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Chapter 372: Love Is the Greatest Strength of All

As soon as that thought occurred to Samantha, she trembled uncontrollably as if she was unable to accept it.

Even though it was just speculation, the main personality had not shown up for a very long time. She did not know when the second personality appeared. Did it only show up during the past three years, or did it appear three years ago? Could it have appeared five years ago, even?

After all, it was easy for a person to disguise. What if the second personality was using the first personality as a disguise five years ago?

Samantha was completely confused and utterly stunned.

She could not help but blurt out her concerns and Milton could only look at her with pity.

In fact, when she said that the problem involved one of her friends, he had a hunch that it was her problem instead.

Using 'friends' as an excuse was all too commonplace nowadays.

As a doctor, he would not pry into other people's privacy unless it was absolutely necessary for diagnosis and treatment.

Samantha was his friend, and he would always provide her with his professional advice from a friend's point of view.

"There's no need to be so pessimistic, Ms. Larsson. Even if the second personality was awakened at the beginning, it will still be unstable. It's not like the second personality will completely occupy one's body and mind as soon as it awakens. It would take a long time to fight."

"Furthermore, a main personality with strong willpower will not be overpowered that easily. I think your friend might still be there, only...he's trapped inside."

He really did live up to his profession as a psychiatrist. The words he used to soothe her emotions worked so well that Samantha's restless mood was somewhat eased.

She closed her eyes gently and took a few deep breaths to calm down.

She had been indeed overthinking. There was a possibility that the second personality was already there three years ago, but the most that could happen five years ago was that the second personality had just only awakened. For the most part, Timothy's body and mind would still be under the control of the main personality.

She suddenly remembered what Ronald told her before. Timothy had video calls with Harmony every once in a while, and he would occasionally disappear for 24-hours where no one knew where he went or what he did.

It seemed that he could not help those actions at the time either due to hypnosis, or it was his second personality who did it after it had been awakened.

The second personality relied on Harmony's hypnosis to suppress the main personality, which was why he treated Harmony very specially. Of course, it might even be true love, since Harmony always had that ruddy look every time she came out of the office. It was as if she wanted everyone to know what good deeds she and Timothy had done!

Samantha shook her head vigorously and prevented herself from thinking about those unpleasant things.

The amount of information she received that evening was simply too much, and she needed a little time to digest it since her emotions were a little unstable.

She looked up and forced a smile as she said to Milton, "Thank you for clarifying my doubts, Dr. Dancy. I need to calm down a bit right now. Please let me treat you to a meal some other time."

Milton nodded considerably. "Sure. How are you going to go back?"

Samantha replied, "Don't worry about me. I'll sit for a while and wait for my best friend to pick me up."

Milton was relieved to hear that someone was going to pick her up. "Alright then. I'll be leaving now. Call me if you need any help."

He then got up and left.

Samantha picked up the cup of cold coffee on the table. She did not seem to mind that it had gone cold and drank it all in one go.

After clicking into WeTalk and sending Rochelle the address, she rested her head on her hands. Her thoughts went wild inside her mind and she felt both uncomfortable and exhausted.

The phone rang after some time.

Samantha thought that Rochelle had arrived and answered it without looking at the caller ID. "Chelle..."

As soon as she said that, a voice that had been altered by a voice changer came from the other end. "Samantha."

Samantha was stunned for a moment and her eyes widened suddenly. "You again?"

It was that mystery man again!

Why would he call her at such a time?

What did he want to do?

The mysterious man did not seem to mind Samantha's angry tone and said calmly, "Congratulations. You found the correct answer."

His remark left Samantha stupefied for a moment but she immediately realized it.

The 'correct answer' that he referred to was her discovery of Timothy's multiple personalities and Harmony's ability to hypnotize people.

However, she had only found out the truth a second ago. How could the mysterious person know that she knew?

Chills crawled down Samantha's spine.

She clenched her phone tightly and said in a cold voice. "You've been monitoring me?"

As she questioned, she raised her head and looked around to try and find any suspicious people around her.

Unfortunately, it was almost ten at night and she was the only guest there. Other than that, there was a waiter and a cashier in the cafe. They were all doing things at the counter and did not even notice anything that happened on her end.

No odd people were outside either.

The mysterious man did not seem to have heard what she said and muttered, "I just called to remind you that only you can save Timothy."

That was the one part that annoyed Samantha the most. He always only said what he wanted to say while treating her as if she was a doll he could string around.

She sneered and replied, "How am I supposed to save him? I'm not a psychiatrist, nor am I a skilled hypnotist."

Both those statements were the truth.

Timothy suffered from multiple personalities and dissociative identity disorder. She was not an expert on either of those conditions and still did not fully grasp the concept of what they were!

How ridiculous would it be if she were to rescue him?

The mysterious man smiled. "Love can sometimes be the greatest strength of all."

Samantha laughed even more sarcastically. "Are you telling me that I can give Timothy strength to wake up because his main personality loves me very much? It's not like you're his main personality. How do you know he loves me?"

To be honest, she really could not be sure whether or not Timothy's main personality genuinely loved her...

She was very confused.

The mysterious man replied. "You should be the one to find the answer to that. Isn't the answer self-evident if you can bring back his main personality?"

"...Well, everyone knows your mother is a woman too, right?"

What kind of nonsense was he blabbering about!

Samantha took a deep breath and suppressed the urge to yank him out through the phone and beat him up. Her words took a sharp turn and she said, "Who the hell are you and why do you always want me to save Timothy? What's your relationship with him?"

She could not ascertain whether that mystery person was good or bad, but from their past interactions, he had been pushing her back to Timothy.

The mysterious man merely said, "Samantha... My identity is inconsequential. The important thing is that Timothy won't be saved if you can't bring back his main personality. You won't be able to save your son either. The killer will only act under the orders of one person, and no one else can control him."

The man hung up as soon as he said that.

The beeping sound resounded in Samantha's ears and her face turned red with anger.

Sooner or later, she would find that mysterious person and feed him to the fishes!

Rochelle arrived another five minutes later.

She saw Samantha leaning against the sofa with a sullen face and went to sit by Samantha's side. She hugged Samantha distressingly and said softly, "Are you alright, Sammy?"

Samantha was both physically and mentally exhausted at that moment. She shook her head weakly and answered, "I'm not, Chelle. I'm very tired."

It was difficult enough just to find out that Timothy had multiple personalities. Staying by his side and reawakening his main personality was equivalent to participating fully in Timothy's life. In turn, she would have to deal with a brutal Timothy and a sinister Harmony, which formed a whole-new ball game.

She could not make up her mind yet.

However, Samantha knew very well that the most important reason for that indecision was her skepticism over whether the main personality truly loved her, and whether she had the ability to reawaken it.

Rochelle rubbed Samantha's head. "I'll bring you back to get some rest."

...

Inside the apartment.

Samantha took a bath and lay down on the bed. She thought she would not be able to fall asleep but immediately drifted to sleep after she laid on the bed.

As soon as she fell asleep, she felt hot all over as if being burned by fire. Her entire body was feeling extremely uncomfortable.

Did she fall sick?

Her throat was dry and thirsty as she shouted unconsciously. "Water..."

Samantha wanted to stand up and pour herself some water, but someone came over suddenly and supported her back with long arms. The person lifted her a little and put a glass of water to her lips. "Drink up."

She thought it was Rochelle but the voice clearly sounded like a man's...

A man?

Samantha frowned. She strained to open her heavy eyelids and saw a familiar, handsome face through the little gap.

Was it... Timothy?

Chapter 373: Let's Break Up!

Samantha wondered if she was seeing things. How could it be Timothy?

Samantha wanted to open her eyes again and look clearly, but despite her best efforts, her vision continued to become more and more blurry until everything in front of her became pitch black. She had fallen into a coma.

She had terrible sleep and the burning hot feeling was there with her all the time. She felt like she was being shone upon by a hundred suns and was almost about to dry up.

Her body felt as though it was under a heavy blanket. She wanted to break free and tried kicking but was bound so tightly that she could not move.

She seemed to have gotten angry and kept yelling 'let go of me' or something of the sort.

Samantha then dreamt of something that happened a long time ago, back when she had just gotten together with Timothy.

