

《Once Bitten, Twice Shy》

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Chapter 32: Nowhere to Turn

The crowd all took out their phones and started taking pictures or even recording the scene.

Nonetheless, Samantha knew that it would be inappropriate for her to cause a scene. Otherwise, she would only embarrass herself and might end up on the trending search on the internet or news headlines again.

“Alright. I’ll cooperate with your investigation, and I believe that you’ll prove my innocence.”

After she said that, Samantha let the police lead her away.

As Penelope’s wish to see Samantha be shrewish and make a scene was not fulfilled, she felt somewhat indignant. She hatefully complained, “Mommy, do you think that b*tch is really unafraid, or is she just acting?”

Penelope could still recall how ugly Sheena was when she was captured by the police last time. Why was Samantha so calm? It was as if she was going on a trip.

Violet was also surprised at Samantha’s composure. After all, she was still a young lady. It was impossible that she would not panic when such a thing happened to her.

Nonetheless, Violet felt that Samantha was just bluffing. It did not matter if she were not, as destroying such a lady like Samantha was as easy as pie for her.

Then, Violet patted Penelope’s hand and comforted her, “Relax. I’ve given an order earlier on. When she’s inside, someone will take great care of her.”

Penelope understood what Violet meant, and she immediately beamed. “Mommy, you’re so amazing! I really admire you so much!”

“This is nothing.” Even though Violet said that, she was still enjoying her daughter’s praises. Soon, her arrogance became more prominent. “The best part of the show is coming next.”

“Mommy, are you saying you’ll let me marry Timmy and become the madam of the Barker household?” Penelope’s eyes instantly lit up, and she sounded very excited.

Violet confidently nodded. “I’ve vented your anger, so stop obsessing over the insignificant Samantha!”

“Of course!” Penelope hugged Violet and said, “Once I marry Timmy, Samantha won’t even qualify to be my servant!”

...

In the interrogation room.

After Samantha truthfully explained the situation, it was time for the police’s questioning.

“Did you steal the thousand-year ginseng?” The policeman’s attitude was somewhat neutral.

Samantha affirmed, “I didn’t.”

“Then why was the thousand-year ginseng found in your bag?”

Samantha could not help but chuckle. “Shouldn’t you be the one investigating this? To convict someone, you’ll need physical evidence as well as a witness’s testimony. You have the physical evidence, but what about the witness?”

Then, Samantha casually took a sip of water and continued, “Did anyone see that I put the thousand-year ginseng in my bag?”

The policeman was left with no words. He had never seen a thief so courageous.

Nevertheless, he quickly regained his senses and informed Samantha, “We’ve sent someone to check the surveillance, and we’ll know the result soon. When that happens, I’d like to see how stubborn you still are!”

About ten minutes later, someone knocked on the door, and then another policeman walked in.

He notified them of the finding of the surveillance, “We’ve checked the store’s surveillance. Unfortunately, the corner is a blind angle for the surveillance, so it did not capture the thief in action.”

The answer did not surprise Samantha. Since Penelope and Violet had planned such a thing, they would be prepared for everything. It was impossible that they would let her off so easily, and this was not child’s play anymore.

Funnily, Samantha was just curious why an elegant woman like Violet would have such an arrogant daughter like Penelope. It seemed that it was all an illusion. After all, like mother, like daughter.

The policeman slapped the table. “No wonder you’re not afraid. You’ve found a blind spot earlier, so you weren’t captured in the act! Do you think you can escape the long arms of the law? I’m asking you for the last time. Did you steal the thousand-year ginseng? If you admit it now, we can still consider that you cooperate with us with good manners, and you’ll be given a lighter sentence. However, if you still refuse to admit it, then your crime will be serious!”

If Samantha really admitted it, then she would be in bigger trouble.

Samantha uttered word by word, “I’m also answering for the last time. I didn’t steal anything!”

“Fine. Since you’re refusing to acknowledge your mistake, we’ll hold you in custody. You’d better reflect on your actions!”

Hold in custody? Under normal circumstances, one could be released by bail if the evidence was not sufficient, yet now they wanted to hold her in custody.

It appeared that Violet’s deadly strike was this.

Once she entered the detention facility, she would have nowhere to turn, and they would be able to trample on her as they wished.

No. Samantha could not let things slide.

Of course, Samantha did not foolishly request bail. Instead, she bit her lower lip and showed a pitiful face. “Sir, I have no objection to how you’re handling things, but can I call my family? My grandmother is still waiting for me at home for dinner. She’s old, and if she can’t contact me, she’ll be really worried.”

“If you know that your family will be worried, then you should not steal!” The policeman reprimanded her, but he did not refuse her request.

“I’ll give you five minutes. You’d better be quick!”

“Thank you, sir!”

Samantha took the phone that the policeman passed to her, and she immediately called Rochelle.

However, Rochelle was not picking up her calls. Even after a few dials, the phone hung up automatically. Samantha was unsure what she was busy with.

Hence, Samantha had no choice but to leave Rochelle a voice message first.

She wondered when Rochelle would see that message. If she went on a business trip again, then she would not be able to save Samantha!

Thus, Samantha had to have two strings to one's bow!

Samantha kept thinking, but besides Rochelle, there was only Nancy...

Samantha did not want Nancy to worry about her, and if she found out, she would only make Timothy handle it. Of course, when that happened, Timothy would probably think that Samantha was using Nancy to get his help!

If that was the case, the only person that Samantha could turn to was Timothy.

Even though they had an agreement, it was only for acting in front of Nancy. If Nancy was not around, Timothy might not even care about Samantha's life.

Perhaps he would even celebrate and clap when he saw her in trouble.

As Samantha was still hesitating, the policeman suddenly opened the door and reminded her, "You only have one minute left. You should wrap up whatever you're talking about!"

Time was ticking! She could only try her luck!

Then, Samantha took a deep breath and quickly typed the number that she had memorized by heart.

Beep... Beep... Beep...

The sound rang in her ear, and her heart was ineffably beating faster too.

Thankfully, just before the call went into voicemail, the other party picked up. "Hello?"

It was not Timothy. Samantha frowned and asked, "Are you Mr. Crawford?"

"Yes, I am. You must be Ms. Larsson." Ronald could tell that it was her voice.

"Are you looking for Mr. Barker? Unfortunately, he's in a meeting right now, and it's inconvenient for him to answer your call. May I know if it's urgent?"

Samantha was in a hurry, so she simply explained her situation to Ronald.

"Mr. Crawford, please pass my message to Timothy.. Thank you!"

Chapter 33: ?Would He Come and Save Her?

Ronald wanted to ask more, but the five minutes were due. Soon, the policeman pushed the door open and abruptly took away Samantha's phone, saying, "Follow me."

Samantha took a deep breath, stood up, and followed him.

The guard searched her body and confiscated all the items on her. Then, she led Samantha to the detention room.

The guard opened the steel door and said coldly, "Go in."

Samantha walked in, and she heard the steel door behind her closing and locked.

As the detention room had no one, Samantha felt relief. She simply found a corner and sat there.

At the same time, she also wondered when Rochelle would hear her voice message, and also, once Timothy knew about her situation, would he come and save her.

She hugged her knees and thought... Would he come?

Time was ticking by, yet there was no movement outside the door. Samantha felt as if she had been locked up for a really long time.

Samantha did not know how long had passed, but she heard footsteps approaching.

Samantha listened as the sound was getting clearer, and it stopped at her door. Then, she hurriedly looked up, and her eyes lit up.

Did someone come to save her?

Was it Rochelle... or Timothy?

It should be Chelle... After all, Samantha did not dare to have high hopes for Timothy.

The door opened, and what she saw was neither of them but three strong middle-aged women walking in one after another.

Then, the guard closed the door and walked away.

