

Read Once Bitten, Twice Shy online free

Chapter 72: Beat to Death

Samantha paused for two seconds before continuing the rest of her sentence. "...I have conditions!"

Simon and Cynthia had already expected that Samantha would not hand over the one million so easily. Simon was not surprised and even spoke ahead of her, "You just want to see Corey, don't you? Alright, I agree!"

He turned to the butler at one side. "Bring Corey out."

The butler nodded. "Yes, Sir."

They soon returned with Corey.

Samantha's attention immediately went to Corey. Although she could see that his face was pale and his breathing was weak, her anxious heart managed to calm down slightly when she saw that there was no obvious injury on him.

When Corey saw Samantha, he called out weakly, "Sammy."

He wanted to walk toward Samantha, but the butler grabbed his arm and prevented him from moving further.

Samantha's gaze turned cold and she tapped her fingers lightly on the suitcase while she said sullenly, "Come here."

Simon did not know whether he felt that victory was within his grasp or whether there was another reason, but he seemed quite magnanimous and gave the butler a look.

The butler understood and immediately released Corey's arm.

Corey walked slowly toward Samantha, who asked him softly, "How are you feeling, Corey?"

Corey nodded with some difficulty, "I'm fine, Sammy."

Those two sentences had already made Simon run out of patience. He began to urge, "We've given him to you, Samantha. Now give us the money!"

A hurt expression surfaced unknowingly in Corey's eyes. Although he had been imprisoned by his parents the past few days and knew their attitude first hand, it stung really painfully when he heard such indifference from them.

When Samantha saw that, she raised her head and gently rubbed his head to comfort him. No one else could understand him better than her.

It was not too big a deal because there was a silver lining in letting him have a clear look at their true nature. At the very least, it would save him from continuously misplacing his affection and wasting time on people who did not deserve it. Worse still, he would just end up with scars all over him.

Samantha pulled Corey behind her and looked right at Simon's greedily eager eyes again. "I have one more condition!"

After that, she took out a document from the bag she carried with her and threw it on the coffee table, cutting straight to the chase. "Sign this and this money is all yours!"

Simon and Cynthia looked at the document together, and saw the words written clearly on it: 'Give up custody of Corey!'

Simon's face turned dark and his expression became hostile. "What's the meaning of this? You want Corey to sever ties to his own father?"

Father...

Samantha could not help but sneer, "You say that you're Corey's father, but what have you done for him as a father? Not caring for Corey is bad enough. You went so far as to bargain his life in exchange for money. Why do you think you have the right to call yourself a father in front of him?"

"You!" Simon was stunned by her rudeness and his face turned all shades of blue. There was nothing he could come up with to refute her.

Cynthia was unwilling to show weakness and immediately screamed, "You're an unfilial child, Samantha, and now you're dragging your brother along with you. What sins have I committed to get such a child as heartless as you!"

She cried and screamed while beating her chest and stomping her feet.

Samantha watched the charade coldly and expose the whole act without hesitation, "You'd look more convincing if you had shed a tear or two. All you do is scream and the corners of your eyes never even get wet. Do you really expect me to feel something with such terrible acting skills?"

"Samantha, you..." Cynthia's entire face had turned red.

Samantha uncapped her pen and threw it onto the document. "Sign it. Let's stop wasting each other's time."

Corey was not yet 18 and was severely ill with a heart disease. As a result, his parents Simon and Cynthia had custody of him and made every decision for him.

That was the reason they could sign for Corey and ask for him to be discharged from the hospital. They could take him away according to their own whims, irrespective of what the hospital said.

Simon and Cynthia knew that Corey was her weakness. As long as they had their grip on Corey, she had no choice but to obey. It was the same with that one million as it was with her previous marriage.

Their attitude would only get worse after they had gotten a taste of the good life!

In order to avoid any future troubles, she had to take over Corey's custody. That way, her parents could no longer use Corey however they wanted to and would no longer be able to threaten her with him.

Simon was anxious, but he burst out laughing all of a sudden. "Well, well, Samantha. You've grown so much that you now dare to threaten us!"

His eyes became fiercely cold and he slammed the table before standing up. "Do you really think you and Corey can step out of this door if you don't hand over the one million?"

Simon's original plan was never to let Samantha take Corey away that day. The boy was far too useful as a means to threaten her, and Simon would definitely not let go of that advantage from his hands so easily!

With Samantha officially falling out with them, he did not bother to harp on about filial piety with her.

"Guys, come on in!"

Simon's order prompted several well-built bodyguards to run in from the yard, surrounding Samantha and Corey in an instant.

Simon smiled triumphantly, "Be a good girl and hand over the one million. You can leave by yourself and let us take good care of Corey so you don't need to worry about him.

"It's either that, or I'll pretend that I never had children and have you both beaten to death with sticks!"

In his eyes, their two lives—the two lives that belonged to his own daughter and son—were inferior even to ants.

He had no hesitation making remarks such as wanting to beat them to death with a stick.

Samantha curled her lips but her smile did not stretch across her face. There was no panic on her face at all and she looked extremely calm too. She raised her eyes at Simon and spoke as clearly as possible, “Do you really think I’ll come here alone to enter into this deal with you?”

She clapped her hands.

In the next second, more than a dozen burly men rushed in and surrounded her parents.

The sudden change stunned Simon and Cynthia for a bit. They really did not expect Samantha to have so many bodyguards!

Simon had lived long enough to be suspicious of what was going on. He asked, “Why do you have bodyguards?”

Samantha reacted as though he had asked an extremely hilarious question and chuckled. “You said it yourself, Dad. My life has been pretty lush ever since I got married to my rich businessman husband. Let me tell you the truth. My husband loves me very much and treats me very well. He was the one who gave me this one million. As for these bodyguards, he specially sent them to protect me because he was worried about my safety.

“And one more thing!”

She stood up from the sofa, walked slowly to Simon, and stared right at him. Her red lips parted open and she said, “My husband is waiting for me right now. If Corey and I do not get out of here safely in another five minutes, he’ll come in here right away. If that happens....I have no control over what he’ll do to you.”

Chapter 73: Medical Crisis

Simon narrowed his eyes and looked carefully at Samantha, trying to see whether she was telling the truth or merely bluffing!

Samantha allowed him to scrutinize her and give him a clear view of just how calm and confident she was.

About half a minute later, Simon's heart was inevitably a little shaken after realizing that there her expression was giving nothing away.

He would not have been afraid if Samantha had only brought over a dozen men with him that day. After all, they were on his turf—the Larssons' residence. It would not be that easy for Samantha to safely bring away the sickly Corey!

However, if she was telling the truth about winning her rich husband's favor and securing his backing, then Simon would not dare to lay a finger on her.

The rich man's identity was very mysterious and he had previously hired people to investigate. Strangely enough, he was unable to find any information, and the people he sent to investigate eventually disappeared as well.

He could not help himself from recalling some of the rumors he heard about that man, who was said to possess a weird temper, a perverse mentality, and extremely ruthless methods. Since the man also had a physical impairment, he also liked breaking other people's limbs... In short, the man was an extremely fearsome person.

That unknown fear sent a chill down Simon's spine.

Samantha continued to pay attention to Simon and saw every emotion on his face. Upon seeing his hesitation, she spoke up once more in an even sweeter voice. "One more minute left, Dad."

In Simon's ears, her words were a spell that was pushing him toward death.

There was still some reluctance on his part to give up his cash cow Corey, hence his teeth-gritting and hesitation.

Samantha refused to give him any chance of struggling and continued, "Thirty seconds left."

"Ten seconds.

"Nine, eight, seven..."

Cold beads of sweat fell continuously from Simon's forehead.

Samantha stared at him, took her cell phone out of her bag, then waved it in front of Simon while counting down, "Three, two..."

"I'll sign it!" Simon blurted out. He could not keep it up anymore.

