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Chapter 352: Did You Think I'd Keep Him Around?

Getting down to business was exactly what Samantha had come for.

She looked into Timothy's black eyes and spoke in an equally frigid voice, "Sure. Let's talk."

A little smirk appeared at the corner of his lips and he tossed a kraft paper bag to the empty space on the table before her. He raised his chin slightly and said bluntly, "Sign the divorce agreement."

During the journey to the hotel, Samantha had a couple of guesses as to why he wanted to see her. There was nothing she could talk about with Timothy anymore, and the only thing that would prompt him into taking the initiative to find her was probably related to the divorce.

It turned out to be just as she predicted.

Samantha's expression remained unchanged. She stretched out her hand, picked up the kraft paper bag, and opened it to take out the divorce agreement.

She casually flipped through a couple of pages and could not help sneering.

The divorce agreement was very different from that of three years ago.

When the first set of divorce papers was given to her three years ago, he gave at least a hundred million in alimony. The terms were then revised so she would also be given half of the shares.

The present divorce agreement would leave her empty-handed.

She would have nothing at all.

Although Samantha never wanted anything from Timothy whether it was shares or money, it was still difficult for her to contain the anger in her heart when she looked at the divorce agreement.

During the entire course of her marriage to him, Samantha had reflected on whether she had done anything wrong. The answer was a no, for she had tried her best to love him and be a good wife for him. Her love for Timothy was pure and genuine.

She did not use him or conspired against him, but did things properly and with a clear conscience.

She loved him purely with all her heart, so much so that she could be described as being very stupid and persistent.

On the other hand, he was the one who used her in the marriage, betrayed her feelings, and wanted her dead in the end. There were plenty of things he did wrong, so how could he be so confident in asking her to sign the divorce papers and requesting her to back off unconditionally?

She hated Harmony to the bone, but the hate she had for someone as insignificant as Harmony paled far in comparison to her hatred of him.

If not for some of the other concerns she had, she would most certainly have dragged him to hell with her.

Samantha picked up the divorce agreement and tore it up without blinking.

Timothy kept quiet and watched as she ripped the papers. There were hints of iciness in the depths of his eyes and he smiled while speaking in a chilly voice, "What's wrong? Still coveting my shares?"

He looked at her condescendingly and the look in his eyes seemed to ask her 'What right do you have?'

"Your shares?" Samantha questioned in amusement. "It's worthless to me."

During the past three years, the Barker Group's market value has risen to an astonishing level and even half of those shares carried an unimaginable wealth.

Even those who were wealthy would yearn for them, let alone ordinary individuals.

Timothy scoffed at Samantha's words.

How could she treat them with such disdain when she was the one who asked for shares three years ago?

All that pretending was simply pointless.

Samantha's expression remained unwavering despite sensing the contempt from Timothy's aloof self-righteousness.

She could not care less about what Timothy thought of her anymore and she was not going to try and explain anything to save his opinion of her.

Timothy's opinion of her would not affect her at all.

She came for a very clear purpose and that was to get her child back!

Samantha could not be bothered to talk nonsense with him. She glanced up at him and said, "I only have one condition for this divorce!"

"Give me back my child and promise that you will not hurt him or disturb us in the future! Then I'll sign it. From that point onward, you and I will never cross paths again."

Timothy laughed as if he had heard a funny joke. He locked his sharp eyes on her and spoke in a cruel yet slightly mocking tone, "Do you think I'd keep the b*stard you conceived through cheating in your marriage?"

'Cheating in your marriage...'

'B*stard...'

Samantha clenched her hand unconsciously.

It seemed that the misunderstanding stemmed from Timothy's thorough investigation of her.

When she gave birth back in Emsteldt, she was not a registered citizen there and the child could not be registered under her name. Therefore, the baby ended up being registered under Alan's name.

Moreover, she was more careful at that time and the information she provided regarding her age was several years younger than her actual age. She did that to prevent anyone from knowing that it was Timothy's child.

From Matthew's registration information, it was quite evident that he was Alan's child.

Although she did not want Timothy to know the truth, the things he told her made her feel extremely cold and she felt unbearably distressed to hear them.

She dodged the proverbial bullet when she did not tell Matthew who his biological father was.

It would be a very sad day for him indeed.

Samantha laughed in anger and retorted, "You haven't been sitting on your thumbs for the past three years either, you cleaned up your true love's reputation and even held a lavish wedding for her. You're no better than me if it comes to cheating while married. You're a pot that calls the kettle black."

Timothy stopped swirling the wine glass.

He laughed again and said, "My mistake."

Samantha did not respond and waited for his next sentence.

Sure enough, Timothy added nonchalantly, "I should have given another order three years ago."

His smile was very charming, but the words that came out of his mouth were extremely cold-blooded. "I should have told them to cut off your tongue."

"You missed that train, unfortunately," Samantha was still unafraid.

"Wonderful, very wonderful."

Timothy even raised his hands and clapped twice. "Since you refuse to divorce, then..."

He paused for half a beat before continuing, "...you should keep me company tonight on what was supposed to be my wedding night..."

"...Darling."

As soon as he said that, the man stood up and took slow steps toward Samantha.

Samantha's hand unconsciously clenched the back of her chair as she looked at Timothy's gloomy eyes. For that brief moment, she was unable to determine whether he was telling the truth or whether he was deliberately trying to scare her.

She did not think that the current Timothy had any sexual interest in her!

Giving in to her fears was not an option, as doing so would only reveal her limits to him. Should that happen, she would not be able to take Matthew back from Timothy's hands again.

Samantha surreptitiously took a deep breath, forced herself to calm down, and suppressed her urge to run away. She raised her head and looked at Timothy, who had already walked up to her.

A dangerous oppressiveness came crashing toward her soon after.

Samantha still retained that cold and indifferent expression and pretended to take a jibe at him, "Is there anything wrong with me having an affair while married and giving birth to another man's child? Are you unsatisfied? That's mighty casual of you, don't you think? Or...could it be that your one true love, Harmony, can't satisfy you?"

Although Samantha was technically badmouthing herself with those remarks, it was worth it if she could repel him and protect herself.

Chapter 353: Don't You Dare

Unfortunately, Samantha's words did not arouse any disgust or aversion from Timothy. On the contrary, his lips curled up into a malicious smile.

He walked up to her, grabbed the back of her chair with one hand, and applied some force to pull the chair away from the desk, turning it around so Samantha was facing him.

Timothy supported both hands on the chair armrest and bent over so he could lean his handsome face closer. He was practically trapping Samantha using his body.

Her small reflection appeared in his faint yet dark eyes. His thin lips parted slightly and he spoke in a low voice that was both playful and mocking. "I've never tasted someone like you before and it so happens that I'm hungry."

He said that in response to her self-deprecating remarks.

However, Samantha still could not tell whether or not he was telling the truth.

Samantha clenched her hands tightly and exhausted all her strength to control herself and let out a smile. "If you don't mind, then I don't mind either."

She even went so far as to raise her hand suddenly, grab the bowtie on Timothy's neck, and pull him down closer to her.

The distance between the two of them began decreasing, so much so that their breaths were merging into one.

Timothy had not expected that reaction from her. He seemed to be in a daze for a brief moment, but at the same time, it did not look as if he was dazed either.

He then chuckled again soon after.

His slender fingers pinched Samantha's chin and caressed it suggestively. Bit by bit he began gradually traveling down her slender neck.

He did not seem to have any desire but looked more like he was testing the waters and teasing her. His black eyes stared at her closely to observe all her reactions.

Samantha's fingertips trembled slightly.

She hated any form of intimacy with Timothy, and regardless of how well she suppressed her emotions, her bodily instinct still reacted honestly.

Goosebumps unconsciously appeared all over her body and there was an uncontrollable disgust.

Timothy's fingertips had already traveled to her collarbone. His fingers were cool and they slid against her skin, making Samantha feel as though a poisonous snake was slithering over her.

