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*Chapter 362: He Could Not Bring Himself to Do It*

Rochelle was surprised. "What kind of way?"

"Grandma has already transferred to me all the shares she owns in the Barker Group. I'm now its second-largest shareholder. I know that Grandma no longer participates in the group's decision-making ever since she retreated to be behind the scenes, but she's still part of the Barker Group," Samantha said unhurriedly.

Rochelle understood at once. "Does that mean...you're going to take Grandma's position and work in the Barker Group?"

Samantha merely answered, "Mmhmm."

"That's a solution alright, but..." Rochelle frowned and sounded somewhat worried. "Today's board meeting had already pissed Timothy off. How can he tolerate you going to work in the Barker Group? He's really ruthless right now and I'm worried if—"

Samantha knew what Rochelle wanted to say and immediately interrupted her, "Rewards don't come without risks, Chelle. You know I have no other choice."

Ensuring Matthew's safety would be much harder if there was even a one-day delay.

Samantha had nightmares every single night and was woken up by nightmares every morning. The panic she felt whenever she woke up without seeing Matthew was very heart-wrenching for her.

She might have collapsed long ago had she not known that Matthew was still alive. That was the only reason she could still hang on.

Rochelle used to be a 'mother' too and knew how it felt when one wanted to protect her child but failed to do so. Her lips parted but she was unable to say anything to persuade Samantha otherwise.

In the end, she squeezed out a smile and said, "In that case, you have to promise me to be careful in whatever you do."

"Of course. I won't get myself into trouble, at least not until I've seen Matthew."

Samantha leaned back in the chair after hanging up.

Deep down, she was not very confident in her decision because she did not know what dangers or obstacles she might encounter in the future. However, there was nothing she feared when she thought about Matthew.

From giving birth to him and watching him grow up slowly from such a young age, every second of every minute in the past three years were all deeply etched in her heart.

When she lipread her killer mouthing the words 'Mr. Barker', she probably would have let herself die if it were not for Matthew.

How could she move on from it when the person that she cared so deeply for had wanted her dead?

The scene at Timothy's office earlier that day appeared in her mind and she reached out to touch her neck again.

For some unknown reason, she had an inexplicable feeling that Timothy refrained from strangling her to death that day, not because he did not want to, but because...he could bring himself to personally kill her.

If he really had multiple personalities, then...could the main personality have resisted the second personality and prevented the latter from attacking her?

Could that main personality be the 'Timothy' that the mysterious person claimed to have loved her?

There was a flaw in that theory.

If there truly was a main personality, why did that main personality never appear? Generally speaking, the main personality can suppress the second personality, making it impossible for the second personality to occupy the body and consciousness all the time!

Samantha's brain started to hurt as she thought about it.

She did not understand fields that required expert knowledge and the amount of information she had was too little at the moment. Milton would not be able to solve the conundrum even if she asked for his help.

In any case, she had a very clear mission, and that was to determine whether or not Timothy genuinely suffered from multiple personalities due to a dissociative identity disorder!

After arriving at the hospital, Samantha paid the fare and got off.

Her first stop was the bathroom. She took out a silk scarf from her bag, put it on in front of the mirror, then made sure to cover the red choke marks on her neck before going out and walking to the ward.

Old Madam Barker was relieved to see that Samantha was alright. She held Samantha's hand and said, "Tony described to me the situation in the conference room, and I was worried that the little brat Timothy might point a gun at you again."

Samantha involuntarily let out a light cough.

It was not surprising that the old lady understood Timothy since they were related by blood. Timothy might not have held a gun to Samantha's head, but nearly strangling her to death was not that far off either.

Of course, Samantha did not let on any expression and merely smiled. "I'm fine, Grandma."

She then changed the subject naturally. "How are you feeling today? Any better?"

Old Madam Barker said cheerfully, "I feel splendid! Almost as if I can get out of bed soon."

Aunt Julia, who was sitting on one side, immediately demolished the old lady's remark. "Don't listen to her, Sammy. She can't even hold her chopsticks firmly and she's already in a hurry to get out of bed. Please persuade her. She's not at an age where she should be showing off."

The old lady pretended to be angry. "Who said I was showing off! I'm in good health! Bring me the chopsticks and I'll show you right now!"

Samantha's heavy mind eased a little when she saw their bickering.

Sitting there and listening to their arguments was enough to let her relax and be at ease.

However, she did not forget what her purpose there was. After phrasing her sentences in her mind, she said, "I'd like to ask you something, Grandma."

Old Madam Barker stopped arguing with Aunt Julia and replied, "Go ahead."

"Well... Are the children and grandchildren of the Barkers always in good health? Do they have any illnesses that are serious or special in any way?"

Wealthy families like theirs placed very strict importance on maintaining everyone's health from childhood to adulthood, which meant that Old Madam Barker would probably be in a position to know about Timothy's health.

“No. My health is fine.” Old Madam Barker was confused. “What’s wrong? Why are you suddenly asking me this? Could there be...is there something wrong with Timothy’s body?”

Samantha shook her head again. “No, I’m just...a little concerned.”

Old Madam Barker looked at her and sighed again. “Silly girl. Why is it that you’re always hung up on that useless boy?”

Samantha did not explain any further because she needed Old Madam Barker to ‘misunderstand’ at that moment.

Genetic factors had been completely ruled out so close observation was a must.

Continuing from where the old lady left off, Samantha said, “Grandma, even though Timothy can’t divorce me for now, I need a chance to get close to him to win his heart again.”

“That is why I’d like to...work at the Barker Group. Can you please help me?”

Old Madam Barker and Aunt Julia exchanged glances and sighed.

A few seconds later, Old Madam Barker touched Samantha’s head. “Okay. I’ll help you arrange everything, but please don’t let yourself suffer too much.”

Samantha hugged Old Madam Barker’s arm and leaned closer. “I won’t. Thank you, Grandma.”

After accompanying the old lady until she fell asleep, Samantha got up and left the hospital. She went back to the apartment.

It was almost midnight when she came out of the shower but she was not feeling too sleepy. Therefore, she decided to open her laptop and log into her email.

Milton had already prepared some information on multiple personalities and sent it over.

She hovered the cursor over and clicked on it so she could delve into a closer study.

Samantha was unsure how long she had been reading when her eyes felt a little sore.. She wanted to turn off her laptop and rest but immediately regained her spirits when she saw a line of words.

*Chapter 363: An Emphatic Return*

'Once multiple personalities are formed, it is difficult to cure, and the symptoms can only be controlled through drug treatment. The main drugs used are antidepressants and anxiolytics, antidepressants are mainly fluoxetine, sertraline, venlafaxine. Anxiolytics are mainly lorazepam, diazepam, and buspirone.'

Samantha sat up straight and read that paragraph several times while tapping her fingertips rhythmically on the table.

Since she had no way of dragging Timothy to do a professional checkup, she had to determine whether or not he had multiple personality disorder in a roundabout way.

In other words, she could ascertain whether or not he really was sick by investigating if he took drugs containing the above-mentioned ingredients to suppress his condition.

Samantha narrowed her eyes and thought carefully. When she went to the hotel suite where Timothy lived to search for the divorce certificate, she did not see any drugs even after searching the entire suite.

Another possibility would be his office.

She would have the chance to check his office when she started work at the Barker Group.

In any case, the information she had was still big enough of a breakthrough, and Milton providing her that information was helpful.

Samantha picked up her cell phone and sent a sincere thank you to Milton on WeTalk.

...

Two days later, Old Madam Barker informed Samantha that the arrangements had been made and Samantha would be able to join the Barker Group that very day.

Samantha read up on the information for two days at home and rested for two days. The red marks on her neck have faded quite a bit, and she even used foundation to cover it up when she put on makeup.

Another tough battle was on her hands from that day onward. She could not back down from it and had to face it in her best state!

Old Madam Barker originally wanted to provide her with a driver but she declined.

