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Chapter 342: Did You Two Reconcile?

Rochelle watched as Samantha skillfully opened her contacts, searched for Timothy's name, and hit the dial icon.

There was a dial tone.

Rochelle could not help but hold her breath. Was Samantha brave enough to actually call him?

Was she willing to expose herself for Mrs. Barker's sake?

What if Timothy did not answer, or said something unpleasant? Samantha would only be embarrassing herself!

Paul's heart leaped to his throat and the confidence from Samantha's end caused his resolve to waver.

The line was connected after about ten beeps.

Samantha greeted and said, "It's me."

Then came the man's low, cold voice. "Speak."

Samantha said bluntly, "Dr. Highton refused to cooperate or admit to Harmony's deeds, what should I do?"

The man's voice was still cold and lacked even the slightest emotion as he said, "Get rid of them."

Samantha nodded, "Okay, I understand."

She hung up as soon as she said that.

Samantha looked up at Paul through the video. His face was obviously pale, and his eyes were so filled with panic that his body was trembling uncontrollably too.

It went without saying that he recognized Timothy's voice. After all, Timothy had the kind of extremely pleasant, yet extremely cold and dangerous voice that basically no one could imitate.

Samantha smiled and said to Paul, "I'll ask you one last time, Dr. Highton. Are you going to cooperate with me?"

He knew he was a goner when he heard Timothy's voice.

Although he was afraid of those behind Harmony, the danger Timothy posed to him was more direct and terrifying, so he could only obey.

Paul had a slumped expression. "I'll do whatever Mr. Barker wants me to do. I just hope he'll spare me and let me go."

Samantha smiled in satisfaction. She cut right to the chase and made two demands. "Mr. Barker wants you to do two things. The first is to hand over any evidence you have that can implicate Harmony. Then record a video yourself giving a clear explanation of everything that Harmony told you to do."

"Secondly, you have to promise that you and your family will leave Capital City immediately. Go into hiding for a least two years!"

Paul immediately nodded in agreement.

Once he admitted to doing it for Harmony, he did not think that he would continue staying in Capital City again. After all, he was afraid that Harmony would retaliate against him and he did not want to be involved in such muddled business ever again.

Furthermore, he already made enough money and he did not need to worry about his daily necessities even if he remained anonymous for two years.

Samantha then said to the hired thug, "Handle the rest."

The thug responded, "Understood!"

She then ended the video call.

As soon as she looked up, she saw Rochelle's completely flabbergasted expression.

Rochelle finally found her voice when she saw Samantha looking over. She said, "Sammy, when did you...and Timothy...reconcile?"

The phone call earlier came as a shock to her.

Instead of answering her, Samantha shook her head and laughed.

Rochelle was stunned. "What's going on?"

Samantha blinked. "Who told you I reconciled with Timothy? Didn't I say I was just using his influence to intimidate the doctor?"

She merely borrowed Timothy's 'influence' to bring Paul into submission.

"But that phone call..." Rochelle muttered before having a sudden realization. "...was fake?"

"Of course." Samantha did not continue keeping Rochelle in suspense.

Rochelle exclaimed, "Where did you get a voice actor to imitate it so perfectly? I was almost convinced by how closely that person sounded to the real deal."

Samantha corrected, "The phone call was fake, but the voice was real."

After a pause, she continued to explain, "When I was hiding in the hotel room that night, Timothy was having a video conference. I got used to carrying a voice recorder with me during my work in the past, and it was switched on at the time."

Rochelle finally understood everything.

Samantha extracted excerpts of Timothy's voice and forged the call.

Even though Rochelle had always known that Samantha was extremely smart and quick-witted, she could not help but show a deeper admiration for her resourcefulness.

It was amazing.

After lavishing praise on Samantha, Rochelle remembered what she thought earlier and could not help laughing out loud. "I almost thought that you and Timothy were reconciled and went back to how you were before, or that you never broke up in the first place..."

'Reconcile...'

'Never broke up...'

Samantha's lips twitched when she heard those two possibilities.

Both those scenarios were impossible for her and Timothy, be it reconciliation or never breaking up...

There was a slight tingling in her heart that she could not stop herself from feeling, but she soon forced herself to suppress it and acted as if nothing happened.

Ten minutes later, the thug came out of the house. He walked up to the car and knocked on the window.

Rochelle lowered the car window and the thug respectfully handed a camera to her. After she took it, she said to him, "Let Dr. Highton go, but keep an eye on him until he leaves Capital City. Your assignment will be complete then."

The thug nodded. "Understood."

Rochelle closed the car window. She handed the camera to Samantha, started the engine, then drove away.

Samantha turned on the camera and clicked into the video. She smiled after finally confirming that the doctor had explained everything clearly.

When they were at the red light, Rochelle turned to Samantha and asked, "What are you going to do now that you've got the physical evidence and a witness? Will you be handing them over to the police?"

Samantha shook her head and replied firmly, "No."

She wanted to hand them to the police, but since Harmony had Timothy's protection as well as that mysterious backer, convicting her of a crime was easier said than done.

Furthermore, if those things were handed over and she was put between a rock and a hard place, there was a chance that she would try a last-ditch attempt that would bring down everyone along with her.

Samantha's main purpose for doing everything was for Old Madam Barker's future safety. She had to be in possession of that bargaining chip to utilize it to its full value.

Rochelle knew that Samantha had a better idea and no longer asked her why. On the contrary, she asked, "What's your next move?"

It was no easy feat to threaten Harmony and ensure that she would refrain from attacking back.

Samantha lowered her eyes and fiddled with the camera. After a few seconds' silence, she said, "My next move is...to wait on the wings."

After seeing Samantha's expression, Rochelle finally breathed a sigh of relief after knowing that Samantha had a good plan.

She believed in Samantha's ability.

Rochelle's only hope was that everything would be resolved as soon as possible. Only then would Samantha be able to truly feel at ease when leaving the country.

...

Before anyone knew it, the month had come to an end and there was less than a day left until the first of the new month. That date was also Timothy and Harmony's wedding day.

Harmony lay on the massage bed and relaxed as the beautician did a skincare routine on her.

She wanted to ensure that she was the most beautiful, dazzling, and eye-catching woman when she became Mrs. Barker the coming day.

Harmony reached out to grab her phone when she heard a notification, and her expression changed drastically as soon as she laid eyes on the screen.

Chapter 343: She Panicked

It was a text from an unfamiliar number, the contents of which were a picture.

Displayed in the picture was the poison that she requested Paul to prescribe to Old Madam Barker, along with an analysis of the poison's chemical components.

Harmony sat up abruptly from the bed and startled the beautician. Before the beautician could retract her hand, the instrument she was holding left a scratch on Harmony's cheek.

When the searing pain came, Harmony glared fiercely at the beautician and wanted to slap them. Unfortunately, she had to maintain a perfect reputation and did her best to restrain herself. She ordered gloomily, "Get out!"

The beautician got up in a hurry and rushed out before closing the door.

Harmony took a deep breath and held up her phone again. Her expression soured even more when she looked at the text message.

The old hag finally became seriously ill a few days ago, and Harmony was actually a little nervous due to her fear that Timothy would look into the matter.

She was completely relieved when she found out that Timothy seemed unconcerned after merely dropping by to look at the old woman's surgical procedure.

Although the old hag was lucky to not have died, Harmony was sufficiently content to know that the old woman was in a coma and had not regained consciousness.

As long as her wedding with Timothy went smoothly, it would all become a foregone conclusion when she finally became the genuine Mrs. Barker. Even if the old hag woke up from the coma, there was no longer anything she could do to stop Harmony.

By then, Harmony could deal with that old woman with a mere snap of her fingers.

There was nothing to fear!

It just never occurred to her that she would receive such a text message at that juncture!

Who could the sender be? What did they want to do?

Harmony considered all sorts of possibilities, but the more she thought about it, the more chaotic her thoughts became.

In any case, her big wedding day was less than a day away. It was a very critical moment, and she must ensure that everything proceeded smoothly without a hitch.

Harmony calmed down and immediately dialed the unfamiliar number.

However, a cold robotic voice told her that the phone number did not exist!

'Damn it!'

Harmony decided to dial another number and her call was answered quickly.

