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Chapter 92: Vanishing Memory

Old Madam Barker understood at once and smiled. "Where else could he go? He went to find his wife of course!"

Aunt Julia did not quite believe it. "Would he?"

"Goodness, you!" Old Madam Barker looked at Aunt Julia with a hopeless expression. "Why hasn't any of my cleverness rubbed off on you after you've been by my side all these years?"

Aunt Julia was silent.

Old Madam Barker went into the kitchen and muttered to herself, "If Tim and Sammy have a child, who's going to raise the baby if I pass away? I'd be worried if it was you because you don't seem all that bright!"

Aunt Julia was just as speechless as before.

Judging from the circumstances surrounding both Timothy and Samantha, there was no definitive sign of positive progress just yet. The divorce crisis was still unresolved, so why think that far ahead about who would be raising the children?

Aunt Julia pouted. 'Don't you think you're overthinking a bit too much right now, Old Madam?'

...

At the doctor's office inside the hospital, Samantha introduced Alan to the attending doctor and sat at one side to listen to their discussion quietly.

She did not understand any of the technical terms they were using in their discussion, but Alan spoke in a very uniquely professional manner. His words elicited copious nodding from the attending doctor, and the hope in Samantha's heart became greater too.

The attending doctor previously had a helpless look when mentioning Corey's condition, but it seemed that the treatment plan provided by the little saint was truly extraordinary!

Seeing that the water in their cups was empty, Samantha gently took their cups, got up, then went to pour some warm water before handing it over to them.

Alan picked up the cup and took a sip, then looked at her and said softly, "Thank you."

"No thanks necessary," Samantha replied softly.

The discussion finished after about an hour. The attending doctor stood up and shook hands with Alan, holding Alan's hand with both hands. His tone seemed very excited as he said, "Dr. Sherwood, please do let the little saint know that I'm in awe of his plan. He really deserves to be a disciple taught by Professor Louie himself. Please feel free to contact me if anything else is needed!"

Alan smiled back. "Alright, I'll convey your message to him."

The attending doctor turned to Samantha and was grinning widely with a toothy smile. "Ms. Larsson, I didn't expect you to be able to locate the little saint. You can rest assured now with Corey's condition."

Those words were like an antianxiety agent that calmed Samantha's worries all at once. She could not help but smile, "Thank you. Corey is counting on everyone."

As they walked out of the office, he asked, "Which ward is your brother in? I'll pay him a visit."

Samantha thought he was going to look at Corey's condition or something of the sort, so she hurriedly said, "Here."

The two of them walked toward the ward.

When they were about to arrive, Alan spoke again, "I came in such a hurry that I didn't bring any gifts for him. I hope he doesn't mind."

"By the way, what does your brother like? I can bring it the next time I visit him."

Samantha went blank for a moment. "You're here just to visit?"

Alan smiled. "Of course. We're friends, and since we're already at the hospital, it's only right that we should visit your brother."

"...I thought you wanted to see him in your capacity as a doctor." Samantha scratched his head awkwardly. "You've already brought Corey the best gift..."

"Hmm?"

Samantha pointed to the treatment plan in his hand. "This gift is one of a kind. Corey will like it very much!"

As they talked, the two of them walked to the door of the ward.

Samantha raised her hand and was about to push the door open. Suddenly, her movements stopped when she caught a glimpse from the corner of her eye of a slender figure walking by.

She thought she saw wrongly, but when she turned her head and saw the person coming over, her black pupils contracted rapidly.

She was right. It was none other than...Timothy!

He was standing three steps away from her and his dark eyes stared right at her. There was a distinct lack of emotion on his handsome face.

Why was he there?

Could he be there to torture her again?

Samantha's mind subconsciously remembered his savagery toward her the previous night, and the terrible picture suddenly pulled her back to the scene, causing the blood on her face to fade away instantly.

Goosebumps appeared all over her body and she trembled slightly.

Alan, who was standing next to her, noticed the change and asked worriedly, "What's going on, Sammy? Are you feeling uncomfortable somewhere?"

It was only when Alan spoke that Timothy seemed to have noticed him. Timothy raised his head and his extremely dark pupils moved slowly as his gaze shifted to Alan's face.

Gigantic waves seemed to be rolling in the bottom of Timothy's eyes.

Samantha naturally noticed the change in Timothy's eyes and was well aware of how terrifying he could be. In his heart, he was already certain that Alan was having an affair with her, so the possibility remained that he would go crazy and hurt Alan...

Samantha did not seem to have given much thought to anything else and immediately stood in front of Alan, opening her arms wide to shield him.

Alan did so much for Corey and helped her tremendously, so she would never allow Timothy to harm Alan. Her issues with Timothy should not be allowed to affect innocent people.

Timothy looked at Samantha's simple yet resolute movements and felt as though a sword had pierced right through his heart.

Once upon a time, the person Samantha protected was him.

However, the person being protected right that moment was another man, and the person being protected against was him.

He would never forget how Samantha charged out abruptly into his arms and used her small body to block the deadly bullet for him.

Why did he feel that the memory was disappearing little by little from his mind? It was as if no amount of control he exerted over it could catch it back.

His hands clenched unconsciously into fists as they hung on both sides of his body. The veins on the back of his hand popped out, yet the memory still slipped through the cracks in his, turning into a complete blur.

He would have wanted to rush over, eliminate that eyesore of a man, then bring Samantha away and lock her up. That way, she could only stay by his side forever and look only at him.

It was a very simple thing for him to do. Exceedingly simple, in fact.

However, as simple as it was, he could not move an inch at that moment and was unable to do a single thing.

He knew that doing so would only make him lose Samantha forever.

Then again, had he not already lost Samantha? Was there any difference then?

...

When Samantha saw Timothy's fists clenching up, she stared at him even more defensively before seeing him lift his long legs and leave.

She was prepared to face a fierce battle, but the next second, she saw Timothy turn around and walk away.

Samantha was stunned. Her eyes looked at Timothy's rear figure in disbelief and she saw this body seemingly swaying slightly, like he was about to fall...

Chapter 93: Silent Contest

Samantha blinked intuitively and wanted to see more clearly, but when she looked over again, Timothy's back was straight and his pace was fast and steady. That swaying earlier was just her illusion.

It was no surprise. A man as insufferably arrogant as Timothy would never show such fragility. His expression remained unchanged, same as when the masked man who kidnapped him pointed a gun at his face.

However, Samantha was still somewhat confused when he just left like that.

She had clearly sensed Timothy's murderous aura earlier...

Just as her mind was lost in a flurry of thought, Alan's gentle voice rang in her ears and he asked, "Do you know that man, Sammy?"

Samantha's consciousness snapped back instantly and she turned around to look at Alan. Her mouth unconsciously opened and she was about to answer the three words, "He's my husband".

When those words came to her lips, she immediately reacted. Although Timothy was her husband by law, Timothy married her in a different capacity. She did not want his name to be associated with her in any way, lest she was accused of using her status as his wife to gain benefits.

The corners of Samantha's lips twitched and she said, "A stranger."

Her voice was not too loud, but Timothy's ears could still pick up on it extremely clearly. His footsteps halted for just a brief second before he walked even faster.

After entering the elevator, his eyes overflowed with hostility and he slammed his fist against the elevator's steel wall!

...

Alan lowered his eyes to look at Samantha's face. She had exactly the same expression as when she received the call the previous night.

If he did not guess wrongly, the handsome yet dangerous man earlier should be the 'someone annoying' that she mentioned.

Getting involved in other people's private affairs was extremely impolite, so Alan shelved his curiosity and changed the topic immediately. "Let's go in and see your brother."

"Yeah." Samantha could not resist revealing a relaxed smile.

It was easy to get along with Alan because he was very considerate toward other people. He respected other people's privacy and did not make anyone feel uncomfortable.

