

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 301

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Chapter 301

Chapter 301 Do You Love Him

Five days later, Kathleen finally wrapped up filming her scenes.

The film crew prepared a banquet to celebrate that day, and it was necessary for Kathleen to attend since she was the female lead.

She had overheard that Samuel would attend the banquet too.

Despite a moment of hesitance nipping at her mind, she decided it was best to go and even invited Caleb.

It was not long before Caleb arrived to pick her up.

His jaw fell agape as though mesmerized when she strolled out of the Yoeger residence.

Kathleen donned a velvet, deep emerald floor-length gown. Its thin straps highlighted her sculpted collarbones. Meanwhile, the high slit gave an occasional peek of her legs that went on for miles.

Her ethereal and goddess-like presence left Caleb in a gawking mess.

Eventually, his thin lips curled upward into a teasing grin. "Seeing you like this makes it impossible for me to ever get a divorce with you."

His words caught Kathleen by surprise as she chuckled. "We're not even married yet."

"There's only two more days to go." Caleb opened the car door for Kathleen.

Once she got in, he shut the door and circled the car to the driver's seat.

That was when Kathleen's delicate brows quirked with concern. "Have you resolved the issue with your logistics business?"

"Yeah, I have. The other party has agreed not to cause any more problems starting today. It's all thanks to you." Caleb's tone was oozing with utter gratitude.

"There's no need to thank me. I helped out because I owed you."

Caleb looked over at the jaw-dropping beauty next to him. He then spoke as if sounding her out. "Samuel will be there today."

"He's the one who allowed me to star in the movie. It's only natural that he'll attend the movie's end-of-filming banquet. If he tries to beat you up, you can get behind me for safety." There was a frosty nip in Kathleen's tone.

Caleb snorted before refuting, "You think I'm afraid of him? As if! He's unwell now, so what exactly can he do to me?"

His words made Kathleen purse her lips.

She had found out from Gemma that Samuel's body did not recover well. The doctors kept suggesting he rest more, but he refused to listen.

It even seemed like Samuel no longer consumed the medicines prescribed to him.

"Oh, right. I've caught the person who poisoned Samuel." Caleb's voice deepened a few notches. "Would you like to meet him?"

"Yeah. I'd like to see him after the banquet," came Kathleen's reply.

"No problem. I'll have Philip take him to my home, where they'll wait for our return."

Kathleen nodded in response.

Soon, the two arrived at the hotel where the banquet took place. It was not in Kathleen's intention to stay for long. She only planned to show up briefly, greeting the film crew and actors before making her exit. However, everyone was enthusiastic and eager to chat with her, which delayed her plan. When she finally got ready to leave, she bumped into Samuel. He had arrived late. All eyes were on him as he had lost a significant amount of weight after these few days. His once charming and elegant face seemed gloomier. Even his chiseled features were more defined from the weight loss. The suit on his body did not help. Rather, it only emphasized how thin his waist had gotten. When he noticed Kathleen, a frosty gleam flashed across his eyes. Meanwhile, Kathleen was busy thinking if she should greet him since they were face to face. However, before she could, Samuel walked right past her side. A relieved sigh slipped out of her lips. Yet, her chest inexplicably tightened at that moment. "Wait up, Kathleen," Spencer suddenly called out to her. "Since Mr. Macari is here, why don't we take a group photo?" The sudden request flustered Kathleen. And here I thought I could avoid facing Samuel... I guess it's inevitable. With that thought in mind, she turned around and nodded. The entire group soon arranged themselves in position. At first, Kathleen stood with Spencer and Timothy. However, for some reason, Spencer suddenly ran to the other side of the group, leaving Samuel by her side. That left her speechless. It was also then that someone accidentally nudged Timothy. He lost his footing and tipped over, crashing into Kathleen. The domino effect did not stop there as Kathleen soon stumbled toward Samuel's back. Fortunately, his slender fingers latched around her waist in time. His gravelly voice rang out, "Be careful." Only after Kathleen steadied herself did she reply, "Thank you." The two's interaction got cut short when Samuel removed his hand from her emotionlessly. It was not long before a photographer came over and took the group photo. Once that was over, Kathleen pivoted on her heel, ready to leave. However, Samuel moved faster. He grabbed her wrist before saying in his deep voice, "I need to talk to you." Kathleen froze at the abrupt physical contact, snapping, "Please let go of me. Caleb's here, and I don't want him to misunderstand." Samuel's eyes darkened as sheer wrath emanated from him. He released her wrist while curtly instructing, "This way, please." For a moment, Kathleen hesitated but eventually went with him to a discreet corner.

She then boldly locked eyes with him. "What did you want to tell me?"

"Grandma wants you to visit the Macari residence. She says she has a gift for you since you're getting married," said Samuel coldly.

"Perhaps it's best if I don't go. I can't accept anything from Old Mrs. Macari anymore."

"Do as you wish. It's your choice whether you want to cut all ties with the Macari family or not."

Kathleen pursed her lips. "If there's nothing else, I'll be on my way then—"

"Do you love him?" Samuel added in his husky voice, "Caleb, I mean."

"I do." A moment passed as Kathleen pondered over her words carefully. Then, she continued, "I thought about it, and I'm sure now that I love him."

In that instant, bitterness engulfed Samuel. It felt like bile had lodged at the back of his throat while a sharp pain burned up his nostrils.

"Congratulations then." His gaze locked onto her with grueling frost and malice. "Let's hope Caleb doesn't have an evil first love who'll cause you trouble."

Kathleen was rendered speechless at that.

Just then, Samuel took one step closer to her.

Her instincts kicked in as she retreated backward.

Yet, to her surprise, all Samuel did was hand over a box. "This is for you."

A frown marred Kathleen's face. "What is it?"

"Something you need," Samuel pulled her hand over and placed the box in her palm. It seemed small and was unlikely a jewellery box.

Right when Kathleen wanted to return it, Samuel had already strode far away from her. With knitted brows and a growing curiosity, Kathleen opened the box.

What laid inside made all her muscles tense.

"Melting Ice Grass?" she exclaimed.

Where did he get this? I've only ever read about it in old books! Goodness, I've never come across one despite searching for it all these years... Yet, Samuel managed to somehow find it? I can't believe it.

Perplexed by the hefty gift, she dashed ahead, hoping to catch up to Samuel.

Alas, he was long gone by then.

"What happened? Why do you seem so panicked?" Caleb approached her at that moment.

"It's the Melting Ice Grass." Kathleen showed him the box in her hand and continued, "I don't know how Samuel got his hands on it."

"Oh?" Caleb took it over to have a closer look. "Are you sure this is it?"

Kathleen nodded. "I'm sure."

"I thought such a grass would look fresher," Caleb commented with a trace of suspicion. To that, Kathleen explained, "Melting Ice Grass has long been extinct. Those who have collected them are few and far between, so this specific grass is extremely precious. Having money doesn't mean one can secure it."

"You're afraid that Samuel has traded something important for it?" Caleb raised his brow upon deducing her thoughts.

