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Chapter 82: Have You Gone Crazy?

Ronald wanted to cry but the tears did not come. Deep in his heart, he spent a few seconds mourning for his newly-bought cell phone that had just been destroyed.

He never expected to make things worse after asking Timothy to call Samantha and find out what was going on.

The fact that Timothy's number had been blacklisted was the first strike; the second was when Samantha lied.

He looked at the door of the hotel again, only to see that the man had stopped a taxi. After helping Samantha into the car, the two of them were driven off.

That third strike was a merciless one and Ronald declared the situation to no longer be salvageable...

The car was filled with an extremely dangerous aura and cold sweat was starting to appear on his spine. He breathed in as gently as possible and wished he could just turn transparent right then and there.

A few seconds later, he heard his boss's voice bellowing from the back seat. It was as if it emerged straight from hell. "Get out of the car!"

Ronald did not dare to wait a second longer and scrambled to get out of the car. He tripped on his own feet and nearly fell too.

Timothy also got out of the car and went to sit in the driver's seat. He restarted the engine, floored the gas, and drove the car away at top speed.

Ronald stood rooted on the spot and could not help sighing as he watched the car disappear from his sight like a flash of lightning.

It really was over!

...

On the way back to the hospital, Samantha and Alan spoke happily.

Alan wondered why she had suddenly returned to the country, and she roughly explained that it was due to her worries over her younger brother's ailing health.

As for the marriage her parents forced her into and the unexpected turn of events that led her to marry Timothy, she avoided mentioning it completely.

It was something private, after all. Besides, it was not something to be proud of so she did not want to bring it up.

She had no idea whether or not Alan saw her reluctance to talk about those things, but he seemed to be very considerate and did not pry. That made her feel very comfortable.

It was the first time she felt that way ever since her return to the country.

Perhaps that was a reason why socializing was important. Those who had spent too long alone would eventually yearn for someone they could talk to.

There was no need for them to do anything—it was good enough that they listened patiently beside you.

Alan was a good listener, perhaps because he had grown accustomed to listening to others during his career as a doctor.

The car soon arrived at the hospital.

Alan opened the door and got out of the car before opening the door on Samantha's side in a very gentlemanly manner. She got out of the car and said with a smile, "Thank you."

"I have a request," Alan said all of a sudden.

Samantha was slightly stunned. "What is it?"

"You don't have to say thank you to me anymore. Do you know how many 'thank yous' did you say in just one day?" Alan seemed to be complaining. "My ears have grown calluses after hearing you say it so much."

Without waiting for Samantha to answer him, she added, "Other than being my patient a long time ago, we're friends, aren't we?"

He felt that it was too polite and detached for a friend to thank him so often.

Samantha's dark eyes became round, as if she had not expected him to say that. After regaining her consciousness, she blinked teasingly. "I got lucky then."

Although Alan said that he was the little saint's assistant, it was unlike that any ordinary person would be able to remain by the little saint's side. Even if Alan was an ordinary person at the moment, he could be expected to become someone extraordinary in the future.

Alan felt that her reaction was just too cute and he could not help but pet her head softly. An imperceptible trace of affection was concealed in his voice. "I'll allow it."

Those words reminded Samantha of the time when she was abroad. Once they got acquainted, Alan knew that she had no money, so he did not prescribe medicine for her too often when she got injured and went to see him. On the contrary, he just gave some to her.

Since he was a doctor, there were plenty of medications piled up at his home. To put it nicely, he gave some to her because she needed it, thus preventing them from going to waste when it expired.

Back then, she would say, "I guess I got lucky huh."

Alan responded the same way, "I'll allow it."

Of course, she could not just take the medicine from him without giving anything in exchange. She, therefore, insisted on paying him but he only charged her the medicine at cost price.

When she thought about that, her eyebrows turned into little arcs and she smiled brightly. "You're always so kind, Dr. Sherwood."

Alan gazed down at her and felt that Samantha was much better suited to smiling like that.

"It's getting late. You should go back and rest," Samantha urged softly because he did not want to take up any more of Alan's time.

"Alright. Ring me up if there's anything you need."

Alan bent down and sat back in the taxi. He lowered the window and waved to Samantha, who was still standing there. "Good night."

Samantha waved back at him. "Good night, Dr. Sherwood."

She watched the taxi drive away until it gradually disappeared into the night. Only then did she lift her feet and start walking into the hospital.

As soon as she turned around, however, a cluster of blinding headlights lit up suddenly in front of her.

Samantha's eyes stung and she squinted intuitively while raising her hand to shield her eyes.

Moments later, she saw a black car driving toward her in a thunderous manner.

It was too quick and too abrupt that Samantha had no time to react at all. She could only watch as the car sped over.

Her eyes then widened with horror, because she spotted Timothy's blurry face in the driver's seat as the car approached.

Was it him?

Did Timothy want to kill her?

Just as Samantha thought she was going to be sent flying by a crash, the car tires made a loud screeching sound against the tarmac, piercing her eardrums.

The car stopped 0.01 millimeters from her body!

Samantha could not help but gasp for breath. There was a profound sense of terror in her eyes, down to the extent that she wanted to open her mouth and castigate Timothy, but she lost her ability to speak for the moment.

Another bang was heard. Timothy had slammed the car door shut and walked up to her.

He stretched out his hand without saying anything, grabbed her wrist forcefully, then dragged her all the way to the front passenger seat. He opened the car door, pushed her back mercilessly, then tugged the seatbelt and secured her tightly.

The man's strength was simply too strong that Samantha had no time to struggle and leave. Timothy had already returned to the driver's seat, after which he stepped on the accelerator and drove off!

She could only watch as the car flew on the road and snaked through the traffic. She felt as though they were going to crash any second. Her face had already turned pale because she could not help but feel flustered.

Samantha firmly grasped the car's grab handles with one hand and took a deep long breath before barely managing to find her voice.. However, it was still a little faint when she spoke and was even trembling slightly. "Have you gone crazy, Timothy?"

Chapter 83: Who's The Man That You Like?

Timothy did not say a word and hardly even glanced at her from the corner of his eye. Her question was completely ignored.

Samantha really wanted to scold him with all the swear words she had learned up till then. However, she forcibly restrained herself from doing so after her eyes picked up on his expression.

Timothy appeared exceedingly calm at the moment, but everyone who knew him understood that his calmness was much more terrifying than a direct outburst and cynicism.

Samantha tried her best to calm herself down and thought about what it was that triggered him. She had been respectful during the earlier call and he was the one who hung up, not her...

On second thought, Timothy had used Ronald's cell phone to call her, which meant that he probably already knew that she had blocked his cell phone number.

Getting his number blacklisted was not enough cause for him to get so angry that he would drive the car straight at her, unless...

Could Timothy have seen her with Alan and inevitably assume she was seducing another man?

The more Samantha thought about it, the more she felt that it was the most plausible explanation.

The more she thought about it, the sadder she felt.

The car finally stopped. Samantha's face was practically bloodless and her limbs had turned limp after enduring such a high-speed drive.

Timothy got out of the car first before walking to her side. He opened the door, undid the seat belt, grabbed her wrist, then dragged her out of the car and into the hotel.

Samantha could not keep up with his pace because the steps his long legs took were quite big. She staggered several times and nearly fell too.

Timothy dragged Samantha until they reached the suite before throwing her on the bed.

The strength sent Samantha crashing into the big, soft bed. She gritted her teeth and sat up right away, with her first instinct being to look all around her surroundings.

Timothy turned out to have brought her to the hotel suite he used to live in, the same place he stayed when he was injured some time ago.

That was his turf, and if he wanted to do anything to her, no one would be able to hear her even if she yelled to the heavens.

Samantha pursed her lips slightly. Her eyes stared at Timothy in an extremely defensive manner, keeping an eye out for each and every one of his movements.

