

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 169

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“Dr. Yarrow, I’ll be leaving first,” Kathleen declared with a smile.

“Okay. Be careful on the way,” Ethan reminded as he watched her leave.

After leaving the hospital, Kathleen got into her car and called Caleb.

He picked up after two rings.

“Hello. Who are you?” Caleb asked, his voice low and cold.

“Mr. Lewis, hello,” Kathleen answered politely. “I am Kathleen Johnson.”

Kathleen? Isn’t she Samuel’s ex-wife? Why is she calling me?

“Mr. Lewis, I got your phone number from Dr. Yarrow. I want to buy some medicinal herbs, and Dr. Yarrow said you have them,” Kathleen explained.

“So it was Dr. Yarrow who suggested you find me.” His voice still emotionless, Caleb asked, “What do you want?”

“I have a list with me. However, I want the medicinal herbs to be wild. The price is not an issue.”

“Wild medicinal herbs are difficult to find and expensive. Even if I have them, you may not be able to afford them,” Caleb replied monotonously.

Kathleen was at a loss for words.

“Send me your list. I’ll take a look,” Caleb offered in a calm voice.

Judging from his tone, he did not seem reluctant to help.

“Mr. Lewis, why don’t I message you on WhatsApp? It’s easier that way,” Kathleen suggested tentatively.

“Sure.” Caleb nodded.

After hanging up, Kathleen added his phone number to her contacts.

His name in the app was still Caleb Lewis.

Kathleen sent him a message, and he added her to his contacts too.

Then, she sent the list over.

After a while, Caleb texted: This is not a list. It is a prescription.

Kathleen answered: There isn't much difference.

Caleb: You made this prescription yourself?

Kathleen: Yes

Caleb: Do you know Connor Johnson?

Kathleen texted back after a short pause: He is my granddad.

Caleb: Your granddad?

Kathleen: Yeah, my granddad.

Narrowing his eyes, Caleb typed: If you do me a favor, I can give the medicinal herbs to you for free.

Kathleen was shocked, as she did not expect to hear such pleasant news.

Kathleen: As long as it is not murder or robbery, I'm okay with it.

Caleb: Come to my house at nine o'clock tonight.

Upon seeing that, Kathleen was startled.

Caleb: I'll send someone to pick you up.

Kathleen froze.

Wait! Does he want to...

She hurriedly texted: Mr. Lewis, I forgot to tell you, but I'm not that kind of woman!"

However, Caleb did not message back after a long time.

Did he not see it? Or is he pretending not to have seen it? I regret agreeing so fast now. I think I've shot myself in the foot.

That night at eight o'clock, Caleb came to pick Kathleen up.

Looking at Caleb's Maybach, Charles commented to Kathleen, "The most amazing car plate number I have seen in Jadeborough is four As, which belongs to your ex-husband, Samuel's car. The other one will be this car with four ones."

Kathleen sighed. "I think I've messed with the wrong person."

"I heard Caleb is unmarried and doesn't even have a girlfriend. It's fine if you don't want Christopher. He is cousins with Samuel, so it's weird anyway. However, Caleb is different!" Charles exclaimed excitedly.

Not wanting to say anything further, Kathleen walked out wearing a black down jacket and got into Caleb's car.

He was an aloof and handsome man.

However, the cold aura around Caleb was different from Samuel's. Caleb was more unfeeling, whereas Samuel was more bloodthirsty and crueler.

In other words, Caleb was slightly warmer than Samuel.

Samuel was icy from inside out.

"Uh, Mr. Lewis—" Kathleen began nervously.

Grabbing the steering wheel with his long fingers, Caleb interrupted, "I'm not that kind of man either."

Kathleen fell silent.

Since he had already spoken, she heaved a sigh of relief.

But why does Caleb want me to go to his home so late at night?

She was in a state of nervousness for the entire journey.

Suddenly, her phone vibrated.

Taking out her phone, Kathleen saw a message from Samuel.