"Yeah." Kathleen took the box back into her arms.

"Don't worry. Samuel's not that dumb." Then, Caleb patted her shoulders reassuringly.

"Although, this means your brother can now be cured."

"Yeah," said Kathleen, her grip tightening on the box.

“Come on.” Caleb reached out to hold her hand. “Didn’t you say you wanted to see who poisoned Samuel?”

“Okay.” Kathleen nodded.

She joined him in his car as they departed the banquet.

Meanwhile, Samuel’s hawk-like eyes studied the two from afar.

His handsome face grew abnormally pale while he tailed the couple’s car.

Some time passed when he noticed Caleb was taking Kathleen to the Lewis residence.

The two even entered the building alongside each other.

That was enough to cast a grim shade over his face.

Initially, he did not believe it when Kathleen said she loved Caleb.

However, it was evident that she had told the truth, especially since she went to Caleb’s home this late.

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Chapter 302 Not Long To Live

Hack! Hack! Samuel suddenly burst into a coughing fit.

He covered his mouth with a handkerchief but soon noticed some bloodstains.

Wanting to steady his emotions, he leaned against the seat, taking deep breaths.

That was when his phone rang.

“Hello?” Samuel asked in his hoarse voice.

“It’s me, Mr. Macari. Have you received the item I sent you?” an elderly man’s voice rang out from the other end.

“I did. How did you secure it?”

“Haha, don’t you worry about that, Mr. Macari. I swear on my life that I gave you genuine goods. Now, about the item I requested...”

“I’ll give it to you after the wedding.” Samuel’s palm rested on his chest as he added,

“You can come over now.”

“I’ve already prepared everything.” Skin-crawling chuckles came from the person as he reminded, “Mr. Macari, a word of caution. You won’t have long to live after extracting the male lovebug from your body.”

“How many years will I have left?” Samuel questioned frostily.

“Three years.”

Three years? The words echoed in Samuel’s mind, but he kept an unbothered expression. “That’s more than enough. Remember, you’re not to tell a single soul.”

“Don’t worry. I won’t since I don’t want to invite any trouble for myself.” The old man chuckled before saying, “See you in three days.”

After that, Samuel hung up and exerted an iron grip on the steering wheel before him. I guess I only have three more years left...

He glowered grimly at the Lewis residence as countless thoughts swirled in his mind.

Three years. What’s the point of living through these last years of my life if I can’t even be with her? If I have to keep my distance and watch her from afar... I’d rather die.

Meanwhile, in the Lewis residence, Kathleen glanced impassively at a man whose face was purple from being beaten up.

“Did Lauren Xenos send you here?” Kathleen interrogated sternly.

The man froze for a bit but soon uttered, “Yes.”

Not a tinge of emotion showed on Kathleen’s face as she continued, “Lauren’s a member of Blissful Sect, isn’t she?”

The man nodded even harder.

Kathleen scoffed coldly. She sarcastically pointed out, “Two questions was all it took to see through you, huh?”

Her words startled the man.

However, she continued stating the facts while glaring daggers at him, “Firstly, Lauren does everything herself. And secondly, she’s not a member of Blissful Sect. Don’t you know such basic things?”

The man froze upon the unexpected revelation.

It was then that Kathleen took out a pill, pried his mouth open, and shoved it deep into his throat.

“W-What did you feed me?” the man stuttered, fear evident in his wide-eyed stare.

“Something good, of course!” came Kathleen’s icy retort.

A minute later, howls of agony reverberated throughout the mansion.

“I-It hurts! Everything hurts!” the man cried while squirming all over the ground.

“That’s good,” Kathleen remarked. “While I have no expertise in poison-making, I’ve been diligently studying it this past year. The poison I fed you will simulate the grueling sensation of bug bites all over your body. What do you think? Not bad, huh?”

A glistening layer of sweat coated the man’s body at that point. “Just kill me!”

“Hah. What makes you think I’ll grant you death as you wished? I happen to be in need of a lab rat, and you’ll do perfectly.”

“I’ll tell you what you want to know!” The man’s eyes were filled with terror. He had no desire to be tormented to death.

“Then you’d better tell the truth.”

“I’m from an organization named Windwell Corporation. My name’s Noles.”

“Windwell Corporation?” Kathleen shot to her feet, accidentally dropping the box that Samuel gave her.

Shock crept up Noles’ face upon seeing the box.

Wynnie frowned and spoke up. “What is your organization planning to do?”

“I’m not sure. I-I was merely following my superior’s orders...” Noles muttered while trembling.

Caleb stepped in to help Kathleen pick up the box.

Once she took it from him, she spoke again. “You should know that I’ll make you suffer even more if you’re lying.”

Noles shook his head at once. “I’m telling the truth. It’s just that I didn’t have the right or the guts to question my superior’s orders. After all, I’m not a core member of Windwell Corporation.”

Kathleen’s brows twisted into a deep frown.

Seeing that, Noles instantly added, “I swear I’m not lying. Please, can’t you give me the antidote?”

"I'll think about it," Kathleen coldly answered.

Her words only caused Noles to become more anxious. "I genuinely don't know anything. But my supervisor might know a thing or two. I can direct him to you guys."

Kathleen's frown deepened. "Really?"

Noles nodded.

Following that, Kathleen took out a white pill and handed it to him.

The latter was desperate and hurriedly chucked it down his throat.

"That's not the antidote." Kathleen's icy stare continued to scrutinize his every expression.

Opposite her, Noles widened his eyes with fear. "If that's not the antidote, what is it then?"

"This pill will temporarily suppress the poison's effect, but it'll only last three days. If you cooperate with me, I can give you the antidote. Do you understand?" she quipped with a bone-chilling voice.

"I understand," said a nodding Noles.

"Caleb, have someone take him to a room. Make sure to keep an eye on him." Then, Kathleen's tone became heavier. "I'll take him with me after a few days."

Caleb nodded before asking his subordinates to escort Noles out of the room.

He eventually gave in to his curiosity and asked, "What kind of organization is Windwell Corporation?"

"An organization that specializes in bio medicine research. Most of the bizarre drugs in the black market are their creations," Kathleen answered.

"Oh? How did Samuel manage to piss them off?"

"This organization handles many of their matters discreetly. From what I know, whomever they go after must be someone who's of use to them."

"If Samuel's so useful, why did they poison him?"

Kathleen's features tightened into a grave look. "What I mean is, they're using Samuel as a test subject."

That instantly elicited a frown from Caleb. "They're testing drugs on him?"

"They previously made Samuel suffer from a slow-acting poison that wasn't lethal.

Then, when Noles failed his mission, they didn't do anything to follow up." Kathleen then emphasized, "If they wanted to kill Samuel, they would've done so long ago."

"Why would they target Samuel?" Caleb asked.

"I have no idea." Kathleen shook her head while gripping the box tightly, her heart full of worry.

"Samuel's right outside. Do you want to ask him?" Caleb inquired.

Moments passed as Kathleen hesitated. Ultimately, she replied, "No."

That made Caleb arch one of his brows.