Since Corey was still in a coma, Alan came in to have a look at him. After telling Samantha to take note of some things, he got up and proceeded to leave.

Samantha wanted to send him downstairs but Alan declined. "You should stay with Corey. I'll go by myself."

After that, he stood up straight and walked out of the ward.

He took out his cell phone, called the driver, then asked to get the car ready. After that, he walked to the elevator entrance and pressed the elevator button.

The floor number in the display above changed one by one until finally the elevator door opened with a ding.

He looked up and made eye contact with a pair of extremely dark eyes. The man's long figure was leaning lazily against the steel wall and his hands were in his pockets. His entire body exuded a powerful aura that could push a person back.

Was that the man? Did he not leave yet?

Timothy glanced at Alan. The expression on his handsome face remained unchanged. He then raised his foot and walked out of the elevator.

Alan hesitated slightly but eventually lifted his feet and walked into the elevator.

One walked out and the other walked in. When the two of them passed by each other, a silent show of strength filled the air.

The elevator door closed, descended, and reached the ground floor of the hospital.

When Alan walked out of the building, his car was already waiting at the entrance. Once he got in, he remained silent for a moment and raised his head slightly, looking in the direction of Corey's ward through the car window.

The driver steering the wheel could not help but ask respectfully, "Are you going back to the hotel?"

Alan remained quiet and unconsciously rubbed his eyebrows with his long fingers.

Upon seeing that, the driver continued, "You hardly slept last night and didn't have much rest today either. I'd better send you back to the hotel to rest, Dr. Sherwood. Your health is important."

About half a minute passed before Alan's voice rang. "Go back then."

The car started moving and drove away.

...

Timothy stood at the door of the ward and pursed his lips tightly. He had a conflicted look in his eyes but a large majority of what he felt was self-deprecation.

He had obviously left the hospital and was already sitting in his car, but in the end, his feet took on a life of their own and brought him back.

In any case, Samantha was still his wife. Why should he allow her to be with some random man?

The person who should be leaving was the third party, not Timothy!

Samantha should not even think about divorcing him and getting married again!

She had to bear the consequences of her choice to return to the country and provoke him!

Timothy grabbed the doorknob, opened the door, and strode in.

Samantha had just come out of the bathroom after washing an apple and was about to take her first bite. Timothy's sudden return caused her to widen her eyes in shock. The apple then dropped to the ground because she had not held on firmly to it.

The round apple rolled from her feet all the way to Timothy's feet.

"You..." Samantha stepped back instinctively. Based on her knowledge of Timothy's temper, she knew that he would not just leave like that. Sure enough, he returned just to find fault with her.

He would not be satisfied until he tortured her!

She subconsciously glanced at Corey sleeping unconsciously on the bed, saying, "This is a ward, Timothy. Corey needs a quiet environment. If... If you want to sound me off, we can go someplace else!"

Timothy raised his gaze and squinted at her. He did not speak but merely continued to walk toward the hospital bed.

Samantha's pupils trembled. Had he shifted his target to Corey?

"Timothy, you—" Barely two words into her angry sentence, Timothy's cold words interrupted her. "I came to see Corey."

Samantha was stunned. Why would he be that considerate? He had never cared nor asked about Corey ever since they got married.

However, she saw Timothy approaching the bed, and true enough, all he did was look at Corey and nothing else.

She frowned, thought of something all of a sudden, and asked with a realization, "Grandma asked you to come, right?"

When Samantha returned that day, the nurse had told her that a man claiming to be her husband had come the previous night.

Therefore, the reason he came over that day and made repeated visits were probably under Old Madam Barker's order.

When it came to Old Madam Barker, Samantha was willing to allow his show of filial piety. After all, Samantha herself hoped that Old Madam Barker would be happy.

"Now that you've already visited Corey. I'll tell Grandma that you came to visit. You can go now."

On hearing that, Timothy's gaze shifted from Corey's pale face over to Samantha. He stared at her with his black eyes for a few seconds, then started walking. However, instead of walking out of the ward, he went to the sofa and sat down.

Samantha looked at Timothy's movements blankly and then thought of something. Her vision came into focus and she asked suspiciously, "Timothy, are you thinking about....staying here to watch over him too?"

Chapter 94: I Want to See You All the Time

Timothy still did not speak. He crossed his slender legs gracefully and leaned lazily on the sofa before making eye contact with Samantha again.

His answer was evident.

Samantha's delicate brows frowned into a small heap. She completely forgot her fear of him for the time being and walked up to him in a couple of steps. "Timothy, I know that Grandma is the one who requested all this. I can cover for you. You don't need to force yourself to stay. You can go."

She knew that Timothy did not like others to force him into doing things he did not want to do. He was unwilling to be forced into doing things even by his own grandmother, and it was Samantha who ended up suffering in the end!

Every single thing she said was just to get him to leave...

The light in Timothy's eyes darkened and he finally opened his mouth. With a voice as cold as ice, he said, "Do you hate seeing me so much?"

That question was so amusing that Samantha was stunned for some time.

There was a time she used to want to see him.

During the broken-off marriage two years ago, she missed him dearly when she stayed abroad for so long after being chased away. She wanted to see him, and she wanted to return to the sweet times they had.

After she returned, she continued to have extravagant hopes in her heart, but he tore up her hopes to pieces again and again.

Ever since their reunion, he had misunderstood her countless times and embarrassed her with all those hateful words. It was the same the previous night where he had no qualms hurting her in such a way. Why would she even dare to have any other wishful thinking?

Firstly, they were in a ward; secondly, the torture she experienced one night ago still left a lingering fear in Samantha's heart. She opened her mouth but was unable to say a single word despite having much to say.

Timothy looked at her expression and knew her answer from that response. The anger in his heart began to rise uncontrollably.

Whenever she was facing him, she could not be bothered to even lie to him or give him a half-hearted answer.

Timothy smiled in anger. He opened his lips, and the words he spoke were practically squeezed out from between his teeth. Every single word was filled with cold hatred. "Too bad. I really want to see you. I want to see you all the time!"

Samantha's heart trembled unconsciously.

Had it not been for the tone that Timothy used, Samantha would have been inclined to think that he was saying something sweet to her.

Such were the nuances of language. Different contexts could make even a very affectionate sentence turn unaffectionate.

Seeing his handsome face covered in a haziness again, Samantha's cheeks turned pale. Was he about to explode in anger just like the previous night and hurt her again?

Timothy seemed to have seen through her thoughts and a glow seemed to manifest under his eyes. His hands clenched subconsciously and his thin lips were practically pressed into a rigid line.

She could easily turn him into an emotional hostage and cause him to lose control.

However, the words his grandma told him rang suddenly in his ears.

'If you make her heart cold, she will be sad and disappointed. Once that happens, she would give up.

'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.'

Timothy closed his eyes and forcibly kept his boiling anger in check. He then lifted his eyelids again, and said while looking right at Samantha, "Grandma's people are watching."

"Huh?" Samantha could not react for a moment.

"Samantha, fulfill your obligations in our deal and play your role properly!" The man's tone became colder and there was a trace of suppressed anger.

Samantha heard it clearly and finally reacted to it.

It turns out, Old Madam Barker not only forced Timothy to come to the hospital to see Corey and stay with her, but even sent someone to monitor them in order to prevent Timothy from merely paying lip service.

No wonder Timothy was so enraged that he looked at her as if he could not wait to tear her apart.

As the saying went, old people were usually the wisest. Samantha never expected that her act with Timothy extended beyond the villa and even had to be continued when she arrived at the hospital.

In all honesty, Samantha did not dare to be alone with Timothy at that moment, but if Old Madam Barker's spy noticed that something was not right, Timothy would never spare her for that.

Simply thinking of his methods was enough to make cold sweat appear on her back.