She did not enjoy being served by others and would feel very uncomfortable. After all, she was used to doing everything by herself.

Old Madam Barker did not insist but immediately decided to give her a car. The old lady's reasoning was, "You can't take a taxi or the subway every day to work. This is the Barker Group we're talking about. It doesn't conform to your position in the Barker Group. You are the deputy CEO after all."

Samantha did not know whether to laugh or cry, but she accepted the old lady's gesture after seeing how considerate the latter was. The old lady provided Samantha not a sports car, but an Omlof with excellent safety performance that was suited for her daily work commute.

It would be convenient to have a car since she had to stay in the city for some time.

Samantha left the apartment and went downstairs to see the driver bringing the car over. He handed her the keys and proceeded to leave.

When she laid eyes on the brand-new white car in front of her, she could not help but think of the white car that Timothy once gave her.

The one thing that left her depressed for the longest time was her belief that she and Timothy had a good relationship. Timothy later told her that he was only acting.

After her 'miscarriage', the memory of confronting Timothy in the ward still haunted her until the present.

She just...could not accept it. She loved Timothy tremendously, yet Timothy...had never reciprocated even half that amount of love.

She knew that love was always unfair. It could never be forced, and the other person had no obligation to reciprocate regardless of how much love one lavished on them.

Even so, there was no need to pull any tricks on a person whom one did not love—because love should never be used as a tool to manipulate and exploit a person.

What if the present Timothy was not the Timothy who loved her?

Could the happy moments they had shared in the past be genuine?

Samantha shook her head violently to dispel all those assumptions.

She could not and should not think about those things anymore, because she could not let such things dominate her thoughts when there were no answers to any of her questions yet.

She knew all too well that people were often blind when they fell in love.

One would fail to see the other's mistakes. Perhaps it could be better described as willful blindness.

Samantha closed her eyes and took a few deep breaths to calm down. She opened her eyes again and finally regained some clarity. She reached to open the driver's seat door, got in, then started the car and drove to the Barker Group.

...

At the Barker Group, Timothy took his exclusive elevator to the top floor and strode out after reaching it.

The employees were all whispering to each other, but as soon as they saw his arrival, they immediately shut up and returned to their workstations as they pretended to focus on their work.

However, everyone's gaze was still trailing Timothy's figure and observing his expressions.

Timothy had always been the focus of a crowd and he had long been accustomed to people looking at him. Despite that, he could keenly sense that there was something unusual with those gazes that day.

He glanced coldly across everyone there and they all shrank their heads as if they were groundhogs hit by a hammer.

Timothy's expression became colder.

At that point, Ronald had taken the elevator up after parking the car. He had just walked up to Timothy when he heard his big boss ask, "Is there anything unusual happening at the company today?"

Everyone would not have acted that way otherwise.

Ronald had a worried expression even before Timothy asked that, and Timothy's question made his eyes dart around even more. He gulped several mouthfuls of saliva before replying weakly, "It's probably...because... our company's deputy... deputy CEO has come to work..."

"Deputy CEO?"

Timothy knew that Old Madam Barker was the deputy CEO of the Barker Group in name only, but she had long stopped coming in to work in the company.

The only person who would have come that day was Samantha.

It was no wonder these employees were acting so weird.

First, there was the board meeting where she became the second-largest shareholder by force. Then, she decided she wanted to join the Barker Group.

Samantha had some guts!

Ronald watched as Timothy's face remained expressionless after listening to the explanation. Rather than breathe a sigh of relief, there was a chill coming down the back of his spine.

During the past three years, Ronald had come to know that an icy grin was better than an expressionless face—the latter was an onset of Timothy's bloodlust.

Sure enough, he saw Timothy turn around in the opposite direction and strode towards the deputy CEO's office.

Ronald lamented and was afraid of causing death!

His first thought was to follow along because he felt that he could stop the man if anything untoward happened.

He had just lifted his feet when Timothy said coldly, "Don't follow me. Get everyone to leave the top floor!"

Ronald's footsteps froze. He did not dare to disobey Timothy's orders. After freezing stiffly for a few seconds, he could only reply weakly, "Yes, Mr. Barker!"

Inside the deputy CEO's office, Samantha was arranging the flowers that Old Madam Barker gave her inside a vase. The door to the office was then kicked open.

Samantha then saw Timothy striding in with a murderous aura..

*Chapter 364: Come at Me, I Won't Resist!*

Samantha was already mentally prepared for such a situation to happen and there was no change in her expression as a result. She even curled her lips and said with a smile, "You're here, Mr. Barker."

She picked up the vase and walked past the desk toward the sofa. The vase was then placed in the middle of the coffee table and she even adjusted its position deliberately. After finally adjusting it to her satisfaction, she turned to look at Timothy again and asked, "Do the flowers look good? Grandma gave them to me to congratulate me on my first day in the office."



Timothy's dark pupils stared at her as if he was looking at a dead person.

He never would have imagined that she would strut nonchalantly to his turf again after he nearly strangled her to death the other day

Samantha did not expect him to answer, so she stood up straight and looked fearlessly into his eyes as she said, "We'll be working together a lot in the future, Mr. Barker. I hope I can learn a thing or two from you."

She raised her feet and walked up to Timothy while still maintaining her smile. "Looking forward to learning from you."

Timothy curled the corners of his lips and smiled.

However, he smiled only slightly and it carried a gloomy chill as well as a rather prominent bloodthirsty intent.

The dangerous oppressiveness came crashing toward Samantha. She once again felt as if a ferocious beast was staring at her and even the hair on her entire body was standing on end.

She did not doubt at all that the man in front of her wanted her dead.

Samantha cherished her life more than ever and was justifiably afraid in the face of such a threat. She could even hear her heartbeat beating frantically as if it was about to leap out of her chest.

She was fortunate that she was a mother and possessed a strong maternal intent. As long as she thought about Matthew, she could force herself to stay calm, composed, and try to escape.

Samantha stayed motionlessly on the spot and secretly took a deep breath. She then squeezed out a smile again and she said in a clear voice, "Do you want to kill me again?"

Her long curly eyelashes trembled after she said that. Rather than dodging or running away, she raised her hand and grabbed his arm.

Timothy said disdainfully, "Do you want to fight me?"

Samantha shook her head. "I'm no match for you. There's no point wasting my energy like that."

She was never able to win against Timothy in a fistfight anyway. Furthermore, his strength had become even more unpredictable, and there was no reason for her to make things difficult for herself.

Then, she exerted a bit of strength as she lifted Timothy's hands and put them on her slender, fair-skinned neck. She said provocatively, "You wanted to strangle me, didn't you? I won't resist. Do it!"

Her actions and words were beyond what Timothy expected. Whatever unpredictable and unfathomable experiences he went through in the past paled in comparison to her.

Many people had a strong desire to live, but it was the first time he ever saw someone who wanted to die.

Samantha was unsure whether or not Timothy would actually do it. She was betting that he would not because that would further cement her notion that the other day's incidents were no accident.

Perhaps Timothy had a main personality that would limit some of his extreme actions under special circumstances.

Examples of such situations would be when he was prevented from going through with strangling her in his office, and when he did not pull the trigger on his grandmother back at the church.

Old Madam Barker and Samantha could be the two people that Timothy's main personality loved most...

She might be able to notice something as long as she saw a repeat of the situation.

Samantha tried her best to restrain her expression and kept a calm smile as she looked at him. She did not want Timothy to figure out her thoughts.

She locked her eyes deeply on his face and tried to notice anything out of the ordinary.

The same unfathomable expression appeared in his eyes as Timothy looked at her and moved past the initial astonishment. His gaze fell on Samantha's neck and there was a faint red mark there.

Her neck was so slender and brittle that he could break it very quickly.

He grasped tighter.

Samantha held her breath slightly.

The next second, Samantha felt that the man's murderous aura had disappeared instantly, only to be replaced by an extremely whimsical look.

His hand that was resting on her neck moved up slowly to her chin.