The three women were looking at Samantha, and their gaze instantly changed. After glancing at one another, they surrounded Samantha.

When Samantha saw them, she had a hunch that they were trouble. Just as she had expected... Soon, Samantha became vigilant. She stood and clenched her fists.

She had checked the detention room. It was situated at the end of the hall, and sound could not easily be heard from outside. Hence, it would be useless no matter how much Samantha yelled for help.

Samantha always had her silver needles with her, and she could use them to attack her enemies. However, they were all confiscated when the guard searched Samantha's body just now. Thus, she could only rely on her bare fists.

It was either Samantha who knocked them down or vice versa.

The three women noticed Samantha's posture was as if she was ready for the challenge, and they laughed in disdain. Samantha was such a delicate young girl with soft and tender skin, so how would she be able to fight them?

One of the women said, "Little missy, you can't blame us. You're the foolish one who provoked the wrong person.

Samantha sneered. "Stopped speaking rubbish!"

"Hey, she has such a big temper. Sisters, let's teach her a lesson and show her the meaning of respecting her elders."

Then, the three women rushed toward her.

Samantha agilely dodged them, throwing unrestrained punches at them, and fought them.

Initially, the women looked down upon Samantha as she appeared weak, yet they were the ones who suffered. The ladies did not even really managed to hurt her. Instead, Samantha hit them a few times.

Hence, they instantly became angry and serious.

Although they were not properly trained in martial arts, they were strong, and there were many of them as opposed to Samantha fighting alone. Moreover, they were really good at annoying Samantha.

After a while, Samantha's energy was gradually depleting, and she was starting to lose.

The ladies laughed triumphantly. Then, they seized the opportunity, and two of them held Samantha's hand, forcefully pressing her against the wall.

Samantha struggled but to no avail.

The leading lady walked toward Samantha, grabbed her chin, and ruthlessly mocked, "Let's fight! Why aren't you fighting anymore? Weren't you quite capable just now? Are you out of strength already?"

Samantha smiled coldly. Then, the next second, she opened her mouth and bit the woman's finger.

"Ahh—" The woman yelled in pain and hurriedly pulled her hand back. The rage in her eyes was burning brighter. "You're digging your own grave!"

The woman on her left had bruises on her eye from Samantha's beating, so she spoke through gritted teeth in resentment, "Boss, this girl won't give up until it's too late!"

"Alright. Let's give her a taste of our ruthlessness."

The boss spat. Next, she took out a small hairpin that she hid in her tied hair.

She held the blunt tip and pointed the sharp edge at Samantha.

"Ladies, hold her tight!"

"Yes, boss!"

Then, the boss let out an eerie laugh. Then, she raised her hand and mercilessly aimed at Samantha's beautiful face.

...

Ronald listened as the phone abruptly hung up, and frowned.

Samantha's matter seemed quite urgent. Should he tell Timothy about it immediately?

If he simply interrupted the meeting and Timothy was unwilling to help Samantha, he would have to suffer Timothy's rage!

Timothy paced in front of the conference room, and he kept recalling Samantha's words. Nevertheless, in the end, he still could not sit by and not do anything.

Then, he tore a sticky note, wrote down the situation, and stuck it on a file. Then, after taking a few deep breaths, Ronald pushed the conference door open and walked toward Timothy's side.

He pushed the document to Timothy and whispered, "Mr. Barker, something urgent came up."

Timothy glanced at the sticky note on the document. There was no change in emotions on his face, and even his eyes were calm.

Seeing this, Ronald could not help but tremble in fear.

Oh no... This was it for him... It appeared that Timothy did not care about Samantha at all. Once the meeting was over, Ronald would be done for.

Ronald turned around as he wanted to leave the room and prepare his resignation letter.

Just as he took a step, he heard Timothy's deep voice rang, "The meeting will end here. Dismiss."

Everyone was stunned. They were discussing the most crucial matter, yet Timothy suddenly stopped the meeting?

Nevertheless, Timothy did not cast another glance at the crowd. Instead, he stood and walked out of the conference room in large steps.

Ronald was still in a daze, and he only came to his senses a few seconds later. Timothy should really stop scaring others like that. Ronald thought that was truly the end of him.

Then, he hurriedly followed Timothy.

Later, the car drove at high speed on the road, accelerating to the police station!

...

When he saw that the sharp hairpin was about to stab Samantha's cheek, the detention room door slammed open, and it was actually almost kicked open from outside!

The loud bang stunned everyone. Soon, a man with an imposing and fierce aura strode in.

Before Samantha could see who it was, she heard a wail by her ear.

Then, she saw a beautiful hand holding the boss's hand. Even though he was not using much force, Samantha could hear bones cracking.

She followed the hand and slowly looked up, and Timothy's beautiful face gradually became clearer in her line of sight.

Timothy came...

He was really willing to save her...

Samantha's eyes fluttered non-stop as she was still in disbelief.

Was she hallucinating as she was in a dire moment or was this real?

Chapter 34: Samantha's Husband

"Ahh—"

It was another scream of pain. The boss was thrown away, and she fell heavily to the ground.

Seeing that, the two ladies holding Samantha did not dare to press her against the wall anymore. Instead, they hurriedly let go of Samantha and ran to their boss in fear.

Samantha lost the support, and as her knees went weak, her body slid down along the wall.

Suddenly, the man reached out and wrapped her slender waist around his arm. Soon, Samantha found herself in Timothy's embrace.

The familiar breathing enveloped her. As her ear was coincidentally pressing against the man's chest, she could hear the man's stable heartbeats.

She looked up again. It was indeed Timothy...

She was not hallucinating—it was really Timothy!

Timothy lowered his gaze, looking at her face to find any injuries. Then, the anger in his eyes subsided.

He hugged her and turned to look at the trembling ladies. "How dare you touch my woman!"

The three women could not tell who he was, but the imposing aura and dangerous tone made them shiver.

None of them dared to say anything.

Timothy peeped at Ronald and ordered him indifferently, "Since they like to fight, then let them switch pointers. Only one of them can leave this room today. Whoever wins the fight, she'll get to leave!"

Timothy was giving them a taste of their own medicine! What a ruthless mean!

Then, Ronald nodded. "I'll handle it, Mr. Barker."

Timothy looked at Samantha again, and his gaze was profound with unreadable emotions. Next, he asked her, "Can you walk?"

After the quick rest, Samantha's strength returned slightly.

However, just as she was about to speak, Timothy carried her and walked out of the room.

Such a sudden action caused Samantha to widen her eyes in surprise, and she stared at Timothy in disbelief.

Samantha could not help but doubt whether she was dreaming again.

Nonetheless, she would not even dare to dream about such circumstances in the past two years.

Timothy carried her out of the detention room and directly walked toward the police station hall. It seemed as if he was going to carry her to the car that was parked outside.

There were many people outside, and they would surely recognize Timothy. If the public saw them or took photos of them, Samantha would surely once again become the topic of gossip in the entertainment news.

After all, her marriage with Timothy was just an act, and they would get a divorce in the future. Therefore, it was better to avoid trouble whenever possible, especially when she had heavy burdens herself.

Next, Samantha quickly said, "Timothy, I can walk on my own. Put me down."

Timothy glanced at her, and there was a hint of dissatisfaction flashing through his eyes. Nevertheless, he did not say anything, nor did he put her down. Instead, he just continued walking.

Samantha was annoyed as she really could not understand him.

Realizing that they were approaching the crowd, and she could not escape from Timothy's embrace, Samantha had no choice but to wrap her arms around his neck. Then, she hid her head inside Timothy's embrace, not letting anyone see her face.

Her action made Timothy pause in his tracks. Looking at how she was shrinking in his arms, Timothy thought that Samantha was somewhat adorable.