She weighed up the situation before making up her mind. She then gulped heavily, bent down, and approached Timothy, whereby she lowered her voice and said, "Okay. I'll cooperate with you, but you have to promise, not...not to...do anything to me."

Timothy raised his gaze to look at her and Samantha straightened her body by reflex, with her eyes turning alert once more.

That reaction stung Timothy and he smiled contemptuously, "You think too highly of yourself, Samantha."

There was nothing better for her than having him disdain her!

Samantha responded with a forced smile.

It was a waste of breath to continue the discussion when they were irreconcilable, but since the conditions have been negotiated, Samantha was not about to say another word. She turned around, walked to the bed, pulled out the chair, and sat down.

Timothy could stay if he wanted—she would just treat him as though he was air.

She was accustomed to reading the newspaper to Corey every night, so she reached for the bedside table, took the book she had read halfway to him, and continued softly from where she had left off.

As she read, she could sense the man's gaze falling on her. She initially felt that it was impossible, but the gaze became stronger and stronger, causing her to raise her head instinctively to look toward the sofa.

Timothy had picked up a newspaper at some point and was reading it while sitting on the sofa. His eyelids drooped low and he was looking at the paper, rather than looking at her.

Samantha frowned, ignored it, and lowered her head to continue reading the book.

However, she soon felt herself being stared at again. The presence of that gaze was just too strong and she raised her head again to look over.

Timothy had finished reading his newspaper by then. It had been folded and placed on the coffee table. He was propping his head with one hand while scrolling through his phone.

Samantha wondered to herself whether she was being too sensitive? Was it a stress response toward Timothy? Or could her screws have been a little loose after not sleeping well enough the night before?

She rubbed her eyebrows involuntarily, then focused her attention on the book and continued reading.

Barely moments after she resumed reading, she felt Timothy's gaze once more. She raised her head indiscreetly and looked right at Timothy.

The man's posture did not even change. He was still looking at his phone while his fingers were typing.

Just as Samantha was at a loss, Timothy finally raised his head and looked straight at her with his black eyes. His thin lips opened slightly and he asked with clarity, "I thought you said you didn't want to see me, Samantha? But you kept stealing glances at me?"

"...I didn't, I..."

Samantha's words ended abruptly at 'I'. There was no way for her to offer an explanation, and she could not possibly tell him that she constantly had the feeling he was watching her, right?

"You what?" Timothy had a slightly more inquisitive look in his eyes.

Samantha avoided his gaze guiltily and merely answered, "It's a bit hot, I'm going out to get some air."

She then walked out of the ward quickly.

Samantha took a few deep breaths near the corridor window.. Once her breathing had calmed down, she was about to walk back when she saw a familiar figure not too far ahead of her.

Chapter 95: Are You Pregnant?

Samantha was somewhat surprised and wondered why Sheena would be in the hospital too.

She had not seen Sheena since the Schmidts' silver wedding anniversary banquet, but then again, they were not really familiar with each other and had nothing in common.

Samantha retracted her gaze and started walking away.

Sheena had already seen her and immediately called out, "Samantha, is that you?"

She called out while walking over.

Samantha had no choice but to stop. She looked at her and spoke in an indifferent tone, "Is something the matter?"

"I didn't expect to see you here. What happened? Are you feeling unwell?" Sheena asked with a touch of concern, as if they were close friends.

Samantha frowned slightly.

Sheena was an ambitious person who was maliciously devious. Her means of achieving her goals were underhanded and despicable, and she could never come to accept a view that was opposed to hers. Samantha did not want to have any unnecessary interaction with her.

“I’m fine,” Samantha said politely and distantly. “I’ll be leaving if there’s nothing else.”

“Hey.” Sheena stepped in front of her and blocked her way. There was a smile on her face as she said, “You don’t have to put your guard up with me, Samantha. I have no intention of doing anything to you. I just...want to say thank you.”

“To be honest, I’m only where I am today thanks to you. If you didn’t withdraw the accusation, I’d still be in jail now.”

While saying that, she put her hand on her stomach and caressed it gently.

That action...

Samantha had a sudden realization. “Are you pregnant?”

“Yeah.” There was an overwhelming sense of pride in Sheena’s eyes. “The baby is Justin’s. It’s more than two months along now, but the fetus isn’t very stable and there’s a threat of miscarriage. Justin is extremely nervous and he insists that I be treated in the hospital.”

No wonder she was spotted in the ward area.

The reason Samantha withdrew the accusation against Sheena back then and let her go was to offer Sheena an opportunity to choose: it was either to live a proper life from then onward or continue clinging to the path of living by fair means or foul.

Unfortunately, Sheena chose the latter.

“You don’t need to thank me. This is your own life and your own choice. It has nothing to do with me.”

“Why are you so ruthless, Samantha? I did do some bad things to you before, but it’s only because I couldn’t help it at the time. I had to listen to Penelope. There are no grudges between us, so I think we can make friends. We can support each other in the future, don’t you think?”

Sheena spoke very sincerely and had a longing look in her eyes. She even revealed her trump card and said, “I’ll be frank with you. Justin only has me and my baby on his mind. He promised to wait for my child to be born. If it’s a boy, he’ll divorce Violet and

marry me, and from then on, I'll become Mrs. Schmidt. Being your friend is more than enough with my status. I'll be able to help you too if you ever need it."

Finally, she emphasized, "I'm only willing to be your friend because you helped me out of trouble once."

Samantha listened to her words quietly and suddenly curled the corners of her lips into a smile.

Sheena's eyes lit up, "Do you agree?"

Samantha looked at her calmly and spoke unhurriedly, "You don't want to make friends with me just because I helped you out of trouble."

"You..." Sheena's smile disappeared. "What do you mean by that?"

Samantha smiled even more sarcastically and exposed Sheena's thoughts without much ado. "You just want to be my friend because your position isn't stable right now. You want to involve me in this so you'll have someone shielding you, or am I wrong?"

Her words were straightforward, so much so that it sounded really harsh. Sheena's expression changed drastically.

"My grudges with the Schmidts' mother-daughter duo are over. As for the grudges between you and them, you're on your own."

Once Samantha finished her sentence, there was nothing else left for her to say. She lifted her feet off the ground, walked past Sheena, and left.

Sheena turned around, looked at Samantha's rear figure, then grinded her teeth.

'Bah, who does she think she is!' Samantha was nothing more than a girl who fell from grace and would never be as noble as her.

It was only because Sheena thought highly of her that she offered to be her friend. Samantha really did not know what was good for her!

By the time Sheena became Mrs. Schmidt, she would not give Samantha another chance to try and curry favor with her again!

Sheena stroked her belly once more and lowered her head to her belly while saying, "My baby, you must seize your chances. Once you're born, Mommy will be able to become Mrs. Schmidt. From then on, you and I will live a prosperous and wealthy life. We'll make sure to give all those who look down on us a big fat slap!"

She then walked happily back to the ward.

...

Standing in a corner was a sullen-looking woman. She took off her sunglasses forcefully and revealed herself to be Penelope.

She originally went there to get back at Sheena, but unexpectedly chanced upon the conversation between Sheena and Samantha.

The scenes at the silver wedding anniversary banquet turned the Schmidts into a laughingstock within their circle. Penelope, along with her mother, lost their dignity completely. Sheena then continued to provoke Penelope's mother, only to have Penelope's father defend that woman blindly. The wonderful family Penelope had was turned upside down.

Penelope never experienced such dire straits ever since the day she was born. Her home was no longer a home and her mother went berserk from time to time. Even her father, who used to love her dearly, started scolding her and regarded her as a nuisance. Every day felt like an eternity for Penelope.

All of that...was Samantha's fault!

If Samantha had not released Sheena, Sheena would not have formed the malicious intent to seduce Penelope's father. Everything after that would never have happened!