Timothy did not speak. There was no expression on his handsome face, but his dark eyes appeared so bottomless that there seemed to be a terrifying sea of waves within it. He maintained that stare at her and just looked on solemnly.

She would be lying if she said she was not afraid. She had fought Timothy countless times and knew full well the disparity between them.

Just as Samantha was no longer able to contain her flustered feelings, the man finally opened his mouth and spat out his question in a clear voice. "Who were you with tonight?"

His voice was very soft, as if he was asking about the weather, but Samantha's back inexplicably started to sweat.

She could not help but take a deep breath to calm down the fear in her heart.

Her guess was right on the nail—Timothy had seen her with Alan...

Samantha opened her mouth and answered in as calm and natural a tone as possible. "I was with a friend of mine when you called me."

"Heh." Timothy snorted coldly. "Why did you lie if it was just a friend?"

Samantha could not help but clench her hand.

His tone was a clear indication that he suspected something was amiss between her and Alan. Under normal circumstances, she would be too lazy to explain anything to him, but because it involved Alan, she was worried that Timothy's meltdown would be bad for Alan.

Samantha spoke with clarity. "I just look for my friend to talk about some things. I was going to go back to the hospital after that anyway. I don't think it's necessary to tell you about it, and I've been taking care of Corey in the hospital these past few days too. This isn't really a lie!"

Timothy did not seem to have heard anything else other than 'I don't think it's necessary to tell you about it.'

"It's unnecessary?" His voice suddenly turned sullen.

Samantha frowned slightly but said truthfully, "It is unnecessary. We're not really husband and wife anyway. There's no need to tell each other about our own private life, right?"

Was he not the one who started it?

Was he not the one who ignored her extremely anxious calls when Corey was facing a life-and-death surgery?

He did not give her a chance to talk to him when she wanted to. Why should he be unhappy if she knew her place and no longer wanted to talk to him about it?

There really was no necessity...

Little by little, the glow under Timothy's eyes became stained with scarlet.

She did not feel the need to tell her own husband about her personal affairs, yet she chatted happily and intimately with an unknown man in a hotel late at night.

From the way they spoke, laughed, and looked at each other at the hotel entrance, Timothy could see that they had known each other for a long time.

Samantha never again showed her resplendent smile to Timothy after she returned to the country. It was the same even when she was acting in front of his grandmother. There was no smile, not even a perfunctory one.

However, she smiled in such a natural manner in front of that man.

She once told him that she would unconsciously smile like a fool whenever she saw someone that she liked.

She said that they were not really husband and wife, and that there was no need to tell him about her private affairs...

Timothy chuckled twice all of a sudden. His black eyes stared at her and he eventually said, "Since it's unnecessary to tell me, you went and told that stud you like, isn't that right?"

"Since I'm not really your husband, the husband you want is that stud who was with you tonight, is that it?"

A helpless look appeared in Samantha's eyes.

She really did not know how Timothy associated Alan with being her favorite stud.

Moreover, why did he suddenly mention her having a stud she liked...

She pondered for a moment and something suddenly came to her mind. During the time Timothy rescued her after she fell ill, he was in the villa all along. That was how he heard the words she told Old Madam Barker when asking for a divorce.

She said that she already had someone she liked in her heart.

Timothy, therefore, equated Alan to the man she liked.

She did not expect to shoot herself in her own foot.

Timothy must not be allowed to misunderstand Alan. She could not hurt Alan because he was too good a person to her who helped her all the time.

“No.”

Samantha held in her fear. She held her clothes unconsciously, stood up, then raised her eyes, and looked directly at Timothy’s reddened eyes. “He’s just a friend that I got to know when I was abroad and we’re not that close anyway. I went to him only because he’s a doctor. I met him because I wanted his help with Corey’s illness. This is the truth!”

She tried to emphasize that she did not have that much of a relationship with Alan.

‘We’re not that close anyway... Just a friend that I got to know...’

Timothy’s sight landed on her hand.

He was all too familiar with Samantha’s little emotional movements. Whenever she was nervous, her fingers would unconsciously grasp her clothes.

Was she lying again to protect that stud?

In his anger, Timothy could clearly feel his heart being pierced strongly by thousands of tiny needles.

Rather than lash out, he curled the corners of his lips into a smile.

Timothy grabbed Samantha’s wrist, pulled her in front of him, then gazed downward at her, and asked, “Alright then. Since you said that he isn’t the man you like, then tell me, who exactly is the man that you like?”

Chapter 84: Mutually Destructive

‘Who exactly is the man that you like?’

Timothy posed that question toward Samantha without warning, causing her black pupils to shrink slightly as her long curly eyelashes began trembling uncontrollably.

He stared at her without blinking and was not about to let any of her expressions escape his scrutiny. He even added another remark, "If you tell me who it is, I'll believe every single word you said tonight!"

If he would believe her as long as she told him, she could just lie to him or give him the runaround and be done with it...

Samantha gulped unconsciously.

Back when she told Old Madam Barker that she had a man she liked, it was nothing more than a spontaneous lie. No such man existed at all, so what did he expect her to say?

When it came to men that she liked, there was only one person—the one in front of her right at that moment.

At least, that was all in the past. She had liked Timothy very, very much. It was not just one 'very'; it was very, very much.

Was she supposed to answer that the man she liked used to be Timothy?

If that was her answer, he would probably make fun of her and say something unpleasant to embarrass her!

However, she did not dare to just make someone up on a whim. After all, that would be the kind of lie that would be exposed with ease. It was pointless to do that due to the greater trouble that she would be in.

Seeing her silence, Timothy's hostility became much heavier and he held Samantha's wrist even tighter than before. The pain was so great that her forehead was sweating uncontrollably.

The man's voice was as cold as ice. "Spit it out!"

Samantha felt resentful too. What right did he have to ask her when he never even spared a day to fulfill his responsibilities as a husband in their marriage?

She endured the pain, looked up at him, and replied fearlessly, "In short, the man I like isn't Dr. Sherwood. There is nothing between us! We're both completely clean."

Her tone was firm and convincing, but she did not answer his question directly.

Timothy frowned. He had opened his mouth to say something when he heard a phone notification.

His cell phone was already destroyed so the tone must have come from Samantha's cell phone.

He thought of something and immediately took out the phone from Samantha's pocket with his other hand. Glancing quickly at it, he saw a lit-up screen displaying the WeTalk message sent by that 'Dr. Sherwood'.

Samantha wanted to stop him, but Timothy was quicker and used her finger to unlock the phone. He then clicked on the WeTalk app.

After that, he saw that Samantha had pinned Alan's chat at the very top.

Timothy's lips curled up but it was not the kind of smile that spanned across his face.

Samantha blocked Timothy's cell phone number and never even added him on WeTalk, yet she pinned her so-called ordinary friend 'Dr. Sherwood' at the very top of her WeTalk.

Moreover, she avoided answering the most important question of who was the man that she liked!

She seemed unwilling to make up a lie even though she was so good at lying...

The sum of all incidents proved to Timothy that he was right. Alan was that stud Samantha liked, and she liked him so much that she was reluctant to even tell a single lie!

Samantha saw the situation and opened her mouth in an instinctive attempt to explain. However, a loud bang soon ensued and her cell phone was smashed against the wall.

It split into two right away.

Timothy looked at her viciously with a gaze that carried murderous intent. "Is this the ordinary friend you were talking about?"

Samantha looked on in shock and the word that came to her lips ended up stuck.

As long as Timothy was willing to believe her words and explanations, they might not reach a point where they were so averse to each other.

He was not going to believe what she said anyway!

Samantha closed her eyes and held back the sourness that was appearing in her eye sockets. After a few seconds, she opened her eyes, the depths of which were already dark and lifeless.

She said in an almost numb manner, "You can assume whatever you want to assume, Timothy. Let me go. I'm going back to the hospital!"

