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Chapter 322: Might Not Be Divorced Yet

Instead, it contained two pictures.

Both pictures were similar, but on closer inspection, one would be able to notice the very subtle differences in the seals below.

That tiny little difference was a difference that was significant enough in terms of what they represent.

One of the pictures was true and the other one was false.

Samantha stared at it for a few seconds and her expression became increasingly serious as she replied: [What do you mean by this?]

There was a reply then. [If you're interested, you can check them yourself. If not, then just pretend you didn't see anything.]

That again!

It was the same as three years ago.

They deliberately threw bait to her and hoped that she would take the bait!

The person was smart enough to throw a bait that she could never ignore!

Samantha gritted her teeth and clenched her hands tightly. She glanced once more at the ring on the bedside table and had a conflicted look in her eyes.

...

The dinner date was set at eight o'clock.

Alan was restless all day and could not calm down, just like how it was when he asked her out three years ago.

He had been in a relationship twice before: once when he was in university and once when he started working.

However, he has been obsessed with medicine ever since he was a child and spent his time either studying or doing research. He could go so far as to coop himself up in a laboratory for half a month without ever coming out.

Therefore, his partners were either university classmates or colleagues in the laboratory because they were in contact with him for the longest period.

They were the ones who developed feelings for him and confessed to him. He could not say whether he liked nor disliked them, but since he did not find them aversive, he decided he could try being in a relationship with them to see how things went.

However, his partners were the ones who initiated the breakup too.

The reason for that was his indifference toward them. He continued to study and do research every day even though he was in a relationship, which caused his partners to feel as though there was no difference in whether or not they were dating.

As a result, they all broke up peacefully and became friends or colleagues.

He thought that relationships were like that. When two people shared the same career, were able to talk to each other, and did almost similar things, they could get married after dating for some time and have children after that. To him, that was probably how a person's life should be.

That was until he met Samantha.

She was a very disobedient patient.

He began to pay attention to her and worry about her because she did not cooperate with the treatment. He started feeling heartbroken because of her injuries. Whenever he saw her crying, he wanted to comfort her and see her smile again.

It was unfortunate that he had no idea he was developing feelings at the time. He simply thought it was the kindness and concern he showed because of his profession as a doctor.

When they met again later, she had already married someone else and became another person's wife. That was when he understood what his feelings were, but it was already too late.

He hoped that his love would be reciprocated and he did not want his affection to make her feel pressured. As a result, he endured his pain and recused himself in a very gentlemanly manner.

Little did he expect God to give him another chance.

He was a scientist who believed in science rather than the existence of a higher being, but at that moment, he felt grateful to whoever was up there due to Their willingness to send Samantha to him again.

At seven o'clock, he dressed up in a suit, wore the tie that Samantha gave him as a token of appreciation, then drove off.

His first stop was a florist, where he selected a few pink roses and asked the shop employee to pack them up for him. He brought the roses back into the car and then proceeded to drive towards the restaurant.

Alan stepped into the restaurant with ten minutes to go before eight.

The restaurant manager led him to the reserved table. He handed the flower to the manager and said, "Bring them out with the red wine later."

The store manager understood. "Alright, Dr. Sherwood."

After Alan sat down, he felt inexplicably nervous and adjusted his collar slightly.

Time passed slowly... Five minutes to go before eight... Eight o'clock sharp...

He looked at the door but did not see Samantha.

Alan frowned slightly.

It was understandable that some women were late, or if they deliberately came late due to their reservedness.

However, he understood that Samantha had a strong sense of time—either due to her cheerful disposition or because of the nature of her work—and would rarely be late.

Before he knew it, another five minutes had passed and Samantha was still nowhere to be seen.

Alan clenched his hand slightly.

Did...something hold her up...

Or did she decide not to come at the last minute?

That scene felt unusually familiar.

Three years ago, he went to the restaurant ahead of time and waited eagerly for her.

Back then, Samantha never came.

Would history repeat itself then? Would Samantha not show up even then?

The light in Alan's eyes dimmed considerably.

Just as the last ray of hope was about to disappear, a familiar figure suddenly ran in from the door.

Alan was stunned.

Afraid that it might be a hallucination, he closed his eyes and took a deep breath before opening them again.

The woman had glanced over at him and was walking in his direction.

She walked toward him with slow steps.

Her gentle voice sounded, "I'm sorry, Dr. Sherwood. I left home a little late."

She did come.

Alan smiled as he stood up and glanced warmly at her. "Don't worry. I just arrived too. I'm glad that you came."

'I'm glad that you came...'

Those words left Samantha's heart feeling sour.

Alan walked over and pulled the chair for Samantha. "Please have a seat."

"Thank you."

Alan returned to his seat after Samantha sat down.

He picked up the menu and handed it to Samantha, "I ordered some of the restaurant's signature dishes. Have a look and see if there's anything else you feel like having."

Samantha shook her head. "It's fine. I'm sure you ordered the food I like. The portion is probably enough too."

Alan smiled.

He was happy that she noticed his intentions.

He took the menu back and glanced inadvertently at her hand. The ring he gave her was absent from her slender and beautiful ring finger.

He could not help himself when his smile faded.

Samantha noticed his gaze and curled her fingers stiffly without trying to hide it from him.

She swallowed a few mouthfuls of saliva and spoke first, "Dr. Sherwood, I... I invited you to dinner today because I was prepared to put on the ring you gave me."

She linked her fingers together unconsciously.

"Just a second ago, I was already prepared to agree to you!"

Samantha closed her eyes. "But..."

After a few seconds, she opened her eyes and looked up at Alan while straining to say, "There's something I have to figure out, or else it'd be very unfair to you!"

Alan had an indecipherable expression and his voice was slightly deep. "What's the matter?"

Samantha's long, curly eyelashes trembled slightly and she pursed her lips before saying clearly, "I just learned that Timothy and I might not be divorced yet!"

The email sent by that person just now was a comparison chart of real and fake divorce certificates.

It was a reminder to Samantha that the divorce certificate she had might be a fake..

Chapter 323: Keeping Hostage

Numerous possibilities appeared in Alan's mind before Samantha's answer, but never did he expect it to be something like that...

He was genuinely stunned. "Might not be divorced?"

Samantha nodded. "I'm just as surprised."

Timothy was the one who handled the divorce back then, and his ruthlessness was such that she had no reason to suspect anything wrong with the divorce.

After getting the divorce certificate, she was in a bad state of mind and therefore did not read it at all.

As a result, she never would have expected that the divorce certificate would be fake.

In the meantime, she recounted everything that happened earlier to Alan.

He knew everything about her anyway and that additional bit of information was not going to make a difference. There were no secrets between her and him anymore too.

Alan's face became solemn after listening.

It happened so suddenly that they were all caught off guard.

A few seconds later, Alan looked up at Samantha and asked, "Do you believe what he said?"

The person just appeared out of nowhere.

Samantha was silent for a while before replying, "I don't want to believe what he said, so I have to know...what's really going on."

Alan nodded and said, "I'll get someone to check right now. You'll soon know the answer to whether you're divorced or not."

As soon as he said that, Samantha protested, "No. You can't do that."

After a pause, she added, "Sending someone over to the Civil Registry Bureau might be the easy way out, but at the same time, Timothy will know that I'm still alive if the records are checked. Then he'll know about Matt as well, and the both of us will never have a peaceful life anymore."

All her years spent in hiding would then be meaningless.

Alan clenched his hands suddenly and roared weakly, "I know. Of course, I know."

He took a deep breath and suppressed his emotions to the best of his ability. He then said, "Sorry. I shouldn't have lost my temper with you."

Samantha's heart ached like never before.

Alan had always been gentle and doting in front of her, like a warm ray of sunlight. He never said a single harsh word to her and never once raised his voice at her.

He was truly a gentleman ever since the day he was born.