Samuel: Are you sleeping?

Kathleen: Yeah.

Samuel: Good night.

Kathleen sighed.

For some reason, I feel awkward lying to Samuel, as if I got caught cheating on him. But we have divorced already, so why do I feel guilty?

While she was lost in her thoughts, the car stopped.

Glancing sidelong at Kathleen, Caleb realized she was prettier than on television.

Not only that, she seemed meek and quiet.

“Let’s go,” Caleb declared, his voice a deep timbre.

“Okay.” Kathleen got out of the car, and the two walked toward the mansion.

As Caleb’s family lived overseas, he lived alone all these years, so his house seemed desolate.

Following him into the mansion, Kathleen asked softly, “Caleb, why did you bring me to your house?”

“Follow me upstairs.” Caleb did not want to explain too much.

After hesitating for a moment, she followed him upstairs, her hands in her pocket.

Before she left her house, Kathleen had brought a pepper spray along.

Caleb only gazed impassively at her hand motions.

Bringing Kathleen upstairs, he stopped before a door and pushed it open.

“Come in.”

Kathleen paused for a second before entering.

The room was bright, but there was no other furniture except for a bed.

A gaunt woman huddled in a corner, her hair covering her face.

When she moved, Kathleen heard the clanking sound of metal chains.

The woman’s feet were cuffed and chained to the wall.

Dumbstruck, Kathleen shouted, "You!"

Caleb slant her a look. "She's crazy."

Kathleen furrowed her brows.

"I heard your granddad has a secret technique that can treat madness. Have you learned it before?" asked Caleb, gazing at her.

Frowning, Kathleen retorted, "Is she really mad? Are you sure she didn't go crazy because you imprisoned her?"

Caleb was speechless.

"Ms. Johnson, if I were really such a person, I would have secretly brought you here to imprison you. I wouldn't have personally gone to fetch you from your house," he answered frostily.

"Who is she?" Kathleen asked, staring at the woman.

"You don't need to know that."

Kathleen frowned again.

"Ms. Johnson, you're better off not knowing some things. I will give you whatever you want as long as you make her normal again," Caleb warned.

Kathleen pondered for a while.

If this woman is really illegally imprisoned here by Caleb, I won't be able to save her if I fight with him. Of course, I can't just suspect him for no reason.

After a short pause, she walked toward the woman and squatted before her.

The woman reflexively huddled further into the corner.

"What's her name?" Kathleen asked.

"Vivian."

Turning back, Kathleen looked at the woman. "Vivian?"

The latter had no reaction.

Kathleen stretched out her hand, placed it gently on Vivian's head, and stroked her hair. "Don't be afraid. I'm here to help you."

Caleb creased his forehead.

Vivian didn't push her away. Usually, she would push anyone who tries to approach or touch her. What a surprise!

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After retracting her hands, Kathleen held Vivian's wrist.

Vivian flinched and raised her head to stare at Kathleen from under her long, thick bangs.

Curling up her red lips, Kathleen cooed, "I'm not here to hurt you. Can you give me your hand?"

Vivian gave no response, but her wrist remained in Kathleen's hands.

Kathleen silently breathed in relief and began checking Vivian's pulse.

However, she only frowned deeper.

"How's she?" Caleb asked, his hands tucked in his pockets.

Kathleen put down Vivian's hands and stood up. "Let's talk outside."

Caleb inclined his head.

After leaving the room, Kathleen stared seriously at him.

"She had been pregnant before?"

Caleb nodded.

"However, her way of aborting the baby was very extreme, so her health was severely affected. Mr. Lewis, if you don't tell me why she became mad, I can't save her," Kathleen declared, knitting her brows.

Clenching his fingers, Caleb maintained his composure and said, "She was pregnant, but she didn't want the child, so she tied a rope around her abdomen and..."

“Why didn’t you stop her?” Kathleen gasped in horror.

After all, it was too cruel.

“She already did that when we found out.” Staring at her blankly, Caleb asked, “Do you have any methods to make her return to normal?”