When she said that, she jerked her hand away without waiting for Timothy to respond, but his hand wrapped around her wrist like an iron chain and she could not free herself at all.

Unable to pull her hand away, she pried his fingers open, then opened her mouth without hesitation to bite down on his arm.

All she wanted was to stay away from him. She did not want to look at him, nor did she want to remain in the same room as him anymore.

Timothy snorted but did not let go of her. Instead, he grasped tighter and spoke in a very sarcastic voice. "Go back to the hospital? Or are you going to have a private meeting with that stud with the excuse of taking care of your baby brother?"

"Hahaha." Samantha was surprised that she could still laugh at that time. He was not the only one who could use words to hurt people!

"Don't keep saying 'stud, stud, stud'. All I'm doing is just playing along with your act, right? What's wrong, Mr. Barker? Are you getting a bit too much into character? Did you end up falling in love with me for real?"

"You'd better not. I can't accept this 'love' of yours. I'll say the same thing I said before. If you think I'm an eyesore and you can't stand me, you're free to sign the divorce papers. I can go with you to the registry anytime!"

'Divorce.'

She initially wanted a divorce long ago but compromised to play pretend for her little brother's sake.

When the man she liked finally showed up, she was willing even to leave her baby brother behind. The only thing in her mind was divorcing him as quickly as possible so she could stay with that stud.

Timothy's eyes became completely red and an abnormal danger began to surface. His reason disappeared in the blink of an eye and his expression gradually showed traces of insanity.

Samantha could keenly sense that his state of mind was not quite right as his dangerous aura was being too strongly suppressed. She raised her foot all of a sudden and kicked his lower body, trying to break free of his grip.

She did not see Timothy's movements, but not only did he avoid her attack, he even pushed her right onto the big bed behind him. Then, his tall body covered her from above and she was pressed down firmly under him.

Samantha's heartbeat quickened right away and she trembled, "What do you want to do, Timothy?"

The man's extremely sullen face loomed above her and he chuckled in a low voice. When he spoke in the same low voice, every single word sent chills down one's spine.

"I warned you before, Samantha. If I ever see you seducing anyone outside, I won't be nice to you anymore.

"You don't take my words seriously at all. Looks like I've been too kind to you.

"You want a divorce? Between the two of us, you don't have the final say!"

As he uttered those words, he grabbed her clothes and pulled them apart forcefully. A tearing sound ensued and her clothes were torn.

Goosebumps inevitably appeared on her body when her skin came into contact with the air.

She finally realized what Timothy was going to do and fear crept onto her face. Her struggles became more frantic and she exerted even more strength. She kicked him, pushed him, and bit him, utilizing any and every method she could think of.

The strength disparity between men and women was very different to begin with, and Timothy had even greater strength when he was enraged. She could not make him budge at all and was unable to stop him.

"Go away, Timothy!" Samantha's voice carried shock and anger.

Timothy curled his lips cruelly. "Have a good look at who your husband is, Samantha!"

Chapter 85: Go to Hell!

The pain and humiliation started to surface. A layer of tears appeared in Samantha's eyes and her vision became blurry. She did not want Timothy to see how fragile she was, so she closed her eyes and bit her lower lip without saying a word.

However, her numbness caused Timothy's anger to burn even more. The tinge of madness in his eyes became more intense. He loathed the woman in front of him and

hated her indifference, but most of all, he detested how he had no place in her heart and eyes.

What right did she have to stay together and be happy with another man after kicking him down into an endless hell?

Jonathan was right! Timothy should not have let her go two years ago! He should have dragged her down into that hell hole with him.

Samantha did not know how much time had passed, but just as she thought that she was on the verge of death, she felt the man get up from her body.

She heard him walk into the bathroom and shower before coming out again.

After that, Timothy dressed up slowly and tidily without even looking at Samantha. He took large steps and walked away, abandoning her like a tattered shoe.

The door was slammed shut and his footsteps faded away as the room became quiet once more.

It was then that Samantha opened her eyes, the corners of which were overflowing with an uncontrollable stream of tears.

She did not sob at all and cried silently as she opened her eyes wide and stared at the ceiling.

There was a pain in her aching heart and she felt so cold that her teeth were chattering.

She curled up stiffly and slowly, hugging herself firmly with her hands.

At that moment, she began to doubt whether those sweet moments she once had with Timothy were merely a dream in her own mind.

If that was not the case, how could he bear to hurt her like that?

How could Timothy ever bear to hurt Samantha?

...

She met Timothy during her one-year-old birthday celebration.

Old Master Barker and Old Master Larsson had a good relationship, and the former brought Timothy—who was three years old at the time—to Ell City for her birthday celebration.

Old Master Barker took an immediate liking to her during their first encounter. He praised her for her beauty, commented that her big eyes were full of vitality, and was sure that she would grow up to be a smart girl.

During her one-year-old catch, Old Master Barker picked her up and put her amongst an array of things that had been prepared beforehand, including toys, calligraphy, piano, and even a company's seal.

However, she ignored them one by one. Instead, she used her little limbs to crawl all the way to Timothy. Her little hands grabbed his legs and she smiled happily.

All the guests laughed at the time, and the one who laughed most joyfully was Old Master Barker. He slapped his thigh and said, "Told you Little Sammy was smart! She knows how to choose even at such a young age and picked out the best husband for herself!"

Samantha had no memory of that at all and it was her grandfather who told her the story. He recounted it to her from time to time when she was young and she could almost memorize it already after hearing it so many times.

Although she never had the chance to meet Timothy, it was only natural that she was curious about the man she always knew as the 'baby husband' she grabbed during her one-year-old catch.

When the Larsson Group later expanded their business, their focus shifted to Capital City. She was 14 when her family moved to Capital City and settled down.

Old Master Barker was very happy and he specifically gifted the Larssons a house just next door to the Barkers. The Larssons lived there and became neighbors with the Barkers.

After that, her grandfather brought her parents, herself, and Corey to thank Old Master Barker, marking Samantha's first encounter with her legendary 'baby husband' Timothy.

Timothy was 17 that year. Dressed in a simple sweater, his facial features were elegant yet delicate and his physical stature was tall and thin. He walked toward her head-on like one of those handsome men who came straight out of a comic.

Samantha had imagined Timothy's appearance before, but only then did she realize how her imagination was less than one-ten thousandth of his true handsomeness.

He greeted, "Old Master Larsson", and those three words—when it came from him—were already mellifluous enough to listen to, as if it was the most beautiful tune in the whole world.

Old Master Barker introduced him, "This is Little Sammy. Her full name is Samantha Larsson, and she's the little girl that grabbed you when she was still a child."

Timothy's dark eyes looked at her.

At that moment, Samantha understood the true meaning of love at first sight.

That night was a sleepless one for her after having fallen in love for the first time. She tossed and turned in bed before finally making a decision. She wanted to woo Timothy and make him become her husband for real!

Having analyzed the situation, she concluded that it was much easier for a woman to woo a man. In addition, they were neighbors, and she could use it to her advantage. More importantly, it was the two elders in their family who deliberately paired them together.

Samantha quickly went on the offensive.

However, there were countless women who had the hots for Timothy. Almost every young woman in the elite circle was trying to get close to Timothy and win his favor, though none had so far made Timothy do a double-take.

That included her, of course.

Samantha repeatedly hit a wall with her efforts. She tried various methods and Timothy still ignored her, which was rather demoralizing.

She was a pretty girl ever since she was young, and her personality was lively and cheerful too, in addition to being the school belle. All the boys tried to woo her, and her drawers were filled daily with love letters and gifts. She was stopped many times on her way back after school because someone wanted to confess to her. As a result, Timothy's indifference made her doubt her life.

She went after Timothy for four years—from love at first sight at the age of 14 until her 18th birthday—and could count on her fingers just how many times Timothy spoke to her or even looked at her.