Although he was reluctant to part ways with his cash cow, he was even more reluctant to lose his life. After all, the dead would never be able to spend all that money!

Samantha had an imperceptible smile on her face.

Simon picked up the pen and trembled slightly as he signed his name on the document.

After Samantha confirmed that there were no issues, she put away the documents, walked to Corey's side, and held his arm. "Let's go, Corey."

Corey glanced unconsciously at Simon and Cynthia, only to see them rushing to the one million dollars inside the leather suitcase. They did not even look at him.

Samantha held Corey's hand firmly and said, "Come on."

Her hands were the same as his, cold and lacking temperature. For Corey however, they were the warmest hands in the world.

Corey looked back at Samantha and nodded vigorously. "Yeah, let's leave."

The two of them raised their feet and walked toward the door without looking back.

The ten or so burly men faced off with Simon's bodyguards while retreating behind Samantha and Corey.

As soon as she walked out of the Larsson residence, Samantha took Corey into the waiting car at the door. She quickly told the driver, "Hurry up and drive!"

The driver reacted by slamming on the accelerator and speeding off.

Samantha could not help but let out a drawn-out sigh of relief and lean softly against the chair.

Corey could not help but feel a little confused when he saw that. "Sammy, why do I feel...like you're a little scared? Your husband is protecting us. Dad—"

He did not want to address them as 'Mom and Dad' anymore. For a long pause, they continued, "They're afraid of him. They won't dare to do anything to us anymore."

Samantha looked at Corey from the corner of her eyes and sighed to herself.

There was no 'protective husband'. She only said that just to frighten Simon and Cynthia.

As for the ten or so burly men, she went to a securities company and paid for them to show up.

Had she not bluffed her parents earlier, she might still be able to take Corey out with a little added effort, but she would not be able to release him from their custody.

Just thinking about it made her feel that it was hilarious.

Her false status was the result of Timothy wanting to humiliate her, but it surprisingly came in handy to solve her problems.

She could not help but curl her lips self-deprecatingly.

However, she has always played the role of an affectionate married couple in front of Corey, so at that moment, she could only continue with her white lie. "I was just thinking that it's safer to be careful... People can do unimaginable things when they're under pressure. What if they aren't willing to let us go and decide to capture us again?"

"You're right." Corey believed Samantha very much and would never doubt what she said.

The car drove farther away and Larsson residence was completely out of sight. Corey opened his mouth all of a sudden and spoke in an extremely low, husky voice. "We don't have a home anymore."

Samantha felt a twinge of pain in her heart.

Although she and Corey came out victorious in the battle, she found no pleasure in winning if Corey was not happy.

Corey and Samantha no longer had a home...

...

A black car parked in front of the Larsson residence.

Inside the car was Jonathan, who watched as the car carrying Samantha and Corey left. A playful smile appeared on his face and he looked at the man sitting on the other end of the back seat. He then said, "You hurried all the way without even showing your face and planted my people among the bodyguards Samantha paid to protect her. Come on, Tim! Do you care about Samantha or do you not?"

Timothy's handsome expression was unfathomable and he did not respond.

Just as Jonathan thought that Timothy was going to be silent until forever, the man finally spoke up, but without answering the question. "What do you think Samantha would do if she knows that I can't bear to part with her?"

Jonathan charmingly lit a cigarette and said in a sharp, cold tone, "That reluctance will once again become a knife in Samantha's hands. Who knows if she will one day use that knife to stab you in the back like two years ago?"

Two years ago...

Timothy's hand clenched little by little. The blue veins on the back of his hand popped up slightly, "What would you do if you were me?"

Jonathan inhaled and blew out a puff of smoke. His voice became colder, "Get rid of her. You shouldn't have let her off the hook two years ago."

He lowered the car window, flicked off some ash, then added without haste. "If you can't bring yourself to do it, I can do it for you. I guarantee it'll be clean and there will no longer be any trouble again."

Timothy laughed.

Jonathan frowned. "What are you laughing at?"

"Why don't I see you getting rid of Rochelle?" Timothy's tone was faint, but every word was like a stab to Jonathan's heart. "Rochelle isn't any better than Samantha. After all, she killed a child of yours. She's a ruthless woman who intends to let you die childless."

A trace of embarrassment appeared on Jonathan's ever-indifferent expression.

Timothy looked out of the car window.

They were only able to make fun of each other because they were both in the same predicament.

...

Corey was likely triggered by everything that happened, because when he returned to the hospital, he suffered a sudden heart attack and was urgently pushed into the operating room.

Five minutes later, the doctor walked out and said in a deep voice, "Ms. Larsson, this is a notice of a medical crisis.. Your signature is required."

Chapter 74: A Missing Heartbeat

Notice of a medical crisis...

Samantha looked at the thin sheet of paper in a daze. She was unable to understand the meaning of those words and it was as if her comprehension had been taken away from her.

Corey finally managed to escape their parents' grip and his freedom had just only started. After that, he just had to take good care of his body and wait until a suitable heart was available. Once the operation was done, he could finally become an ordinary person.

Why...was God so cruel and ruthless? Why was Corey being taken away so soon?

The doctor looked at Samantha's pale face and could not help but lament as well. However, life and death had become the norm for him. At that point, he could only comfort her mechanically. "Please sign it quickly, Ms. Larsson. We'll do our best."

'Do our best...'

Samantha grabbed the doctor's hand and she looked at him firmly, as if he was the last silver lining she had. Her voice was already muted when she said, "I'm begging you, Doctor. Please save Corey. He's still young. He can't die."

Having already lost her parents and her home, she could not lose Corey too.

The doctor repeated the same sentence, "We'll do our best."

Samantha's hands trembled as she wrote down her signature stroke by stroke at the signature column. She wrote so slowly that the tip of her pen nearly pierced through the piece of paper at the last stroke.

With tears in her eyes, she watched the doctor take the piece of paper away, then turned and walked back to the operating room. The door closed slowly and a red light was lit.

She remained rooted to the spot as she stared at the door intently without blinking her eyes. It was as if she would miss something if she blinked.

Time passed slowly, and each second almost felt like an eternity.

She had no idea how much time had passed when the door to the operating room opened.

Samantha opened her mouth hurriedly, intending to ask about the situation. However, she noticed that it was a nurse who came out instead of the doctor.

Her heart sank suddenly and she could not help but step forward and ask, "Excuse me, is Corey... How is he now?"

The nurse recognized Samantha and shook her head sadly. "Things aren't looking good. His heartbeat went missing for a brief moment..."

Those few words seemed to have sent her falling into an ice cellar. Her entire body felt so cold that she was trembling all over and even her teeth were chattering uncontrollably. Her legs turned limp and she collapsed.

The nurse caught her in the nick of time and helped to sit her down on the bench in the corner. Concerned, the nurse advised, "You're in very bad condition, Ms. Larsson. I suggest that you inform your family or loved ones and have them come over to accompany you. At least there's someone to take care of you if you can't take it."

She had no time to say anything else to Samantha and immediately left after saying that.

Samantha leaned against the cold wall as panic filled her mind. The dread she felt was akin to the whole world crashing down on her, and she had no control at all over her own body.

She could not think of anything else after hearing the nurse's words and unconsciously took her cell phone from her bag.

Her hand was shaking so much that it took her some time to hold the phone firmly.

When she wanted to dial a number, her hands froze again and her expression became even more confused.

Family...

She and Corey no longer had any family from the moment they walked out of the Larsson residence.

Loved ones...

Timothy's figure appeared out of nowhere in her mind. At the same time, her fingers had already entered into the virtual keyboard the 11 numbers she was so familiar with.

When her fingertips were about to press the dial button, she froze yet again.

Would Timothy be willing to come over if she called him?

Or...would he mock her for not knowing her place in wanting him to come over and accompany her?

If it was the latter... She did not think herself capable of bearing any more shock.

What if it was the former?