Soon, a smile appeared on his face. Then, he tightened his grip and walked out the door in big steps!

...

Penelope and Violet had been shopping the whole afternoon, and Violet had bought many new clothes and bags for Penelope.

As Penelope was in an excellent mood, she wanted to open a bottle of red wine that night and enjoy it with her mother.

However, just as when they reached home, Violet received a call from the police station. They informed her that Samantha's case was dropped, and it was all just a misunderstanding. Since she was not a thief, they let her go!

Violet was stunned, and she asked the person to repeat what he said.

When she heard that, Penelope's heart skipped a bit, and she asked in confusion, "How is that possible? Who could have such a great connection to settle Samantha's matter in such a short time?"

Violet was calmer than Penelope. Then, after pondering for a while, she asked the crucial question, "Who took her away?"

The person replied, "I'm not sure who he is, but I heard that Samantha's husband personally took her away!"

"Husband?" Penelope was so shocked that her voice became high-pitched. "Samantha is married? When? Who's her husband?"

This news raised Violet's eyebrows. What an unexpected turn of events.

Knowing that she could not get any more helpful information, Violet hung up the call. When she saw how angry Penelope was, she shook her head. "Why are you making such a commotion? Look at you! How are you going to the madam of the Barker household!"

"Mommy, I'm just surprised!" Penelope gradually held back her emotions. Nevertheless, she still could not help but comment, "Samantha is really a b*tch. She has a husband but still flirts around. Was she hoping for Timmy to fall in love with a sl*t like her? I'm calling Timmy now to let him know about Samantha's true colors!"

As she said that, Penelope went to take her phone.

However, Violet stopped her, and her tone was grave as she warned Penelope, "I've told you many times that we must plan ahead. How are you going to succeed if you always act so recklessly?"

Penelope noticed that Violet was angry, and she bit her lower lip aggrievedly, not arguing with her anymore.

Violet could not care less about Samantha's marriage, but she must find out who her husband was.

Then, she grabbed her phone and made a call. "Find out who is Samantha's husband as soon as possible."

After about two hours, the phone rang.

Violet picked up the call and listened to the person's reply, "Not long ago, Samantha married a wealthy man, and he seems to be really mysterious. Rumor has it that he's disfigured due to an accident, has odd tempers, and can't perform sexual acts. Hence, the reason is obvious."

Violet hummed in reply and hung up the call. Soon, a smile appeared on her face.

Penelope was also gloating. "That b*tch, Samantha, is really something else. She always manages to exceed my expectations. For the sake of money, Samantha was willing to marry such a man. It seems that since her disabled husband can't satisfy, so she can't stand the loneliness and pester my Timmy!"

"Alright, that's enough. Since we have something we can use against her, and she won't be able to do anything about it anyway, why don't we just let her go for the time being."

Penelope was really impressed with Violet, so she nodded and agreed, "Mommy, I'll listen to your words."

...

In the villa's bedroom,

As Samantha walked out of the bathroom after taking a bath, she coincidentally saw Timothy coming in, carrying the familiar medical kit in his hand.

She could not help but wonder if Timothy liked being a nurse.

The man sat on the sofa and said in his usual bossy tone, "Come here."

"I don't have new wounds. Actually, I didn't suffer much today. Instead, they were the ones that were hurt."

Samantha was telling the truth.

"Come here! Don't make me repeat myself!" Timothy sounded impatient.

Hence, Samantha decided not to resist and obediently went to him and sat opposite him.

Timothy reached out and opened her robe..

Chapter 35: You Broke the Rules

Samantha covered her chest out of instinct, and her cheeks reddened. Then, she bashfully and angrily scolded Timothy, "Timothy!"

She agreed to him checking her wounds and applying the ointment on them, but not to him taking advantage of her!

However, the man in front of Samantha appeared unbothered, as if he did not have any emotions. This made Samantha's rage slowly subside.

It was as if she was the one overthinking.

Hence, Samantha could only blush and let Timothy check her. Then, after making sure that she was not hurt, Timothy covered her with the robe.

Samantha was not sure if he was doing it deliberately or not, but when Timothy covered her with the bathrobe, his fingertips lightly grazed her skin. As they were slightly cold, Samantha's body shivered from the touch.

Timothy removed his hands, and he seemed to be smiling.

Samantha could see the tease in his eyes, and not only was her face getting warmer, but her body too. She suspected that Timothy was purposely flirting with her, but she did not have the evidence!

"Cough." Samantha let out a light cough and broke the strange atmosphere. Then, she covered herself with the robe tighter, and after pondering about it for a while, she said, "Thank you... for today."

She lowered her gaze and played with the lace of the robe. Her voice was somewhat soft as she continued, "I didn't expect that you'd be willing to help me..."

Even at that moment, she was still in disbelief.

Based on her relationship with Timothy, it was already good that he did not make things worse for Samantha. Nonetheless, he actually appeared in front of her at the most dangerous moment.

This was the treatment that she used to enjoy.

Samantha's words raised Timothy's brows, and his obsidian eyes fell on her face, saying in an indecipherable tone, "I can't believe that you'll thank me either."

Previously Timothy saved Samantha just in time, called the doctor to treat her, and even looked after her the whole night. However, she did not thank him at all.

Samantha was puzzled, and she looked up, suddenly meeting his dark eyes. "What do you mean? Although we're... I'm not an ungrateful person. If you helped me, I'd naturally thank you."

"Is that so?" Timothy's lips twitched, and he obviously disagreed with her words.

Samantha frowned deeper. What did she do now that made him misunderstand her gratitude?

Then, Samantha recalled what happened between them during this time. Suddenly, a thought flashed in her mind.

Could it be that Nancy was telling the truth? When Samantha was sick, it was really Timothy who found her just in time and saved her?

Moreover, the person that took care of her overnight was Timothy too? Was it not her imagination?

How could that be...

Samantha's heart was beating faster. Next, she pursed her lips and murmured probingly, "Timothy, when I was sick before this, was it you who saved me?"

Timothy sneered. He did not answer Samantha but questioned her back, "Otherwise?"

Samantha was stunned, and she did not react.

It was really Timothy...

However, Samantha could not be blamed for not believing that it was him. It was Timothy's attitude that made her dare not to think about that possibility!

"I..." Samantha stuttered. She wanted to explain herself, but after uttering just one word, she could not continue.

After all, Samantha could not tell Timothy that she thought he was a jerk back then, so she did not believe that he would do something so nice for her?

If she did, would she not be digging her own grave?

“Cough.”?Samantha was uncomfortable, and she coughed a few times. Then, she tidied her bathrobe, stood, and politely bowed at Timothy. “I formally thank you for helping me before and saving me today.”

Timothy slightly raised his head, looking at the woman in front of him. He did not want to take credit as she thought, but since Samantha wished to express her gratitude, he would not object to it.

Then, he showed a malicious smile. His voice was deep, and it sounded as if he was flirting and teasing her. “Is your life only worthy of those two words?”

Samantha was surprised, and her eyelashes fluttered. “What else do you want?”

Timothy’s smile became more profound, and he sized her up, languidly answering, “Do you still need to ask me? Don’t you remember what you did before?”

Before...

With his one word, Samantha’s mind was flashing with the images from the past.

Back then, Samantha’s ways of expressing her gratitude were straightforward as she really liked Timothy. Hence, she would directly hug and kiss him.

Watching her expression, Timothy knew that Samantha recalled the past, and his gaze became more profound. “So, how about it?”

The redness on Samantha’s face that just subsided instantly reappeared.

Sure, they could do it back then. Nonetheless, their relationship was different now, so how could she do it!

However, Timothy decided to tease Samantha, and he continued, “Didn’t you boast that you’re not an ungrateful person? Hmm?”

Even though Samantha knew Timothy was doing reverse psychology, she still did not want to budge.