The dejection and sadness she felt made her wonder whether or not she should give up. There were plenty of good men in the world and she had no reason to remain so fixed on Timothy when he did not even like her!

Just as she thought that Timothy was about to become a passer-by in her life, she saw him being attacked by several tall and burly masked men who were not far away.

The group of people was likely trained professionally, for they knocked Timothy unconscious, dragged him into the car, and drove away quickly.

At that time, her lovestruck mind got the better of her and she drove a car to give chase, fearing that something might happen to Timothy.

She had no qualms slamming the accelerator and speeding off despite only getting her driver's license recently. Having nearly crashed into other cars several times, she had no time to think about herself because her mind was focused solely on Timothy.

The masked men took Timothy to a deserted factory. After she had chased them to the place, her first course of action was to call the police, following which she hid secretly outside the door to observe the situation within.

Since she was a little far away, she could not hear what those masked people were saying to Timothy, but the expressions on their faces became increasingly fierce. Finally, they seemed to have gotten irritated by Timothy's emotionless ridicule and pulled out a gun.

That sort of thing was seen only on television and she never would have expected to see it in real life.

Samantha watched as the masked man cocked the gun and aimed the barrel directly at Timothy's heart. He sneered, "Go to hell!"

Chapter 86: Wish

The man then pulled the trigger.

Samantha's head went blank at the time and she had no idea where she mustered the courage to just charge out like that.

The big burly men did not expect her to come over all of a sudden and did not manage to react in time.

She practically threw herself onto Timothy's body and shielded him. The next second, the bullet struck her back and the huge pain overwhelmed her senses in an instant, causing blood to drain from her face.

Timothy's shock was reflected in her wide-open eyes. It was the first time she had seen a discernible expression on his face since her first encounter with him.

She opened her mouth to try and say something, but the pain was too much and she could not make a single sound. Slowly but surely, her vision became a blur.

After that, she heard Timothy's melodious voice calling out to her, "Samantha!"

Her heart skipped a beat.

In the four years she tried to woo him, Timothy had always ignored her and never even gave her a second look. She thought that Timothy did not know who she was or what her name was.

To her surprise, he knew who she was and even called her by name.

It was the first time that voice called her by name after all those years. The way he said her name was just as wonderful as she had imagined.

However, she seemed to be on the verge of death...

She was still so young, yet her life was already reaching the end before she could even woo Timothy.

Despite all that, she did not seem to have any regret in saving Timothy.

She wanted to open her eyes and take another look at him, but was unable to bear the weight of her eyelids and soon plunged into complete darkness.

At that time, she roamed around in the dark for a long time and was stuck there, unable to get out until she heard Timothy's voice again. He was still calling her name.

She followed the sound and saw a large ray of light appearing suddenly in front of her. She ran over with all her energy, and her eyes opened as soon as she stepped into the light.

A nurse was in the middle of taking her blood pressure. The nurse saw that she had woken up and said with a smile. "You're finally awake, little missy. If you hadn't woken up any sooner, your family and your boyfriend are going to get really anxious!"

Samantha heard that and could not help wondering if she had really come back alive. After all, she could hear exactly what the nurse said to her.

She had family members alright, but where did that 'boyfriend' come from?

Samantha subconsciously said, "I don't have a boyfriend yet."

The boyfriend she wanted did not even look at her.

The nurse disagreed, thinking she was just being shy. "Are you not going to admit that you have such a good boyfriend? You have no idea how anxious he was when he came to the hospital with you in his arms. His character is already so assertive even at such a young age, startling our director into coming over and handling him personally.

“And you know, after your operation was done and you were still unconscious, he came to accompany you every single day. When he comes, he always stays here for more than half a day.”

Samantha was stunned.

According to the nurse’s description, the boyfriend being mentioned should refer to Timothy. They seemed to have been rescued that day, but did Timothy really come by to accompany her every single day? It was too inconceivable!

She still could not believe it and whispered, “Really?”

The nurse was about to answer when the door to the ward was pushed open. The nurse smiled and said, “Speaking of your boyfriend, there he is right now. I’ll let him answer your questions.”

She put away the blood pressure equipment, then withdrew from the ward.

Samantha sat there and watched as Timothy’s tall and slender figure came into her sight step by step. Her black pupils contracted uncontrollably and she did not blink for fear that the person in front of her would disappear in a blink of an eye.

It was not until Timothy stood by her bed that he opened his thin lips. Although his voice was just as indifferent as before, there was still a little hint of warmth to it. “Is there any part of you that’s still feeling uncomfortable?”

‘Whoa... It really is him.’

No one except Timothy had a face so handsome and a voice so melodious.

Samantha shook her head gently. “No.”

Her sudden movement seemed to tug at her wound and the pain made her frown.

Timothy bent down, pressed her shoulders with both hands, then said, “Don’t move. The bullet shot through your back and was lodged in your bones. You would’ve been killed on the spot if that hadn’t happened.”

Killed on the spot...

Only then did Samantha finally feel dread. It was such a close call and the grim reaper nearly paid her a visit.

She cherished the life she managed to keep and dared not move anymore. She even spoke in an even softer manner when she asked, “Who saved us?”

"The police arrived in time," Timothy said curtly, as if he did not want to say anything further.

Samantha nodded. "Then... Were you injured?"

"I'm fine."

Samantha nodded again after looking at him, since he did seem to have come out of it unscathed.

There was a moment of silence.

After all, the two of them did not really know each other and barely exchanged a couple of sentences with each other.

After finally securing the opportunity to get along with him, Samantha could not bring herself to just stare at him like that. She thought for a while and opened her mouth again, "The nurse told me just now that you came every day to accompany me. Is that...true?"

"Yeah," Timothy answered concisely.

"Why? Because I saved you?"

"Yes."

Although Timothy answered her questions, Samantha felt that he did so only out of gratitude for saving his life.

When she recovered, Timothy would probably go back to being strangers with her again.

Perhaps her successful escape from death's door had made her fearless, for she brazenly posed a question to him, "Shouldn't you devote your life to me after I saved you?"

Timothy seemed to be rather surprised to have heard such an audacious statement from her. His black eyes stared at her and the glow under his eyes began to surface.

Samantha finished speaking but was ashamed to face the young man's gaze. She blushed and said weakly, "I know you don't like me. I'm just kidding."

She rescued him out of instinct, not to hold him under any moral obligation and ask him for anything in return.

Timothy did not answer right away. He pulled the chair and sat down, then stared at her deeply for some time before saying, "It was your birthday that day. Did you make a wish?"

That sudden question stunned Samantha for a moment. She then realized that the day he was speaking about was the very same day she rescued him.

Although she had no idea why he was asking that question, she answered truthfully. "I haven't gotten the chance to. It's long past my birthday now."

After the operation, she had been in a coma for more than a week.

Timothy took out an exquisite matchbook from his pocket, then struck it and lit one match.

A small flame appeared in front of Samantha's eyes and she heard the young man's low and sweet voice, "I'm returning it to you. Make a wish."

Was she returning her birthday wish back to her?

Samantha had the same birthday wish as she did four years in a row, so she blurted it out all the same, "I hope to become Timothy's girlfriend!"

Chapter 87: I'll Be in Your Care from Now On

Samantha only realized that something was not quite right after speaking. Just as she was thinking of something she could say to remedy it, she heard Timothy's wonderful voice.

He said to her, "Okay."

Samantha was startled at first and wondered if she had heard wrongly. She responded weakly, "Timothy, you... What did you say?"

Timothy placed the still-burning match in front of her lips and said, "Blow."

Samantha blew out the flame in a stupor.

"I said..." Timothy's thin lips opened slightly and he spoke each word with clarity, "...your wish has come true."

After a pause, his lips curled up slightly and he lowered his voice. There was a trace of magnetism in his tone as his black eyes stared at her deeply and he said, "I'll be in your care from now on, sweetheart!"