"Ms. Johnson."

She went straight to the point and directly ordered, "I need you to find the owner of a phone number. Do it right this instant!"

"Yes!"

She sent the unfamiliar number to the person.

Five minutes later, the person called back, but their answer was, "Ms. Johnson, the number you sent isn't authenticated with a real name. The owner can't be traced."

Harmony hung up with a sour expression.

A sudden thought occurred to her and she immediately called Paul. Unfortunately, there was also a cold message telling her that the phone she dialed had been switched off!

Whoever the other party was, they sure were prepared!

Under normal circumstances, Harmony could still calm herself down and analyze everything calmly, but things were different that day and she was unable to set her nerves at ease. Her panic had shot through the roof and she had to figure out what the other party was going to do!

Harmony grabbed her phone, quickly typed out a text message, then sent it to the unfamiliar number.

...

Back at Rochelle's apartment, Samantha received a notification on her phone and glanced over. After seeing that it was a text from Harmony, she smirked and reached for her phone to open the message.

[Who are you? What do you want?]

Rochelle came out with some cut fruits and scented tea, which she placed down on the coffee table. She then sat beside Samantha, leaned over, and saw the text from Harmony. A contemptuous smile appeared on her face as she said, "You're a psychic, Sammy. Harmony's starting to panic."

She had been wondering why Samantha did not make any moves during the past few days, but she finally understood what Samantha was planning.

When Samantha said she would be 'waiting on the wings', the moment she was waiting for was the day of the wedding.

Samantha chose to 'attack' Harmony a day before the wedding, partly to catch her off guard and partly to prevent her from having any time to fight back. After all, she had to deal with her wedding and could not afford to do anything that would destroy it.

When two people faced off, the one with the biggest weakness could do nothing except to be resoundingly defeated by their opponent!

Samantha grinned. "She's already panicking and it's just the beginning."

She did not reply to the text and threw the phone on the sofa.

Rochelle handed a small piece of apple to Samantha and asked, "Aren't you going to go in for the kill?"

Samantha munched on the apple while saying, "We have to take this nice and slow."

Although Rochelle still did not understand what Samantha's plan was, she did not ask any further and simply enjoyed herself while watching everything unfold.

She was extremely pleased to see Harmony this deflated!

...

More than three hours had passed since the text was sent but there was still no reply. Harmony's panic grew from a tiny little niggling to something that was slowly eating away at her heart.

She had returned from the beauty salon to the apartment hotel where she lived, but she felt restless and cranky due to a flurry of thoughts appearing in her mind.

It was a terrible feeling when one was out in the open while one's enemy was hidden in the dark!

She could only do her best to figure out who would want to go against her.

Old Madam Barker was the first suspect, but the old lady was in a coma. As for Aunt Julia, a petty little servant clearly had no such ability.

The second suspect was Rochelle, who over the years had been going head-to-head with her for the sake of a dead person. However, Rochelle did not have any special relationship with Old Madam Barker and did not move around much either. It was unlikely that Rochelle would know about the matter because her character was direct; she would have sent the incriminating evidence straight to the police station.

The third suspect would be the doctor, Paul Highton. However, he did not have the courage to threaten her, and she had no reason to fear him if he truly was the culprit. Killing him was easier than killing an ant!

The sky then darkened unknowingly and it was already evening.

Harmony has been feeling anxious ever since she received the text message in the morning. Her nerves were already in an extremely tense state, so when her phone received another notification, she nearly jumped up from the sofa like a frightened little bird.

She grabbed it and looked at the screen.

Sure enough, it was another text from the unknown number. Her fingers trembled as she opened the message.

It turned out to be a video.

After clicking play, she saw Paul sitting in front of the camera to recount how she had bribed him, threatened him, and poisoned Old Madam Barker. Every single detail was revealed.

Although Harmony had already guessed that things were moving in that direction, the video still hit her like a train and sent shockwaves throughout her body.

Harmony was not only flustered but deeply fearful as well.

She immediately replied: [What do you want? What the hell do you want!]

However, she received no reply just like before.

There was nothing she could do about it either. Like a trapped beast, she could only wait while anxiety and panic brewed within her.

...

It was getting later and the clock struck midnight, signaling the start of a new day.

Samantha looked up at the clock, then picked up her phone and sent the final text.

Chapter 344: A Grand Wedding

[If anything happens to Old Madam Barker in the future, all these things would be made public. You'd better start to pray for her health and long life from this moment onward!]

After sending it, Samantha immediately removed the SIM card from the phone and broke it in half before tossing it into the bin.

Rochelle was a little surprised. "Are you sure this will do, Sammy?"

Samantha nodded. "It'll do."

Rochelle frowned slightly.

Samantha could not help smiling as she explained, "Chelle, the reason I delayed those three messages and sent them out over such long intervals was because I was using psychological warfare."

"People are less scared of things that they know compared to the unknown. True panic and fear come from the unknown!"

“All I have are these two pieces of evidence. I’ve sent them both to Harmony, but she won’t feel that way. If she knows that I’m brave enough to send her such important evidence, she would probably think that I have more evidence on her! In addition, she’ll be more fearful of me because she doesn’t know who I am. That would make her think twice if she ever decides to act rashly again.”

“None of these threats would have any effect on Harmony if she was the kind of person who lived her life honestly. She’s scared only because she’s a despicable character who has done all sorts of evil. More importantly, she’ll be Mrs. Barker tomorrow. All eyes will be on her, and she has to ensure that none of her misdeeds are revealed because that would jeopardize her position as Mrs. Barker.”

Rochelle listened quietly and admired Samantha from the bottom of her heart.

That Samantha could achieve that effect with only three simple texts was a testament to how amazing Samantha was.

Samantha rubbed her swollen eyebrows, “In any case, it’s finally over.”

She genuinely hated having to do such things. If she was given the choice, she would have preferred to live an unexciting and ordinary life with Matthew, where her only concern would be life’s daily necessities.

Upon seeing that, Rochelle hugged her gently and said, “Yeah. It’s finally over. You can go back to Matt now.”

During Samantha’s half-month stay there, Rochelle saw her holding her cell phone countless times to stare at Matthew’s photos in a daze.

Matthew had been unwilling to call her because he was still angry at her for failing to return. Rochelle knew that Samantha’s heart had long left the country even though she was physically still in the country.

Samantha inserted her SIM card into her phone and immediately received a WeTalk video call.

She immediately answered it when she saw it was from Matthew.

It did not take long for a boyishly handsome little face to appear on the screen. It was none other than Matthew.

He was still a little unhappy and pretended to be angry as he asked the camera, “Daddy said you’re coming back tomorrow. Is that true?”

Samantha could not control herself from smiling when she saw her little son. Her expression softened as she spoke in an even gentler manner, "Yeah. I'll be coming back tomorrow. You'll be able to see me tomorrow."

Matthew became a little happier after hearing an affirmative answer. Although his face was still tense, his tone unwittingly eased up too. "Are you going to lie to me again?"

Samantha nodded firmly. "I won't lie to you again. You miss me, don't you?"

Matthew could not control his smile but still said stubbornly, "I don't miss you."

Samantha knew that he did not mean what he said and so told him, "But I miss you very, very much, Matt."

When Matthew heard her remark, he finally could not hold himself back anymore and whispered, "Come back soon, okay Mommy? I miss you already."

Samantha smiled sweetly. "Okay."

The two of them chatted for a while before reluctantly ending the call.

Rochelle looked on with delight. "Matt is so much cuter and more handsome than he is in his photos. My heart is going to melt."

His tender voice made her want to hold him in her arms, pinch his little cheeks, and rub his little head.

Samantha smiled and said, "I'll bring him to see you if I ever get a chance in the future."

Despite saying that, she did not know if such an opportunity would ever come up again. After all, she probably never would come back again after returning to Emsteldt.

Rochelle seemed to see what she was thinking and said understandingly, "Don't worry. I can always look for you and Matt. I just need time to...handle things on my end."

Since Samantha was still alive, her obsessive quest for revenge could finally come to an end.

During the past three years, her hatred of and involvement with Jonathan had changed tremendously without her realizing it. To be honest, she began to feel a little tired.