The man's beautiful fingers squeezed her chin and forced her to look up.

Timothy smiled again. It was different from his earlier murderous smile in that the darkness within was becoming increasingly bottomless. "You're...very interesting."

As he lowered his handsome face, she looked at his handsome facial features up close and felt that he was practically breathing on her face now.

She heard him say, "I'm a little reluctant to let you die."

Samantha frowned slightly.

Did he see through her intentions and prevented her from getting any chance of noticing his strangeness? Or was he playing at something else?

He leaned so close to her that his voice was very soft, like a murmur between lovers.

Every word he said was extremely chilling though. "Since you're so eager to play, I'll be more than happy to play with you."

His thin lips nearly touched her ear and he said clearly, "You miss your son a lot, don't you? You could even risk your life for him. I'm really touched by your motherly love and I...I want to grant your wish."

His voice became even deeper. "Tell me, should I cut off his hand and send it to you, or gouge out his eyeballs? Which one is more sentimental to you?"

Samantha had retrained her emotions to the best of her ability to begin with, but she could not control the change in her emotions when she heard the last few words.

Matthew was her biggest weakness and it was difficult for her to ignore it even though that was all that Timothy said to her.

The Timothy in front of her was too smart and cunning.

Every word he said might come true and she could not afford to take a gamble.

Samantha's eyes turned slightly red and she could no longer just keep smiling. Her eyes widened and she stared at him defiantly.

"Listen here, Timothy. If Matthew loses a hand, you'll lose a hand; if he loses one eye, you'll lose one eye too. If he dies, you'll be buried with him!"

She meant every word she said!

Timothy's black eyes narrowed and the bloodthirsty killing intent at the bottom of his eyes once again came forth.

No one had ever dared to disrespect him time and time again.

He should kill her right then and make doubly sure that she never showed up before him ever again!

All of a sudden, a sharp and irate female voice suddenly sounded from behind them. "What are you two doing?"

Her words disrupted the oppressive atmosphere.

Since Samantha was the one facing the direction of the office door, she looked over and saw Harmony standing at the door with a dour look.

From Harmony's point of view, Timothy and Samantha were almost half-embracing each other in an ambiguous manner. Timothy had lowered his head and his handsome face was within centimeters of Samantha's. She, on the other hand, was clutching his shirt and her cheeks were very close to his too.

They looked as though they were kissing.

It was no wonder then that Harmony would lose control due to jealousy.

Nothing was going on between Timothy and Samantha at first, and she never wanted anything to do with a murderer who said that he was going to kill her son. However, since Harmony had already asked that question, she felt that it would be such a waste of opportunity if she did not add fuel to fire.

Since Samantha was already holding Timothy's clothes, she pulled Timothy down a little and tiptoed while raising her head.

Samantha planted her lips on Timothy's to kiss him.

*Chapter 365: Public Display of Affection*

Timothy was stunned and did not seem to have expected such a move from her.

The next second, he pushed Samantha away while Harmony screamed, "Samantha!"

Harmony shouted as if she was going to rip Samantha to shreds.

Samantha ignored Harmony and stood up straight. She looked up at Timothy and even had a provocative smile.

She thought she would see Timothy get angry but was surprised to see his gloomy eyes staring at her. Aside from his strong killing intent, there seemed to be...a trace of helplessness.

Samantha felt that she had misread him because Timothy could not possibly have had such an emotion. She calmed herself down and wanted to see more clearly, but Timothy had already stretched his long legs and turned around to leave the office.

All she saw was his tall and cold rear figure.

Samantha was stunned again.

Did Timothy just let it slide? She thought he was going to rush over and choke her again...

Could it be because Harmony was here? Could he have decided to ignore Samantha for the time being because he was in a hurry to comfort his true love Harmony?

Timothy walked out of the office without turning back, while Harmony remained where she was and appeared eager to pounce on Samantha.

When Samantha sensed Harmony's gaze, she turned her attention from Timothy back to Harmony.

To be honest, she was always very pleased to see Harmony feeling defeated.

Harmony looked at Samantha's smile and exploded with rage at Samantha's smug look. Words were not enough to describe just how much she hated the woman in front of her.

She would still set fire to Samantha even if Samantha was already burnt to the bone!

She had no right to do anything against Samantha even after she saw Samantha kiss Timothy right under her nose. After all, her status was not enough to reprimand Samantha!

Harmony's eyes turned red and she said angrily, "Tim's never going to change his mind even if you use every trick up your sleeve!"

The reason Harmony went to the Barker Group that day was because Samantha had become its shareholder and clocked in for her first day of work. Harmony could not sit still when she received the news and immediately rushed over.

Although she knew that Samantha would not stop at just ruining her wedding to Timothy, she never thought that Samantha would be that shameless.

Timothy did not want Samantha anymore and yet Samantha was still as insistent as ever, going so far as to follow Timothy all the way to the company.

Simply thinking about that was enough to make her angry and she scolded again, "I've never seen a woman as shameless as you. Tim doesn't want you anymore and yet you keep haunting him like a ghost!"

'Shameless?'

Samantha folded her hands around her chest and sneered. "I pale in comparison to you when it comes to shamelessness. You're well aware that Timothy is a married man and yet you keep haunting him like a ghost."

She used the exact sentence Harmony used against her.

"You!" Harmony could not control her body from trembling.

"One more thing..." Samantha sneered, "Why should you be nervous if your Tim won't change his mind about you? This anxiousness you're showing right now will only show just how little confidence you have."

After a pause, she blinked her eyes and pretended to cover her mouth in surprise. "Oh, wait a second, did I guess correctly?"

"Heh." Harmony finally calmed down and smiled extremely confidently as she mocked, "What a waste of time to talk to someone as shameless as you."

"Not having a proper wedding isn't going to do anything to damage the love and affection Tim and I have for each other."

As soon as she said that, Harmony turned and left with a triumphant smile.

Samantha frowned almost imperceptibly.

She had seen Harmony's jealous look many times and found it to be a little odd, so she deliberately tried to provoke her using words and was surprised to hear such determination.

Harmony's actions were a little contradictory but Samantha could not figure out why yet.

Was it because Timothy loved her so much and made her feel secure enough? Or could there be some other reason?

When Samantha walked over to close her office door, she saw Harmony entering the CEO's office and closing the door behind her. Samantha closed the door as well and was happy that they were out of sight.

Although she no longer had any feelings for Timothy, she did not enjoy seeing Timothy and Harmony showing their love in front of her because it was disgusting.

From that day onward, Timothy no longer did anything to stop Samantha from coming to the company. Samantha, therefore, continued to serve as the Barker Group's deputy CEO.

During the first few days, Samantha went to and from work without making any moves.

After all, Timothy would definitely be on the alert if she did anything. She laid low and decided to wait for a few days, only planning her next move when Timothy let his guard down.

Of course, she had not been idle those few days either. She cased the entire building and even found out about Timothy's itinerary from Ronald.

The key to success was in knowing thyself and thy enemy.

Harmony, meanwhile, was the first to stir trouble when Samantha had been keeping a low profile.

She came to the company to look for Timothy every day on the pretext of a project. Whenever she entered his office, she would stay there the entire day from nine to six. She came with Timothy and left with him, spending all her time inside the office.

Whenever it was time to clock off work, she would exit the office with reddened cheeks, disheveled clothes, messy hair, and a peachy look.

Those who saw her instantly knew what she and Timothy had done inside.

Samantha did not pay much attention to it, but it was difficult to avoid hearing it because everyone in the office was gossiping about it every single day.

After all, she was still legitimately the CEO's wife and her office was opposite Timothy's. When a side chick like Harmony set up camp in Timothy's office every day, it was hard for anyone to contain themselves from gossiping about a situation that seemed to come right out of an eight o'clock soap opera.

In an era where information spreads easily, it was very difficult for Samantha to keep her ears free from all that.

