

《Once Bitten, Twice Shy》

Chapter 9: Are You Satisfied With What You're Seeing?

“Of course not.”

Samantha's fair cheeks suddenly reddened, and her gaze was bashful as she said, “It's just that...that I like to get a little wilder. If there's any noise, and they barge in midway, won't they ruin our mood?”

Get a little wilder...

When he heard those few words, Mason felt his blood boiling and he lost his rationality. Next, he immediately ordered his subordinates, “No matter what noises you'll hear later, you're not allowed to come in and interrupt us!”

The subordinates answered, “Understood, Mr. Godfrey!”

As soon as the door closed, Samantha locked the door, turned around, and looked at Mason.

Mason excitedly rushed toward her. “Pretty little thing, hurry up!”

Samantha stood unmoved, nor did she dodge him, but just waiting for him to get closer to her. Then, she slammed the bottle of wine she had been holding on his head and accurately stabbed his wound.

“Ahhh!” Mason wailed in pain.

He covered his head and took two steps back. “You... What a b*tch! Someone, help—”

Before he could finish his sentence, Samantha approached him without any hesitation and kicked his groin.

It hurt so bad that Mason could not utter a single word. As he knelt on the floor, his face flushed as red as a beetroot.

Samantha twitched her lips. What an impotent good-for-nothing!

“Mr. Godfrey, you want to drink with me, right? Let me feed you.”

Then, Samantha grabbed him by the back of his shirt, pulling him toward the coffee table. Soon, she took the liquor and directly poured the bottle of alcohol into his mouth, forcefully making him drink it.

“Someone...help me... Cough cough cough! Help...” Mason’s cries for help were drowned out.

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The subordinates that stood by the door heard noises from time to time, and each of them tacitly let out a vulgar smile.

One of them commented in envy, “This pretty little thing is really wild! Mr. Godfrey is so lucky!”

The other man also replied, “I’m willing to shorten my lifespan by ten years just to sleep with her once!”

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In the private room.

Mason was force-fed a few bottles of liquor. Soon, he was intoxicated, and he weakly fell to the ground.

Samantha pulled out a few tissues and slowly wiped her hands clean. After that, she crumpled the tissues into a ball and threw it on Mason’s face.

With his injury this time, he would not be able to hurt anyone for a long time.

Nonetheless, even though she had handled Mason, his subordinates were still guarding the door. Samantha had already estimated their strength, and if she still forcefully faced them, she would not have a good chance of winning.

After all, the strength between the two sexes was vastly different. Besides, these men were equally as perverted as Mason, and she would be facing many of them alone.

Hence, if she were caught, she would really die a tragic death.

She would need to outsmart them.

Samantha frowned as she was in deep thought. Soon, she smiled.

She grabbed her bag and took out a lipstick. After that, she started drawing hickeys on her neck and collarbones.

Next, she used the fruit knife in the private room and cut her own clothes, tearing it to expose her shoulders. Then, she messed up her hair.

At that moment, she really appeared as if she had just been ravaged.

Lastly, she poured herself half a glass of liquor and drank it all.

When she was done, she took her phone and made a call. "Hello, I want to make a police report!"

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Samantha waited for about five minutes in the private room, and she soon heard a ruckus outside.

At first, she felt strange. The police were really quick! They were indeed great public servants that served the people!

Subsequently, it was her time to perform.

Samantha glanced at Mason, who passed out from the alcohol. She endured her feeling of disgust and grabbed his arms and placed them on her shoulders.

Not long after, the door was kicked open, and she heard footsteps approaching.

Samantha purposely fell as if Mason was pushing her, and everyone who came in saw the scene.

She turned her head over, looking at the person who came, and she was ready to say those words she prepared. "Police—"

She only managed to utter one word, and the rest of her sentence was stuck in her throat when she met the man's gaze. It was not a police officer, but the unexpected Timothy!

Samantha was stupefied.

Timothy's line of sight first fell on the disheveled Mason, then on the empty bottles on the floor. Finally, he saw the equally messy Samantha. Her cheeks were red, and her porcelain skin had noticeable marks of hickeys.

He immediately clenched his fists, and his thin lips pursed into a cold line.

Samantha noticed the man's eyes were turning red, and his gaze was as if he wanted to tear her apart on the spot.

The atmosphere in the room instantly turned chilly, and Samantha could sense the terrifying aura closing in. In fact, she felt that it was getting harder to breathe.

Timothy rushed toward her in big steps.

He grabbed her wrist, forcefully pulling her up from the ground. As he was too strong, Samantha could not resist him at all.

Then, Samantha staggered as she was dragged out of the room by Timothy. Soon, she saw the bodyguards had handled Mason's men, as well as Zachary and Jonathan, who were standing nearby and watching.

It seemed that Timothy suddenly appeared because Zachary and Jonathan had informed him about it.

Samantha was also surprised that she would still be overthinking in this situation. It was obvious that the man in front of her could not wait to cut her into pieces!

In a room upstairs.

Timothy pressed Samantha against the door. His gaze was as dark as night, and Samantha could not see any emotions in his eyes. It was completely different from his murderous aura a couple minutes ago. In fact, he was oddly calm.

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However, Samantha did not let her guard down. On the contrary, her blood was running cold as she knew full well that Timothy was the most terrifying at such a time.

Samantha gulped, and she felt herself losing her breathing tempo.

The man swept his gaze at Samantha. From her forehead, brows, lips, neck, and exposed shoulder.

Soon, Samantha could see a storm raging in Timothy's eyes. "Are you taking it off, or am I doing it?"

Take it off, or he was going to do it...

Did he want her to strip so that he could check her body and find out whether he was being cuckolded and betrayed?

Samantha blinked, and she felt a sudden tinge of sadness.

Even though she had no expectations for Timothy, the words that came out of his mouth hurt her. He did not ask if she was okay or even give her the chance to explain.

In an instant, Samantha felt as if the man in front of her was a stranger.

Was he really Timothy? Was he the Timothy that she was deeply in love with? They grew up together and even dated for so many years.

Was she such a shameless woman in his heart?

Perhaps it was the alcohol kicking in from half a glass of liquor just now, or maybe it was the sudden extreme sadness... Samantha smiled, and she let out a laugh.

Then, Samantha tore the clothes on her shoulder, pointing at the hickeys. "Mr.. Barker, are you satisfied with what you're seeing?"