It was time to start reconsidering how she would move forward with Jonathan.

Samantha opened her arms and hugged Rochelle gently. "Okay. Matt and I will be waiting for you!"

Rochelle did not leave that night and laid on the bed with Samantha. The two of them chatted like they used to in school and could never run out of things to tell each other.

Samantha talked a lot about her life in Emsteldt, while Rochelle unconsciously revealed a lot about her relationship with Jonathan in the past three years.

Samantha initially thought that Rochelle and Jonathan had reconciled, but she did not expect Rochelle to concede strategically to him for her sake.

She felt a deep sense of guilt at the bottom of her heart when she heard that. "I'm sorry, Chelle."

Rochelle shook his head, "I should be the one thanking you, Sammy. If your death hadn't triggered me, I would've been entangled with Jonathan for the rest of my life and have hatred as my sole motivation. Now that I'm seeing you start over, I...want to start over too."

Samantha had always hoped that Rochelle could let go of the past and live a happy life. She was happy when she heard Rochelle's words.

"What...are you going to do then?"

Rochelle stared at the ceiling for a while. She closed her eyes briefly, then opened them again and said, "I've decided to let Jonathan go, and let myself go too. I'll get a divorce."

...

After Samantha and Rochelle woke up the next day, they had a simple breakfast before Rochelle drove Samantha to the airport.

On the way, they passed by an almost endless fleet of luxury cars.

The cars were decorated with flowers and red silk, and the only people who could be so extravagant on that day were obviously the fleet of cars from Timothy's wedding with Harmony.

Samantha glanced at it briefly before looking away. She had an insipid expression and did not seem to show any emotion.

On the contrary, Rochelle cursed out in anger and disdain, "What rotten luck!"

He did not do a single thing for Samantha when they got married, yet he had such a grand wedding for a pretentious b*tch like Harmony! That was truly the worst of luck!

Fortunately, Samantha was going to leave soon and she no longer needed to look at the scumbag and the pretentious b*tch.

After arriving at the airport, Samantha entered with Rochelle.

Her flight was scheduled for half-past ten and there was still a bit of time left. Rochelle could not bear to part with Samantha again and thought about having a seat at a cafe.

To her displeasure, the television in the cafe was also broadcasting Timothy and Harmony's lavish wedding that day.

Rochelle was so furious that she wanted to destroy the television.

On the other hand, Samantha's expression remained unmoved and her eyes were somewhat placid as well.

Her story with Timothy was over. She was not about to waste her emotions on an unworthy man.

They finished their coffee just as it was almost time for Samantha to board the plane. She prepared to get up and make her way to the security checkpoint.

Her phone then rang all of a sudden.

She looked at it and saw that the caller was Alan. Thinking that he was calling to ascertain whether or not she was going to the airport, she picked it up and immediately said, "I'm going to board the plane soon. I won't break my promise this time. I'll be seeing you and Matt very soon."

Alan seemed to be telling her some things that turned her relaxed smile into a more solemn expression...until she eventually became stiff.

Samantha's blood immediately ran cold.

Chapter 345: It Doesn't Look Good for Matthew

Rochelle noticed from the side that something was amiss and immediately asked, "What's wrong, Sammy?"

Samantha stared at her in a daze before opening her mouth in a near-mechanical manner and repeated what Alan told her. "Matt...is gone."

Although Rochelle could tell that something had happened, it came as a huge shock when she heard Samantha say that and she still could not believe her ears.

Her eyes widened slightly. "How... We just talked to Matt last night! When... When did he disappear?"

“Dr. Sherwood didn’t know either... Matt was gone by the time he called the boy up for breakfast this morning.”

“Could he have run out all by himself to play?” Rochelle guessed.

Samantha shook her head. “Dr. Sherwood searched all over the residential area and all the areas around it. He couldn’t find Matt anywhere. The GPS watch I bought for Matt was also thrown into the trash can downstairs. If Matt went out to play by himself, he couldn’t have thrown the watch away!”

Something must have happened!

Rochelle had a deeply worried look in her eyes. “Who could’ve broken in and kidnapped a child so quietly? Why would anyone hold a grudge against a child?”

Samantha answered in a low and agonized voice, “I don’t know. I have no idea at all. Dr. Sherwood has already gone to check the surveillance footage to see if anything was caught on camera.”

However, only professionals would have such a clear purpose, and many such people would definitely avoid getting caught by any cameras. There was very little hope as a result!

Rochelle did not dare to say that, so she could only try her best to comfort Samantha. “It’ll be alright, Sammy. Everything will be alright. Matt is a lucky boy. If he could turn things around in the past, he’ll be able to turn things around on this occasion too!”

Samantha was speechless.

She could calm down and analyze rationally if it was any other time, but that characteristic of hers had completely disappeared and her mind was so jumbled up that she could not think normally.

Samantha felt as if her neck was being choked by a big hand, causing her to suffocate, depriving her of oxygen, and causing her head to turn blank.

Rochelle knew just how useless words were at that time. She could only open her arms to hug her tightly in an attempt to give her some warmth and strength.

She said, “I’ll go to Emsteldt with you. We’ll find Matt!”

She freed up one hand, took out her cell phone, then called Jonathan.

During that crisis, she was no longer concerned over whether Jonathan knew about the child. The only thought she had was that Samantha could not go back alone.

Jonathan answered within a second, like always, and Rochelle said bluntly, "I want to go to Emsteldt. Get a helicopter ready for me."

After a pause, she added, "Don't ask why. Just do it right now!"

It was too late to go on an ordinary flight and it was faster to charter a plane directly!

After hanging up, Blockhead appeared in front of Rochelle and Samantha about five minutes later. He had a hint of surprise in his eyes the instant he saw Samantha, but that shock was fleeting and disappeared soon thereafter.

He had no interest in other people's affairs.

He respectfully greeted Rochelle before saying, "Mr. Yates has already instructed someone to get the helicopter ready. I now need your documents as well as...Ms. Larsson's so I can handle the formalities."

Rochelle nodded and raised her eyes to look at Samantha. Seeing as Samantha was in a state of dismay, she said softly, "Sammy, give me your documents. I'll settle the rest for you and you just need to wait here for me."

Samantha subconsciously handed over the documents in her hand.

Rochelle took them and said, "I'll be back soon."

She brought Blockhead along and left.

Samantha clenched her phone tightly in both hands. Her fingertips were trembling and all sorts of bad thoughts appeared uncontrollably in her mind.

Matthew was her everything. The reason why she could survive until then and continue to live on was because of him.

If something happened to him, she could not bring herself to live.

Simply thinking about those possibilities was already agonizing enough for her.

'Matt, you have to... You have to be safe! You have to wait for me!'

There was a notification on her phone and Samantha's panicked eyes suddenly came into focus as she stared at the phone screen.

It was a message from Alan.

Her fingers trembled as she immediately tapped on it.

She was shaking so severely that she had to tap on it several times before successfully opening it.

Alan posted a three-second video that was undoubtedly a clip of the surveillance video. When she clicked play, all she could see was a fleeting figure.

Within that figure's arms was another, smaller figure.

Even though the clip was very short, she was able to instantly recognize that the little figure was Matthew.

Was that the person who sneaked into the room and took Matthew away?!

Who could that person be though?

The figure flashed by very quickly and she was unable to glean anything useful even after watching it several times.

For some inexplicable reason, that figure felt a little familiar.

It was as if...she had seen the person somewhere.

Samantha closed her eyes and filtered the possible incidents where she could have crossed paths with that man.

She had a sudden realization and her eyes opened abruptly as her entire body shuddered.

That modus operandi was incredibly familiar to that incident three years ago when she was attacked and taken away.

He was quick, agile, and removed anything on her that could be tracked when he brought her away.

It was her bag and cell phone back then, and now it was Matthew's GPS watch.

Although she could not be entirely sure, she had to grab whatever silver lining she had.

If that killer really brought Matthew away, then things...might not look too good for Matthew.

She knew how ruthless that killer was and she was very, very afraid...

That killer...answered to Timothy!

...

Inside the church, Harmony was wearing a gorgeous white wedding dress with a long train trailing behind on the floor. The veil covered her pretty cheeks, and she curled her lips up into an extremely happy smile.