'It's you, Samantha!'

Penelope gritted her teeth as she recited those three words, as though she was about to crush her!

A wave of deep anger burned in her eyes. She lifted her feet off the ground and followed in the direction Samantha left in.

...

Samantha returned to the ward and Timothy was still sitting there. There was a laptop on his lap and a couple of documents on the coffee table. Her eyes landed on the computer screen—he seemed to be dealing with business affairs.

She surmised that Ronald had been asked to deliver them over during the time she went out to take a breather. That was a further sign that he was determined to stay there and accompany her.

Samantha took a few deep breaths and muttered to herself. 'Act like he's invisible, act like he's invisible, act like he's invisible!'

After screaming that in her heart, it seemed to have taken some effect when she walked past him without turning to look. She came out after washing her face in the bathroom and walked to her little bed to lay down.

She might as well sleep and avoid staring at Timothy again.

However, it was then that she felt Timothy's gaze looking at her again. She looked over and thought it was an illusion, but on that occasion, she looked straight at Timothy's dark black eyes.

Samantha was stunned for a second and blinked her eyes unconsciously. "Why...why are you looking at me?"

Chapter 96: Everything That Men Say Is a Lie

Timothy's black eyes narrowed slightly and his voice was deep. "Are you going to sleep already?"

"Yeah..." Was it not obvious enough?

Something seemed off though. What did he mean by asking that kind of question?

Samantha pursed her lips lightly and said, "Timothy, there's only one small bed in this ward for the caregiver, and this is where I'm going to sleep. You can see just how small the bed is so only one person can sleep on it. If you want to stay, you can sleep on the sofa."

She was determined to hang on to her little bed and she was not going to let Timothy have it!

After a few seconds, a touch of cunning flashed in Samantha's eyes and she feigned kindness when she said, "Timothy, if you feel that sleeping on the sofa is too humiliating, you can go back to your villa or your hotel suite and sleep in a comfortable bed there!"

Timothy's lips twitched.

She really was doing everything in her power to make him leave!

He snapped the lid of his laptop shut, moved it away, then stood up.

Samantha raised an eyebrow. Was Timothy leaving because he could not bear to face such humiliation?

It would be good if he left. Then she could sleep peacefully!

However, the man took slow steps to her and stood beside the small bed.

His huge shadow enveloped Samantha, causing her heart to tremble suddenly. "You..."

Her first instinct was to sit up, but Timothy's palm pressed down on her shoulder and pushed her right back onto the bed.

Timothy's touch caused Samantha's body to tremble uncontrollably. Her eyes widened in horror and she struggled to get up from the other side of the small bed.

The man's big palm clasped her slender wrist and pulled her back effortlessly. At the same time, he went into bed, leaned down, and firmly trapped Samantha under him.

Samantha's hands were pressed to either side of her cheeks while her feet were pressed down by his knees, preventing her from making any movements. The fear under her eyes slowly began to surface.

"Timothy, you...you j-just promised me that y-y-you wouldn't do anything to me!" she stammered as she said.

Timothy's body loomed over Samantha and his dark eyes stared deeply at her.

He was very rarely able to see Samantha's emotions with clarity, but at that moment, he could distinctly see her resistance toward him and her unabashed fear of him.

The dim glow in Timothy's eyes continued to tumble and it felt as though something gripped his heart fiercely, making him breathless.

Samantha used to act so boldly in front of him, but at that moment, she had shrunk into an overly frightened cat.

Timothy closed his eyes, and when he next opened them, whatever emotions deep within had all but disappeared.

His thin lips moved coldly. "I won't do anything to you. Now sleep!"

He lay back down as soon as he said that.

Samantha was speechless and remained stunned for about half a minute before realizing that Timothy was not going to do anything to her. Rather, he wanted to sleep too, but on the small bed with her instead of on the sofa!

As expected of Timothy, he could not bear any mistreatment at all!

The bed was already very small to begin with and Samantha could barely fit there alone. With the addition of the 186-centimeter-tall Timothy, half of Samantha's body was lying on his and both their bodies were in intimate contact with each other.

Such a posture was just too ambiguous and dangerous. Samantha was anxious to get up.

She gave up and surrendered! She would not fight with him but would go to sleep on the sofa instead!

As soon as she moved, however, Timothy's hand tightened around her waist and the man's low, threatening voice rang from above her head. "If you move again, I can't promise that I won't do anything to you!"

Samantha's body froze immediately and she did not dare to move again!

She did not doubt what Timothy said at all. After all, there was nothing that scumbag did not dare to do!

Samantha was nevertheless still very resentful and chided angrily, "Didn't you say that I think too highly of myself? Everything that comes out of a man's lips is a lie."

He pretended to disdain her and yet he ended up threatening her again!

She was clearly muttering that to herself but Timothy's ears were very sharp. He lowered his gaze and looked at Samantha's puffed-out face. An inexplicable smile rose from the corners of his lips and he replied lazily, "Why should I refuse when you're the one throwing yourself into my arms? This is a man's instinct!"

When did she throw herself into his arms?

Samantha could not help but grind her teeth. She really wanted to tear apart that rascal's nonsensical mouth!

Unfortunately, she had no strength to be tussling with him anymore and could not possibly win against him in an argument. In the end, she would only get angry with herself. Samantha did her best to turn around in his arms and turn her back on him. Then, with her body already at the edge of the bed, she proceeded to close her eyes.

Out of sight, out of mind!

Timothy looked at Samantha's nape. Even though her back was facing him at that moment, at the very least she was in his arms.

He tightened his grip unconsciously.

Samantha initially thought that she would not be able to sleep. She did not know if it was because she was too tired the day before or whether there were other reasons, but her eyelids gradually became heavier and she eventually fell into a deep sleep.

The ward fell silent.

Timothy did not fall asleep. He kept his eyes open and looked at the woman in his arms.

Hearing her breathing becoming slower and steadier, his heart seemed to calm down too. He unconsciously propped up his upper body slightly, lowered his head, then planted a light yet loving kiss on the woman's forehead.

After that, he lay back down in satisfaction and closed his eyes.

...

At the doorway.

Through the crack of the door, Penelope—who had witnessed everything that happened in the ward—stared in disbelief and retreated step after step.

She was about to charge into the room after following Samantha, but immediately halted her footsteps when she saw Timothy in the ward.

Due to the distance, she could not hear what Timothy and Samantha were talking about, but she could clearly see them sleeping together and even saw Timothy kissing Samantha so affectionately while Samantha was asleep.

At that moment, she thought she was seeing things.

Despite being with Timothy for the past two years, Timothy had never treated her like that. He never hugged or kissed her, and she always thought that his reluctance to be in contact with others was because of his indifferent nature and his clean freak tendencies. As it turned out, men were all the same.

After all, was there any man who did not like women?

Actually, that might not be the case either. Samantha had to be shameless enough to blind Timothy's eyes using some kind of trick.

She knew that Samantha and Sheena were the same and conspired with each other—one seduced Timothy, while the other seduced Justin!

It was no surprise then that Penelope's plan failed during the wedding anniversary and her mother would end up getting so mad at Sheena. Timothy started to ignore Penelope

after that and she was turned away mercilessly whenever she went to look for him at the Barker Group.

That was all Samantha's plan. It was a conspiracy to separate Penelope from Timothy so she could assume Penelope's position!

After figuring everything out, Penelope's expression sank thoroughly. Her gaze was infinitely hostile as she glared at Samantha on the hospital bed!

Chapter 97: Death Was Upon Her!

At that moment, all Penelope wanted to do was to charge in and relieve her hatred by slashing Samantha a thousand times.

Barely one step later, her gaze landed on Timothy's figure and she forced herself to control her restlessness.

She would have barged right in without a second thought if she was still that naive little rich daughter, but the cruel reality had taught her in just a few months that being impulsive solved no problems. In fact, she would be the one who ended up on the losing end.