However, he merely lingered there and did not go any further. He grasped Samantha's chin again and lowered his head as soon as a fleeting glimmer disappeared from the depths of his eyes.

He pressed his thin lips down on her red lips without any hesitation.

Samantha's heart tensed up all of a sudden and she could not bear it any further as she turned her face to the side. The man's kiss fell on her cheek and gave her the same sense of coldness as she felt by his fingertips.

Samantha's black pupils widened slightly.

She did not expect Timothy to do it for real.

After all, there was no reason for him to touch other women since he loved Harmony very much and had done so many crazy things for her.

Did he not sleep with her back then just to get her pregnant and have her give him an heir?

Or could it be that he was a scumbag with no morals and could separate emotional needs from physical ones?

Could it be that he was capable of sleeping with other women even though he actually loved Harmony?

Samantha could not help but feel nauseated. She had to have been blind back then to fall in love with such a terrible scumbag!

Timothy was not surprised by her avoidance and sneered, "What's wrong? Can't continue to keep up your farce anymore?"

"If this is all you got, then...I'm really disappointed!"

As soon as he said that, his slender and powerful fingers grabbed her entire jaw and forcibly twisted her little face back so he could look down at her. An evil smile appeared

across his face and he asked, "Samantha, did you think I was joking when I said you had to keep me company tonight?"

"You..." Samantha's voice was a little hollow.

"Since you're so insistent on not getting the divorce, then you have to abide by the obligations of a married couple."

Although Timothy was speaking with a smile, his tone made her back shiver uncontrollably. "Do you expect me to remarry you just for decoration's sake?"

As Timothy said that, he suddenly reached out to grab Samantha's arm. The next second, Samantha was pulled up and her entire body spun as Timothy immediately carried her on his shoulders.

The man stretched his long legs and walked to the bedside in a couple of steps, where he threw Samantha onto the bed without mercy.

There were petals arranged in a heart on top of the bed. They flew in all directions and filled the air with a romantic fragrance.

His movements were so crisp and quick that Samantha had no time to react to them.

Timothy looked at her condescendingly. He lifted his hand, yanked off his bowtie, and began unbuttoning his shirt.

His movements were very elegant, but there were traces of inexplicable evil within them.

Samantha's head was a little stunned when she was thrown onto the bed. It took her a few seconds before she could recover, but when she looked up, she saw that the man in front of her had unbuttoned his shirt and taken it off to reveal his upper body.

She was sure that he would come for her if she did not speak up and admit it. His actions were clearly not a threat nor a joke!

Samantha would be lying if she said she was unafraid.

The strength of the man before her was unfathomable and completely unlike what she had seen before. She would not be able to escape if he was adamant about doing something to her.

Although they were still husband and wife, the lack of any emotional foundation made her extremely repulsed with such intimacy, thereby precluding her from getting physical with him in any way whatsoever!

Samantha was about to get out of bed without even thinking about it.

Timothy's lips twitched in disdain when he saw her actions.

He stretched out his hand and grasped Samantha's shoulders with ease. Pulling her once more to the bed, he knelt on one knee and locked her hands on either side of her head, with his entire upper body looming above her body.

Timothy looked at her beautiful cheeks that were still fair and taut. They did not look remotely like a woman who had given birth.

The lighting in the bedroom was specially adjusted to a suggestive dull yellow color. His dark eyes were wide and round as he looked at her angry, unyielding and stubborn face.

It somehow...drew him in more and more.

A hint of desire began to surface at the bottom of his insipid eyes.

Samantha was not a naive young girl, and she felt a bad feeling when she saw the change in Timothy's eyes. It seemed that she had overestimated Timothy's feelings for Harmony, and perhaps a scumbag like him never had any concept of chastity at all.

She struggled hard but could not manage to shake him off at all. In fact, her struggle made Timothy laugh, which in turn elicited a fierce glow in her eyes.

Samantha was prepared to end him if he really dared to do anything to her!

That way, he would never have to think about harming women again!

Timothy lowered his face to kiss her, prompting Samantha to grit her teeth while warning, "Don't you dare."

Timothy's movements froze and his smile widened. "Friendly reminder: don't bite me or else I won't go gentle on you."

He kissed again after ending his remark.

Samantha built up the strength in her knees to give him a fatal blow.

Just as his lips were about to reach hers, his cell phone began ringing on the bedside table.

Timothy glanced over and looked at the caller ID.

Chapter 354: It's Either Divorce or Be Widowed

Timothy frowned lightly and did not hide his displeasure at being disturbed. In a second, all his emotions disappeared completely as if everything that happened earlier between them was nonexistent.

He let go of Samantha's hand, then turned over and picked up the phone to answer the call. "Hello."

Samantha's beating heart slowed down and she took a deep breath as she sat up from the bed.

Who else would interrupt Timothy at such a time?

Was it Harmony?

She unconsciously turned to look at Timothy and saw a lack of expression on his handsome face. His tone was as cold as ever and he did not let out any of his emotions.

She could not determine for sure who the caller was.

Timothy did not say much and the most he said were brief 'mms' and 'okays'.

Samantha could not hear what he was talking about.

After about a minute or so, Timothy hung up and glanced toward Samantha again.

She had already rolled to the ground and was standing a meter away from him. She looked at him in a vigilant and beastly manner, as if she was going to fight him!

Timothy looked at Samantha from head to toe. As a result of her struggles on the bed earlier, her hair was messed up and her fair cheeks blushed with crimson. The dim light made her lips appear more pink and tender, so tempting that anyone who looked at it would want a taste.

His gaze traveled downward to the placket of her shirt where a button had been ripped off during the earlier struggle. One of her hands was grasping the placket tightly to prevent any of her skin from showing.

There was an inexplicable facetiousness in Timothy's eyes, causing Samantha to frown even more as her expression became increasingly alert.

He looked as though he was teasing a pussycat when he stared at her entire body. "You're in luck, Samantha. I don't have time to play with you now."

He approached her abruptly.

Samantha subconsciously took a step back.

Timothy had an even bigger smile but the words he said were cruel and ruthless. "I'll give you three more days. Think carefully...and give me an answer to my satisfaction."

"Or else..."

After a deliberate pause, he continued, "...I'll have to become a widower instead of a divorcee."

He spoke articulately and nonchalantly when he said his last sentence as if he was engaging in a normal chat.

However, Samantha could not help but feel a chill down her spine. The feeling of being submerged by the ocean three years ago, when the cold attacked her entire body, came surging back again.

She knew that his words were not merely a threat—they were a threat that carried with it the intent to do exactly as he said!

It was cold-blooded and cruel.

Samantha tried her best to restrain herself but she still shuddered.

Timothy did not look at Samantha again. He raised his feet and walked straight to the dressing room. Ignoring Samantha's presence completely, he took off his pants and chose a fresh suit, which he put on gracefully.

Samantha did not have any interest in Timothy's body, but she took a deep breath and glanced over after listening to the sound of him changing clothes.

If the man in front of her was an imposter rather than the real Timothy, then it was almost certain that there would be some kind of flaw.

While facial features could be disguised or perhaps even reconstructed using plastic surgery, it was unlikely for the body to receive such treatment. One reason was that it was too large an area, while the other reason was that such a project would be too daunting an endeavor.

Samantha glanced to the best of her ability to try and notice something from him.

After watching for a few seconds, however, the man seemed to sense her gaze and turned suddenly to look at her.

His speed was too quick that Samantha was barely half a beat slower when she retracted her gaze and ended up getting caught looking.

Her cheeks were already a little red but they reddened even more when that happened.

She still felt a little guilty.

Timothy was buttoning his shirt at the moment and smirked when he saw Samantha like that. He did not hesitate to tease her, "If you regret that we didn't go on earlier, I can always grant your wishes."

Although she wanted to get a clear look as to whether that Timothy was genuine, she would not go so far as to make such a huge sacrifice by sleeping with him.

Samantha did not answer him. She merely turned around, left the bedroom, and walked into the hall.

She walked to the table and was about to pick up her bag to leave, but a sudden thought occurred to her and she stopped moving once more.