Was it not just a kiss? It was not as if they never kissed before!

Then, Samantha clenched her fists tightly and released them. Next, she took a deep breath, walked a step forward, grabbed Timothy’s lapel, and leaned over, kissing Timothy on his cheek with her cherry lips.

Unexpectedly, Timothy turned his face sideways, and Samantha’s lips fell on his.

As their lips touched, their eyes met. Samantha's dark pupils instantly constricted, and her heart was beating wildly.

The next second, she abruptly retreated. "Timothy, you... you broke the rules."

Timothy wiped his lips with his fingertips, and his action seemed so seductive and ambiguous. Moreover, his voice was deeper as he said, "I broke the rules... Then, shall I let you break the rules too?"

Let her break the rules too? Would that not imply Samantha to kiss him again?

Would she not be the one suffering again?

Timothy was indeed a ruthless and greedy capitalist! He had calculated everything well!

"There's no need for that!" Samantha replied to him angrily. Then, she turned around, went over to the other side in a fury, laid in the bed, and covered herself with the blanket.

"Good night!"

If it were not for him saving her that day, Samantha would surely slap Timothy for taking advantage of her!

Timothy watched as her angry back walked away. Soon, his Adam's apple bobbed up and down, and he let out a joyous chuckle.

Samantha covered her ears and shut her eyes!

...

The following day.

When Samantha woke up, she glanced beside her and noticed that Timothy was not there. He probably went to work.

Soon, she got up, and after freshening up, she went downstairs.

Samantha accompanied Nancy for breakfast. When they were done, she changed her clothes and went out.

Later, the car stopped in front of the police station. Samantha got out of the car and looked at the entrance. Then, she walked in.

If Penelope and Violet had not provoked her, they could still live peacefully. However, since they wanted to cause trouble, Samantha would keep them company!

After settling the visitation procedure, Samantha was brought to the visitation room. She waited for a while, and someone finally walked over from the other side of the glass panel..

Chapter 36: I've Given Up

When the person saw Samantha, her eyes had a hint of surprise, and she paused in her tracks. Soon, she walked over and pulled out the chair to have a seat. However, her face was strict and vigilant.

Samantha smiled and took the phone that was placed at the side. Then, she raised her chin, hinting at the girl to pick up.

After hesitating for a few seconds, she picked up the telephone.

The woman spoke first, "Samantha, what are you doing here? Are you trying to add insults to my injury, and you're here to laugh at me?"

Samantha chuckled.

The lady's face instantly changed. She was so angry that she wanted to hang up the phone.

"What's there to laugh at?" Samantha answered her calmly.

The lady stopped in her act, and she was puzzled. "What are you here for?"

Samantha was too lazy to beat around the bushes, so she straightforwardly explained, "Sheena, I know you're not the mastermind behind my framing, and you're Penelope's scapegoat."

Sheena panicked, but she quickly suppressed her emotion and replied, "Without any proof, you can say whatever you want."

"What's wrong?" Samantha blinked her big beautiful eyes as if she had seen through Sheena's thoughts. "Do you think that I'm here to get information from you?"

Sheena did not answer Samantha, but her expressions betrayed her.

Soon, Samantha shook her head and burst into laughter. "Since you're willing to become a scapegoat, it only means that you have some sort of deal with Penelope, or perhaps Penelope has something on you. Hence, I naturally won't be able to pry open your mouth, so why would I come here and do such a foolish thing."

These words hit Sheena in her heart, and she could not help but have a new impression of Samantha.

Sheena did not know much about Samantha, but she knew that Samantha was a delicate socialite. After Timothy publicly broke off their marriage, Samantha went abroad. Their social circles also treated her as a joke.

Thus, Sheena also regarded Samantha the same as Penelope and thought she was a stupid but lucky girl as they were born into a wealthy family.

However, it seemed that Sheena had misjudged Samantha, and she should not have underestimated her.

Nonetheless, Sheena was still cautious, and she did not express any opinion but only asked, "And what about it?"

"You planned the framing incident, and that's why you're locked up for a few days in here. It's a punishment for you."

Then, Samantha tapped on the desk rhythmically with her fingers. "I think that's enough, so I'm here to tell you that I'll withdraw the allegations."

Withdraw the allegations...

Those three words were out of Sheena's expectation, and even her pitch went higher as she asked in disbelief, "You're letting me go?"

"Uh-huh."

Sheena took about a minute to digest the situation entirely. Soon, she seemed to have thought of something, and she frowned. "Samantha, do you think I'll help you and accuse Penelope just because you let go of me? Wake up!"

Samantha could not help but laugh again.

"What are you laughing at?"

"I'm laughing at your..." Samantha deliberately paused for a while before continuing, "wild imagination."

Sheena was embarrassed.

"Alright. That's what I'm here for." After saying that, Samantha was ready to hang up.

"Wait a second." Sheen hurriedly stopped her. "Are you really letting me go so easily? What are you planning?"

Samantha gave it a thought and pressed the phone against her ear, answering, "Once you get out, you should think about your future carefully. Are you going to become Penelope's lapdog again and do as she wishes... Or are you going to plan well for your future?"

After she said that, Samantha swiftly put down the phone, stood up, and walked away in her high heels.

Sheena sat there, watching Samantha's back dumbfoundedly until she disappeared from her line of sight.

...

When Samantha walked out of the police station, her phone rang.

She looked at her phone and noticed that it was Rochelle, so she immediately swiped her phone and answered the call, "Hey."

Rochelle's voice sounded raspier than usual, and she greeted, "My love, I'm so sorry. Something happened to me yesterday, and I didn't get to check my phone. Are you alright now?"

"It's alright now, so don't worry about it. I'm fine."

"Really?" Rochelle asked with a tone of disbelief. "Let's meet up. I'm afraid that you're holding back unpleasant news!"

Since everything was settled, Samantha gladly agreed, "Sure."

Thirty minutes later, the two of them met at a trendy coffee shop.

Rochelle pulled Samantha and sized her up a few times. She only felt at ease when she was sure that Samantha was not injured.

Then, she picked up the coffee and elegantly took a sip, asking, "So Timothy, that b*stard, actually saved you at the most crucial time?"

Rochelle sneered disdainfully. "How convenient! That b*stard got a chance to make himself look better in front of us!"

Samantha chuckled and took a sip of coffee too.

"However, that b*stard seemed to have some conscience. If he really ignored you, I'll knock on the Barker Group's door and ruin his place!"

Samantha gave Rochelle a thumbs up. "Chelle, you're right! You're so great!"

Rochelle suddenly fixed her gaze on Samantha, causing her to feel self-conscious, and she touched her face. "Is there something on my face?"

Rochelle's voice turned serious, and she gave an irrelevant answer, "Sammy, beware of the b*stard's loving trap, I'm scared that you..."

As Samantha knew what Rochelle was going to say, she interrupted her, "Don't worry. I've given up."

She did not dare to blindly guess Timothy's thoughts anymore.

Rochelle did not say anything more, and she only reached out to pat Samantha's head. Then, she changed the topic and asked, "You can't simply let go of this matter. Do you have a plan?"

"Of course." Samantha showed a crafty smile.

She had already laid out her opening moves.

...

The Dark Room.

After Sheena was released from the police station, she did not return to Schmidt's residence. Instead, she went to the bar and sat at the counter.

Usually, she would be there with Penelope, so the manager would personally serve them. However, not only was the manager ignoring her that day, but even the bartender was giving her the cold shoulder.

She had to shout a few times to get the bartender's attention. Soon, the bartender rolled his eyes and walked over. "Ms. Williams, the alcohol that you want is not cheap. Are you sure you can afford it?"

Sheena laughed in anger. "Are you looking down on me? I have the money!"