As those words floated slowly into her ears, Samantha's vision became blurry and she felt as though she was still in a dream.

What other explanation could there be for her to hear those kinds of words that she could only hear in her dreams?

Samantha muttered to herself, "Am I dreaming?"

Timothy did not know he was amused by her words or had been rendered speechless by her daftness, but he replied with a half-smile, "You're only dreaming if you think you are."

Samantha was speechless. Seeing as Timothy was about to stand up and leave after saying those words, she became anxious and threw caution in the wind as she reached out to grab his hand.

His fingers were slender and carried a slight warmth. The moment she touched him, her heartbeat started racing—it was practically going to jump out of her body.

She could finally be sure that it was real...instead of just a dream.

Afraid that he would disappear, she said hurriedly, "No, it's not a dream. Timothy, you... You can't go back on your word!"

Timothy lowered his eyes and looked at her hands grasping his fingers.

Samantha realized that her actions were too hasty and knew that Timothy was a bit of a clean freak. He did not like others to approach him or even touch him, so she smiled embarrassedly and retracted her hand.

The next second, however, his palms had enveloped her hand.

Samantha was dumbstruck. Her round eyes widened and she unconsciously held her breath.

The young man stood by the hospital bed and gently held her hand. His palms were big and warm, allowing him to hold her hands firmly. He looked at her and said, "I won't go back on my words, Samantha."

His tone was still as insipid as ever, but at that time, Samantha felt a sweetness in her heart after listening to it.

He was the 'baby husband' she grabbed during her one-year-old catch—the very same boy whom she fell in love with at first sight when she was 14, and the man that she had been pursuing for four years and was about to give up on. At long last, her wish came true and she had become his girlfriend!

Samantha could not help but grin from ear to ear and said sweetly, "Well then, boyfie. I'll be in your care from now on!"

News of their relationship came as a surprise to everyone, who speculated all kinds of stuff right from the outset.

After all, there were plenty of celebrities who liked Timothy and some of them were rather desirable. No one would have imagined her to pull such a stunning feat and win Timothy's heart.

Even though she had saved Timothy's life, there were still plenty of other ways he could show his gratitude to her. There was no need to agree to be in a relationship with her, resulting in a flurry of discussions as to whether Timothy really did like her or whether she had put him under some kind of spell...

Few people within the elitist circle were optimistic about their relationship, but their feelings surprisingly got better and better. Timothy loved her very much and brought her along with him wherever he went. She had a really sweet and loving time with him in their relationship, and Timothy even lent a helping hand when her grandfather passed away from a serious illness and various crises occurred in the Larsson Group.

During her 20th birthday, Timothy proposed to her right away, earning the envy of everyone within their circle. Their relationship became a fairytale story of sorts.

They really were like a prince and a princess in a fairytale.

Of course, the story would have had the classic happy ending if it stopped there.

Unfortunately, there was still more to the story.

Timothy publicly broke it off with her at their wedding and completely severed all ties with her at the entrance to the Barker Group. He did so in such an indifferent manner that everything in the past seemed to be an illusion.

From that day onward, Samantha would be stuck in a painful trance whenever that memory came back to her...

Samantha could not help but cover her heart with her hand. The pain deep within it made it difficult for her to breathe.

All of a sudden, she remembered the email she had received when she was abroad, saying that Timothy had broken it off with her for another reason. At that time, she stupidly hung on to a wishful trace of hope.

Samantha blinked as tears streamed down uncontrollably.

Timothy had completely left the past behind him, or more accurately, he had left the past behind him ever since he broke off the marriage.

On the contrary, Samantha remained in the past. She was unwilling, reluctant, and could not bring herself to do that, hence her continued sadness and the reason why she could not get away from it.

At the end of her cries, her voice became hoarse and her vision became a blur. She wanted to stand up and leave because she did not want to stay in the place of her humiliation, but she had no strength to do so at all.

She gritted her teeth, propped her body halfway up, then reached out for the phone on the bedside table. She dialed Rochelle's cell phone number.

...

Inside the room of the clubhouse.

Zachary took out his cell phone, checked the time, then raised his eyebrows and said to Jonathan, "Timmy said he was coming over. It's already this late and we still haven't seen h—"

Before he could finish his sentence, the room door was suddenly kicked open with a loud thud.

Zachary was just wondering which buffoon dared to kick the door to their VIP room. However, he saw Timothy striding in with a hostile aura and ended up getting so frightened that he shut his mouth immediately.

"T-T-Timmy," he called out tremblingly.

Timothy seemed to have heard nothing and merely walked up to him. He sat in the booth, picked up the wine bottle, then tilted his head and drank straight out of the bottle.

Zachary and Jonathan exchanged glances with each other.

What exactly happened there? It had been a long time since they saw Timothy in such a terrifying state!

Jonathan said, "Clear the area."

Zachary understood at once. He snapped his fingers and told everyone else in the room to leave.

Silence befell the room.

Zachary frowned and saw Timothy guzzling down the wine like water. He asked worriedly, "Why aren't you stopping him, Jonny?"

Jonathan looked askance at him and replied, "Be my guest if you're not afraid of death."

Zachary trembled, "Are we just supposed to ignore it? Right now, Timmy looks the same as he did two years ago. If he keeps drinking it like that, he'll get sick again, and then... It'll be the death of him!"

Jonathan frowned. He picked up a glass of wine, threw a pill in, then swirled it. The pill dissolved rapidly into the wine. He then started walking toward Timothy.

Zachary was startled and immediately stopped him. "What are you doing, Jonny?"

Chapter 88: Killing Him When He's at His Worst

Zachary glanced at the wine glass and asked anxiously, "What kind of medicine is this? Do you have some kind of private grudge with Timmy? Are you going to kill him when he's at his worst?"

Jonathan had never been so speechless in his entire life.

He looked at Zachary blankly and replied coldly, "It'd be better to let him sleep than to let him go bonkers."

Zachary laughed awkwardly. It turned out to be sleeping pills.

He immediately expressed his apologies and gave Jonathan a thumbs up. "I admire considerateness at this kind of time, Jonny!"

Jonathan did not bother to entertain that idiot anymore and walked straight to Timothy. He sat down and surreptitiously slipped that glass of wine among the wine that Timothy had taken earlier.

Timothy soon picked up that glass and drank it all in one go.

About ten minutes later, Timothy's vision began to blur. After another five minutes, he leaned against the sofa, closed his eyes, and sank into a deep sleep.

Jonathan got up, walked back to a dumbfounded Zachary, then said, "Send him to get some rest. I'm leaving."

As soon as he said that, he took big strides and walked out of the room.

Zachary, who had witnessed the entire process, could not help but admire Jonathan's figure from behind. Jonathan's skill and ability were truly terrifying.

In reality, Zachary was of the opinion that Jonathan and Timothy were on the same level in terms of skill, so much so that... Jonathan was much more ruthless.

After all, his family had a long history in the underground. That part of him ran in his blood and was carved in his bones.

Zachary remembered that 18-year-old Timothy could complete a project that was worth tens of billions by himself, while 18-year-old Jonathan disposed of a large-scale evil gang and forged a path for himself by spilling blood.

Everyone else would get chills down their spine when they heard the name, Jonathan Yates. Even Zachary—who grew up with Jonathan since they were little kids—did not dare to piss the man off.

Jonathan was colder than most when he was not being cruel. However, when his ruthlessness acted up, even Lucifer would have to give way to him!

Speaking of that, Jonathan seemed to be invincible all the time, or maybe not...

He had his weak moments too. Like Timothy, he had fallen for a woman and had fallen quite hard too.

Zachary shook his head and laughed. Everything else considered, he was the luckiest out of the three. Having enjoyed his time among a field of flowers, he could have his pick of any one of them with no love lost. How good was that?

...