When she peeked at him earlier, she did not notice anything out of the ordinary and the same could be said for when she looked at his face up close. Judging it visually would be very difficult.

Personality-wise, Timothy's temperament had changed a lot indeed, but there could be various explanations for it. He might have disguised his true nature before, or maybe his personality had changed over those three years.

After all, anyone could change and it was not very convincing.

In that case, the easiest way to figure out whether or not he was the real Timothy was using science.

Since she had arrived there without having to sneak around under his nose, it would be such a waste for her to leave without seizing the opportunity.

Once Timothy finished dressing up neatly, he exited the dressing room and could not help but cock an eyebrow when he saw Samantha standing in a daze at the dining table.

He initially thought that the woman who wanted to fight him earlier and wanted nothing more than to stay miles away from him would make a hasty retreat as soon as she was released. To his surprise, she was still standing there instead of leaving.

Was she just brave? Or did she have something up her sleeve?

“Aren’t you going to leave?” Timothy asked coldly. “What’s the matter? Do you intend to keep me company on my wedding night?”

Samantha clenched her fists subconsciously and secretly took a deep breath. Once her panic had been suppressed, she raised her eyes to look at him and said coldly, “I did not eat or drink anything after all the shenanigans that happened today. I’m hungry, and I want to eat something before I go.”

As she said that, her eyes turned to the cake on the table, which was no doubt prepared by the person who arranged the decoration in the room. The beautiful cake read: ‘Congratulations to the Newlyweds’.

Her reply was beyond Timothy’s expectations.

He scarcely expected her to be in the mood for a meal.

That woman was a marvel.

Samantha did not wait for Timothy to say anything and sat down to help herself to some cake. She took off the lid, picked up the knife, then cut out a slice to eat.

Timothy watched her actions and found them to be infinitely amusing.

She was an intriguing woman...

He was not that stingy as to stop her from eating the cake and immediately said, “Eat as much as you want.”

After saying that, he turned away and began walking toward the door.

When Samantha heard the sound of the door opening and closing, she immediately stopped eating her cake. She finally breathed a sigh of relief after turning around and glancing at the door to ensure that Timothy had left.

However, Timothy probably left her alone without a second thought because he felt that she was not going to play any tricks on him. He seemed so confident that she wondered if he was not at all worried that she might find out anything detrimental to him.

Overthinking was not going to do Samantha any favors. She took a tissue to wipe the corners of her lips before standing up immediately and walking into the bedroom. Once there, she began rummaging carefully through the bed.

She wanted to find traces of his hair that had fallen.

There was nothing on the bedding or the pillows, so she went to the bathroom again to look for his toothbrush. Unfortunately, all of them were unopened and none of them were used.

Samantha went back to the dining table and slumped on the chair.

Could Timothy have left so confidently because he was sure he did not leave any DNA behind?

Samantha wondered if she was going to leave empty-handed.

Feeling a little depressed, she reached out her hand subconsciously and picked up a glass of red wine to take a sip.

All of a sudden, she saw another glass of red wine on the other end of the table. It happened to be the same one that Timothy had drunk from earlier.

Her eyes lit up at once and she was surprised that she had forgotten about that.

Samantha stood up immediately and walked over to get it, but she heard a click at the suite door all of a sudden.

Someone was opening the door.

Chapter 355: Timothy Is Really Passionate

Samantha's heart skipped a beat.

Was Timothy coming back barely moments after leaving? Could he have returned because he remembered the glass that he drank from?

She looked at the glass that was within reach and decided to hold herself back from taking it. After all, if she took it away like that, she would not be able to leave that room and might even alert Timothy that something was wrong!

Before the man could set foot into the room, Samantha walked back to her seat and grabbed her fork to put a small piece of cake into her mouth.

To her surprise, the person who walked in was not Timothy...but Harmony.

Samantha had a shocked expression when she saw Harmony, but on second thought, realized that there was nothing unusual about her making an appearance there.

Had Samantha not gone to disrupt the wedding that day, Harmony and Timothy would have spent the night together there and it should not come as a surprise that she appeared there.

However, Harmony's presence was a problem in itself. With her there, there was no way Samantha could bring the wine glass away.

Harmony was shocked to see Samantha for she probably never expected to see Samantha inside the room where she was supposed to spend the night with Timothy!

To make things worse, she saw a decanted bottle of red wine on the table and two wine glasses that had been used. Then there was the half-eaten cake. Samantha's clothes were open at the neckline too and made for a pretty disheveled look...

"You... Why are you here?"

Harmony's expression was particularly cold. As she spoke, she walked quickly into the bedroom but realized that Timothy was not around. However, petals were all over the large bed and the blanket was messy, suggesting at first glance that someone had been rolling on it.

Her eyes turned red in that split second.

What did Timothy and Samantha do together before she arrived? Could they have...gotten in bed with each other?

She hated Samantha to the core all along but that hatred had reached its limit. Samantha had ruined her wedding, caused the entire incident to soar to the top of the trending searches, and made her into everyone's laughingstock. Her good reputation that had been cleansed so rigorously by providing so much during the past three years had suffered once again. Everyone brought up the fact that she had been a homewrecker and extracted the short clip of her confession to becoming a mistress from her news broadcast, from which various memes were created and went viral on Waybo.

Her anger was such that it was difficult for her to calm down. She initially thought of coming to receive some comfort from Timothy, but in the end, she had to put up with the scene in front of her!

The deep-seated resentment, as well as her new feelings of hatred, surged up all at once. Harmony turned around, rushed out of the room, and walked quickly toward Samantha while roaring, "You b*tch! How dare you seduce my husband and sleep with him! I'm going to kill you!"

She quickly rushed up to Samantha and stretched out her hand to slap Samantha's cheek.

Samantha was still thinking about how to distract her and swipe the red wine glass away in the meantime. The thought of settling scores with Harmony did not pop up at all.

It was Harmony who started it first, like all the times before then.

Seconds before Harmony's palm was about to land on Samantha's cheek, she sneered and raised her hand to grab Harmony's wrist.

Harmony tried pulling away but failed to do so. Her eyes were like knives as they looked intently at Samantha, and the resentment made her innocent-looking face appear remarkably hideous.

Samantha wanted to ignore Harmony but was not that kind as to just let Harmony leave after trying to attack her.

'Being the bigger person' was a ludicrous principle to live by!

The hardships she suffered three years ago were partly caused by Harmony, and Samantha was not a saint who would show such compassion!

It was pointless to refuse a chance at taking revenge when the opportunity was handed to her on a silver platter!

Samantha looked at her with disgust and did not hide her sarcasm as she smiled. "Your husband? Are you deaf? For every day that I don't sign the divorce papers, I will still be the official Mrs. Barker!"

"Timothy is my husband and anything I do with him is justified. Save that horrified look of yours for when you finally become Mrs. Barker, or else you'll just be making a fool of yourself!"

Samantha flung away Harmony's hand in disgust.

Harmony staggered after being thrown away and she had to take a few steps back before finally standing firm.

Her face turned ashen, then pale, and she wanted to refute what Samantha said. She would have wanted to grab Samantha's hair and throw her out the door righteously, but since Samantha's marriage with Timothy was still valid, there was nothing she could say to Samantha and therefore had no choice but to hold back!

However, she was not prepared to let Samantha continue being smug. She took a deep breath, regained some sense of reason, and said again, "Samantha, you and I both know that Tim hates you to death. Nothing's going to change even if you don't sign it. Tim never once loved you and he even wanted you dead. He's also promised me that

he'd solve this matter as soon as possible. How long do you think you can keep up this smugness when Tim loves me so much?"

He turned out to have promised her, hence his impatience in asking Samantha to come over that night and sign the divorce papers!

He went so far as to use death threats!

Timothy's character had changed in numerous ways, but the one constant was his love for Harmony!

Samantha would have been heartbroken if she heard that three years ago, but she had gone through so much since then that none of Harmony's words could hurt her at all.