If Timothy had even the tiniest sliver of feelings for her two years ago, he ought to be willing to come over and check on her right?

As slim as that hope might be, Samantha closed her eyes and pressed the dial button like a red-eyed gambler.

The dial tone sounded only thrice when the light above the operating room went out all of a sudden. The door was then pushed open.

Upon hearing that movement, Samantha immediately ended the call, stood up, and staggered toward the room.

The doctor walked out while taking off his mask and watched as Samantha walked up to him. Her red lips were moving and she wanted to ask the result, but fear of hearing bad news made her hesitate to say even a single word.

The shattered glimmer in her eyes was distressing to look at.

The doctor did not beat around the bush and immediately told her the result. "Corey isn't in any more danger for the time being!"

Samantha instinctively covered her lips with her hand, and only then did tears slide down from the corners of her eyes.

"However, this heart attack is very dangerous. Even if he wakes up later, it might recur again at any time. You have to be mentally prepared, Ms. Larsson."

Bad news immediately followed the good news.

Samantha opened her mouth but she needed a long time to find her own voice. Her voice faltered tremendously with every syllable she spoke. "Won't he be okay if his health is well taken care of, Doctor? Isn't there a better way? Wasn't it said before...that he can make it until he's at least eighteen years old?"

Corey was 17 that year but his birthday had not passed yet. It would be more than a year before he would turn 18.

There was nothing the doctor could do either. "Ms. Larsson, the current medical resources in our hospital are only barely capable of maintaining Corey's life. If his health is to improve, then...then the only recourse is to invite the renowned cardiologist, Professor Arthur Louie. Under his hands, Corey might be able to live for a few more years."

As he said that, he shook his head again and added, "It's a pity that Professor Louie lives in seclusion ever since his retirement. No one knows where he went."

The doctor patted Samantha on the shoulder to comfort her. "You may keep Corey company once he's transferred to the ICU."

...

That night.

Samantha wore the personal protective equipment and sat in the hospital ward. Tears started welling in her eyes when she looked at Corey lying motionless on the bed with various tubes attached to his body.

She hated being fragile and loathed tears even more, but there was no way to control those emotions during moments of sadness.

Samantha raised her head slightly and used a little effort to blink and force back all her tears. She then spoke in a hoarse voice, "I won't let you lie down on this bed forever, Corey. I'm going to find Professor Louie and ask him to come and treat you."

Corey lay quietly without responding. The only sound was the cold beeping from the machines.

Samantha spoke with Corey again for a greater part of the night, but later got up and left the intensive care unit.

Her first stop was the hospital bathroom, where she washed her face and wiped away the tears on her face. After waking herself up, she proceeded to take out her cell phone from her bag.

There was a missed call on the phone.

She could not help remembering the phone call she made to Timothy earlier. She hung up before it was connected because the operation was over.

Could Timothy have seen her call and decided to call her back?

Chapter 75: Carried Away by Her Own Wishful Thinking

Samantha's heartbeat sped up.

People were usually able to face their truest feelings when they were at their most fragile. She freely admitted that she did not want to be alone at that time. It would be nice if someone could be there for her, and it would be all the better if that person was Timothy.

She bit her lower lip and unlocked her phone. She tapped the call icon and looked at the first missed call in her recent call logs.

Her long curly eyelashes trembled fiercely but soon stopped. The expectant light in her eyes was instantly shattered.

It was not Timothy who called, but a random salesperson...

In hindsight, Timothy had never answered her calls, let alone called her back! She had merely been carried away by her wishful thinking!

She started applying more force as she bit down on her lower lip, drawing out a slight tingling pain.

It was a result she should have long expected. What was there to be disappointed and get sad over?

She had almost forgotten that she was always like that. It had never been in her nature to give up.

During the time she had just gone abroad, she knew nothing at all and was easily nervous. Whenever she went out to work, she would get hurt from time to time.

Back then, even the slightest injury was already unbearable. Her first instinct was to call Timothy, wanting to complain to him, and hoping that she could arouse his pity again so maybe they could reconcile.

Unfortunately, Timothy never answered her call.

She was unwilling to give up at first, so she called and called even if he did not pick up. Those calls continued until one day, when she went to a dangerous building to do a live report, a beam fell out of nowhere and hit her leg.

She was sent to the hospital's emergency department, but there were too many people injured at the time, and the medical staff simply could not take care of so many people.

Everyone around her had their own relatives and friends by their side, who all ran to them. In contrast, she was lying there alone in a foreign land, with no friends or family she could notify.

Her leg hurts so badly that her leg bones seem to have been broken, and she was overthinking to the point where she feared that she would become disabled.

The pain and fear made her fragile. She struggled to get her phone out and dialed Timothy's number. At that time, she was begging for him to answer the call. She was not even going to ask him to help her, for it was good enough for her to hear his voice.

The first call went unanswered, like always.

She stubbornly made the second call, and it too went unanswered.

When it came to the third call, only a cold message was heard: 'The phone you dialed has been switched off.'

Back then, she broke into laughter, then laughed and laughed until she cried.

In that brief moment, the pain in her heart was ten thousand times stronger than that of her legs.

Regardless of how busy Timothy was, he would always answer her calls in mere seconds when they were still together. If she had not received such good treatment before, she might not have felt...so hurt.

From that day onward, she never called him again. On the contrary, she learned to digest all the pain and suffering she went through.

Had it not been for her fear of losing her brother, she would not have made such an error in judgment again...

Samantha stared at the phone screen for a long time. The longer she looked at the calls she made, the more annoyed she became. In the end, she swiped her finger on the screen and blacklisted Timothy's number.

...

Corey still did not wake up the next day. His face became paler and had an almost transparent quality to it.

Had the medical equipment not shown that he still had signs of life, Samantha would have suspected that he had already passed on and left her.

She had to find out more information about Professor Louie as soon as possible. It had turned into a race against time.

Samantha took her computer and searched for any news about Professor Louie. The various titles listed in Bidoopedia made her gasp in amazement.

Unfortunately, his whereabouts had been a mystery since his retirement. She surfed the net for a long time but was unable to find any clues.

At the same time, Samantha phoned some of her friends to ask whether they heard anything about Professor Louie.

Samantha took care of Corey that day, and she was so tired that she fell asleep on the side of the bed. Her cell phone then rang sometime later.

She was jolted awake at once and she picked up her phone to have a look.

It was a WeTalk message sent by one of her friends. [I can't help you when it comes to Professor Louie himself, but I can tell you that Professor Louie personally took on a disciple whom he nurtured without anyone's help. That disciple is now the youngest cardiologist in the entire medical fraternity. People call him 'Little St. John'. He'll probably be able to heal your brother.]

Professor Louie's disciple... Little St. John... Samantha had also vaguely heard of that person before.

As the saying went, 'Never give up hope.' There was hope still for Corey if she could get that little saint to treat him!

She held in her inner excitement and replied. [Do you have any specific information about him?]

About five minutes later, the phone rang a couple more times with a flurry of details.

[Although he's well-known, he keeps a very low profile. His name and appearance have never been revealed.

[His odd temper is probably the result of too many people seeking medical treatment from him. He's very picky about who he treats. Many powerful people can't even get a meeting with him, let alone ask him for medical treatment.

[All I can confirm now is that he'll be arriving in Capital City tomorrow. There will be a medical conference in The X Hotel that he'll be participating in. Good luck, Sammy!]

After reading that news, Samantha could not help but feel a little frustrated.

He really lived up to his reputation as Professor Louie's disciple. There was no information both on that little saint and Professor Louie.

Nevertheless, it did not take long for her to cheer up again.

She was never one to give up without a fight. Wherever there is a glimmer of hope, she would always grasp it firmly!

She must find that little saint!

...

The next day.

Samantha woke up early, and after telling the caregiver to take good care of Corey, she carried her big backpack and set off to The X Hotel.