Timothy's temperament was cold and he did not talk much, which gave her the feeling that he did not care about her feelings at all. It was as if he only agreed to her because she saved his life.

She was still a very young teen at the time and went through the usual troubles of any ordinary girl in love. Whenever her temper flared up, she always felt wronged and angry.

A tiny little thing made her lose her temper with Timothy and they quarreled.

She was the one who lost her temper and quarreled with him, for he always had that inconsiderate look as if he could not be bothered to pay any attention to her.

She got even angrier.

She refused Timothy's offer to send her home and walked back from the cafe where they were having a date. It was wintertime, so the snow outside made her feel very cold.

By the time she reached home, she felt that her entire body was about to fall into hypothermia. She took a hot bath and lay on the bed, but as soon as she saw that Timothy did not even bother to text her, she got so angry that she immediately sent a text to him: [You don't care about me at all. Let's break up!]

After sending it, she fell asleep while still feeling angry.

Getting ill was inevitable after she had been walking in the snow for so long. The fever made her feel drowsy so she fell asleep.

It was extremely uncomfortable in her sleep too. She felt so hot that she kept trying to kick the blanket, but it was as if someone had restrained her tightly. She kicked, kneed, bit, scolded, and vented everything out to her heart's content.

Her fever then subsided rather quickly, perhaps due to her sweating from all that racket she caused. She finally woke up slowly and her body felt much better.

She was still thinking about the breakup text she sent to Timothy and immediately grabbed her phone to look at it. Lo and behold...he did not reply to her at all!

At that point, she felt sad rather than angry.

What was wrong with Timothy? Did his non-reply mean that he acquiesced to the breakup?

Did he finally feel relieved that she offered to break up because he never liked her in the first place?

As soon as the servant who had watched her grow up came in and saw her awake, the servant was immediately shocked to see her tearful face before even having the chance to rejoice.

The servant hurried over and said softly, "Why are you crying, Miss? Are you still feeling unwell? Shall I call a doctor for you?"

Samantha shook her head and said aggrievedly, "You don't need to call a doctor. My heart is broken. I'm very sad."

She did not want anyone to see her at her worst.

The servant was very surprised. "What do you mean by that? Isn't your relationship with Mr. Barker progressing well? He's been taking care of you for the past two days when you were sick. Are you just throwing a tantrum with him?"

Samantha was stunned. "Timothy took care of me?"

"That's right. You made such a big fuss when you were sick. You were hitting people, swearing, and kicking. Mr. Barker took it all. My entire body was trembling when I watched from the side because I was afraid that he'd lose his temper. I was surprised to see that he isn't what the rumors say he is. He didn't even get angry when you made such a big fuss and he even kept on guarding you without sleeping for two days."

Samantha's tears were still dripping from her cheeks. "You... You're not lying to me, are you? Then where... Where is he?"

The servant shook her head and laughed. "Your mother asked him to go downstairs to have something to eat."

Timothy's figure appeared at the door just as she said that. Samantha looked up and saw the young man's beautiful and flawless face.

Though, there was also an obvious bruise on his cheek.

It was probably—or rather, it was almost certainly her doing.

The servant knew her place and said, "Miss, Mr. Barker, I'll have to tend to some other things. Go ahead and talk."

Timothy took slow steps forward and stared at Samantha's pale face. He asked in a low voice, "Do you feel better?"

She was glad that he came over and took care of her for two days, but the breakup text still left her feeling a little nervous.

Samantha looked away and said in a sullen voice, "What are you doing here? We broke up!"

Timothy sat on the edge of the bed and looked at the back of her angry little head. He asked softly, "Didn't anyone ever tell you that important things should always be said in person?"

'Hehe, you're making a lot of demands!'

Samantha turned her head angrily. Her dark eyes—which looked like they were ablaze—stared at Timothy as she gritted her teeth and said, "Okay. I'll tell you right now then. Let's break up, Timothy!"

Timothy listened carefully before saying, "I don't agree."

"...What right do you have to not agree? You...don't like me anyway!" Samantha's ears were a little red. She felt aggrieved and embarrassed because the way he said it was like he was forcing his love on her.

Timothy frowned lightly, "What do I have to do to show that I like you?"

Did he not show his affection through his actions? Why should he stay by her side and take care of her if he did not like her?

That question left Samantha a little stunned.

It did not take long for her to blurt out, "You just have to say you like me."

Timothy's eyes had a half-smug look. "Does 'like' only exist when I move my lips and say that I like you?"

He really could not understand how girls' brains worked. Words were the least valuable for men.

"How am I supposed to know if you don't tell me," Samantha replied as a matter of factly. "This is what we call having a sense of security!"

Every girl wants to be 100% sure that a boy she likes would like her back.

Timothy looked at her in silence for a few seconds before speaking a little stiffly. "I think this is extremely childish behavior..."

"But if that's what you want to have a sense of security..."

He moved slightly closer to her, lowered his voice a little, and stared right at her as he said earnestly. "I like you, Samantha."

All of Samantha's grievances and anger disappeared in an instant.

She became even more smitten by the man in front of her.

He most certainly used his handsome face to his advantage, because looking at such a handsome face for a bit longer could make her much less angry.

She turned around, opened her arms to hug him, and said, "If we get into any arguments in the future, please use this as a method to coax me."

"If you like and love me, you have to always tell me. I'm an idiot. I can't guess what you feel."

Timothy chuckled softly and hugged her back. He kissed her forehead gently and said, "Okay."

...

Samantha opened her eyes suddenly and looked at the white ceiling, but she could not snap back to her senses too quickly.

She felt sore all over and her body was still a little hot, but she was feeling better because she had sweated.

It had been years since she last dreamt of Timothy, and she did not expect to have dreamed of their memories from so long ago.

She paused for a moment and wondered: was the figure she saw earlier when she was dizzy a real person or just an illusion?

Her ears picked up on the sound of footsteps and she hurriedly raised her eyes to look toward the door.

A man's slender, tall figure slowly came into view. Samantha's gaze traveled upwards until she finally looked at his handsome facial features.

The glow in Samantha's eyes flickered and she was overwhelmed with surprise..

Chapter 374: Hate It and Like It

Samantha blinked her eyes and asked in an extremely hoarse voice, "Dr. Sherwood?"

Alan should have been far away in Emsteldt. Why was he in Rochelle's apartment?

He walked over with a worried look in his warm expression. "Are you feeling better, Sammy?"

"I'm still a little dizzy," Samantha said truthfully. "And I'm a little thirsty too. I'd like some water please."

Alan sat on the edge of the bed and stretched out his hand to help her up from the bed. He put a pillow behind her waist to let her lean comfortably on it, then he picked up the still-warm water from the bedside table and put it to her mouth.

Samantha was very thirsty and drank it without hesitation. She held his hand, lowered her head, and drank about half a cup.

She felt reinvigorated after moisturizing her throat.

Samantha looked at Alan again and said, "Why are you here, Dr. Sherwood?"

She still felt as though she was inside a dream when she laid eyes on him.

Alan put the cup back on the table. "I called you but you never answered, so I called Ms. Tyrell. I found out that you were having a high fever so I booked a flight and rushed over."

“Do you know that you’ve been burning for two days now? If Ms. Tyrell didn’t notice it in time, your body will suffer the consequences of the high fever.”

“I don’t object to you staying here and doing what you need to do, but the least you should do is take care of your body. You should know what kind of situation your body is in.”

Alan’s tone increased slightly in the last sentence.

Samantha felt guilty and lowered her eyes remorsefully.

Her body had suffered tremendously after she was rescued from her death three years ago, and it became worse when she gave birth to Matthew.

Alan had been carefully helping her to treat her body during the past three years so his anger was justified.

However, the fever came unexpectedly because she was not exposed to the elements nor showed any signs of getting a cold.

The high fever seemed to have come out of nowhere.

She had a rough guess as to what could be the cause. She had been in a very high-strung state recently and received that sudden barrage of information that night. The pressure from various aspects made it difficult for her body to keep up and the illness therefore came.

Samantha apologized weakly. “I’m sorry for making you worry.”

She believed that he was the figure she saw while still in a daze, and it was likely that she had kicked and hit him when she struggled during the fever.

Her guilt increased even more when she thought about it. “Thank you for taking care of me.”

She looked up at and scrutinized Alan. There did not seem to be any bruises on his face, so she figured she had grown out of hitting people while she was asleep.