Of course, she was not about to let Harmony gloat in front of her.

Since Harmony was so eager to piss her off, she would be more than happy to return the favor!

Harmony was under the false impression that Samantha had slept with Timothy, so Samantha retorted without blinking, "Really? Why would he drag me into bed if he still loves you that much?"

She even smiled charmingly and said, "Timothy is very passionate...and it's exhausting, to be honest. I guess getting together after being separated for a long time is far more enjoyable than being newlyweds..."

"I hardly noticed his love for you when he was in bed with me..."

Every single word ignited a blazing fire in Harmony's heart. In the end, she became so jealous that she roared uncontrollably, "Shut up!"

She wanted to tear Samantha to pieces, but she knew that she could not hit Samantha because doing so would be detrimental for herself!

Her lips were trembling violently and her eyes were bloodshot. The next words that came out of her mouth sounded somewhat hysterical, "Get the hell out of here, Samantha!"

Her reaction left Samantha puzzled and those words amused her greatly before she even had the chance to ponder on it.

'Is she seriously asking me to leave?'

Samantha laughed out loud. "You're the one who should be getting the hell out of here!"

“You...” Harmony was trembling all over and her chest was heaving violently as if she was out of breath.

Samantha added, “Aren’t you going to leave? If you don’t, I’d have to call the police and report you for trespassing in my husband’s room. The police can then decide whether it’s the official Mrs. Barker or the mistress who should leave!”

Samantha picked up the phone and dialed right after making the threat.

Harmony’s eyes turned red. She clenched her fists tightly and eventually forced herself to turn around and leave the room.

She had made a big enough fool of herself that day and could not afford to add to her embarrassment!

Samantha snickered and hung up the phone.

She would have had a headache if the person who came was Timothy. When it turned out to be Harmony, she did not panic at all!

The night was still young though, and she was not prepared to waste any more time. She took out a tissue, picked up the glass, then carefully put it into a plastic bag and sealed it before placing it into her bag.

After leaving the hotel, Samantha hailed a taxi and went back to the apartment.

Rochelle had been waiting a long time for Samantha and immediately heaved a sigh of relief after seeing Samantha’s safe return.

After Samantha sat down, she took out the wine glass and said, “I managed to get a wine glass that Timothy drank from. I want to do a DNA test to find out whether he’s an imposter!”

Rochelle praised her. “I have nothing but respect for you, Sammy. It’s good enough that you could come out of there alive, but on top of doing that, you even managed to swipe something that might be the key to answering everything!”

After a pause, Rochelle was suddenly reminded of something and frowned, saying, “Wait. We can’t do a DNA test!”

Chapter 356: DNA Test

Samantha seemed to notice what Rochelle’s thoughts were and said, “You’re saying it can’t be done because we don’t have a reference sample to compare it with, right?”

“Yes!” Rochelle nodded, “Even if Timothy’s DNA sample is recorded in the gene bank, we can’t touch it because Timothy will know if we do.”

Samantha had thought of that possibility before.

“We have a reference. Don’t worry,” Samantha replied clearly.

Rochelle was a little stunned.

Samantha let out a gentle sigh. Although she was unwilling to use that method to verify his DNA, that was the only way she had left.

She looked at Rochelle and said, “I have Matt’s hair.”

It was also a coincidence since Matthew had to undergo frequent full-body examinations due to his health. Samples of his hair had to be provided and she had previously plucked about ten strands from his head, which she placed inside a small plastic bag.

When she sent it for inspection, they only needed half the amount and returned the rest to her. Back then she stuffed it into her bag and never thought about it again.

The hair samples just so happened to be inside her bag.

After listening to her explanation, Rochelle had nothing else to say and could only give Samantha a thumb’s up.

Since the DNA test required absolute confidentiality, Samantha could not just randomly pick an agency to handle it. Rochelle therefore offered, “Leave it to me. I have a good friend who does this and confidentiality won’t be an issue!”

Samantha trusted her and handed over the wine glass as well as Matthew’s hair.

Rochelle stayed there until midnight and left reluctantly when Blockhead came to pick her up.

Samantha came out from the shower and lay on the bed.

Only then did the exhaustion hit her and she did not want to move her fingers at all.

She felt that too many things had happened that day, all of which were just so action-packed that it had taken a toll on her well-being.

Samantha picked up her phone, opened her picture album, and looked at Matthew’s photos.

Her eyes turned red uncontrollably as she scrolled one by one and she placed the back of her hand weakly against her forehead.

She just wanted to live a peaceful and quiet life! Why was that so difficult?

She placed her phone down and closed her eyes to fall asleep, but no amount of tossing and turning could make her sleepy. She did not know how long it took but she finally fell asleep and had repeated nightmares.

Her phone rang suddenly the next morning.

Samantha woke up all of a sudden and opened her eyes abruptly. She reached for her phone and saw that it was a call from Alan.

She hurriedly sat up hugging the blanket and swiped her fingers on the screen before answering, "Good morning, Dr. Sherwood."

Alan heard her hoarse voice and could not help but say, "Did I wake you up?"

"Don't worry about it." Samantha then immediately asked, "Did you call me because you managed to get some information on your end?"

Alan did not keep up the suspense and answered bluntly, "Yes. We've been finding leads day and night based on the appearance of the suspect you provided and we finally have some information."

Samantha's heart trembled and she was anxious all over. "What happened?"

"The people at the dock provided some clues. They claimed to have seen a man who looked like the suspect buying a speedboat last night. He was said to have left by boat, seemingly with a child by his side."

"If they're correct, then the child is Matt."

Samantha covered her mouth at once and the expression in her eyes wavered slightly.

It seemed that the mystery man was right—Matthew was still alive...for now at least.

Alan went on and said, "It might still be unclear where the suspect went Sammy, but I'll continue to track them down. We'll find them for sure."

Samantha listened to Alan's obviously tired voice and felt touched. "Thank you, Dr. Sherwood. You should also pay attention to your health too."

Alan smiled softly. "Just you saying that makes me willing to do everything."

After a pause, he did not seem to want to burden and pressure her at such a time, so he said, "You must rest well too. We can't collapse now."

"Okay. I will." Samantha smiled gratefully.

Samantha massaged her brows after hanging up.

Her spirits were languishing because she did not sleep well, but it was fortunate that she received good news at such a juncture.

However, she could not just rely on Alan's effort in doing the tracking. Saving a person was a race against time and she had to put in hard work.

Although she did not want anything to do with Timothy at all, she had no other choice.

Samantha knew that she would not be able to fall asleep again even if she lay down, so she decided to get up and head to the bathroom. There, she washed her face with cold water to wake herself up.

She made herself a simple breakfast and went out to the hospital after eating it.

When she arrived, Aunt Julia was feeding Old Madam Barker some breakfast. The latter was still very weak and could only eat liquid food. Her appetite was rather poor too, and she did not enjoy her meals at all.

Aunt Julia's eyes brightened when she saw Samantha's arrival and immediately asked for help. "Ah, you're here, Sammy! Please help me persuade the old madam to eat! She can't recover if she doesn't eat her meals!"

Samantha walked up to them with a smile and put the flowers she bought on the table before saying, "Let me feed her, Aunt Julia."

Aunt Julia was more than happy to pass the baton and gave way immediately.

Samantha sat on the chair, picked up the bowl and spoon, then scooped a little porridge and blew it gently to feed it into Old Madam Barker's mouth. "Say 'ah', Grandma..."

Old Madam Barker pouted, "This porridge is tasteless, Sammy. It's been so long since I had good food!"

"But Grandma, your health won't improve if you don't eat. Right now, you can only eat nutritious meals like this. Once your body gets better during this period, I'll keep you company and eat whatever you want to eat with you. This is reasonable, don't you think?" Samantha persuaded unhurriedly.

Old Madam Barker was immediately amused. "Are you coaxing me as if I'm a child? You sound like you've been doing it so often and I would've thought you had a child if I hadn't known better."

Samantha's heart felt a discomfort that could be likened to a bee sting.