The medical conference was not for public access, and everyone who entered there would be strictly examined. She had studied it the entire night and tricking her way in was basically impossible.

The meeting room was accessible directly by elevator, but the elevator can be accessed only by swiping a card. Waiting by the elevator door was out of the question too.

Samantha gave it some thought and felt that the likeliest place she would meet the little saint was at the elevator entrance. After all, he had to take the elevator to go up.

At that time, she had to rely on her good judgment to identify just who that little saint was. After determining his identity, she could proceed with the second stage of her plan.

Once she arrived at the elevator entrance, Samantha scanned the area and found a remote corner, where she took out a long-range video camera from her bag. After setting it up, she adjusted the lens and directed it to the elevator entrance.

The meeting started at ten in the morning, so people started coming in one after the other at nine o'clock.

Most of the doctors brought their own assistants or bodyguards and many people came in a group. Samantha was unable to spot anything useful and could only keep her eyes peeled while recording the entire process.

However, no one came anymore by the time the meeting started at ten. Samantha's eyes were sore from surveilling the whole time, and she was unable to pinpoint which one of them was the little saint.

Samantha had no choice but to pick up her video camera and replay the recording.. She tried recognizing them one by one and happened to notice a familiar figure.

Chapter 76: Her Savior

Fearing that she might be mistaken, Samantha immediately pressed the pause button and had another closer look.

The man was wearing a simple dress shirt and trousers. There were large-framed glasses on his face and his temperament was very gentle.

It really was him! His name was Dr. Alan Sherwood, a doctor she had met abroad.

She did not recognize him right away because he was always dressed in a white coat.

It would never have occurred to her that a small-time emergency department doctor would be invited to participate in a medical conference of such magnitude.

Samantha pursed her lips slightly and a gleam of light appeared in the depths of her eyes.

Although she had no idea who that little saint was, that unexpected turn of events was probably a sign of God's help to her!

Since Dr. Sherwood attended that meeting, he must surely know who the little saint was. On account of his kind heart and their previous friendship, she should be able to inquire more about the little saint from him!

Samantha brushed off her haziness from earlier as the corners of her lips curled into a little smile.

That Dr. Sherwood really was her savior, both in the past and the present.

The medical conference lasted for several hours. Samantha had arrived early in the morning without even eating any breakfast or drinking a sip of water. She packed up her video camera and other equipment, went out to the cafe opposite the hotel. After having a simple sandwich along with a cup of coffee to freshen herself up, she returned right away and kept watch.

The key to success was not to be negligent or leave anything to luck.

After returning, she set up the camera again and continued to watch the replay while waiting for the meeting to end.

After a few hours, there was finally some movement at the elevator entrance.

The meeting seemed to be over!

Samantha quickly put the video camera away in her backpack, then stretched her hands and feet. As soon as the good doctor appeared, she was ready to rush forward to him.

Since she had changed her cell phone and phone number after returning to the country, she had lost his contact number and could not call him directly.

As the elevator floor numbers went down, Samantha's attention was wholly directed to the elevator door.

A ding soon sounded and the elevator door opened for all the doctors to walk out.

Alan was quite easy to recognize. He was relatively young, tall, and handsome, making him stand out among a group of older doctors.

The moment he walked out of the elevator, Samantha spotted him at a glance among the crowd and called out to him, "Dr. Sherwood."

She called out to him while walking toward him.

Before she could approach him, a large group of people suddenly rushed over from the hotel lobby. It included men, women, and children, all of whom were shouting loudly, "Little St. John, where are you? I'm begging you. Please show some mercy and help me..."

Perhaps all of them also had sick family members at home or were ill themselves. They also came there to wait after hearing the news that the little saint was participating in a medical conference.

They shouted in such a heartbroken manner and drowned out Samantha's voice. There were simply too many people around. Everyone rushed toward the group of doctors and surrounded them. Samantha was trapped among them and there was no chance for her to get close to Dr. Sherwood.

The situation in front of her was equivalent to a bunch of girls chasing after their idols.

The scene soon became extremely chaotic. The group of people seeking medical treatment was overly anxious—all of them were red-eyed and screaming like madmen for the little saint. The doctors had nowhere else to go and could not move an inch.

The hotel security hurried over and held hands to cordon off the people and make a path for the doctors to exit the hotel.

A bus had been sent over to wait at the entrance. The doctors could directly board the bus when they came out, thereby preventing themselves from being harassed again.

Samantha, being a petite and flexible woman, tried her best to approach Alan and called out to him as loudly as possible.

The voices there were just too raucous and her voice always ended up drowning under everyone else's voice. Alan did not seem to have heard it either because he did not look at her.

The security guards protected the doctors as they went out, but everyone was unwilling to give up and continued to follow them out. Samantha could only follow the crowd and approach Alan little by little when she finally walked out.

It was inevitable that Samantha would be squeezed from left and right in the crowded room. Her bag was snagged numerous times and she lost count of how many times her foot was stepped on. Nevertheless, she did not seem to feel any pain and continued to approach with her clear target in mind.

Alan seemed to have sensed something—perhaps because her gaze was too penetrating or her intentions too strong—and turned his face to one side, looking directly toward her.

Samantha's eyes widened suddenly. She raised her hand and waved as hard as she could while shouting, "Dr. Sherwood, Dr. Sherwood..."

"Ah— Mommy—" A child's fearful cry rang suddenly in her ear.

Samantha subconsciously followed the voice and looked over. A girl who was around six years old was squeezed by the crowd and could not get up after falling to the ground.

No one had noticed her yet and the crowd was still running toward the doctor. People were pushing against each other and the little girl looked set to be trampled on by everyone.

Samantha frowned tightly. She hesitated for a second, but eventually gave in to her instinct. She used her hands to push the person in front of her and immediately rushed toward the little girl.

She hugged the little girl firmly in her embrace, covering her head with one hand and shielding her body with the other.

Her back was trampled on by the crowd and she grunted several times. Even so, she gritted her teeth, endured the pain, and forced herself to stand up. She took each step with difficulty as she moved out of the crowd.

When she reached a place with no one around, she finally let go of the little girl. Samantha ignored her own injuries completely and looked at the little girl, asking, "Hey there, little girl. Are you hurt?"

The little girl was probably frightened and there was a look of confusion on her face. Her mind seemed to have gone blank for a couple of seconds before she opened her mouth and cried out, "No. Thank you, Miss."

"Fifi!" An anxious shout was heard and a woman immediately dashed forward to hug the little girl. "Thank God you're okay. I was scared to death."

She was relieved to see that her little girl was alright and immediately thanked Samantha. "Thank you for saving my daughter. How's your injury? Would you like to go to the hospital and have it checked?"

"No, I have something else to deal with. I'm leaving!" Samantha did not have any time to further the conversation and hurriedly chased after the crowd.

By the time she ran out, all the doctors had already boarded the bus. The doors were closed shut, the engine was switched on, and the bus drove away into the traffic.

Samantha was unwilling to just give up like that. She clenched her fists and chased the bus.

However, the trampling she suffered earlier had inflicted injuries on her hands, feet, and body. Her movement was not as seamless as before. She could keep up and run for a short distance, but her knees gave way in the end and turned limp, causing her to collapse on the ground.

She thought about getting up again but could only get up halfway. She ended up falling on her knees and grazing them.

Samantha watched as the bus gradually drove off and disappeared from her sight.. When she was finally no longer able to see it anymore, her nose felt sour and an endless despair filled her heart.

Chapter 77: Does It Hurt?

Corey's only hope at the moment had just disappeared before Samantha's very eyes...

If Corey eventually left her, she really could not imagine whether or not she would be able to live with herself.

She curled up unconsciously and wrapped her hands around herself. Her head was placed on her knees and her shoulders trembled slightly.

"Why is it that you're always hurt whenever I see you?"