“We can only cure her once we target the source of her illness. Although I’ve learned Granddad’s secret technique, it has a disadvantage,” Kathleen replied solemnly.

“What is it?”

“It will shorten a person’s lifespan by half.”

Caleb fell silent.

“Is there no other way?” he asked, staring darkly at her.

Kathleen shook her head. “Unless we find out why she became mad and gradually treat her afterward.”

After a moment’s contemplation, Caleb suggested, “What if you treat her first?”

“It’s not impossible, but—” Kathleen still wanted to remind him, but he interjected, “Give me the prescription.”

After a slight pause, she uttered, “Mr. Lewis, the greatest issue is with her psyche. It’s not enough to just treat her with medicine.”

Caleb made no reply.

“And you can’t chain her,” Kathleen added with a frown.

With a look of displeasure, Caleb countered, “This is none of your business.”

The words got stuck in Kathleen’s throat.

“Ms. Johnson, stop being so sympathetic. There are things you do not understand. Moreover, this is just a deal between us. You have no right to interfere with my affairs,” Caleb added reproachfully.

Kathleen frowned upon hearing his words.

If it wasn’t to find Samuel’s medicine, I would have left already. And since I have promised Caleb, I need to keep my word. I was indeed filled with sympathy when I saw

Vivian. I know my nosiness is my fatal weakness, but I really want to help her, seeing her in such a state. Nonetheless, Caleb is right too. This is just a deal between us.

“All right. I won’t interfere, but I have a request,” announced Kathleen, staring calmly at Caleb.

“What is it?” The latter knitted his brows together.

“Allow me to visit her anytime so I can understand her condition,” Kathleen said firmly.

“Okay.” Caleb nodded.

Kathleen secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

Giving her an inscrutable look, Caleb added, “I have already asked someone to prepare the things you want. You can take them with you.”

“Thank you,” Kathleen answered lowly.

She did not expect Caleb to give her the medicinal herbs she wanted straightaway after her first time checking Vivian’s condition.

“I’ll send you back,” Caleb offered.

“Okay.” Kathleen tipped her head.

Silence hung between the two as he drove her back.

Though Kathleen was filled with questions, she resisted the urge to ask.

Massaging her temples, she told herself to stop being a busybody.

Soon, Caleb stopped the car at the entrance of the Johnson residence.

“Then, do I have to inform you beforehand if I want to visit Vivian?” Kathleen asked, uncertain.

Caleb’s eyes were dark and bottomless. “No need. You can visit her anytime as long you don’t speak of her condition to others.”

Not expecting him to suddenly be so easygoing, Kathleen was startled.

This man makes me so nervous!

She nodded. “Got it. Good night.”

Caleb hummed in response.

The instant she got out of the car carrying the herbs she obtained with great difficulty, he drove off.

Kathleen let out a long breath before walking into the mansion.

Charles was still waiting for her.

“Charles, you haven’t slept?” she asked softly.

“How can I fall asleep when you’re not back yet?” Frowning, he asked, “But, why are you back so fast?”

“Charles!” Kathleen screeched angrily.

“Haha! I’m kidding!” After a momentary pause, Charles continued, “Did you see Caleb’s family when you went to his house?”

“Isn’t his family overseas?” Kathleen retorted matter-of-factly.

“Oh, really?” Charles replied while nodding meaningfully.

“I’m tired. I’ll go rest first.” Kathleen strode toward the stairs.

“Sure,” Charles said warmly as Kathleen turned around and went up.

After Kathleen left, he lit a cigarette and started smoking.

Is she overseas?

The next day, Kathleen was woken up by her phone ringing.

It was a call from Gemma.

“Kate, you’re trending,” she said grimly.

“Isn’t it normal for a famous actress like me to be trending?” Kathleen replied sheepishly.

“No. The paparazzi posted a video of you going to Caleb Lewis’ house last night.”

Kathleen was dumbfounded.