She...had a child...

Only...her child was lost. His whereabouts were unknown and so was his survival status...

Afraid that Old Madam Barker would notice that something was amiss, she forced a smile and said, "Well, Grandma, you're a big baby in my eyes right now, so be obedient okay."

The old lady was very happy to hear that and opened her mouth to eat the porridge that Samantha fed her.

Aunt Julia breathed a sigh of relief after seeing that.

Samantha's presence seemed conducive to the old lady's recovery.

After breakfast, Samantha chatted with the old lady again when her phone rang suddenly.

She took it out and saw that it was a call from Rochelle.

Samantha's eyes came into focus and she wondered if the DNA test report had been released..

Chapter 357: Don't Get a Divorce If You Don't Want One!

The issue regarding the DNA test could not be mentioned in front of Old Madam Barker, so Samantha looked up at her and said in a very natural tone, "I'll take this call outside, Grandma."

Old Madam Barker nodded. "Sure, go ahead."

Samantha got up and walked out of the ward before gently closing the door.

She walked toward the end of the corridor where no one was around and answered the call. "Have you gotten the results, Chelle?"

Samantha could not help but feel a little nervous after asking that.

She had no idea what the result was, but she hoped that Timothy was an impostor, because then he could no longer pretend to take on that persona if his true identity was exposed!

“Yeah. I told them to expedite it and I just received the results,” Rochelle replied.

“What’s the result then?” Samantha subconsciously held her breath.

After waiting for a few seconds, Rochelle’s solemn voice said, “They’re a ninety-nine percent match with each other.”

Rochelle’s tone was somewhat heavy and she was unwilling when she said that. “Although there might be some errors in the results because it was done in a rush, it’s almost certainly a match.”

Samantha was so dumbfounded for a moment that she did not know what to say at all.

In other words, Timothy was genuine and there was no one pretending to be him.

The result disappointed Samantha tremendously.

Rochelle could not help but sigh deeply after seeing Samantha’s silence.

“I don’t understand it at all. I get that people change, but can a person’s character really change that drastically?”

Samantha could only feel a slight chill down her spine as she spoke in a stiff voice, “Maybe...he was just pretending before.”

‘Maybe...he never once showed his true nature in front of me.’

If that man was the real Timothy, then the problem would be much trickier.

She had yet to find a breakthrough that would enable her to deal with him for the time being, but Timothy was strangling her and left her almost on the verge of death. Regardless of how she looked at the situation, it was a game that she was bound to lose.

Rochelle seemed to sense Samantha’s powerlessness across the phone and could only comfort her. “Take it easy, Sammy. We can think of a way. There will always be a way!”

Samantha smiled reluctantly. “Okay. We’ll think of a way.”

After hanging up, she stood by the window and looked at the sky outside.

The weather was quite pleasant that day and the sun was shining brightly. A few rays of sunlight fell on her body but she felt no trace of warmth. Her entire person seemed to be in a cold place.

It was not easy for Matthew to regain his spiritedness and be willing to speak again. With him being kidnapped, she did not know if it would cause his illness to relapse and whether he would become autistic again.

Just thinking about it, even for a little bit, made her so anxious that she wanted to bear his suffering in his stead.

She clenched her hands, which hung on both sides of her body, and raised her head slightly to take a few deep breaths. She did her best to restrain the sourness in her eyes and suppressed all her uncomfortable emotions before turning around and returning to the ward.

She sat back in her seat and smiled at Old Madam Barker as she said, "Let me continue reading the newspaper to you, Grandma."

Old Madam Barker glanced at her face, and although her expression was as natural as before, the old lady could still keenly sense that something was not quite right with her emotions.

'What's going on here?'

Old Madam Barker asked, "Forget about the newspaper. Why don't you tell me what happened to you?"

"It's nothing," Samantha replied quickly.

The old lady sighed and stretched out her hand to take the newspaper away from Samantha's hand. She said bluntly, "Young people like you only talk about the good stuff instead of the bad. There's no point in hiding it now that I've noticed. Look at me, I kept it all to myself and ended up hurting myself. It'd be better to say it out loud."

Samantha lowered her eyes and pursed her lips silently.

Old Madam Barker did not force her. She just looked at her and asked tentatively, "Who was it that called you earlier? Is it that disloyal Timothy?"

Samantha shook her head. "No."

Old Madam Barker did not believe that. "Even if it wasn't him, it must have something to do with him! Why else would you be looking so lost earlier!"

Samantha was speechless and could not refute the old lady's words.

Old Madam Barker's brain worked like a charm whenever she was not sick or in pain.

Samantha kept quiet and Old Madam Barker continued without taking any offense. "Timothy asked someone to pick you up yesterday because he wanted to talk to you about the divorce, right?"

Samantha could not help but look up at her.

In hindsight, the old lady's brain did not just work like a charm—it had an IQ that was practically above that of average people.

Old Madam Barker knew that her guess was correct and was silent for a while. She then said, "Sammy, you haven't answered the question that I asked you yesterday."

'Yesterday?'

She quickly tried to figure out what it was and remembered that Old Madam Barker asked her whether she was unable to get over Timothy.

Samantha did not answer at the time because she did not know how to explain Matthew's existence.

Like the previous day, she could not offer any answer as well when she was posed that question.

She could only remain silent.

Old Madam Barker was under the impression that Samantha acquiesced. "You don't want to divorce Timothy, do you?"

Samantha was silent even until the very end.

It would be better for Old Madam Barker to misunderstand than to be told about Matthew. If Matthew's kidnapping and uncertain fate at Timothy's hands were made known to Old Madam Barker, Samantha was afraid that the old lady's heart would not be able to bear it and she would collapse from the provocation.

She could not afford to take that chance.

Old Madam Barker looked at her pitifully and stretched out her hand to gently touch Samantha's head. "Silly child."

She wondered how that brat received such good fortune to receive such undying love from a good girl.

Then again, it was probably for the same reason that she had been so fond of Samantha for ages.

Samantha's feelings were genuine and pure.

It was much unlike Harmony who always seemed to have something to hide.

Old Madam Barker then held Samantha's hand, patted the back of her palm, and said, "Sammy, I'll help you achieve your wishes."

Samantha was surprised and looked abruptly at the old lady. "Grandma, you... What do you mean?"

Old Madam Barker opened her lips and said firmly, "If you don't want a divorce, then don't do it."

"What?" Samantha was really confused.

Old Madam Barker's remarks might still carry some weight if Timothy was very filial as he was in the past and did not go against the old lady's wishes.

Unfortunately, how was she going to stop Timothy from divorcing Samantha when Timothy had since turned a deaf ear to her words?

Samantha could not help but hold Old Madam Barker's hand and say worriedly, "Grandma, what are you going to do? Don't fight Timothy for me."

She did not want the old lady's life to be threatened for her sake.

Old Madam Barker smiled mysteriously. "Don't worry. I have my way."

Then, she picked up her cell phone and made a call.

The other person answered quickly and Ronald's surprised voice came. "Old Madam? Is there something wrong?"

Chapter 358: Gifting Shares

Old Madam Barker went straight to the point and said bluntly, "I'll be chairing a board meeting the day after tomorrow. Please help me make arrangements."

"Ah?" Ronald was stunned for a few seconds. "A board meeting?"

"Yes."

Old Madam Barker hung up without waiting for Ronald's response.

Samantha was confused when she saw the old lady's resoluteness. "What are you going to do, Grandma?"

The old lady put on a mischievous smile. "I'm going to be your...magical genie!"

"...You know that's not what I'm asking." Samantha was helpless.

"Sammy, my plan will help you stall Timothy for a while so he won't be able to file a divorce with you. It'll help you save Timothy, but at the end of the day, its success depends on you..."

After all, love was not something she could force onto someone.

The old lady had been entirely determined on pairing them together in the past, but at the moment...everything hinged on their fate.

...

Three days passed in a flash and it was finally the day Samantha had to give Timothy an answer.