Then, she took out a card from her back and tossed it at the bartender's face. "Give me my alcohol!"

The bartender immediately swiped her card, but it showed: Insufficient funds.

"You're broke, yet you still act so arrogantly. You're nothing but Ms. Schmidt's lapdog. Do you really think that you're a rich socialite!" The bartender tossed the card back at her the same way as she did before. "Get lost now!"

A lapdog!

Those words provoked Sheena. Even a small bartender dared to make fun of her.

Soon, Sheena saw a familiar man's silhouette from the corner of her eyes, and her gaze froze.

Seconds later, she smiled. Then, she opened the collar of her shirt, showing her fair and ample bosom. After that, she followed the man.

Sheena pretended as if she accidentally bumped into him and directly fell into the man's embrace..

Chapter 37: I Can Satisfy Your Wishes

The man reached out to support Sheena. "Be careful."

He lowered his head and was stunned when he saw the woman in his embrace. "Sheena, what happened? Why are you drinking so much?"

Sheena acted as if she was in a daze. Then, she narrowed her eyes, wrapped her arms around the man's neck, and pulled his face closer to hers. She drunkenly inched closer to him as if she was trying to figure out who the man was.

As the two were really close to each other, Sheena's fair and ample bosom was in full sight. The man felt his throat tightened, and he gulped a few times.

"Ah. Mr. Schmidt, it's you..." Sheena finally recognized him.

He was Penelope's father, Justin Schmidt.

Soon, Sheena's expression became respectful, and she hurriedly backed out from Justin's embrace. "I'm so sorry, Mr. Schmidt. I drank too much."

However, her footing was unstable, and as she straightened herself, she immediately fell again. Hence, for the second time, not only did Sheena not get away from Justin's embrace, but their bodies were closer this time.

Sheena innocently bit her lower lip and bashfully apologized, "Mr. Schmidt, I'm really sorry. I... can't stand straight anymore..."

Justin was here to socialize and discuss business. Unfortunately, he also had a few too many drinks, and with Sheena's unintentional rubbing on him, his desire started to burn.

Moreover, he did not let go of Sheena's slender waist. Instead, Justin pulled her in closer.

"It's alright. Look at you now... You can't stay here anymore." He gave it a thought and said, "How about this? I have a room upstairs, so let me bring you up for a rest."

Then, Sheena looked somewhat gratefully at him. "Thank you, Mr. Schmidt."

Justin supported Sheena and walked toward the elevator.

When they were in the suite, Justin propped Sheena on the sofa and turned around to get a glass of warm water for her.

"Here, drink some water."

Sheena did not take the glass over, but she just looked at Justin dumbfoundedly. As she stared at him, her eyes started to get teary.

"Why are you crying?" Justin quickly put down the glass of water and sat next to Sheena. Then, he asked gently, "You were fine just now. What's wrong?"

"Mr. Schmidt, you're so nice to me," Sheena answered in between sobs, "It has been so long since someone treated me so well."

When Justin heard that, it immediately boosted his confidence, and he felt happy. After all, Violet was overbearing, and Justin would have to follow her every word. It had been a while since he enjoyed a woman's tenderness.

Next, Justin softly patted Sheena's back, and his voice turned gentler as he comforted, "Silly girl, isn't it just a glass of water? You're too easily satisfied."

"That's not it." Samantha started to cry, and she appeared pitiful. "Mr. Schmidt, everyone looks down on me, and they don't even treat me like a human. Only you care about me, and I'm really thankful for that."

Justin had also roughly heard what Penelope did. As a result, Sheena not only became a scapegoat, but everyone also ridiculed her. It was no wonder that she was so aggrieved.

At the thought of this, he took pity on Sheena. "This... What Penny did... She had indeed wronged you, and I'm apologizing on her behalf. Her mother and I spoiled her, but she's really a kind girl."

After a pause, he continued, "What type of compensation would you like? Let me know. I can satisfy your wishes."

Sheena instantly shook her head without giving it a thought. "Mr. Schmidt, you misunderstood me. I'm not blaming Penny, and I don't want any compensation. I did all those things willingly."

Then, she took a few breaths and wiped her tears. She pretended to be strong and said, "Mr. Schmidt, thank you for listening to my mumblings. I'm feeling better now, so I won't bother you anymore. I'll get going."

Without waiting for Justin's reply, she swiftly stood and left.

However, she accidentally tripped over the coffee table, and she shouted. Just as Sheena was about to fall to the ground, Justin quickly grabbed her hand and pulled her back.

Following the force, Sheena fell into his embrace, and she sat on his lap.

"Ahh—" Sheena looked up in fear. "That was so close. Thank you, Mr. Schmidt..."

Justin looked at the woman's flushed face. Those eyes were so innocent like a doe, her skin so supple and young... That beautiful face was relentlessly seducing him...

Justin had never paid attention to Sheena when she was following Penelope. Nonetheless, he finally realized that she was a beauty.

Not knowing if he was under the influence of the alcohol or Sheena's tenderness bewitched him, Justin held Sheena down, who wanted to get up.

Then, his hand grabbed the back of her neck, and he directly kissed her cherry lips.

At first, Sheena was slightly panicked, and she tried to push him away. Nevertheless, after pushing Justin a few times, she shut her eyes.

Justin quickly pressed her against the sofa...

...

A week later, Samantha received an invitation. It was for Justin and Violet's silver wedding anniversary, and they had invited many famous people from their circle.

When Rochelle found out about it, she sneered disdainfully. "Schmidt's mother-daughter duo is really malicious, and this is obviously a trap. Sammy, are you going?"

Samantha looked at the invitation in her hand, and she read the words 'silver wedding anniversary'. Then, she smiled and replied, "Of course! Why won't I? We're not sure who will fall into the trap."

It was a definite fact that the mother-duo wanted to go against her, and Samantha would not be able to avoid them. Besides, running away was not her character either.

Rather than they secretly schemed against her, Samantha would much rather face them in the open. Once she managed to lure them out, Samantha would destroy them!

Rochelle naturally agreed to Samantha's idea. "Alright, go ahead. Remember to be careful. However, even if you're in a tough spot, you still have me covering for you!"

Samantha immediately gave her some kisses.

...

In the CEO's office of the Barker Group.

Ronald knocked on the door and walked in. Then, he placed the documents on the desk first before passing Timothy the invitation card.

"Mr. Barker, Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt are inviting you to their silver wedding anniversary party, and they hope that you can attend."

Timothy did not even look at him. Instead, with a pen in his hand, he simply signed his name on the document.

"If it's not an important banquet, don't bother me about it."

Ronald was secretly stunned.

It seemed that Penelope had truly lost Timothy's heart. Previously when the Schmidts invited him over, he would still attend.

Ronald nodded. "Sure, Mr. Barker. I understand. I'll reject them right away."

Suddenly, Timothy's phone rang, and he picked up the call. It was unknown what the other person said, but his gaze froze.

Ronald was ready to walk out of the office, but Timothy suddenly stopped him. "Come back."

Hearing that, Ronald stood still and instantly turned around, making his way to Timothy.

Then, Timothy simply informed him, "I'm attending the silver wedding anniversary party.."

Chapter 38: Showtime

Ronald was puzzled by Timothy's reply. He initially thought Penelope had lost Timothy's love, but Timothy quickly changed his mind with just a call?

Timothy's thoughts were so hard to grasp.

Regardless, Ronald still dutifully replied, "Sure, Mr. Barker. I'll arrange it now."

...

The silver wedding anniversary party was held in the lavishly decorated Schmidt's residence.

Ever since Violet and Justin got married, outsiders had always regarded them as the prime example of a loving couple. Usually, those that mentioned them would always be envious and resentful.

Moreover, newlyweds loved to ask Violet and Justin to be their wedding witnesses in hopes that they could be the same as them, loving each other even after so many years.