When Jonathan walked to the ballroom, a beautiful woman with a very hot figure and a sexy short skirt swayed her hips and walked toward him gracefully.

Standing in front of Jonathan, the beautiful woman flicked her long wavy hair and cast a sexy look at him. Her voice was delicate and charming, "Would you like to treat me to a drink, Handsome?"

Jonathan looked at her from head to toe. She was very confident in herself and allowed him to ogle, going so far as to boldly give him flirtatious glances the whole time. "Or, we can go further."

The woman was well-versed with the nightlife. Having seen so many men in the past, it was rare for her to chance upon one as magnificent as the one in front of her.

His facial features were sharp and handsome, giving him the impression of being mixed-blood. His eyes were brownish instead of pure black, and he had a passionate look in his eyes despite his cold temperament. All in all, he was extremely charming.

Furthermore, his figure—despite being fully clothed—belied the muscular contours under those clothes. His whole body exudes an extremely captivating and strongly masculine hormonal aura.

The beautiful woman felt that it would be heaven on earth if she could sleep with him.

Jonathan curled his lips and smiled. “Sure.”

As soon as he said that, he hooked his arm around the beautiful woman’s waist and pulled her closer to him. His slender fingers then hooked up the beautiful woman’s chin.

The woman closed her eyes consciously and pursed her red lips.

Jonathan’s lips slowly landed.

Just as he was about to kiss her, Jonathan’s body was punched all of a sudden. His movements stopped and he looked up.

Rochelle was standing right in front of him. She was an eye-catching beauty whose resplendence did not decrease in the slightest even under the ballroom’s dim lights.

Rochelle looked straight into his eyes and smiled even more beautifully. After shrugging her shoulders, she spoke unapologetically, “Oopsies, the lights are too dim and you were blocking my way.”

The woman was unamused by the interference after finally getting the chance to hang onto such a wonderful man. She opened her eyes and looked at Rochelle, whose beauty surprised her at first, followed by a sense of vigilance.

There were rules to be followed when going out and having fun. One of them was ‘first come, first serve.’ Was that so hard to understand?

She pretended to throw a mini tantrum with Jonathan. “Who is she?”

Jonathan let go of her calmly, straightened his messy clothes casually, then answered plainly, “My wife.”

The woman thought that the stunner in front of her was about to snatch away her man, but that stunner turned out to be that man’s wife?

Rochelle smiled even more after hearing Jonathan’s answer. She approached in her high heels and raised her hand.

The woman could not help but feel fear. Seducing another woman's husband was grounds for the man's wife to slap her.

Seeing Rochelle about to deliver that slap, the woman closed her eyes by instinct and heard a crisp sound.

However, she did not feel any pain at all. She opened her eyes in a daze and saw that the slap landed on the handsome man's face instead of hers.

When the stage lights shone over, she could clearly see finger marks on the man's face, showing just how merciless Rochelle was.

What...was going on?

After Rochelle delivered that slap, she even complained and said, "That skin is so rough and thick that my hands are hurting after the slap."

Jonathan wiped the corners of his lips with his slender fingers. He neither retorted at her nor showed her anger.

The woman was dumbfounded.

Rochelle crossed her arms and looked at the woman before making things clear. "He's not just afraid of his wife. He finishes within seconds too. Are you sure you want to sleep with him?"

Judging from the situation, the husband and wife did not appear to be an ordinary couple. The woman could not afford to provoke them!

She turned around and sped off at record speed.

Rochelle glanced at the beautiful woman's rear figure, then turned her gaze back to Jonathan's paralyzed face. Cutting out all the nonsense, she went straight to the chase and asked, "Where's Timothy?"

When she went to pick Samantha up earlier, a murderous intent surfaced as soon as she saw that Samantha was listless from the ordeal. After finally calming Samantha down, Rochelle came straight to look for the men.

Jonathan's voice was cold and indifferent. "And what's going to happen if I tell you?"

Rochelle smiled cruelly. "I'm going to castrate him!"

Jonathan raised his eyebrows and said curiously, "Why don't you castrate me then?"

“You?” Rochelle asked in a playful tone and looked at him for a few seconds. Then, stretched out her hand suddenly and grabbed his collar to pull him over.

The next second, Rochelle’s red lips were planted right on Jonathan’s thin lips.

Chapter 89: Spend A Lifetime Not Getting What You Want

Surprise appeared in Jonathan’s calm and sullen eyes, but his long arms soon wrapped around Rochelle’s slender waist and he kissed her back with abandon.

Rochelle not only did not resist but even synced with him very well. She even inserted her long fingers into his hair before moving downward. He rubbed the back of his neck in a semi-intentional manner, for that was his sensitive area.

Sure enough, she could sense the man’s breathing becoming heavier. His big palms began to wander across her back and he gradually tightened his embrace around her.

When his body temperature rose and he started to get all fired up, Rochelle opened her indulgent eyes and moved her red lips to Jonathan’s ear. Her voice was husky, with a hint of lust, and she spoke in a very clear manner, “I want you to spend your entire life not being able to get what you want!”

That was her answer to his earlier question!

When Rochelle finished speaking, she pushed Jonathan away mercilessly.

Jonathan’s defenses were down and he was pushed back resoundingly, staggering back a couple of steps.

His eyes still had that dark glow, but the expression on his face had already returned to aloofness. However, his aura had not been completely adjusted back.

Rochelle savored his expression and smiled, “That chick probably hasn’t gone very far. I can call her back for you if you need me to. Or...you can choose whichever one out of the many women in this place.”

After that, she casually adjusted the hem of her skirt and walked away with her high heels.

When she passed by him, she suddenly thought of something and stopped again. She cast a sideways glance at Jonathan’s cold face and reminded kindly, “And by the way, remember to use protection. If you fall into their trap, it’s annoying for me to have to commit indiscriminate murder.”

Jonathan gave her a sideways glance as well.

Rochelle blew a kiss to him mischievously, "See you next time, Hubby."

She walked away with her head held high.

Jonathan's bodyguards rushed over a little too late. They originally wanted to ask him if he wanted them to deal with her, but immediately shut their mouths when they saw the peerlessly beautiful back of his young wife.

If they really posed that question to him, the ones that would have to be dealt with were none other than themselves.

...

At the villa.

Old Madam Barker sat by the bed and looked at Timothy, who was sleeping extremely restlessly on the bed. She took a towel and wiped the sweat from his forehead while sighing continuously.

Aunt Julia, who was standing to one side, could not help but ask, "What's going on, Old Madam?"

Old Madam Barker narrowed her eyes at her before sighing deeply and replying, "I'm worried!"

"You're worried?" Aunt Julia was puzzled. "What's there to worry about when Mr. Barker just passed out from drinking a little too much? He'll be fine once he sleeps it off."

Old Madam Barker was speechless. "Do you really believe what that little brat Zachary said?"

When Zachary sent Timothy back, he said that Timothy had drunk too much during a gathering among the three.

Aunt Julia asked, "What's wrong?"

Old Madam Barker looked at the naive Aunt Julia and could not help but remark, "Look at yourself. You're not as old as me but your brain isn't half as good as mine. You're probably like those people that make the news nowadays. You know, those old people that were deceived into buying all sorts of health products."

Aunt Julia curled her lips aggrievedly. "Old Madam! I won't be deceived, okay!"

Old Madam Barker did not want to dwell on that issue anymore and changed the subject. "In all these years, when have you seen Tim passing out from getting this drunk?"

With that said, Aunt Julia immediately noticed that something was off. "Yes, Mr. Barker has been very vigilant since he was a child and was never like this since the kidnapping..."

"Now that I think about that, it actually happened a few times." Aunt Julia furrowed her eyebrows and thought, "That was...two years ago. When Mrs. Barker left Capital City after the marriage was broken off, right?"