The paparazzi caught that on camera? It’s going to be difficult to explain now.

“Oh, and you don’t need to bother with what the netizens say,” Gemma reminded.

Kathleen chuckled. “Did you call me early in the morning to comfort me?”

Embarrassed, Gemma replied, “I was afraid you’ll be unhappy.”

“I’m fine. I’ve stopped caring about these things already. So what if I went to Caleb’s house in the middle of the night? We’re both single,” Kathleen declared nonchalantly.

“I agree. But, you know, many netizens are rude,” Gemma said furiously. “Anyway, you have the freedom to love whoever you want. There’s no need to care about them!”

Laughing, Kathleen explained, “Caleb and I don’t have that kind of relationship. However, I can’t tell the others the reason. Whatever. They can think whatever they want.”

“Then, you don’t care what Christopher or Samuel thinks?” Gemma asked quietly.

“Yes.” Kathleen nodded. “We’re just friends.”

Sighing, Gemma answered, “Fine.”

“I can’t talk any longer. I’m hanging up,” Kathleen uttered, preparing to get out of bed.

“Okay.” Gemma inclined her head.

After Kathleen hung up, she saw a message from Caleb.

Caleb: I have cleared up the scandal.

Kathleen: Thank you.

Caleb: I implicated you into this mess. This is the least I can do.

Kathleen: Thank you.

There was no reply from Caleb after that, so she closed the app.

Just then, someone sent her a message on WhatsApp again.

Clicking on it, she realized it was from Samuel.

Kathleen thought he would question her, but he simply texted her: Morning.

Letting out a deep breath, she typed back: Morning.

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Samuel: I'll come back tonight.

Kathleen: Are you done with work?

Samuel: I miss you.

He badly wanted to return to her side and protect her.

Before he could even deal with Christopher, Caleb showed up.

Samuel was not even close to dying, yet there were already so many people lining up to take his place.

Kathleen: You don't have to worry about me.

Samuel: It's fine. It's all settled.

Kathleen: I'm going to wash up now.

Samuel: Okay.

Although he believed that she was not a woman of easy virtue, he was still worried that she might have feelings for Caleb.

Perhaps, Kathleen had been more reserved when it came to Christopher because of Samuel.

However, Caleb was different.

He was totally unrelated to Samuel. There was no blood relationship between them, and they were not competing against each other in their respective businesses.

Kathleen would not need to worry about anything. There was even a chance that she might actually consider Caleb as a potential partner.

As such, Samuel was incredibly tormented by that thought.

He wanted to go back as quickly as possible, but he still had to finish his tasks on hand.

At noon, there was a business luncheon organized by his business partner.

Samuel attended the event in a black suit, looking refined yet aloof. There seemed to be a cold aura radiating off his body.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Macari,” a sexy lady greeted him as she approached. She was seductively dressed in a long, red dress with spaghetti straps.

Her hair cascaded over her shoulders, and her lips matched the fiery red color of her dress. She looked incredibly alluring and enchanting.

Samuel stared at her impassively.

“Have you forgotten who I am?” she asked, her attractive lips quirking up.

“Should I know who you are?” he questioned back frowningly.

“I’m Scarlett Harrison, Kathleen’s friend from high school.” She smiled faintly. “We met when I visited the Macari residence.”

“Doesn’t ring a bell.” The man was still as distant as ever.

“I wonder if you’ve taken a look at this morning’s trending news, Mr. Macari. I never imagined that Kathleen would turn out this way,” Scarlett remarked with a meaningful smile.

“This way?”

“That’s right.” She knitted her brows. “She’s such a promiscuous woman, seducing so many men. Is that what a proper lady should be doing?”

Samuel wanted to drink, but Kathleen had instructed him not to.

Therefore, he was only holding a glass just for show.

He would listen to Kathleen, even if she were not with him.

“Mr. Macari, I know you want to reconcile with Kathleen, but you have to think it through. She’s merely using you.” Scarlett scrutinized his handsome countenance.