Violet was clothed elegantly that day. Her dress was custom-made, and there was only one of it in the world. Penelope dressed just like a princess. Her long hair was bunned up, and there was a small golden tiara on her head. She appeared so beautiful that everyone turned to look at her.

The mother-daughter duo walked hand in hand down the stairs, and they caught the crowd's attention. Everyone was saying words of praise to them.

Penelope was on cloud nine from the compliments. Look! Her impressive family background gave her such wealth and confidence. Furthermore, she did not lack people fawning over her.

On the other hand, Samantha was just a down-and-out socialite, and she even married such an embarrassing man. Hence, Samantha had nothing against her!

Besides, after that day... Penelope would become Timothy's wife and the Barker family's madam! When that happened, she would let Samantha kneel and lick her feet!

Penelope invited Samantha because she wanted Samantha to witness how she stood at the top in an instance, destroying Samantha's wishful thinking!

At the thought of this, Penelope's smile became brighter.

Then, she swept her gaze across the room. When Penelope noticed that Samantha had arrived, she smiled and gathered a few of her good friends. Soon, they approached Samantha.

Samantha was surrounded, but she did not appear panicked and looked at them indifferently.

“Sammy, you made it.” Penelope showed a charming smile. “I was afraid that you were unwilling to attend due to our misunderstanding before this. Now that you’re here, I feel at ease. Mommy invited a Michelin chef to prepare the dishes. I bet you haven’t had such delicacies in a long time. Remember to enjoy yourself, don’t be shy!”

Samantha slightly raised her brows. Wow. Penelope actually became smarter.

Without waiting for her answer, Penelope’s friend chimed in.

The first socialite said, “Our Penny is so kind. The Larssons are going to be bankrupt soon, and she still treated Samantha as one of us. Not only did she not look down on her, she even invited her to the party. No wonder Mr. Barker likes her.”

The next socialite replied. “Isn’t that right? However, I’m quite worried. What if one of the attendees has an ill intention? After all, she used to be Mr. Barker’s fiancée. It’ll be so unlucky if she makes a scene!”

The third socialite also commented, “Penny, a beggar isn’t afraid of anything. You should be wary of a certain someone. I’m afraid that on the surface, they might be kind to you, but they are secretly thinking of ways to steal your man!”

“Hey.” Penelope playfully glanced at them. “Don’t say that. The Larsson family’s bankruptcy is not what Sammy wanted. She must be really distressed. Besides, Timothy publicly broke up their marriage before. She’s truly pitiful.”

Samantha quietly watched their performance, and she was not angry at all. In fact, she wanted to give them a round of applause.

It was such a waste of talent if they did not form a group and perform in an opera.

Nonetheless, Samantha only smiled and did not say a word. It was as if those people were only a few flies, buzzing annoyingly by her ears, and Samantha was entirely not interested at all.

Seeing her reaction, Penelope felt helpless as if she had been beating the air, and she was so furious that she clenched her fists.

Alright. Samantha could pretend all she wanted!

Once it was showtime, Penelope would like to see if Samantha could still continue her act!

Then, Penelope took her friends away in a rage.

Suddenly, her phone rang. Samantha took out her phone and saw that it was Rochelle who sent her a message on WeChat.

Rochelle messaged, [How's the battlefield?]

Samantha replied, [Everything's okay so far. Unfortunately, I'm unable to tell what's going on yet.]

[I received a news saying that your b*stard is also attending the party. The mother-daughter duo is really ambitious. Please watch out.] Rochelle warned.

Samantha replied, [Thank you, love. Kisses.]

After that, Samantha kept her phone and looked at her surroundings.

Timothy's attendance was not surprising. After all, Timothy and Penelope were in a relationship. It was natural that he would show up for his future parents-in-law.

However, Samantha could not care less about that. She was waiting for the true reason behind this silver wedding anniversary party, and she wanted to see what Violet and Penelope were up to.

Soon, a commotion started at the entrance, and Samantha turned to look.

Timothy arrived.

His tall silhouette appeared, and he was in a sharp suit. With his profound and chiseled features, he was beautiful from every angle, making others unconsciously admire him.

"Timmy, you're here."

Like a butterfly, Penelope gracefully approached him and stood by his side. It was as if she was making a statement to everyone that Timothy was hers.

Since Penelope was made fun of by their circles, and they even said she had lost Timothy's love, she must hypothetically slap them in the face with this!

Especially...

Penelope smiled faintly at Samantha, who was standing not far away.

However, Samantha was not even looking at them and was looking in another direction. Penelope did not know what she was looking at.

Damn it!

Penelope gritted her teeth.

Actually, Samantha took one look at them and turned her sight away. As she turned sideways, she saw an interesting scene.

Soon, she smiled and followed in that direction.

...

Later, Samantha went back to the dining hall again. There were more people now, consisting of high-ranking officials and influential people. It could be seen that the party this time was really grand.

Most of them were circling Timothy and Penelope, and they kept fawning over the couple.

Samantha snorted and took a glass of juice, slowly enjoying the drink.

Suddenly, a server that was passing by accidentally bumped into her, and he immediately apologized. "Miss, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to.

Samantha replied indifferently. "It's fine."

Then, the server left with the tray in his hand.

Samantha watched as his figure left, and she chuckled. When he bumped into her, he took away her phone.

It seemed that the mother-daughter duo's movie was about to start.

Samantha really wanted to see what they were planning this time, and she was somewhat excited.

Next, Samantha finished the juice in one gulp, put the glass away, and followed that server..

Chapter 39: Kill Two Birds With One Stone

Samantha trailed behind the waiter at a safe distance, and she even made sure she walked lightly. Hence, the server did not notice him, and Samantha managed to follow him until the end of the corridor.

When the server stopped, he looked around. After making sure that there was no one, he took out the phone.

Samantha did not know how he knew the password to her phone, but she saw him quickly typing something.

Samantha was hiding behind a pillar, and even though she could not tell what the server typed, she guessed that he sent out a message using her phone.

Next, the server waited until the message was sent, deleted it, and turned off the phone. After that, he threw the phone into a dustbin nearby.

As soon as he was done, he quickly left.

Samantha appeared from behind the pillar and swiftly walked toward the dustbin. Then, she took her phone out and turned it back on.

She recovered the deleted message and read through the content.

When Samantha saw the recipient's number, she was surprised. She did not expect that Violet would order the server to text Timothy!

The content was, [Get Timothy to come to the guest room on the second floor half an hour later. There's something important that I need to tell him.]

Samantha pondered for a while.

Initially, Samantha thought Violet invited her to this party because she was aiming at her. However, it seemed things were not as simple as she imagined.

Violet was not only planning against Samantha.

It was just as Chelle said, the mother-daughter duo was too ambitious.

If that was so, Samantha was really interested to know what they would do!

The guest room was upstairs...

Samantha smiled. Then, she tied her long hair into a ponytail and tore off the train on her dress. This way, she could move better.

Later, she walked back into the hall and blended herself into the crowd. After that, she snuck upstairs just when no one was noticing.

The second floor was empty, and it was extremely quiet.

Nonetheless, Samantha still carefully made her way to the guest room. When she reached the room, she first knocked on the door.

Only when she confirmed that no noises were coming from inside did she turn the knob and walked in.

Samantha quickly swept her gaze around the room. It was just an ordinary guest room and there was nothing special. Just as she was wondering about Violet's intention, she heard footsteps coming from outside.

Did he not say half an hour later? Why was Timothy already there?

Since there was no time for her to escape, Samantha made a prompt decision and walked toward the big closet. Then, she opened the door and hid inside.

Just as she hid, the guest room door opened, and the footsteps became clearer.