A man's warm voice rang above Samantha's head. She initially thought she was just hearing things, but she immediately became stunned for a moment.

Her drooping gaze caught a glimpse of a pair of shoes in front of her, and her black pupils contracted all of a sudden as she raised her head.

The sun was shining exceptionally brightly that day and the man was standing with his back against the light. His face was a little blurry due to the warm yellow glow radiating from him.

Samantha was a little dazed. She was afraid to blink or even speak because she was afraid that everything in front of her was not real.

The man chuckled and asked again. "Don't you recognize me, Samantha?"

Samantha's long eyelashes trembled fiercely.

'It really is Dr. Sherwood...'

The excitement that she had earlier lost was instantly regained, coursing right through her entire body. Samantha propped herself on the ground and attempted to stand up.

However, she accidentally grazes against the wound on her knee and fell forward with a hiss.

"Be careful!" Alan stretched out his hand in time and grabbed her slender waist, just in time to save her from falling to the ground again.

After Samantha stood firm, she hurriedly said, "Thank you."

Alan retracted his hand, looked at her miserable appearance, then shook his head and laughed. "Why did you injure yourself again?"

Hearing the word 'again' left Samantha feeling a stark disbelief.

She only got acquainted with Alan due to her frequent injuries.

When she was abroad, she had not yet acclimatized to the new place and fell sick very frequently. There was also the occasional injury during the course of her work, often necessitating a trip to the hospital.

However, living in difficult circumstances meant that she had to be very frugal with her money. Getting treated for her injuries and illnesses was something she could not afford. As a result, she often disregarded the doctors' advice. All she would ask for was some of the cheaper medications, which she would eat or apply at home and just sleep it off.

She knew Alan after getting her leg injured. That was the time she called Timothy, who turned off his phone in addition to not answering. The entire ordeal saddened her so much that she could not help crying.

At that time, Alan walked over suddenly to her side and asked, "Does it hurt?"

After having suffered in the hands of others time and time again abroad, Samantha was always extremely wary of strangers. Even so, the combination of her sadness and her fragile state probably caused her to stare at him with teary eyes and answer in a hoarse voice, "It hurts. It hurts so bad."

Alan looked at her leg carefully in a seemingly curious manner, then asked, "You've been injured countless times before but I've never heard you say a word. I thought you didn't have any pain receptors. It seems you do feel hurt too."

She was already at her worst, but that man teased her instead of showing any sympathy. She sniffled and asked in an unpleasant tone, "Who are you?"

Alan did not mind her attitude at all. He pulled the card on his chest and introduced himself. "I'm Dr. Sherwood. The ER doctor here."

"I'll take the responsibility to treat your leg. Don't worry, I'll heal it for you."

They became acquainted from then onward. When Samantha and Alan had the opportunity to chat, she finally found out that the nameplate bearing 'Dr. Sherwood' was always hung in the emergency room. She just never noticed who the doctor was, since she always emphasized that prescribing cheap medicine was good enough.

Alan went over to see her because he saw her crying that day.

Since that day, he was the one who treated her and helped her whenever she was injured. She regarded him as a noble person and a savior in her heart.

...

Samantha snapped back from her memories and could not help but joke with a smile, "I guess I was just reflecting on the importance of your role in treating illnesses and saving lives."

Alan was amused.

The girl in front of him had clearly experienced so much suffering and difficulty in the past, yet she still maintained her strong vitality and did not let anything overwhelm her.

Such people were hard to come by and were a refreshing sight.

"Let's find a place to treat your wound first," Alan said. He glanced at Samantha and asked softly, "Shall I help you up?"

Samantha accepted the offer in order to prevent herself from getting hurt again. "Thank you for the trouble."

Alan helped Samantha into one of the roadside cafes and asked one of the waitresses for a medical kit. He then skillfully treated Samantha's wound.

As Alan was treating the graze on her knee, he knelt on one knee right in front of her for convenience's sake and applied the ointment on her.

The waitresses watched everything from the sidelines. It was a pleasing sight to see a handsome young man kneeling on one knee to apply medicine to a beautifully charming girl. It seemed to come straight out of a television series!

A waitress sighed. "This guy is just too nice to his girlfriend. Gosh, it's so romantic!"

Another waitress agreed. "Boyfriends who are handsome and gentle always belong to someone else!"

The conversation was not too loud nor too soft, but it was enough to reach Samantha's ears. She felt awkward and wanted to explain, but Alan seemed wholly concentrated on dealing with the wound and did not seem to hear those remarks. She thought for a while and decided it was better to remain mum about it.

It would be even more embarrassing if Alan heard what she had to say.

She did not need to explain anything to outsiders...

After treating the wound, Alan advised her as he always did to his patients, "The wound shouldn't be allowed to come into contact with water for the time being. Be careful when you're bathing or doing other things. Eat lighter for the next couple of days."

"Okay, I will. Thank you," Samantha expressed her gratitude sincerely.

The waitress served their coffee.

Alan took a sip before raising his gaze and looking at her, asking, "Why were you chasing the bus earlier?"

Had he not vaguely heard that someone was calling him and recognized her when she looked back, he would not have gotten out of the bus and came to look for her.

It was time to get into the serious business.

Samantha's expression became more earnest and she unconsciously held her hands. After gulping twice, she said clearly, "I'll be frank with you, Dr. Sherwood. I'm looking for the doctor they call Little St. John."

Alan raised his eyebrows slightly. "It turns out you're here for the little saint too. Are you..."

He scrutinized her from head to toe and saw that her complexion was still reasonably well. He hesitated and asked, "Do you have a heart problem?"

"It's not me. My brother is the one who has a very serious heart disease. He's in a very risky state right now and could die at any time. His only hope is the little saint. I want to find him and beg him to treat my brother. "

Samantha stared at Alan with a scorching gaze, as if she had been cast into the far sea and he was the only piece of driftwood floating around. "Dr. Sherwood, you and Little St.. John both participated in the conference. Can you tell me who he is?"

Chapter 78: She Was Always Able to Stir His Emotions

Alan's slender fingers tapped lightly on the tabletop. He was silent for half a second before responding with a question rather than an answer, "Sammy, since you're looking for Little St. John, you've probably already read up on his situation beforehand. He doesn't treat anyone on a whim. What are you prepared to use to convince him?"

That question was a very realistic one indeed. It was not enough just to look for the little saint—he had to be willing to give treatment.

Samantha had considered it before, but she said in all seriousness without so much as a second thought, "I'll do anything as long as he's willing to heal my brother!"

Alan was not surprised by her answer. Having been a doctor for so long, he had seen countless patients with family members just like her. The words they frequently said were already etched into his mind.

He did not beat around the bush with Samantha. He opened his lips again and asked bluntly, "Sammy, are you powerful enough or rich enough?"

Samantha was lost for words at that instant.

She neither had any power nor any money...

Rumor had it that plenty of powerful, influential people went to seek the little saint's treatment but were all turned away. As someone who had none of that, how idiotic could she be to even think of asking him for medical treatment?

Samantha could not help but laugh in spite of herself. "Dr. Sherwood, do you think I'm overestimating myself?"

She lowered her eyes and pursed her lips tightly.

Alan stared at her firmly and opened his mouth, as if he was thinking of something to comfort her.

The next second however, Samantha looked up again. Her eyes had since contained a firm gaze that showed her willingness to give everything. “Dr. Sherwood, I might be all alone in this world, but I’m willing to exchange my own life for Corey’s sake.

“My younger brother is different from me. His heart was ill ever since he was born. His entire childhood was spent in a hospital bed. Other children were able to enjoy their childhood, but his life depended on all those injections and medication. He wakes up every day to the smell of disinfectant and goes to sleep smelling the same. He can never do anything that excites him, even if just for a little bit.