Despite that, Kathleen ignored his reaction and asked, "Could you prepare a room for me, Caleb? I'll be staying over tonight."

"Sure." He nodded.

Up till the next day, Samuel remained in his car outside of the Lewis residence.

Kathleen never went outside.

Every inch of Samuel's body ached.

There was one more day till Kathleen would become Caleb's lawfully wedded wife.

The thought of that alone was enough to turn his face as pale as a sheet.

He could not help but gave a wry laugh.
As expected, I must have assumed wrongly. She really has moved on from me.
Samuel soon started his car and drove away.
Little did he know that Kathleen was standing before the windows as she watched him leave.
A sigh of relief came from her lips right then.
Knock! Knock!
“Come in,” Kathleen said.
Following that, the door opened as Caleb strolled in.
He immediately noticed how Kathleen was already dressed. “Were you up early?”
“Yeah.” With a nod, Kathleen asked, “Is something wrong?”
“It’s not really a big deal. I just wanted to ask when can we go visit your granny?”
Hearing that made Kathleen’s jaw tense.
Once she snapped to her senses, she awkwardly explained, “Sorry. I’ve been so busy these days that I’ve forgotten about it altogether.”
“Is it because you forgot, or because you didn’t take it seriously since all of this is fake?”
Caleb’s eyes narrowed to slits.
A confused look showed on Kathleen’s face upon hearing that. “What’s the difference?”
Her words sparked a sardonic chuckle from a frosty-looking Caleb, who then stated, “There’s a big difference. Anyway, you can go ahead and get ready. We’ll leave once you’re done.”
“Okay.”

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Chapter 303 Reluctance

Kathleen brought Caleb to the Yoeger residence to visit Frances.
Frances was elated, as she felt that Caleb was a decent guy who was a good match for Kathleen.
No matter whom Kathleen chose, Frances would be glad for her.
“Granny, I’m sorry. I’d been so busy that I didn’t even have time to pay you a visit,” Caleb explained.
“It’s all right.” Frances was all smiles. “It’s not your fault. Kate was too busy.”
“It’s good that Kate has a career she loves.” Caleb’s lips curled into a faint smile.
Frances beamed with joy. “I’m glad that you understand her. Come in and have a seat.”
With that, they went to the living room and sat on the couch.
“Caleb, how’s the preparation for your wedding?” Frances asked smilingly.
“Almost done. Granny, all you need to do is attend the wedding ceremony.” Caleb chuckled.
The old lady nodded. “I know Kate didn’t have time to make wedding preparations with you. Please bear with her.”
“Granny, I don’t mind it at all. I’m so happy to have her.” Caleb was truly contented.

It didn't matter even if their wedding were fake.

"Kate is truly blessed." Frances grinned.

Just then, the doorbell rang.

When the housekeeper went to get the door, she exclaimed in shock, "Old Mrs. Macari? Mrs. Macari?"

Kathleen was startled too.

Why are Old Mrs. Macari and Wynn timer here?

She quickly stood up to welcome them into the house.

Upon seeing them, Kathleen felt a tad guilty when she saw Diana. "Old Mrs. Macari."

Samuel had said that Diana wanted to meet her, but she didn't go.

Diana wore a smile as she looked at Kathleen and walked over to her. "Why won't you look me in the eye?"

"Old Mrs. Macari, I'm sorry. I..." Kathleen muttered awkwardly.

Diana took her hand in hers, saying, "You don't need to explain anything. I understand your decision."

Kathleen pursed her lips in silence.

Wynn timer smiled as well. "Kate, congratulations."

"Thank you, Mrs. Macari," Kathleen replied politely.

When Frances and Caleb came over to the door, the former greeted, "Hello, Diana."

Diana parted her lips and spoke. "I know Kate is going to have her wedding today, so I came over. It's not suitable for our family to join the ceremony. That's why I came here."

It was true that Kathleen did not invite the Macari family to the wedding.

Frances nodded in response.

"Fran, I have something to tell Kate in private. Do you mind?" Diana inquired in an amicable manner.

"If Kate thinks that it's okay, then I'm fine with it," Frances replied.

Diana smiled, tugging at Kathleen's hand. "Let's go to your room."

Kathleen nodded in response and brought Diana upstairs.

When they reached her room, Kathleen invited the elder to sit down.

Diana held her hand. "Kate, tell me the truth. Why do you want to get married to Caleb?"

"Old Mrs. Macari, I like him," Kathleen answered.

"Why the rush then?" Diana questioned solemnly, "Kate, tell me. Is it because you're sick of Samuel pestering you? Is that why you use this way to get rid of him?"

Kathleen shook her head lightly, not saying a word.

"Kate, I'm not against you marrying Caleb." Diana paused before continuing somberly,

"But if you marry Caleb rashly because of Samuel, then you'll face problems in your marriage with Caleb in the future. I'd feel terribly guilty."

Kathleen stated calmly, "No, Old Mrs. Macari. I'm marrying Caleb for other reasons."

Diana looked at her in silence, waiting for her to continue.

"I just want to forget the past." Kathleen pressed her lips into a thin line. "It's complicated between Samuel and me, but I don't want to dwell on it anymore. I want to have a fresh start."

Diana sighed. "I know. Samuel's forever indebted to you. It's his fault."

Kathleen's eyes reddened. "Old Mrs. Macari, I'm sorry. I know you've always wanted me to reconcile with Samuel."

Diana patted her hand. "Silly girl, I do hope you give Samuel a chance, but I don't want you to force yourself. Make yourself a priority in life."

Pursing her lips, Kathleen lowered her head as her eyes reddened.

Diana fished out a box from her bag. "This is for you."

Kathleen recognized the box. "Old Mrs. Macari, that's the heirloom of the Macari family. I can't take that."

"It's an heirloom, so it needs to be passed down." Diana took out the emerald bracelet and put it on Kathleen. "You're not the wife of my grandson, but I've always treated you like my granddaughter. I can pass it to you because you're a member of the family."

Kathleen's eyes were red with tears.

She hugged Diana and called out, "Old Mrs. Macari."

Diana wanted to burst out in tears too. "Kate, I can't bear to see you go. You're such a good girl. Samuel isn't fortunate enough to have you."

Kathleen sniffled. "Old Mrs. Macari."

Tears streamed down Diana's face. "Ever since I took you in, I've never once thought you're an outsider. I want you to grow up and find yourself a good man, but when I noticed you liked Samuel, I made the worst decision in my entire life. I thought I was helping you; I didn't expect that it'd harm you."

When Kathleen heard those heartfelt words, her urge to cry intensified. "Old Mrs. Macari, I remember everything you've done for me. Not just you, Mr. and Mrs. Macari also dote on me."

They all treated me as if I were a part of their family. That's why I can't ignore Samuel. But I know I can't drag it on anymore. I have to save my brother.

The two hugged one another, weeping.

Diana was truly reluctant to let her go.

Knowing Diana's health condition, Kathleen consoled, "Old Mrs. Macari, don't cry. Your body might not be able to take it."