Although she was unafraid of Samantha, she was in no position to be provoking Timothy!

Penelope gritted her teeth until they nearly broke before forcing herself to turn around and leave.

As soon as she returned home and stepped inside the house, she could not avoid hearing her parents quarreling. Her mother's voice was sharp and terrifying while her father's was extremely cold.

When she walked to the living room, she happened to see her father slapping her mother right in the face. The force was so great that her mother fell over, hit the coffee table, and cried out in cold sweat from the immense pain.

Penelope rushed up, pushed Justin away, and glared angrily at him. "How can you beat Mom like that, Dad? You're obviously the one who cheated on her first and got that b*tch Sheena pregnant. What right do you have to lose your temper?!"

Justin was already incensed when he heard that, and rather than showing an ounce of shame, he became even angrier instead. "Your mother is the one who's causing trouble every day like a madwoman when she failed to see the bigger picture here. She's lucky that all I did was slap her face. Sheena's currently pregnant, so her body is weak and

she can't be overstimulated. If I ever find out that you're giving her a hard time, I'll hold you accountable for anything that happens to her and her child!"

Penelope's eyes turned red. She never would have imagined that her father, who had raised her ever since she was young, would say such words to him.

"Are you even human, Justin? If the child in that b*tch's stomach is yours, then what about Penny? Did you actually threaten Penny just because of that b*tch!"

In her anger, Violet tried once again to attack. She struggled and charged toward Justin again, wanting to fight him to the death!

However, she had not even laid hands on Justin when he mercilessly kicked her. Violet collapsed to the ground again and was unable to get up at that moment.

"Mommy!" Penelope squatted down hurriedly to help her.

Justin looked down condescendingly at the mother-daughter duo. His words became even more ruthless as he said, "It's only because of both your stupidity that Timothy is pissed off. Even our company's business partners are terminating their contract with us and want to completely disassociate themselves from us. The company's now in such a big crisis, yet the both of you are still causing trouble every day without fail!

"I'm warning you two. If you want to continue staying in this home, you'd best know your place. Otherwise, I'll get a divorce and the two of you can get the hell out of here!"

After saying those cruel words, Justin strode away without giving them a second look!

Penelope helped Violet up, sat her on the sofa, and told the servant to bring them an ice pack. She wiped Violet's tears, but they continued streaming down so profusely that there was no way to wipe them all up.

"Mommy, don't cry!" Penelope gritted her teeth and said bitterly, "Weren't you the one who told me that there's no use crying!"

Crying was never going to change the heart of a man whose heart had already changed. It would only annoy him even more!

Violet was well aware of that truth, but she still could not accept that her husband, who had been obedient to her for so many years, would dare to treat her like that!

It was a known fact that when she got married to him, her family background was higher than that of the Schmidts, and Justin was only able to be where he was by relying on the help of her family!

Seeing that Violet was still trapped in her thoughts, Penelope grasped her shoulder and forced the woman to look at her. She spoke very clearly, "Mommy, do you know who it was that caused this to happen to our family?"

"Who else could it be? Isn't it that b*tch Sheena!"

The mere mention of Sheena made Violet eager to skin that woman alive and drain her blood!

"No. Samantha's the culprit!" Penelope told Violet exactly what she had heard and seen in the hospital.

Violet was truly shocked. "Are you... Is what you said true?"

Would a disgraced girl like Samantha really be able to do all that?

"It's true!" Penelope gritted her teeth and said, "We've been underestimating her. That's why she could take advantage of us. If that wasn't the case, our plan during the silver wedding anniversary wouldn't have failed. Dad won't be seduced by that b*tch Sheena and I'll be Timmy's wife now too!"

"You're right..."

Violet recalled what happened that day, and the more she thought about it, the angrier she became. "That little b*tch, Samantha, has a really vicious heart. She not only separated you and Timothy, but even broke our family into pieces!"

"Yes, you're finally aware Mommy!" Penelope was very pleased. "What should we do now? We can't let Samantha continue living happily!"

Violet stopped crying and took a few deep breaths. "I'm not going to let her off the hook!"

She took the ice pack handed over by the servant and put it directly on her eyelids. The coldness restored her sanity instantly and her expression became icily grim.

"Samantha is already married, but there she is hooking up with Timothy again. What do you think will happen if both her husband and Timothy knew that she's having an affair?"

Penelope listened to Violet's words with a smile on her face. "You're right, Mommy. When that happens, both her husband and Timmy will rip her to shreds!"

Violet sneered. "I'll send someone to find out who Samantha's husband is! Samantha's death will be upon her soon!"

She picked up the phone and made a call.

...

Early the next morning, Samantha had no dreams throughout the entire night and woke up naturally. She stretched her waist unconsciously without opening her eyes.

After stretching her body for some time, she realized that something was not quite right and opened her eyes to look beside her.

No one was there and she was the only person on that small bed.

She blinked in confusion and wondered for a moment if Timothy's appearance last night was just her imagination.

Did Timothy leave?

Before Samantha had time to rejoice, the door of the ward was suddenly pushed open and in came Timothy dressed in casual sportswear.

She had forgotten that Timothy used to have the habit of working out after getting up in the morning. He probably went out to exercise earlier, and her happiness had been in vain.

There was nothing for her to say to him, so she looked away, got out of bed, and went to the bathroom to freshen up.

Even though Samantha's expression did not reveal much, Timothy could still see the slight change in her expression and his thin lips pursed slightly as a result.

Even though he was forcibly making her stay by his side, her heart was still miles apart from his and there was no way for them to come into contact at all.

Timothy stared fixedly at Samantha's rear figure for a moment, then picked up the phone and made a call.

Chapter 98: Someone I Love

When Samantha came out of the bathroom after freshening up, she saw Timothy sitting on the sofa again. He was handling some business affairs as he looked at his laptop while flipping through documents.

The sunlight outside the window radiated in, illuminating his attentive and handsome face. Samantha had to admit that it was extremely pleasing to the eye.

At that point however, Samantha had no intention of admiring his handsomeness. On the contrary, she was actually in a rather bad mood.

She expected that Timothy would have to go to the company at least every day. He had a lot of work to do, so he might not have much time to stay there.

Judging from his stance, however, he could be said to have moved his entire office to the ward! That was a sign that he had no plans on leaving!

Samantha could not help but feel a little confused. Although she knew Timothy was doing it for Old Madam Barker, he had never been that obedient when he was in the villa previously!

Was he not supposed to be working so often that he did not even go back to the villa? Why was he so obedient?

Timothy seemed to have sensed Samantha's gaze because he raised his eyes and looked over.

Samantha was stunned, but before she had any time to react, she made eye contact with Timothy and saw his lips curling up.

Timothy's deep voice sounded, "Come here."

"Is something wrong?" Samantha subconsciously raised her guard.

"Come. Here," Timothy said in a concise and unquestionable tone.

Samantha did not want to unnecessarily provoke Timothy—she was not a masochist, after all.

After hesitating for a few seconds, she lifted her feet and walked toward the sofa. However, when she was one step away from him, she stopped and said, "Tell me. What's the matter?"

Timothy looked askance at her, then raised his chin and gestured at the position beside him, saying, "Sit down."

Samantha frowned. She had no idea what that scumbag wanted to do. She calmed down and sat down but continued to keep a certain distance from him.

"You can look," Timothy said lazily, "but it'd be better for you not to say anything because it'll affect me."

Samantha was left speechless and stunned by his words. She could not make head or tail of it and it took her about half a minute before she suddenly understood.

She had earlier looked at him blankly because she was confused, but he interpreted it as if she was the one peeking at him. In that case, did Timothy ask her to come over and sit next to him, just to reward her with an up-close and personal view of him?