She had waited a long time for that day and had put in so much hard work for it to finally come true.

From the first time she saw Timothy as a child, she knew that he belonged to her and she to him.

Success was bound to come to those who worked hard for it. She slashed through thorny bushes time and time again and was finally able to stand side by side with him.

Two little flower girls sprinkled petals in front of her while she walked on the red carpet and toward Timothy under the envious gazes of all the guests.

The man stood on the other side of the red carpet in a black suit that accentuated his handsomeness. There, he stood tall like a god.

Harmony stood beside him, turned her face slightly to the side, and glanced hypnotically at the man's beautiful side profile.

The priest began to ask for their vows.

"Timothy Barker, do you take Harmony Johnson as your wife, to live together in matrimony, to love her, to honor her, to comfort her, and to keep her in sickness and in health, forsaking all others, for as long as you both shall live?"

Chapter 346: Samantha Steals the Groom!

Harmony's eyes lit up as she waited for Timothy's answer.

She could only watch helplessly five years ago when Timothy and Samantha entered the church. Her heart felt as if it had been stabbed by sharp knives from all directions and it was so painful that she wanted to die.

She swore that she would one day stand in the position that Samantha stood in.

Samantha had to pay a huge price for taking something that did not belong to her.

Death eventually caught up to her and she had disappeared completely from existence.

The grass on her grave had probably grown tall and lush already.

Harmony's smile widened even more when she thought about it and her whole face was filled with smug delight.

Samantha had only herself to blame for overestimating her abilities and insisting on going against Harmony.

In the end, Harmony was the one who had the last laugh!

It was a pity that she was unable to see Samantha's expression. It was probably a sight to behold!

Timothy's handsome face was as indifferent as ever and he had his usual paucity of emotions. His thin lips parted slightly as he spoke in a low yet captivating voice, "I..."

Before he could finish his words, the door to the church's entrance was pushed open all of a sudden and the movement was so loud that everyone looked over unconsciously.

The bright sunlight poured in from outside and a slender figure began walking in with their back against the light.

The figure's face was not too clear, and it was not until they walked further inside that their facial features slowly came into everyone's view. The guests practically gasped in unison!

No one could mistake that person to be anyone else other than Samantha...the former Mrs. Barker.

Everyone started questioning themselves: 'Didn't Samantha die?' The news of her death came just after Timothy divorced her and it was a huge bombshell for everyone.

Many had been talking about it for nearly half a month.

At that time, there was much speculation from various quarters over Samantha's death, but 80% of them believed that she jumped into the sea and committed suicide after being abandoned a second time.

To think that a person who had been 'dead' for three years just appeared so suddenly during Timothy's wedding...

After their initial shock, everyone unconsciously felt a chill down their spines. Was she a human or a ghost? Could she have manifested herself because she wanted to get revenge on Timothy for marrying someone else?

When Harmony saw Samantha, she immediately chalked it up to a hallucination. She had just been thinking about Samantha earlier when the latter appeared right in front of her all of a sudden.

As Samantha's figure gradually came into clearer view, her shadow could be seen and her feet were touching the ground.

She was no apparition—she was real!

Was Samantha alive all along?

The thought of that jolted her heart and caused a surge of various emotions: among which there was fear, anger, unwillingness, and hatred. Her body swayed unconsciously as a result and she nearly lost her footing.

What else could Samantha possibly want if she was still alive and even appeared at such a critical moment?

Was she going to ruin the wedding?

As soon as that thought occurred to Harmony, she felt as though the thorns all over her body had popped out. She has endured everything for such a long time and expended so much effort to get to where she was. No one should be allowed to destroy her happiness and stop her from marrying Timothy!

Samantha was seen heading right toward them and her eyes were staring intently at Timothy. It was as if she could see no one else but Timothy and was almost half-jogging toward him.

Harmony raised her foot hurriedly and took two steps forward to stand in Samantha's way.

Samantha did not even look at Harmony even after being obstructed. She opened her lips coldly and ordered bluntly, "Get away from me!"

Even though Samantha was not 100% certain that the kidnapper was the killer, a 1-in-10,000 chance was a chance nonetheless.

She could not just sit still at the airport so she grabbed Rochelle's car keys and sped to the wedding venue.

The killer answered only to his master, so she had to get Timothy to speak up and stop the assignment before things went further.

That was the only chance she had to ensure Matthew's survival.

She went to the church with only Timothy in mind and anyone else was of little importance to her!

Harmony was furious.

She was initially still uncertain whether or not the woman in front of her was Samantha, but the moment Samantha spoke, she was certain that it was!

Samantha was the only one who could make her feel such deep-seated disgust, and she was the only person who would ignore her like that.

Although she was still alive, things were different than it was in the past.

Timothy's heart was already with Harmony, Old Madam Barker was lying comatose on the hospital bed, and Samantha was no longer Mrs. Barker. What was Samantha going to use as ammunition against her?

Perhaps it was a good thing that Samantha showed up. Killing her would be as easy as crushing an ant!

"Samantha, this wedding is between me and Tim. It's bad enough that you crashed my wedding. Are you planning to snatch my groom in front of me too? I know you've always been shameless, but I didn't think you'd be that shameless!" Harmony lambasted.

Despite building a good reputation for herself by doing charity work in the past three years, the incident where Samantha forced her into admitting to being a homewrecker during a news broadcast was a blight on her reputation. There were always people who would use that fact to attack her.

She had never been able to completely wash away her 'homewrecker' title.

However, as long as she could put a stop to Samantha by way of her legitimate status as a wedded wife, then the homewrecker label would eventually be washed away. Samantha would then become a shameless, abandoned ex-wife who harasses her ex-husband!

A host of media personnel were invited to the scene that day and all she needed to cleanse herself was to step on Samantha in front of the public!

At the thought of that, she glanced across the media area and gave a wink at several media personnel with whom she had a good relationship with.

Those people had received plenty of benefits or money from her in general, so they understood what she meant when she gave that one look. They held the camera, zoomed in, then aimed the lens at Samantha and Harmony.

At the same time, they quietly started a live broadcast too.

Samantha turned a deaf ear to Harmony's words. Her eyes were fixed only on Timothy, who was standing three steps away from her while staring at her with a gloomy look.

Every minute was important and she did not have the time to mess around with anyone else.

Samantha repeated the same sentence, “Get out of my way!”

The resentment in Harmony’s eyes grew after Samantha ignored her in that way. She wanted to take control of the situation and maintained that haughty smile as she said, “Today is a happy day for me and Tim. I’m more than willing to accept your well wishes if you came here to give us your blessing. You may sit and watch the ceremony, but if you still harbor any bad intentions toward Tim, then I hope you won’t blame me if I show you no courtesy!”

‘Show you no courtesy.’

Samantha finally shifted her gaze from Timothy’s handsome face over to Harmony’s face.

Not even the thick makeup could hide her viciousness.

Samantha was not that kind as to repeat what she said a third time.

Since Harmony insists on blocking the way, Samantha’s first order of business would be to get rid of her.

Samantha raised her hand and delivered a fierce yet decisive slap onto Harmony’s face.

Harmony never expected Samantha to do that so unabashedly in public. The powerful slap caught her off guard and she fell directly to the ground.

Harmony screamed in pain and covered her face as her head was in a daze at that moment.

Samantha then looked condescendingly at her before saying emphatically in a cold and cruel tone, “Who do you think you are? How dare a homewrecker like you spout all this nonsense in front of the real Mrs. Barker!”

‘The real Mrs. Barker!’

Those four words shocked everyone in the audience.

Did Samantha not only survive, but was never divorced from Timothy in the first place?

Was Samantha still officially Mrs. Barker—the wife of Timothy Barker?

Chapter 347: He's Dead

If that was so, then Timothy and Harmony were committing bigamy with their marriage.

Harmony's eyes widened in shock. 'Tim hasn't divorced Samantha yet? How is this possible?'

"You... You're just spouting nonsense!" She ignored the pain on her face and retorted fiercely, "You're willing to cook up all sorts of lies just to ruin my wedding with Tim!"

There seemed to be a dim glow in the depths of Timothy's eyes.

Samantha sneered, "You just need to check to find out if Timothy and I are still married!"