Although she knew that Harmony was deliberately trying to disgust her, she still felt that Harmony had succeeded, albeit just a little.

Had it not been for Matthew's sake, she would never have wanted to stay in that place for a second longer. Timothy and Harmony could be as affectionate as they wanted as long as they did not do so before her very eyes!

She complained to Rochelle on the phone, who then asked considerately, "Should I get Blockhead to tie Harmony up in a gunny sack and give her a smack?"

Samantha asked seriously, "How about you tell Blockhead to put a sack over Timothy and beat him up?"

The instigator was none other than that filthy scumbag Timothy!

Rochelle replied just as seriously, "Blockhead's death is all but certain if he beats Timothy up. As annoying as Blockhead is, he doesn't deserve to die."

Samantha was amused. "Thank you, Chelle. I don't feel that depressed anymore."

"We're practically sisters! What's there to thank? I can only help you by lightening the mood. I won't be able to help you with anything else anymore."

After ending the call, Samantha glanced at the empty coffee cup and was prepared to head to the pantry to make another cup.

Just as she opened the door to exit her office, she saw that the door of the CEO's office on the opposite end had opened too.

Timothy came out soon after and was wearing what was evidently a formal evening attire.

Samantha was a little surprised to see that. She knew Timothy's daily schedule like the back of her hand and he had no banquets to attend that day. Was it a last-minute addition?

As Timothy stretched his long legs and strode away, Samantha pursed her lips and returned to the office. She then grabbed her phone and immediately sent a WeTalk message..

*Chapter 366: She Felt Sad*

Samantha sent it to Ronald to ask him if Timothy was attending a banquet that night.



Ronald replied a few seconds later. [Yes, Ms. Larsson. He'll be attending a banquet tonight.]

Samantha's eyes rolled around inside her eye sockets as she placed her phone down.

Based on her observations in recent days, Timothy was a workaholic who stayed in the company for a very long time. Even if there was a banquet that evening, he would always come back to the company and work after it ended.

There were times he slept at the company when he had to work late.

As a result, she felt that there would be a very high chance for his medications to be kept in the office.

That was the only time Timothy went out in all her days of laying low. Such an opportunity might not come again if she did not seize it.

Moreover, she wanted to get it done as quickly as possible so she could leave soon and never have to see Timothy and Harmony ever again!

It was already five in the evening. Most of the employees would leave work a little later when Timothy was around, but whenever he was not around, they almost always left when it was time to clock out. The longest they would stay behind was about seven o'clock, after which all of them would have left the company.

She needed to wait until they were gone before she could move around easily.

Samantha played with her cell phone out of boredom, either swiping through some Qittoq short videos, playing poker, or chatted with Old Madam Barker on WeTalk. Two hours gradually passed.

She stood up and walked out of the office.

Sure enough, the employees in the office lobby outside had all left and the lights had been switched off.

Samantha did not act immediately but looked up and glanced across the surveillance cameras at each corner.

She had, along with Rochelle, analyzed the entire plan in which she broke into Timothy's hotel suite. Back then it was the surveillance cameras that led to Timothy discovering her, which subsequently led to Matthew's kidnapping.

They had destroyed the surveillance footage at the time but were still caught by Timothy.

Therefore, she could not let the surveillance cameras capture her nor have even the tiniest of slip-ups.

Samantha had already figured out the shifts of the Barker Group's security guards. Since everyone had clocked off for the day, only two security guards were on duty in the surveillance room.

She took the elevator downstairs and went to the surveillance room.

Only one security guard was watching the screens and he was surprised to see Samantha walking in. He immediately got up and said respectfully, "Ms. Larsson! What brings you to the surveillance room?"

Samantha smiled and said, "I misplaced a very important file and I can't seem to recall where I put it. I came over here to have a look at the surveillance footage to see if I can find it."

The entire Barker Group, with the exception of the closed offices and restrooms, was equipped with cameras almost everywhere. That was how she came up with that very reasonable-sounding excuse.

"I see, let me know the approximate time frame and I'll help you find it," the security guard replied diligently.

Samantha shook her head. "I'll do it myself. It won't be good if anyone else knows that I misplaced an important document. I'd rather not let anyone find out."

The security guard nodded understandingly.

He was well aware of how turbulent the company had been in recent days.

Samantha was a deputy CEO that appeared out of nowhere. The board members refused to acknowledge her, while Timothy the CEO did not seem to like her either. Timothy frequently paraded his lover Harmony in front of Samantha, and any wrong move would certainly be held against her in the future.

The security guard did not want to get involved in such a muddled-up mess and so stood up immediately. "In that case... please take your time, Ms. Larsson. I'll go out to patrol and come back once you're done."

Samantha smiled gratifiedly. "Thank you."

After the security guard left the surveillance room, Samantha locked the door and walked to the command console. She identified the cameras for the top floor and switched them off without hesitation.

In the blink of an eye, all the cameras on the top floor were switched off.

Samantha went back to the top floor.

She nevertheless checked the top floor very carefully and even went to the men's restroom. It was only after she confirmed that it was really empty that she went to the CEO's office.

Samantha pushed the door open, walked in, then switched on the lights in one swift movement.

She could not help but laugh at herself. Ever since she came back, she had snuck around so much that she was becoming more proficient at being a thief.

The first place she walked to was his desk. Although there were plenty of documents there, she glanced across the desk and found nothing even remotely reminiscent of medication.

She opened the drawers one by one and found nothing but files.

Next, she walked to the bookcase and searched carefully but still found nothing.

After confirming that she had checked the entire office, she turned around and walked toward the adjacent lounge.

She walked to the bedside and came up empty-handed when she searched there. She rummaged through the bedside table and found nothing either. Lastly, she went through the dressing room and the bathroom, but there was still nothing to be found.

Samantha felt a little confused.

There were no vitamins even, let alone medication.

That would mean...Timothy did not take any medication.

Was the speculation about his multiple personalities proven wrong?

Could it be that he never had multiple personalities? Was the then Timothy the real Timothy and he had just been pretending earlier?

Samantha's footsteps were a little heavy when she walked out of the lounge.

She could not describe how she was feeling then, whether or not her glimmer of hope had shattered or whether she should not have had such hope in the first place.

Did she not have a clear look as to who Timothy's true character was?

If that was the case, then there might not be any further hope for Matthew...

Samantha's heart felt agonizingly painful, though she did not know whether it was because of Timothy or Matthew.

All of a sudden, there were footsteps from outside.

Samantha's eyes narrowed and she immediately snapped back. 'Seriously? Timothy's back so soon? Something must have happened!'

She instinctively leaped to the wall and switched off the light before shrinking behind the sofa.

Under no circumstances should she allow herself to be caught, or else Timothy would never allow her to continue staying in the Barker Group.

The door to the office was pushed open as soon as she hid.

It was indeed Timothy who came back, along with...Harmony.

Harmony was also wearing evening attire. It looked as though she had accompanied him to the banquet and came back with him.

Samantha glanced at them from the shadows. She did not know whether Timothy had drunk too much, but he seemed to be frowning and had to be helped in by Harmony.

Samantha was speechless.

If he had too much to drink, he should have been brought home instead of to the office.

As Harmony supported Timothy, she appeared to have a very clear purpose as she walked directly toward the lounge and entered.

The door of the lounge was not closed, so Samantha could hear the sounds coming from inside.

She first heard Timothy plopping onto the bed, followed by Harmony's extremely charming voice. "Relax, Tim. Take off your clothes..."

Samantha's hand clenched suddenly.

Although she had seen Harmony walk out of Timothy's office with a disheveled appearance and a ruddy face every day, she never would have thought that she would hear something so detailed!

Were they so short of money to get a room?

Aside from getting nauseous after listening to them, she also had the strong urge to smash their heads with a hammer!

Samantha closed her eyes and took a few deep breaths before containing her impulses.

She would not be able to control herself if she stayed any longer, so she sneaked forward softly towards the office door.