“He’s only seventeen years old now and never even managed to stay in school more than a few days. The beauty of this world is something he never experienced before. Life has its ups and downs. Its moments can be sweet, bitter, or sour, but all he ever tasted was bitterness. It has been more than ten years since he started eating those bitter medications.”

Samantha’s nose started to tingle as she spoke. She raised her head slightly and blinked a few times before continuing as calmly as possible, “The doctors later said that he has a year at most and perhaps there will be a heart that is suitable enough to be transplanted. However, some really bad things happened to him recently and aggravated his illness. His heart nearly stopped working a few days ago and he’s been unconscious in the ICU ever since.

“If he continues to remain unconscious like this, he might... He might never wake up again and his life will end here.”

Samantha had been keeping those words to herself and burying them deep in her heart for far too long.

She never had anyone to talk to. Rochelle—despite being her best friend—had troubles of her own, and Samantha was unwilling to put more burden on her. As for her parents or Timothy, neither were people that she could tell all that to.

At that moment, she was already at her limit of suppressing all her feelings. After meeting Alan, who she regarded as an ‘old friend’, she could not help but spill it all out.

Once she finished all that she had to say, she smiled embarrassedly and said, “I’m sorry for telling you all this, Dr. Sherwood.”

Alan listened quietly until she finished speaking and looked at her reddened eyes.

It was the second time he saw her crying.

Samantha never showed her fragileness in front of him. In fact, she was so stubborn that it would give one a headache. When he treated her in the past, he never once heard her say anything despite the severity of the pain. She never yelled out in agony even when her entire body was trembling and one would never be able to tell that she was a weak woman.

Throughout Alan's entire career as a doctor, she was the most memorable patient he had. The impression he left on her was so deep that he was a little worried when she disappeared without any news a couple of months ago.

He was worried that she got injured, insisted on hiding at home while weathering through it herself, and eventually succumbed to the injury without anyone realizing...

He even did an unauthorized act of looking into her case records and went to look for her after determining her home address.

There, he met her landlord and found out that she had already stopped renting the home. The landlord did not know where she had gone.

He originally thought that it would be difficult for him to meet her again, but little did he know that fate had other plans.

Doctors would have seen it all—childbirth, old age, sickness, and death. In fact, they belonged to the kind of people who were 'hard-hearted', whose emotions were not easily moved. Strangely enough though, Samantha was a patient whose tears always moved him without warning.

He instinctively felt like helping her because he wanted to see her smile again.

In his opinion, bright smiles suited Samantha best.

He took out a tissue and handed it to her.

Samantha took the tissue, gently pressed it against the corner of her eye, and said gratefully "Thank you."

Alan picked up his coffee, took another sip, and then whispered, "You don't need to look for Little St. John anymore."

Samantha's mind could not help but turn blank. She then asked puzzledly, "Dr. Sherwood, do you know who he is, or do you think I have no hope of persuading him?"

Alan chuckled. "What I'm trying to say is, you don't need to look for him because you've already found him."

The sudden turn of events left Samantha dazed for a few seconds. Her eyes widened little by little, and she opened her mouth in disbelief, “Dr. Sherwood, could it be... Could you be...”

Apparently amused by her surprised expression, Alan spoke in a playful tone, “I’m Little St. John...”

He paused deliberately, looking at Samantha’s black and beautiful eyes before continuing the next few words, “...’s assistant.”

Oh, the twists and turns...

Samantha was completely stunned and was speechless for a moment.

Alan smiled and continued without haste, “I accompanied the little saint to this medical conference.

“His identity is strictly confidential and I hope you’ll forgive me for not telling you. However, I’ll convey your request to him and say some nice things on your behalf. Just wait for my news.”

After digesting Alan’s sentences word for word, Samantha finally regained her senses and was unable to suppress the excitement in her heart. She unconsciously reached out for his hand, “Dr. Sherwood, I’d have to trouble you to convey Corey’s condition to him. Thank you. I’m truly grateful. Thank you so much!”

“You really are my savior!”

“Savior?” Alan shook his head and laughed. “I sure hope so.”

...

After exiting the cafe, Alan went back to the hotel where he was staying while Samantha returned to the hospital.

Samantha had exchanged her contact information with Alan on WeTalk.. He looked at their chat carefully for a moment and suddenly thought of something.

Chapter 79: When Courtesy Breeds Detachment

Samantha usually did not read WeTalk messages too often, so the sound effects for her WeTalk notifications were all turned off. However, she had to wait for Alan’s news and it was important that she saw it at the soonest possible opportunity.

She moved her finger, clicked on the settings in WeTalk, and allowed the notifications to sound. Alan's WeTalk chat was pinned right to the very top.

After doing all that, she reluctantly put down her phone, held Corey's cold hands, and said softly, "Hey, Corey, I got really lucky today. I met this doctor with whom I got acquainted when I was abroad. His name is Dr. Sherwood. He's a very gentle person, and lucky for me, he's also the little saint's assistant! He can directly contact the little saint!

"He already agreed to relay my request and speak nicely of me. Then the little saint might be willing to treat you.

"Corey, I'm willing to give you all my luck, so if you can hear all this, you must keep holding on, okay?

"You're my younger brother. If I haven't given up, you can't give up either. We only have each other. We must continue to survive far into the future!"

Corey, who was on the hospital bed, was still lying quietly. Only the medical equipment's cold beeping sound responded to her.

Samantha closed her eyes and tightened her grip around Corey's hand.

As time passed, Samantha grabbed the phone and glanced at it almost involuntarily every few minutes, waiting anxiously for Alan's reply.

However, there had been no news from Alan ever since she returned.

Although she was anxious, there was no way she could urge him and her only recourse was to wait patiently.

At night.

Samantha wiped Corey's body to freshen him up and looked up at the clock on the wall. She had not realized that it was already past nine o'clock at night.

As far as she knew, the little saint was not going to stay in the country. After attending the exchange meeting that day, he would be set to leave the next day.

If she received no reply that night, it was very likely that the little saint had refused to give treatment.

She frowned and hesitated over whether she should ask Alan to tell her the hotel where the little saint was staying so she could personally go and beg him.

All of a sudden, a notification came from her phone.

Samantha's eyes lit up suddenly and she practically jumped toward the bedside table. She grabbed the phone and clicked into WeTalk with trembling fingers.

However, the message came not from Alan, but Old Madam Barker.

Samantha could not hide her disappointment, but she still made sure to read Old Madam Barker's message.

Old Madam Barker: [Aunt Julia and I are back at the villa, Sammy. Why aren't you and Tim at home? Did you two go out on a date?]

Timothy was not at the villa?

No wonder she did not receive any fault-finding calls from him during her time at the hospital those few days. It turned out that he did not return to the villa at all.

There was no surprise there. After all, they were not a loving couple. Timothy's only reason for willingly returning to the villa was Old Madam Barker. At other times, he would not bother to step foot inside, other than to torment her occasionally to his whims.

When Samantha saw the word 'date', a profound irony appeared in her eyes.

How could it be a date when Timothy did not even answer her calls? He was more likely to be spending his time with other beautiful women during those few days.

Samantha curled her lips. Whatever Timothy was doing or whoever he was with had nothing to do with her. There was no reason for her to be affected by him.

She thought for a moment, typed a message, and replied: [Grandma, we're not on a date right now. He's busy at work and I'm in the hospital. Corey's health hasn't been that stable recently, so I'll be staying with him in the hospital. I might not be back for a couple more days.]

If she went back to the villa, she had to continue with the charade again. Due to her anxiousness about Corey's situation, she was worried that she might expose herself. Furthermore, Corey could not be left alone at such a time, so not going back to the villa for the time being was for the best,

Old Madam Barker was, fortunately, a very considerate individual. When she read Samantha's reply, she immediately sent a message: [You should take care of Corey in the hospital then. Remember to tell me if you need anything, okay?]

Samantha answered: [Yes. Thank you, Grandma.]