Samantha felt extremely guilty to see him act like that because of her.

She shook her head, then asked in a very gentle voice, "You don't want me to go back, do you, Dr. Sherwood?"

For the moment, the only thing she could do was go back by herself and find out the truth in secret.

She brought the divorce certificate with her when she went to Aharromoggh three years ago, but her bag fell to the ground after she had been kidnapped.

After she 'died', whatever remained of her belongings was sent home.

She had severed ties with her parents, so sending them to her parents' place was out of the question. The only other people they could be sent to were either Rochelle or Timothy.

It was better for her belongings to be in Rochelle's hands.

If they were with Timothy, it would be far more troublesome for her.

In any case, she had to get to the bottom of it at all costs.

How could she justifiably be with Alan if her divorce was invalid? How was she to give Matthew a complete family?

The best-case scenario was if the divorce certificate was in Rochelle's hands. Samantha could then secretly go home, compare it with the divorce certificate Rochelle had, and come back after ascertaining that the divorce certificate was real.

She did not have to worry if Rochelle knew that she was still alive. The entire world might betray her, but Rochelle would never do such a thing.

Rochelle would always be on Samantha's side.

Alan looked at her silently with a desolate look in his eyes.

He finally said, "My honest answer? Yes!"

He was afraid that something would happen to her again.

He was afraid that she would get into trouble again.

He was afraid that she would not come back again if she returned.

Samantha lowered her eyes and kept quiet.

She would not have wanted to go back either if she had a choice. She had gone through hell just to struggle out of everything.

There were times she still dreamt about suffocating under the ocean, but there was something far more uncomfortable than that suffocating feeling—her endless despair.

The man she loved wanted her dead.

That nightmare was something she would never be able to forget for the rest of her life.

After a long while, Alan finally caved in and said, "You should go back, Sammy."

He laughed in spite of himself as he said, "I know that you won't be able to pretend as if nothing happened and continue living peacefully if you don't go back."

"So, go back. Get to the bottom of it."

After a few seconds, he lowered his voice slightly, "Just... Remember to come back."

Samantha's eyes felt slightly teary. "Thank you."

He was the same as always and only had her interests in his heart all the time. Even if he was unenthusiastic about what she did, he would never make things hard for her.

What did she do to deserve his care and kindness?

She pursed her lips lightly and tried to speak in a relaxed tone. "I'll leave Matt in your care, then. You can...take him hostage."

'That way, you don't have to worry about me not returning.'

If Matthew was with him, she would still have to come back alive even if she had to go through hell.

Alan was amused. "Sure. I'll take good care of this hostage."

...

At the airport, Matthew hugged Samantha tightly and wailed, "Mommy, I don't want you to go! Don't go! Don't leave me behind!"

Samantha was also very reluctant to leave Matthew behind.

After she gave birth to him, they were practically together all the time and had never been separated for too long before.

Samantha hugged him back and coaxed, "Be good okay, Matt? You like Uncle Alan, don't you? You can stay with him for the time being."

Matthew did not give in and said, "But I like Mommy more! I don't want to be away from Mommy!"

When the time was almost up, Samantha had no choice but to be firm. She pushed Matthew away gently and helped wipe his tears away as she said, "Matt, you're a three-year-old boy now, and boys shouldn't cry so easily. I'm going on a business trip, and I'll be back soon."

Matthew reluctantly stopped crying but continued to hug her neck. He tried to confirm with her, "How long is soon?"

Smart kids were not easy to fool.

Samantha did not know how long it would take to handle everything, so she could not give him a definite timeline, lest Matthew felt cheated if she did not come back within the time frame.

She thought for a while and replied, "I bought you several Gelo sets at home. By the time you finish putting them together one by one, I'll be back before you know it, okay?"

Matthew had always been quick when putting together those Gelo blocks. He could finish several sets easily and felt that his mother was giving him a very reasonable time frame. He nodded reluctantly and said, "Pinky swear!"

Samantha smiled and stretched out her pinky to hook his little hand.

She stood up and looked at the still-silent Alan. She hesitated for a while but eventually opened her bag and took something out of it.

Samantha handed the item to him and Alan's expression changed slightly when he saw what it was.

Chapter 324: Returning to The Country

Samantha had taken out the ring box that contained the ring he gave her.

She was going to return it to him at that moment...

Was it a formal rejection because she still had Timothy in her heart?

"Sammy..." Alan did not take the box and spoke in a somewhat obscure voice.

Samantha looked at his expression and knew that he had misunderstood. She could not help but chuckle and said straightforwardly without explaining anything, "You can put it on me when I get back, Alan!"

That sentence alone was enough.

Sure enough, Alan was stunned for a moment and then a smile gradually appeared in his eyes. He raised his hand and took the jewelry box while replying gently, "Alright."

As he said that, he stepped forward abruptly and opened his arms to give Samantha a tight hug.

Samantha's body became a little uneasy out of instinct, but she did not push him away and relaxed soon thereafter.

Alan was a gentleman even when hugging her. After about ten or so seconds, he let go of her and said with a smile, "Have a safe journey."

"I will." Samantha looked reluctantly at Matthew and Alan. "I'm leaving then."

Alan bent down slightly to pick Matthew up. The two of them looked at her and Matthew shouted hesitantly, "Come back soon okay, Mommy!"

"Remember to be a good boy, Matt. I have to go now!"

Samantha waved stiffly at them before forcing herself to turn around and step into the gate.

She feared that she could not bring herself to leave if she dilly-dallied and was a step slower.

The plane took off.

Samantha looked at the clouds outside the window, the scene of which seemed to bring her back to three years ago.

At that time, she left determinedly and never thought of coming back, but life was always unpredictable and things turned out contrary to her wishes.

She could only hope that it was all a false alarm.

If she got things done quickly, she would be able to come back soon and did not have to be away from Matthew anymore. Perhaps...she could even build a new family with Alan.

...

At Capital City, Harmony enthusiastically gave a speech on her latest project in the Barker Foundation's conference room. She believed it would be excellent and had the potential of becoming the company's biggest developmental project.

After finishing her speech, she sat down with a confident expression on her face.

That project could assist people in addition to expanding the Barker Foundation's influence.

Of course, her ultimate goal was to raise her reputation as high as possible.

She promoted that project because she needed enough influence to cement her position in the foundation after she married Timothy and became Mrs. Barker. She wanted to become a woman who could truly be on par with Timothy!

That way, she would always be valued by 'that man' and 'his' side would not get any funny ideas.

After all, 'his' power could not be underestimated.

However, she was also doing it for legitimacy because she valued her reputation. The last thing she wanted was for people to label her unworthy of Timothy even though she had already become Mrs. Barker.

She wanted to use her influence to stop those pesky remarks!

Harmony scanned the crowd and asked, "Any objections?"

Everyone glanced at each other and said nothing.

Harmony could not help but smile. "Since there aren't any objections, this project will be a go!"

As soon as she said that, the door of the conference room was pushed open with a bang.

The first thing everyone saw was a pair of slender, fair legs. They were as beautiful as a work of art.

As one's gaze traveled upward, her body and face became even more stunning. Her beauty was charismatic yet unique, like a forbidden allure that was typical of a goddess. One could only admire her from afar due to her unapproachable nature.

Rochelle walked in and grabbed the nearest chair to sit down. With her legs folded gracefully, she said lazily, "I have objections."

The smile on Harmony's face froze the moment she saw Rochelle walk in.

Rochelle happened to be away that day, which was why Harmony held the meeting in an attempt to act first before explaining everything thereafter. Unbeknownst to her, Rochelle had rushed back at the very last moment!

Harmony wondered which mole tipped Rochelle off.

She calmed her anger, looked at Rochelle, then said, "You didn't even listen to the contents of the meeting, Ms. Tyrell, and you voiced your objection only after we ended the meeting and made a decision. Don't you think this is inappropriate?"