Diana grabbed her hand tight. "Okay. I won't cry. Remember, Kate. No matter what happens in the future, you'll always be a part of the Macari family. You're my granddaughter. Don't forget that."

"Mm." Kathleen nodded.

As Diana caressed her face, tears rolled down her face again.

Diana did not have a daughter, so when she saw that Kathleen was about to get married, she felt very emotional and sorrowful.

After Kathleen comforted Diana for a while, the latter finally stopped crying.

They then went downstairs together and heard Frances and the others talking about the wedding.

Wynnie was open-minded; she knew it was all her son's fault for hurting the woman he loved.

As she was fond of Kathleen, she didn't mind whom Kathleen married.

"You're done talking with each other?" Frances turned toward Diana and Kathleen.

Kathleen nodded.

"We'll take our leave now." Diana was ready to go.

"Kate, see them off," Frances suggested.

Kathleen nodded again. "Okay."

She then sent Diana and Wynnie to the car outside.

Holding Kathleen's hand, Wynnie stroked her hair dotingly. "Kate, my son is not lucky enough. You'll get married tomorrow, so put on a big smile. Even though we can't attend tomorrow, we wish you the best."

"Mrs. Macari, thank you." Kathleen's eyes began to water again.

Wynnie embraced Kathleen for a while before getting into the car.

As Kathleen watched them depart, Diana covered her face in the car and started to shed tears.

Wynnie couldn't help but weep too.

Kathleen was just like a daughter to her.

Now that she was a bride-to-be, they could not even attend her wedding.

They were simply heartbroken.

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All My Fault On the wedding day, Kathleen was clad in a white wedding gown. Her makeup was light, but it looked delicate and mesmerizing. However, although she was all smiles, the smile didn't quite reach her eyes. Frances entered the room and sized Kathleen up. "You don't look happy at all." Kathleen smiled faintly. "Granny, I am happy." Frances let out a sigh. "Granny, Caleb is a great guy." Kathleen hesitated for a moment before continuing, "After the wedding ceremony, I'll have to find Charles. He needs my help. I've asked for Caleb's help, and he'll take care of you." Frances was shocked. "You are going to leave?" "Yes. Granny, after Charles and I settle down, we'll bring you over."

Frances thought for a moment before nodding. "I know you don't like this place. It's okay. I've done everything I could for the Yoeger family. What's left in that family is no longer my business." Her energy and health were limited. Kathleen held her hand. "Granny, I'll continue to investigate the Yoeger family's matter." Frances nodded. Just then, someone knocked on the door. It was one of the staff members telling them it was time for the ceremony. "Let's go." Frances grabbed Kathleen's hand. The latter's hand was slightly cold. It was the second time she had worn a wedding dress, but this time, she didn't wear it for the person she loved the most. However, it was just a ceremony, so she did not mind.

As Kathleen walked down the red carpet, everyone gasped in unison when they saw her gorgeous appearance. She was a natural beauty. After she wore the wedding dress, she looked even more elegant and noble. Standing at the other end of the aisle was

Caleb. He was dressed in a white tuxedo, looking dashing. When he saw Kathleen, his dark eyes lit up with amazement. Dragging the long dress with her, Kathleen reached his side and whispered, "Mr. Lewis, the gown you chose tires me out." "You don't like it?" Caleb narrowed his eyes. "I've prepared two sets for you. Do you want to change it?" She shook her head. "It's such a waste of money." Caleb smiled. "It's nothing." "But we're a fake couple," she reminded in a low voice. Acting as though he didn't hear her, he held her hand and turned around to face the priest. The marriage officiant smiled. "Mr. Caleb Lewis, do you take Ms. Kathleen Johnson to be your lawful wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for richer, for poorer, until death do you part?" "I do." Caleb's lips curled into a smile. The priest turned toward Kathleen. "Ms. Kathleen Johnson, do you take Mr. Caleb Lewis to be your lawful husband, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, until death do you part?" Kathleen looked at the solemn priest. "I—" "She does not." Samuel's cold, deep voice rang from behind. The crowd gasped. Kathleen clenched her fists. Why is he here? Caleb sneered. As expected, Samuel's calmness was fake.

He's been waiting for this moment. Samuel walked over in long, confident strides, his face handsome but frosty. He wore a black tuxedo that fitted him perfectly. Under his fringe, a certain emotion was surging within his deep, cold eyes. Caleb took a step forward, blocking Samuel. "Samuel, I didn't invite you, did I?" As Samuel stopped in his tracks, he shot a stern look at Kathleen, bringing chills down her spine. The way he looked at her was as though he wanted to swallow her alive. "Kathleen, I know why you marry him." Samuel's cold voice resonated through the hall. "You don't love him." "Samuel, please get out of here!" Caleb frowned. "We don't welcome you here." Kathleen stared back at him. "So what? It's fine as long as he loves me." Samuel froze. "Samuel, stop pestering me," she continued with a pained expression. "Can't you see that I'm suffering because of you?" "I've given you Melting Ice Grass," Samuel responded gruffly. "You no longer have to be worried about being threatened by Blissful Sect. You can save your brother. What are you scared of now?" Kathleen bit her lip. "You know nothing!" Samuel pushed Caleb out of the way and grabbed her arm, speaking softly. "Why would I not know? The Watson family wants me dead, and you want me to live. But listen to me, Kathleen. I won't die. If I need your sacrifice for me to be alive, I'd rather die."

She froze. Why does he seem like he's known everything? "Samuel, stop being so presumptuous." Caleb strode over, trying to separate them. Samuel held onto Kathleen's wrist. "Tyson!" With that, Tyson came into the hall with his other subordinates. Caleb's men wanted to fight back, but Samuel had more people on his side. Meanwhile, other people at the scene dared not to speak up even though they were infuriated by Samuel and his subordinates. "Are you crazy?" Kathleen paled. The viciousness in Samuel's eyes was intense, but he gazed at her gently. "Yes, I am." She was so enraged that she trembled all over. "Samuel, what do you want?" "I want you not to marry him." Samuel's gaze darkened. "I don't want you to sacrifice yourself for me." She gritted her teeth. "Caleb was right. You are presumptuous. I don't love you, and I'm not sacrificing myself for you." Samuel flashed her a wry smile. He lowered his head and whispered in her ear, "My grandfather killed Wyatt Watson's grandfather. One of

them was a soldier, and one of them was an outlaw. They were sworn enemies. Wyatt wants to avenge his grandfather's death, so he provokes me. He knows I care about you the most. He also uses that kind of method to force you. Did you think I know none of these?" Kathleen was dumbfounded. How did he know about this? Seeing her widening her eyes in surprise, Samuel knew that his guess was right. "You don't love me?" Samuel continued to fire questions at her. "You hate me to the core? Why do you want to protect me secretly then?" She gnawed on her lip. "I do not." "You're so dishonest." He grabbed her chin, a cold glint flashing across his eyes. "As long as you don't marry Caleb, I'll ask them to retreat now." "What if I insist on marrying him?" Kathleen asked furiously. "Do you want to turn this wedding into a bloodbath?"