At least she knew not to smack and slap people.

Had she done that, she would not have known how to face Alan.

There was a flicker of emotions in Alan’s eyes and he clenched his hands while listening to her ‘I’m sorry’ and ‘thank you’.

The distance between them seemed to be only a step away.

However, it was apparent that he was making all the effort to approach her.

Seeing that Alan kept quiet and did not speak, Samantha whispered again, "Dr. Sherwood, I promise there won't be a next time. I cherish my life a lot too. I really do. I even went to the hospital to get some medication when I felt like I was about to go down with a cold some time ago."

She wanted to live a good life, watch Matthew grow up, get married, and have children.

Far be it for her to treat her body without care.

Alan still kept quiet.

Samantha bit her lower lip lightly and raised her hand to ask tentatively, "Would you like me to swear again?"

Alan could never get angry when she was obviously trying to coax him.

He sighed softly, "Oh, Sammy..."

For the record, he was not a particularly emotional person, so much so that the majority of his emotions were that of calmness and composure.

As a doctor, being able to keep calm for prolonged periods was truly an amazing gift.

He probably had what it took to be a doctor ever since he was born.

Strangely, his emotions fluctuated varyingly after meeting Samantha. He felt happy, shy, angry, and...unwilling.

He hated that side of him to some extent, but at the same time, he liked it too.

He hated when his emotions were affected by others, but he liked it when Samantha was the one affecting his emotions.

She was a contradiction.

His biggest question was when her heart would be able to be in line with his.

Samantha felt relieved when she saw Alan's attitude softening noticeably. He was someone whom she was most grateful to and she did not want to see him unhappy at all.

Samantha smiled.

"Are you hungry? I cooked you some porridge. You should have some," Alan said.

Samantha nodded. "Okay."

Alan got up, walked out of the room, and quickly walked back with a bowl. He sat down on the edge of the bed again, then picked up the bowl and spoon in a natural manner.

Samantha noticed that he was about to feed her and hurriedly said, "I can eat by myself, Dr. Sherwood."

Alan's movements froze briefly. He glanced at her but said nothing. Eventually, he handed her the bowl and spoon and said, "Take it slow. It's a little hot."

"Alright."

Samantha was feeling a little hungry. She ate spoonful after spoonful with relish even though it was just plain, simple porridge.

After eating, Alan gave Samantha her medication and told her to continue resting.

Samantha nodded obediently and laid back on the bed.

Alan said suddenly, "By the way, I need to deal with some work stuff, but I didn't bring my laptop over. Can I borrow yours?"

"Yes, go ahead. The password is Matt's birthday."

Alan nodded, helped her tuck the blanket, and said, "I'll be working in the living room outside. Just call me if you need anything."

"Okay."

Alan walked to the desk, picked up the laptop, then walked out of the room and closed the door gently without shutting it completely.

That way, he could hear her immediately if she called him.

Samantha thought she would not be able to fall asleep, but she slept as soon as she laid down.

She slept peacefully and soundly without any of those chaotic dreams.

Samantha did not know how long she had slept but the sky outside was completely dark when she opened her eyes again. She could vaguely see the stars in the night sky when she looked out the window.

She felt that she had regained a lot of strength after waking up as her limbs were not feeling as sore as before.

Her entire body was sticky and she did not want to continue lying down. After propping her body up, she got out of bed and walked slowly to the bathroom.

She was afraid to take a bath right away, so she wiped her face and body with a hot towel and put on some fresh home clothes. She felt much more comfortable after that.

The living room's lights were still on when she walked out of the room. Although Alan was nowhere to be seen on the sofa, the laptop was still open on the coffee table.

She then heard voices outside the balcony and glanced sideways to see Alan standing there while talking on the phone.

He was probably discussing work matters, so Samantha did not bother him. She went to the kitchen and poured two cups of warm water before returning to the living room.

She placed one cup for Alan on the coffee table, and she glanced inadvertently at the computer screen when she bent down.

The screen displayed Alan's private email mailbox.

Samantha did not want to pry into another person's privacy and subconsciously wanted to withdraw her gaze, but something caught her eye and she froze suddenly as her black pupils started to expand.

Chapter 375: His Greatest Act of Selfishness

In the inbox was an email address that she was familiar with.

It was Alan's personal mailbox, not the one that was used for business affairs, so the emails he sent and received were also private. What private matter would Alan have with the person who sent her emails from that email address?

She could not help but glance at the date and time. It was three years ago, just a day before she was taken away by the killer.

There was a vague feeling in her heart and Samantha could not restrain herself anymore. Her hand had already held the mouse and she hovered the cursor on the email before clicking to open it.

By the time she snapped back to her senses, she had already laid eyes on the contents.

It was a very brief sentence: [Samantha is in danger.]

Samantha stared blankly and could feel a slight hum in her head.

In that case, Alan's claim that he could only save her in time was because he happened to be in Aharramoggh and rushed over after receiving Vincent's call...was untrue.

He had received the email in advance before going to Aharramoggh.

After Alan finished the phone call, he walked back from the balcony just in time to see Samantha sitting blankly on the sofa while staring at the laptop screen.

He was stunned for a moment but took two steps forward. When his eyes turned to the screen, his footsteps suddenly stopped again.

After a moment's silence, Samantha finally lifted her eyelids slowly and looked at him.

She stretched out her hand, turned the computer screen toward him, and asked slowly, "You never told me about this email reminding you."

Alan looked at her silently for a few seconds and said softly, "Because I didn't know at first whether the email's contents were true or false. I just went to Aharramoggh just in case. Of course, I'm very glad that I went because otherwise...I'd never be able to see you again."

After a pause, he added, "Too many things happened after that and I forgot about that email."

Samantha listened quietly and did not say anything to refute his explanation. She merely asked, "Then...do you know who this email ID belongs to?"

BandL.

The email ID was something Samantha came up with for Timothy at the time, adding the first letters of their surnames together.

Timothy said he disliked it, but had since been using that email ID as his personal mailbox. That was why she was so familiar with it.

Alan's hand clenched slightly as he held the phone and he replied, "I don't."

Samantha's long curly eyelashes trembled slightly. Rather than accepting his answer, she said, "No, you do."

Alan was very smart and the email ID could not be more obvious. It was impossible for him not to know.

Moreover, if he did not know, he would not have refrained from mentioning that email even once in the past three years.

Alan's lips twitched. "Sammy, there I times I wish you were more confused and ignorant."

He knew.

Or perhaps, a better description would be, he guessed it.

That was why he rushed to Aharrmoggh as soon as he received the email, and the first thing he did when the plane landed was to find Samantha to save her life.

When Samantha woke up after that, she told Alan that she had divorced Timothy and that Timothy sent the killer to take her life.

For some reason, Alan could not tell her anything even though his words had already reached his lips.

He found all sorts of excuses for himself: 'Samantha's body needs peace and calm to recuperate' or 'Samantha is living so happily and peacefully now and there is no point in me telling her to disrupt her thoughts' or 'she's already forgotten about Timothy and whether or not she knows about this isn't important'.

He felt that there was no need to mention the past since the boundaries had already been drawn.

He has been deceiving himself for so long that he could not find any way to deceive himself any further when Samantha exposed it in front of him.

That was his greatest selfishness.

He chose to hide it because he did not want Samantha and Timothy to have any more contact.

In the end, however, God did not fulfill his wishes.

Samantha still found out about it and contacted Timothy again.

Alan swallowed his saliva and felt a trace of bitterness in his mouth.

Samantha glanced back at the email and her emotions were conflicted for a moment.

She never would have expected that Timothy would send a warning email to Alan.

After learning that Timothy suffered from multiple personalities, she kept thinking about when the second personality appeared.

Was it the main personality who loved her or was it the second personality in disguise?

Who is the one who filed for a divorce with her and defended Harmony?

What did Timothy's main personality feel about her?

If the main personality truly loved her, why would the wedding five years ago be broken off?

There were too many unsolvable questions in her mind and she was afraid to step rashly into the current situation.

Judging from that email, she at least knew that Timothy's main personality did not want to kill her.

The person who gave the order to kill should be Timothy's second personality.

As for the personality who agreed to the divorce...