Midway through, her footsteps froze suddenly when she heard Timothy make a low and somewhat suppressed gasping sound.

She could no longer walk.

At that moment, she felt very sad.

Sadness came over her like a tidal wave and suffocated her.

Samantha clenched her hands tightly and turned around little by little to peer into the lounge.

*Chapter 367: Finding Clues*

The scene in the lounge was beyond what Samantha expected.

She initially expected to see some unsightly scenes of amorous congress, but Timothy turned out to be leaning against the reclining chair instead of the bed.

His coat and tie were taken off, while a couple of his shirt buttons were undone. He seemed to be in a relaxed state.

However, he was closing his eyes tightly and he seemed to be in pain judging from his tensely wrinkled facial features.

Two slender silver needles were placed on either side of his temples, and more were inserted on his head at different acupoints.

Harmony sat at one side and stared intently at Timothy. She seemed to be saying something to him but her voice was too low for Samantha to hear anything.

What...was Harmony doing?

Samantha suddenly thought of the last time Timothy choked her and had a headache thereafter. He had a similarly painful expression then.

Was Timothy suffering from the same headache?

Judging from the number of needles inserted in his head, Samantha wondered if Harmony was the one who helped insert them. Was she using acupuncture to help heal his headaches?

Acupuncture was a very frequent practice in the orient, but when did Harmony even learn to do that? Did she learn it especially for Timothy? Or was there some other reason?

Everything just seemed off to her for some reason.

She had the feeling that things were not as simple as they seemed.

What was Harmony whispering?

Acupuncture did not require a person to chant mantras or anything of the sort.

She moved forward subconsciously to go over and hear what Harmony was saying.

Samantha was already treading very lightly and did not make a single sound, but she only managed to take a few steps when Harmony seemed to have noticed something. She turned around suddenly and looked out.

Harmony even asked coldly, "Who's there?"

Samantha's heart skipped a beat.

When did Harmony become so alert? It was like she had eyes behind her head!

Fortunately, Samantha reacted quicker and turned around at once. She then quickly ran out of the CEO's office but did so as softly as possible.

When she heard the sound of footsteps following her, she bent down in the dark and went back into her office under the cover of a random desk in the office lobby.

Fortunately, she had already memorized the place by heart those few days and was very familiar with the place.

Samantha leaned against the door panel and heard Harmony's footsteps circling the hall before finally stopping in front of the deputy CEO's office door.

Samantha held her breath

She was not afraid of being caught by Harmony because it was not as though Harmony could do anything to her after catching her.

However, being caught would alert Harmony for sure, and that would only cause Samantha to go back to square one after finally making some progress in gathering clues.

One second passed, then two, then three.

Harmony did not push the door in but turned to leave.

The sound of her footsteps gradually became further and further, until finally the door to the CEO's office was heard opening and closing. Samantha put her hand over her heart and breathed a sigh of relief.

Since they were both women, Harmony's reluctance to go into Samantha's office probably stemmed from certain psychological influences.

Samantha did not like seeing Harmony and did not want to step into her territory either. That was the same for Harmony.

Whenever Harmony came to the Barker Group in recent days, she always took a detour even when passing by Samantha's office, so it made sense that Harmony would not step foot inside.

They hated each other to the bone and were disgusted with each other too.

Staying there for too long was risky, so Samantha waited for another five minutes. Once those five minutes were up, she opened the door gently and treaded softly through the hall and into the elevator.

She took the elevator to the floor of the surveillance room and switched back on the surveillance cameras on the top floor. After that, she went down and drove away.

Rochelle was already at the apartment by the time she returned after coming back just moments earlier with a myriad of late-night snacks.

Samantha entered the room and washed her hands before sitting down at the dining table to eat.

Rochelle was stunned for a moment and needed some time to regain her senses. "What's...going on with you, Sammy? How many days haven't you eaten?"

Her appetite had always been small and it was rare to see her looking like a starved person.

Samantha finished the last mouthful of porridge before putting down the spoon.

She looked up at Rochelle and smiled slightly. "My mind is a bit of a mess right now. I wanted to eat something to suppress my shock."

"What's wrong?"

Rochelle's face suddenly became solemn. She knew that Samantha was going to Timothy's office to search for the drugs that night, and her first thought was that Samantha saw that scumbag doing something unsightly with that pretentious b\*tch Harmony.

"Did you...catch them in the act?"

Samantha shook her head with a complicated look. "No. I saw...a couple of scenes that I can't seem to figure out."

"Huh? What do you mean? They can't be...doing some acrobatics in the room, right?" Rochelle was puzzled.

Samantha was speechless.

Had she been in the mood to laugh, she would have laughed herself to death after hearing Rochelle's remark.

'Why stop at acrobatics? You might as well say that they were doing stand-up comedy too.'

Samantha calmed herself slowly at that moment and sorted out the images in her mind while recounting what she had seen.

She initially guessed that Timothy's temperament had changed greatly because he suffered from having multiple personalities. To that end, she went to the office to find his medicine to prove her theory.

Rather than finding any medication, she saw Harmony giving him some acupuncture to treat his headache.

According to Ronald, Timothy had no health issues and was still as healthy as ever. That was a direct contradiction to the apparently severe headaches he had.

In that case...what if the acupuncture was not to cure Timothy's headache but for another reason?

After all, if it was just purely acupuncture, there was no reason for Harmony to murmur all those words.

What was Harmony doing?



Samantha could keenly sense that there would be a huge breakthrough on the mystery surrounding Timothy as long as she could figure out what Harmony was doing.

There would finally be answers to many of her questions.

“Then we need to find more information from Harmony’s end, right?” Rochelle frowned. “I spent so much manpower and financial resources to investigate Harmony but didn’t find any useful information! Everything was covered up so well.”

Samantha had a frown too.

Rochelle’s remarks seemed to shatter that theory.

Rochelle thought of something and said again, “You know that psychiatrist, don’t you? Why don’t you ask him what this is all about?”

Samantha shook her head helplessly. “This alone probably won’t be enough for Dr. Dancy to give me a definite answer.”

After all, he was not some god who only needed a glance to know what a person was doing.

Rochelle frowned. “Isn’t there any other way? You have finally found some useful clues.”

Samantha’s hand grasped the tabletop gently.

It was already very late at night. Samantha tossed and turned on the bed after Rochelle left.

Samantha was considering various methods she could use to investigate, but it seemed that every one of them had flaws.. After thinking about it for a long time, a figure appeared abruptly in her mind.

*Chapter 368: Making an Analysis*

Penelope...

Samantha hugged her blanket and sat up as she carefully recalled her encounter with Penelope three years ago.

Penelope acted rather normal in the beginning and was the stereotypical arrogant rich kid. The methods she used against Samantha were relatively straightforward, such as slandering or framing her.

However, those methods all backfired and Penelope hardly ever gained the upper hand.

In the end, Sheena's revenge caused a breakdown in Violet and Justin's marriage. They both parted on acrimonious terms and Penelope no longer became a rich kid when she was kicked out of the house with Violet.

She had not seen Penelope much after that but she did bump into her at a bar. Penelope had attacked her and seemed to be in an unusual state of mind, for she had immense strength and looked like a madman.

Penelope injured Timothy at the time but Samantha was so focused on Timothy that she never questioned what kind of a state Penelope was in.

When Penelope was arrested, imprisoned, and received her retribution, Samantha did not pay much attention to her anymore.

That lasted until Samantha's battle with Harmony heated up. Penelope suddenly escaped from prison and held her hostage with the intention of committing murder-suicide.

When she held her hostage, her frame of mind was almost the same as when she attacked her the first time. She was in a frenzied state and the situation just seemed particularly abnormal.

Samantha had her doubts at the time, but the confrontation between her and Timothy during that period had, unfortunately, left her heartbroken. His behavior and words confused her so much that they distracted her even more.

She never really thought about Penelope because Penelope was an unimportant person to her.