If you dare to do that, I'll never forgive you! Ever!" Samuel smiled gently with a hint of melancholy. "Katie, how can the hate between us dissipate? Ever since you came back, I know you don't love me anymore. If it weren't for my family, you would have shunned me. Am I right?" Kathleen's breath hitched in her throat. He continued, "When I was drugged by Yareli, you came back not because you loved me. It was because you felt that you were indebted to my family." Complicated and twisted emotions filled his eyes. "But it's the Macari family who is indebted to you. My family caused you to lose your parents, and I caused you to lose your babies. It's all my fault."

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Is He Dead Kathleen stared at him in silence. "After that, I've been thinking about how I could make you let go of the grudges, but I realized it's impossible." Samuel's eyes were bloodshot. "Perhaps, it's only when I'm gone that all the love and resentment will vanish." Kathleen felt her heart skip a beat. What is he talking about? Samuel held her tightly with one hand. His voice was deep and hoarse as he said, "I'm so reluctant to leave, Kate... I really couldn't bear to..."

At that point, Kathleen noticed something amiss. She pushed Samuel away and saw a dagger on his abdomen. His hand was placed on the dagger, and blood was gushing out from the wound. He looked like he was in extreme pain. "Samuel Macari!" Kathleen took a step forward. However, Samuel stepped back. Kathleen's face paled in an instant. "Why are you doing this?" Samuel could hardly keep his balance. Kneeling on one knee, he confessed, "I'm sorry. I have no other way to make you forgive me." Kathleen's vision became blurry. "Kate..." Blood dripped out from the corner of Samuel's lips. "If I die, forgive me. Please?" Kathleen bent down and cried, "Samuel, why do you have to do this?" Is he trying to make me feel miserable on purpose? "Tyson, leave those people alone. Send Mr. Macari to the hospital right now!"

Kathleen yelled. Nonetheless, Tyson remained unmoving. "Ms. Johnson, I'm sorry. This is an order from Mr. Macari," Tyson replied helplessly. Wiping her tears, Kathleen asked, "Samuel, what about your grandma and the rest of them if you die?" "Ha... I have already prepared everything beforehand. After I die, the company will run as usual." Samuel raised his hand, which was stained with blood. His hand was icy. He gently stroked Kathleen's cheek. "I've thought about your future too. It doesn't matter if you get married to someone or if you choose to live freely on your own for the rest of your life. I've considered everything for you. This is the only thing I can do for you." "Stop talking." Kathleen cried uncontrollably. Samuel fixed his gaze on her as he continued, "As for Blissful Sect, I've made some arrangements, and the plan will be executed after I pass away. So you don't have to take the risk." "I'll send you to the hospital." Kathleen wiped her tears. "It's okay. It's pointless for me to live. Kate, goodbye!" Samuel shook his head. Mmph! He pushed the dagger deeper into his abdomen and spat out a mouthful of blood.

"No!" Kathleen held him. Samuel fell into her embrace and lost consciousness. Kathleen looked at how her dress turned from white to crimson red. It was all drenched in Samuel's blood. "Tyson Hackney!" Kathleen growled, "Come over right now before I kill you!" Upon hearing her order, Tyson walked over. "Get the car ready!" Kathleen held Samuel in her arms. "Send him to the hospital! Quick!" Caleb pushed away the people who tried to block his way and went over to help out. He certainly had not expected Samuel to go that far. Samuel's health isn't good, to begin with. And now, he even stabbed himself. I doubt if he could survive. At the hospital, Kathleen sat on the chair in front of the operating room. She was quivering terribly. Caleb took off his coat and draped it over Kathleen. Kathleen's face was as white as a sheet. "He won't die, right?" She lifted her head, revealing her tear-streaked face. Caleb showed a troubled look. Just by looking at Kathleen's dress, one could tell Samuel had already lost a lot of blood when he was sent to the hospital. It was hard to tell if he could survive. At the same time, Diana, Calvin, and Wynn timerived. They had already heard about the incident. "Old Mrs. Macari, Mr. Macari, Mrs. Macari." Caleb looked at them grimly.

"How is Samuel?" Wynn timer asked, utterly worried. Caleb pursed his lips. Just then, the operating room indicator light went off, and the doctor stepped out of the room. Everyone immediately swarmed forward and surrounded the doctor. "Doctor, how is my son?" Wynn timer asked anxiously. The doctor looked resigned. "I'm sorry, but we've done our best." "What?" Diana passed out right away. "Mom!" Calvin supported her. Wynn timer's legs weakened, and she slumped into the chair. Kathleen stood rooted to the spot, dumbfounded. Samuel is dead? This is impossible! Why would he die? No! I don't believe this! She stood up and dashed into the operating room. The next scene that came into her sight was Samuel lying motionlessly on the operating table. His charming face looked exceptionally peaceful. She walked over and placed her hand on Samuel's face. Tears welled up in her eyes. I can still feel the warmth on his face. How could he be dead?

“Samuel...” Holding his face, Kathleen uttered, “I didn’t want you to die. I mean it...” She had only wished to see Samuel living well. At that moment, looking at his face, Kathleen felt she did not resent him as much as before. “Why couldn’t you just leave everything in the past?” Kathleen choked up, “Isn’t it good to stay alive and live happily?” He was dead, and he died right before her eyes. She leaned against the operating table and started bawling. “Hey, why are you crying?” A hoarse and senile voice sounded next to her. Kathleen looked up and stared at him. The voice came from an elderly who was almost in his seventies. His gray hair was tied into a ponytail, and he wore a pair of glasses with black, round frames. “Who are you? How did you get in here?” Kathleen furrowed her brows. The old man took a scalpel and walked toward Samuel. “Stay right there! What are you trying to do?” The crease between her brows deepened. “I’m going to remove the male lovebug close to his heart. He promised me that,” the old man explained.

“He promised you?” Kathleen was baffled. “Yes. In exchange for Melting Ice Grass.” The old man flashed a smirk. “We even have the written pledge.” As the old man spoke, he took out a piece of paper and waved it in front of Kathleen. Kathleen instantly grabbed the paper and studied it attentively. “You were the one who gave him Melting Ice Grass. Where did you get it from?” “Why should I tell you?” The old man pushed her away. “Don’t get in my way, as I’m going to take the male lovebug out. The bug will die too when he is completely dead.” “Completely?” Kathleen grabbed the old man’s scrawny hand and questioned, “Is he not dead yet?” The old man replied calmly, “The male lovebug is still in his body, so he has yet to take his last breath.” “You can’t take it out then!” Kathleen fumed. “It’s pointless. He has lost a lot of blood, so it’s impossible to save him.” The old man waved his hand. “In that case, I can’t let you lay your hands on him.” Kathleen’s gaze turned frosty. Narrowing his eyes, the old man sized Kathleen up. “Hey, it isn’t right for you to do this.” “I can’t just watch him die.” Kathleen’s eyes were red. The old man hesitated for a brief moment. “I do have a way to keep him alive, but...” “But what?” Kathleen took a step forward. “Tell me!” The old man flashed her an unfathomable smile. “I need you.” A sense of coldness filled Kathleen’s dark eyes. “Okay. As long as you can save him.” “Aren’t you going to ask what I will make you do?” the old man asked, his eyes narrowed into slits. “It doesn’t matter as long as he can stay alive.” Kathleen looked helpless. “I’m part of why he ended up in this state.”