Such a determined tone left Harmony speechless again.

She was very well aware that Samantha would not have dared to say such a thing in front of the public without being sure of it.

Furthermore, she had earlier hinted for the media people to start filming them, so it was likely that the slap she received from Samantha had been broadcasted live, as was Samantha's revelation on still being the official Mrs. Barker.

Harmony had willingly offered herself up to be humiliated by Samantha!

Why was it that Samantha always spelled bad news for Harmony whenever she showed up? Harmony hated her with a vengeance because she should be rotting in hell at that moment instead of showing up at the wedding!

Harmony wanted nothing more than to jump up, pounce on her, and tear her to shreds. However, all eyes were on them, and Harmony could not do anything despite the immense anger.

Her eyes turned red all of a sudden, but no one could tell whether she was angry or aggrieved. She turned her head to look at Timothy and called out to him in a hoarse voice, "Tim..."

Tears immediately rolled down her eyes. "Wh-what's going on?"

Timothy lowered his eyes to glance at Harmony on the ground and subsequently raised his hand.

The bodyguards who were waiting at the side understood at once and began walking toward the guests and the media. In a polite yet coercive manner, they said, "Please leave."

The bodyguards did their job with the utmost professionalism and the bustling church was cleared within just a few minutes, leaving behind only Timothy, Samantha, Harmony, the bodyguards standing in a row at the door, and Ronald who was still reeling from the shock.

Samantha was the first to move. She lifted her feet past Harmony and walked up to Timothy, where she stood still and looked up at him stubbornly.

She skipped the pleasantries and merely said bluntly, "Give me back my son, Timothy, or else I'll make sure you won't be able to get married again for the rest of your life!"

Samantha's initial plan was to remain 'dead'. She did not want to get involved in Timothy's marriage to Harmony. His future wife had nothing to do with her and her emotions would remain unaffected by it.

If he so much as lay a finger on Matthew, she would definitely fight him until the very end!

She was willing to move past her hatred and resentment as well as forget all the harm Timothy had done to her. She just wanted to live a plain and ordinary life, for Matthew's sake.

There was no longer anything for her to live for if Matthew was gone, and should that happen, she did not know what kind of person she would become and what kind of things she would do!

The man looked at her for a few seconds before curling his lips up in an evil grin.

His long fingers reached out all of a sudden and held Samantha's chin. His grasp and speed were so firm and quick that Samantha could not react in time. Her body was pulled toward him and she could not break free from his grip.

Samantha was deeply shocked by what he did.

Although she once saw Timothy do similarly powerful and terrifying acts, he never looked like a psychopathic pervert on any of those occasions.

Was Timothy more tolerant of her when they argued before, or did he hide his true nature whenever he was in front of her?

Timothy's lips parted open and he remarked in a frigid tone, "You're brave, Samantha."

She dared to show up in front of him again rather than remain in hiding after surviving the ordeal.

She single-handedly sabotaged his wedding and made demands to him.

Rochelle had been telling Samantha that Timothy's character had changed a lot in the past three years. He had since developed a dangerous aura that sent chills down a person's spine.

Those remarks were true, it seemed.

Samantha's back felt a little chilly due to Timothy's remarks.

Given the choice, she did want anything to do with him, much less make herself an enemy of him. Unfortunately, backing down was not an option, not when Matthew's life was at stake.

Samantha did not feel scared at all. She looked him in the eye and repeated word for word, "Give me back my child!"

Timothy's smile widened.

He lowered his eyes, glanced at her angry little face, and finally answered her question. However, the words that came out of his mouth were extremely cruel. "He's dead."

He was provoking her.

Samantha's pupils contracted all of a sudden and she nearly stopped breathing.

"You, on the other hand, should've died three years ago. Don't expect to make it out now that you're here."

Timothy smiled maliciously. "You want to see your child, don't you? I'll personally...send you there!"

He reached for his waist with his other hand, took out a small gun, and pressed it to Samantha's eyebrows.

Three years ago, the pain she felt was thoroughly heart-wrenching when she was tied to the pole in the sea and saw the killer mouthing the words 'Mr. Barker'.

She had become numb to everything since then.

After all, she knew exactly how much Timothy hated her.

Was Matthew...really dead?

If Timothy ordered the hit, then the chances of him surviving were close to zero.

Although Samantha would not want to continue living anymore if Matthew truly was dead, she was never going to let the perpetrator go!

It seemed that she was fated to be entangled with Timothy until her last moments!

She had already prepared for the worst when she drove like the wind to the church. As a result, she was actually beyond calm at that moment.

An extremely thin needle appeared from her fingernails and she pinched it between her fingers.

On the tip of the needle was a very strong poison.

Anesthetics did not affect Timothy when she used them on him before, but the needle was different in that it was laced with a generous amount of poison.

Moreover, she had identified an acupuncture point and would be able to prick him at just the right spot.

Timothy would surely die along with her when he pulled the trigger!

That would be his atonement for everything he did to her, and he could then join Matthew in the afterlife too!

Harmony watched the scene excitedly.

Timothy did not disappoint her at all. Even if Samantha survived and appeared in front of him again, he would still kill her once more!

Samantha's marriage to Timothy would be void once she was dead, and no other obstacle would stand in Harmony's way anymore.

Harmony's gloominess disappeared and she could not help but smile again.

Ronald was shell-shocked by everything and could not help but yell at the top of his lungs, "No, Mr. Barker! Don't do it! Please let Ms. Larsson go! Just let her go!"

He had just seen Samantha come to life again and he did not want her to die a second time!

His first instinct was to run toward Timothy and Samantha, but the bodyguard grabbed his arm and held him down.

Timothy looked at Samantha's unwavering expression, and his evil smile became more prominent. There was a sinister and murderous look in his eyes as he cocked the gun.

"So long."

Chapter 348: Everything Was Gone

Samantha looked firmly into his eyes and pinched the poisonous needle determinedly. Deep down, she uttered the same word, "Goodbye!"

If she could turn back time, she would make sure not to fall in love with Timothy again and immediately give up the first time he rejected her.

Since she could not, then she would rather never meet him again in the next life.

She hoped not to meet him even in the afterlife.

Samantha watched as Timothy curled his forefinger and immediately aimed at a certain point on his neck. The moment he pulled the trigger, she would stab that poisonous needle into his neck.

They would then die together.

However, the door to the church was pushed open at a critical moment and a weak yet firm voice resounded through the church hall.

"Which one of you dares to lay a hand on my granddaughter-in-law!"

Everyone's first instinct was to look in the direction of the source, where they saw Aunt Julia pushing a wheelchair that contained a pale-faced Old Madam Barker.

The bodyguards wanted to stop her, but another group of well-trained bodyguards poured in behind the old lady, protecting her properly and confronting the bodyguards that were about to stop her.

Both groups were old acquaintances and merely stared at each other.

They all worked under the Barkers, with Old Madam Barker's bodyguards belonging to one group while Timothy's bodyguards belonged to another.

There was no distinction between their ranks and the only difference was who they answered to.

Old Madam Barker's bodyguards used to serve under Old Master Barker and it should have been Timothy who inherited them and they were considered to be Timothy's people too, but since the old lady was still alive, much of her authority had not been handed over to Timothy and she still had control over them.

Ronald was surprised at first when he saw Old Madam Barker's appearance. Although she had successfully made it through the danger period, she had been in a coma ever since and he did not expect her to regain consciousness!

Unable to contain his excitement at the old lady's presence, he believed that the entire issue might be successfully suppressed.

Harmony's eyes widened all of a sudden when she saw Old Madam Barker. The proud smile that was about to appear on her face suddenly turned into a frown and made for an amusing sight.

She never would have thought that the old hag would wake up and rush over at that kind of a juncture...

Aside from feeling shocked, Harmony felt an endless fear too.

'If that old lady woke up and knew that I instructed Dr. Highton to poison her, she would never let me go!'

Harmony's complexion changed at once and her body trembled uncontrollably.

Samantha was just as surprised when she saw Old Madam Barker. She did not expect her kind thoughts to be of any help in saving Old Madam Barker.