“You! I don’t want to look at you!” Samantha’s face turned red, not out of shyness, but out of anger.

Timothy cocked his eyebrows slightly. “It’s not the first time you did this.”

Was he referring to the several times she looked at him the previous night?

It really was a big misunderstanding...

“I...” Samantha rushed to explain, but she did not know what kind of explanation to offer him. Her lips opened and closed several times, and in the end, the only thing she was able to say was, “The point is, I don’t want to look at you!”

After saying that, she got up, scrambled away, then walked to the bed and sat down. In order to avoid any contact with Timothy’s eyes, she turned around and turned her back to him.

The ward was very quiet, and she seemed to hear a soft laugh from the man behind her...or not.

Samantha gritted her teeth slightly.

That scumbag really was a narcissist! Who the hell wants to look at him? Did he think he was that good-looking?

Then again, if she could fall in love with him at first sight, then it seemed the only explanation was because he was good-looking...

She frequently ogled at him in a daze when they were in love last time.

When Samantha thought of the past, she could not help but feel a little uneasy. In the end, she became even angrier, and that anger was directed at herself for being such a disappointment. It was Timothy’s handsome looks that seduced her in the past, without which she would never have liked him nor fallen in love with him. Then everything else after that would never happen...

When it was past ten o’clock, the doctor came to visit the room.

Samantha used to be alone in the past, so the sudden appearance of a charismatic man stunned the doctor for a moment. The doctor could not help but glance at the man again.

Furthermore, that man seemed quite familiar. Was it not Timothy Barker, the CEO of the Barker Group?

The doctor had known Samantha for a long time, but he scarcely expected her to have such influential connections. Aside from being able to request the little saint to treat her brother, she could even get Timothy to come to the ward and act as a caregiver. He was in awe of her capabilities!

From the looks of it, the doctor did not have to worry that much about Corey's condition.

After the routine check-up, the doctor said to Samantha, "Ms. Larsson, there are still a few things I have to inform you about. Please come to the office with me."

"Okay."

Samantha followed the doctor out of the ward.

...

Five minutes later, the door of the ward was pushed open.

Timothy thought that Samantha had come back, but to his surprise, the person who walked in was the nurse he saw the night before.

The nurse was briefly startled when she saw him and halted her footsteps too. After all, she was still somewhat traumatized by her expressionless look the other day.

The man's dark eyes stared at her and he did not speak.

The nurse gulped and hurriedly explained, "Sir, I... I'm here to wipe Corey's body."

"Mm," Timothy answered faintly, then lowered his eyes and continued reading the document.

The nurse breathed a sigh of relief. She raised her foot and was about to walk in, but then saw Timothy's black eyes look up at her again. He then said, "I'll do it."

"What?" The nurse thought she had misheard him.

Timothy stood up immediately, gracefully unbuttoned his cuffs, then rolled up his sleeves and walked toward the bathroom.

He then brought out a basin of warm water, walked to the bed, and set the basin down on the bedside table. After soaking a towel in the warm water and wringing out the excess liquid, he started to wipe Corey's body.

The nurse stepped forward unconsciously and said, "Sir, it's better for me to do it. Do you...really know how to..."

Before she could finish her question, she saw Timothy's extremely proficient movements and exquisite control of strength. It was at least on the same level as a professional nurse like her.

The nurse's eyes widened in surprise, and it took her some time before she snapped back to her senses. She could not help but say, "Sir, how are you so skilled? Have you been a caregiver to someone else before?"

Timothy did not answer and merely concentrated on wiping Corey's body.

Just as the nurse thought he was not going to answer, she suddenly heard the man's sonorous reply. "Yes. I have cared for someone before."

Who could have had the privilege of being taken care of by such a distinguished person? The nurse was a little curious and asked, "Who is it?"

Timothy's eyelids sank slightly and his vision turned slightly blur, as if he had immersed himself in a memory. His lips curled up slowly and his voice had become so heartbreakingly gentle when he next spoke up.

The nurse heard the man say clearly. "Someone...I love."

...

After Samantha finished talking to the attending doctor, she left the office and walked back to the ward.

The door to the ward was not closed, so she wondered if someone had come in.

She walked in gently and saw Timothy standing by the bed with the nurse. However, it was not the nurse who was wiping Corey's body, but Timothy.

At the same time, Samantha had also heard the entire conversation between Timothy and the nurse.

Chapter 99: Could It Be Her?

The person Timothy took care of was someone that he loved...

Samantha could not help herself from thinking about the time she blocked the bullet for him. During the time she was in a coma and had to be hospitalized, Timothy took care of her every single day.

Her unconscious state meant that she was unable to see how Timothy took care of her, but she managed to pester the nurse into describing everything to her.

It was likely that he had wiped her body too.

From then onward, she never saw Timothy taking care of anyone else.

In that case, was she the person Timothy was referring to?

Samantha's heartbeat unwittingly skipped a beat.

Then again, she had been separated from Timothy for two years and knew nothing about him when she was abroad. Could it be one of his female companions that he took care of during those two years? Or could it have been Old Madam Barker?

Old Madam Barker was undoubtedly Timothy's favorite family member!

When that thought occurred to her, the small flame that was burning in Samantha's heart started dwindling and she no longer dared to think about it anymore.

The sudden sound of footsteps was heard at the door of the ward. Samantha looked over instinctively and saw Aunt Julia assisting Old Madam Barker in.

They had shown up just as Samantha was thinking of them!

Samantha was surprised at first, but after coming to her senses, she said hurriedly, "Grandma, Aunt Julia, why are you here?"

As she said that, she stepped forward to take over from Aunt Julia and lend support to Old Madam Barker as the old lady walked on.

Old Madam Barker patted her hand gently and smiled kindly, "I ought to come and visit Corey, and besides, you've been in the hospital for so many days. The food must not be very good, so I told Aunt Julia to make something delicious and nutritious. I brought it over for you so you'll have better meals."

Samantha smiled in gratitude.

She knew that what Old Madam Barker said was true, but the old lady surely had another purpose—it was probably to come over and see for herself whether Samantha had gotten along with Timothy.

That was probably why Timothy insisted on staying. It was to be prepared for Old Madam Barker's sudden spot check.

After Old Madam Barker walked in and saw that Timothy was wiping Corey's body, she smiled uncontrollably and felt pleased that her words had finally gotten to Timothy.

Aunt Julia's mouth widened in surprise when she saw the situation and looked at Timothy doing something that could be said to be beneath him.

In all those years, the number of times that the pampered Timothy would personally take up the task of caring for something could be counted on one hand!

It seems that Timothy did have feelings for Samantha, otherwise it would be impossible for him to show such care for Corey.

She was really in awe of the old lady for how deeply the latter understood Timothy's heart. Anything and everything was picked up with crystal clear clarity by those sharp eyes!

...

Samantha helped Old Madam Barker settle down on the sofa.

Aunt Julia opened the five-tiered lunchbox she had brought along, and set them out of the table one by one. Then, she lifted the lid of the herbal soup tonic and poured it into two bowls.

After Timothy wiped Corey's body, he went to the bathroom to wash his hands before walking over.

He took his seat right Samantha, although it was unknown whether he did so intentionally or unintentionally.

The sofa had little space to begin with after Samantha had sat there with Old Madam Barker. As soon as Timothy sat down, Samantha could feel his body very near hers.

Samantha felt a little uncomfortable and her first instinct was to try and distance herself a little from him. However, Timothy seemed to see through her thoughts as he immediately put his arms around her slender waist, squeezing her soft flesh lightly with his fingertips.

That action caused Samantha's body to stiffen and she looked at Timothy in disbelief.

Why was he being a rascal there?

Timothy's dark eyes not only made eye contact with her, but even his handsome face started approaching closer. His fingertips tucked a lock of hair behind her ears and his thin lips moved closer to her ears, where he then whispered three words, "Play your role!"