Too many projects have failed to bear fruit under Rochelle's interference during the past few years, and Harmony was already at her patience's end!

"Oh?" Rochelle hooked her lips. "In that case, Ms. Johnson, I'd have to trouble you to put in a bit of extra work and explain it to me again. "

"You!"

How could she possibly repeat it when she needed nearly an hour to give her speech earlier? 'Am I your dog? Do you think I'm supposed to bark when you tell me to?'

Harmony replied indifferently. "The project has already been decided on anyway. If you wish to object, may I remind you to come earlier next time, Ms. Tyrell!"

"It's decided? Who decided it?" Rochelle cocked an eyebrow. She stretched out her beautifully slender fingers and pointed randomly at one shareholder, "You?"

The shareholder shook his head repeatedly. "I didn't say anything."

Rochelle pointed to a second one. "How about you?"

The second shareholder denied it at once. "I haven't voted yet."

The other shareholders also showed that they had not voted yet.

Harmony's face had already turned dark.

Rochelle laughed and mocked enthusiastically, "Seems to me you're the one who decided by yourself? If you alone have the final say, why even bother pretending to hold a meeting!"

Harmony gritted her teeth. "What do you want, Ms. Tyrell?"

Rochelle shrugged her shoulders. "The same old rules. Deciding via a vote."

That group of shareholders was adept at taking advantage of a given situation. They always promised her in front of her, but whenever Rochelle was present, everyone sided immediately with Rochelle.

Harmony knew that they were only doing so because her husband was Jonathan.

Jonathan was the kind who did everything based on Rochelle's mood. He would move to annihilate anyone who dared to make Rochelle unhappy.

They would be lucky if they only lost a bit of money. Many shareholders conveniently went missing for a couple of days or had their homes broken into in the middle of the night and were shot in the head.

Therefore, the group of shareholders did not dare to sing a different tune from Rochelle on top of expressing their unwavering support of her.

Harmony would definitely lose in a vote.

She closed her eyes.

Getting angry was pointless. Rochelle had always centered her actions around pissing Harmony off and making the latter feel ruined.

Harmony forced a smile, "Let's postpone this project for the time being since you disagree. I'll make some more improvements on it."

Her attitude surprised Rochelle.

Harmony had never given in that easily in the past three years. What was going on?

The meeting ended and everyone left.

When Rochelle got up, she heard Harmony calling her, "Ms.. Tyrell, please stay."

Chapter 325: Wedding Invitation

Rochelle stopped and looked askance at her. "What's wrong? Planning on butting heads with me in private?"

She was looking forward to it then. It was high time she yanked out all of Harmony's hair!

Harmony flashed her typical pretentious smile and approached Rochelle step by step as she said, "Of course not, I..."

She deliberately paused, then said, "...want to give you an invitation!"

Harmony glanced at her assistant, who hurriedly handed an invitation over to Harmony. She then handed it to Rochelle and said, "Tim and I are getting married on the first of next month. Make sure you come early that day!"

Rochelle lowered her eyes and looked at the invitation.

The design was incredibly magnificent and there was even a gold seal.

There was a wave of unstoppable anger burning in her chest and her expression sank tremendously. Samantha never had anything like that when they were married.

When it was Harmony's turn, she made a point to show off in front of Rochelle.

Rather than show her anger, Rochelle smiled and raised her hand to take the invitation.

She smiled at Harmony the next second and rudely ripped up the invitation before throwing the pieces right into Harmony's face.

Harmony did not expect her to do that and was utterly stunned.

Rochelle said with a sneer, "You're a mistress. Stop being such a disgrace. I don't want an invitation to your wedding with that b*stard. I might only consider accepting an invitation if it's for your funeral!"

"You..."

Harmony's original intention was to piss Rochelle off, but the latter's immediate retort made her eyes turn red with anger.

Everyone treated her respectfully whenever they saw her ever since Timothy announced the wedding. No one dared to offend her, except for Rochelle, who seemed to be blind to everything!

Harmony clenched her hands tightly and tried hard to restrain her anger.

It was not yet time for her to fight back. She just needed to endure it a little longer until she got married to Timothy. Once she became Mrs. Barker, Rochelle would finally be trampled under her feet!

Harmony forced out a smile and left without saying anything.

The assistant bowed at Rochelle and caught up to Harmony.

Rochelle sat down at one place and had to take a deep breath before she could barely hold back her urge to kill.

Although she managed to get the upper hand in that exchange, Harmony's performance disgusted her to no end.

Samantha died tragically, yet that scumbag of a couple was getting along pretty well during those three years and was even getting married!

Even though she made life difficult for Harmony during the past three years, it all amounted to nothing because none of the things she did could affect Timothy in the slightest.

In the end, she still could not avenge Samantha.

When Rochelle exited the company, Blockhead had already driven the car to the door and stopped there to wait for her.

She walked over, but instead of walking to the back seat, she walked directly to the driver's door. She opened it and said to Blockhead, "Get out! I'll drive myself!"

When Blockhead saw her expression, he knew that Rochelle was in an extremely petulant mood at the time and should never be offended!

Without so much as another word, he immediately undid his seat belt and got out of the car.

Rochelle sat in the car, started the engine, and said to Blockhead, "Don't follow me!"

The man nodded.

During the past three years, Rochelle 'compromised' with Jonathan and got him to ease his control over her by a considerable amount. He did not make Blockhead follow her all the time and allowed her to spend time outside his supervision.

Rochelle floored the gas pedal and the car sped out.

She was in a particularly bad mood, so she drove the car directly to the racing track and put on her racing suit. She hopped onto her racecar and started racing around the track.

To her surprise, another car drove next to her just as she was about to drive from the starting line—it was a clear sign that the other car wanted to race with her.

Rochelle's lips curled up.

'Perfect!' Since everything in the world was pissing Rochelle off and someone was willingly offering themselves to be her punching bag, she would be happy to fulfill their wishes!

The two cars drove at the same time.

Rochelle had superb racing skills, the kind that emphasized technique above everything else. She did not take her opponent seriously at all, given that she could win against Jonathan.

However, she gradually began to get serious halfway through the race, because the car beside her was driving like a madman.

While her driving could be described as being reliant on proficiency and skill, the racecar next to her did everything the wrong way and truly drove crazily. Amazingly, the driver always managed to avoid danger at the very last second.

It looked less like racing and more like...running for one's life...

In the end, Rochelle was a second slower and the other racecar crossed the finish line first.

She parked her racecar, got out, then looked at the racecar beside. She wondered just who that person could be.

The door of the racecar opened and the person inside got out.

She expected the person to be a tall man, but it turned out to be a slender and petite woman...

Furthermore, that person seemed a little familiar.

She turned around and looked up at Rochelle. She did not even take off her helmet and merely looked at Rochelle through it.

Rochelle looked at her as well.

The person looked a little familiar... Remarkably familiar.

Rochelle looked at the person for a few seconds and blinked a few times before tears welled up slowly in her eyes.

It was broad daylight, so what she saw could be a dream or a ghost...

Rochelle lifted her feet and walked toward the person.

She walked initially, but her pace soon sped up and she ran to the other woman. She hugged the woman tightly and opened her mouth to say something, but her throat was hoarse and nothing could come out of her mouth.

Samantha rarely saw Rochelle cry. The latter's motto was always 'better to bleed than to shed tears.'

However, Rochelle was leaning on Samantha's shoulder with tears falling slowly.

She hugged Rochelle tightly as well and her eyes were slightly red too.

Everything they wanted to express in words had been expressed within that hug.

...

Back at Rochelle's apartment, she tugged at Samantha's limbs and examined them carefully. Then, she touched Samantha's chin just to make sure and even checked to see if Samantha had a shadow. Finally, she could breathe a sigh of relief only when she made sure that Samantha was walking with both feet on the ground rather than floating.