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Bonded By Blood Wearing a half-smile, the old man looked at her. “Let’s begin then!” Kathleen stared at Samuel’s pale face and nodded. Calvin was the first to regain his consciousness. He did not remember what had just happened and how he had fainted

unknowingly. Then, he sat up and looked at Diana and the others. All of them had yet to regain their consciousness. What's going on? Right! Samuel! Calvin stumbled his way into the operating room. To his surprise, Samuel was still breathing.

"Doctor!" Calvin darted out of the room. The doctor immediately made his way back upon hearing Calvin. "My son is still alive!" Calvin could hardly contain how thrilled he felt. After taking a look, the doctor was shocked to witness that too. He immediately called the other doctors and nurses at once and started rescuing Samuel. At the same time, Diana, Wynn timer, and Caleb had woken up. "Mom, Samuel is still alive!" Calvin's eyes were filled to the brim with tears. "What? He's still alive?" Diana was dumbfounded. Calvin responded with a nod. Wynn timer was delighted too. "That's great! Thank God!" Caleb rose to his feet and looked around. "Where is Kathleen?" Everyone was stunned. That's right... Where is Kathleen? "She went in to see Samuel just now, but I didn't see her when I went in the room." Calvin furrowed his brows, baffled. "All of us passed out just now. Something must have happened to Kathleen." Caleb's gaze darkened.

Diana tugged at Calvin and ordered, "Quick! Go and search around!" "Mom, don't worry. I'll get someone to look for her now." Calvin took out his phone. Caleb stated indifferently, "I'll check the surveillance footage!" The next instant, he turned around and left. He went to the security room to check the surveillance footage, only to find that all the footage was gone. D*mn it! Someone must've done this on purpose! Kathleen, you'd better be all right! Please! Meanwhile, in Moranta, Charles was recuperating in the villa where he stayed alone. Not long ago, he had carried out a mission for Raymond and had been injured. Besides, the effect of the poison in his body was kicking in, so he had no choice but to take a break. The people from Blissful Sect knew nothing about this villa. Hence, he could stay there without worries.

However, someone came to look for him that day. Charles stared at the old man in front of him. "Who are you?" "I've brought someone to meet you." The old man opened the car door. Charles took a step forward and stared wide-eyed at the person before him. "Kate!" The old man curled his lips into a meaningful grin. "She put the male lovebug into her own body to save Samuel." "W-What did you say?" Charles was startled. "The male lovebug will not cause any danger if it is in a male's body. But she inserted it into her body, and that's why she has fallen unconscious," the old man said nonchalantly. Charles grabbed the old man's collar and questioned furiously, "Were you the one who caused her to be in this state?" "It wasn't me, and I only suggested it to her, but she did it on her own accord." The old man shrugged. "The male lovebug needs to hibernate in her body, so she will be in a deep sleep for some time."

Charles shot the old man a cold stare. Despite that, the old man showed no trace of fear. "By the way, she's pregnant." "W-What did you say?" Charles could not believe his ears. "I rarely make mistakes in checking pulses." A sinister smile crept over the old man's face. "You can always look for me if you need help. I can ensure that she gives

birth smoothly.” The old man shoved a card with his name written on it to Charles. “Don’t just stand here. Carry her in,” the old man instructed plainly. Staring at Kathleen’s pale face, Charles reached out to carry her in. I’ve only left for a while, but she has already lost so much weight. “Let me remind you not to tell anyone that Kathleen is back to your side. I’m not the only one who’s going after the male lovebug in her. If you don’t wish to put her life in danger, then you will have to keep her trail from everyone,” the old man warned while standing behind Charles. “Who else?” Charles asked, his brows knitted. “Lauren,” the old man revealed implicitly. It’s her? Charles held Kathleen tightly. He felt his heart wrenching as he stared at Kathleen’s sickly face. The old man had already left when Charles snapped back to his senses. Charles carefully placed Kathleen on the bed and covered her with a blanket. He caressed Kathleen’s face. “Kate, I’ll protect you! And I’ll never let you get hurt! As for the grudges involving the older generation, I’ll never let them have a chance to affect you.” Nine months later, the old man stared at the two infants. He told Charles, “It won’t bring you any benefits to keep these two babies here.” Charles replied flatly, “What are you trying to do?”

“Don’t worry. I don’t have any ill intentions toward them.” Wearing an unreadable grin, the old man continued, “I mean you should send them back to the Macari residence. At least, their safety can be ensured if they’re with the Macari family.” As though mulling over the old man’s suggestion, Charles bit his lip. The old man added, “If you send the babies to them personally and tell the Macari family that Kathleen has passed away, I guess the people out there will give up looking for her.” Charles seemed hesitant. “Do you think the Watson family will let them off if they know they’re Samuel’s kids?” the old man reminded in a low voice. “Who exactly are you? You don’t seem like a nice guy to me, yet it seems like you’re helping us,” Charles asked, puzzled. “Hehe. I’m only doing this for the male lovebug.” The old man put on a creepy smile. After giving the old man’s suggestion a second thought, Charles replied, “Okay. I accept your suggestion.” “That’s right! You can’t keep these two babies safe in Blissful Sect.” After a momentary pause, the old man added implicitly, “Wyatt and Wilbur want to marry Kathleen, and if the babies are around, they will come after her for sure.” Charles stared at Kathleen’s face and asked, “When will she be awake?” “It’s hard to tell. Go ahead and sort this matter out first.” The old man shrugged. Charles nodded in response. That was the only option he had at that point, after all. Two days later, Charles rushed back to Jadeborough and arrived at the Macari residence. Diana and the others were shocked to see him, especially when they saw the two babies in his arms.

“Charles, this...” Diana furrowed her brows. “Where is Samuel?” came Charles’ question. Diana and the others exchanged glances. Wynn timer revealed, “Samuel is still unconscious.” Even Samuel... Charles stated, “They’re Samuel’s kids. I can’t take care of them on my own, so I can only send them to you.” Wynn timer was dumbstruck. “You’ve found her! Is she doing well?” “She passed away due to excessive blood loss during childbirth.” Charles’ voice was hoarse. “What?” Wynn timer was startled. “So both of them are Kate and Samuel’s babies? Diana asked in shock. “Yes.” Charles gave a slight nod. “Oh, dear! Kate!” Tears streamed down Diana’s face. “They’re twins. The elder one, Eil, is a boy. The younger one is a girl, and her nickname is Desi. As for their full names, you can name them.” Charles looked depressed. Wynn timer called the

housekeeper over, and each of them carried one baby respectively. Wynnies eyes were red-rimmed. "Charles, are you okay?" "I'm fine. I hope you can take good care of them." Charles' deep voice sounded. "Don't worry. We will." Wynnies nodded. The twins were bonded to the Macari family by blood, after all.