After analyzing what happened, she felt that she might have accidentally overlooked some very important information.

First of all, the timing of Penelope's first frenzied attack on her was particularly puzzling.

She remembered that it was after she and Timothy returned from the Barrkjaer Island trip, which just so happened to be...after she met Harmony at the airport.

In other words, Penelope's frame of mind had changed ever since Harmony showed up in her life.

Although there did not seem to be any reason to associate the two incidents with each other at the time, it could not have been a coincidence.

Since she did not find anything when investigating Harmony directly, she felt that there might be some surprises in store by approaching it from a different direction.

Samantha narrowed her eyes slightly and clenched her hands little by little.

The next day, Samantha called Rochelle and said, "Chelle, could you please help me to check Penelope's friendships since childhood, like whether or not she had any friends with whom she was particularly close to or kept in touch frequently. Oh, and Violet's current whereabouts too."

"Sammy... why are you suddenly deciding to check on Penelope for no good reason?" Rochelle was surprised.

Samantha had been on bad terms with Penelope and the latter had been dead for three years.

She briefly told Rochelle about her guess and analysis.

"So that's the case... alright then, I'll get it done. But if I'm dealing with this...then what are you going to do?"

Samantha smiled. "I've got something else to check. Between you and I, we're dividing the work."

"No problem!" Rochelle smiled too. "Hang on for my good news."

...

Samantha drove to Northred Prison.

Before she went there, she had established connections through a friend on the pretext of wanting to come over for a simple interview. The prison warden, Ernest Norton, welcomed her in.

Ernest first gave her a brief tour of the women's prison and gave a short account of the situation there.

Samantha looked at the peaceful situation inside. Everyone seemed to be very orderly, and although their faces looked rather numb, neither of them showed any hostility.

She looked at them and frowned slightly.

Ernest was keenly aware of Samantha's reaction and could not help but ask, "Is there a problem, Ms. Larsson?"

“No, none at all. It’s just... I’m a little puzzled...” Samantha rephrased her words before asking, “I had a friend before who came in here for a crime, but she developed vicious tendencies and became very thin too. She kept saying that someone wouldn’t let her go, which is completely different from what I am looking at.”

“Everyone has food, shelter, and clothing here. The only thing they lack is freedom, but I didn’t seem to notice anyone who is in the same state as her.”

Ernest replied without thinking, “Well, of course. You people shouldn’t be influenced by TV dramas. We maintain strict discipline here and don’t condone any troublemaking or brawls. The situation you mentioned is very unlikely to happen.”

Samantha bit her lip lightly. “Forgive me, Mr. Norton, but my friend was in really bad condition. She was serving her sentence here and she’s now passed away. I’ve always been unable to let this matter go, so...I’d like to ask about her situation.”

Ernest was surprised. “She served here? What was her name?”

“Her name is Penelope.”

“Oh... Her, I see...” It was evident that Ernest had a fresh memory of her and he had a frown too. “Ms. Larsson, her situation isn’t as simple as it seems.”

However, he did not seem eager to mention it.

Samantha understood his concerns and hurriedly said: “Don’t worry, Mr. Norton. I just want to understand what happened. I assure you this will only be between us. I won’t disclose it in any form whatsoever.”

Ernest looked at her and hesitated for a moment before saying, “Let’s go to my office and talk.”

“Sure.”

When they walked into the office, Ernest closed the door and invited Samantha to have a seat.

Samantha tried her best to act casually so Ernest could relax. She smiled and said, “Let’s just have a chat.”

Ernest nodded and sat opposite Samantha. He thought for a while and said, “Ms. Larsson, Penelope was in a very bad state while serving her sentence here, but it wasn’t our fault. We treated her the same as we did other inmates, but she was always riddled with scars. She complained to us and said that everyone bullied her and beat her up.”

“In the beginning, we paid special attention and asked the doctor to examine her injuries. It was really bad, so we had to check and see who was causing trouble for her.”

“But we still didn’t manage to find the person who hurt her even after observing for some time. It was very weird. How could she have had so many injuries on her body when no one hurt her?”

“When we locked her in a cell alone and installed some surveillance cameras to watch her, she seemed all fine and dandy. Her mood was even recovering slowly.”

“We thought that there was nothing wrong with her, so we put her back in the shared cells. Within two days, she started crying to us again, saying that she was beaten and that she was indeed injured.”

“We were stumped. Who could have been slick enough to bully her without getting caught? It was only when I personally investigated every single person that I finally learned the truth. The person who hurt her...was...”

The pause in Ernest’s sentence was followed by a look of horror in his eyes.

*Chapter 369: An Expendable Pawn All Along*

After a few seconds, Ernest finally said the last word of his sentence, “...herself.”

At the same time, Samantha also said, “Herself.”

Ernest was stunned for a moment and looked at her in surprise. “How did you know, Ms. Larsson?”

Samantha lowered her eyebrows slightly. “I guessed it from your description.”

However, that answer was still beyond what she expected.

She suddenly remembered what Penelope whispered in her ear when holding her hostage. “You were the one who could not let go of me. You snatched Timmy from me, helped that b\*tch Sheena seduce my father, made my mother lose her mind, and threw me in jail. What more do you want? How much more ruthless do you have to be!”

At that time, she could not understand why Penelope called her ‘ruthless’ as she never kicked Penelope when the latter was already down, so to speak. Samantha had finally started to understand what was going on.

A great majority of things that happened were probably in Penelope’s imagination.

She inflicted self-harm despite her claims that other people had been beating, scolding and bullying her.

There had to be something wrong with her mental state for that to happen. The question was whether she had been overstimulated and suffered mental problems or whether it was caused by external factors?

There had to be some relation to her madness!

Ernest praised her, "You're very sharp, Ms. Larsson."

Samantha smiled faintly in response and asked again, "Did you let her see a doctor after you found out that she was hurting herself?"

"We arranged for a psychiatrist to give her some psychological counseling and he prescribed some medicines to her, but her condition was like a roller-coaster. She acts normally when she's fine but then inflicts self-harm again when she relapses. All we could do was try to keep an eye on her."

Samantha nodded and thought for a moment before asking, "Did anyone visit her while she was serving her sentence?"

"Yes," Ernest answered while typing on the keyboard. He searched up the records and looked at them before continuing, "It was a woman. Her name is Harmony Johnson, but she's only been here once."

Harmony!

It turned out to have something to do with Harmony!

Samantha continued asking, "When did Harmony come to visit? Was it...just before Penelope escaped from prison?"

Ernest felt nothing but amazement for the woman in front of him and nodded, "Yes. It was just before her escape. She started to self-harm again after Ms. Johnson came to visit, so we had to let her go on medical parole because of how serious her condition was. That was what gave her the opportunity to escape. She eventually...passed away."

After a pause, he clasped his hands together and seemed hesitant to speak.

When Samantha saw that, she hurriedly asked, "Mr. Norton, you seem to have something else to say. There's no harm being honest with me."

Ernest hesitated for a moment but eventually raised his eyes to look at her. He lowered his voice slightly and said, "To tell you the truth, I had my suspicions that Penelope's escape from prison was somehow related to Harmony, but they never met other than

that one visit. I've also watched the surveillance video of Harmony's visit many times, and I didn't notice anything wrong with it. I suppose this will forever remain unresolved."

Surveillance footage!

What a surprise!

Samantha asked, "If you don't mind, Mr. Norton, can I request a copy of the video? I'd like to bring it home and have a good look at it. I give you my word that the video will never be shared and I'll delete it once I'm done. I won't cause you any trouble."

Any information regarding Penelope would have been destroyed after her death, and the same would have occurred for the video if Ernest was unbothered about the incident.

With Samantha expressing an interest to study the video, he could gladly give her a copy since it would be a good thing if she was able to find something.

Ernest smiled and said, "Sure, I'll pass it to you."

"Thank you."

With their conversation almost over, Samantha got up and reached out to shake hands with Ernest. She thanked him sincerely, "You've helped me a lot today. Thank you very much."

