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Chapter 252: He Had Always Been Acting So Well

Samantha counted the hours and discovered that it was more or less 24 hours.

Another one of Ronald's remarks had hit the nail on the head.

Samantha bit her lower lip but felt no pain even though there were already tooth marks on her lips.

The man's low voice rang in her ears. "Sammy?"

Timothy seemed to have called her name softly because she had not responded.

Samantha returned to her senses and took a deep breath to calm her chaotic thoughts. She spoke as naturally as possible, "Ah... I was just about to ask whether you're coming back tonight."

"Yes," Timothy answered without hesitation. "I'll be home in about ten minutes."

His answer came as a surprise to Samantha.

If Timothy did do something behind her back, then it would be logical for him to feel somewhat guilty and subconsciously hide it.

However, he came home right away as if nothing had happened.

Could it be that her three unanswered phone calls and the 24-hour disappearance were not what she thought it was?

Samantha's heart was less agitated when she thought of that.

Her lips curled up slightly as she responded, "Okay. See you later."

Samantha could not sit still in the bedroom after hanging up. She decided to get up, leave the bedroom, and head downstairs. She subsequently walked out of the villa and waited at the door.

A black vehicle soon drove in and parked up on the lawn in front of the door. The driver's door opened and the man's slender figure exited the car.

Samantha walked over.

When Timothy saw her coming out, he raised his eyebrows slightly and looked tenderly at her. "Why are you out here?"

Samantha looked at his handsome face and stared at him for just over ten seconds. After ascertaining the absence of guilt and avoidance in his expression, she smiled and said, "Cause I miss you."

Her voice was so sweet that Timothy's Adam's apple bobbed up and down in his throat. He wrapped his long arms around her slender waist and pulled her into his embrace. Once she was in his arms, he lowered his head and planted a kiss on the tip of her nose. He replied hoarsely, "I miss you too."

After he said that, he was about to kiss her when Samantha pressed her hands lightly against his chest and pushed him away. She deliberately chastised him, "No funny business when we're out in the open!"

Timothy chuckled but listened obediently to her and did not continue.

He went into the house with his hands around her.

Once inside, Timothy noticed that Old Madam Barker and Aunt Julia were not around and could not help but ask, "Where's Grandma and Aunt Julia?"

Samantha replied while helping him take off his suit jacket, "Grandma and Aunt Julia went to a place of worship. They won't be back until tomorrow."

The old lady could not sleep at all after getting angry at Harmony and felt particularly restless. When the next morning came, she said that she was going to visit a place of worship and dragged Aunt Julia along with her.

Samantha, however, omitted the old lady's reason for going.

Timothy knew that the old lady would visit her place of worship to practice vegetarianism and pray, so he did not ask any further questions and nodded lightly.

"Have you eaten yet?" Timothy asked.

"I haven't. I was waiting for you to come back so we could eat together," Samantha paused and looked at him inquisitively. "Or have you already eaten?"

"I haven't eaten either." Timothy chuckled. "What would you like to eat? I'll get it delivered."

Samantha was not that hungry and had no appetite, but she said, "That oriental restaurant we had the other day should do. Their roast duck was delicious! I've been thinking about it for a few days now."

“Greedy little cat!” Timothy touched the tip of her nose affectionately and took his cell phone out to order the food.

After making the call, Timothy walked to the bedroom and went into the bathroom to take a shower.

Samantha held the clothes that Timothy had taken off and glanced cursorily. There were no ambiguous items such as lipstick marks.

However, there was a faint perfume lingering on almost all his clothes.

Her nose could pick up the scent even though it was very light.

It was Harmony’s special homemade perfume, which was unique because it was her special formulation.

Samantha’s eyes narrowed slightly.

During the 24 hours that Timothy had disappeared, she could be certain that he had met Harmony. Her perfume would not have been on him otherwise.

The sound of trickling water soon stopped and Samantha glanced in the bathroom’s direction. She hesitated for a few seconds but still chose to put the clothes in the laundry basket.

The food was delivered as Timothy came out of the shower. He wiped dry his wet hair and put on some loose-fitting clothes before going downstairs.

Samantha tried to untie the plastic bag but was unable to do so despite trying for some time. She wondered if she faced difficulties because the knot was a bit too tight

Timothy stepped forward when he saw that and stretched his hand out. “I’ll do it.”

The moment his finger touched Samantha’s, her fingertips stiffened and she retracted her hand casually.

Timothy untied the plastic and laid out all the boxes one by one before opening their lids.

The two of them sat down.

Timothy picked up the cutlery and gave her a piece of roast duck. He put it in Samantha’s bowl and urged softly, “Eat up.”

Samantha lowered her eyes and looked intently at the piece of roast duck. A few seconds later, she picked up the cutlery and used it to bring the roast duck to her mouth.

She chewed and swallowed.

After that, she looked up and stared at the man who was eating slowly and gracefully in front of her. She pursed her lips and said, "You didn't answer my calls last night, Timothy, and you even turned off the phone."

She deliberately spoke in a complaining tone.

There was a brief fluctuation in Timothy's black pupils but Samantha could not tell what kind of emotion it was.

He then replied bluntly, "I was busy."

'Busy...'

Samantha nodded and spoke in a calmer tone. "Were you working overtime in the office last night?"

"Of course." Timothy raised his eyes to look at her. He had a calm and unwavering look as he curled the corners of his lips and teased, "I have to earn money to raise you, don't I?"

'Working overtime in the company...'

Samantha looked at his expression and saw nothing unusual. She really could not even find the slightest fault.

Had she not personally have gone to the Barker Group to find him the night before and confirmed that he was not in the office, she would have believed his words completely.

She was curious how she never noticed Timothy's ability to lie so seamlessly.

Then again, how could she forget what had happened during their relationship two years ago? She thought he really loved her, but in the end, he was just fooling around.

He always, always put on a good act in front of her.

The piece of roast duck she ate earlier made her nauseated. She had no idea if it was due to her psychological state being affected, but the sudden onset of nausea forced her to cover her lips. She immediately got up and ran towards the toilet.

She squatted by the toilet and vomited into it.

Timothy chased up to her right away and frowned as he asked worriedly, "Are you okay, Sammy?"

He then bent down and reached out to help her.

As soon as Timothy's hand came into contact with her body, Samantha immediately pushed him away.

Chapter 253: You Scared Me Earlier

Timothy was caught off guard and got pushed back a couple of steps. A shocked expression appeared briefly in the depths of his eyes.

Samantha only realized that she had overreacted right after pushing him away. If he were to touch her a second time, she might continue to lose control over herself.

The thought of Timothy staying with Harmony the previous night and lying to her after that made her feel sick.

Samantha did not have any appetite during the entire day. Aside from that one piece of roast duck, she only had a glass of milk in the morning and two mouthfuls of porridge at noon. There was nothing for her to vomit out. In the end, she could only vomit out sour stomach acid, and her entire face scrunched up because it was just too uncomfortable.

When Timothy saw that, he did not care about her inexplicable push and grabbed a towel as he squatted down and wiped her lips for her. He placed his other hand on her nape and patted it gently to soothe her.

Samantha vomited until she could not vomit anymore. Her head was still spinning and her body fell limply on Timothy even though she did not want him to touch her.

Timothy caught her and immediately rushed back to the bedroom while carrying her.

After putting Samantha on the bed, he pulled the quilt to cover her and frowned as he sat on the edge of the bed. He asked in a worried tone, "How are you feeling now? Do you feel better?"

Samantha opened her eyes halfway and looked at him. She was feeling very uncomfortable and her mind was still in a mess. She did not want to accidentally make a mistake. He was a very keen person, and she was not prepared to let him notice that something about her was amiss.

She gulped heavily and whispered, "I want to drink some water. Warm water."