She suddenly remembered that the back of the photo on the divorce certificate were the words 'I love you'.

If she guessed correctly, the person who agreed to the divorce was Timothy's second personality, but the one who failed to go through with the divorce was Timothy's main personality.

It was the main personality who wrote the phrase 'I love you'.

During that time, the main personality and the second personality were fighting to get control of the body.

Milton said that the transformation of personalities sometimes only took a few seconds. The main personality generally might not realize the presence of multiple personalities, but the other personalities will retain the memory of the main personality.

It meant that the main personality was fundamentally at a disadvantage and was being swallowed by the second personality.

However, the arrangements made by the main personality showed that he was at least in part aware of the second and was thus able to make those arrangements in advance.

However, he did not consider his predicament and thought only about her.

He ensured that she was still Mrs. Barker, caused the second personality to be apprehensive of her, and saved her life by making Alan her shelter.

It was a failsafe plan.

Only...he had no way out of it.

Samantha finally realized what the mysterious man meant when he said that the comfortable life she had was at the expense of Timothy's life.

Tears had somehow streamed down her face.

She did not even realize that she was crying, but she could not stop her tears at all. She raised the back of her hand to cover her eyes.

Timothy was the dumbest idiot she had ever met.

Samantha once told him that he had to tell her if he loved her because she would not know otherwise if he did not verbalize it.

Many years had passed since Samantha told Timothy that, but he never seemed to have learned from it...

Chapter 376: I Might Be Sorry, But I Don't Regret It

Alan could not help his eyes from turning red when he saw Samantha crying so badly.

After a long time, he approached her and squatted down to take a tissue. He wiped her tears and said in a hoarse voice, "I'm sorry, Sammy."

Samantha closed her eyes gently and took a few deep breaths as she wiped away the tears on her face using both hands.

Alan retracted his hand and looked down at the paper ball in his palm. He then said, "But I don't regret it."

Even if he could turn back time, he would still make the same choice and choose to hide it from her.

Being a doctor required great compassion, but as a man, he was just like any other ordinary man. He wanted to stay true to his heart and seize what little possibility he had.

Samantha lifted her eyelids to look at him.

Although Alan was selfish in his own way, she could not bring herself to blame him. After all, she was scarred both physically and psychologically back then and would not be able to withstand further pressure.

Had she known it at that time, she probably would not be able to ignore it and might even come back to the country without hesitation.

However, it was not a must-win battle, and the chances of winning were very small. Once she started being concerned about it, she might not have been able to deliver Matthew smoothly. Matthew might not have existed if that happened.

The fact that she could live with Matthew well to that day was all thanks to Alan. The credit was to him for concealing it from her.

Samantha squeezed a smile towards him. "I don't blame you, Dr. Sherwood."

That sentence did not cheer Alan up, but rather, caused his fingers to tremble uncontrollably.

He clenched his fists hard as if trying to grasp something.

Samantha sniffled and said again, "But now I...have to make up for it."

Before she saw that email, she was still weighing up the pros and cons while considering whether or not to put herself into that dangerous situation. Her mind was analyzing rationally whether or not she could save Matthew without being involved in Timothy's life.

Unfortunately, she could not just ignore it after seeing Timothy do so many things for her.

Alan grasped her hand all of a sudden.

Samantha was stunned. Her black eyes widened slightly and she asked, "What's wrong?"

Alan was holding her rather strongly and he stared at her intently as he said, "You're just...making up for it, right?"

Samantha immediately understood what he meant by the question.

'You're only making up because you feel guilty, not because you still love him, right?'

'Is this guilt or love?'

In all honesty, Samantha did not know what kind of mood she was in at that moment.

The moment she gave up on Timothy was when she saw the killer mouthing the words 'Mr. Barker' before being immersed in the sea.

Whatever the case was, she could not believe that Timothy would send someone to kill her.

Although it had now been proven that the second personality did it and not the main personality, three years had already passed.

Time was very powerful. During the past three years, she had never thought of Timothy and had even forgotten whatever love or hatred she had for him—she had been at peace with herself.

How was she to answer the question of how she felt about Timothy from the bottom of her heart when she was confused herself?

She frowned in silence but Alan's heavy heart was a little eased.

"It looks as though Timothy and I are back at the starting line now, isn't that right, Sammy?"

It was not like before where he had no chance at all.

At the very least, Sammy's feelings toward him and Timothy were gratitude and guilt respectively. Whoever could eventually convert those respective feelings into love had much to do with their own abilities.

Moreover, there was a chance that Timothy might not be able to revert.

When Samantha told him about her speculations over Timothy, he had already gotten someone to seek advice from the world's top psychologist.

It was impossible for the main personality to come back if it was destroyed. Three years was a long time, and it was very likely that the second personality was dominating the body from then onward.

In other words, the Timothy who loved Samantha was already dead.

Timothy's present personality—the second personality—did not love Samantha and she did not love him either. The two of them could never be together.

Samantha gently broke away from Alan's hand after listening to Alan's words.

She did not have the time to think about that and was unable to give Alan a response in that short amount of time. The last thing she wanted was to give him false hope, but that was very unfair to him.

Samantha thought about what she wanted to say and began, "Dr. Sherwood, about what I said to you at the airport in Emsteldt, I—"

“Don’t say it, Sammy.” Alan interrupted her suddenly as if he knew what she was going to say.

“Dr. Sherwood...”

“Don’t say it, please.”

His last words were almost trembling.

Samantha’s remaining words stopped abruptly and she could not bring herself to say it any further.

When did she ever see Alan say something so self-deprecating?

Alan was the last person she wanted to hurt, but it seemed...she still ended up making him sad.

About half a minute later Alan looked at her again and said in a softer tone. “It doesn’t matter how long I have to wait, Sammy. I’m willing to. Don’t...take away the one chance I have in just...waiting.”

“I won’t stop you from doing anything on Timothy’s side. Wake him up if you want to, but promise me you’ll always put your safety first.”

“As for Matt, I just received news that the killer’s traces have been found. I’ll take the earliest flight to chase after the lead tomorrow. I’ll help you take care of Matt so you can do what you want to do without worrying.”

What else could Samantha say?

She could only chide herself like she always did for being so blind that she did not fall in love with a good man like Alan.

“Thank you, Dr. Sherwood...”

Alan smiled faintly but there was also a perceptible hint of sadness.

How could he not feel sad when Samantha was rushing to a battle where the chances of winning were unknown?

What good would it do him if he let go again? Would God continue to have pity on him and send Samantha back to him?

...

The next day, Samantha insisted on sending Alan to the airport. He did not refuse and so the two of them went together to the airport.

Before Alan passed the security check, he suddenly thought of something and said to Samantha, "By the way, I almost forgot to give this to you."

He took out a business card from his wallet and handed it to her.

Samantha took it and saw the name 'Dr. McKinnon' written down as well as a phone number. There was nothing else on the card except that.

Alan said, "This is the business card of the world's top psychologist and one of the founders of hypnotism. You may contact him in the future if you have any questions that you need to be answered."

Samantha's admiration for Alan rose again.

Alan was and would always be her benefactor.

As a descendant of a medical family, Alan's medical network...was the broadest it could ever be.

Samantha could not help but kiss the business card and smile. "You're a lucky charm, Dr. Sherwood."

Alan wished he was the business card.

After seeing her cute appearance, he could not help but reach out and rub her head gently.

Neither noticed that a telephoto lens was aiming at their intimate actions from a distance. With a click, their act was photographed on a camera.

After seeing Alan off, Samantha left the airport and hailed a cab before getting in.

As the car merged into traffic, she took out the business card and looked at it. After a few glances, she felt that the string of numbers was very familiar.

After giving it some more thought, she ended up feeling even more shell-shocked.

Those numbers were not just a little familiar...they were very familiar, so much so that she could memorize it by heart!

Chapter 377: Reuniting with An Old Friend

Samantha could not stop her hand from trembling slightly as she held the business card.

She took a few deep breaths and took her phone out. She entered the 11 digits and pressed the dial button.

Her mood tensed up a little as she heard the beeping sound.

After a while, the other side picked up, "Hello."

Hearing that word was enough for Samantha to confirm that it was him! She had recognized the number correctly!

Samantha gulped heavily and said in a slightly hoarse voice, "Sir...it's you, right...Sir..."