Samantha shook her head and laughed. "I'm alive. Really!"

Rochelle took a tissue and wiped away her tears. Once her mind was clear, her anger shot up and she said, "Amazing! You were alive this whole time and you never bothered to tell me a single thing! I cried so much during these three years that I practically washed my face with tears every day!"

"I'm sorry, Chelle." Samantha hugged her arm and said, "I couldn't tell you at first, but then...there were too many factors and it just ended up like this. It wasn't intentional. Really."

Rochelle had a stern look on her face and was unwilling to forgive Samantha just like that. She demanded an explanation. "What happened three years ago? How did you survive? What happened after that? Explain every single thing!"

Samantha knew that Rochelle was really angry because she would feel the same if she was in Rochelle's shoes. After all, her death had left Rochelle devastated.

She nodded, "Okay, don't get angry. I promise I'll tell you everything."

"Okay. Go ahead!"

Samantha narrowed her eyes slightly and thought about what happened three years ago. She then finally opened her lips..

Chapter 326: I'm Curious to See How You'll Persuade Me

Samantha began her story with the kidnapping. Rochelle frowned as she listened to it and her anger was surging uncontrollably.

Even though she was already convinced Timothy did it, hearing Samantha say it herself made her feel like murdering him!

On the contrary, Samantha seemed very indifferent at that moment, as if she was telling someone else's story instead of her own.

She stretched out her hand and held Rochelle's hand gently while comforting, "Okay, okay. I'm fine, aren't I? It'll be a waste of your emotions to get angry at someone who isn't worth your anger."

Rochelle looked at Samantha in distress.

Even though Samantha seemed to make light of it, Rochelle could still feel her despair and pain at the time.

She did not want to let her recall that feeling again, so she suppressed her anger and asked, "What happened after that? How were you saved? I went there as soon as I could, but I couldn't even save you!"

"You're right." Samantha nodded. "You came quickly enough."

Rochelle responded immediately and rushed over as soon as it happened.

In the end, she was simply not fast enough to be of any help.

She thought about it and continued, "I don't really know what happened next because I sank into the water and suffocated to the point where I lost consciousness. I thought I was dead at the time too."

"Anyway, I was already in the hospital when I next regained consciousness. The first person I saw was Dr. Sherwood. He was the one who saved me."

"Dr. Sherwood?" Rochelle raised her voice suddenly and sounded extremely surprised.

Then, she asked in confusion. "But how could he have saved you in time when even I couldn't reach there quickly enough?"

Samantha replied, "According to Dr. Sherwood, he happened to be in Aharromoggh for a meeting at that time and was planning to come and see me. He then happened to receive a call from Dr. Jameson, who told him that I was missing, and immediately hurried off to find me."

"I'm fortunate that he came quicker and managed to rescue me not long after I was submerged in the water. If that didn't happen, even God would have a hard time saving me!"

Rochelle had the feeling that something was off but could not quite put her finger on what it was. She could only sigh and say, "It really is a coincidence."

However, half a month after Samantha's 'passing', she called Alan and asked him to take good care of Corey. He did not mention a word about Samantha to her after the rescue and even left her to mourn.

During the three years after that, she called Alan once in a while to ask him about Corey's situation but he still never said a thing.

"Why didn't he tell me that he saved you? He never once told me that you were still alive!"

Rochelle was initially very angry already, but her anger had truly shot through the roof now!

"What's wrong? You can't trust me? Do you think I'll betray you?"

Samantha had expected Rochelle to be angry after giving an explanation, so she immediately reached out to hug Rochelle. "Babe, won't you let me finish!"

Rochelle looked at her coldly with an expression that said, 'Show me how you're going to coax me'.

Samantha sighed softly. "Dr. Sherwood didn't tell you at first because I was in really bad shape. I was submerged in the water for too long and my baby's condition wasn't very good either. Dr. Sherwood kept on persuading me to save my own life and give up the baby.

"But I didn't want to. I insisted on keeping the baby. I wanted to survive and I wanted my child to survive too. With everything that happened then, I might not be able to make it if my baby didn't make it too."

"Dr. Sherwood was under so much pressure at the time and he was busy treating me every single day. He didn't have time to think about anything else. When my condition stabilized later on, I read on the news that you had reconciled with Jonathan, and I was the one who decided not to tell you."

Samantha looked at Rochelle seriously, "Chelle, you know how we are. We both hope for happiness for ourselves. When I saw you letting go of your resentment and accepting Jonathan again, I decided that I didn't want you to worry that much about me anymore. I wanted to let you continue believing that I was dead."

"Chelle... Don't blame Dr. Sherwood. If you want to blame someone, blame me."

Rochelle's anger still did not subside and her voice was cold, "Don't think that you saying that will make me any less angry!"

Samantha blinked. "Then what do you need to do to calm your anger down? Would you like to punch me?"

She leaned her face nearer on purpose. "You can hit me however you like. I won't dodge!"

Rochelle clenched her fists immediately. "You think I wouldn't dare to hit you?"

Her grieving, the deal she had to make with Jonathan to avenge Samantha...all of it was for naught! The reconciliation and whatnot were all pointless!

"Okay, hit me then!" Samantha pursed her lips tightly.

Rochelle swung her fist towards Samantha's cheek. The latter did not dodge or avoid it at all and merely stood there. At the last moment, however, Rochelle retracted all her strength and merely gave Samantha a gentle punch.

The strength she used was much lighter than being tickled.

Samantha could not help but laugh and even her eyebrows were curling up into little arcs.

Rochelle gave her a sullen look. "You're only lucky that I can't bring myself to do it!"

"Babe, I have another piece of good news for you that will help you ease your anger," Samantha added.

Rochelle glanced at her and said, "What good news? Are you and Dr. Sherwood getting married?"

Samantha was could not be bothered to explain and immediately took out her cell phone. She clicked into her photo album and showed the screen to Rochelle.

She said bluntly, "Your son is three years old now!"

Rochelle was stunned.

Although Samantha managed to survive, Rochelle did not bear much hope for the child. After all, Samantha was submerged underwater while being pregnant at the time. It was remarkable that the baby's life could be saved and was even delivered safely. Furthermore, the baby was already three years old!

Rochelle's big, charming eyes stared at the picture.

His tender face, fair skin, delicate facial features, and long eyelashes were so adorable that they made her heart melt.

It was exactly as she had imagined the baby to be!

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH... My son, he’s too handsome!!!” Rochelle screamed like a madwoman.

It was so loud that Samantha nearly became deaf.

Rochelle would never let out such a maniacal shriek even if she met the most handsome guy in the world!

She snatched Samantha’s phone and admired the picture frantically, “I’ll be magnanimous enough to forgive you for the sake of my son!”

Samantha was speechless.

That there was human nature at its most genuine!

Samantha instantly felt that her position in Rochelle’s heart had been replaced by her little boy.

Then again, she was fine with giving way to him.

Rochelle admired the photos while asking, “What’s his name?”

“Matthew. M-a-t-t-h-e-w.” Samantha replied simply.

Rochelle immediately understood the meaning of his name. “If that’s the case, why did you come back?”

Why would she come back if she wanted to stop feeling anything for Timothy?

Did she find it difficult to reconcile with the fact that Timothy and Harmony were getting married?

Hopefully not!

That scumbag was not worth an ounce of nostalgia at all!

It was time to get down to business and Samantha’s expression became solemn too. “I came back because of the divorce certificate.”

She roughly explained to Rochelle about the email from that mysterious person, then looked at Rochelle seriously and asked, "Were you the one who took what's left of my belongings, Chelle?"

Rochelle's temper began flaring up at the mention of that and she said angrily, "I was supposed to get it when it was handed over! I was just...one step too late. It was snatched away because I was one step too late!"

Her words suggested that...it was not with her!

Samantha's heart thumped. "Does that mean....it's with Timothy?"