“Okay. I’ll pour some for you right now.” Timothy stood up and strode out.

Samantha stared at the man’s tall rear figure as a layer of mist appeared in her eyes and gradually blurred her vision.

She trusted him unconditionally...up until the moment he lied.

During that period, she could clearly feel that Timothy showed care and concern about her. If that were not the case, she would not have gradually opened her heart to him, accept him once again, and allowed him to enter her heart.

However, he had lied to her.

Although she did not know if he was put in a tight spot, her trust in him had shattered completely when he chose to lie to her at that moment.

When Timothy came back with a cup of water, Samantha had already suppressed her emotions as best as she could and tried to calm herself down.

Having undergone many experiences in life, she had long learned to quickly revert to calmness and to immediately refrain from exposing her vulnerability to others.

Timothy did not hand her the water cup, but supported her up and allowed her to lean into his arms as he raised the water cup to her mouth.

Samantha clenched her hands subconsciously and endured her emotions. She finished the water and then lay back down again.

Timothy put the cup on the bedside table and placed his hand on her cheek. His fingertips hooked her cheek and turned it to one side as he said softly, “I’ve called the doctor. He’ll be here soon.”

‘Doctor.’

She knew that there was nothing wrong with her body and that she had only reacted that way because she was disgusted by Timothy’s lies.

If the doctor came to check on her and said that she was fine, Timothy would start wondering about other things.

Samantha hurriedly said, “I just didn’t eat much today, and I probably felt nauseous because my blood sugar level was low. I’ll be fine after I drink some glucose water and get some sleep. You should tell the doctor not to come.”

After a pause, she added, "Grandma will know if the doctor comes over. She hasn't slept well these few days, which is why she wanted to go to her place of worship and meditate. She'll rush back if she finds out, and I don't want her to worry too much."

Timothy's eyes sank. "Are you really okay?"

"Yes. I just feel like sleeping right now, and my rest will be disturbed if the doctor comes over," Samantha replied affirmatively.

The man's eyes looked intently on her pale face as he asked, "Why didn't you eat today?"

Samantha did not avoid his gaze and replied rather naturally, "Didn't I tell you two days ago that I had gained weight recently? I'm going back to work tomorrow. As an anchor who has to be on camera, it's a must for me to take care of my figure and lose weight!"

"That's a personal accomplishment in my line of work!" Samantha emphasized.

Timothy could not refute her reasons.

Samantha did tell him two days ago that she had gained weight, and since she had to go back to work the next day, she had to be photogenic.

Her excuse was reasonable.

Timothy sighed slightly and compromised, "Okay. I'll tell the doctor not to come then, but you mustn't starve yourself to lose weight. Your health must always come first."

He lowered his voice a little and there was a clear tremor in his tone, "You scared me just now."

That sentence nearly caused Samantha's tear ducts to burst.

She could not understand why Timothy would be so affectionate towards her after returning home from spending time with other women.

At that moment, she was almost about to be deceived again.

She blinked vigorously to restrain the soreness in her nose and held her tears back.

"Yes, I know." Samantha's voice was slightly muted. She did not want Timothy to see her uncomfortable emotions and she closed her eyes abruptly. "I'm a little dizzy and I'd like to sleep."

Seeing her discomfort, Timothy merely lowered his voice and said, "I'll make some glucose water for you right now. You can go to bed after you drink it."

Samantha nodded without saying anything.

Timothy stood up again and went out.

Samantha did not open her eyes after that, but a tear appeared at the corner of her eyes and streamed down as it fell onto the pillow.

A few minutes later, Timothy returned and fed Samantha the glucose water. He then laid her back on the bed. Instead of leaving, he sat on the edge of the bed and held her hand as he said softly to her, "Go ahead and sleep. I'll be right here. Just call me if you're not feeling well."

Samantha closed her eyes and did not answer him.

Although she had initially thought she would not be able to sleep, she eventually did fall asleep. However, she did not know whether she was tired from crying or whether it was due to her physical discomfort.

Unfortunately, she did not sleep peacefully and had all sorts of nightmares.

In the end, something seemed to have frightened her as she woke up all of a sudden.

Samantha opened her eyes in horror and began panting heavily.

It took her about ten or so seconds before she finally managed to calm down. Her eyes rolled stiffly within her eye sockets and Timothy was nowhere to be found. In the meantime, the sun had already risen.

She had nightmares the entire night, while Timothy—who said he was going to be by her side—had disappeared again.

There was a hint of ridicule in her eyes.

Her poor sleep had caused both her mood and body to feel unwell. She wanted to close her eyes and rest a little longer, but she heard a sudden loud crash from downstairs as she closed her eyes.

Samantha opened her eyes right away and her heart began beating violently.

What happened?

Chapter 254: Time to Wake Up from Your Dream

Samantha stood up and wore a jacket then walked out of the room and went downstairs.

The living room was a mess.

Standing beside the sofa was an out-of-breath Old Madam Barker. Her entire face was red and she was having difficulty breathing.

The furious old lady was supporting herself with Aunt Julia's help while the latter was glaring at a woman in front of them.

The woman stood there with her gaze lowered. She had a sad and helpless expression, while her eyes had turned scarlet. All in all, she looked incredibly miserable.

On the ground were various fruits, medication, and supplements, including the walking cane Old Madam Barker used.

The loud noise from earlier probably came from those crutches hitting the ground.

Samantha's looked at the woman's face and was immediately filled with anger.

She did not expect Harmony to show up there!

Why was she suddenly brave enough to make an appearance there? Did Timothy give her that courage?

Although the situation seemed to suggest that the old lady had insulted Harmony, Samantha knew—without even needing to ask—that Harmony must have said something to deliberately provoke Old Madam Barker's anger.

The old lady had gone to a place of worship just to calm herself down and return, but Harmony just had to show up at her home to anger her. Only an idiot would believe the claim that she did not do it on purpose.

Samantha clenched her fists forcefully.

The next second, she stepped forward in a few strides and immediately grabbed Harmony's collar.

Startled by Samantha's actions, Harmony hurriedly explained, "What are you doing, Sammy? I...I just wanted to meet grandma."

Samantha did not bother to entertain her nonsense and dragged her out without so much as another word.

“Don’t cross the line, Sammy!” Unable to match Samantha’s strength, the only thing she could do was scold Samantha.

“Cross the line?”

Samantha snorted coldly and glared icily at Harmony, “Are you sure you want to know what it’s like when I cross the line?”

Her question reminded Harmony of the scene at Lychee TV’s back alley. She felt as though her arms were hurting again and closed her mouth reluctantly.

Samantha pushed Harmony out of the villa gate.

Harmony did not try to barge in again, since she could not rival Samantha in terms of strength. However, she sneered all of a sudden and looked at Samantha while saying with emphasis, “Do you know why Grandma is so bothered by me, Samantha?”

Samantha did not want to hear even a single word that came out of her mouth.

She ignored Harmony, closed the gate, and turned around to walk back.

Harmony looked at her from behind and said loudly, “I used to be a couple with Tim, but Grandma forced us to break up. Then she sent me abroad and didn’t allow me to come back!”

Samantha had long known about that and continued walking.

Harmony yelled. “Don’t think you’re that special! Grandma liked me very much too. When I was a child, she always told me that I’d be her granddaughter-in-law when I grew up. Tim and I became even more in love with each other.”

“It’s just that Grandma’s attitude towards me changed for certain reasons and she separated me and Tim, but Tim’s feelings toward me are still the same as before. It’s been years now, but he still doesn’t change. We still love each other very much, even today!”

Samantha finally stopped walking.

If their feelings for each other were a thing of the past, then what happened in the past stayed in the past since everything had happened before Timothy even met Samantha. It was understandable, and Samantha would not mind either.

However, Harmony said that they still loved each other, even until now...