During the time she accompanied Old Madam Barker, she saw that the old lady was still in a coma even though it was almost time to go back to Emsteldt. With no other choice left, she made a last-ditch effort to put the lifesaving pill she once gave to Old Madam Barker into the old lady's mouth.

In truth, she was unsure whether or not it would work and felt that it might not have that much of an effect, but she could not just sit around not doing anything.

At that moment, she was very happy to see Old Madam Barker regain consciousness.

Timothy turned around and glanced at Old Madam Barker. There was a little flicker in his eyes but his emotions were still imperceptible. Even so, he did not let up and continued to hold the gun to Samantha's forehead.

The dark muzzle was still pressed to Samantha's eyebrows.

It was evident that none of what was happening had managed to dispel his murderous intent!

Upon seeing the scene, Old Madam Barker could not control herself from coughing a few more times. Aunt Julia hurriedly reached out and patted her on the back.

“Push me over!” Old Madam Barker said with difficulty.

Aunt Julia nodded and pushed Old Madam Barker’s wheelchair. They walked along the path that the bodyguards paved until they reached Timothy and Samantha.

At that point, Old Madam Barker did not call out to Aunt Julia anymore. She grabbed the wheelchair armrest with both hands and forced herself to stand up. Then, she looked up at the indifferent, dangerous, and ruthless Timothy.

She raised her hand slowly and her fingers were trembling as they reached for Timothy’s wrist.

Timothy looked down at her.

The old lady exerted a bit of strength, grabbed Timothy’s hand, then pointed the gun in his hand toward herself.

Samantha immediately found it difficult to breathe as she said, “Grandma!”

Aunt Julia looked at the old lady nervously too. “Old Madam!”

Old Madam Barker looked at Timothy and said with crystal-clear clarity, “You want to kill Sammy today, don’t you? Over my dead body!”

She sneered, “Go on! Shoot!”

Timothy’s black eyes stared at the old lady in a manner that was just as indifferent and gloomy as before, although there were some traces of incomprehension.

A few seconds later, he curled his lips into a smirk.

His fingers then loosened and he pointed the muzzle down.

It was a compromise, at least for the time being.

Only then did Old Madam Barker let go of his wrist. She then reached out to grab Samantha, urging her, “Let’s go, Sammy.”

Samantha had practically held her breath after that emotion-charged moment earlier.

Timothy was, fortunately, able to maintain the last trace of his conscience and thankfully did not pull the trigger on Old Madam Barker!

Although she knew that Old Madam Barker was here to save her, she had not been able to ask about Matthew yet...

Her hesitation made Old Madam Barker grip her hand tighter, and the old lady's tone became even firmer as she said, "Let's go, Sammy!"

The old lady could not hold on for long, and if she collapsed, then no one would be able to protect Samantha anymore.

Sensing Old Madam Barker's shakiness, Samantha had no choice but to suppress her chaotic thoughts. She held Old Madam Barker's hand, helped her back into the wheelchair, then pushed the wheelchair out.

Timothy's gaze finally fell on Samantha's figure and there was a look of intrigue in his eyes.

Not long later, Samantha walked out of the church along with Old Madam Barker and Aunt Julia. The bodyguards also left one by one and the church returned to silence.

Harmony looked at the scene in front of her and clenched her hands fiercely, so much so that her long fingernails were digging into her palms.

It was always the old lady who saved Samantha whenever there was a chance that Samantha would be destroyed!

Samantha somehow came back from the dead that day and the old lady regained consciousness too. In the meantime, her wedding to Timothy...

She struggled to get up from the ground, after which she looked aggrievedly at Timothy with reddened eyes. "What... What about our wedding, Tim?"

Timothy gave her a sideways glance but did not answer her. He walked past her, looked at Ronald, then opened his lips to say, "Find out the status of my marriage to Samantha."

The bodyguards finally let Ronald go. He exhaled heavily and responded, "Yes, Mr. Barker."

He took his phone out and quickly dialed a number.

After his call went through, he spoke to the person briefly and ended the call soon after. He then glanced at Timothy and said, "Mr. Barker, you and Ms. Larsson aren't divorced. You're still legally married."

How could it be?

Harmony felt like she had been struck by a thunderbolt from the blue and could barely stand still despite holding on to the chair beside her.

That day was supposed to be the happiest day of her life, but...all of that vanished into thin air in the blink of an eye...

Timothy cocked his eyebrows slightly and a terrifying storm seemed to be brewing in the depths of his eyes.

Chapter 349: Are You Unable to Let Him Go?

Samantha helped the old lady up, carefully assisted her into the car, then bent down and got in too.

Once Aunt Julia sat in the passenger seat, she told the bodyguard who was at the wheel, "Drive!"

The bodyguard gave her an answer and started the engine as the car drove away speedily.

Old Madam Barker's face became even paler as if all the strength in her body had disappeared. She leaned limply on the back of her chair and was gasping for air.

Samantha's eyes had turned red and she guiltily held the old lady's hand. Her voice was hoarse as she said, "I'm sorry, Grandma."

'I'm sorry you had to drag your weak body over to save me.'

Old Madam Barker rolled her stiff eyes to look at Samantha's face. There were tears in her eyes, and she raised her hand forcefully to stroke her cheek gently.

She had always wanted to see Samantha in her dreams during the past three years, but Samantha never showed up, not even once. She started wondering if Samantha was angry at her and had refused to come to see her.

While the old lady could boast that she rarely did anything wrong throughout her life, bringing Timothy and Samantha together was something she believed to be the worst thing she ever did. It was the one incident she regretted the most!

Seeing Samantha alive and real in front of her made her feel incredibly relieved and sincerely happy. It had also...finally allowed her to let go of the guilt in her heart.

She thanked her lucky stars that she could wake up in time and rush over.

Old Madam Barker's throat felt blocked and she could not speak, so she expressed herself by holding Samantha's hand.

Aunt Julia, who sat in the front, looked at the scene behind and wept silently.

After arriving at the hospital, the doctors and nurses had already pushed the hospital bed and waited at the door. They helped the old lady onto the bed and subsequently brought her in.

Once the physical examination was over, the doctor gave Old Madam Barker a drip and fed her some medicine, leaving the ward only after the old lady's emotions had eased.

Old Madam Barker opened her eyes slightly. She had regained some strength by then and said to Samantha, who was standing just beside her. "Come here, Sammy. I'd like to talk to you."

Samantha sniffled and wiped the tears from the corners of her eyes. She then lifted her feet, walked over, and sat on the edge of the bed.

Upon seeing the situation, Aunt Julia turned around and walked out of the ward to give them some time together.

Old Madam Barker looked solemnly at Samantha for a moment and said in a hoarse voice, "You've suffered a lot, Sammy."

She had heard bits and pieces of Samantha's words when she was in a coma.

She always thought that Samantha died unexpectedly abroad, but she never expected Timothy to be the one who did it.

In the past, she would never have believed that her grandson would be that cruel, but after what happened in these three years, she had to admit that her grandson had become so unfamiliar to her that he was almost like a stranger that she never understood.

"I didn't raise Timothy well and he grew up into such a cold-blooded, ruthless person. I even paired you up together and made you face so many terrible, painful things."

"I'm sorry, Sammy. I'm sorry I let you down!"

As she spoke, her expression seemed so full of pain that she could not stop her tears from dropping down.

Samantha shook her head quickly. "Don't blame yourself, Grandma. It's not your fault. You never wanted it to happen and you were the one who ended up getting hurt the most."

She knew how much Old Madam Barker loved Timothy.

Imagine the pain the old lady had to go through after what Timothy had become.

"Besides, I'm still alive and well, aren't I? I've never blamed you for what happened, Grandma. I hope that you'll stop blaming yourself and get well soon too."

Old Madam Barker felt more and more uncomfortable when she heard Samantha's words.

'Sammy's such a good girl! She's such a kind-hearted woman! I have no idea what kind of curse is Timothy under that he could bring himself to do such cruel things to her!'

The old lady touched Samantha's head. "You're a good girl. I'm happy enough to see you are all fine."

After a pause, she thought of something, and said again, "Sammy, I saw the broadcast on live TV. Is it true that you and Timothy aren't divorced yet?"

There was nothing for Samantha to hide after she had announced it to the entire world. She nodded and said, "Yes, it's true."