Chapter 327: Fishing for Information

Although Rochelle wanted to answer in the negative, doing so would not change the truth and she could only nod her head and say, "Yes... It's with Timothy."

Since the news of Timothy's divorce from Samantha had not yet been made public, he was a step faster than her and took her belongings because she was her husband.

When she arrived, the belongings were already with Timothy and there was nothing she could do about it!

The situation could not be any worse...

Samantha was puzzled. "What would he want my personal belongings for?"

Timothy had no feelings for her and even wanted to murder her. There was nothing in her personal belongings that Timothy needed, and it was unlikely that he took them to reminisce about his time with her.

A sudden thought occurred to her the next second and her face became increasingly serious.

Rochelle became anxious when she saw that too. "What's wrong, Sammy? Don't scare me!"

Samantha looked up at her and said, "I'm worried that Timothy might take my personal belongings for the purpose of destroying them."

After all, he was the one who sent someone to kill her. Perhaps he was worried about whether there would be any clues in her personal belongings that would point to him, so he decided to take them and destroy them outright. That was tantamount to erasing all her traces and there was no longer anything else he needed to worry about.

Timothy was a man with meticulous thinking and it was not impossible that he would do such a thing!

“If it is destroyed... Doesn’t that mean that you won’t be able to get a divorce certificate for comparison?” Rochelle was both angry and resentful. “If I had known back then, I would have fought with him for your belongings and insist on bringing them with me at all costs!”

Samantha patted her shoulder to console her. “I know you’ve tried your best.”

She sighed again, “If that’s the case, the only way left is to check with the Civil Registry Bureau.”

Unfortunately, that method was just too risky.

Once there were traces of an inquiry, the fact that she was alive would be exposed if Timothy had been monitoring it.

“No.” Rochelle seemed to suddenly remember something. “There’s still hope!”

“There is?”

Rochelle said, “I remembered back then that Ronald was the one who handled all the formalities. Ronald has always been around that scumbag and is his most trusted assistant, so there’s a possibility that he would know something!”

More importantly, Ronald was an upright and relatively ‘naive’ person. Getting information out of him was pretty easy and it was not that difficult to deal with him too!

Samantha’s eyes lit up slightly.

It would be great if they find out about it from Ronald, but she felt somewhat sorry for him too.

Unfortunately, desperate situations called for desperate measures and she could only ‘trick’ Ronald for the time being and make it up to him when she had a chance in the future!

Samantha nodded. “Go ahead and call him then.”

Rochelle made an ‘OK’ gesture.

She took out her cell phone, cleared her voice, then dialed Ronald’s number and put it on speaker.

After ringing for some time, Ronald finally answered and spoke in a very respectful voice, "Hello, Mrs. Yates, is something the matter?"

Samantha covered her lips and could not help but smile.

Ronald still viewed Rochelle with that much respect and awe even after so many years.

Then again, Rochelle was a queen who struck fear in all but a few men!

Rochelle asked lazily, "Ronald, I heard that your scumbag of a boss is getting married again on the first of next month!"

When Ronald saw Rochelle's call, he was certain that she was going on a fault-finding expedition when she called him. Although he did not want to answer the call, he was afraid of ignoring it too. Her words were so blunt that his expression became incredibly bitter. He answered weakly, "Yes, Mrs. Yates. Mr. Barker...will be getting married next month."

After a pause, he added, "If there's anything you need from me, please...just let me know, Mrs. Yates."

'Don't keep me in suspense. You're making me anxious.'

"Don't you think it's inappropriate for him to keep his previous wife's belongings now that he's getting married to a new one?" Rochelle's voice was hoarse and alluring, but her words were extremely sharp. "Tell that scumbag to hand over Sammy's personal belongings, or else I'll bring a K98 rifle to crash his wedding day celebrations!"

"Both that scumbag and that pretentious b*tch Harmony would get a bullet in their heads!"

Ronald was speechless.

He nearly died on the spot.

Ronald could laugh it off if he heard anyone else say that, but he did not dare to treat it as a joke when it was Rochelle who said it!

She was precisely the kind of woman who could do such a thing!

After all, she did bring a gun and point it to Timothy's head last time.

However, if he were to relay that request to Timothy, he was the one who would receive a bullet in his head—courtesy of Timothy!

Both sides would be the death of him!

Ronald was about to cry, "Mrs. Yates, please...don't put me in a tight spot."

Samantha could not bear it any longer. She gave Rochelle a look and motioned to her to stop bullying Ronald the nice guy.

To think that Rochelle could almost push a grown man to the brink of tears as she spoke.

After Rochelle received the hint, her tone softened. "I just had a dream yesterday where Sammy blamed me for failing to even protect her personal belongings. I panicked, and I feel depressed. Did that scumbag store her personal belongings properly when he received them?"

"Or, did he destroy them? Is that why Sammy's spirit can't rest in peace and came to complain to me in my dream?"

Ronald was able to answer that question and breathed a sigh of relief as a result.

He hurriedly said, "You can rest assured, Mrs. Yates. Her personal belongings are probably still around since Mr. Barker never told me to dispose of them when I took them back and handed them to him."

"Besides, he was once married to Mrs.... I mean Ms. Larsson, even though they had already divorced. Since Ms. Larsson is already dead, Mr. Barker would not go so far as to destroy her personal belongings. Why would he even want to keep them if he really wanted them destroyed?"

Rochelle snorted coldly. 'It's possible, considering how heartless he is.'

Based on Ronald's statements, however, there was still a 50% chance that Samantha's personal belongings still existed.

Their next step was to determine where Samantha's personal belongings were placed.

Rochelle continued her efforts. "Have you seen Sammy's personal belongings after that?"

Ronald replied truthfully. "I...did not."

If he never saw them again, then they were unlikely to have been placed in the office and would probably be where Timothy lived.

The last thing they had to do was determine Timothy's itinerary, that way, they could take advantage of his absence to secretly steal the divorce certificate!

Asking blatantly was out of the question. Rochelle did not know how to work her way around that question and frowned slightly.

Samantha thought for a moment and picked up her cell phone. She opened a memo app and immediately typed out a sentence.

Once she was done, Samantha held the phone in front of Rochelle and motioned for her to look over.

She glanced over at it and enthusiastically gave Samantha a thumbs up. Samantha was sharp-witted and smart enough to figure out an idea.

Rochelle once again spoke in her characteristically nonchalant and contemptuous tone, "Oh, Ronald..."

Chapter 328: He's Back!

Ronald trembled uncontrollably on the other end of the line.

He wanted to tell her, 'Mrs. Yates, if you...have something to say about that scumbag—I mean, Mr. Barker, you should just go to him! There's no reason for you to come and punish a tiny little assistant like me.'

Ronald immediately felt lowly, weak, and pathetic.

Rochelle continued, "Are you free tomorrow night? How about we have a cup of coffee together?"

That question came as a bolt from the blue!

Could it be that Rochelle still did not give up on her intentions to hire him as an assistant?

Even though he loved money, he cherished his life even more!

Besides, he could still earn plenty of money while working for Timothy!

Ronald refused unhesitatingly. "I've been very busy recently, Mrs. Yates. Very, very busy. I don't even have time to sleep, let alone have coffee."

"Hehe." Rochelle's voice became colder. "What are you so busy with that you don't even have time for coffee? You'd better convince me with a good reason, or else you're obliged to have coffee with me!"

"I'm not lying to you, Mrs. Yates. I genuinely have no time tomorrow night!" Ronald quickly thought about his schedules, "I have to accompany Mr. Barker to a banquet tomorrow night and I really have to go!"

"Is that so?"

"Yes. I can assure you! If you don't believe me, you can verify it for yourself." Ronald told her the time and place of the banquet, as well as the organizer and all other related information in one breath.

He was worried that Rochelle would not believe him!

"Sigh, that's unfortunate," Rochelle said in a very regretful tone. "Another time then. Goodbye."