Samantha turned around and looked at her indifferently. The crumbling expression that Harmony expected was nonexistent, and Samantha was quite calm as she remarked

sarcastically, "Some people desperately look for all kinds of excuses to justify not getting the things they want. Such clowns."

"My mistake, I shouldn't put everyone in the same category. When I say some people, I mean you."

"How..." Harmony's expression wavered slightly.

She hated Samantha's mouth to the core because every single word Samantha said made her want to tear that mouth apart.

In any case, Harmony had come prepared and quickly adjusted her mood again. She wanted to see whether Samantha could continue laughing at what she was about to say next!

Harmony curled her lips. "You should call yourself a clown, Samantha. Because that's what you are."

"You're quite miserable, really. I almost can't bear to tell you the truth."

The way Harmony looked at Samantha gradually became more pitiful. "But it's time for you to wake up from your dreams!"

Harmony might as well keep her mouth shut if she kept talking so much without actually saying anything.

Samantha's lips twitched as she unhesitatingly turned around to leave.

Harmony did not expect Samantha to react like that. She gritted her teeth angrily and could not help but shout at Samantha from behind. "The only reason Tim married you, treated you well, and kept you by his side is because he has no other choice! He's not doing that because it's genuinely from his heart!"

"There's a reason he's doing this, and that reason is also why Grandma had so forcefully split us up back then!"

Samantha went straight into the house without looking back.

Harmony did not get angry when she saw Samantha's figure disappear before her, because Samantha had most probably heard her words anyway.

After all, Samantha's slow descent into an abyss of pain was soon to come.

...

At the Barker Group, Timothy walked out of the conference room once the meeting was over and returned to the office.

He pressed the intercom and said, "Could you come in, please."

Elaine Olsen, a secretary who temporarily took over from Ronald, knocked on the door and walked in respectfully. "What can I do for you, Mr. Barker?"

Timothy signed the urgent documents and immediately said, "Cancel my schedule for the day."

Elaine was surprised. "Everything?"

It was only 11 in the morning and yet their boss was already about to leave work.

"Yeah." Timothy briefly explained. "My wife isn't feeling well and I'd like to go home to keep her company. Call me only if there's an emergency, otherwise don't disturb me."

Elaine understood immediately.

Timothy and his wife were well known for being very affectionate with each other.

That rumor seemed to be true.

After signing the very last document, Timothy handed it to Elaine and got up to put on his jacket.

However, the office door was suddenly pushed open and Zachary walked in.

Zachary appeared somewhat surprised to see the situation before him. "Are you going out, Timmy? Looks like I came at the wrong time."

Timothy glanced askance at him. "Is something the matter?"

"No, nothing at all." Zachary smiled. "I haven't seen you in a while, and since I happened to be passing by, I decided to come by and have lunch with you."

"I'm busy. Get lunch yourself," Timothy refused outright.

Zachary pretended to feel affronted. "You don't even have time for a meal? Where are you going?"

Elaine immediately answered, "Mrs. Barker isn't feeling well, so Mr. Barker is going home to take care of her."

"Ohhhhhh..." Zachary dragged those words. "Hoes before bros, I see..."

Timothy ignored his words and put on his jacket. He then reached for his phone and car keys before walking straight out.

Zachary was not surprised at all and merely shrugged, "Fine, I'll ask one of my girls."

Elaine returned to her seat after sending Timothy and Zachary off. When she saw that it was almost lunchtime, she took her cell phone out and ordered some food delivery for herself.

She had just placed her order when she looked up and saw Zachary returning.

Elaine was surprised and quickly stood up to ask, "Mr. Summer, why are you back?"

"Oh, Timmy needed me to help him get something. You can continue with your job. I'll go in and get it myself," Zachary said naturally.

Elaine did not think that he had any ulterior motives because he was good friends with Timothy. She nodded, "Well, go ahead then."

Zachary nodded, walked into the office, and closed the door.

Chapter 255: Unable to Face Him

Zachary did not stay in the office for too long and went out after a few minutes.

Elaine quickly stood up again and said respectfully, "Take care, Mr. Summer."

"Sure thing. You don't need to send me off."

Zachary walked off after saying that.

...

Back at the villa, Samantha helped the old lady sit down and fed her some of the scented tea that Aunt Julia brought over.

She then gently patted the old lady's back and said softly, "Are you feeling better now, Grandma?"

Old Madam Barker nodded. "I will be, as long as I don't have to look at Harmony!"

Aunt Julia could not contain her anger as well, "You've already warned Harmony not to show up in front of you when you met her the other day, but she still shamelessly came to our house!"

Old Madam Barker felt a headache coming on when she heard Harmony's name and made no secret of her disgust. "Don't mention her again! Call management right now and make sure she's never allowed to enter this area again!"

Aunt Julia nodded. "I'll do it right away."

She turned around and made the call.

Samantha has been helping Old Madam Barker calm down and the old lady's anger gradually dissipated. She held Samantha's hand and said, "Don't worry, I'm fine now. You, on the other hand, are you alright?"

"Huh?" Samantha was a little puzzled.

Old Madam Barker then explained, "Tim said that you weren't feeling well when I came back this morning. Since he had to go to the office for a very important meeting, he told Julia and me to help take care of you first. He'll come back as soon as he's done with the meeting. I woke you up just now, didn't I? How's your health?"

That turned out to be the reason Timothy was nowhere to be seen when she woke up...

Samantha felt a little relieved.

She shook her head gently, "My blood sugar was a little low yesterday. I'm all good now after a good night's sleep. Don't worry, grandma."

"Why was your blood sugar low? You didn't eat your meals just because Aunt Julia and I weren't home, right?" Old Madam Barker pretended to get angry.

Without saying anything, Samantha held the old lady's arm and acknowledged her mistake in a kittenish tone, "I'm sorry, Grandma. I swear I'll eat regularly from now on!"

Old Madam Barker always fell for it whenever Samantha acted adorable and gentle. It could quell even the most intense anger, although at that moment she was not actually angry, to begin with.

"You have to keep your word!" Old Madam Barker curled her fingers and gave Samantha's head a gentle knock.

"Yes, of course!" Samantha responded in a crisp voice.

Samantha was thoroughly relieved when the old lady's mood finally reverted to calmness.

Old Madam Barker looked at the clock on the wall and said "Tim's probably coming back from the meeting anytime now."

Samantha's lips pursed involuntarily.

She would have to face Timothy if he came back, and if she were being honest with herself, she did not know how to face him at that moment.

She once directly asked him about his relationship with Harmony and he replied that there was nothing between them. Yet in hindsight, it seemed as though he had been lying.

What was the point of asking him again if he was only going to continue lying?

She did not know what the result would be if she lost control of her emotions and unloaded everything on him.

He could either fabricate yet another excuse to sidestep the matter, leaving her no choice but to compromise and turn a blind eye, or the sweet and happy relationship that they had maintained all this while would finally reach a breaking point.

Samantha wanted neither of those two choices.

She could not bring herself to compromise, nor could she just let everything collapse.

Despite having reached a critical moment, she was unable to make a choice!

Samantha kept quiet for a long time and her expression did not seem right. The old lady noticed it and hurriedly asked, "Why are you looking so blank, Sammy? Are you feeling unwell? Is that why you seem a little uncomfortable?"

Samantha snapped back all of a sudden. She blinked her eyes and lowered her gaze to avoid Old Madam Barker's penetrating vision. She smiled and replied, "No, I just realized that I have to report for work at Lychee TV today. It's already ten and I have to hurry up."

"Are you sure you can go to Lychee TV in this condition? You should stay at home today and get some rest. Ask them for a day off and go back to work tomorrow," the old lady advised.

Samantha shook her head and said firmly, "I'm fine now, Grandma. Really. I don't need a day off. Ms. Goldman has high hopes for me, and it wasn't easy for me to get on her team. It won't be good if I don't report to work on time."