The other side was stunned at first but then finally recognized her voice. He chuckled lightly and replied, "Yes, it's me."

"It's been a while, Sammy."

The long-lost voice which she thought she would never hear again in her entire lifetime caused her eyes to instantly turn red. She could not help but cover her lips.

About half a minute later, she suppressed all her emotions and whispered, "Sir, I thought...we'd never be able to meet again."

"How are you now? Have you...left that place?"

"I have. I'm fine now."

Compared to Samantha's slightly out-of-control emotions, the other side was much calmer. "That's wonderful. I've been worried about you, but...it's great that you've left too."

Samantha wiped the tears from the corners of her eyes. "Where are you now? And...how did you become...a master psychologist?"

"I traveled around after I left. I'm in Emsteldt now. As for being a master psychologist...that's my main business now."

Samantha was stunned.

She had met him in...'that place', which everyone called the 'underworld'. It was ruled by a terrorist organization and was extremely dangerous to be in. The place was not governed by any rule of law, so temptations and violence were rife.

Most of the people there were a true reflection of humanity's darkest side—they were bad people in the purest sense of the word.

There was one time a woman asked her for help. She helped the woman alright, but as soon as she turned around, the woman wanted to drug her and sell her off for money.

She only ended up at that place after being led there by some unsavory characters when she was pursuing a lead for a news report. Getting in was the easy part, but getting out was a whole different ball game.

She was alone, and a woman no less. With no accomplices, she was unable to ask for help. Despite encountering all sorts of danger countless times, she had to force herself to be strong to survive and leave that purgatory.

It was also in that place that she learned many things, especially how to save her own life in times of danger.

Her street smarts were largely based on that.

After all, the environment there was bound to swallow her whole if she failed to integrate herself into it. Her survival depended on it.

She was stuck there for half a year and almost died several times. There was one time she was about to be slashed by a knife, but he came to her aid and saved her.

At that time, she only managed to escape unscathed after he lured the wicked person away, dragged her down several streets, and hid her in a cardboard box.

However, he was slashed when he led those people away.

Fortunately, it was only a cut on the arm that was not fatal.

At that time, Samantha could no longer trust anyone, but she could not leave him alone when he saved her. After those people left, she came out of the cardboard box and supported him back to her small room.

The two of them talked for a while after their revolutionary chance encounter and Samantha found out that he went to the place voluntarily. He was an undercover reporter and wanted to dig deeper about the situation there so that he could report it in the news.

Therefore, he was not like the other degenerate people there.

It was a rare occasion that Samantha found someone normal there, so she quickly allied with him. They promised that they would take care of each other and find an opportunity to escape.

Since he was 12 years older than her and entered the industry far earlier than she did, he also taught her a lot about reporting skills and the news. He was her savior too, so she decided to just call him her master and addressed him respectfully as 'sir'.

He took very good care of her and helped her a lot in times of crisis. She respected him and could not be more grateful.

One of the things she was most thankful for was that he finally found a chance to leave. The opportunity came about half a year and he told her so she would be prepared.

He and Samantha had, in the nick of time, assimilated into a group that was about to leave. Unfortunately, they were discovered at the very last moment. He urged her to go first, but she refused to leave him and wanted them to leave together.

He then told her, "Whether I leave or not doesn't matter to me. I'm already well-acquainted with the rules here and living here is a breeze for me."

"If you don't leave now, your only other option is to stay with me. Do you want to leave now or continue staying here?"

"If you stay, you and I can create a new world here as master and apprentice. We can change this place and become the ones who set the rules here. What do you think?"

During all her past interactions with him, Samantha could see that he was a man with extremely strong willpower. His words were never just a show of bravery—they would always come true.

However, Samantha could not let herself stay in such a place.

She had liked the dark and yet always yearned for light. There were also things that she still cared about.

As a result, she could only say to him, "Thank you, Sir. Please...take care."

She no longer had any contact with him after she left the 'underworld', for the place was always shielded from the outside world.

She thought that she would never see him again.

Fortunately, he successfully came out of that place and she was glad that she could get in touch with him again.

She just never imagined that he would be such a powerful person.

It was no surprise then that he was so confident in himself when he said he wanted to change the rules of the 'underworld'. If anyone could do it, it would be a world-renowned top psychologist like himself.

Samantha snapped back from her memories and took a breath while asking, "When will you come back to visit the country, Sir? I'd like to meet you and see if you're okay."

He then smiled and replied, "Sure. I can't disappoint my apprentice's desire to see me. The next stop on my journey will be Capital City then. I'll be there in half a month."

"Okay. Let me know your flight information when it's time and I'll pick you up to give you a big welcome."

Samantha calmed down after ending the call.

After solving Timothy's mystery and getting in touch with her master, Samantha felt that things seemed to be getting better. When her master returned to the country, she might be able to reawaken Timothy's main personality with his guidance.

'Timothy Barker'

'You have to wait for me.'

'Don't just disappear...'

'You still owe me an 'I love you' in person.'

...

A black-clad man had been photographing Samantha at the airport entrance. It was only when she left that he checked the multiple shots he had taken.

The photos had all been taken at a rather crafty angle, making it seem as though Samantha was being affectionate with the man.

The photographer then took his cell phone out and dialed a number.

Chapter 378: Taking Action

After the other side answered the call, he said bluntly, "I now have photos of Samantha with another man. Do you want them?"

...

Inside the president's office at the Barker Foundation, Harmony was stunned after hearing what was said on the phone. She then replied, "I'd have to look at the photos before deciding whether they're worth it."

The reporter, whose name was Ian Snell, was one of the reporters whom she knew well. She had invited him to her wedding too.

Ian was happy to send the pictures and immediately sent them through WeTalk.

Harmony opened it and took a look.

A man and a woman were standing together inside the photo. The woman raised her head and smiled at the man, while the man gazed down at her and stroked her head fondly.

The woman was Samantha, and the man was...Alan Sherwood, also known as the famous Little St. John.

Harmony knew that there were rumors involving Samantha and Alan before, but that was later smothered by Timothy's announcement of his wedding to Samantha.

She never expected Samantha to remain in touch with him, and from the interaction in the photos, they seemed to be very close.

Samantha had a knack for choosing men and seemed to target those who were especially powerful!

She has always wondered how Samantha survived three years ago and how Samantha was able to pull off laying low for three whole years.

Could she have been rescued by Alan and had been with him for the past three years?

'To think that Samantha has the decency to ridicule me for being a mistress who got involved with Timothy.'

'She's no better than me. In fact, she's worse than I am!'

'It's disgusting that she wants to lead both sides on by getting all affectionate with other men while at the same time refusing to divorce Timothy.'

The thought of such a woman still occupying the position of Mrs. Barker made Harmony grit her teeth with anger. She was supposed to be the new Mrs. Barker and stand rightfully by Timothy's side!

Harmony pondered for a moment and her eyes lit up slightly.

Ever since Samantha reappeared, she ruined Harmony's wedding and prevented Timothy from being able to divorce her immediately. She even acquired the Barker Group's shares and became its second-largest shareholder. To make things even worse, she started going to work at the Barker Group to strut around in front of Timothy every day.

Harmony was very angry at her and felt extremely dissatisfied too!

It was only when Samantha disappeared without a trace that there would never be any obstacles between Harmony and Timothy again!

Samantha had always used public opinion to oppress Harmony and ruin the good reputation that had been built up through the years.

Therefore, Harmony was going to give Samantha a taste of her own medicine!

Samantha should get a good taste of ruin and defeat!

Harmony then said to Ian, "Alright, I want all the photos you took. You'll be paid a handsome sum, but...if you can get more information about Samantha and Little St. John, I'm willing to pay more, especially if you can dig up something more valuable!"

Ian was immediately sent into a frenzy after listening to her words. He answered immediately, "If you say so, Ms. Johnson, my team and I won't let you down! Hang on tight for our good news!"

Harmony has spared no expense in terms of public relations in order to clear her name in the past three years.

She might be hypocritical, but she was very generous with her money. That was why the reporters were still quite willing to serve her.

After all, money makes the world go round!

Harmony put down her phone and leaned back in her chair. The depression that accumulated during the past few days vanished and she could not help but let out a laugh.

Samantha lost to Harmony three years ago and was defeated so badly that she almost lost her life.