At the same time, it was also time for Old Madam Barker to hold the board meeting.

The scene was inside the Barker Group's meeting room at ten o'clock in the morning.

After Old Madam Barker handed over the Barker Group to Timothy five years ago, she had retreated behind the curtain and ignored everything that happened in the organization. No one thought that she would suddenly hold a board meeting.

When Old Madam Barker was in power, she was an iron lady whose methods were direct and ruthless. When Old Master Barker died and Timothy had yet to grow up, she supported the Barker Group by herself and produced a lot of good results. Many of the directors there had worked with her back in the day and respected her tremendously.

That was the reason that they were all present there.

None of them seemed impatient even when the clock had already shown it was five minutes past ten and there were still no signs of Old Madam Barker.

After all, everyone knew that Old Madam Barker had just undergone a major operation and came back from death's door. Old people were frail and they would certainly understand if she was a little late.

Timothy sat in the main seat and his handsome face was as expressionless as ever. He kept quiet and tapped the table with his fingertips. His eyes remained indifferent and no one could tell what he was thinking.

Ronald could not just let everyone wait idly so he brought in some coffee.

Five minutes later, Timothy frowned slightly.

Being punctual was a very essential quality in the business world. A delay of even a minute would be a waste of everyone's time and money.

Could she have turned senile and wanted to play with people in such childish ways?

Time passed by the second and Ronald watched as Old Madam Barker still did not show up. Sweat was starting to ooze from his forehead.

Could Old Madam Barker come to the company for a meeting if it was already difficult for her to get out of bed?

He started doubting whether or not the call he received that day was genuine.

If he had committed a huge mistake and left his big boss waiting for no reason with the directors, the only way he could apologize was probably through death.

Another ten minutes later, there were finally footsteps from outside the door of the conference room.

Ronald listened and breathed a sigh of relief. The old lady had finally arrived! He would be saved!

The door of the conference room was pushed open and the directors all stood up in unison.

Just as they were all about to respectfully greet 'Old Madam', they were all left stunned before they could even utter those words.

The person who walked in was not Old Madam Barker, but Samantha, along with a sleek-looking middle-aged man in a suave suit.

Everyone was familiar with that middle-aged man, who happened to be Old Madam Barker's trusted lawyer, Tony Laycock. He happened to be a very famous lawyer in the legal fraternity too.

Old Madam Barker had requested to hold a board meeting but did not eventually come. Instead, Samantha was the one who arrived and she brought a lawyer too. For a moment, everyone exchanged glances and had a puzzled look in their eyes.

Ronald never imagined that it would turn out like that and he could not help but widen his eyes in surprise.

Timothy was the only one who smirked coldly. His black pupils glanced at Samantha and he subsequently looked over to Tony.

After Samantha walked in, she said to everyone in a very apologetic tone, "My apologies, Mr. Barker and the esteemed directors. I was late because of a traffic jam."

She then bowed at a 45-degree angle to express her apology.

No one could say anything when she put on such an attitude. They all smiled and said, "It's fine."

"We didn't wait long."

"Please have a seat!"

Samantha pulled out the seat next to Timothy and sat down.

That seat originally belonged to Old Madam Barker.

As soon as she sat down, one of the board members could not hold back any further and asked directly, "Ms. Larsson, I hope you don't mind me asking, but are you here today on behalf of Old Madam Barker? Outsiders aren't allowed to participate in our board meetings though, even if you were entrusted by Old Madam Barker."

Tony finally spoke up at that moment, "I'll answer your questions, Sir."

He raised his voice slightly, "Mr. Barker, board members, Old Madam Barker held this board meeting today for one purpose, and that is to make an announcement to everyone."

"Old Madam Barker holds twenty-five percent of Barker Group's shares. I was entrusted by her to give the entire of her twenty-five percent shares to her granddaughter-in-law, Samantha. The formalities were completed yesterday."

"Ms. Larsson is now an official shareholder of Barker Group and its second-largest shareholder, second only to the thirty-five percent held by Mr. Barker."

Although that possibility had been playing in everyone's minds when Samantha appeared there, no one would have thought that Old Madam Barker would give all her shares to Samantha!

25% of the shares!

The old lady did not have any left and gave it all to Samantha!

She did not even take her own grandson Timothy into consideration.

The board members could not help but gasp in surprise, and they were all so stunned that they could not say anything at all.

Ronald gulped violently too. The news was so explosive that he could not digest it for a while!

Tony adjusted the glasses on his nose bridge and continued, “Old Madam Barker mentioned that she was getting old and her wish is to see her grandson and granddaughter-in-law getting along peacefully. It is time for the younger generation to shine, and she hopes that the two of them can join hands in sorting out the Barker Group and ensure its perpetual success.”

The implication was that the status quo would be maintained if the husband and wife got along well. After all, they would hold a total of 60% of the group’s shares.

If Timothy insisted on getting a divorce, then Samantha—with her 25% worth of shares—would not support him, thus ending Timothy’s autocratic rule over the Barker Group.

Upon hearing that, there seemed to be a tumultuous storm raging in the bottom of Timothy’s eyes and he stared coldly at Samantha.

Samantha then smiled at Timothy as if she did not sense his murderous aura.

Chapter 359: You Dare Threaten Me?

Samantha was just as surprised when she heard that Old Madam Barker was unconditionally going to give her the shares.

For the record, 25% of the shares were worth a huge sum based on the Barker Group’s market value then.

Samantha could never have asked for her shares since doing so would provide her undeserved enrichment, especially when those shares were equivalent to Old Madam Barker’s entire net worth.

However, Old Madam Barker managed to get Samantha to come around.

“The shares I own are Timothy’s shares, but they’re still in my hands because I’m still alive. All my property will belong to Timothy once I kick the bucket.”

“This transfer is also somewhat of a compensation for what he did. Even though he became like this today, I’m still his grandmother. Neither of us can bring ourselves to do anything to each other. This is the only thing I can do for him...and for you too. So please, Sammy... Accept it.”

“As wealthy as you are, you can’t bring back your life with it nor take it to the grave. I’ve lived a long enough life to experience many things and there’s nothing else I wish for or lack. Rather than keeping these shares, it’d be better for you to have them and do with them what you wish!”

Samantha was unable to refute anything the old lady said.

The first reason was that she felt touched by Old Madam Barker’s gesture. The second was that...those shares could put a leash on Timothy and he could no longer force a divorce in such a short time. That way, she would still have a chance to stay by Timothy’s side and find out what happened to Matthew.

Of course, if luck was on her side and she successfully found Matthew, she would still return the shares to Old Madam Barker. For the moment, she treated it as if it was just a ‘temporary loan’.

...

At the end of the meeting, the board members left the meeting while discussing amongst themselves.

Timothy and Samantha were soon the only ones left in the huge conference room.

Timothy lifted his eyes to look at Samantha and curled his lips as he said insipidly, “You always seem to shed a whole new perspective on yourself, Samantha.”

The last time around, Old Madam Barker had come from the hospital to save her life.

Then, she got the old lady to give her all those shares and support her when confronting him.

He did not have any objections to the 25% shares held by his grandmother, but since the Barker Group was flourishing, many people were staring at that huge slice of the pie.

If he could not gain 100% control over the company, various quarters would seek opportunities to erode his authority.

That was something he most certainly could not allow to happen!

Samantha maintained her faint smile. "You flatter me, but Grandma's the one who was worried about us and wants us to live peacefully."

She emphasized the word 'peacefully'.

She did not want to make an enemy out of him, nor did she want to get entangled with him any further. As long as he let go of Matthew and her, she would immediately bring Matthew away without ever showing up in front of him again!

He merely twitched his lips in response to her words.

Timothy then stood up, strode over, then reached out and grabbed her wrist.

Although Samantha had her guard up, her movements were not as quick as his. She frowned for a moment, but her smile soon returned. While allowing him to hold her, she asked, "What is it?"

"Let's talk."

After uttering those two words, Timothy immediately pulled her up from the chair and walked out.