Ronald's anxious heart finally felt at ease after hearing the click on the other end.

He wiped the sweat from his forehead and thought to himself, 'No next time. Please.'

...

Samantha poured a glass of warm water and handed it to Rochelle, saying, "Thanks for your trouble."

Rochelle took it and immediately tilted her head back to drink it all in one gulp.

After piecing together Ronald's information, there was a 50% chance that Samantha's personal belongings were still kept at Timothy's place. The coming night was a perfect opportunity for them to act because Timothy would be out socializing.

Samantha thought about it for a moment and frowned again.

Rochelle asked immediately after seeing that, "Are there still any problems?"

Samantha said, "I'm just wondering whether or not my personal belongings will be kept in the villa or in the hotel that he always stays in."

"I can answer that for you: they're in the hotel!" Rochelle replied immediately.

"Why are you so sure?"

A cold smile appeared on Rochelle's lips. "Because Timothy is disobedient. He argued with Old Madam Barker because of what happened to you and he doesn't go back to the villa too often."

That was the last thing Samantha wanted to see. It was also why she agreed with Timothy that she would hide the divorce.

She never expected things to reach such a stage!

Samantha found it difficult to comprehend Timothy's disobedience.

Although Timothy treated Samantha terribly and was very cold to outsiders, he was extremely dutiful and caring to Old Madam Barker. How did everything end up like that?

Could it be that he was acting not only in front of Samantha but in front of the old lady too?

Did he really love Harmony so much that he would do anything for her at everyone's expense?

'Enough!'

Samantha shook her head and avoided thinking about Timothy.

Her utmost priority then was to find out whether she had divorced Timothy. Whoever he loved had nothing to do with her!

She should stop worrying about his affairs!

After calming herself down, Samantha said, "In that case, we'll go directly to the hotel tomorrow night, find a way to get into his room, and locate that divorce certificate!"

Rochelle nodded. "Yes!"

The phone rang all of a sudden and Rochelle glanced at the caller ID. There was a touch of impatience in her expression when she saw that Jonathan was the one calling.

Although she was given a bit of freedom, she generally still lived under his watch most of the time.

It was very annoying.

Rochelle did not want Samantha to worry too much about her affairs and squeezed out a smile. "I have to go back, Sammy. You can stay here with peace of mind. Jonathan's people won't be here, and no one will discover you. I'll come by to pick you up tomorrow morning after getting Blockhead off my tail."

Samantha answered, "Okay. Go back then. You don't need to worry about me. I'll see you tomorrow."

After she left, Samantha took a quick shower and leaned on the bed to give Matthew a video call.

After chatting with Matthew for more than an hour, she reluctantly ended the call but did not feel sleepy even as she lay down on the bed.

She was unsure what the cause of her insomnia was. It could be because she was separated from Matthew, or because she was going to steal the divorce certificate the next day, or maybe because...she had returned to Capital City again.

Capital City was a place where all her bad memories were made and she had somewhat of an aversion to it.

However, it was also apparent that Capital City was where she made the best moments in her life and was once happy, albeit only for a short time. All of that came from Timothy too.

The irony was uncanny.

Samantha could only hope that things went smoothly the next day so she could bring an end to her stay at Capital City.

...

At eight o'clock the next evening, Rochelle drove Samantha and arrived at the hotel.

Rochelle used her connections well in advance and Samantha was able to change into a housekeeping staff's clothes. Samantha put on a Bluetooth earpiece and pushed a housekeeping trolley upstairs.

Meanwhile, Rochelle stayed in the hall downstairs so she could be notified in time if anything untoward happened.

Since she had lived there for a certain period before, Samantha was already familiar with the place. She took the elevator upstairs, went directly to the door of the room, and swiped the key card to enter.

As soon as the light was switched on, the room in front of her burst into her eyes.

The layout was the same as three years ago, and some of the lingering memories seemed to play right in front of her.

Samantha closed her eyes abruptly.

'Things aren't the same as they were three years ago. Whatever happy moments I experienced here were all a lie.'

'They're all big fat lies that broke my heart to pieces!'

She reopened her eyes after a few seconds and her emotions were no longer fluctuating.

Time was of the essence, so she searched the room swiftly.

She had no choice but to search in every nook and cranny because the suite was rather huge.

She could not find it in the table, the chair, the cupboard, or the dressing room...

However, she was a little surprised when she looked at the dressing room.

She thought that Harmony would have at least stayed there at some point during those three years. After all, they were about to marry. To Samantha's amazement, there were no women's clothes in the dressing room.

Of course, it could also be possible that Timothy spent his nights at Harmony's house.

It was probably a good thing that Harmony never stayed there, or else Samantha would feel her eyes turn sore if she saw Harmony's clothes there!

She searched the entire room and found none of her belongings. All that was left was the safe in front of her.

However, she respected Timothy's privacy back then and never asked him for his password.

Her only recourse was to guess blindly!

Just as Samantha was about to do a proper guess, Rochelle's anxious voice came from the Bluetooth earpiece. "Bad news, Sammy.. The scumbag's back!"

Chapter 329: My Hands Will Get Dirty If I Touch You!

Samantha's eyes narrowed suddenly.

Why would he be back at that time? By a normal banquet's standards, he would have to stay for at least an hour or two before coming back, but it had only been just over half an hour!

Then again, she was never able to guess Timothy's thoughts!

She knew that she had better leave soon or else she would be in danger of being discovered!

However, was she really going to let her efforts be in vain on the off chance that the divorce certificate was inside the safe?

There might not be many opportunities like this anymore!

Samantha bit her lip. After grappling with her thoughts for a few seconds, she was unwilling to give up just like that and said calmly, "Could you help me stall him for five minutes, Chelle?"

Rochelle and Timothy had been mortal enemies and even five seconds was difficult enough for her, let alone five minutes. In any case, Samantha had already pleaded with Rochelle, leaving her no choice but to steel herself through the ordeal!

She told Samantha, "I'll try my best, but you hurry up too, Sammy!"

"Okay!"

After ending the call, Samantha looked intently at the safe's combination lock. Her mind went on overdrive and one by one she entered different sets of passwords.

It was a six-digit password.

She tried Timothy's cell phone password, the six digits on the back of his identification card, the numbers he used frequently, and various combinations of his birth date.

None of those worked.

She frowned and quickly took out her cell phone to find out when Harmony's birth date was. None of the combinations she tried using those numbers worked either!

Samantha was stumped.

If none of the passwords used by someone as indifferent as Timothy was his numbers or that of his true love Harmony, who else could it possibly be?

It could not possibly be her, right?

Although she knew that it was impossible, she was running out of time and she could try her luck with it!

Samantha pursed her lips and hurriedly entered various permutations using her birth dates.

It was still the wrong password!

Time was passing by the minute, and she was getting so anxious that a thin layer of sweat appeared on her forehead. At the same time, she felt extremely puzzled too.

What password could he possibly have set?

She clenched her fists in frustration and slammed the door of the safe!

In the end, she did not have much hope and gritted her teeth as she entered another six numbers.

Unexpectedly...

She heard a beep and the door of the safe opened!

Samantha was still a little stunned and blinked a couple of times to confirm that she had entered the correct password!

However, those six numbers...

...

At the hotel lobby, Rochelle took a deep breath and got up. She strode right up Timothy in her high heels and blocked his way.

The man lowered his eyes and looked at Rochelle's face. His lips curled into a smirk and he asked, "You?"

Ever since she attempted to kill him three years ago and was dragged away by Jonathan, she had never appeared in front of him since.

The contempt in Timothy's eyes was obvious. "What's up? Trying to kill me again?"

He let her off once for Jonathan's sake because she was Jonathan's wife, but that did not mean she could just provoke him again and again.