"You're welcome! I'll see you out." Ernest got up too.

...

Once Samantha drove back to the apartment, she sat on the sofa and projected her phone onto the television before clicking on the surveillance video.

The video depicted Harmony and Penelope sitting face to face across a glass window.

Penelope was visibly pale, very thin, and had a gruesome face. Her eyes were dull-looking yet they had a keen glimmer, and she looked as though she could attack anyone at any time.

Harmony was still as innocent and indifferent as ever.

There was no audio in the video, but Samantha's lipreading skills enabled her to discern what they were saying simply by looking carefully at both their lips.

Harmony's words were basically to incite discord and nothing seemed out of the ordinary with it.

Meanwhile, Penelope's emotions had indeed been stirred up. Although she looked mournful and was unwilling to speak in the beginning, she became extremely excited and angry at the end.

Harmony then comforted her slightly and Penelope's mood eased once again.

Finally, Harmony showed concern for Penelope's body and the visit thus ended.

Samantha watched it several times and, like Ernest, did not notice anything wrong with it. It merely looked like a normal visit.

For some reason, she felt that there was something off about the whole incident simply because it was too normal!

Unfortunately, she was just unable to notice what was wrong!

She could only be patient and slow the video down several times over to continue watching each frame.

The clock ticked away and several hours had passed before she knew it. Her eyes were sore and she had to close them while massaging her nose bridge.

Her phone rang all of a sudden.

Samantha opened her eyes and picked up her phone to look at it. The call was from Rochelle.

Could Rochelle have found something?

Samantha answered the call immediately, "Hello, Chelle."

Rochelle replied in a mellifluously hoarse voice, "You guessed it right, Sammy. Harmony and Penelope have known each other for a long time, even before Harmony went abroad. Do you know how they met? Harmony stumbled and fell into a body of water once, and Penelope called someone to come and save her. Don't you think it's hilarious that Penelope is Harmony's savior?"

Samantha continued to listen.

"The reason Penelope could get close to Timothy was because of Harmony, and that's why Penelope trusts her and is very grateful to her."

Samantha's eyes flickered slightly and she pursed her lower lip before asking, "Where is Penelope's mother now? Have you found her?"



"I did. It's a pity, really. The once untouchable Mrs. Schmidt now lives by begging under a sky bridge." Rochelle spoke in a tone that seemed to emphasize how people like Violet had done plenty of bad things in the past to deserve that kind of treatment.

"Are you sure?" Samantha asked in surprise. "When did it happen?"

"After Penelope attacked you the first time and went to jail, no one paid the rent in the house that Violet rented. She was eventually kicked out by the landlord and has been begging ever since then."

Samantha frowned.

According to the lipreading she did earlier, Harmony should have handled Violet's affairs and taken good care of her, but from what Rochelle said, Violet's well-being was none of Harmony's concern.

In that case, she had been deceiving Penelope who had trusted her 100% and believed everything she said.

Samantha laughed all of a sudden when she thought about that whole saving incident. She immediately understood that Harmony and Penelope only met because Harmony orchestrated it.

She thought that Penelope was just a pawn used to attack her during the final moments, but the truth was that Penelope had been a pawn that Harmony buried long ago.

When Harmony was abroad, Penelope stayed by Timothy's side and was able to help Harmony chase away other women who tried to get close to him.

At the same time, Penelope was a simple-minded person who was easy to control, and Timothy did not fancy that kind of woman either. From that, Harmony was able to kill two birds with one stone.

What an amazing plan!

However, a person's heart was the most complicated aspect of their existence and many factors could lead to a change of heart. How could Harmony be sure that Penelope will do things according to her plan?

Where did Harmony get such confidence?

Samantha subconsciously looked at the screen and had a sudden realization! The answer was right in front of her!

*Chapter 370: Not Fit to Be Human!*

Samantha grabbed the remote control all of a sudden and quickly adjusted the video's progress bar back to a certain frame. She then paused the video and zoomed in on the screen.

During that exact frame, Harmony was looking at Penelope in an indescribably strange manner.

Samantha could discern the exact words Harmony said then. "Look at me. Look into my eyes. Hey! Look at me!"

When Harmony looked at Penelope, the latter's initially excited emotions were eased a little bit and her eyes became a little listless too.

After that, Harmony said another word, "By the way, have you gotten sick recently? You must be mindful of your health and eat your medication on time. Take care of yourself, alright? Don't get me worried about you."

Penelope also nodded obediently and she responded, "Okay."

Samantha frowned and thought about it carefully.

She had some understanding of Harmony as a person after their numerous clashes. Compared to a simple-minded and arrogant rich girl like Penelope, Harmony far excelled in terms of intelligence.

Had Samantha not been careful, she would have fallen for the various traps that Harmony set up in the beginning.

However, Harmony was not that invincible either. When Samantha mounted a counterattack, she could still successfully pull off a resounding victory over Harmony.

However, she had never seen that side of Harmony and it came as a complete surprise for her.

Although she had some layman guesses, she still had to leave it to a professional to figure out what Harmony was doing.

Perhaps that could be the answer she was looking for.

Samantha grabbed her cell phone and called Milton. As soon as the call was connected, she asked directly, "Are you free, Dr. Dancy? Let's have a cup of coffee together."

Milton just so happened to be taking a break that day, so Samantha made an appointment with him at a cafe near his home.

After ending the call, Samantha grabbed her car keys and went out.

When she arrived at the cafe, Milton had already arrived and was sitting by the window waiting for her. She put on a smile and walked over.

After taking her seat, she said apologetically, "I'm sorry for bothering you on your day off, Dr. Dancy."

Milton smiled in return and deliberately teased her, "It's because your reputation precedes you, Ms. Larsson."

Samantha did not waste any time and took out her phone to click on the video. She dragged the scrollbar and played the exact frame for Milton to see.

Milton watched it carefully several times and had a rather thoughtful look.

"What do you think, Dr. Dancy?" Samantha's dark eyes stared intently at Milton with an anticipating look.

A few minutes later, Milton looked up at her and said, "This looks a little like coercive persuasion."

'Coercive persuasion?'

It was a new phrase that involved a subject Samantha knew nothing about.

Samantha asked humbly, "Could you explain in more detail, Dr. Dancy?"

Milton picked up his coffee cup and took a sip before explaining slowly, "Well, it's a type of hypnosis that uses one's expressions and words to have quick control over other people's emotions."

Samantha had always suspected that Penelope might have been controlled by a drug or something similar that Harmony administered, but she did not expect that Harmony would be so powerful as to control a person with their eyes and words without even needing any drugs!

"This is...a little hard to believe." Samantha was still in some shock. "Hypnosis is already mysterious enough, at least for me, so I really can't imagine that something like that even exists."

Milton was unsurprised by her reaction and chuckled, "It doesn't work for everyone, of course. Judging from Penelope's condition, her frame of mine was already so terrible

that she must have been under this hypnosis for a long time. More importantly, Harmony is probably someone she trusts greatly, which makes her an ideal subject to be controlled so easily.”

“If it was me or you, Harmony wouldn’t be able to control us like that at all. It’s impossible. That should be clear enough, right?”

Although Samantha was taken aback, she still grasped the main point.

Firstly, Harmony’s ability to hypnotize was a fact.

Secondly, such hypnosis required very specific conditions. The person who first performs hypnosis must be a person who was very trusted by the person being hypnotized. Hypnosis is not a one-time thing either, it requires years and months of destroying that person’s willpower before successfully getting them under control.

Her guesses had hit the nail on the head.

Harmony had probably hypnotized Penelope from the very beginning. Once she was sure that Penelope could be controlled, she manipulated Penelope, allowed Penelope to get to know Timothy, and ensured that Penelope stayed by Timothy’s side all the time to remove anyone that got in the way.

Harmony probably wanted Penelope to stay that way until she returned to the country and got together with Timothy again. Once Penelope was no longer useful, she would be kicked away too.

