly happy.

Moreover, she did not want to cause trouble for herself, since she had finally been able to marry Timothy after those three years.

Harmony bit her lower lip and was tactful enough to avoid bringing up the subject of children again. Instead, she said, "Your flight will be arriving tomorrow morning, right? I'll pick you up then. We'll talk when we meet."

"Okay."

"Be safe. I miss you."

Timothy hung up the phone and looked up to see the kid's big black eyes staring intently at the cakes on the coffee table. He gulped from time to time.

The cakes and tea were specially prepared only for VVIPs.

Timothy smiled with intrigue and set his phone aside on the coffee table. Then, he opened his lips and asked, "Want some?"

He lifted his chin and ordered some cakes.

Matthew looked up at him and nodded for a brief moment before shaking his head again.

Timothy cocked an eyebrow. "Do you or do you not want to eat?"

Matthew hesitated and answered truthfully, "I want to, but my mother said that I can't just eat outside food!"

'Is that so...'

Timothy stretched out his hand, picked up a small biscuit with his fingertips, then handed it to Matthew.

Matthew gulped again and ended up opening his mouth after failing to hold himself back.

However, Timothy laughed and retracted his hand, tossing the biscuit into his mouth instead of feeding the biscuit to Matthew.

He chewed and swallowed, then looked at Matthew's resentful eyes and said calmly, "Your mother's right. You shouldn't be eating any outside food!"

Matthew felt that he was being tricked.

His round eyes stared intently at Timothy to commit the man's appearance to memory, and he then said coldly, "You're a meanie! I don't like you anymore!"

'Meanie.'

Was the boy able to determine a person's nature through their character, even at such a young age?

Timothy picked up another small biscuit and tossed it into his mouth in front of Matthew.

After eating, he said, "What a coincidence. I don't like you either!"

Matthew's small face tensed up completely and he turned around, ignoring Timothy just as he ignored Ronald earlier.

Timothy ignored him as well and was happy as long as the boy did not cry and kick up a fuss.

He picked up a random newspaper and started reading.

Ronald happened to see that strange scene when he came back.

A man and a boy sat on the sofa face to face. The boy had a sullen expression while the man looked at the newspaper blankly.

Ronald wondered why he inexplicably felt as though the two of them shared a father-son relationship?

If he had not been by Timothy's side all that time and knew that the man did not father any children, he would have thought that the two of them were father and son!

Ronald walked in and cleared his throat twice to break the silence.

Timothy looked up lazily and Ronald quickly reported. "Mr. Barker, the airport is already announcing it through their PA system. The kid's parents will probably be here soon if they hear it."

"Okay," Timothy responded, then continued reading the newspaper nonchalantly.

Ronald sat next to Matthew and placed some pastries as well as tea in front of the boy. With a smile, he said, "Just eat whatever you want, little kid. Your parents will be coming for you as soon as they hear the announcement. Don't be scared!"

Ronald was supposed to be at an age where he should get married and have children, but unfortunately for him, he was too busy with work and did not have time to settle down yet. Whenever he saw children, he could not stop himself from being flooded with fatherly love.

Moreover, the little boy was so good-looking and adorable. It had been a long time since he saw such a child who looked as though they had been meticulously molded after a person's image.

'Wait a minute... Why does this child look kinda familiar? This can't be. The child looks too familiar!'

'Almost like... As if... As though... '

Ronald slapped his thigh. 'Doesn't the boy look just like Mr. Barker when he was still young?'

Those eyebrows, that aura, and even the vibe given off by that frowning cold face...was the same!

'Did Timothy have an illegitimate child?'

'You've gotta be kidding me. No, no, no, no... It can't be that bloody dramatic, right?'

For a split second, he was already thinking about those eight o'clock family drama television series and could not stop himself at all!

Ronald was overly excited and lost control over himself as he blurted out to Timothy, "Mr. Barker, did you—"

At the same time as his words, an anxious voice came from the door. "Matt!"

The three people in the room simultaneously looked over at the person who ran to the door.