"That's right." Old Madam Barker's memory of that was particularly vivid. "He was the one who broke the marriage off, chased her away, and told her never to show up again, but then he was the one who ended up getting drunk. I understand this little brat pretty well, but this is the one time I can't figure out what's going on in his mind."

Aunt Julia had a bitter look on her face too. "I don't understand it either. If Mr. Barker likes her, why would he break off the marriage? But if he doesn't like her, why did he seem so hurt at the time?"

"Old Madam, do you think he likes her or not?"

Old Madam Barker was about to speak but Timothy's sudden movements prevented them from doing so.

The drowsy Timothy grabbed Old Madam Barker's wrist and clenched it forcefully. His lips started moving and he called out in a very low voice, "Samantha."

Old Madam Barker was stunned and so was Aunt Julia. The two of them exchanged glances with each other.

It seemed...they had gotten their answer.

...

Early the next morning.

The sun shone radiantly through the window lattice, illuminating the entire bedroom with warmth.

Timothy raised his eyelids slowly and the discomfort resulting from the hangover made his eyebrows frown. He raised his hand and rubbed his temples, then finally opened his eyes and looked around after slowly regaining his consciousness.

He was back in the villa, inside the master bedroom that belonged to him and Samantha.

He looked sideways and saw someone sitting on a chair beside the bed. The person was covered in a blanket and was asleep, seemingly having looked after him the entire night.

An imperceptible trace of expectation appeared in the bottom of his eyes.

Timothy's gaze traveled up little by little along the blanket, but when he saw Old Madam Barker's face, he could not help but lower his gaze as that little bit of hopefulness shattered in his eyes.

Old people were usually light sleepers, and Old Madam Barker woke as if having sensed his movement.

She sat upright and asked, "Are you awake?"

"Yeah." Timothy sat up and his voice was slightly hoarse, "Grandma, why didn't you go back to your room to sleep."

"You think I don't want to?" Old Madam Barker grumbled unhappily. "If it isn't you who kept holding my hand to keep me from leaving. I'm so old and frail and yet I have to keep you company while you sleep!"

"Sorry." Timothy then said in a deep voice, "I'm fine, Grandma. You should go back to your room and rest."

"I'm in no hurry. I have something to talk to you about!"

Old Madam Barker got up from the chair, sat down on the bed, and stretched out three fingers. She shook them in front of Timothy's eyes and asked, "How many fingers am I holding up?"

Instead of answering her, Timothy asked, "Is that what you want to tell me, Grandma?"

"Spare me the nonsense and answer me!" Old Madam Barker came on strong.

"Three."

"Well then, looks like you're sober now." After confirming that, she stared at Timothy seriously and asked, "Do you know that you grabbed my hand yesterday and kept calling for Sammy?"

The light in Timothy's eyes flickered slightly.

“I believe that people always tell the truth after drinking, which means that Sammy has a place in your heart. In that case, why did you break off the marriage two years ago? Why did you have to be so heartless after that?”

Chapter 90: Gaining the Upper Hand by Making Concessions

Timothy’s eyes turned dark. He pursed his thin lips and said nothing.

“Tell me!” Old Madam Barker was anxious. She held her crutches and hammered it twice on the ground.

Timothy looked like he did not hear it at all and merely said, “You should go back to your room and rest, Grandma. I’m going to take a bath.”

“You! You just want to piss this old lady off!”

Old Madam Barker asked that question two years ago as well, but he did the same thing and stayed quiet, refusing to say a single thing.

She also knew that no one could pry his mouth open if it was something he did not want to say.

Had he not lost his consciousness after getting drunk the previous day, he would not have called out Samantha’s name that whole time.

Old Madam Barker sighed and could only compromise. “Fine. I won’t ask again if you don’t want to tell me, but there are some things that I—as an elder and someone who’s lived longer than you—must remind you.”

She held Timothy’s hand, patted it twice, then said politely, “Women are very emotional beings. I watched Sammy grow up and I know she’s a very emotional child. You can see it from the way she treats Corey. She will never leave those she cares about and she won’t give up on them. But...if you make her heart cold, she will be sad and disappointed. Once that happens, she would give up...just as she did to her greedy parents.

“I don’t know what happened between you and Sammy, but if you’re still worried about her, like her, and care about this hard-earned marriage between the two of you, you ought to think long and hard about how you’re going to treat Sammy after this. I can tell you that the only way to earn sincerity is to be sincere.”

After a pause, Old Madam Barker’s tone changed. “Of course, if you don’t like Sammy anymore, then I’ll accept it with an open heart. Forcing two people to stay together when they clearly don’t like each other will only hurt you and Sammy. If you want to get a

divorce, then get a divorce. If that's what you want, then I won't keep fretting over you not having a wife. Sammy's still young and beautiful, plus she has a good personality too. I'm sure she'll meet a good man. It'd be good too if you didn't waste each other's time!"

As she was talking, she thought excitedly, "It's hopeless for me to expect you to give me grandchildren. But if Sammy finds a new husband, gets married to him, and gives birth to a cute baby for me to carry, I think I'd be happy enough."

Timothy's handsome face turned sour.

Old Madam Barker seemed not to have seen Timothy's expression and continued, "Oh by the way, Sammy told me last time that she already has a man that she likes. Her choice of men would definitely be very good. Maybe you should get a divorce and be done with it. What Sammy needs right now is someone who can be by her side, so when the time comes, the man she likes can accompany her openly. When Sammy gets married again, I'd have to prepare a proper dowry for Sammy and—"

"Grandma!" Timothy interrupted sternly and unceremoniously told her to leave. "I have a headache and I want to continue resting. Please let me rest."

Old Madam Barker cast him an angry glare. After seeing his pale face turning red with anger, she cleared her throat lightly and spared him the nagging. "Alright, you can continue resting. Remember to think long and hard about what I told you."

She stood up, walked slowly out of the room with the support of her crutches, then closed the door.

Aunt Julia, who stood at the door and listened to everything, could not resist giving a thumbs up to Old Madam Barker. Her tone was filled with admiration as she said, "Your trick of using concessions to gain the upper hand is just too amazing!"

The old lady raised her head proudly. "That's nothing. I've experienced more in life than the two of them combined. I'm more than confident that I can play this matchmaker role!"

...

Samantha slept in Rochelle's apartment and only woke up slowly the next evening.

The sky outside had turned dark and she glanced outside in a daze, thinking she was still in the hotel suite.

She stayed like that until she heard footsteps.

Samantha moved her stiff eyes and followed the sound.

Wearing loose home clothes, Rochelle—who had tied her hair up casually—walked over and smiled when she saw that Samantha was awake. “You’re finally awake, huh. If you hadn’t woken up, I’d already be considering whether or not to bring you to a hospital.”

Samantha immediately lowered the tenseness and vigilance in her heart. She held the blanket over her body and sat up, but nearly collapsed back in pain after feeling that her entire body was falling apart.

Rochelle immediately stepped forward to support her and saw the bruise marks on her white neck. They extended all the way underneath her clothes and Rochelle’s eyes immediately had a fierce glow. “That damn b*stard Timothy. I didn’t manage to catch him yesterday or else I would’ve punished him on God’s behalf!”

“I’m fine! Don’t look for him!” Samantha forced out a smile.

She had already involved Alan and she did not want Rochelle to get involved too. The last thing she wanted was for those few friends of hers to be caught in the crossfire.

Rochelle was well aware of Samantha’s thoughts. She pursed her lips without unmasking Samantha’s show of bravado and changed the subject. “By the way, I bought you a new cell phone and put your SIM card inside.”

She picked up the phone from the bedside table and handed it to Samantha.

When it came to critical moments, her best friend was still the most reliable and caring.

Samantha hugged Rochelle lightly. Her actions alone conveyed her gratitude. She then picked up the phone and switched it on.

Once the screen lit up, a dozen missed calls were displayed at once.

Samantha was stunned. Her hands trembled a little and she wondered if something had happened to Corey.