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Chapter 307

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Is She All Right "We should inform Samuel of Kathleen's death. Or else, I don't think he could move on from her." Charles heaved a heavy sigh. Wynnies and Diana exchanged looks. Subsequently, Wynnies frowned and asked, "Charles, what do you mean by that?" "We shouldn't let the children suffer." Charles looked at the babies in their arms and continued, "I'll come to visit them often." "Don't worry, Charles. If Samuel remarries again, Wynnies and I will raise them up ourselves.

We won't let any stranger go near them," said Diana with a grim tone. Charles nodded and hummed in response. With that, he spun around and left. There was nothing else he could do at that moment. With her eyes slightly reddened, Wynnies murmured, "Mom..." Diana wiped her tears and voiced, "Why did things end up like this?" Gazing down at the quiet baby in her embrace, Wynnies said, "Mom, let's take them and show them to Samuel. Perhaps he will wake up if he knows that he has children."

Diana nodded slowly. "Okay. Let's go upstairs." Soon later, they carried the babies upstairs and entered the room. Samuel could be seen lying in bed. He lost so much weight that his cheeks were sunken. Nonetheless, his cheekbones and features remained prominent. At that time, he was wearing his black silk pajamas. His skinny figure made his collarbone exceptionally obvious. Wynnies put the two babies beside him and said, "Samuel, Kate gave birth to your babies. Wake up and see for yourself. They're adorable. The baby girl resembles Kate, and the baby boy looks exactly like you." Not a single reaction came from Samuel, nonetheless. His breathing remained the same. Wynnies held his hand and placed it on Desi's little palm. "Can you feel it, Samuel? It's Desi's hand. It feels soft and small, isn't it? Desi and Eil are still young, but they have lost their mother. What should they do if they don't have a father?" At that time, Desi had woken up. She did not cry and stared at Wynnies with her eyes wide open. As she took a glance at Desi, Wynnies thought of Kathleen. Following that, tears began to stream from her eyes immediately. Diana then patted her on the shoulder. "Don't cry. We have to stay strong for Desi and Eil." "Okay." Wynnies nodded in

response. Diana let out a sigh and mumbled, "Hopefully, these children could give Samuel the will to live. I wish that he could wake up soon."

"Meanwhile, Charles rushed back to the villa after knowing that Wyatt had gone there to look for him. He was worried that someone would find out that Kathleen was in the villa. Hence, he was determined to stop Wyatt. As soon as Charles arrived at the villa, he saw Wyatt coming down from the second floor. "Wyatt, how dare you barge into my house without permission?" His expression darkened, and a menacing gleam flashed across his eyes. Before coming here, Charles already had a plan in his mind. If worse came to worst, I would finish off Wyatt here. I won't let him find out Kathleen's whereabouts no matter what. A bright smile crept over Wyatt's face. "Aren't you bored living here for almost one year alone?" Alone? I guess he didn't find out anything about Kathleen... "How I spend my life is none of your business. I'm not interested in the fight between you and your brother too. Hence, stop bothering me with your problem," Charles remarked aloofly. "That's not very nice of you to say that." Later, Wyatt approached him and continued, "With your support, I can secure my position in Blissful Sect. Unfortunately, it seems like my brother is making a more favorable impression. I need your help." "Just because you have the Snow Grass? I don't need that at all." With that said, Charles gave out a snort. "Really? You don't need it?" Wyatt narrowed his eyes at him and asked, "Do you wish to die?" "It's none of your business," Charles remained forbidding. Wyatt shot him with a skeptical look. However, he did not have any evidence to prove it. "I heard that Kathleen is back." Wyatt fixed his eyes on him. "No, she isn't," Charles responded coldly. "Really? Where did she go? It's been some time since I last saw her. How could she not contact you? You're her brother, after all," Wyatt said, feeling annoyed. "I hope that she doesn't appear, though."

Or else, she would be targeted by you guys, like a pack of hungry wolves coveting a sheep," mocked Charles. Wyatt let out a chuckle and voiced, "Let me know when she returns. I still remember our three-year deal." Charles wore an indifferent expression on his face. "I don't need it. Hence, it's void to me." "You don't need it?" Wyatt shot him a glare. Not wanting to respond, Charles merely said, "You may leave now." Then, Wyatt huffed in displeasure and walked away. After he left, Charles dashed upstairs and went to the room directly, only to see Kathleen no longer on the bed.

The room was exceptionally clean as if Kathleen had not lived there at all. No wonder Wyatt didn't notice anything when he was here. Where is Kathleen? Did that old man take her away? Instantly, Charles tried calling him, but the number was not reachable. How could this be? It was at that moment he finally realized something. That old man purposely diverted my attention! His target was Kathleen! D*mn it! With that thought crossed his mind, he swiftly checked on the surveillance cameras, only to find out that all of the footage had been removed. Seeing that, Charles could feel his limbs turn cold almost immediately. Kathleen! I hope she's all right! Why am I so careless? Charles's gaze darkened. I swear I'll find Kathleen! She has suffered too much! I must ensure that she won't end up in others' hands! Time flew, and it was soon five years later. Samuel entered the hospital, holding an adorable little girl in his arms. Desi wrapped her arms around his neck and said coquettishly, "Daddy, why are we here in the hospital?"

"You're sick. We have to come here to see the doctor." Samuel carried her firmly. I'm not sick. Besides, the female doctor here always brushes me off when she checks on me. Instead, she only focuses on you," Desi muttered pitifully. "It's just a normal checkup. Furthermore, I've requested to change the doctor for you," explained Samuel. "Is he handsome?" Desi beamed. "Yes," answered Samuel dotingly. With that, Desi said gleefully, "I like handsome guys. However, it's undeniable that you're the most handsome man on earth, Daddy!" Samuel smiled slightly and replied, "You sure know how to flatter people." Just then, they arrived at the doctor's office and spotted a lady with her back facing them. She was wearing a burgundy shirt and a pair of black pants. Besides, she had a slender figure and waist-length hair.

As he fixed his eyes on her, Samuel felt a stab in his heart. He thought that her back seemed a little familiar. "You..." His voice was hoarse. Hearing his raspy voice, the lady turned around. She looked ordinary. However, she had a pair of bright eyes. "Are you Mr. Macari?" the lady asked casually. Seeing her face, Samuel suddenly felt relieved. I've mistaken her for another person. "Yes, I am. I'm here for the new doctor, Dr. Zabinski." "That's me. My name is Gizem," the lady voiced. "Huh? I thought you're a guy." In response to her words, Samuel frowned in confusion. "I've never mentioned that I'm a guy. Could you put her down, please? I need to do a checkup on her," Gizem said flatly. "I need to confirm your identity before that," suggested Samuel. Gizem did not refuse and nodded at him instead. "Sure." Afterward, Samuel grabbed his phone to call Richard. "Hello, Richard? What's going on? My appointment is with a male doctor, isn't it?"