Samantha looked at the old lady's message and felt warmth in her heart. Among all her elders, Old Madam Barker treated her the best and protected her the most.

If Timothy had not broken off the marriage in public two years ago, Old Madam Barker would have been like her own grandmother. It was such a pity. Samantha might no longer have the chance within her lifetime to truly become family with Old Madam Barker.

...

At the villa.

Old Madam Barker looked at the message Samantha sent and felt a certain sense of alienation amidst the politeness and courtesy.

When Samantha and Timothy were still together two years ago, Samantha was never like that and was frequently very playful. Whether she directed that playfulness at Timothy or the old lady, she never gave off a sense of detachment. Everyone liked it very much.

Since remarrying Timothy, she treated the old lady in a very filial manner and showed her the utmost kindness too. However, there was always this feeling that she was keeping a distance from them, be it intentionally or unintentionally.

Of course, the old lady knew deep down that Samantha's reason for doing so was not to single her out or anything, but because Samantha's relationship with Timothy was never the same as when they used to be in love.

Loving someone and everyone around them was especially important for the old lady.

She might be old, but she was not senile. Her heart could still perceive things with clarity.

The young couple often pretended to be loving in front of her. She was willing to play along, but that in no way meant that she was willing to see them continue that farce!

What she wanted was for them to show true love and affection for each other!

Seeing as it was difficult for those feelings to develop out of their own accord. The young couple merely kept to themselves and spun in place like a spinning top, and she was getting tired of seeing that.

It seemed that her weary old self had to give them a good shove!

After that thought occurred to her, she grabbed the phone and dialed Timothy's number right away.

The phone rang for quite some time before the other party answered. It was the usual cold voice, "Grandma."

Old Madam Barker could not be bothered to speak nonsense with him and reprimanded him outrightly, "You little brat. What kind of husband are you? Sammy's little brother is sick and she's been keeping him company in the hospital for a few days now, but all you seem to care about is your work. Is your job more important to you than your wife? How can you be counted on to handle your company when you can't even handle your own household affairs properly? You'd be better off resigning from your position as the Barker Group's CEO so you don't keep embarrassing yourself anymore!"

Ronald coughed awkwardly on the other end and answered weakly, "Old Madam, it's me. Mr. Barker is busy."

The old lady became so incensed that she immediately ordered, "Go and tell Timothy right now that I want him to immediately go to the hospital and accompany Sammy! Otherwise, this little old lady wouldn't mind making a comeback and taking over control of the Barker Group!"

...

After the call ended, Ronald did not waste even a second and immediately walked into the office after knocking on the office door.

Timothy was sitting on the sofa while having a video call with someone else.

Ronald took a couple of steps forward and was about to report the situation to Timothy, but when he inadvertently caught a glimpse of the woman in the video, the words he had prepared to tell Timothy got stuck in his throat.

Chapter 80: I'm Her Husband

Ronald was unsure whether or not he should retreat and come in later. After all, he knew that Timothy should not be disturbed at that kind of time.

Timothy had already spotted him and frowned immediately, as if he was annoyed at being disturbed. However, he was well aware that Ronald had served under him for a long time and was always cognizant of the circumstances. He opened his mouth and asked faintly, "What is it?"

Ronald, who had already prepared to turn around, froze and answered cautiously, "Mr. Barker, the old lady just called and said..."

He spoke somewhat hesitantly after subconsciously glancing at the woman in the video.

Timothy caught a glimpse of his expression, and the glow in his eyes flickered slightly. He stretched out his hand and shut the laptop right immediately, before saying, "Speak."

Ronald's voice suddenly became relaxed and more carefree, "The old lady said that Ms. Larsson's brother has been ill these past few days. Ms. Larsson has been keeping him company in the hospital, as her husband, you...ahem... Well, you only seem to care about your work and ignore your wife. The old lady is ordering you to, or rather, she wants you to go to the hospital immediately to be by Ms. Larsson's side and see if there's anything Ms. Larsson needs, otherwise..."

Ronald licked his lips and did not dare to say anything else.

Timothy's handsome face remained cryptically expressionless and he merely raised his eyebrows before asking, "Otherwise what?"

Ronald chuckled dryly and did not dare to gloss through the old lady's words in a perfunctory manner. He could only repeat her sentence verbatim, "Otherwise, the old lady wouldn't mind making a comeback and taking over control of the Barker Group!"

After a pause, he hurriedly added, "Everything I said came straight from the old lady herself!"

Silence resonated throughout the office as soon as he completed his sentence. He could not help but raise his gaze surreptitiously to glance at his boss's face.

However, Timothy remained unemotive, thus making it difficult for Ronald to see whether or not Timothy even cared about what happened to Samantha.

If he hardly gave a hoot about it and had no plans to go to the hospital, the old lady would probably explode with rage and Ronald might have to serve under a new boss.

Although Old Madam Barker was an iron lady during her youth, she was already an old woman and it was thereby inadvisable for her to do any hard work.

Just as Ronald was letting his thoughts wander, Timothy had already gotten up and walked toward the clothes rack.

He grabbed his suit jacket and put it on, then walked toward the door in a couple of steps. Seeing Ronald still in a daze, he asked solemnly, "Aren't we leaving?"

That chilly voice scared Ronald into coming to his senses and he immediately answered, "Yes, Mr. Barker!"

...

The car drove off from the Barker Group.

Ronald glanced at the rearview mirror and decided to ask for a confirmation on their destination, "Mr. Barker, are we...going to the hospital?"

He kept quiet and merely looked up to give Ronald a cold stare.

Ronald gulped, closed his mouth, and concentrated on driving.

He did not know whether Timothy was going to the hospital purely for Samantha's sake or whether it was to carry out the old lady's wishes.

Ronald could still guess what was on his boss's mind when it came to other things, but there was absolutely no way of doing so if it involved Samantha.

One moment he felt that Timothy cared about Samantha, the next moment he felt that the man could not care less at all. It swung back and forth like a pendulum.

In all fairness however, his repeated interactions with Samantha left the impression that she was a rather good character. At least she was better than that flirty and brainless Penelope.

Moreover, she had such terrible parents and her little brother was sick too. It was quite pitiful to be honest, and he felt that many of the things she did simply could not be helped.

It ignited an instinctive desire to help her in one.

When Ronald thought of that, he stretched out his hand quietly and switched on the radio.

A melodious tune began playing...

Loving the right girl,

Waiting to meet her,

Then the conversation won't be so cold,

...

When you love them,

You better kiss them good,

When you hug them, you gotta make sure it's tight...

...

Ronald did not dare to be upfront and tell Timothy that the approach was all wrong. He could only hope that the man would be able to understand his hint through the lyrics.

He drove while keeping an eye on his boss's expression. Timothy's frown caused a thin layer of cold sweat to appear on his back. Just as he was prepared to switch off the radio, Timothy reverted back to expressionlessness and looked out the car window.

Ronald secretly breathed a sigh of relief. From the looks of it, his big boss did not seem too averse to it. Maybe, just maybe, there was still a chance!

About an hour later, the car drove into the hospital's underground parking lot.

Timothy got out of the car and walked into the elevator. After reaching the floor, he walked to the ward through the familiar hallway and arrived at the entrance of the ICU.

He knocked on the door and heard footsteps from inside a few seconds later. The door was then pulled open from the inside.

Timothy gazed at the woman's face and the glow in his eyes sank somewhat as he asked, "Are you Corey's nurse?"

The nurse was stunned to see Timothy's stunning face. Her mind went blank for a minute, and it was only after she heard his question that she was barely able to snap back to her senses. She intuitively looked up with a smile and replied, "Yes, I'm the nurse Ms. Larsson hired to take care of Corey. Who are you?"

Timothy's voice was still very solemn. "Her husband."

"What?" The nurse exclaimed in surprise. "Ms. Larsson has a husband?"

Timothy's handsome face turned sullen too.