I must say Kathleen’s really lucky to have shared a bed with such a good-looking man for three years. I wonder how enjoyable it is for her in bed every night.

She had been pining after Samuel ever since the first time they met.

Unfortunately, there were so many obstacles in her way of interacting with him, such as Kathleen.

Moreover, she was not that close to Kathleen, so there was next to no chance of chancing upon Samuel.

Now that she had finally met the man, there was no way she would let this opportunity slip.

“Mr. Macari, Kathleen told me once that she was only clinging onto you because your family is rich and powerful. She’s a greedy woman who wants to covet your family’s wealth. She doesn’t even love you.” Scarlett began sowing discord. “Otherwise, she would not have gotten into ambiguous relationships with so many men right after coming back. She’s simply trying to boost her fame.”

A cold glint flashed across Samuel’s eyes. “Why don’t you tell that to Kathleen’s face?”

She instantly stiffened.

“Do you dare to confront her?” he asked frostily.

Right then, everyone started looking at them.

“Do you have a death wish? How dare you insult her in front of me?” Samuel’s deep voice was chilly and ominous.

Scarlett blanched.

“She is not tied to anyone and has the freedom to be with whomever she wants. I love her and will continue to protect her regardless of who she chooses. This isn’t something people like you can use to drive a wedge between us. If I ever hear you insulting her again, I’ll make sure that you won’t have a place in this industry,” he threatened.

The woman was rooted to the ground, unable to move an inch.

“Tyson!” Samuel shouted sternly.

“Yes, Mr. Macari.” Tyson walked over.

“Tell Mr. Simmons I won’t hesitate to terminate our partnership if he dares to pull such a thing again.”

“Yes!” Tyson nodded.

Samuel then left in long strides while Tyson immediately went to look for Elijah Simmons.

Once Elijah heard what had happened, he instantly broke into a cold sweat.

“It really wasn’t me who arranged for Scarlett to attend the luncheon, Mr. Hackney!” he hurriedly explained.

“Mr. Simmons, Scarlett Harrison is your employee. Do you think I won’t be able to see right through your decision of selecting her to attend this event?” Tyson rebuked.

They were merely devils trying to pretend to be angels.

It was apparent that they had wanted to make use of Scarlett’s beauty.

At that, Elijah became utterly awkward.

“Handle the rest of the matter on your own,” Tyson added before turning around to leave.

“Yes, yes.” Elijah wiped the sweat off his forehead.

He then called for Scarlett and gave her a harsh slap. “Useless! Didn’t you say that everything will go just fine?”

She held her face in silence.

“You even said you knew Samuel and told me he would show you respect!” Elijah berated. “In the end, you’re nothing but a liar!”

Scarlett gritted her teeth in rage, not reflecting on her mistakes at all.

Instead, she placed all the blame on Kathleen.

It was during the afternoon break when Kathleen saw the trending news.

Samuel Macari Caught Scolding Someone

Is Kathleen Johnson Worth It?

Samuel Macari Bullying A Woman

She turned to Charles when she read the headlines. “Can you get someone to remove these?”

“Let him settle it himself.” The latter was in the middle of playing a game.

“But Samuel did this to protect me,” she replied with furrowed brows.

“That is what he should have done,” he said sternly. “He never protected you when you were with him. Are you moved just because he defended you publicly once? Get a grip!”

Kathleen was rendered speechless.

“Don’t worry. The news only just started trending. It’ll definitely be gone once you refresh the page,” he continued.

Just as her brother said, the news had disappeared when she refreshed it.

She breathed a sigh of relief.

At that moment, Christopher called.

“Aren’t you going to get that?” Charles glanced at his sister, who was hesitating to pick up.

After a brief moment of contemplation, she answered the call. “Hello, Chris.”

“Did you really go to the Lewis residence yesterday?” Christopher asked in a vague voice.

“Yes.” Kathleen nodded.