There was nothing Old Madam Barker could say about that.

Samantha was extremely happy to join Victoria's team and it was only natural for her to do her best and cherish the opportunity.

Old Madam Barker sighed. "Okay then, you can go ahead. But you must promise me not to push yourself too hard if you don't feel well. Ask for a day off and come home to rest if you're not feeling good."

"Okay."

...

Timothy came home merely moments after Samantha drove out.

He entered the house and changed his shoes at the entrance, where he frowned slightly after seeing the absence of Samantha's leather heels.

When he walked into the living room, he saw Old Madam Barker sitting on the sofa and greeted her before asking, "Did Sammy head out?"

Old Madam Barker looked up at him. "You're back."

Only then did she answer his question, "Yes. I told her to rest at home, but she said she was fine and has to go to work because it's her first day with Ms. Goldman. She insisted, so I couldn't hold her back."

Timothy's brows furrowed even more.

Old Madam Barker was pleased to see his reaction and said, "Don't worry, Sammy seems quite healthy and she'll probably be fine. I'm just glad you finally learned how to feel anxious for your wife!"

Timothy was still a little worried. He had stayed by her side the entire night and noticed that she had been sweating profusely in her sleep and did not manage to get a peaceful rest.

He did not want to worry the old lady though, so he nodded gently and said, "I'll head upstairs then, Grandma."

"Sure."

Timothy went upstairs and entered the study.

He took his cell phone out and wanted to call Samantha, but he was just about to dial her number when he remembered that she was probably driving at that moment. It would not be safe for her to answer a call, so he decided to type out a WeTalk message and send it.

...

At the traffic light, Samantha glanced at the message from Timothy: [Tell me if you feel uncomfortable. I'll pick you up after getting off from work.]

Her hand clenched the steering wheel subconsciously.

She could not figure out whether Timothy was being genuine to her at that moment.

She could truly feel his sincerity at that moment, yet he had still spent time with other women behind her back.

If he was never sincere, to begin with, what could be his reason for marrying her, treating her well, and staying by her side without any hesitation?

Samantha did not reply to the message.

When she arrived at Lychee TV, she received another WeTalk notification as she was about to park the car.

Thinking that it was from Timothy again, Samantha picked the phone up and looked at the screen, only to discover that it was a message from Harmony.

Chapter 256: I Can Prove It to You

Samantha's finger froze for a moment before she clicked on the message.

[I know that words are no basis for forming conclusions, so I'll prove it to you tonight.]

After reading the message, Samantha quit WeTalk expressionlessly and turned off the phone display.

Samantha walked into the elevator and pressed the button for the top floor. The elevator went straight up and she bit her lip while watching as the display above her changed with each floor.

Once she arrived at the top floor, Samantha stepped out of the elevator and walked towards the office lobby on the right. That belonged to Victoria's team.

As soon as she walked in, the young lady at the front desk greeted her, "Hello, Ms. Larsson."

On hearing that familiar voice, Samantha raised her eyes and saw that it was Annabelle. She was surprised at first, but then replied with a smile, "Anna, why are you here?"

She was supposed to be the anchor department's secretary.

Annabelle smiled warmly. "Ms. Keller, the existing secretary, is on pregnancy leave. The station assigned me here, so I'll be taking her place for the time being."

"I see..." Samantha was rather fond of Annabelle so she was naturally very happy. "I guess I'll be in your care then. Thank you for the trouble."

"It's no biggie." Annabelle waved her hand. "It's my duty to see to your needs."

After the initial pleasantries, Annabelle said again, "Ms. Goldman has already given me a rundown and I've already gotten the paperwork done for you. Here are the documents. You can sign them once you've finished reading."

Annabelle then handed the documents to Samantha.

"Sure, thanks." Samantha took the documents. "Is there anything else?"

Annabelle replied, "Ms. Goldman wants to see you in her office once you've finalized everything."

"Okay."

Samantha walked to her workstation, where she saw her nameplate and some office equipment. It was probably Annabelle who had prepared all that for her.

She put her bag down and took a seat to read the employment documents. After confirming that it was correct, she signed it and went to Victoria's office.

There was nothing too urgent in Victoria's request to see Samantha. Victoria simply welcomed Samantha and gave her a little encouragement, then told her that they would soon hold a welcoming party to initiate her into the team. Since some of the team members were outside working, the party would be held when everyone was present.

Samantha thanked Victoria for her kindness and left the office.

Back at her workstation, Samantha looked at the time and realized that it was only 12.

Since it was her first day on the job, she had nothing to do at the moment because she did not have any news assignments. She could not help but think about what Harmony had said earlier that morning, as well as the text that Harmony sent.

Samantha closed her eyes tightly.

Although she knew that Timothy had lied to her, she did not completely believe Harmony either. After all, she knew how much Harmony coveted him.

However, she also knew that evading was never the solution.

Samantha might be able to avoid it for a certain period, but she could not keep avoiding it forever.

Harmony said she could prove it to Samantha that night.

'Fine,' Samantha thought, 'I'll make a bet with you one more time!'

Samantha picked up her phone and called Timothy.

He answered almost as soon as she called him and spoke in a gentle voice, "Sammy."

Samantha's hand trembled slightly as she held the cell phone. She gently took a breath and made sure to maintain a normal tone, saying, "I just finished going through the procedures for my first day. Don't worry about me, I'm fine."

"Okay. Do your best at work. I'll pick you up after you're done."

"You don't have to. It'd be better for you to spend some time with Grandma since you're at home on leave today. She's been very restless these couple of days, so you should cheer her up in my place." Samantha then thought to herself and added a few more words, "This is an order!"

Timothy seemed amused by her words and let out a soft, mellifluous chuckle. "I am bound by my beloved wife's orders."

Samantha's heart felt sour in an instant.

His remarks ought to be very sweet, but she could not help herself from feeling uncomfortable when she did not know whether he was telling the truth or not.

Her throat felt a little choked. She was afraid he might hear that her tone was off so she said hurriedly, "Okay, I'm going to continue my work now. See you tonight."

"Come back early. I'll be waiting for you."

Samantha hung up as soon as he said that.

She took two deep breaths and managed to ease her mood a little.

Samantha stared at the phone screen and said to herself, 'Please don't disappoint me, Timothy...'

...

Back at the villa, Timothy left the study and went downstairs.

Old Madam Barker was doing some flower arrangements when Timothy walked over and sat beside her.

She looked at him and cocked an eyebrow. "Yes?"

"It's nothing," Timothy replied straightforwardly. "My wife just ordered me to keep you company."

"Pfft," Old Madam Barker burst out laughing. "I could never imagine that this day would ever come for a brat like you. Then again, it's only right for you to listen to your wife."

It had been ages since she sat down and had a nice random chat with Timothy. Many a time, she felt that her grandson was becoming an emotionless and apathetic robot as the years went by.

The feeling was especially strong in the past two years, where he seemed to change into a completely different person.

There were times when Timothy felt like a stranger to her.

Ever since Samantha came back and remarried Timothy, his iciness was gradually melted by her warmth. He was full of joy, anger, sorrow, and joy, just like ordinary people.

He was filled with life and was no longer like a cold, empty shell.

Old Madam Barker could not help but express her awe, "Do you know how lucky you are to meet a good girl like Sammy? You'd better make sure to not let her down, or else I'm the first one who won't forgive you!"

Timothy replied without hesitation and spoke in an extremely affectionate voice. "Of course."

...

At three o'clock in the afternoon, Samantha received sporadic WeTalk messages from Timothy while she was sorting out some documents.

[Making flower arrangements with Grandma.]

He sent a picture of his flower arrangement.

[Playing a card game with Grandma and Aunt Julia.]

He sent a picture of the poker cards.

[I lost.]