Her return meant nothing because she was destined to lose to Harmony again!

Things were different from three years ago. Harmony had Timothy, money, and connections, while Samantha had nothing. What was Samantha going to use to fight against her?

Harmony was in a good mood. She made an internal call and instructed her assistant to order some afternoon tea as a treat for everyone in the organization.

...

Rochelle was preparing to leave earlier to get a meal with Samantha, but as soon as she walked out of the office, she saw Harmony's secretary walking over with cake and coffee.

The assistant asked her politely, "Ms. Tyrell, Ms. Johnson is treating everyone to afternoon tea today. Would you like some?"

Rochelle cocked her eyebrows slightly.

Harmony had frequently done such small gestures in the past three years to try and win everyone's hearts.

However, Samantha's return had left Harmony feeling beaten time and time again. She became somewhat of a 'walking dynamite' every day at the foundation, the kind that would explode at any time whatsoever.

It had been a long time since Harmony was in such a good mood to invite everyone for some afternoon tea.

"No, I'm afraid of choking on her afternoon tea." Rochelle spared no courtesy, as always.

The secretary had gotten used to it as well so she smiled and turned to leave.

"Wait," Rochelle called out again.

The secretary stopped walking at once. "Yes, Ms. Tyrell?"

Rochelle raised her chin and gestured toward Harmony's office. "She's in a good mood today?"

The secretary nodded. "It appears so. She was smiling when she told me to prepare the afternoon tea."

"Is that so..." Rochelle pondered and said, "That's all. You may go."

"Okay." The secretary left.

Rochelle drove the car and came to the restaurant where she made reservations earlier. Samantha arrived as soon as Rochelle sat down in the VIP room and she said with a smile, "Ah! You're already here."

Samantha went over and sat down with a smile.

When Rochelle saw Samantha smiling and in a good mood, she wondered just what day it was and why everyone was in a good mood.

Rochelle poured a cup of tea for Samantha and pushed it to her while asking, "Didn't Dr. Sherwood leave today? Why are you so happy? Could there be...any news about Matt?"

"No." Samantha sipped some tea. "I got in touch with my master. He rescued and helped me in the past. I'm very happy to hear that he's not only doing well but is also a very renowned psychologist."

She briefly told the story about her and her master.

Samantha had always avoided talking about it before, but when she finally could bring herself to tell the story so calmly, Rochelle was both surprised and happy for her.

It was good that she was able to let go of everything bad in the past.

Even so, it came as a surprise that Samantha had experienced something so cruel, but on the bright side, it was all in the past.

Rochelle asked, "So... Have you already decided whether or not you want to reawaken Timothy's main personality? Doing that won't be easy, and you'll likely be in a lot of danger again. Have you...really thought it through?"

After all, Timothy's second personality isn't a good person.

It was an extremely dangerous personality.

It was dark and even possessed some morbid, violent, and anti-social tendencies.

Samantha nodded without hesitation. "I've thought about it and I have to do it."

"What is so scary about Timothy if I've managed to escape a place like the 'underworld'? Have a little confidence in me, okay?"

Rochelle sighed. "If giving you confidence was of any use, I'll give you as much confidence as you want. I'll still tell you the same thing though: I'll support you regardless of your decision and I'll always be your backer."

Samantha smiled warmly.

"Do you have any plans, then?"

“Plans?” Samantha thought for a while and said, “Since Harmony has been suppressing the main personality with hypnosis, the first task is of course to separate Harmony from Timothy. At the very least she should be prevented from staying by his side all the time.”

Rochelle thought of something and smiled. “Harmony must have had the same ideas too. She’s in a very good mood today, so I think she’s up to no good against you again!”

“Oh?” Samantha’s expression remained unwavering and she drank her tea nonchalantly. “Is that so?”

“...Aren’t you worried at all?” Rochelle frowned.

Samantha shrugged. “We’ll cross that bridge when we get there.”

Getting anxious would not get her anywhere.

Rochelle felt a little annoyed that Samantha was so calm. “Don’t underestimate Harmony. Be careful not to fall headfirst into her traps.”

The most despicable people are usually the hardest to guard against.

She did not want a repeat of the same mistakes three years ago.

Samantha smiled.

...

Two days later, Ian called Harmony again and she answered it immediately.

After listening to what the other side told her, Harmony’s lips curled up in a little smirk and her eyes lit up too.

Chapter 379: She Had Given Birth

After ending the call, Harmony could not hold herself back from cackling out loud.

Although she guessed that there must be something going on between Samantha and Alan, she never imagined that the two of them had reached such a stage!

During the past three years, Samantha had been together with Alan and even gave birth to his child.

The two of them probably did not get married because Samantha had not divorced Timothy yet. Even so, the child had already been born and was even recorded under Alan's name.

What a swell guy!

Harmony truly admired Samantha for the latter's fickleness and shamelessness!

Samantha had given birth to another man's child and yet she came back to get entangled with Timothy.

Harmony believed that neither Timothy nor the old hag knew that Samantha did such a shameful thing outside. It was more so for the old hag because she would not have supported Samantha so unconditionally and given her all the shares.

That was the reason Samantha had the opportunity to get close to Timothy again, and the reason why Timothy could not divorce her for the time being and sever their ties.

Harmony's heart burned with an intense flame when she thought of that.

At the same time, she felt a little uneasy too.

Samantha's reappearance had since destroyed all of Harmony's good deeds and had, to some extent, affected Timothy somewhat too.

Many things have settled in place during the past few years, but Samantha just had to be a bringer of bad luck.

Things always went wrong whenever she showed up!

Harmony needed to use that bombshell of news to destroy Samantha. Doing so would discredit her and provide a boost for Harmony to clear her name. Most importantly, Timothy could also use this as a reason to speed up the divorce!

How perfect of her to kill three birds with one stone!

Harmony had calmed down a lot in those three years. Being cautious was of utmost importance if she wanted to ensure a resounding victory!

As for whether Samantha had really given birth to a child, it was important for her to verify the information personally!

Ian had informed her that Samantha's child was delivered by C-section, which meant that there should be an incision scar on Samantha's stomach.

Harmony needed an opportunity to get a look.

She thought for a moment and picked up the phone again to make a call.

As soon as the call was connected, she said bluntly, "Mr. Snell, I'd have to trouble you these few days to help me keep an eye on Samantha. Please report her itinerary to me."

Ian answered, "No problem!"

...

Although Samantha had decided to reawaken Timothy's main personality, she could not think of a good solution for the moment.

The main issue was how difficult it was to get close to Timothy.

They never spoke even though they saw each other in the company every day, and Timothy generally ignored her without so much as glancing at her from the corner of his eyes.

Inside the office, Samantha sat on the chair and rested her chin in her hand. She was feeling a little worried.

She thought about many things but the reality was never as it seemed.

There was a sudden knock on the door.

Samantha sat up straight and said, "Come in."

Ronald pushed the door open and walked in with a smile on his face. He said respectfully, "Hello, Ms. Larsson."

Samantha cocked her eyebrows slightly.

Although she had a good personal relationship with Ronald and he had always thrown his support behind her, he was still Timothy's assistant and would usually avoid raising eyebrows within the company.

The fact that he came to her office so openly to see her meant that it probably had something to do with work.

Samantha smiled and asked, "Is something the matter?"

Ronald nodded and said, "Well, the company's annual dinner will be held next week, and this year's performance is a cause for celebration, so it'll be a very grand dinner. We'll also invite Mr. Holt from the EIA Group, as well as their important board members as well."

Annual dinner...

Samantha subconsciously glanced at the calendar on the table. The year had come to an end without her even realizing it.

She was too busy worrying about all sorts of stuff during recent periods that she even forgot the new year was upon them.

After so much time had passed, she still did not know where Matt was...

Seeing her silence, Ronald could not help but whisper again, "Ms. Larsson, are you alright?"

Samantha snapped back to her senses and hurriedly refrained from letting her emotions show. She answered softly, "Alright, I understand. I'll attend."

After all, she was the deputy CEO of the company. Even if she was not involved in any work, she still had to attend as a courtesy.

Ronald looked as though he wanted to say something but was hesitant to do so.

Upon seeing that, Samantha asked, "Is there anything else, Ronald? You can always tell me, you know."