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He Is My Fiancé Richard said awkwardly, "I'm sorry. It was my mistake." "You..." The look in Samuel's eyes was cold. "Actually, you can't blame me for this. It's the system that made a mistake," explained Richard helplessly. "But you don't have to worry about her capability. She's a doctor who graduated from Arvard College of Medicine, so she's an expert."

Samuel remained silent while wearing a glacial expression. Desi disliked female doctors, so he was planning to look for a male doctor who excelled in the relevant field. However, he didn't expect them to make a mistake. Gizem glanced indifferently at the man. "Mr. Macari, are you done with the confirmation? May I please examine Ms. Macari's body now?" Samuel, who had always respected his daughter's decision, turned to question her, "Desi, what do you think?" Desi sized Gizem up and concluded that although the woman before her was not exceptionally pretty, she gave off a dashing

aura that made people want to befriend her. Thus, she nodded reluctantly. "Okay then." As long as she's not here to snatch Daddy away will do. I have to keep an eye on Daddy for Mommy's sake. Samuel placed Desi on the bed, and Gizem put on her stethoscope to examine the little girl's body. When her hand touched Desi's tummy, the latter was momentarily stunned. "Ms. Zabinski, your hand feels warm." Gizem's raven eyes were clear as she looked at the girl.

"Thank you." Desi gazed at Gizem quietly and noticed that the latter seemed different from other women. Unlike other women, Gizem didn't even steal a glance at Samuel. After examining Desi's condition, Gizem helped the girl put on her small coat. "How is my daughter?" asked Samuel aloofly. Gizem's tone was calm as she elucidated, "I've looked over her previous medical records. Ms. Macari's heart condition is currently fine. As long as her condition remains unchanged, she'd be able to undergo a heart transplant surgery when she's eighteen years old." "You should know your duty, yes?" he uttered solemnly. "Of course. My duty is to ensure Ms. Macari reaches the age of eighteen safely and soundly." The woman's demeanor remained placid. "Good." Samuel needed to find a reliable doctor, as the doctor was responsible for looking after Desi in the long term. She said flatly, "Rest assured, Mr. Macari. I know what I should do." Suddenly, she felt a warm sensation on her palm and looked sideways to meet Desi's eyes. "Is everything okay?"

"Ms. Zabinski, your eyes are so pretty." Desi stared intently at Gizem's eyes. Her eyes are as pretty as Mommy's. Gizem was slightly surprised. "Thank you for your compliment, but I'm just an ordinary person." As soon as she finished her sentence, a woman barged in. "Samuel, I heard that you'd be bringing Desi here to see a doctor, so I went to the house to see if you're there. I didn't expect you guys to be here already." Samuel replied emotionlessly, "What does that have to do with you?"

As Yareli heard his words, she felt aggrieved. She glanced at Gizem and asked, "Who is this?" Gizem's gleaming jet-black eyes made Yareli inexplicably uncomfortable. Samuel ignored her while carrying Desi in his arms. "All right. Let's go home." "Daddy, can we please go home after getting some breakfast? I'm hungry." The girl pouted. She didn't have breakfast because her stomach needed to be empty for the checkup. "Okay." The way Samuel looked at his daughter was exceptionally gentle. "I want some fried chicken." Desi blinked her adorable puppy eyes. Samuel looked at Gizem, who immediately understood his meaning and said, "Ms. Macari, you can't have fried foods. It's not good for your heart." "Then, what else can I eat?" Desi, who was a foodie, was disappointed to hear that she couldn't eat what she wanted. Gizem was a little helpless as well. Just then, the little girl sniffed and commented, "Something smells so good."

"It's probably my perfume." Yareli smiled. Desi glanced at her with disdain. "Your perfume smells bad. It's not from you." Yareli was at a loss for words. "Daddy, put me down." The girl wriggled her legs. Samuel put her down as told. "What do you want to do?" Desi darted toward Gizem's side and sniffed the air before walking behind the

latter. She stopped in front of a bag. "Yes, this is the smell!" Gizem explained in a faint voice, "That's my lunch." Desi looked at the woman piteously while Samuel said with a sigh, "Desi, that's Dr. Zabinski's lunch. You can't have it." The adorable girl continued looking at Gizem pleadingly. In the end, Gizem couldn't resist those puppy eyes. She bent down, took her lunchbox out, and opened it. "It's meatballs!" Desi's eyes sparkled with excitement. "You can have it." Gizem's rosy lips curled into a faint smile. "But what would you have for lunch, then?" The girl furrowed her brows in concern.

"I can go and get something else." Desi pondered for a while and asked, "Daddy, can we treat Ms. Zabinski to lunch? I'll eat her meatballs, and you will treat her to lunch." Samuel frowned. Doesn't she dislike it when women approach me? Oh, well. As long as she's happy will do. "Mm." He nodded. "No way!" For some reason, Yareli was quite agitated. Although the female doctor wasn't considered attractive, she could sense an immense threat from the woman. All these years, had it not been for the female lovebug in her body, Samuel would've killed her already. However, in order to live a few more years so he could look after his children, he allowed her to live. Yareli had never given up hope. All this while, she had been fantasizing that one day, Samuel might fall in love with her. When the time came, she would finally be able to marry him. Therefore, she went out of her way to drive every single woman away from Samuel. Fortunately, Desi shared the same thought with her, though the little girl only did it for Kathleen's sake. Nonetheless, Kathleen was already dead. A deceased person did not deserve to have a place in Samuel's heart. Yareli was confident that Samuel would want to stay alive even after the kids grew up. After all, no one would want to die. By then, in order to stay alive, he would definitely marry her.

The woman standing before Yareli had a perfect body figure. Though she wasn't extremely good-looking, she gave Yareli a strong sense of insecurity and threat. There was no way Yareli would let someone like that woman stay by Samuel's side. Gizem said expressionlessly, "I don't have time either. I have a few more appointments with other patients after this." Yareli sneered when she heard that. "If so, I don't think it's appropriate for me to have your lunch." Desi felt troubled. "It's okay. You can have it if you're hungry." Gizem closed the lunchbox lid and handed it to the little girl. "All right. I'll bring something yummy for you the next time we meet." Desi held the lunchbox with both hands. "Deal." Gizem nodded. With the lunchbox in her hands, Desi walked over to her father. "We can go now, Daddy." Samuel stole a glance at Gizem before picking the girl up to leave. Yareli, however, didn't leave. Instead, she scowled at Gizem with a frosty glint in her eyes. "I'm warning you—stay away from Samuel! He's my fiancé!" Gizem put on her white coat and uttered, "I'll take you to see a neurologist if you won't leave." Yareli froze when she heard the woman's calm words. "Are you leaving or not?" Gizem added coldly. "Hmph!" Yareli snorted and turned to leave. "What a crazy woman," remarked Gizem. As she put on her white coat and waited for her next patient, her phone rang. She answered the call. "Master." "Have you met Samuel Macari?" asked an old man on the other end of the line. "Yes. His daughter's condition is stable."