

《Once Bitten, Twice Shy》

Chapter 8: Hanging Out With a Group of Men

The leading man sized Samantha up and down wryly, and he whistled. “Little pretty thing, follow us.”

As he said that, he clenched his fists, cracking them at the same time. “What a beautiful face. We can’t bear to hurt you. If you were injured, we would be heartbroken!”

The other men let out teasing laughter.

Samantha stopped in her tracks and quickly glanced at the few men. They were all muscular and had tattooed arms. At a glance, she could tell that they were gangsters.

It seemed that she had no choice but to follow them.

However, she had just returned to the country. Who was behind this?

Samantha faked a smile. “Alright, then let’s go.”

The car stopped in front of the Dark Room. Samantha followed them into the clubhouse, through the bar, and made their way to a private room.

Then, they opened the door and pushed Samantha in.

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At a booth in the bar.

Zachary Summer inadvertently caught sight of a beautiful figure, and she seemed somewhat familiar. He could not help but crane his neck, and after a closer look, that woman was indeed someone he knew!

Then, he hurriedly pushed the woman in his arms away and kicked Jonathan Yates, who was drinking his wine. “Look! Isn’t that Samantha Larsson?”

Jonathan was beautiful—he had both masculine and feminine features, and everyone would be charmed by his phoenix eyes.

Soon, Jonathan looked over and noticed Samantha. He swept his gaze across the men around her and answered, "That's really her."

"It's late at night. Why would Samantha be here with so many men?" Zachary squinted. "The women are usually here to attract a rich and attractive guy. Isn't Samantha married to Tim?"

The Summer, Yates, and Barker family were all long-time friends. Zachary was the Summer family's second Young Master, whereas Jonathan was the Yates family's Young Master. They both grew up with Timothy and were all great friends.

Hence, they naturally knew about Timothy and Samantha's marriage.

Zachary seemed to have thought of something, and he hit the table hard. "Amazing! Samantha plotted against Tim before, forcing him to marry her, yet she still dares to cuckold Tim? This woman is too shameless!" Then, as Zachary cursed, he took out his phone. "I'm letting Tim know. I want him to come over and teach this woman a lesson!"

In the CEO's office at the Barker Group.

Timothy's phone suddenly rang. He glanced at the caller ID and immediately rejected the call as he continued reading a document.

A few seconds later, his phone rang again, and it was still Zachary.

Timothy frowned.

Nonetheless, Timothy finally picked up the call when Zachary called him the third time. He said annoyedly, "Give me the details in twenty words."

Zachary had no choice but to swallow his words and briefly informed him, "I saw Samantha in the Dark Room hanging out with a group of men!"

Hanging out?

Timothy snorted. Then, he answered coldly. "That's her problem, and it has nothing to do with me! Stop mentioning her name in front of me!"

After saying that, he rudely ended the call.

When Zachary heard the beeping sound, he looked at Jonathan in a daze. "Does Tim really not care about Samantha anymore?"

A smile slipped across Jonathan's dark eyes. He did not answer Zachary but only patted him on the shoulder.

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In the private room.

The paunchy Mason sat on the sofa. However, his head was wrapped in a white bandage this time, and his face was black and blue, making him seem ridiculous.

Samantha guessed that Hillary caused the injuries. It was such a shame that Hillary's attack was too light, as he still appeared active.

Since he forced her there, it meant that he knew she was the one who blew the whistle and was there to seek revenge.

Mason glared at Samantha. "B*tch, you made me suffer so badly. Let's get even today!"

Initially, he thought Samantha would cry and beg for his mercy, yet Samantha was not panicked at all. In fact, she remained indifferent, and even her tone was calm as she said, "I wonder how Mr. Godfrey wants to get even with me?"

Mason snorted. "You're quite brave. I accidentally fell for your trap last time, but do you think you'll be so lucky to escape today?"

Samantha blinked and laughed helplessly. "Mr. Godfrey, there are so many people with you. I'm just a weak girl, so how can I run from you? Maybe, if I cry and apologize, show you my weakness, then you'll let me off more easily?"

"Good that you're aware of that! If you can't satisfy me, then don't dream of escaping this place alive!" After that, Mason ordered the server at the side, "Serve us the alcohol!"

Soon, glasses of liquor filled the table.

Mason pointed at the liquor and uttered coldly, "Samantha, finish all of the glasses, and I'll consider letting you go!"

Letting her go?

Samantha secretly scoffed.

She might lose her life if she finished those drinks.

Even if she were lucky enough to survive, she would be so drunk that other people would take advantage of her as they wished. Looking at the group of men stripping her with their eyes, she knew that her fate would be worse than death!

"If you don't drink them, then don't blame me for being cruel. I'll get someone to force-feed you the drinks!"

Mason's subordinates laughed mischievously. Then, they approached Samantha.

Samantha knew that Mason was prepared, so he would be so kind to her. Thus, it would not be easy for her to escape this time!

Just when his subordinates were about to grab Samantha, she extended her hand and picked up a glass of liquor, telling Mason, "Mr. Godfrey, what's the rush? I didn't say I'm not drinking them. However..." She lowered her voice, making her sound incredibly charming.

The voice was so beautiful that it made Mason shiver. "However?"

"I only want to drink with Mr. Godfrey... alone."

Samantha raised her hands and untied her hair, letting her jet black hair fall and messily dangle by her cheeks. Her tiny face suddenly became more exquisite. She was beautiful and enchanting—like a porcelain doll.

Next, she languidly played with her hair, looking innocent yet charming.

Under the poorly lit room, Samantha was like a little fairy who knew how to bewitch others. Every man in the room started to drool over her.

Mason had his eyes on Samantha before, and he was really annoyed that he did not get a taste of her the last time. Therefore, his lust was burning more intensely this time, and he really wished he could just have his way with this little fairy now!

Anyway, he was going to make her drunk just for that purpose. Since Samantha was so sensible, Mason was obviously delighted.

He immediately agreed to her request and nodded. "Alright! We'll do as you suggested and drink alone!"

Then, Mason waved his hands at his subordinates. "Leave. Everyone, get out!"

The subordinates thought they could also have their share of Samantha when she was drunk, but Mason wanted her all to himself.

Even though they were unwilling, they had no choice but to walk out.

"Wait," Samantha suddenly said.

Mason was already anxious and impatient, and his face instantly darkened when he heard that.. Finally, he asked in annoyance, "What else? Are you regretting it?"