He sent a picture of his face covered with notes because he lost.

Samantha did not want to look at any of that, but she could not help herself from clicking in to look. In the end, she could not control herself from smiling slightly.

She could tell that Timothy wanted to make her happy after seeing her unease, but he did so in a rather typical male fashion.

After all, he was smart enough to never lose in a simple card game, unless he deliberately played to lose. That way, he could kill two birds with one stone by cheering up both grandma and her.

At half-past five, Timothy sent a message: [Cooking dinner. Waiting for you to come home.]

The discomfort Samantha felt the entire day had been somewhat relieved.

Perhaps Timothy had his reasons. A person with his character would not have to go to such lengths if he was just acting.

He was never like that during their previous relationship.

She might even be able to have a heart-to-heart with him that night.

At six in the evening, Samantha turned off the computer and got up. She grabbed her bag and proceeded to clock off work.

As she drove out of Lychee TV, she had decided to go straight home, but a WeTalk notification rang on her phone.

She glanced at it and saw that it was from Harmony.

Samantha wanted to ignore the message, but after seeing the contents, she immediately braked without warning!

Chapter 257: Everything Changed

Samantha's car stopped abruptly, causing the car behind her to nearly rear-end her. The owner of the car behind was so furious that he pressed the car horn several times.

Samantha seemed dazed and did not react for a moment.

The owner of the car behind drove to her side and lowered the window to scold Samantha. "Do you know how to drive? What the hell's wrong with you!"

Samantha's eyelashes trembled fiercely and she forced herself to return to her senses. She lowered the car window and apologized sincerely, "I'm sorry."

The owner drove away while cursing.

Samantha closed her eyes and calmed her thoughts before starting to drive again. She pulled over to the side of the road and stopped there.

Then, she picked up the phone with trembling fingers and clicked on WeTalk.

Harmony's message was a picture, rather than a text. She clicked on the picture and enlarged it.

The words stated clearly 'Physical Health Report.'

Harmony marked the most important section with a red circle!

Harmony's body had been so badly injured...that she would never be able to get pregnant, ever.

Samantha read the health report calmly, but the floodgates in her mind had opened and all sorts of information poured uncontrollably into her mind.

Her hand trembled even more as she held the phone.

That was something she would never have expected. It was like a hammer that came down hard on her heart that her mind went instantly blank.

There were certain things that she could not ignore despite her best efforts to do so.

The phrase 'ignorance is bliss' had never suited her.

The corners of Samantha's lips curled up slightly but she could not manage to complete a smile. She held back the coldness emanating from her body and typed out a message before sending it.

[Where are you?]

Harmony seemed to have been waiting for Samantha's question because the reply was almost instantaneous.

She shared a location and replied: [I'm waiting for you.]

Samantha looked at the four-word text and felt like laughing.

She put her phone down and took a few deep breaths. Once she steadied her trembling lips and dispelled the coldness emanating from her body, she regained her composure and started driving again.

However, she drove much slower compared to before, without knowing whether she did so for safety or whether she just wanted to give herself some time to be mentally prepared.

The place was not too far and it should have taken only 20-minutes, but Samantha drove at a constant speed of 40 miles per hour. In addition, there were a few traffic jams during the commute, so it took her nearly an hour to reach.

The sky outside was already completely dark when Samantha entered the VIP room.

They were inside a teahouse.

If Samantha remembered correctly, Timothy and Harmony once had tea in that same establishment and ended up being photographed. Those same photographs were then posted on the internet.

Harmony was preparing tea. The water was boiling and the tea's fragrance wafted throughout the room.

When Harmony saw Samantha's arrival, she smiled slightly, "You're here at last, Sammy. I've just finished brewing some tea. Do have a taste."

Samantha looked up at her.

Harmony's efforts had been thwarted several times, and she gradually lost her patience until she finally revealed her true nature in front of Samantha. Her confidence had dwindled severely as well, so Samantha was surprised that Harmony could regain that character she once had when they first met.

Harmony appeared charismatic, dignified, elegant, confident, and even...optimistic about success.

Samantha walked over and sat opposite her.

Harmony placed a cup of tea in front of her and said, "This is Tim's favorite. Give it a try."

Samantha did not play along with the charade and there was even a slight change in her expression. She merely said, "You have five minutes."

Harmony's expression froze for a moment.

She had suffered so much in Samantha's hands that she was never going to let go of the opportunity to crush Samantha's heart and rip that arrogance to shreds. Nevertheless, she did not expect Samantha to be so haughty, arrogant, and fearless at such a time!

It did not matter to Harmony though, because it was finally her time to be smug!

Harmony's expression immediately reverted into a smile. "In that case, I'll get straight to the point."

She looked at Samantha's unemotive eyes and spoke clearly, "I know you investigated my past with Tim, right? Well, it wasn't really you, because it was Rochelle who did the investigation at your entrustment."

Rochelle was the one who offered to help Samantha investigate Harmony, but there was no point for Samantha to explain that to Harmony.

She only uttered a single word, "Continue."

Her attitude made it look as though Harmony was a subordinate reporting to her.

Harmony could not help gritting her teeth and cursing at Samantha for always knowing how to push other people's buttons.

She deliberately beat around the bush to make fun of Samantha, not to give Samantha a chance to rile her up. Her expression froze when her ruse failed and she decided to say bluntly, "Rochelle couldn't find anything at all because someone had already taken steps to protect any and all information about me! Any guesses regarding who did that? it's Tim of course!"

Harmony's smile widened in delight when she said that. "You're curious to know what happened between Tim and me, right? You shouldn't have bothered checking! I can tell you—right now—about the two of us!"

"Yes, we grew up as childhood sweethearts, and we were recognized by everyone as the perfect couple. But Tim has a cold personality and he doesn't warm up so easily to others, so we started as friends in the beginning. As we grew up, we became more in tune with our feelings, so it was only a matter of time before we started falling for each other."

"Everyone knew about us. Old Master Barker, Old Madam Barker, Zac, and Jon too. They were all hopeful for us and wished us well."

Harmony's expression softened when she spoke about those past events, almost as if her entire person had been immersed in the wonderful memories of yesteryear. Her voice became tender and soft as she continued, "Then, Tim confessed to me on Valentine's Day and said he wanted to be together with me! Forever!"

"Silly me didn't accept his confession because I was still a reserved girl back then. I only told him I'd consider it for a few days before giving him a reply."

"Those few days caused Tim and I to be separated for so many years."

Harmony's eyes gradually became more painful.

"On the day before I was about to give Tim a reply, I was going home with him when we ended up in a car accident. The car crashed right into Tim's seat, and I threw myself on him to block the fatal crash without even the slightest hesitation."

"I was covered in blood as I lay in his arms and I thought my life was over. I didn't regret it at the time though, and I'd be more than happy to do it again."

"Luckily for me, I was rescued in the end, but the sad part is...I hurt myself and will forever be unable to get pregnant."

Harmony lowered her eyes and laughed self-deprecatingly, "Everyone thanked me when I saved Tim's life, but everything else had changed...."

Chapter 258: The Reason He Married You

Harmony clenched her hands little by little and spoke in a faltering voice. "Tim is the heir—the sole heir—of the Barkers. He needs to have a child."

"Old Master Barker and Old Madam Barker liked me very much. They were happy to let Tim be with me before the accident, but once they found out that I could no longer get pregnant, they still treated me well but forbade Tim from being with me again."

"Before I was discharged from the hospital, Old Madam Barker even planned on accepting me as her granddaughter-in-law."

Harmony then looked up at Samantha. "It's pretty obvious what Old Madam Barker is trying to say. She's more than willing to repay me for saving Tim by promising me wealth and prosperity, but she won't allow me to be with Tim."

"I was still recovering from my injuries at that time and was heartbroken to hear such terrible news. I hated Old Madam Barker for being so ruthless, and I rejected her outright because I loved Tim very much."