Samantha peeped outside through the tiny gap of the closet. It was not Timothy but Penelope and what seemed to be her housekeeper.

Penelope directed the housekeeper, "Hurry and arrange the things."

The housekeeper nodded and placed the tiny thing in her hand onto the decoration at the bedhead. After that, she took out a small incense, put it on the bedside table, and lit it.

"Ms. Schmidt, everything is in order," the housekeeper reported.

Penelope nodded satisfyingly. "You can go out and stay guard. Immediately inform me when Timothy comes up."

"Sure, Ms. Schmidt." Then, the housekeeper left the room.

Penelope's face was filled with excitement and yearning. When she thought about what would happen next, her cheeks flushed from the thrill, and even her voice was full of love. "Timmy, you'll be mine soon!"

Seeing this, Samantha had already known what the plan was.

The two items that the housekeeper placed were probably a pinhole camera and incense with a powerful aphrodisiac.

Violet and Penelope were scheming against Timothy!

Nonetheless, Violet was no fool. She knew well the consequences of offending Timothy. Hence, she used the thorn in her side, Samantha, as the scapegoat.

Therefore, Violet arranged for someone to steal her phone and tricked Timothy over. When Timothy came, he would be under the influence of the aphrodisiac, and Violet could put all the blame on Samantha.

As for Penelope, if she suddenly appeared at that time, she would become Timothy's antidote.

Their actions in the room would be recorded. Then, the video would become evidence to force Timothy to take responsibility for Penelope, and he would have to marry her.

To prevent any errors, Samantha guessed that Violet would make the situation more severe, by broadcasting it live.

Thus, when everyone saw what happened, the Barker family would have to be responsible for the Schmidt family, and they would have to get into a marriage alliance!

At that time, the person manipulated would only be Samantha, and she must bear all the blame.

Violet's scheme was to kill two birds with one stone. She was indeed smart and evil, unlike Sheena and Penelope, who were so simple-minded.

If she were less vigilant, she would already fall into Violet's trap.

It was such a shame that Violet was messing with the wrong person! Samantha was not a coward, and she would not let Violet push her around.

"Ms. Schmidt, Mr. Barker is coming up!" The housekeeper quickly ran over to inform Penelope.

"Alright. Thank you for letting me know," Penelope answered as she walked toward the bathroom, "Go and hide. Make sure to tell mommy when Timmy walks in. We can't afford to make any mistakes!"

There was no room for mistakes!

The housekeeper replied, "Don't worry about it, Ms. Schmidt. I know what to do!"

Then, she hurriedly walked out and softly closed the door.

A few seconds later, the door was again pushed open, and the man's steady footsteps could be heard approaching.

The scent of incense had already filled the room.

Timothy frowned, and he felt that something was up. The first thing he did was to cover his nose and mouth. However, he still could not avoid sniffing in some of the air.

Moreover, this smell was pungent. Even though Timothy was already immune to most drugs, he felt his body gradually warming.

Timothy's obsidian eyes were instantly bloodshot, and he swiftly walked forward to put out the incense on the bedside table. Then, he turned around and was ready to leave.

Penelope suddenly came out of the bathroom, and she was only wearing a bathrobe. The collar of her robe was opened, showing off her porcelain skin.

When she saw Timothy, she acted surprised. "Timmy, what are you doing here?"

Timothy's dark gaze fell on her face, and there was a gloomy light surging in his eyes. No one could tell what he was thinking about.

At the same time, the crowds downstairs were cheering. Finally, it was time to show a video on Violet and Justin's loving marriage.

Penelope could not care less, so she delicately exclaimed, "Timmy, I'm not sure what's happening... It's so hot and so uncomfortable..."

As she said that, she rushed toward Timothy with her cherry lips aiming at his.

Chapter 40: Scumbags

...

In the banquet hall.

The housekeeper approached Violet and whispered in her ear, letting her know about the situation in the guest room above.

Violet laughed appreciatively. "Great. We'll broadcast it at nine o'clock."

"Understood, Mrs. Schmidt." The housekeeper looked at the wall on the clock—there were only a few minutes left.

Violet looked across the room and frowned. Then, she questioned, "Where's Justin? We're supposed to have a speech together."

The housekeeper was also puzzled. "Mr. Schmidt seemed to be around just now. Was he dragged around to socialize, or maybe he's in the restroom? Do you need me to look for him?"

Seeing that the time was ticking, Violet secretly cursed at Justin. Nonetheless, she just shook her head and answered, "Let's ignore him for now. There's no time to wait for him and we have a more pressing matter in our hands."

"Alright, Mrs. Schmidt. It's time for you to give a speech now."

Violet tidied her hair and skirts, and she put on a friendly and gentle smile. Then, amidst the warm applause, she walked elegantly up the stage and faced everyone.

She stood in front of the microphone and smiled as she greeted, "Ladies and gentlemen, firstly, I have to thank everyone for taking their time out from the busy schedules to attend this silver wedding anniversary party between me and my love, as well as witnessing our many years of unchanged affection. I believe this won't be the last party for Justin and I, and we'll have a golden wedding anniversary party awaiting us as we spend the rest of our life with each other."

As Violet said that, she showed a happy and proud smile, causing everyone else to cast envious glances at her.

It should be known that among their social circles, most of them married through alliance, or even for the benefits. Many couples were happy on the surface, but they were fooling around in secret. Not many couples were like Justin and Violet. Although their families arranged their marriage, they were truly in love.

Moreover, everyone regarded Justin as a great husband. He was never involved in gossip, took care of his family, and loved and respected his wife.

After enjoying everyone's claps and gazes, Violet continued, "Next, please enjoy this video of our blissful relationship for the past twenty-five years."

The crowd gave another round of warm applause.

The big screen behind Violet lit up. However, it was not showing the video of their marriage, but a big bed with a man and a woman in an intense scene.

The exciting scene and noises sent chills down everyone's spines.

No one was expecting to see such a scene, and everyone widened their eyes in disbelief. Then, they turned to look at each other, and the crowd suddenly quietened.

The woman's breathing and moans were getting louder, and her voice was echoing in the hall.

Violet had been facing the crowd all the time, and when she saw everyone's expressions. She could not help but smile.

Penny did not disappoint at all. Was Timothy not under her control now? With this live broadcast, the Schmidts and Barkers' would surely be in-laws soon!

From now onward, Penny would be the Barker family's madam, and she would be Timothy's mother-in-law!

Nevertheless, she must play her part in this act. Violet immediately kept away her proud expression. Instead, she turned around to look at the screen and pretended to be shocked.

However, she ended up being completely stunned.

The couple in the video was not Timothy and Penelope, but the ones she least expected!

Justin and Sheena?!

How could this be?

Violet staggered, and she directly fell to the floor. Something seemed to break in her eyes, and the next second, she crazily roared, "Turn it off! Turn it off! Turn it off!!! Ahhhh... Ahhhh... Ahhhh!!!"

The maids were all dumbfounded, and they hurriedly rushed toward the broadcasting room. Nonetheless, there were too many people, and as it was too crowded, none of them could make their way to the room.

The live broadcast continued, and the guests regained their senses from the sudden visual shock. Then, they started to discuss among themselves, pointing their fingers at Violet.

She was just talking about how Justin and her were so in love, but now she was slapped in the face with this! In fact, it was a painful one too. This was just too embarrassing.

Violet had always been generous, elegant, and well-respected. How could she endure everyone ridiculing her?

Soon, she lost her sanity, and she roared at the crowd. "Stop watching. Stop watching! Stop watching!"

However, everyone was ignoring Violet. She was akin to a clown.

Violet scrambled to her feet, and she shoved away those useless maids, rushing to the broadcast room. Then, she pulled the plugs and pushed all the equipment to the ground.

After that, she ran upstairs with her hair disarrayed.

