

## Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife Chapter 141

### Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife

#### Chapter 141

That night, Christopher suddenly called when Kathleen was just about to sleep.

“Chris? Why are you calling so late?” She was a little surprised.

“Can you come out? I have something to tell you.” His voice was hoarse.

“Can’t you just tell me over the phone?” Kathleen asked curiously.

“I’m downstairs of your place.” Christopher looked up at the window of her room. “I won’t take much of your time.”

“Okay,” Kathleen agreed.

Then, she put on a white down jacket and went down.

Standing against the car door, Christopher looked sophisticated in his dark gray coat.

His expression was gloomy, though.

“Chris.” Kathleen walked up to him.

She wrapped herself in a white down jacket and cascaded her hair down to her waist. The sight of her delicate and adorable cheeks would make one feel the urge to hold her in their arms.

“Are you cold? Do you want to get into the car?” Christopher asked in a husky voice.

Kathleen shook her head. “It’s okay. I’m wearing snow boots.”

She had put on a pair of snow boots with rabbit ears.

Christopher looked deeply at her before saying, “I’ve received the test result from the police.”

Stunned, Kathleen did not understand his words for a moment, but soon, realization dawned on her.

"Nothing had happened between her and me. In truth, she had prepared the blood on the bedsheets in advance," Christopher explained.

Anyhow, he had proved his innocence.

"My gosh, how bold of her!" Kathleen said in disbelief.

"She wouldn't dare to do so if she didn't have her grandpa's tacit approval," said Christopher coldly. "Of course, she couldn't have planned this matter alone. They probably did not expect I would go to the police when planning this."

"Did you just say 'they'? Who else was involved in this?" Kathleen asked faintly.

"Will you believe my words if I tell you?" Christopher shot a meaningful look at her.

"Then tell me about it. I'll analyze it first and decide whether to believe it," Kathleen answered solemnly.

Christopher knew that Kathleen had always been calm and wise.

She rarely got emotional.

"Do you have any idea how Astrid came back?" Christopher shot Kathleen a look.

Kathleen shook her head.

"It was Samuel. He had a deal with Astrid's grandfather. The reason he asked her to come back was to break us apart," Christopher continued coldly.

Kathleen pursed her scarlet lips.

"Samuel also planned the incident yesterday with Astrid. If not, why would he rush over?" Christopher's words implied a deeper meaning as he looked at her.

Kathleen frowned deeply upon hearing that. Does this have something to do with Samuel?

"If that's the case, we can go and ask him," she said coldly.

"Do you think he will admit it if you ask?" Christopher questioned in a deep voice.

However, Kathleen said, "Whether he's going to admit it or not, we should at least convey our stance regarding this matter to him. If he continues being obstinate, we still have other options."

Christopher was silent.

"Christopher, I still don't believe in Astrid. Of course, it doesn't mean what she said was false." Kathleen looked at Christopher as she spoke. "You witnessed how Astrid treated me during the filming that day. Did she learn all those, including every single word, from Samuel as well? What if she was trying to shove the blame on Samuel so that she could get away from it?"

Christopher pursed his thin lips in silence.

"This matter has already alerted the police. They will naturally interrogate Astrid and Samuel. We'd better do nothing but wait for the outcome," Kathleen said indifferently.

"Are you thinking that I've lost my sense of judgment now?" Christopher asked in a deep voice.

Kathleen shook his head. "No, but the onlooker sees most of the game. You are the victim, Chris. It's normal for you to suspect someone, and I don't think you're wrong. Similarly, as a bystander, I have my own opinion."

Christopher stepped forward and took her hands. He asked in a deep voice, "Kate, do you like me? Even a little bit will do."

Kathleen looked at him quietly.

She did not know why the feeling of Christopher getting close to her was completely different from the feeling Samuel gave her.

When Christopher came close to her, she could remain calm and composed.

Yet, when Samuel approached her, she would get very nervous and flustered.

While Kathleen was lost in her thoughts, Christopher suddenly pulled her into his embrace.

He hugged her hard and tight in his arms.

"Chris, let go of me first. I can't breathe." Kathleen struggled to get out of his grip.

"Astrid and I really didn't do anything." Christopher's voice was husky.

"Yes, I know. I trust you." Kathleen felt a little uneasy.

Unlike his usual self, Christopher was a little emotional that night.

Kathleen found it understandable, though.

After all, he had been wronged and had not recovered emotionally.

Nonetheless, Christopher knew that the little good impression Kathleen had for him had been extinguished after what had happened earlier that day.

“Chris, you—” Kathleen struggled incessantly.

Right at that moment, she felt a force exerted on her waist, pulling her backward.

She then fell into a relatively warm and refreshing embrace and abruptly raised her head.

“Samuel?”