Rochelle looked at that scumbag's face. If she had a gun in hand, she could not guarantee that she would not try shooting him again. She gritted her teeth and quelled her anger as she sneered, "Karma will come for people like you. I don't want to dirty my hands by laying a finger on you!"

Timothy's expression did not change in the slightest when he heard her words. Instead, his ice-cold gaze swept across her slender neck. It was so delicate that the simplest of snaps could break it.

“You should leave if you don’t want to be killed!”

Rochelle did not fear Timothy that much, because she would not have called him a scumbag all the time otherwise. After all, Timothy was nothing to be worried about if she was able to deal with a demon like Jonathan.

At that moment, however, the way he glanced at her neck inexplicably made her feel a chill down her spine.

It could be described as the kind of sinister feeling that resembled being stared at by a poisonous snake.

She even shuddered subconsciously as a result.

It had only been three years since she last saw him, yet the vibe he gave her was markedly different compared to before.

Timothy used to be very cold in the past, but his disposition naturally left people in awe of him. That had since changed, and the chill emanating from Timothy’s body would intimidate people even more!

Rochelle’s instinct told her not to provoke Timothy. It was too dangerous an endeavor!

She could not back down for Samantha’s sake!

Timothy had ordered for Samantha to be killed three years ago. If he found out that Samantha was alive and even gave birth to a boy, Samantha and Matthew might suffer from a life that was worse than death!

Rochelle gulped heavily and did not give in. She forced herself to look right at Timothy’s eyes and said, “I came to you because I want you to return something to me!”

‘Return something.’

Timothy pondered over those two words and wondered which one of Rochelle’s belongings was with him.

Rochelle seemed to know what he was thinking and did not keep him in suspense. She said bluntly, “You’re going to marry Harmony next month, so I assume Sammy’s personal belongings mean nothing to you now. I hope you’ll return them to me. You don’t feel anything for Sammy anyway, but I do, and I want to keep some things that remind me of Sammy.”

“Heh.” Timothy sneered as if he had heard a joke and ignored her request. “I said, move it!”

'Bloody hell!'

Rochelle clenched her fists so hard and was trying hard not to punch that damned man in the face!

She glanced at the hotel's wall clock and saw that only two minutes had passed. In any case, she had to delay him for another three minutes!

After only a few seconds of conflicted emotions, Rochelle finally decided to go all out and pursed her lips heavily. Her voice weakened and she said, "Timothy, if...if I apologize to you for my attack three years ago, will you be able to return Sammy's personal belongings to me?"

Rochelle never bowed her head to anyone, not even Jonathan.

Even though she wanted to kill Timothy right that instant, she was willing to bow down for the sake of protecting Samantha!

Timothy seemed a little surprised that she said that.

Was she really apologizing to him even when Jonathan was never able to tame her after five years?

He stared curiously at her for a few seconds and spoke insipidly, "Don't make me say it a third time. Get out of my way!"

He was just as ruthless as ever!

Rochelle had a slightly shocked look in her eyes.

When Timothy's patience ran out, he would want nothing to do with any man or woman. He had no interest in anyone or anything unimportant, and he would never waste his time on them.

Rochelle did not manage to see what or how Timothy did it, but her slender neck was grasped and she was incapable of dodging it in time.

The next second, she was savagely shoved aside and stumbled several times before she barely stood up straight.

Although she still wanted to catch up to Timothy, the hotel's security had already rushed up to stop her, and Timothy strode into the elevator without turning around again.

Rochelle looked at the clock and saw that the five minutes were not up yet. 'We're doomed...'

Chapter 330: Obstructed Head-On

Inside the hotel room, the password left Samantha startled.

The number happened to be the date when her wedding with Timothy was broken off publicly five years ago!

She knew that Timothy did not have any feelings for her, but she never imagined that he would hate her to such an extent that he would use that fateful day as the password to his safe.

Although she had passed the point where she would feel uncomfortable due to the sadness, she still felt as though her heart was being stung by a million fire ants.

She remained in a daze until she heard Rochelle's nervous and anxious voice from the Bluetooth earpiece. "Sammy, I couldn't stop that scumbag long enough. He's going up now! Hurry up and leave!"

Samantha quickly snapped back to her senses.

She opened the door of the safe and looked calmly inside.

Her persistence had paid off and she immediately saw the small bag she used to carry.

Without wasting any more time, she took it out immediately, carried it on her back, then closed the door of the safe before preparing to leave.

By the time she ran to the door and was about to open it, she heard footsteps stopping right outside the door.

She froze all of a sudden!

His presence there meant that her escape route was blocked head-on...

She had only two choices: the first was to pretend to be a housekeeping staff and avoid looking right at Timothy while attempting to just slip past it. After all, she was wearing glasses, a mask, and a housekeeping staff uniform.

The second was to hide before finding an opportunity to escape!

She hesitated for only a second and ran back quickly as she firmly chose the second option.

Masquerading as housekeeping staff carried too high a risk. Timothy was extremely perceptive and very familiar with her features, which made it very likely that he might recognize her at a glance!

As soon as she ran back, the door clicked open and Timothy stepped right in.

Time was running out, and Samantha was unable to find a suitable hiding place. After glancing around the room, she ran straight to the dressing room and closed the door.

She leaned against the door panel and listened to the man's footsteps as he walked into the room. He then sounded as if he had taken off his jacket and tie.

Samantha breathed extremely gently and reduce her presence as much as possible.

She did not dare let her guard down because she knew very well that Timothy was a very alert man.

There was no need for her to observe her surroundings because she was very familiar with the dressing room.

If Timothy walked in, she could hide in the corner under the cabinet. Her petite figure could be easily covered with clothes and no one would be the wiser.

Based on her understanding of Timothy's habits, he usually took a shower after coming came back and she could seize that moment to run out while he was bathing.

Sure enough, she soon heard Timothy's footsteps walking towards her. She was about to shrink into a corner but his cell phone rang halfway as he walked.

Timothy stopped walking and answered the phone.

She could not hear what the person on the other end of the line said, but after Timothy hung up, he went to the desk and turned on his laptop instead of continuing to walk toward the dressing room.

After about a minute, he started a video conference.

Samantha was a little anxious.

Once Timothy started working, he could go on and on without taking a break. If he had a meeting that lasted the whole night, would she have to stay there all night too?

Rochelle's voice came from the Bluetooth earpiece again. "How's the situation, Sammy?"

Samantha did not dare to speak for fear of attracting Timothy's attention. She could only tap the earpiece three times with her finger.

That was a code that she had decided on with Rochelle. Three taps meant that it was inconvenient for her to speak at that moment, but she was safe at least!

After hearing that, Rochelle could only say, "Be careful there. I'll think of a way from my end!"

Samantha ended the call.

Being anxious would do her no good and she could only continue to wait.

Samantha took a few deep breaths to try and calm herself down.

She had no interest in Timothy's meeting but the room was so quiet that she could hear everything that was being said in the meeting.

Timothy did not say much, but his words were extremely sharp and direct whenever he spoke.

Although Samantha hated Timothy 'to the bone', she had to admit that he had a justified reputation for being nearly invincible in the business world.

His skills and judgment had enhanced considerably during the past three years.

To top it off, he became much more ruthless too.

He was in the midst of discussing an acquisition, and for those who did not cooperate, he only had one sentence, "Get rid of them."

Samantha's heart skipped a beat. The coldness she previously experienced after being submerged in the sea appeared out of nowhere and caused her to shiver uncontrollably.

Hugging herself tightly to control her shivering proved to be a futile attempt.

She could not help but wonder if he gave out the order to kill her using a similarly indifferent and curt 'Get rid of her'.

Samantha felt sad to discover that the man she used to share a bed with had become a complete stranger to her, almost as if she had never known him before.

Did she love a man like that once before?

She was certain that she loved a man who appeared cold, but in reality was warm inside.

Could she have ignored all those red flags back then because she was simply too smitten with him?