There was a brief pause on the other end of the line. “Caleb does not seem to have any scandals so far. There was never any news of his girlfriend or partner. If you choose to be with him—”

“Chris,” she interrupted him. “You have friends of the opposite gender too, right?”

“Mm,” he replied after a moment.

“I’m only platonic friends with Caleb,” she stated. “Just like what he explained, I only went to his house to get something. It’s that simple.”

“I understand,” he responded softly.

“Good. Thank you for your concern.”

Christopher felt like Kathleen was trying to distance herself from him.

Ever since Felix got in the way, she had become especially polite toward him.

In the beginning, he was confident that there could be something between them.

However, it would now be difficult to go back to how things were previously.

Christopher was worried, afraid, and at a loss for what to do next.

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"Kate," Christopher rumbled her name.

"What is it?" Kathleen asked in mild confusion.

That tone of his was far too gentle.

"I'm jealous," he admitted in a hoarse voice. "I know there isn't actually anything going on between you two, but I still got angry when I saw the news."

His words left her stunned.

"You're a smart lady. I'm sure you know my feelings for you," he continued with a gulp. "If you don't fancy Caleb, please give him a proper rejection, all right?"

Kathleen's head was throbbing uncontrollably.

"There's seriously nothing between us, Chris. I swear," she insisted in helplessness.

"Mm, I believe you." His voice was low as a mumble. "If there's anything you need, come look for me, not him."

"He sells medicinal herbs, though. I can only look for him."

"I'll be the middleman for you two, then," Christopher suggested meaningfully. "You don't have to interact with him."

Subtle discomfort was starting to tug at the woman's heart. "I have my own social life too. I don't want anyone to interfere with whom I talk to and what I do with them."

That made the man pause.

"I don't like the feeling of being controlled. I mean, do I really have to get your permission for everything I do?" she added flatly. "I hope you understand what I mean."

Even though Samuel had refused to publicize her identity back when they were together, he had never tried to control her in any way.

It was true that Kathleen had a docile and obedient personality.

Nonetheless, that didn't mean she would simply let someone else dictate her life.

Christopher was aware that he had crossed the line.

"I'm sorry. That was insensitive of me," he murmured, knowing he had gotten ahead of himself.

He had been in too much of a hurry to get rid of all the uncertainties.

In the process of doing so, he had pushed Kathleen past her limits.

"I'm hanging up." With that, she ended the call, leaving Christopher dumbstruck.

Charles eyed his sister and piped up, "Christopher must be heartbroken."

"I don't like it when people try to interfere with my life," she declared impassively.

"He's just a little too possessive." Charles tried to defend Christopher.

That made her get to her feet. "Why should I have to sacrifice my social life for his possessiveness?"

Her reply left him dazed.

"He's using the fact that he likes me as an excuse to do things that I disapprove of. Don't you think that's disrespectful of him?" she continued to point out while gazing down at her brother. "Do you guys think I'm some kind of toy?"

After saying that, she turned to leave.

Meanwhile, Charles was still stupefied.

It's over. Christopher really pissed her off this time.

"Kath—" He wanted to stop her.

Unfortunately, Kathleen was already gone.

Charles began to scratch his head, sensing an incoming storm.

Kathleen filmed an entire night and finally knocked off work at two in the morning.

She returned to the lounge to get changed, then walked out of the film set.

Charles approached her and asked, "Darling, do you want to get some fondue?"

However, she merely ignored him, got into the Alphard, and shut the door.

Unable to get into the vehicle, Charles was on the verge of tears. "I'm sorry, Kathleen!"

Instead of responding, Kathleen looked right at the driver and ordered coldly, "Start the car. We're going home."

The driver didn't dare to disobey, so he immediately started the engine.

As much as Charles wanted to cry, no tears would come out.

It seemed that his sister was seriously enraged right then.

She closed her eyes to rest in the car until they got to the Johnson residence.

When the driver told her they had arrived, she finally opened her eyes and got out of the vehicle.

Samuel's voice sounded right as she was about to head into the residence.