Ronald scratched his head. Even though he had a rather awkward expression, he still said, "Well, Mr. Holt attaches great importance to his reputation, so...umm... Mr. Barker needs you to be his companion to entertain Mr. Holt together with him..."

Samantha let out a drawn-out, "Oh."

No wonder Ronald had such a tight frown. That was a lot to ask of Samantha.

Samantha was still the legitimate Mrs. Barker, and Timothy could not attend such an important occasion with an illegitimate mistress like Harmony.

After all, a man with a stable marriage and a good image was more reliable in the business world than men who appear in media gossip every once in a while.

Moreover, Michael had always attached great importance to a person's reputation, for he would not have forced Timothy to get a divorce with her when she was implicated in a scandal before.

The opportunity she had been trying so hard to get was being handed over on a silver platter.

It was a chance to get close to Timothy!

Samantha scoffed and leaned her body against the back of the chair. She folded her arms and said, "Where's his sincerity? He wants me to play along with him in this charade, yet he doesn't invite me in person and asks you to inform me about it instead, as if this is some kind of official business."

"I have to watch him walk around in front of me with a mistress every day now, and he's calling me as and he when he pleases so he can use me as his tool in his business world? Please. It won't be that easy!"

Ronald had already expected that kind of a result and his face wrinkled up almost instantly.

He knew that even a domineering woman like Samantha would be petty when it came to emotional matters.

"Ms. Larsson, I...I..." Ronald did not know what to say at that moment and all those eloquent words he spoke in the past were no longer useful.

Samantha knew that Ronald was just a messenger and so she had no intention to make life difficult for him. She said again, "If Timothy needs me to be his plus one, then he should ask me personally. But he has to do it as soon as possible because I'm in very high demand. Who knows, I might agree to be someone else's plus one."

Ronald was almost in tears. "Ms. Larsson—"

Samantha interrupted him mercilessly. "Alright now, I need to work. If you'll excuse yourself."

...

At the CEO's office, Ronald tried his best to restrain his trembling voice and said to his expressionless boss sitting at the far end of the office. "Mr.. Barker, Ms. Larsson said that...you...you need to...personally ask her if you...want her to be your plus one!"

Chapter 380: You'll Die by My Hand Sooner or Later

Timothy flipped through the documents for a moment and looked up coldly at Ronald. His lips twitched as he asked, "She wants me to ask her personally?"

His tone was very flat but Ronald could still feel a chill rising from the bottom of his feet.

Ronald's little heart was trembling and he did not dare to repeat what Samantha said. He changed his tone and said indirectly, "Mr. Barker, it's basic etiquette for a gentleman

to ask a female companion to be a plus one. Ms. Larsson hopes that you would ask her personally.”

Timothy looked at him coldly and saw through his thoughts at a glance. “I don’t suppose that’s what she said.”

Although his sentence seemed interrogative, he actually spoke in an affirmative tone.

Ronald sighed to himself and rued how difficult it was for him to be sandwiched by the pressure of both those individuals.

Timothy closed the document with a snap and curled his lips into a smirk. “This woman is demanding.”

He would not have needed her to be his plus one for the dinner if not for the fact that he had to entertain Michael.

During the entire period of their cooperation, Michael was a very good business partner with whom everything proceeded smoothly. As a result, Timothy did not want his relationship with Michael to sour, at least not for the time being.

Since Samantha wanted him to personally ask her, he would be happy to meet her and see what kind of games she wanted to play!

...

It was time to get off work at six o’clock in the evening, so Samantha closed the poker game she was playing on the computer and switched the computer off. She then got up, put on her coat, then picked up her bag, and left.

After taking the elevator to the underground parking lot, Samantha received a notification on her phone just as she walked to her car and was about to get in.

She took out her phone and glanced at it.

It was a short text from Timothy: [Come out to the main entrance.]

Samantha cocked an eyebrow.

She never thought that Timothy would compromise after his silence the entire afternoon.

It seemed that even the second personality prioritized work over everything else.

That was a good sign.

She was afraid that Timothy's second personality would be invulnerable, but at least she found out that there was a certain aspect of his psyche that she could penetrate in.

Samantha did not hesitate and replied immediately. [Okay. I'll be there in a minute.]

She slammed the car door shut, locked the car, then looked at her reflection on the car window and straightened her hair slightly. She then lifted her foot and walked toward the main entrance of the Barker Group's building.

As soon as she approached the entrance, she saw a domineering-looking silver-white sports car parked there.

The window had been lowered and Timothy looked up at her from inside. His thin lips parted open and he uttered two words, "Get in!"

Samantha walked over to the passenger seat and opened the door to get in.

Timothy slammed the accelerator with a thud and sent the car dashing off at record speed.

Samantha remained indifferent and pulled out her seat belt to fasten it.

Timothy narrowed his eyes at her and was a little surprised when he saw this.

There were rare occasions where he knew who that woman was through the memory of his main personality.

According to his memory, she was no different from ordinary young women.

She was the kind who would scream deliriously if he so much as touched her and it was incredibly annoying.

In fact, he had never been able to understand, what exactly his main personality liked so much about that woman. Could it be her appearance?

The red light came on and he hit the brakes.

Then, he turned around and stared straight at Samantha and looked at her blatantly.

He had never been swayed by a woman's appearance since all of them had the same two eyes, one nose, and one mouth.

It was not as though Samantha had a third eye somewhere. What was it about her that he liked so much?

Samantha sensed his gaze and turned around to look at him. "What's the matter? Are you considering how you're going to kill me?"

Timothy's lips twitched grimly. "Do I need to think about that kind of thing? You'll die in my hands sooner or later, just not now. After all, you still have some value."

Samantha laughed in spite of her anger. "Is this the kind of attitude you should have when asking me to be your plus one?"

When the green light came on, the car sped off again as Timothy slammed his foot on the accelerator.

"Tell me. What are your conditions?" He was very direct and straightforward.

Samantha had already given thought to her conditions.

She did not go around in circles and said immediately, "I want you to promise me one thing when the annual dinner is over."

"Heh." Timothy sneered. "You want me to let go of your precious son?"

Samantha laughed. "No, it has nothing to do with my son."

It was not as though she did not want to put that as a condition. She just knew that Timothy would not agree to it because being his plus one was not a task that carried much weight.

Timothy could not help but glance at her in surprise.

The reason she continued to be around him for so long and used all sorts of methods just to stop the divorce was simply to get her precious son back.

"What's your condition then?"

Samantha blinked, and said mysteriously, "It's something you can easily do."

She was even trying to keep him on tenterhooks.

Timothy was not angry at all and felt somewhat intrigued.

Samantha observed his expression and went to seize her chances after noticing that he did not resist. "What's wrong? Is the great Mr. Barker afraid to agree to my tiny little request?"

The corners of Timothy's lips twitched and he laughed, "Okay!"

After settling that matter, Timothy stepped on the brakes and said, "Get off."

Samantha glanced outside and saw that she was in some desolate area outside of town...

She narrowed her eyes at Timothy.

The second personality seemed to be more of a scumbag than the main personality.

Once things were settled, he told her to get out of the car and did not seem to care where it was that he had driven to.

Samantha gritted her teeth secretly and endured it for the time being.

She did not say anything else and unbuckled her seat belt before getting out of the car abruptly.

Timothy glanced at her and stepped on the accelerator without feeling any psychological pressure.

Samantha stood on the side of the road and let out a sardonic laugh as she watched the flamboyant sports car drive away.

Sure enough, that personality was stereotypically indifferent, violent, heartless, and anti-social!

Reawakening the main personality was of paramount importance and she had to make sure that the second disappeared forever from existence!

She was curious to see who would end up dead in the other's hands!

Samantha walked for almost half an hour before successfully hailing a taxi. After getting in, she quickly took off her high heels and rubbed her calf.

Then, she took out her cell phone and immediately started complaining to Rochelle.

Rochelle was startled as well. "That scumbag doesn't seem to have experienced any severe beatings!"

Samantha sneered, "Babe, I'm going to make sure he knows the meaning of pure evil!"

Rochelle pumped up the atmosphere and said, "Come on! Come on! Sammy is the best!"

After a pause, she said again, "Do you need me to get some food and keep you company for dinner?"