The old lady sighed. "Then did you go to the wedding today...because you wanted to steal the groom? Are you still unable to let that brat go?"

'Of course not!'

Samantha protested immediately.

Timothy was already dead to her. Even if she was once somewhat unwilling before, any feeling she had for him disappeared when he said that Matthew was dead.

However, Samantha would have to think of another excuse if she denied it, and that excuse would touch on the topic of Matthew.

She was more than willing to tell Old Madam Barker about Matthew, but because he went missing and his survival was as yet unknown, explaining the situation would only make the old lady worried.

Old Madam Barker's body was extremely weak and there should not be any further provocation.

Samantha pursed her lips tightly. She did not want to lie to Old Madam Barker, but she had no idea how to answer either.

After thinking for a few seconds, she whispered, "Grandma, I'll answer your question when you feel better, okay?"

Old Madam Barker stared at her for a few seconds but eventually decided against asking any further. "Okay. Tell me when you're ready. I'll be waiting for you."

Samantha smiled gratefully.

Old Madam Barker was unable to stay awake for long. Her eyelids became heavy and it did not take long for her to feel sleepy.

Samantha picked up the remote control and lowered the hospital bed. Once it was flat, she got up and tucked the blanket for Old Madam Barker before leaving the ward.

As soon as she went out, Rochelle immediately leaped over to hug her after rushing to the hospital. She reprimanded, "Couldn't you have waited for me, dammit? Why did you have to look for him without backup? What am I going to do if he put a bullet in your head?"

Samantha hugged her back. "I'm sorry Chelle. I... I couldn't sit still. It's difficult for me to control myself when all I'm thinking about is Matt."

Rochelle understood completely and it was hard for her to continue getting angry at Samantha. She gently pushed Samantha away and immediately pulled Samantha to sit down on the chair after seeing the latter's somewhat pale face.

She took out some wet wipes and wiped Samantha's cheeks while asking, "Did you get any information?"

Samantha's voice trembled uncontrollably. "Timothy told me that Matthew's dead."

"What?" Rochelle's face turned pale too. "Do you... Do you think he's telling the truth?"

Samantha shook her head blankly. "I can't tell for sure."

If it were in the past, she would have felt that Timothy would not go that far and be so cruel. However, the fact that Timothy had once given an order to kill her made it quite possible that he had given an order to kill Matthew.

He no longer had a heart!

That was the first time Rochelle saw Samantha so flustered and she was heartbroken to see Samantha trembling so violently, like a child who had lost their entire world.

She could not help but hug Samantha, and although she wanted to say a couple of words to comfort Samantha, she realized that anything she could say would be useless and superfluous.

The phone rang all of a sudden.

Samantha took her cell phone out slowly and looked at the caller ID through her mist of tears. Her hand then tightened all of a sudden.

It was as if.... she had managed to grasp on to her last shred of hope!

Chapter 350: Not the Real Timothy

The number was displayed as 'no caller ID', just like before.

Samantha unhesitatingly tapped the answer icon and put the phone to her ear as she greeted tremblingly, "Hello?"

The mysterious person's voice, which had gone through a voice changer, went straight to the subject as always. "Ms. Larsson, your child is still alive for now."

'Alive...'

Samantha's tense heart relaxed slightly.

Although there were plenty of red flags about the mysterious person, his claim that the divorce certificate was fake turned out to be true. Therefore, Samantha inexplicably wanted to believe his words when he said that Matthew was still alive!

The phrase 'for now' made her nerves tense up again. She bit her lower lip and said, "Do you know where he is?"

The mysterious man's voice was calm and indifferent. "I don't."

Samantha frowned. "Then what's your point in making this call?"

The mysterious man replied, "Only Timothy can save your child."

Samantha wanted to scoff at him when he said that.

If Matthew was taken away under Timothy's order, then Matthew's life was in Timothy's hands. Why would Timothy be willing to let Matthew go?

"What's with this load of crap you're giving me?"

Samantha would not be that rude under normal circumstances, but she could no longer control her temper due to her anxiousness and exhaustion!

The mysterious man did not seem annoyed either. He maintained a calm, indifferent, and robotic tone, but rather than answering, he asked, "Did you notice anything wrong with Timothy when you interacted with him this time around?"

It went without saying that everything about Timothy was different, including his personality, temperament, and even the habits and small details of his life. He was unlike the person she used to know.

What did any of that have to do with her though?

Samantha had enough of the mysterious man going around in circles. Her voice became cold as she asked, "What the hell do you know exactly?"

The mysterious man replied, "I know nothing."

Samantha was not someone who would easily be provoked by others into losing her temper. However, the mysterious man had tested her limits and she felt like reaching through the telephone and giving him a severe beating.

"Then we have nothing to talk about!"

Samantha did not hesitate to hang up after leaving him with that sentence.

At the last second, the mysterious man repeated, "Only Timothy Barker can save your child... The Timothy...who loves you."

Samantha's finger froze.

The mysterious man hung up as soon as he finished speaking.

The beeping sound rang in her ears and Samantha lowered her arm stiffly.

'The Timothy...who loves me?'

'What is that person trying to hint at?'

'What's the meaning of all this?'

Samantha held her phone up again and redialed the number but was greeted by the same automatic message as she had received in the past: 'The number you have dialed does not exist'!

Her face had soured and she was very pale too.

Rochelle had been listening to what Samantha said to the mysterious person, and upon seeing the situation, she frowned and asked, "Sammy, is this the mysterious person who sent you all those emails when you were in Emsteldt?"

Samantha nodded lightly. "Yes. It's him."

"What did he say this time?"

Samantha briefly repeated what he had said.

Rochelle had a speechless expression. "What is this person trying to do? I have this feeling that they're deliberately leading you to Timothy."

First, there was that email from five years ago; then came the email when Samantha was at Emsteldt; finally, there was this phone call.

"It's obvious that this whole thing is bad news. You can see just the way he plays with people's emotions. He always gives you a glimmer of hope and lures you into doing something you have no choice but to do!"

Rochelle held Samantha's hand. "Sammy, don't listen to him!"

If he had not sent an email to tell Samantha that she and Timothy were not truly divorced, Samantha would not have returned to the country in the first place. None of the events that happened thereafter would be discovered too.

Although that mystery man still wanted to make sure that Samantha continued to be entangled with the dangerous Timothy, Rochelle disapproved outright!

Samantha did not want to listen to the mysterious person and agreed with what Rochelle's said too, but...

Matthew was her entire world, and her entire world was at stake.

Samantha shook her head weakly. "I don't have a choice, Chelle."

"Sammy..." Rochelle said anxiously.

Samantha immediately interrupted her. "Chelle, I appreciate your kindness, but...let's not talk about this anymore alright."

After all that had happened, she had probably entered a carefully-orchestrated plot by an unknown person the very moment she stepped on the plane and went back to the country.

In that case, it was not something she could just get out of as and when she pleased.

The last thing she wanted was to investigate whatever secret Timothy had and what happened to him, but did she honestly have a choice?

Rochelle could sense the pain and helplessness coming from Samantha, and her heart felt equally as painful too. Even so, she was powerless because there was nothing that she could do about it.

Fate was like a net that was slowly covering them from all directions. If they did not struggle hard enough, they would eventually be strangled to death.

That was probably what some called 'lacking the freedom to dictate things'.

Rochelle closed her eyes and forced herself to calm down. She took a deep breath before saying, "Sammy, what do you think that mysterious person meant in his last sentence?"

Since running was not an option, they could only face it head-on.

Needless to say, it was always best to be prepared when facing such issues, rather than just attacking blindly head-on!

Samantha's thoughts were a little chaotic but Rochelle was fortunately still beside her to help clear her thoughts. She smiled gratefully at Rochelle, then lowered her head and started to think.

Although the mysterious man's actions were beyond annoying, he always went straight to the point and said things either with a purpose or to provide hints.

Samantha pondered for a moment and laughed in spite of herself before saying, "There are two possibilities, I believe. The first is that this mystery man had always believed that Timothy loves me. That's why he's trying to find a way to make Timothy fall in love with me again. If that happens, Timothy will let the child go."

Rochelle nodded. "And the second?"

The second...