He held her firmly in a grip that was neither too tight nor too loose, but Samantha could not break free at all and could only let herself be dragged into his office.

The door slammed shut.

Samantha felt as if her entire body had been thrown forcefully against the door panel. The next second, the man's slender fingers choked her delicate neck with nimble accuracy.

The man looked at her blankly and said in a cold, murderous voice, "How brave can you be to threaten me like this, Samantha?"

He tightened his grip slightly and Samantha immediately had difficulty breathing.

She stretched out her hand involuntarily and tried to pry his fingers. She spoke with great difficulty, "Timothy, you...you're the one who...threatened me first!"

Letting him have his way without putting up a fight was out of the question.

Timothy laughed and there was a faint but devilish glow in his eyes. "It seems I've been too kind to you these days, which is probably why you are under the false notion that you can provoke me."

"Time to put an end to this game!"

As soon as he said that, he clenched his hand forcefully without leaving her with any more leeway.

Samantha's strength was far from enough to get him to budge. She looked at Timothy's handsomely expressionless face and saw how calm he was. There was a distinct lack of grimness and maliciousness, yet she had the feeling that he wanted her dead.

Ending a life was something that appeared to be nothing more than routine for him.

That was something that left her feeling somewhat surprised.

Timothy seemed to be emotionless at that moment.

Samantha's face turned red in a flash, and the lack of oxygen started to turn her vision black. Her survival instinct then made her hand grab Timothy's hand forcefully.

She gripped his arm so tightly that her fingernails left behind several bloody streaks on his arm.

The pain seemed to trigger something in him and there was a slight fluctuation at the bottom of his gloomy eyes.

Samantha's strength was waning gradually due to her lack of oxygen. Her hands drooped weakly and tears unconsciously began to fall from the corners of her eyes.

Those tears streamed down and reached Timothy's hand.

Samantha thought that her life was coming to an end. The person she thought of in her mind should be Matthew, but after various scenes had zoomed past, the final picture that appeared in her mind was Timothy's figure.

It happened to be the first time she ever laid eyes on Timothy.

One look at that handsome young man in a white shirt sent her falling head over heels for him.

Samantha closed her eyes slowly.

Just as she was about to suffocate to death, the grip on her neck loosened all of a sudden.

Unable to support herself any longer, Samantha's body slid down weakly against the door and she could not help but cough frantically as her hands covered her neck.

Why would Timothy let go all of a sudden? Her death was already a certainty if he held on for another second!

After taking a couple of seconds to regain her senses, she raised her eyes and looked at Timothy through her misty eyes. Little did she expect that Timothy's expression would be just as terrible as she was.

Discerning his expression was still difficult even though he was frowning and had a sombre look, yet he seemed to be uncomfortable and in pain as he massaged his temples with one hand.

Why did Timothy look more agonized than she was when she was the one who got choked?

What the hell is wrong with him? Did some illness suddenly act up?

His body was still in great shape and he consumed only the best food and drink. There were no apparent health issues with him!

Timothy sensed Samantha's gaze and raised his eyes all of a sudden. When he looked over, he immediately made eye contact with her.

Samantha could see with clarity the redness in his eyes and it seemed to be stained by a strong killing intent.

All of a sudden, Timothy lifted his feet again and strode towards her!

Chapter 360: Something's Very Wrong with Him!

Samantha's heart tensed up. She pulled herself up from the ground with the help of the door handle and was about to open the door to escape.

She did not want to lose her life there.

However, she saw that Timothy had only taken two steps. His expression became more and more painful and blue veins appeared on his forehead one after another. Thin sweat was starting to ooze out of his forehead too.

Samantha's movements unconsciously slowed down when she said that.

She licked her lips slightly and ventured to ask, "Timothy, what... What's happening to you?"

Nothing about him seemed right!

Her words caught Timothy's attention again, and his black pupils—which seemed to be able to swallow everything in its way—glanced at her again. He opened his lips and said in an extremely cold voice, "Get out!"

Although Samantha was somewhat surprised and equally as curious about Timothy's condition, he was very dangerous at that moment and she still remembered almost being choked to death earlier.

She hesitated for a moment but decided it was best to save her skin first. With that thought in mind, she twisted the doorknob and dashed out of the office.

The office door was slammed shut from the inside the moment she walked out, and a gust of wind that carried a murderous aura blew against her back.

Samantha's heart began beating wildly and she needed some time to calm herself down.

Ronald happened to see the scene when he came out with some freshly brewed coffee and gasped slightly, especially when he saw Samantha's pale face and the obvious red marks on her fair neck.

Did all of that happen just as he went to make a cup of coffee?

Did Timothy do something to Samantha?

Ronald put down his coffee at once and went up concernedly as he said, "Ms. Larsson, are you...alright?"

That voice slowly made Samantha regain her composure. She rolled her stiff eyes to look at Ronald and needed about half a minute before she finally came back to her senses.

She unconsciously squeezed out a smile and replied softly, "... I'm fine."

Even though she answered that way, Ronald could tell that she did not look well and sighed to himself before saying, "Ms. Larsson, your neck... I have some ointment with me, if you don't mind, I can help you deal with it?"

The sight of it was truly shocking.

He could imagine just how ruthless Timothy had been toward Samantha.

Samantha was always the kind who hated troubling others. She opened her mouth and wanted to refuse, but just as she was about to refuse his offer, she thought of something and changed her initial sentence. "Thank you for the trouble."

“It’s no biggie. Don’t worry about it.” Ronald waved his hand. “In that case, Ms. Larsson, let’s go to the lounge.”

“Okay.”

Ronald then led Samantha to the lounge. After she sat on the sofa, he came over with his first-aid kit and pulled a small stool to sit opposite her.

He took out a cotton swab, dipped it in some ointment, and carefully applied it on Samantha’s neck.

Samantha looked at him, and after seeing that he was wholly focused on applying the ointment on her, she asked casually, “Ronald... has Timothy been...feeling unwell recently?”

“Feeling unwell?” Ronald replied subconsciously. “Not really, no. What’s wrong?”

Samantha pursed her lips lightly. “When I was chatting with him, he seemed to have a headache and was a little irritable, so I wondered if it was because of any physical discomfort.”

Ronald thought for a while and answered, “Is that so? I didn’t notice that and Mr. Barker didn’t mention anything either. But about the headache, it’s something that happens sometimes with him, especially when he’s particularly busy at work or finding it really stressful. It’s probably nothing serious, since it’s a common occurrence among urbanites like us.”

Samantha only agreed to let Ronald help her with the ointment because she wanted to make small talk and get information.

After all, Ronald had been following Timothy closely for the past three years and was one of those who was always around him. Samantha thought that he would have seen something.

For the moment at least, it seemed that Timothy had been concealing it so well that not even Ronald had noticed anything.

In fact, she would not have noticed anything either if he had not suddenly lost control that day.

Things seemed much trickier than she had imagined.

Seeing Samantha’s thoughtful look, Ronald strayed off their original conversation and could not help but sigh, “I didn’t expect you to care so much about Mr. Barker, even until now! It’s just a shame that...he’s an arse!”

Ronald whispered those last three words.

Although Timothy was a good superior, Ronald—as a man—did not support him in his emotional relationships!

Samantha smiled.

Timothy had betrayed her time and time again and there were times when she started wondering if she was really the bad person.

Then again, the people around Timothy—such as Old Madam Barker, Aunt Julia, and Ronald—were all very kind to her and cared deeply about her. That was evidence enough that she had not failed that terribly as a person and was quite likable.

She regained a considerable amount of self-confidence.

Samantha felt annoyed that she was yet to get any clues, so her eyes rolled around in her sockets and she asked again, “Ronald, you’ve always been around Timothy for the past three years. Did he ever undergo any...obvious changes?”

Ronald had always done his best to answer Samantha’s questions since she was the former Mrs. Barker whom he had lots of admiration for.

He gave her question some thought and answered seriously, “In terms of change, there is one that’s particularly obvious.”