While she was deep in thought, the video conference ended somehow and the man was already walking towards the door of the dressing room. His hand was already pushing the door open.

Samantha's eyes widened suddenly.

Fortunately, she managed to react quickly enough and rolled immediately under the wardrobe a second before the door opened. She curled up there and covered herself behind some clothes.

She looked through the gap in between the clothes and saw the man's long legs approaching her.

Samantha subconsciously held her breath.

Timothy stood in front of the cabinet and raised his hand. He unbuttoned his cuffs first and then began unbuttoning his shirt slowly.

His movements were graceful yet leisurely and put his mature charisma on full display.

Samantha did not want to look at him but was forced to stare at him and be vigilant at all times. That was the only way she would be able to react to any untoward incidents.

Timothy's upper body came into view as he took off his white shirt and threw it aside.

His figure was as stunning as ever, with wide shoulders, a narrow waist, as well as beautifully sexy muscle lines. All those features seemed to be carved carefully by God's hand.

He then placed his hand on his belt, undid it with a click, then removed it with one hand.

Samantha kept calm without looking to the side.

It was not as if she had never seen his member before. Aside from seeing it, she had touched it, and rode on it too! There was nothing about it that could make her heart feel turbulent!

In any case, her chance to escape was already on the horizon. Since he had taken his pants off, it was about time he went to the bathroom for his shower.

To her surprise, Timothy did not leave at all. The next second, his long fingers held the only remaining piece of clothing on his body—his boxers—and took them off directly.

This action was too unpredictable and Samantha did not even have the time to look away.

The visual impact caused Samantha's black pupils to contract and she blurted out "F*ck"....

Chapter 331: Messing with Her Heartbeat!

Fortunately, Samantha reacted quickly enough and her hands moved faster than her brain. Before she could utter that word, she had already covered her mouth forcefully.

At the same time, she also closed her eyes abruptly!

She could hear her heartbeat beating violently rapid in her ears and even her cheeks were becoming uncontrollably red.

Although she and Timothy were once 'husband and wife' whose child was already three years old, Timothy always took the lead when it came to bedroom matters and she never really observed Timothy's body because she was relatively shy.

She was shocked at that moment.

If not the fact that Timothy was probably unaware of her hiding there, she would start suspecting whether or not that scumbag did it on purpose!

She did know how long it took, but the man was finally heard walking out.

When Samantha estimated that Timothy had walked out of the dressing room, she finally dared to start breathing again after holding her breath subconsciously earlier.

She had nearly suffocated to death!

After taking a few deep breaths, her mood finally eased a little and she slowly raised her head to look outside.

Since the door of the dressing room was open, she looked through the door and saw the man walking into the bathroom. Then came the sound of rushing water.

Samantha let out a sigh of relief, but she soon held her breath again.

When did that scumbag start having exhibitionist tendencies? He took off all his clothes before going into the bathroom and did not even bother closing the door when taking a shower!

She remembered how he was always an aloof, self-restrained, and untouchable person who paid great attention to his privacy.

In her memory, he had never been that unrestrained before...except, perhaps, in bed.

A motley of unexpected images popped up in her mind, and it frightened Samantha so much that she shook her head quickly to remove all those images from her mind.

She was absolutely frightened by Timothy's wanton acts earlier!

He used to be the stereotypical 'cold on the outside but passionate on the inside' kind of man in the past. Could three years have changed him into becoming someone who let himself loose and showed his passionate side for all to see?

On second thought, he was the only person in the room, and walking around naked inside should not be a problem!

Perhaps she did not understand Timothy at all.

In any case, it was not the time for her to think about all that. She had to seize the opportunity to escape because the chance would be gone if he finished his shower!

The question was, how was she supposed to leave if the bathroom door was wide open!

Samantha weighed her two options of running or waiting and eventually chose the former.

The longer she stayed here, the more likely it would be for something to happen. She could not afford to make a mistake because doing so would put herself and Matthew at risk.

Samantha moved out of the closet and took off her shoes. She held them in her hands and treaded lightly with bare feet so as not to prevent herself from making a sound.

She crouched at the door to the dressing room and looked out quietly.

The door of the bathroom was facing the entrance, which meant that she had to go around rather than walk straight out.

Her best route was to walk past the bed and quickly escape out the door. That way, Timothy would not be able to find her anymore.

Having established her route in mind, Samantha did not waste any more time because a shower would only last so long.

Still crouching like a cat, she walked gently towards the big bed and found another problem when she reached there.

Walking past the bed by stepping on it might produce some noise, so the only way she could do it was to lie on the bed and roll over slowly.

Samantha lay down carefully on the bed and rolled a couple of times at a slow and gentle speed. When she finally rolled from one side of the bed to the other, she got down from the bed.

She hid at the foot of the bed and glanced secretly at the bathroom.

Timothy was washing his hair and his head was full of foam. He was massaging his scalp and was too preoccupied to look her way!

The timing could not be more perfect!

Samantha was very agile and her petite figure immediately dashed out of the room.

Her back was sweating by the time she finally got out of the suite. The entire incident messed with her heartbeat and gave her a rush of excitement.

Thankfully for Samantha, it was all over already!

She did not linger around too long and immediately took the elevator downstairs.

When she reached the lobby, Rochelle—who had been pacing around nervously—leapt up to hug Samantha as soon as Samantha came down. “I was about to consider charging in if you hadn’t come down any sooner!”

The ordeal left Samantha with some lingering fears and she immediately hugged Rochelle back. In an attempt to comfort both Rochelle and herself, she said, “It’s fine now. I got my bag and Timothy didn’t notice me!”

They were standing at a place that was unsuitable for carrying a conversation, so Rochelle pulled Samantha decisively and left. “Save it for when we head back!”

After getting in the car and driving for some time, Samantha and Rochelle’s emotions gradually began to calm down.

The traffic light turned red and Rochelle stepped on the brakes. She looked at Samantha and asked, “Tell me what happened, Sammy. How did you manage to avoid that scumbag?”

Something must have happened when she was up there that long.

Samantha would not have recalled that extremely shocking and awkward scene from earlier had Rochelle not asked about what happened. She could not control her cheeks from turning red again.

How was she supposed to explain it?

Rochelle waited for Samantha's answer, but the latter blushed inexplicably instead of answering and acted a little odd. "Are you alright, Sammy? Do you feel hot?"

Autumn was upon them so nighttime temperatures tended to be a little cooler than usual.

"Haha." Samantha laughed dryly and simply glossed over things. "Nah, I'm feeling a little emotional after remembering how nervous I was earlier."

She vaguely and briefly explained the entire ordeal earlier.

Rochelle listened carefully, and after confirming that Samantha did not leave any clues, she let out a sigh of relief and did not ask any further questions.

Samantha was secretly relieved too.

It was a good thing that topic ended. She neither wanted to think nor talk about it anymore.

Back at the apartment, Samantha sat on the sofa with Rochelle and opened the small bag they had retrieved. From it, they managed to get the divorce certificate.

Although they had taken such a huge risk to retrieve the divorce certificate and determine its authenticity, Samantha was somewhat afraid to touch it now that it was within reach.

The feeling was similar to that of homesickness.

Rochelle was initially rather calm, but Samantha's expression made her a little nervous too. She took a deep breath and urged: "Open it and take a look, Sammy. You have to do it either way."

After a pause, she asked considerately, "Do you need me to help you?"

Samantha took a deep breath and said, "No. I'll...do it myself!"

She clenched her hands tightly and relaxed before picking up the divorce certificate to open it.

...

Back inside the hotel room, Timothy's phone rang all of a sudden.

Wrapped in a bathrobe, the man walked towards the bedside table while wiping his wet hair with a towel.

As he bent down slightly to reach for the phone, he caught a glimpse of something very conspicuous on the snow-white mattress.

Timothy's expression became slightly cold.