The nurse looked at his face and explained hurriedly, "Sorry, when Ms. Larsson hired me, she never said that she had other family members. I thought they were two siblings who depended only on each other and no one else. She looked miserable so I quoted her the lowest price for the wages..."

No other family members...

Timothy's thin lips pursed into a thin line and he interrupted the nurse coldly. "Where is she?"

He was told that she was constantly watching over Corey in the hospital.

"Oh, Ms. Larsson has something to deal with and isn't around right now," the nurse answered truthfully.

'Something to deal with?' What else could be more important than her baby brother? Was she not supposed to care for Corey like he was the apple of her eye?

Timothy curled his eyebrows. “When did she say she would be back?”

The nurse sensed that the cold and dangerous aura surrounding Timothy’s body was getting much denser and did not dare to make idle chatter anymore. She immediately told him what she knew, “Ms. Larsson told me that she isn’t sure what time she’ll come back tonight. There’s also a possibility she might not come back. ”

If she neither went back to the hospital nor returned to the villa, where else could she go?

The phone rang all of a sudden.

Timothy picked up the call and answered, “Yes.”

Zachary’s voice was heard on the other end, “Jonny and I are at our usual place. Come on over for a few drinks.”

Timothy hung up, looked at the nurse in front of him, and walked away without saying anything.

The car drove out of the hospital, and 30 minutes later, arrived at the door of a clubhouse owned by the Barker Group.

Timothy was about to get out of the car when he looked through the car window and saw Samantha walking out of the five-star hotel opposite the road.

Beside Samantha was a man, and the two of them were chatting happily like a lovely young couple.

Chapter 81: Who Is That Man?

Timothy’s eyes sank suddenly and he clenched his big palms into fists.

He was still wondering just where Samantha would go so late at night and leave her baby brother. For a moment, he was worried whether something had happened to her.

The answer was just fantastic—she had appeared at a hotel with another man!

Ronald was puzzled as to why Timothy had not gotten out of the car yet. He was about to ask when he saw the man staring at the opposite side of the road. He could not help but follow along Timothy’s line of sight and his heart was stunned all of a sudden.

Why... Why was Samantha there? Who could the man beside her be?

The two of them seemed to know each other well and appeared to be rather close too. Coupled with their presence at a hotel in the middle of the night, the sum of all factors really was very ambiguous!

Ronald could perceive the terrifying hostility from Timothy without even having to look at his face.

He had entertained the idea that there was still a chance for Timothy and Samantha, but what else could be done when something like that happened out of the blue?

Ronald scratched his head, bit the bullet, and spoke weakly, "Mr. Barker, perhaps Ms. Larsson came here for something important. There has to be a reason for it, don't you think?"

'Come on, Ms. Larsson! I can only help you so much here. I hope it really is something important!'

Samantha and the man were still chatting with each other at the hotel entrance, they seemed to have created a bubble of their own and only had each other in their own little world.

Timothy stared at Samantha firmly, and the blue veins on the back of his hand started surfacing little by little. He closed his eyes and held back the anger that was burning in his chest.

There had to be a reason for it, right! Alright, let us see!

Timothy took out his cell phone and immediately dialed Samantha's number.

The next second, he heard a cold reminder from the customer service tone: 'The number you have dialed is busy...'

Samantha clearly was not answering the phone but the customer service tone told him that she was busy. That could only mean that Samantha had blocked his number.

Timothy was so angry that he smashed the phone onto the floor of the car, causing it to shatter with a thud.

Ronald has been paying attention to the big boss's movements, and he was actually very pleased to see that Timothy finally listened to his advice and was not completely beyond help.

Unfortunately, he just did not expect Samantha to actually block Timothy's number.

Ronald only felt that he was sitting on a roller coaster ride and was nearly losing his breath with all the ups and downs.

There was still hope for him to salvage the situation!

Ronald took out his cell phone immediately and handed it respectfully to Timothy, persuading him, "Mr. Barker, there might be some issues with your phone number, so use mine and call her. The least you can do is ask Ms. Larsson what's her purpose there. It'd be terrible if it was all just a misunderstanding..."

Although he had practically lost his voice toward the end of that sentence, he persisted until the very end.

Timothy's dark black eyes shot him a glance and it was so cold that he nearly passed away on the spot.

Ronald's hand was shaking uncontrollably as he held the cell phone and he started questioning whether he should have just kept quiet.

Just as he thought his boss's gaze was going to burn a hole in him, the palm of his hand lightened as Timothy took his cell phone.

He saw the man entering 11 numbers in a very nimble manner, as if he had dialed them countless times and it was second nature for him to remember those 11 numbers.

Ronald secretly wondered whether Timothy remembered Ms. Larsson's number because he had a strong memory, or whether he had always remembered it from long ago.

Timothy pressed the dial button and put the phone to his ear.

...

Samantha's phone rang all of a sudden.

She thought it was a call from the hospital and smiled apologetically at Alan before walking to one side. There, she took out her cell phone from her bag, only to see that it was Ronald calling her.

Why would Ronald call her at such a late hour?

Samantha was slightly confused but nevertheless answered, "Ronald."

On the other side of the phone, Timothy's extremely deep voice came, as if suppressing some emotions. "Where are you?"

It turned out to be Timothy!

If Timothy took the initiative to call her, it was probably Old Madam Barker who was forcing him to do it.

Samantha seemed to have to deal with Timothy at every turn and asked coldly, "What's the matter?"

Timothy seemed unable to hear what she said and repeated his question again, "Where are you?"

Although she did not know why he would ask that question, she had previously told Old Madam Barker that she was in the hospital. To avoid any further issues, Samantha gave the same answer, "I'm in the hospital. I've already told Grandma ab—"

She was not even able to finish her sentence when she heard a beep from the phone. The call ended abruptly.

Samantha was speechless for a few seconds and could not help but curse to herself, "The hell's wrong with him!"

He never answered her calls when she needed him, but then called her for seemingly no reason other than to irk her!

Samantha took a deep breath, put away the phone, then turned and walked back to Alan.

Seeing her petulant expression, Alan asked concernedly, "Who called you? Did something happen to your brother?"

"No." Samantha shook her head. "It's just..."

She thought for a while, but could not find a suitable term to describe the scumbag, Timothy. Finally, she continued reluctantly, "...a call from someone annoying. There's no need to pay any attention to it."

Alan could see that she was disinclined to elaborate, so he stopped the topic out of consideration for her and changed the subject. "As for your brother's case report, the little saint needs some time to go over it. I'll let you know as soon as I have some news."

Samantha came to the hotel because she had received a call from Alan earlier. He said that the little saint would first have to look at Corey's case report before deciding whether or not to take over the treatment for Corey.

Alan originally wanted to tell her that he would go to the hospital and get the case report there, but Samantha was already very anxious and furthermore did not want to trouble him anymore. That was why she personally sent the case file over.

Samantha knew that the little saint was only willing to look at the case because Alan must have spoken a lot of good things about her. She really did not know how else to thank him.

“Thank you, I really don’t know how else I can thank you.” Samantha was giddy with excitement and was practically speaking incoherently. “Dr. Sherwood, if you haven’t left Capital City tomorrow, I’d like to treat you to a meal. Actually, I think this treat is too long overdue.”

Alan had taken such good care of her when she was abroad and had helped her tremendously with Corey’s situation.

Alan smiled softly and readily agreed. “Sure, let’s have a meal then. I’ll come on time.”

“It’s settled then!”

Alan raised his wrist to check the time, then said, “It’s already late. Let me send you back to the hospital.”

Samantha was about to decline, but Alan had already walked ahead of her and called for a taxi. She shrugged her shoulders and could only accept his offer.

...

Timothy smashed the phone on the car floor again and laughed in anger.

Samantha said she was in the hospital but she had lied without batting an eye! Was that how she returned the favor to Timothy when he had tried his best to believe her?