The only factor that Harmony did not count on was that Samantha would cross paths with Timothy after returning to the country.

While Harmony was able to control Penelope, she would never be able to control Samantha. That was why Harmony came back—it was to confront Samantha and engage in the various clashes.

Samantha felt some sympathy for Penelope at that moment.

Penelope died without knowing that she had always been Harmony’s pawn. Even in death, she regarded Harmony as the person she trusted most and even left her mother in Harmony’s care.

Samantha realized just how much she had underestimated Harmony’s viciousness.

Harmony’s ruthlessness truly knew no bounds.

She had no qualms accomplishing her selfish interests at the expense of other people’s lives, even to the extent of taking their lives.

Such people were not fit to be human!

In that case, did the scene that Samantha saw in the office that day—where Harmony muttered some words into Timothy's ears—be that of Harmony hypnotizing Timothy?

Could it be that Timothy never had multiple personalities and was only acting so odd because he was controlled by Harmony's hypnosis?

However, something did not seem right.

Samantha frowned because everything seemed off regardless of whatever perspective she viewed the issue from.

If Timothy was under Harmony's control, then Timothy's state of mind should be the same as Penelope—he should be obeying Harmony's words.

Even so, she never saw any indication that Timothy was being manipulated during her close-up observation in recent days. He was exceptionally moody and overbearing.

Moreover, if Harmony was able to control Timothy during the past three years, Ronald would not have been that clueless as to not notice anything. In addition, there was no point in waiting those three years for Timothy's agreement with Samantha to end.

Samantha was well aware that Harmony could not stand to wait even a minute longer when it came to marrying Timothy.

Why did they wait those three years, then?

Milton looked at Samantha's frustrated expression and could not help but ask, "Is there anything else you don't understand?"

Samantha thought about it for a moment and asked, "Dr. Dancy, if a person has multiple personalities, their different personalities would take turns manifesting, right?"

Although the subject had changed a little abruptly, Milton answered dutifully, "Of course."

"Then....could there be a situation where...the second personality occupies the body and consciousness for a prolonged period?"

*Chapter 371: Is Timothy Dead?*

Samantha's words left Milton in a daze.

His mind went blank for a few seconds before laughing, “Only the main personality can occupy the body and consciousness for a prolonged period. The other personalities will only appear on occasion.”

“The situation you mentioned is highly unlikely.”

In that case, did she guess wrongly about Timothy’s condition?

Was it always Timothy all along without the presence of any second personality?

Samantha felt a little frustrated and could not help but scratch her head.

There was a sudden notification on her phone and Samantha glanced at the screen to see that she had a new email..

The sender was none other than Vincent.

Samantha calmed herself down, tapped the screen, then opened her mailbox to click on the new email.

It turned out to be the examination report for when Alan brought Matthew to Vincent’s side for a comprehensive physical examination. The results were out and Vincent had sent her the report as well as his analysis.

She could not understand the professional medical terms and data in front of her, so she scrolled down the report and gave it a glance.

As she scrolled further and further, Milton—who was drinking some coffee—said suddenly, “Ms. Larsson! Wait a minute!”

Samantha stopped subconsciously and looked at him in surprise. “What is it, Dr. Dancy?”

Milton stared at her phone screen and asked, “Do you mind letting me read that report?”

Could Milton have noticed something grave? He understood all those medical terms since he was a doctor, after all.

Samantha had always been anxious about Matthew’s health, so she nodded immediately and pushed the phone to Milton. “Please do. Does the report mention anything serious?”

Milton took the phone and looked at the screen. He scrolled through the report slowly and began reading it carefully.

The doctor's face sank, and Samantha felt ill at ease when she saw that, so much so that she even held her breath.

She was afraid to disturb him and could therefore only wait patiently for him to finish reading.

He seemed to take an eternity, yet at the same time, Samantha felt as though everything happened in the blink of an eye. Milton finally looked up with a rather solemn expression.

Samantha's heart immediately sank and her voice sounded a little empty when she asked, "Dr. Dancy, is...there... Is there really a problem?"

His expression made her feel flustered.

Milton sighed softly, "Ms. Larsson, may I ask whose report this is?"

"My son's," Samantha hurriedly replied. "Please be honest with me if there are any problems."

"Your son?" Milton was a little surprised. He did not expect Samantha to have children, but then again it should not be surprising given that she had even resurrected from the dead.

Milton had every reason to be upfront with her since it involved her son.

He raised his hand and adjusted the spectacles on his nose bridge as he spoke in a serious tone, "Ms. Larsson, I just read the report and found that your son has a relatively special set of genes."

"A special set of genes?"

"Yes, multiple personalities are easily triggered in those who are born with these sets of genes." Milton's fingertips tapped the tabletop. "These genes are usually hereditary."

Samantha's black pupils contracted all of a sudden.

The various incidents, mysteries, and clues that she could never explain before had finally clicked in her mind.

It was no surprise then that Matthew had been autistic since birth and never spoke despite her best efforts to coax him. She even brought him to consult various doctors but it was all to no avail.

It was only when he was rescued from the kidnapping that he suddenly became cheerful, talkative, happy-go-lucky, and confident during social interactions.

At the time, she told Alan that Matthew seemed to have changed into a whole other person.

In hindsight, it was apparent that he might have morphed into a different person.

To be precise, the kidnapping might have been the spark that triggered his other personality to appear.

Samantha's face changed slightly and Milton was getting worried when saw that. "Are you alright, Ms. Larsson? You don't need to worry too much. Although these genes can easily cause multiple personality disorder, the condition isn't that easy to trigger. It might be easier for the disorder to flare up in a child because his mind is as yet immature, but if you take good care of him, it's almost impossible to trigger it again in adulthood. This is because his mind has matured and his will is firm. The only possibility that it might be triggered in an adult is due to certain strong external factors."

It was easier for it to be triggered in kids, but strong external factors were required to trigger it during adulthood.

Samantha clenched her hand suddenly.

She finally figured it out!

Timothy was Matthew's father, so Matthew must have inherited Timothy's special genes! Therefore, Timothy was in the same situation as Matthew!

Samantha's guess was correct! Timothy did suffer from multiple personalities.

However, his multiple personalities were not triggered by himself, but by a powerful external factor in Harmony's hypnosis!

Harmony was the one who awakened Timothy's second personality!

Samantha felt like a bombshell had dropped on her as soon as that thought appeared in her mind. Had it not been for the coincidence that day whereby Milton saw Matthew's report, she would never have thought of that possibility even if she racked her brain!

She pursed her lips and asked again, "Dr. Dancy, if an adult's second personality was awakened through hypnosis, could it be possible for the second personality to constantly occupy the body and consciousness?"

Milton was stumped yet again.

She was always capable of posing all sorts of strange questions to him.

Even so, those questions were very interesting as well.



He thought for a while and replied, "It's possible, but such a situation will be very detrimental to the main personality."

Samantha's heart skipped a beat. "Detrimental how?"

"Even if their second personality is forcibly awakened, it would not always exist unless they are under hypnosis all the time. In other words, the main effect of hypnosis is actually to suppress the main personality."

Milton drank another sip of coffee before continuing, "If it goes on like this for a long time, the main personality might no longer appear, if that happens...it might disappear completely, and the second personality would become the main personality from then onward."

"In another sense, one could say that the patient has recovered, but said recovery entails a change of personality, turning into a new personality and mindset."

Samantha's hands trembled uncontrollably when she listened to everything he said.

At that moment, she understood what the mystery man said to her.

He told her before that Timothy was in danger and might disappear if she did not come to the rescue.

That was probably what the person meant...

It came as no surprise that Harmony was always so confident in saying that nothing Samantha did could win Timothy back. The reason was that Timothy's main personality was gradually being killed by his second personality.

Perhaps the main personality had completely disappeared from Timothy's body.

Could Timothy really....be dead?