“I never wanted wealth and prosperity. What I wanted was just Timothy. That’s all.”

Tears began streaming down Harmony’s eyes. “From the moment I refused, I became a thorn in the side for the old Barker couple. They believed I didn’t know what was good for myself and felt that I was demanding too much. They even thought I was being inconsiderate of Tim, and I was condemned even though I had earlier been his savior!”

“Now you know why Old Madam Barker hates me so much. But can you honestly say that this is my fault?”

Samantha’s eyelashes trembled slightly but she did not speak.

The Old Madam Barker she knew was not that kind of person, and she would never just believe that one-sided story from Harmony.

Harmony looked at Samantha’s unwavering eyes and could not help but sneer, “You won’t feel anything if you weren’t in my place, right?”

Samantha rolled her eyes before looking back at Harmony. She replied insipidly, “I can’t comment without first getting the complete picture.”

“Heh.” Harmony shrugged. “Go ahead and verify it for yourself. May lightning strike me if any one of my sentences was a lie!”

Samantha said nothing.

Harmony saw that Samantha was not buying any of it and continued to say, “Tim didn’t know what Old Madam Barker did, of course, because she wouldn’t say it. I didn’t say it either, since I wouldn’t want Tim to be caught in a dilemma between me and his grandmother.”

“Tim was super kind to me at that time. He took care of me every day and accompanied me. He said that he’ll never let me down in the future, and once I was discharged from the hospital, he’ll officially tell everyone that we were in a relationship.”

“I can remain unmoved in the face of Old Madam Barker’s threats and promises, but watching Tim treat me like that broke my heart. The better he treats me, the more difficult it was for me to be inconsiderate of him. He could have gone against the world just to be with me, but I can’t let him bear the burden of being labeled as disobedient. I can’t have children either, and the issue of having an heir will forever be a problem for us.”

“I was finally discharged from the hospital after more than a month, and on the day that I was discharged, Old Madam Barker came to me again with good news.”

“She told me that she had contacted a famous doctor from abroad, a doctor who was fifty percent confident about treating me, so perhaps I might still have the chance to get pregnant in the future.”

Having mentioned that, Harmony paused and sipped some tea before continuing, “I was very happy at that time, thinking that God was looking favorably upon Tim and me, so I promised to do as she said. I rejected Tim’s confession without telling him the reason and left under the old lady’s arrangement.”

“Tim was sad and confused at the time, but I held on to the belief that nothing could stop us anymore if I came back after getting treatment.”

“It turned out that I was being too naive. I trusted Old Madam Barker too much, and after she sent me abroad, there was no sign of the famous doctor and I received no treatment. She tricked me, manipulated me into going abroad, and refused to ever let me come back. She also forbade me from having any further contact with Tim.”

Harmony’s tears slid down from the corner of her eyes.

“I was young and alone in a foreign country at that time, so I couldn’t resist at all. The only thing I could do was study hard and live a good life so that I’ll have the power to fight back in the future.”

Samantha received a notification on her cell phone.

She held her phone up, glanced at it, and saw a message from Timothy. [Dinner’s ready. What time will you be home?]

Harmony looked over as well but was not at all jealous. Rather, she looked at Samantha with a pitiable look.

Samantha did not reply to the message. She put the phone back into her bag, looked up at Harmony, and said icily, “Everything you mentioned happened in the past.”

She was implying that the past was not representative of the present.

It all happened at a time when she was not yet at Timothy’s side. If that alone bothered her so much, then she was the one who was being unreasonable.

“I knew you would say that.”

Harmony took a tissue and wiped her tears gracefully, “But when it comes to Timothy and me, there is no such thing as ‘the past’.”

“Remember the first time we met? It was at the airport when you and Tim were heading to Barrkjaer Island for your honeymoon.”

Harmony could not control herself from laughing when she brought that up, "It's a bit cruel, but I'll tell you the truth anyway. Tim went to Barrkjaer Island not for your sake, but mine.

"He knew that I was going to Barrkjaer Island to set my mind at ease, so he came all the way to look for me. You...were just a cover."

"I was saddened when I found out that Tim finally married you, so I decided to end all contact with him. That was the reason he chased after me, to tell me that he married you only so he could have an heir."

"As for why he chose you, it's simply because Old Madam Barker likes you. Tim is filial after all, especially since Old Madam Barker is the only family he had left after Old Mister Barker passed away. He was more than willing to fulfill Old Madam Barker's wishes."

"I didn't agree with what he did at first, because in my opinion, it was very unfair to you. He insisted on doing it for me though, so my only choice was to give you hints using every method possible. Unfortunately, you interpreted my kindness as malice and wasted all my effort."

Harmony's smile turned cold slightly. "Then again, Samantha, after we got to know each other, I realized that you're the kind of person who isn't worthy of my help."

"You're making a lot of claims," Samantha spoke in a tone that was as indifferent as before, "but where's your evidence?"

Harmony seemed astonished that Samantha would be so difficult to break, but she quickly sneered, "Tim told me that you've always been wary of him after he broke off the marriage, so he had no choice but to pretend to be on your side to persuade you into carrying his child."

"Don't trick yourself into believing that I lost to you twice before this because of your ability.. I let you win, while Tim helped pull the strings from behind."

Chapter 259: Can You Snap Out of It?

"While for you? You were moved bit by bit by Tim's actions..."

Harmony's smile disappeared when she said that. "To be honest, it's frustrating as a woman to watch the man you love be with another woman every single day. I feel uncomfortable even though it's all a sham. Tim, however, is thinking about our future, so all I can do is endure it."

“Even so, Tim couldn’t bear to see me suffer. He knows I’m sad, so he thought of other ways to cheer me up.”

Harmony gently rested her hand on her cheek and smiled sweetly.

“You want evidence, right? I can show you. Remember when we competed with each other the very first time and I was deprived of first place in the anchor competition? I didn’t have the opportunity to enter Lychee TV at first, but Tim knew I wanted to join and understood that it was my dream, so he helped me to be qualified for employment. Isn’t that obvious enough?”

Samantha still did not answer her.

Harmony grinned. “Do you need any physical evidence?”

She got up, walked to the coat rack, and took down a bag before walking back.

She put the bag on the coffee table and pushed it before Samantha. “See for yourself.”

Samantha looked at the big bag.

Although she had no idea what was in it, she would be lying if she said that her heart was not feeling tempestuous at that moment.

Regardless of how calm, composed, and rational she was, the fact remained that she was uneasy when hearing Harmony’s words.

The reason she felt that way was because Harmony’s words matched the timeline exactly.

When Timothy first conspired against Samantha to marry her, he did so because he misunderstood her, hated her, and married to get revenge on her.

Their relationship was terrible after that, with the two of them hurting each other and viewing each other with disdain.

Had it not been for Old Madam Barker’s mediation, they might have divorced a long time ago and completely forgotten about each other.

Their relationship then changed because she was forced to fight against her parents’ revolting behavior. She had no choice but to sever her relationship with her parents in public.

During the press conference she held, Timothy stood by her for the first time and disclosed their marriage publicly. She, together with him, resolutely severed ties with her shameless parents.

She began to feel grateful and no longer clashed with him like before, while Timothy's cold attitude towards her had changed as well.

At that time, she was curious why Timothy would change all of a sudden.

She was always under the impression that he did so because of Old Madam Barker.

In hindsight, Timothy was clearly on a business trip at that time and happened to come back just in time for her press conference, like a hero swooping in to save the damsel in distress.

Her calls to him before the press conference had gone unanswered, and that was when she was in a state of crisis.

On further analysis, that particular point in time tallied with Timothy's tri-monthly disappearance to spend a whole 24 hours with Harmony.

That could be the reason he did not answer his phone at the time.

