

《Once Bitten, Twice Shy》

Chapter 5

Chapter 5: Fine. I'll Marry Him!

In Larsson's residence.

Samantha tossed her backpack out from her room's balcony. Then, she attached rock climbing gear around her waist and trailed the fixed railing, sliding down to the first floor.

Once she landed, Samantha carried her backpack and left without looking back.

The last trace of affection for her family had been completely depleted by them. She would never do anything for them anymore!

Samantha rushed toward the airport.

On the way there, Simon and Cynthia had been calling her nonstop. Samantha was extremely annoyed, but someone called her when she was just about to turn off her phone.

She looked at the caller ID, and her fingers stopped. After that, she picked up the call. "Hello—"

It was unknown what the caller said, but Samantha's face suddenly ashened.

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When Samantha arrived at the hospital, Corey Larsson was already in the operating room. She stood dazed by the door, staring at the red light above, and she unconsciously rubbed her hands together.

Initially, she thought Simon tricked her by saying Corey's condition was abnormal, just to lure her back...

She felt that time was ticking slowly, and each second was tormenting. Then, about what felt like a century later, the operation door finally opened.

When Corey returned to his ward, Simon and Cynthia took their time to get there. As soon as they reached, they rushed to Corey's bedside and cried their hearts out, shouting how much they cared about their beloved son.

Samantha did not spare them a glance. Instead, she looked at the doctor and asked, "Doctor, how's my brother?"

The doctor sighed. "Ms. Larsson, your brother has frequent heart attacks. Moreover, his body is getting weaker, and he must be given proper care. Otherwise, he might not live to see his eighteenth birthday."

He might not live to see his eighteenth birthday...

Samantha's heart ached, and she looked at Corey, who was lying in bed.

As Corey was sick all year round, he appeared extremely thin and weak. Moreover, his cheeks were also pale. He was sound asleep at that time. If it were not for the movement of his chest, no one would be able to tell if he was alive.

Hearing that, Cynthia abruptly turned to Samantha, crying and begging, "Sammy, I know you're angry with your father and me, but we have no choice. The company is going bankrupt soon, and we don't have money left. How do we pay for Corey's treatment? We can't even afford his medical bill, so even if we found a match for the heart transplant, we won't be able to pay for the surgery. Are you going to let him die?"

Then, she continued, "You and Corey have a good relationship ever since you two were kids. You don't want him to die, right?" Cynthia started to cry louder. "Sammy, even if you don't do it for your father and me, you should think about what's best for Corey. He's still so young, and he hasn't even lived his best life yet. You must save him!"

Samantha lowered her gaze. She wanted to laugh, but she could not.

After all, she just found out that after she left abroad, her parents left Corey in the hospital, not showing any concern for him. In the past six months, they did not even pay his medical bill and kept delaying it.

His condition deteriorated rapidly, and it definitely had something to do with their attitudes.

At this time, they were shedding crocodile tears in front of Samantha, saying how much they cared about Corey. What a joke!

However, they had indeed hit Samantha's soft spot.

She could ignore them, but she could never neglect her brother.

Corey was the only person that he regarded as her family in this household. It could be said that they were orphans, and the only people they could rely on were each other.

Samantha's lips twitched, and she asked indifferently, "What do you want me to do?"

Noticing that she had softened up, Simon immediately stopped crying, and he quickly said, "Sammy, I'm afraid that Timothy won't be willing to marry you, but we still have another choice.

Samantha stared at him with blatant mockery in her eyes.

What choice? He had already planned it out since the beginning. If Timothy did not work out, he still had Plan B. As long as he could get some money, Simon would surely sell Samantha to anyone!

Simon coughed lightly. Then, he explained, "There's a wealthy man who's looking for a wife. If you're willing to marry him, he'll give us a sum of money. If that's the case, our company has a chance to revive, and we can continue paying for Corey's treatment!"

If he were a wealthy man, then there would be women queuing up to be his wife. However, he was willing to spend money to buy a bride. Could it be...

Samantha straightforwardly asked, "Who is he?"

Simon and Cynthia glanced at each other. Nonetheless, they were aware that they could not hide such a matter from Samantha, so Cynthia admitted, "We've never met him, but... we've heard that he was in an accident before that, causing him to be disfigured. Moreover, his mood is unpredictable... and he might not be able to have sexual intercourse!"

After a pause, Cynthia hurriedly added, "However, you don't have to worry much. He's not young, but you are still in your prime. Just endure for a few more years, and when he's gone, you'll inherit his property. Isn't that great?"

What great parents they were. The choices they provided were equally horrible.

Then, Samantha walked toward the bed, slowly holding Corey's cold hands, which were but skin and bones.

She shut her eyes and opened them, showing a hint of determination. "Fine. I'll marry him!"

As long as it was not Timothy, she felt that it made no difference who her husband was.

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Samantha sat on the empty and spacious bed in the bridal room, waiting for her newlywed husband's arrival.

Two days after she agreed to the marriage, someone brought a marriage agreement over. The following day, a car came to pick her up and sent her to a splendid and majestic villa in a remote area.

As the sun set, the sky slowly darkened, and the villa grew quieter.

Samantha heard that her husband did not want anyone to see his face, and the driver even reminded her multiple times not to turn on the lights.

Hence, Samantha had no choice but to patiently wait for him in the dark.

As she waited for quite some time, Samantha was feeling sleepy. Then, just as she was about to fall asleep, she heard footsteps approaching.

As the sound was getting closer, Samantha felt as if the footsteps were tapping on her heart.

Her husband was here.

She subconsciously straightened her back, held her breath in, and looked in the direction of the door.

The silver moonlight faintly lit the room, showing a man's tall and slender silhouette. However, the room was still poorly lit, and Samantha could not see his facial features.

Despite that, she could still feel the man's inherent overbearing aura, inexplicably making her feel suffocated from the sense of oppression.

Furthermore, she thought that it felt familiar.

Samantha laughed at the thoughts that suddenly flashed in her mind. She shook her head violently, forcing herself to stop letting her imagination run wild. Then, she pulled herself back together.

Samantha gulped, and just as she wanted to greet her newlywed husband, he spoke first. His hoarse voice was clear, cold, and magnetizing.. Then, as if he was a king giving an order, he said, "Remove your clothes and lie down on the bed."