“Mr. Barker became...very ruthless and he’s particularly decisive when it comes to work stuff. He used to show some kindness, but that had all disappeared!”

“I remember there was a project two years ago, the Barker Group was in talks for a merger with a certain company, but it was treated more like an annexation. The company’s boss committed suicide in front of Mr. Barker to try and force him into making concessions, but Mr. Barker didn’t even bat an eye. He was so cruel. Back then I looked at him and felt that I almost didn’t know this man anymore.”

Ronald could not help but shiver when he mentioned that.

“I see...” Samantha’s eyes narrowed slightly.

Once Ronald finished applying the ointment, she got up and said goodbye.

Her cell phone rang just as she walked out of the Barker Group. Upon seeing that it was Old Madam Barker calling, she picked it up and greeted, “Grandma.”

Old Madam Barker’s weak voice came. “I heard that Timothy talked to you in private. Did he make things hard for you?”

Samantha touched her neck subconsciously and replied, "No. We succeeded. Timothy won't mention the divorce to me for the time being."

"Really?" Old Madam Barker had some doubts. "Was he that easy to persuade?"

They had mounted a strong attack on him, after all.

Samantha said in a very determined tone. "Yes, Grandma. I'm going back to the hospital now, so I'm sure you can rest assured now, right?"

Old Madam Barker was relieved to hear that. "That's good then. Alright, we'll talk when you come."

"Okay."

After ending the call, Samantha stood on the spot for a few seconds and hailed a cab, but instead of going to the hospital, she told the driver to go somewhere else.

Chapter 361: Dissociative Identity Disorder

An hour later, Samantha reached the entrance of a prestigious medical clinic.

During her time as an anchor abroad, she interviewed an extremely famous psychiatrist and had always maintained good contact with him. He just so happened to be working in that clinic.

Samantha entered and told the front desk that she had made an appointment. A nurse led her to the door of a clinic and politely said, "Dr. Dancy is already waiting for you inside."

"Thank you." Samantha nodded.

She knocked on the door lightly, then pushed it open and walked in.

The psychiatrist, Milton Dancy, was around 50-years old, but since he had taken great care of his body and exercised all year round, he looked like a man in his thirties.

His temperament was gentle and elegant while his smile was extraordinarily warm.

"It's been a while, Ms. Larsson," Milton stood up and greeted her.

Samantha smiled in return. "Dr. Dancy, it's been a while."

The two of them took their seats.

Milton looked at her and smiled when he noticed her good complexion. "I couldn't believe it when I heard the news of your passing, and then I heard the news that you're still alive. In any case, I'm very glad to hear that you're still alive."

"I'm just as glad to see you again while I'm still alive," Samantha said self-jokingly.

Milton shook his head and laughed.

After the initial pleasantries, Milton went straight to the point and asked, "What brings you here to see me today? Are you here for a consultation or another interview?"

Samantha knew that his time was precious and answered straightforwardly, "A consultation."

"Oh?" Milton frowned slightly and asked with concern, "Is something the matter? Are you feeling unwell?"

Samantha replied, "It isn't me. It's...a friend of mine. He seems strange and I thought I'd ask you since I don't know much about it."

"Sure, go ahead."

Samantha phrased her language before saying, "My friend, his temperament has changed abruptly and significantly in the past few years. He became extremely cruel, almost as if...he's an entirely different person altogether. What do you think...could be the reason?"

Milton had a rather puzzled expression. "Is that...all?"

"... Is that too little detail?"

Milton smiled. "Yes. It's hard for me to make a judgment based on what you told me since it isn't nearly enough information."

"There are many possibilities as to why a person's temperament can change greatly. He could have been stimulated, suffered severe trauma, or he wants to live another life. Humans are emotion-driven, and human emotions are the most uncontrollable and complicated aspects of human life. I can't give you an analysis without getting any specific information."

He shrugged and expressed his inability to help any further.

Samantha was well aware that it would be difficult for someone to analyze what little information she provided. Milton was a very professional doctor, and doctors were generally rigorous enough to not make conclusions on a whim.

Milton saw her distressed appearance and could not help but make another remark, "Ms. Larsson, you said that this friend of yours seemed to have become a completely different person?"

Samantha looked at him and nodded. "Yes. I'm not the only one who thinks that way. Other people around him feel the same too."

If it was just based on what she perceived, she would not be that rash as to pay Milton a visit.

Milton tapped his fingers on the table and said, "In this case, there might be another possibility... Your friend may have dissociative identity disorder."

That unfamiliar term made Samantha bewildered. "Dissociative identity disorder?"

"Yes. Multiple or split personalities are a symptom of dissociative identity disorders. Perhaps your friend has multiple personalities."

The phrase 'multiple personalities' was not unfamiliar to Samantha and yet it was always something that seemed distant to her, in the sense that she never expected something like that to happen to someone she knew.

Her head went blank for a moment.

After a long while, she recovered her voice and said in disbelief, "It shouldn't be possible... He was always in good health and something like this has never happened before. How does this disease come about?"

Milton explained, "Generally speaking, there would usually be some major trauma during childhood. Patients will develop a separate defense mechanism to protect themselves. A few patients have abnormal neurological traits due to genetic factors, which easily lead to the emergence of multiple personalities."

Timothy did not have any childhood trauma, so could it be genetics?

If it was, it would be unlikely because she never saw Timothy suffering an attack even after knowing each other for so long and living together for the same amount of time too.

Samantha thought for a while and asked, "Is there any chance a person might suffer from it after becoming an adult?"

"When a person reaches adulthood, their personality and psychology have already matured. To be honest, it's relatively difficult for such a situation to occur, unless the patient is under huge social pressure or there was a stress response that had not been

relieved. This leads to a vicious cycle where there is ample chance of developing such an illness,” Milton said.

Therefore, it would be quite far-fetched to say that Timothy had only suffered from the disease in the past three years.

Where did he get such enormous social pressure? His life had been smooth sailing after he became an adult and one could even say that he walked through life like a breeze.

What was going on?

Samantha felt that her head was about to burst.

Upon seeing the situation, Milton shook his head. “Rather than wondering about it here, why don’t you bring your friend to do a professional examination and test? A person with this illness can switch between personalities in just a few seconds, making it difficult to detect with the naked eye.”

Samantha thought helplessly to herself, ‘Why would I have to think about it all by myself here if I could bring Timothy for an examination?’

Milton looked up at the clock and said apologetically, “It’s time for my next patient’s appointment, Ms. Larsson.”

Samantha hurriedly said, “Thank you for today. I apologize for taking so much of your time. Please go ahead and attend to your patient. I might have to trouble you to send me a copy of any information you have on a dissociative identity disorder.”

“Sure, that won’t be a problem.” Milton got up and saw her off. “Please feel free to look for me if you have any further questions.”

...

Samantha hailed a cab and went to the hospital.

Along the way, she called Rochelle and told her all about the conversation with Milton earlier.

After all, whenever one’s brain power is limited, it would be good to have another person to share the burden of thinking about it.

Samantha said, “Do you think Timothy has multiple personalities? Could the Timothy in front of us, which we are all unfamiliar with, be a second personality?”

Rochelle was similarly worried. "It's hard to judge. If there are multiple personalities, why does the second personality always manifest? What about the main personality? Why doesn't it appear all the time? This doesn't make any sense!"

Her words gave Samantha a sudden realization.

The main personality was mostly dominant under normal circumstances, but all she had seen since her return was Timothy's brutal side. The main personality had never appeared!

Multiple personalities usually take turns manifesting in a person's consciousness and actions.

In that case, multiple personalities might not be the answer?

Rochelle said, "We don't have any other way of finding out right now. It's not like we can knock Timothy out and drag him to get an examination. The only way is to observe Timothy from a close distance, right? But we can't do anything right now to get close to him."

Silence ensued and Samantha massaged her tired eyebrows.

Samantha then turned around to look at the passing scenery outside the car window. A sudden flash of light appeared in the depths of her eyes and she said, "There is....a way for us to observe Timothy up close."