After being with Harmony, he could have changed his attitude towards Samantha after deciding to use her as a vessel to bear an heir. Did all of his actions after that form a stepping stone to make her willingly give birth to his child?

She did not want to cast such aspersions on him because she could not bring herself to admit that Timothy was merely faking it when he doted on her with such warmth during that period.

Unfortunately, she was being crushed bit by bit by Harmony's evidence.

Samantha clenched her hands slightly and remained still for some time.

Harmony continued to stare at Samantha and chuckled after seeing her every reaction. "Weren't you so sure that I was lying? What's wrong? Are you scared now that all the evidence you want is right in front of you?"

Samantha looked up and spoke indifferently, more so than before. "Why are you so anxious? I'm not even half as anxious as you."

Harmony was choked and speechless.

That truly was the first time she had ever seen a woman with such resolution. Any ordinary person would have been convinced a long time ago.

She wondered just what kind of a person Samantha was and why was it so difficult to gain the upper hand against the latter even after what had happened.

It was frustrating!

Samantha bit down hard on her lower lip and restrained her emotions.

She could delay as much as she wanted, but she could not avoid her resounding defeat. Getting a little extra time was not going to change anything.

Harmony simply acted as if she charitably gave her that bit of extra time!

Samantha took out a thermos cup from her bag, unscrewed the lid slowly, and drank some of the wolfberry water inside. After drinking, she closed the lid and put it back in the bag.

Those unhurried movements made Harmony grit her teeth once more.

Samantha did not even look at Harmony at all. Once she was mentally prepared, she stretched out her hand and picked up the bag.

She reached into it and touched the item inside. It happened to be a square box that felt somewhat familiar.

Her fingers trembled slightly.

She seemed to have some idea of what it was.

Even so, she still held on to a glimmer of hope and prayed that it was not what she thought it was.

Samantha took a deep breath, grabbed the box with her fingers, and exerted a bit of force when pulling the box out.

The light in the tea room was rather dim and there was the vapor from the hot boiling water in front of her. Notwithstanding all those factors, Samantha still saw the box clearly at a glance.

It was more than just a little familiar-looking.

She could not be more familiar with it.

It was the box containing the anchor competition's first-place trophy. She had promised to get the trophy, which she did and subsequently gave to Timothy.

Samantha did not give herself any time to regret and quickly flipped the lid open. Inside the box was the very trophy she had given him.

She picked up the trophy and gave it a closer look.

She remembered leaving a little scratch at the corner when the trophy fell to the floor after she held onto it.

Lo and behold, the scratch was there.

It was proof that the trophy truly belonged to her, rather than being a forgery sourced by Harmony.

Samantha had given it to Timothy as a token of her love!

She immediately felt her heart being crushed heavily while an astringent feeling rose from her depths.

Samantha clenched the trophy tightly as her fingers trembled fiercely.

She still remembered that Timothy deliberately went home to take the trophy in the middle of the night.

Back then she was moved by how much importance he placed on it, but it turned out that he was anxious to take it from her and comfort Harmony with it.

Upon seeing that, Harmony said proudly, "Remember what I told you a long time ago? Things that don't belong to you will never be yours. This trophy has come full circle and returned to me in the end."

"You might have had it for some time, but that doesn't mean it belongs to you!"

"Can you snap out of it, Samantha?"

Chapter 260: Call Him and Get Him to Come Here!

Samantha did not seem to have heard Harmony's rambling and felt like laughing when she stared at the trophy in her hand.

She closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and suddenly placed the trophy onto the coffee table with a bang.

Harmony's words were interrupted by the noise and she raised her eyes to look warily at Samantha.

She did not doubt that Samantha wanted to hit her with that trophy at that moment. After all, Samantha was exactly that kind of a crude and shameless woman!

Just when Harmony thought that Samantha would lose all reason and explode with rage at the next second, Samantha did nothing and sat back down again.

There was a look of confusion in Harmony's eyes.

If anyone else were in Samantha's place, Harmony would be at least 70% to 80% confident of predicting their next move. With Samantha however, every single action was completely unexpected.

Could Samantha really remain indifferent in the place of such solid evidence?

It was true that the trophy shook Samantha's emotions for a moment and caused her to feel a little sad.

However, she would never cut a sorry figure in front of Harmony despite all the discomfort and sadness.

None of what Harmony did could even compare to the suffering she had experienced during her two years abroad.

Those experiences would all be in vain if she was defeated that easily.

Samantha's red lips parted and she asked, "Is this what you call evidence?"

"You might be in possession of the trophy right now, but how did it even get into your hands? You said that Timothy personally gave it to you, but I can claim that you got it through other means. Perhaps you stole it."

'You stole it.'

Harmony was angered by the accusation, "Why do I have to steal it? This trophy is rightfully mine!"

"Are you really going to continue shoving false arguments down my throat when everything's laid out clearly in front of you? Do you live your life deceiving others and yourself?"

Samantha remained unfazed and even said sarcastically, "Looks like...my guess hit the nail on the head."

'Why else would you be so jittery?'

Harmony finally realized what it felt like when other people had to deal with such unreasonable ghouls.

No wonder 'he' kept reminding her not to underestimate Samantha.

Back then she was very unhappy because she regarded Samantha to be someone that she could easily handle with the snap of her fingers. In the end, she had to admit that 'he' was more discerning than she was.

At the very least, 'he' could tell just how despicable Samantha was!

Harmony had only herself to blame.

She was the one who wanted to reclaim her dignity and insisted on doing so by getting back at Samantha.

In the end, she was not as deplorable as Samantha and had to suffer repeatedly in the latter's hands!

As soon as that thought occurred to Harmony, she decided not to engage Samantha's fearless contention and said coldly, "Okay then. What kind of evidence do you want?"

Samantha lowered her eyes slightly.

She had an idea, but it was one of those things she could never turn back from once she suggested it.

Then again, things had already reached a point where there was no turning back.

If she did not get to the bottom of what was going on, it would be impossible for her and Timothy to continue life as usual.

She had asked herself whether she could do that.

The answer was no, especially if Timothy had faked his reasons to stay by her side.

Regardless of how much she loved Timothy and cherished the love she had rediscovered with him, it was something she really could not do.

She wanted none of it if Timothy was insincere.

Samantha pursed her lips, looked up at Harmony, and said unequivocally, "Call him right now and get him to come over here!"

She would only believe it if she saw it with her own eyes.

There seemed to be a flash of emotion in Harmony's eyes, yet Samantha did not know if she had seen it wrongly. She did not hesitate and immediately smiled, "If that's what it takes for you to believe me, then I'll grant your wish."

Samantha's eyes sank all of a sudden.

Harmony took her cell phone out openly. She gave the '1' a long press in front of Samantha and Timothy's speed dial came up.

About ten seconds later, the call was connected and the man's familiar voice came. "Hello."

Harmony raised her eyebrows provocatively at Samantha, then put the phone to her ear. Her voice became sweet and soft as she greeted, "It's me, Tim."

The phone was very far away. Samantha could not hear what was being said but she looked away when she saw Harmony's smile becoming much sweeter.

Harmony hung up after telling him her location.

She put the phone down on the coffee table and looked at Samantha again. "Tim said he'll come right now. Just as you wanted."

Samantha curled her lips "He won't."

Timothy had already said that he was waiting for her at home to have dinner together.

He would not come.

Samantha was certain of it.

Harmony was infuriated because she did not expect that Samantha would still smile at that moment and say such things.

She remarked coldly, "Wait and see then!"

It took about 40 minutes to get there from the villa, bar any traffic jams of course. Since it was already past rush hour, there would be an answer in 40 minutes.

Samantha glanced up at the wall clock and noted that it was eight.

For a moment, she did not know whether she was expecting time to pass faster or whether she wanted it to just stop like that.