The man's warm breath blew against Samantha's ears, causing her to get goosebumps all over. She had no choice but to restrain herself because she had already agreed to it before.

Samantha's eyeballs began turning in their sockets. Her closeness to him left her fearing that she would inadvertently expose the charade.

Soon after, she forced a sweet smile and hurriedly scooped up a piece of beef. Using the act of feeding Timothy as a pretext, she managed to seamlessly distance herself from him.

She brought the beef to Timothy's mouth and spoke very gently, "H-Here you go, Dear! Ah!"

Timothy's lips curled up in a smile and he cooperated by opening his mouth and accepting her gesture.

He even jerked his chin to ask for some chicken and said carefreely, "I'd like some of that."

'You're pretty demanding, aren't you! Don't you have any hands of your own?'

Samantha cursed in her heart, but continued to maintain that sweet smile on her face. Like the good wife that she was, she scooped up the chicken and fed it to him.

Timothy opened his mouth and accepted it while his dark eyes stared at her constantly.

For some odd reason, Samantha had the misperception that he was eating her instead of the chicken...

When Old Madam Barker saw this, she said unhappily, "You little brat. All you do is order Sammy around. Men should be caring for their wives. What kind of a husband are you?"

Timothy raised his eyelids and cast a sideways glance at Old Madam Barker. He seemed to have accepted her admonishment with an open heart and finally picked up the cutlery to take the food himself.

Samantha praised Old Madam Barker in secret, for the old lady really was on her side all the time!

To Samantha's marked surprise, Timothy's intention was not to feed himself, but rather to feed her! He brought the food to her lips and mimicked what she said earlier, "Here you go, Darling. I'll feed you too. Ah!"

Samantha froze.

Old Madam Barker nodded happily. "There we go. That's how a good husband should be!"

Samantha started to suspect that Old Madam Barker was taking both sides. On that occasion, she was clearly standing on Timothy's side...

With everyone's gazes on her, she had no choice but to continue with the act.

All Samantha could do was open her mouth, put on a sweet act, then ate the food that Timothy fed her.

He fed her several dishes in a row, but as Samantha ate them, she noticed something amiss.

She had a distaste of ginger and generally did not eat any dishes containing ginger. However, the food Timothy fed her did not contain any ginger, causing her to wonder if it was just a coincidence or whether he did it on purpose.

It was probably just a coincidence.

Samantha's appetite was small and she got full after eating some dishes and a few mouthfuls of rice. It did not take long for her to set down her cutlery.

Timothy glanced at her from the side and his black eyes settled on her face.

Samantha had a puzzled look when she sensed his gaze. Could it be that she was not allowed to eat too little? Even so, she really could not take another bite!

Timothy placed down his cutlery and stretched out his long fingers toward her.

Samantha was just about to ask him what he was doing when his fingertips landed on her lips and picked off a rice grain.

It turned out to be just that. A little blush appeared on Samantha's cheeks.

The next second, Timothy put the rice grain directly into his mouth and ate it.

Chapter 100: Was It an Act or Was It Sincere?

Samantha's black pupils shrank suddenly and her heartbeat started to quicken.

She was not seeing things, was she?

Did Timothy really eat that grain of rice so naturally without even feeling any disgust?

On one side, Old Madam Barker and Aunt Julia could not help but cover their smiling lips. Old Madam Barker teased, "Look, Aunt Julia, the couple should be spending more time together, right? Wouldn't their feelings continue to deepen if they interact with each other a bit more?"

Aunt Julia nodded repeatedly. "When I first got married, everything about my husband irks me, but after living together for some time, we practically became inseparable. It's important for newlyweds to be lovey-dovey with each other!"

As someone who enjoyed surfing the internet, she added, "The internet always says that couples with good relationships don't have any hands. I never understood what it meant, but now I do after seeing Mr. and Mrs. Barker today!"

They fed each other as if they did not have hands themselves.

Aunt Julia finally knew why the old lady requested her to prepare a sumptuous lunch for their hospital visit after answering a phone call in the morning.

If her guess was right, then it had to be Timothy who made the call.

Timothy appeared to have figured things out. At long last, he wanted to get along well with the young lady and spend the rest of the days in happiness.

That way, the old lady could finally feel at ease. There was hope yet for her to carry Timothy's little babies!

...

Samantha's cheeks turned hot as she listened to the teasing remarks between Old Madam Barker and Aunt Julia.

There was no 'good relationship' between her and Timothy... Her life was a play, and everything was just a mere act.

Then again, it was not as though the two of them never had a good relationship with each other...

Actions as intimate as feeding each other and eating each other's food brought her jolted memories from when they were in love two years ago. It seemed that all her memories were from that time.

Timothy had once been so kind to her that she became spoiled and gave everything she disliked eating to him. She even requested Timothy to pour water for her if she was thirsty and even asked him to bring the glass to her mouth so she could drink.

Whenever she started craving for something in the middle of the night, she would also call Timothy and tell him what she wanted to eat. Timothy would then scour almost the entire Capital City just to buy it and deliver it to her.

Such memory fragments were aplenty, so much so even remembering one tiny bit would make her heart ache.

She thought to herself that she might not have been in so much hurt if it had not been for the incredible kindness Timothy showed to her. She probably would not cling so desperately to those unforgettable memories either.

In addition, she might probably not feel so overwhelmed simply because Timothy pretended to dote on her.

However, was Timothy's past kindness genuine or was it all just for fun and there was no element of love within them?

She admitted that it was something she had always been brooding about in the bottom of her heart.

"Sammy, Tim!" Old Madam Barker called out to them. She then grabbed Samantha's hand with one hand and Timothy's with the other, then placed his hands on top of Samantha's.

"I'm really happy to see the two of you like this. It's my hope that the two of you will always be happy. Promise me, okay?"

Old Madam Barker looked at the two people with an extremely eager look.

Timothy's hand moved and his big palm wrapped Samantha's hand right away. His dark eyes looked back at Old Madam Barker and his thin lips opened slightly as he responded, "Okay."

As soon as he said that, Samantha's heart skipped a beat and she unconsciously turned to look at Timothy.

Her gaze happened to meet his dark and solemn gaze, though there seemed to be a distinctly discernible tenderness, just like...before.

Samantha's heart started beating harder.

She could not tell whether Timothy was acting at that moment, or whether his answer was genuine.

The old lady shifted her attention to Samantha due to the woman's silence. Then she could not help herself from remarking in a gentle yet coquettish tone, "Promise me, Sammy!"

Samantha snapped back and looked at Old Madam Barker. She did not know whether her answer was simply to keep up with the act or whether it came from the heart, but she unknowingly uttered, "Okay."

Old Madam Barker beamed with joy right away.

Timothy lowered his eyes and a faint little smile appeared imperceptibly on the corners of his lips.

...

Old Madam Barker chatted with Samantha for a moment, then reluctantly got up and left. Only then could Samantha breathe a huge sigh of relief.

In that short span of ten minutes, Old Madam Barker had already come up with names for her tenth child with Timothy. If the conversation continued further, she felt that she might not be able to bear it for much longer.

After sending off Old Madam Barker and Aunt Julia, the ward became silent again. It was difficult to adjust too quickly to that atmosphere.

If Samantha were to be honest with herself, Timothy's performance earlier really left her feeling confused.

She and Timothy have acted in front of Old Madam Barker before, but for every interaction prior to that day, the feeling that Timothy gave her was that it truly was an act.

It was as if he could get into that cold and ruthless character the second a director yelled 'action', although it might be true to say that he never really needed to actually go into character.

However, everything he did at the ward that day was so natural. There seemed to be no indication that it was an act, and it all seemed to come from his heart's truest feelings...

Was it merely an illusion?