She held her breath, clicked on the address book, and saw that the missed call was not from only one person. It was neither the hospital nor the nurse.

Alan was the one who had called her.

Her anxious heart finally calmed down somewhat, but when it was halfway calm, another thought occurred to her and she became anxious yet again.

She had told Alan the previous day that she would get a meal with him, but it was already evening and Alan was probably getting anxious from waiting...

Rochelle watched Samantha's face change so drastically and became uneasy as well. "What's going on, Sammy? What's wrong? Don't scare me!"

Samantha had no time to explain to Rochelle and dialed Alan's number right away.

Alan's voice came in mere seconds. "Sammy?"

"Yes, it's me." Samantha gulped and said in a very embarrassed tone, "I'm sorry, Dr. Sherwood, I... Something happened at that last minute on my end, and I won't be able to treat you to dinner today."

"What happened? Is it serious?" Alan sounded worried.

"It's nothing huge. I took care of it," Samantha replied curtly.

"That's good. When I couldn't contact you, I thought you were going to disappear out of thin air just like before," Alan teased her lightly. "What's important is that you're alright."

Samantha said, "Thank you for being considerate. I'm really sorry I missed our appointment today."

Alan chuckled and said, "I actually have something going on today and I called you to tell you that I won't be able to make it for today's appointment. You don't have to apologize."

After a pause, Alan said again, "However, it's still important that we meet today."

Chapter 91: Hate Was Her Driving Force in Life

"Huh?" Samantha was taken aback slightly but she understood immediately. "Has there been progress on Corey?"

Alan did not keep her in suspense and answered her right away. "Yes, the little saint has already studied your brother's case last night and came up with a preliminary treatment plan. He now needs to communicate with the attending doctor to see which aspects can be modified and improved."

It came as a shock for Samantha.

She originally thought that a busy person like the little saint would have to take some time to deal with Corey's case after agreeing to see the medical records. Little did she expect such a plan to be produced overnight.

It took her a full minute before she could find her voice and she exclaimed, “The little saint hand really lives up to his name as a famous doctor. That was just too efficient!”

Alan seemed to chuckle from the other end, “Isn’t that good?”

“It is!” Samantha said resolutely. “It’s perfect, but I’m just really surprised. I know you must have said a lot of good things about me to him. Tha—”

She remembered what Alan said the previous night and stopped herself from saying ‘thank you’ to him. Rather, she said, “Maybe it’s not a big deal if I can’t treat you to a meal today. We can meet another time and I’ll treat you to an even bigger meal!”

“Sure.”

Alan’s gentle laugh came from the phone. “I have something to do right now and I’ll go to the hospital after that. See you there.”

“Alright, I’ll wait for you there!”

Samantha breathed a sigh of relief after the call ended. The little saint had finally shown himself. There was hope yet for Corey’s illness, and the heaviness in her heart could finally be lifted a little.

At the same time, the sadness and sorrow Timothy brought to her has also diminished considerably.

She was prepared to brush off the ordeal she suffered the previous day as simply being bitten by a dog! After all, Timothy was no better than one!

If the little saint could stabilize Corey’s condition and allow him more time to wait for a suitable heart, then—if luck was on her side—she can also end her deal with Timothy and sever ties with him by the time Corey’s new heart arrived!

When that thought occurred to her, the depression in Samantha’s face faded gradually and was replaced by a faint glimmer of light.

She put down the phone and looked up, but was startled by Rochelle’s weird look. She blinked and asked, “Why are you looking at me like that, Chelle? Is there something on my face?”

She subconsciously reached out and touched her face, but there was nothing there...

Rochelle tsk-ed a few times and said, “Sammy, who is this ‘Dr. Sherwood’ you were speaking to on the phone? Quite a good doctor, he is. Just one phone call from him can bring you back to life. You would’ve been able to pass for a ghost right before his call, but now...you pulled off a miracle and resurrected right from the dead!”

Samantha knew that Rochelle's thoughts had gone askew and stopped immediately. "Don't let your imagination run wild. Dr. Sherwood is a friend of mine from when I lived abroad. It's thanks to him that Corey is able to receive treatment from the little saint. He's my benefactor, and he's a very great person too!"

"Ohhhhhh!" Rochelle nodded, "You know, you also can show gratitude for helping a friend by devoting your life to them!"

Samantha found it amusing. "Oh, stop it. We're just friends, that's all!"

Rochelle smiled widely, as if she understood what Samantha meant. "I know you and Dr. Sherwood are purely friends, but he might not think the same!"

Samantha was speechless.

"If a man shows concern about a woman's affairs for no apparent reason, he either wants money or he wants the woman. Since you don't have any money, then you as a person is the only thing left to be desired..." After Rochelle provided her analysis, she wagged her eyebrows teasingly. "You should consider it if he has a good character!"

Samantha shook her head and laughed. "What's there to consider? I don't know how long my sham marriage with that scumbag Timothy will continue, and with Corey's illness, I won't have the mood to think about anything else."

After a pause, she smiled slightly and said seriously, "You, on the other hand, don't you plan to think about your own future? Are you going to drag things with Jonathan until who knows when?"

There was no divorce and no making up, only the infliction of hurt and torture on each other.

Rochelle's life and youth were being wasted as she retaliated against Jonathan.

At the mere mention of Jonathan, the smile on Rochelle's face disappeared completely. "Sammy, the two lives Jonathan owed me have to be paid back. He's lucky enough that all I'm doing is to let him die childless.

"As for myself, I was already dead when they died. There is no future."

Rochelle was far too calm when she said those two sentences, so much so that one could not help but feel distressed.

Samantha opened her mouth but said nothing.

One would always find it difficult to empathize with another if one never suffered the same pain that they did. So was the case with herself and Rochelle.

If Rochelle was told to let go of her hatred, she would choose to end her life instead of starting again. After all, she felt that she had lived long enough already.

Hate was her only motivation to survive.

...

Rochelle drove Samantha back to the hospital and left her at the entrance.

Samantha asked, "Do you want to go in and see Corey?"

Rochelle glanced sideways at the hospital and shook her head. "I am a bringer of bad luck. I won't go in and bring bad luck to Corey. Just send him a message for me. Tell him I'll see him when he recovers and is discharged from the hospital."

"Chelle..." Samantha could not help but feel distressed.

"Go ahead. I'm going to leave soon." Rochelle interrupted her right away.

"Okay. Drive safely on your way back." Samantha pushed the door and got out of the car.

As she watched the car leave, Samantha was about to turn around and walk into the hospital when she saw a car approaching and stopping in front of her.

The door to the back seat opened and Alan got out from inside. He smiled softly at her and greeted, "Sammy."

Samantha could not help but smile. "What a coincidence. I just arrived too."

Alan walked up to her and his black pupils looked at her face. He frowned slightly and asked, "You don't look so well. Are you alright?"

Samantha lowered her eyes instinctively and used her hair to try and cover her face slightly.

She had put makeup on her face in order to conceal her pale complexion. Her clothes were all high-collared ones too, but she did not expect Alan to have such an eye for detail!

She forced a smile and replied, "I'm fine. I just didn't sleep well last night. Let's go in and look for Corey's attending doctor. I've already made an appointment with him and he's expecting us."

Seeing her avoiding the subject, Alan could only nod and pretend to believe her. "Alright, let's go in."

...

At the villa, Old Madam Barker walked into the master bedroom with some medicine, but saw that the blanket on the big bed had been lifted up. Timothy was nowhere to be seen.

She searched in the bathroom and changing room but did not see anyone there.

When she got downstairs, she called over Aunt Julia to ask about it and the latter replied, "I saw Mr. Barker left the house five minutes ago."

As Aunt Julia said that, she could not help but express her worries, "We don't know if he's fully sober right now and he left after barely getting some rest. Where do you think he's going in such a hurry?"