"Kate," he called out in his husky voice.

Upon hearing that, Kathleen turned around and saw the man in a black suit slowly making his way toward her.

"I'm back." He stood in front of her, startled by the look on her face. "Who on Earth made you so angry?"

Her expression was one of intense displeasure.

At that moment, the headlights of a car flashed on them.

Kathleen turned around to take a glance, then turned back to him and questioned, "Have you eaten yet?"

Samuel shook his head in response.

"Neither have I. I have some ingredients at home. Would you fancy some fondue?" she suggested with a brow arched.

"Sure," he agreed while nodding.

“Come on in, then.”

He obediently followed her in.

Either way, he would do whatever she asked him to.

Once Charles got out of the car and saw Kathleen bringing Samuel into the house, his heart skipped a beat. He instantly chased after the duo.

Kathleen took her coat off. “Have a seat. I’ll go get things ready in the kitchen.”

Samuel took the coat from her and hung it up on the rack. “I’ll help you out. It’ll be faster if we both do it together.”

With a nod, she accepted his offer.

Thus, he took off his own coat and hung it up as well before following her into the kitchen.

Kathleen opened up the fridge, which was packed to the brim with anything one could ever need.

She chose a few of the ingredients inside.

Both of them preferred food with a milder taste, so she decided not to make the fondue overly sweet.

Samuel helped her with rinsing the ingredients while she prepared the other things.

Neither of them spoke to each other.

Meanwhile, Charles soundlessly observed them from the doorway.

Nobody paid any mind to him, and he felt as if he had been abandoned.

The fact that Kathleen had let Samuel inside was actually a form of rebellion and provocation toward Charles.

He knew that he had shot himself in the foot that day.

“I’ll help out too,” he suggested softly.

“You don’t have to rinse that many of the ingredients, Samuel. It’s just the two of us eating, after all,” Kathleen reminded.

Charles was dumbfounded to hear that.

Samuel hesitated for a moment. He looked at Charles briefly, then shifted his gaze away. "Mm."

They left Charles frozen in place.

In the meantime, the duo finished up the preparations.

Kathleen and Samuel sat at the dining table and began eating the fondue while Charles sat silently at the side.

He picked up a water bottle and twisted it open.

I highly doubt Samuel can resist the urge to ask why Kathleen went to the Lewis residence! Kathleen's simply too naive. Samuel's possessiveness is even more terrifying!

"Is the opening ceremony going to be held the day after tomorrow?" Kathleen began.

"Mm. I've already told Tyson to get everything ready. It'll start at ten in the morning the day after tomorrow and end at one in the afternoon." Samuel's gaze was murky. "It won't interfere with your filming schedule."

"I have to drive there, though. That will cause a significant delay," she replied while chewing on some food. "I've already applied for leave, so all I have to do is get back to the set in the afternoon."

"It's not good to keep taking leaves," Charles commented in a hushed voice.

"It's fine. If anything, I'll have a talk with the film crew," Samuel stated icily. "There's nothing money can't solve."

Charles let out a snort. Is he even hearing himself?

"That's true. There's nothing money can't solve," Kathleen agreed meaningfully. "You can even kill someone with enough money. All you have to do is hire a hitman to get rid of the person you hate most."

How terrifying!

Charles, who was sitting next to her, began to tremble.

"Indeed. The scandal between you and Caleb began trending because the Yoeger family kept adding fuel to the fire," Samuel muttered.

That was within Kathleen's expectations. "They truly do keep an eye on me at all times."

"I heard that Old Mrs. Yoeger is ill," remarked Samuel.

III?

"Doesn't that mean the matters I've entrusted to Old Mrs. Macari have gone down the drain?"

"Well, it's only hearsay." There was a hidden implication in Samuel's tone as he went on, "It seems to be quite a complicated illness, though."

She frowned. "What's that supposed to mean?"

What exactly has happened to her?

"She's got Alzheimer's," he revealed. "I'm sure you know what that is."