Every second of every minute was endless suffering for her.

Samantha and Harmony did not talk since they both disliked each other. Once Harmony stopped trying to provoke her, the whole tearoom was quiet and only the sound of boiling water could be heard.

At 8:35, Samantha felt nauseous again, though she did not know whether it was because of her nervousness or due to her missing dinnertime.

She tried hard to restrain it a couple of times, but it became stronger and stronger regardless of how much she tried to suppress it.

When she sensed that Harmony was looking over, she did not want Harmony to notice that she was unwell and immediately stood up. She reached for her bag and subsequently walked out.

Harmony was surprised at first and later sneered with disdain, "What's wrong? Trying to escape because you're afraid to face it?"

Samantha stopped walking and spoke without turning around. "Looking at your face makes me sick. I need to get out and take a breather or else I might puke."

"You..." Harmony's face turned ashen.

Samantha ignored her and left the room.

She went to the restroom at the end of the corridor and splashed some cold water onto her face. She then took out a sachet of glucose powder from her bag and tore it open to pour it into her mouth.

The slightly sweet taste succeeded somewhat in suppressing her nausea.

She did not go back right away because she was not lying when she said that looking at Harmony made her sick.

The time on her phone finally reached 8:40.. Samantha took a deep breath before exiting the restroom and walking back.

Chapter 261: Could You Be Pregnant?

Samantha reached the last turn before the tearoom and was about to walk back in.

However, her heart trembled for an unknown reason and she halted her footsteps. The next second, she saw a figure slowly walk over from the other side.

Even though she was some distance away from the figure; adding to the fact that the corridor lights were very dim; not to mention she could only vaguely see a silhouette of that person's figure, she could still recognize it at a glance.

It was none other than Timothy.

Samantha had difficulty standing steadily at that moment. She staggered backward a few steps and had to support herself on the wall to avoid falling over.

She had even confidently told Harmony earlier that Timothy would not come.

Timothy's arrival was a resounding slap in her face hence why she was a little stunned at that moment.

The door of the VIP room opened suddenly and Harmony walked out of it.

Samantha's face was pale at that moment and she naturally could not let them see her like that. She moved her to the side and used the wall as a shield.

When Timothy walked to the door of the VIP room, Harmony saw him and looked up at him with a sweet smile.

Since Timothy's body had turned to the side, Samantha could not get a clear look at his expression but could sense no avoidance or alienation.

The two of them were talking with each other, with Timothy lowering his gaze while Harmony looked up at him.

She could not hear the contents of their conversation, but the scene in front of her was particularly stinging.

Harmony could get him to come to her with just a phone call.

To make things worse, he went to Harmony even after saying that he would wait for Samantha at home.

Was that how he should be treating someone who was 'just a friend?'

However, Samantha still held on to her last trace of reason. She could give Timothy one last chance and trust Timothy one last time.

She hoped that he would not let her down.

Samantha took a deep breath and tried to steady her shaking hands. She then took her cell phone from her bag and dialed Timothy's number.

While doing so, she looked intently at Timothy without blinking.

Timothy's cell phone rang, interrupting his chat with Harmony at the VIP room entrance.

Samantha watched as the man took out his phone from his trouser pocket. He lowered his eyes and looked at the phone screen for a second.

Then, he swiped his finger on the screen.

Samantha heard a cold robotic reminder from her cell phone: 'The number you have dialed cannot be reached at the moment...'

Her call had been rejected.

The hand that was holding her phone fell limply to her side.

It was the same as that night.

That was how it was, it seemed...

Timothy would refuse her calls whenever he was with Harmony.

The impact she was witnessing was a thousand—no, ten thousand times more uncomfortable than she had ever imagined.

She was able to remain unfazed by Harmony's taunts, but that one simple action from Timothy had practically knocked her down.

Harmony's words were all true, then?

The reason why he married Samantha was so she could give birth to his heir and pave the way for the love between him and Harmony.

Doing so allowed him to fulfill his filial piety to Old Madam Barker and fulfill his love for Harmony.

Was Samantha the only one who had to be sacrificed?

Was she the only one who did not warrant concern or consideration?

Were his sweet words and affectionate love all a lie?

How could he treat her like that?

Why would he hurt her so willfully?

Samantha clenched her hands tightly as her entire body trembled fiercely. Even her eyes were starting to turn red.

In front of her, Timothy and Harmony had walked into the VIP room together.

There was a murderous gaze in Samantha's eyes as she lifted her feet to charge over.

Before she could reach the room, however, her nausea rushed up uncontrollably. It was much stronger than before and she was unable to endure it.

Samantha bent over uncomfortably and retched.

Aside from wanting to vomit, her head was spinning, and her vision was blurry. She could not even support herself properly on the wall so she squatted on the ground as her knees softened.

When a passing waitress saw her, she ran over and asked her worriedly, "Are you alright, Miss? Are you feeling uncomfortable?"

"I... I feel like vomiting," Samantha said with difficulty.

"Vomiting, you say? In that case... I'll help you to the bathroom." The waitress helped her up carefully and walked her towards the restroom.

Once they entered the restroom cubicle, Samantha vomited into the toilet.

The waitress grabbed some tissues and handed them to her while patting her back. "Do you feel better now, Miss? Do you need to go to the hospital?"

Samantha's stomach was empty, so the only thing she vomited was stomach acid. The entire ordeal was just so uncomfortable that she was completely listless.

She was unable to speak for a moment.

The phone in Samantha's hand rang suddenly.

The waitress saw the cell phone Samantha was holding and suggested, "Perhaps you can call a family member or a friend to come over?"

Family?

She originally thought that she had a new family.

Unfortunately, it was just another joke.

"None."

Her voice was too soft, so the waitress had to ask again because it was difficult to hear clearly. "What's that?"

"None... No family."

"Ah... Well..." Samantha's face was pale and she looked like she was crying, although there were no tears at all. The waitress was a little helpless to see that and sensed Samantha's great despair.

Unfortunately, the waitress did not know how to comfort or help her.

Samantha glanced at the phone screen. She thought it was Harmony who called to urge her, but she did not expect it to be Rochelle.

Her nose tingled and she immediately answered the phone. It was difficult for her to control her crying when she spoke. "Chelle..."

She did not want to cry, but Rochelle was the only friend she trusted and relied on. So that made it even more difficult to suppress her emotions.

It had been ages since Rochelle heard Samantha cry, and it was understandable that Rochelle practically jumped up in fright. She was briefly lost for words, but reacted quickly enough and asked in a serious tone, "Where are you?"

Samantha reported the address in a hoarse voice.

"Okay, I'll be there soon."

20 minutes later, Rochelle appeared in front of Samantha. A murderous aura enveloped her entire body when she saw Samantha's colorless face and swollen, slightly red eyes.

Her tone, however, was very soft and gentle when she walked up to Samantha. "What happened, Sammy?"

Samantha was still dizzy. Both her body and mood were uncomfortable, she shook her head lightly while saying, "Let's just leave this place first."

It was important for her to not make a fool of herself.

If she wanted to face Harmony and Timothy, she must make sure to not do so in such an embarrassing and vulnerable state.

Rochelle could only set aside the desire to ask further and helped Samantha up before leaving.

After getting into the car, Rochelle started the engine and drove off.

Then, she glanced at Samantha from the side and asked, "Shall I send you home?"

The word 'home' inevitably brought up the picture of Timothy and Harmony in Samantha's mind, causing her nausea to return once more.

Since there was nothing for her to vomit, she could only purse her lips and retched violently.

Rochelle was taken aback and hurriedly pulled over at the side of the road. She asked concernedly, "What's going on, Sammy? The waitress said that you had been vomiting, why do you still feel like vom—"

A thought suddenly occurred to Rochelle and her expression sank slightly. "Sammy.... You're not pregnant, are you?"