The words Timothy said earlier rang in Samantha's ears. 'I have taken care of someone before. Someone...I love.'

She bit her lower lip lightly, then hesitated for some time before finally making up her mind to ask him.

Her mind would think about it all the time if she did not ask him, and those thoughts would haunt her again and again.

Samantha took a deep breath, raised her gaze, and looked at Timothy who had just walked out of the bathroom.

She opened her mouth but wondered if she should ask it outrightly or test the waters by asking, 'We performed really well earlier. Grandma probably won't doubt us anymore, at least for the time being. I guess... Since you seem to have a lot of work, you can go back to the company. I'll be fine by myself here.'

Timothy looked up at her and narrowed his dark eyes nonchalantly without saying a word.

Samantha could not tell what that look meant and whether it was good news or bad. Nevertheless, she saw him walk right to the sofa, take his seat, then switch on his laptop before reading the report.

He still appeared intent on staying there.

Since he had decided to stay when there was no need for him to play pretend anymore, Samantha's uncertainty decreased somewhat while her courage increased slightly.

Feeling a little nervous, she gulped and clenched her hands into a fist. After secretly cheering for herself on, she opened her mouth and called out softly, "Timothy..."

Timothy raised his eyelids and looked at her.

His gaze disrupted the sentences she had strung together beforehand. Her scarlet lips opened and closed several times before she was able to find her voice. "Can I ask you a question?"

The man was somewhat surprised that she would have questions for him.

Timothy raised his eyebrows slightly and answered curtly, "Ask away."

Chapter 101: Powerful CEO Turns into Lovable Husband in Seconds

Samantha clenched her hands even tighter, and she could not help but lick her dry lips and say, "Well... When you wiped Corey's body..."

The phone then rang all of a sudden. Timothy glanced at the caller ID and immediately picked up the phone.

Samantha's words had to come to a halt.

"I'll have to take this call," Timothy said, then got up and strode out of the ward.

Samantha was a little surprised.

Timothy's cell phone hardly got a break from all those calls ever since the previous night. There was always someone calling him for work matters, and he always answered them directly in front of her without avoiding her or anything.

However, that was the one call that he needed to answer in private.

Was it a very important and confidential company call? Or could it be another woman?

About five minutes later, Timothy finally opened the door and walked back in.

Samantha took a deep breath, adjusted her emotions, and prepared to ask her question. Unfortunately, she saw Timothy walking to the sofa and closing the lid of his laptop on the coffee table.

What was the meaning of that? Was he leaving?

Would it mean that his silence toward her remark earlier was not because he was staying, as she initially thought it was? Rather, it seemed he was still going to leave after the charade was all over.

Sure enough, the next second, Timothy picked up his suit jacket on the sofa armrest.

Samantha lowered her eyes, hid the disappointment that had surged in her eyes, and could not help but laugh in spite of herself.

Why did she have to put her expectations up?

The door to the ward was soon pushed open and Ronald came walking in.

The first thing Ronald did was greet Samantha politely. "Hi, Ms. Larsson."

Samantha nodded blankly. "Hello..."

Ronald walked to the coffee table, packed the laptop and files neatly, then carried everything in his arms.

After Timothy put on his suit jacket, he picked up his wallet and cell phone. He took large strides with his long legs and walked out, but barely two steps later, he seemed to realize something and stopped suddenly.

Ronald, who was following behind, did not expect Timothy to stop so suddenly. Before he could stop, he had bumped right into Timothy's back.

He became so frightened that he immediately broke into a cold sweat and said loudly, "Mr. Barker, I'm sorry, I didn't mean it! Please give me a chance to redeem myself!"

Samantha was surprised by his quick reaction.

It had to be the kind of response that was honed after being taught a severe lesson in the past!

Before Ronald could be scolded by his big boss, he raised his eyes boldly to look at Timothy and discovered that Timothy seemed unaware of Ronald bumping into him. Instead, his black eyes were staring fixedly on Samantha's face.

What was going on?

Ronald was still trying to guess what was happening when he saw his big boss's thin lips move. Timothy uttered a sentence in a very stiff and slightly awkward manner.

"I'm leaving...for business for a few days. I'll be heading overseas."

Samantha's big round eyes blinked.

Was Timothy telling her that? Was he...letting her know his schedule?

She stared at the man in disbelief, trying to make sure if he was directing that statement to her. However, Timothy had lifted his feet and strode off after telling her that.

Ronald nodded hurriedly at her and chased after his boss.

Samantha stood on the spot for some time and blinked again. Although she did not see Timothy's expression, Ronald would probably know Timothy's schedule. After all, he was Timothy's assistant!

There was probably no need for Timothy to tell Ronald that. Aside from Corey, who was lying unconscious on the hospital bed, there was only one person left and that was Samantha. It was...probably...very likely...that he was telling that to her.

Timothy could not possibly be muttering that to himself, would he?

He had never explained his itinerary to her ever since they got married. That was the first time he ever did.

The small flame that had been extinguished in Samantha's heart earlier reignited with a burst of fuel.

Timothy probably had some important business affairs to deal with and had to leave immediately for a business trip. Had that not been the case, he would probably continue to stay instead of leaving.

Was that the case?

It was unfortunate that she did not have any time to ask her question. If she had gotten it, she would not need to worry so much and make wild guesses.

There was nothing else she could do other than wait for him to come back from the business trip. Then she would find a chance to ask him and clarify!

...

Ronald still did not react even after getting into the car.

If he had heard correctly, his big boss had taken the initiative to tell Samantha his schedule. Never in his wildest dreams did he expect to see such a groundbreaking scene.

Did the overbearing CEO become a lovable husband in mere seconds?

He had been very worried some night ago when he saw Timothy driving angrily and chasing Samantha's taxi. He had been so anxious that he could not sleep for several nights and even suffered some hair loss. He thought that his big boss would get into a huge fight with Samantha and a dark future was ahead of him. To his surprise, the situation took an almost fairytale-like turn...

Was that not the epitome of a reward after suffering?

Based on how things were developing, the progress bar for Timothy to rekindle things with Samantha was slowly starting to fill up!

If his big boss had a happy marriage, his life would be easy too!

Ronald became even happier when he thought about that and he turned on a song as soon as he started driving.

'I don't know why I became so bold,

'But if you love someone, you'd do it all,

'I wanna tell the world I can't bear to let you go'

...

At the Schmidt home.

The landline rang and Violet gracefully picked the handset up. "Hello."

Penelope put down her teacup, leaned in eagerly, and asked in a low voice, "Mommy, did Detective Leadon call you?"

Violet nodded.

Penelope's eyes lit up suddenly and asked, "Has he found out who Samantha's husband is?"

"Hush." ??Violet put her finger on her lips, gestured for Penelope to stay calm, then continued chatting with Detective Leadon.

A few minutes later, Violet put down the handset.

Penelope could not wait any longer and urged while holding Violet's arm. "What is it, Mommy?"

Violet frowned and shook her head. "He hasn't found out who Samantha's husband is."

"What?" Penelope widened her eyes in disbelief. "How is that possible? Detective Leadon is famous. He never fails to find out anything!"

Violet would not have spent so much money to hire him otherwise.

"We can only chalk it up to Samantha's husband being a very complicated person," Violet said thoughtfully.

Penelope had a bitter look on her face. "What should we do then, Mommy? If we can't find out who her husband is, we can't prove that she's married. All our plans for the future can't be implemented."

"That's not necessarily true." Violet had a malicious grin. "Even if we can't find out who Samantha's husband is, we can...always make one up."

"Make one up?" Penelope disapproved, "It'll be easy to expose a fake husband. Samantha isn't going to accept it just because we say it. She'll definitely deny it!"

Violet looked at Penelope helplessly and felt somewhat disappointed that she gave birth to such a simple-minded daughter. "I have ways to make sure she can't deny it!"