Justin and that b*tch servant's daughter! She must kill the pair of scumbags!

The housekeeper did not expect that such a thing would happen. However, she was certain that she connected it to the camera in the guest room, so why did it end up being Justin and Sheena!

Every guest had watched such a joke, and it would only turn into a bigger mess if Violet rashly looked for Justin and Sheena to teach them a lesson at that moment.

Nevertheless, the most important thing was to check on what happened between Timothy and Penelope.

If their matter was a success, they could use it to suppress Justin and Sheena's mess. That way, they could turn the table around!

At the thought of this, the housekeeper stopped Violet and quickly advised her on the pros and cons, persuading her patiently, "Mrs. Schmidt, please calm down. You can take care of that b*tch Sheena anytime you want. You have to consider Ms. Schmidt's side first! If you miss out on this, there wouldn't be any hope left for the marriage with the Barkers!"

Penny...

Violet almost bit through her lower lips. In the end, she still forcefully controlled her rage. Her housekeeper was right. She had already lost one round, and she must hold onto the only chance she had left!

After she handled Timothy and Penny's matter, she would teach Justin and Sheena, those scumbags!

Since the live broadcast was impossible, they could only bring the crowd upstairs to witness the show.

Then, Violet winked at the housekeeper, who immediately understood what she meant. Soon, she yelled loudly, "Where's Ms. Schmidt? Did anyone see her? Where did she go?"

After that, she looked at the crowd and asked, "Huh? Where's Mr.. Barker? Why's Mr. Barker not here too? Are they together? Where did they go?"

Chapter 41: Despair

The scene inside the room elicited yet another gasp from the crowd.

Penelope was practically naked as she held the clothes rack beside her. She looked intoxicated and her actions were very unbecoming!

After the initial shock, everyone could not resist continuing with the gossip again.

“Goodness, the Schmidts are a joke. Silver wedding anniversary? For all that lovey-dovey affection the mother was flaunting earlier, her husband had been cheating on her! And the daughter is hiding in the room doing God-knows-what... Just how touch-starved are they?...”

“And they say this is an ideal relationship? Fits more with the saying that too much PDA in a relationship is a sign it’ll end quickly. The things that they try so hard to show off are usually the very things they lack!”

“If I were in their shoes, I wouldn’t be able to bring myself to even meet anyone. Might as well dig a hole in the ground and bury myself there, hahaha.”

“Today really was worth it. All these antics were a joy to watch!”

Violet never expected such a scene to appear in the guest room. She could not believe it at all and paced back and forth a couple of steps as if she was certain she was merely seeing things.

Unfortunately, the crowd’s laughter reached her ears and violated her eardrums, causing her to let out a sudden scream. She then yelled like a madman, “Get out! Everyone, get the hell out of here. Leave right now!!!”

No one paid her any mind and their mocking tones became even louder. Some even took out their phones and took loads of pictures.

The room was warm, but Violet felt as though she was in the coldest depths of the netherworld. It was so chilling that her entire body trembled and her teeth were chattering.

How could that have happened...? How...

She should have gotten her crowning moment, standing tall on the stage at that moment. She was supposed to accept everyone’s congratulations instead of being taken for a fool twice in such a short period of time!

Nothing had slipped past her and she had never failed in her endeavors, so how could she be reduced to having to face such a miserable situation?

For the first time ever, she felt lost and desperate.

...

Samantha looked at Violet's myriad of expressions through the gap in the closet door. A smile appeared on her lips after seeing the latter's crumbling, frenetic expression.

'Your malicious intentions and vicious schemes backlashed, didn't it?'

As Samantha was thinking to herself, the man in front of her moved all of a sudden. She immediately returned to her senses and looked at Timothy.

She had already guessed Violet's intentions right from the start. When it came to the crunch, she used her cell phone to hack the video player downstairs, switching the broadcast to that of Justin and Sheena's.

Samantha previously withdrew her lawsuit against Sheena in the past because she knew that Sheena was the kind of person who would not take things passively. Sheena's ambition, however, was so great that she went right to Justin!

As for their raunchy goings-on, Samantha happened to see the two of them exchanging glances during the banquet before walking out of the hall together. She tailed them and eventually spotted the two people canoodling with each other as if nothing could separate them.

She decided to place an extremely small camera on the outside of Sheena's bag.

It ended up becoming pretty handy.

The live broadcast downstairs relieved her of her own precarious situation. She got out of the closet, kicking Penelope and knocking her to the ground so she would not be seen.

She originally wanted to help Timothy leave the room, but she never expected Violet to be so relentless. Just as the woman brought some people with her and rushed over, Samantha had to help Timothy hide back in the closet.

However, Penelope had already inhaled some of the aphrodisiac, causing her to act uncontrollably once the effect began setting in.

She only had herself to blame for ending up in an inescapable scenario.

...

The surrounding guests and onlookers were starting to pile on, but the housekeeper could not get them to leave simply by being polite. She had no choice but to go rough and slam the guest room's door heavily.

She then blocked the door and said to Violet, "Mrs. Schmidt, please calm down. It's important for you to be calm now!"

If Violet really did go nuts, no one would be able to handle the situation!

Violet was already biting her lower lip. Blood was starting to flow and she looked particularly horrible. A few breaths later, she supported her body and rushed to Penelope in a couple of steps.

She grabbed Penelope's shoulders and shook vigorously. "Where's Timothy? Where did Timothy go? He's definitely under the effect of the fragrance too. Where is he???"

The housekeeper saw Timothy smelling the fragrance with her own eyes. Even if he could break free of Penelope there, he would not be able to get out of the Schmidt's residence. There might still be hope as long as they could find him soon!

The fragrance's effect was too strong. Penelope was completely delirious and unable to recognize who was in front of her. She smiled sheepishly while hugging Violet and started kissing passionately, "You're a naughty boy, Timmy. I'm getting all restless now. Give it to me, baby. Give it to me!!"

Violet's clothes were pulled several times, irking her so much that she raised her hand and slapped her.

"You useless girl. Get a hold of yourself right now and tell me what the hell is going on here!"

Violet had practically used all her strength to slap Penelope, who crashed to the ground and was starting to bleed from the lips.

Violet grabbed Penelope once more, pulled her up from the ground, dragged her into the bathroom then turned on the shower and doused her head with cold water. "Are you awake now?"

"Ah—" Penelope cowered but regained some of her clarity. "Timmy... Timmy's here. He's here!"

"Where?" Violet asked sharply. "Is he still in the room?"

She left Penelope, walked out of the bathroom, and went to scan the bedroom.

...

Timothy's breathing became heavier and heavier. The fire within his eyes was burning bright, and since the closet had only a very small space, what he inhaled from his nose was nothing but the uniquely sweet scent from Samantha.

He gazed deeply at Samantha as his thin lips moved slightly, as if he was about to speak.

Samantha became frantic because there were too many people outside and he would be exposed as soon as he said a single word. It would spell disaster if anyone saw her hiding there with him.

However, she also knew that Timothy was under the influence of that aphrodisiac, making it useless for her to reason with him. She decided to reach out and cover his mouth.

The next second, however, she could feel the man's tongue licking the palm of her hand.

An electric-like feeling coursed through her instantly and she retracted her hand instinctively as her eyes widened.

The man opened his mouth and wanted to speak again.

Samantha heard Violet's footsteps approaching the closet and was unable to consider anything further. She put her arms around his neck, pressed her lips against his, and stopped his mouth from speaking once again.

Her movements were like a fuse, eliminating the darkness in Timothy's eyes as he wrapped his big palms around her slender waist. He pressed her body firmly against him, taking in all of her.

Samantha's dark pupils were wide and round. She wanted to retreat but he restrained her movements so she could only cater to him.

Violet's footsteps stopped right outside the closet door.