Samantha was a little tired so she declined. "It's fine. I'll go back and just eat whatever before I sleep. I have to think about the annual dinner. Who knows, I might be able to make inroads then."

"Okay, you have a good rest. The annual dinner is next week, right? That pretentious b*tch Harmony will definitely be there. You have to make sure that you're the most glamorous woman there, so all she can do is just stare helplessly at you!"

Rochelle thought for a moment and said, "There's this new spa recently and they seem to be really good in what they do. I had my skin done the other day and I could immediately feel how fair and tender it became. I'll make an appointment right now so we can go together tomorrow."

Women never liked losing to other women. It had been a long time since Samantha did a proper spa treatment, and she had to present herself in the most beautiful way possible during the annual dinner.

She responded, "Okay."

...

The next day, Rochelle drove to pick Samantha up.

When the two of them went into the spa, Harmony received a call from Ian. "Ms. Johnson, I just spotted Ms. Larsson and Ms. Tyrell entering a spa earlier."

They seemed to know how to enjoy themselves...

That being the case, it was almost certain that Samantha would be taking off her clothes.

Harmony curled her lips into a smile. "Well done. The charges will be put on my tab and you can call it a day."

After ending the call, Harmony drove to the same spa.

Chapter 381: Feeling Upset

The manager recognized Harmony at a glance when she entered the spa and greeted her very enthusiastically. "Welcome, Ms. Johnson."

Was it her lucky day that day? Harmony's arrival came just after she had received the patronage of two 'celebrities' in Samantha and Rochelle.

Harmony was wearing some rather big sunglasses that covered almost half her face, but the manager was still able to recognize her and knew that there was a reason for her visit.

The purpose of Harmony's visit was to confirm, with her own eyes, whether Samantha had really given birth to a child.

She did not want to attract any attention, in particular from Samantha, because she was afraid that something might happen.

Harmony raised her chin slightly and instructed directly, "Arrange for a private room. I'd like to discuss some things with you and get a better understanding of what you offer here."

The manager immediately understood what she meant and nodded respectfully. "We have a special VIP room, Ms. Johnson. Right this way, please."

Harmony strutted forward on her high heels and held her head high.

After entering the VIP room, Harmony sat on the large sofa and took off her sunglasses, which she tossed casually onto the coffee table.

The manager personally brought Harmony some tea and cakes. She then handed over the spa's brochure to Harmony while saying, "This is everything we have in offer, Ms. Johnson. Please have a look at which package you'd like."

Harmony picked up the coffee cup and took a sip before taking the brochure and flipping through it casually.

While browsing, she pretended to ask casually, "By the way, I heard that Samantha is also here today. What project is she doing?"

The manager was not too surprised after earlier guessing that Harmony never intended to get any spa treatments. She merely showed a slightly embarrassed expression as she said, "Ms. Johnson, we value our guests' privacy and we can't just simply disclose any information."

"Heh," Harmony sneered disdainfully.

She glanced at the manager, then decided to sign a blank check from the checkbook she took out of her bag.

She tore it off and slapped it onto the coffee table.

Then, she looked at the manager again and asked, "I'm sure you can tell me now, right?"

The manager's eyes were drawn to the blank check.

She might have been able to resist if Harmony had merely offered a price, but the temptation of a blank check was something few could resist.

Harmony was rumored to be extraordinarily generous and it seemed that the rumors were true.

More importantly, Harmony was not from a famous family and had no background, but the fact that she could spend like no tomorrow was proof that she was particularly adored by Timothy. That was the only logical reason why Timothy would let her spend his money like that.

As the manager thought of that, she slowly stretched out her hand and took the check before smiling and answering truthfully, "Ms. Larsson is doing a massage and some skin treatments."

"A massage?" Harmony asked. "Is it a full-body massage?"

"No, it's a relaxing massage for her shoulders and neck."

Harmony frowned, if it was just the shoulders and neck, she would not be able to see Samantha's stomach.

She could not tell the masseuse to open Samantha's bathrobe for no reason. After all, Samantha was a very cautious woman, and if she started overthinking, Harmony's plan would be disrupted.

Harmony asked again. "What treatments do you have here that require a person to show their stomachs?"

The manager was speechless for a few seconds, but she had heard all kinds of gossip about rich people after being in the industry for so long. That question, therefore, did not surprise her.

Rich people...really were messed up.

The manager thought for a while and replied, "Ms. Johnson, we actually have a hot spring here. We've introduced a technology that is very moisturizing for the skin and provides many benefits for those who soak in the hot spring."

"You should be able to see her stomach if she takes the hot spring treatment."

Harmony smiled with satisfaction.

Samantha went there to do skin treatment because she wanted to take good care of her skin. Adding the hot spring treatment to her package would then provide for a chance to see her stomach.

To make sure the plan does not fail, Samantha would have to be forced to wear a swimsuit that exposed her stomach.

She said, "In that case, please tell Samantha that you have an event happening in your store. All VIPs present can enjoy the hot spring for free and give them disposable swimsuits.

"The main point is you have to convince Samantha into going to the hot springs and letting her put on a swimsuit that exposes her stomach!"

The manager sighed. There was no free lunch in the world after all, especially when she received a blank check!

If she was successful, however, she did not need to worry about her child's tuition anymore!

The manager nodded. "I'll get to it right now, Ms. Johnson."

...

A sudden knock was heard from outside the VIP room. Once permission was given, the manager pushed the door open and came in.

Samantha and Rochelle were lying on one bed each and a masseuse was massaging their shoulders. There was even soft music playing in the room.

The manager stepped forward and asked softly, "Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Yates, since our store is new, we have an event today where we invite VIPs to take a dip in our hot spring. It's very good for the skin. I sincerely hope you'll give it a try and provide some feedback."

Rochelle opened her eyes when she heard that. "An event? Why haven't I heard about any event today?"

The manager replied calmly, "This event is specially set up for VIPs like you. We didn't publicize it because we want you to be the first to enjoy the hot springs."

Rochelle muttered an 'Oh' before turning around to look at Samantha. "Would you like to take a dip, Sammy?"

Samantha opened her eyes and said, "Since the manager said it's good, then we might as well give it a go."

“Alright, let’s go then.”

The manager was overjoyed and immediately said, “We’ve prepared two new swimsuits for you. You can move directly to the hot spring area at the back once you put them on.”

Samantha replied, “Alright, we got this.”

The manager exited the room happily.

Half an hour later, the massage was over and the masseuses exited the room.

Samantha and Rochelle took some time to relax before getting up and putting on their swimsuits.

Rochelle looked at the bikini and rolled her eyes. “Why are the disposable swimsuits in this spa so...sexy?”

Samantha looked at the mirror and said, “It’s a little...too sexy, but it doesn’t matter since this place only accepts female guests.”

The two of them went to the hot spring area.

There were no people in the hot spring area and many pools were empty. Samantha and Rochelle chose a pool with rose petals and went in to soak.

Five minutes later, Harmony came to the hot spring area wearing a swimsuit too.

To avoid being seen by Samantha and Rochelle, she took a big detour and proceeded to enter the pool behind.

The two pools were separated only by a gauze curtain.

Harmony could hear them clearly, but there was nothing of value in their conversations because they were discussing topics like skincare and the like.

She did not want to waste any time and picked up the small binoculars she had prepared to secretly peep at Samantha.

The first thing she saw was Samantha’s head and greeted her teeth slightly when she saw Samantha’s thick hair, which complimented those tender and delicate cheeks.

Samantha did not even remotely look like someone who had just given birth to a child.

Despite having no makeup, Samantha’s skin was still as supple as that of a young girl in her teens and twenties.

Meanwhile, Harmony had worked very hard on skincare and all sorts of beauty routines, but her skin condition was still far inferior to when she was young.

Besides, a woman who had given birth should have lost some hair. Why did Samantha still have that much hair on her head?

Harmony did not want to continue feeling upset anymore and so continued to shift her gaze down to Samantha's chest.

Unfortunately, she became even more upset.

Samantha was a very slender woman but her breasts seemed to be a little fuller than before...

On the other hand, Harmony was afraid to eat much because she wanted to maintain her figure. Although she did slim down, her breasts had shrunk along with her weight loss and she was almost becoming flat.

Harmony clenched the binoculars tightly and bit her lower lip heavily before looking down at Samantha's stomach.