Samantha was somehow reminded of what the mysterious man had said in the email before, as well as what he said during the phone call earlier. After connecting the dots, her eyes sank fiercely.

"The second is...that the Timothy in front of us isn't the real Timothy."

Rochelle's eyes widened in shock. "How... How is that even possible?"

If he was not the real Timothy, then where did the real Timothy go? Timothy was a living adult. How could he just disappear?

Samantha could not come to a conclusion and merely said, "I'm just guessing."

She was unsure if Timothy had ever loved her, so it was not at all surprising that he would give out an order to kill her. The reason why she would venture to make the second guess was entirely because she had seen his ruthlessness towards Old Madam Barker.

That was one thing that stood out as weird.

Then again, Timothy had obviously allowed her to leave earlier after Old Madam Barker came into the picture.

Those two issues were rather contradictory, which made it impossible for her to make a judgment confidently.

Just as the two of them were speechless and began pondering over what happened, Samantha's phone rang suddenly and broke the silence.

Samantha glanced subconsciously at the phone screen and discovered that the caller was an extremely familiar 11-digit number.

The number belonged to Timothy.

Chapter 351: Let's Meet, My Wife

Samantha's heart skipped a beat.

She pursed her lips lightly and tapped her fingertip on the phone screen to answer. "Hello."

The man's low, pleasant, but slightly cold voice was heard saying, "Let's meet."

After a pause, he spat out two more words. "My wife."

A speechless Samantha unconsciously tightened her grip on her phone.

It was not wrong for him to call her that, since she was not officially divorced from Timothy yet and they were still husband and wife in the eyes of the law.

However, it was still very uncomfortable to hear him say that because she was unsure what Timothy's actual situation was.

Samantha calmed down and opened her lips to say, "Okay."

He did not seem to have expected that she would agree without hesitation and was slightly surprised. After a few moments' silence, he said, "The car is already waiting for you at the hospital gate."

Samantha could not help but sneer, "Was I going to be tied up if I didn't agree?"

Even his car had already arrived, which meant that there was nothing she could do to avoid it

Her words did not irk Timothy and he even replied playfully, "Sure, if that's what you prefer."

Samantha immediately ended the call.

When Timothy heard the beeping tone, his lips twitched and an unfathomable glow appeared at the bottom of his eyes.

After Samantha put down her phone, she said to Rochelle, "I'm going to see Timothy!"

"I'll come with you!" Rochelle offered without hesitation.

Timothy was an extremely dangerous lunatic and Rochelle's greatest worry was that he might do something to Samantha if she went to see him alone!

Samantha shook her head. "I have to meet him alone, Chelle. You don't have to worry, alright? With his temperament now, he would've sent a killer instead of a car if he really wanted me dead!"

It made sense.

Rochelle looked at her with a frown and opened her mouth to try and persuade Samantha. However, she could only sigh heavily in the end.

"You have to be careful, then. Let me know as soon as possible if something goes wrong!"

"I will!" Samantha promised.

Rochelle sent Samantha to the door of the hospital and watched as Samantha got into the car. She then stood firmly on the spot and watched the car drive away, leaving only when the vehicle was completely out of her sight.

The car drove slowly on the road.

Samantha looked up at the driver in the driver's seat. Instead of Ronald, it was the bodyguard in charge of all the others during the wedding that day.

Such a sight was something she had never seen before when she was with Timothy.

Timothy never got his bodyguards to tag along for such things and practically only brought Ronald along to make handling work matters easier.

The increase of bodyguards seemed to occur only in the past three years.

What did he need that many bodyguards for? He was a businessman, not someone who muddled in shady stuff.

Could that Timothy really be an imposter?

Was that why his temperament and habits had changed so drastically? Could that explain why he was so heartless towards Old Madam Baker and herself?

During the few times that she had encountered him, she did not seem to have noticed anything wrong on the surface. However, she wondered if it had been difficult for her to notice because she tried to avoid him and always kept a distance from him. Could that have prevented her from getting a closer look at him?

Samantha was very confused. The car reached the underground parking lot of the hotel and parked there, after which the bodyguard got out of the car and opened the car door for her. "Please head upstairs, Ms. Larsson. Mr. Barker is waiting for you."

She lowered her eyes, set aside all the guesses she had in her mind, then got out of the car and walked toward the elevator.

Whatever the reasons were, finding the answer was something she had to do. That was Matthew's only chance of survival.

Since she was very familiar with the hotel, she pressed the button on the top floor as soon as she entered the elevator.

The elevator doors closed and it began to ascend.

The ascent was rather quick and the doors seemed to have opened again in the blink of an eye.

Samantha walked out of the elevator and toward the room door.

When she left the last time around, she thought she would never have to step into this place again. Unfortunately, life was always unpredictable, and she found herself at the suite even though it had not been long since her last visit.

She did not know what she would be facing when she opened the door, and despite being mentally prepared, she could not help herself from breathing gently when she finally opened the door.

After stepping into the room, she was stunned by the scene in front of her.

The room was decorated festively and romantically, with hanging ribbons, floating heart-shaped balloons, and complete with scented candles too. Anyone who set foot in there would feel as if they were in a dream.

The man stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows and was still in his wedding suit. His slender and straight body, wide shoulders, narrow waist, and long legs were all features contributing to his beautifully perfect proportions.

His slender fingers were holding a wine glass, which he swirled gently. He then turned his face to the side to reveal the handsomely sexy contours of his side profile, which touched the hearts of many.

Then, he turned around and glanced over, with his black pupils looking directly at Samantha.

Behind him was a sudden display of fireworks that lit up the night sky. Like trees of fire and silver flowers, they were all extremely beautiful.

The contrast set off beautifully against the man's face, with the occasional burst of illumination from the fireworks revealing traces of evil in his handsome, deadly, and dangerous expression.

Samantha was a little lost in thought as she looked at it.

It was as if nothing changed between her and Timothy, and all the sadness she felt in the past was all fake...

"You're here, my wife," the man said. His voice was slightly lower and it seemed to resonate with one's heartstrings.

Samantha's vision came into focus all of a sudden.

Timothy had called her 'my wife' before using different tones, but on that particular occasion, there was a certain indescribable feeling when he called her that, although she did not know whether it was a misconception on her end.

Samantha said, "I'm here. Why did you want to see me? What's the matter?"

Seeing the rapid change in her expression, Timothy curled his lips slightly. Rather than answering Samantha, he strode over to the dining table.

There were candles on the table and a decanted bottle of red wine.

His fingertips tapped the table and he said to her, "It's been a while. How about a drink?"

After making that offer, he picked up the red wine and poured a glass without waiting for Samantha's answer.

When he saw Samantha standing still, he maintained his smile but spoke in a slightly colder tone. "Won't you do me the honor?"

Samantha had no plans to drink with Timothy or reminisce about the old days. The room looked like it was decorated for his wedding, and she felt very repulsed to think that it had been prepared for Timothy and Harmony.

From the looks of it, it appeared that she would not be able to reject Timothy that easily and it would be unwise to have any conflict with him.

After only a second's worth of hesitation, she walked over, pulled the chair, then sat down magnanimously.

Timothy raised his eyebrows slightly and pushed the cup toward her. He raised his cup and said, "Cheers... to the surprise you gave me today."

Samantha looked at the red wine in front of her. Although she wanted nothing more than to splash the glass of red wine on his face, she took a deep breath and held herself back.

She raised the glass of red wine and said dourly, "That makes both of us. You gave me a big surprise today, too."

She would never have disrupted his wedding if he had not sent someone to capture Matthew.

He was the one who brought it upon himself!

She replied him with more or less the same words he used on her.

Timothy stretched out his hand and clinked his glass to hers. After raising his head slightly, he took a sip and looked at her with a tilt of his head.

Samantha smiled as well and raised her head fearlessly to take a sip.

Timothy smirked with intrigue. "Aren't you afraid that I'd poison you?"

Samantha replied unceremoniously, "I'll drag you down with me before I die."

Timothy rested his chin on one hand and looked at her quietly for a few seconds with what seemed to be a fleeting emotion in the depths of his eyes.

The next second, Timothy's smile froze and he spoke in an icier voice.. "It's time we get down to business."