It was indeed Samuel, who had appeared in a pair of light trousers and a casual shirt.

“Samuel.” Christopher stared at him coldly.

“Christopher.” Samuel cast Christopher an icy gaze. “Kate always said you are a gentleman and will not make things difficult for others. She obviously didn’t want you to hug her just now. Couldn’t you feel it?”

Christopher let out a chuckle out of frustration. “How shameless you are, Samuel. Were you the one who summoned Astrid back?”

In a composed manner, Samuel replied, “Her grandfather and I just happened to have a collaboration. As for her return to the country, it was her grandfather’s arrangements and had nothing to do with me.”

“Astrid told me personally that you asked her to come back and approach me so that she could separate Kate and me!” Christopher bellowed as he grabbed Samuel’s collar. “And this morning’s incident was obviously planned by you and her. How dare you deny it now!”

“Don’t you find your words ridiculous, Christopher? If I had set you and Astrid up, it would have been more than just sleeping pills for you.” Samuel’s voice turned icy.

“How do you know I was given sleeping pills, then?” Christopher scoffed.

“Not only you have people in the police station. As soon as the investigation results were out, someone informed me.” Samuel’s expression was still cold as he continued, “Listen, Christopher. If I were to plan this kind of thing, I would make sure everything was impeccable. I would’ve drugged you, taken detailed pictures of you and Astrid, and posted them on the Internet. I would do more than just give you sleeping pills to annihilate you.”

Seeing that, Kathleen quickly walked up to the men and tried to smoothen things up. “Chris, Samuel has already explained to you. Now, let go of him.”

Christopher cast a sideways glance at her. "And you believe him?"

Stumped by Christopher's words, Kathleen turned to Samuel. "Do you dare to swear on it?"

Samuel immediately lifted his three fingers. "If any of what I just said was false, I'll never get to marry Kathleen in this life!"

Kathleen was rendered speechless.

Staring at Samuel coldly, Christopher suddenly gave the former a punch when he was about to loosen his grip.

Samuel had quick reflexes, but Christopher still managed to sweep his fist across the former's cheek.

After being beaten up, Samuel naturally fought back.

He also grabbed Christopher's collar and punched him.

Kathleen stared at them wordlessly. "Must you two fight in front of me like this?"

She was infuriated.

"Listen carefully! I won't even feel bad if either of you gets hurt!" Kathleen was exasperated. "I really don't know what the point is to fight over this matter. Couldn't it be Astrid trying to sow discord between you guys?"

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Samuel and Christopher had an intense fight.

In the meantime, Kathleen's expression went darker and darker.

D\*mn! These men are really stupid!

From the corner of her eye, she caught sight of the water gun used to water the flowers beside the flower bed. She immediately walked over to pick it up and pointed it at the two men.

The men immediately stopped their fight and soon became entirely drenched.

It was then that Kathleen threw the water gun onto the floor.

“Maria, please prepare bath towels for them,” she instructed.

Maria quickly ran into the house to prepare them.

Meanwhile, Kathleen shot the men an icy gaze imposingly. “Don’t you ever do such things in front of me again. What I resent the most are those who fight without making things clear. Are you two beasts?”

The two grown men were being lectured like they were dogs, standing in place with their hands hanging naturally at their bodies’ sides while lowering their heads.

Christopher then looked at Samuel. The white shirt the latter was wearing clung to his lean figure, showing his abs clearly.

The scar from his heart that stretched all the way to his abdomen was now even more noticeable.

Shortly after, Maria returned with the bath towels, handing one to each of them.

“Maria, please take Christopher inside to take a shower,” Kathleen instructed expressionlessly.

“Okay.” Maria then led Christopher inside.

Looking at Samuel, Kathleen said, “Hurry back home. You just got discharged from the hospital.”

“Why can he take a shower at your place while I can’t? Am I not worthy?” Samuel’s tone sounded pitiful.

“Your house is only next door.” Kathleen was speechless.

What’s the point of fighting against this?

"You said I'm like a relative to you, but I can feel that you treat a stranger way better than me." Samuel's face turned pale. "I'm living alone. If I fainted, who's going to save me?"

Kathleen was at a loss for words upon hearing that.

In the end, Samuel managed to step into the Johnson residence.

Kathleen went to Charles' room and found two sets of clothes for the two men.

Since Christopher went to take a shower first, he used the bathroom on the first floor, and Samuel used the one on the second floor.

After asking Maria to send the clothes to Christopher, Kathleen went to pass Samuel the other garments.

"Samuel, I'll leave the clothes at the door." said Kathleen from behind the door.

Click!

The bathroom door was pushed open.

Kathleen was startled.

Oh, my! Will, will he... Although we used to be husband and wife, we have already divorced. How inappropriate for him to come out naked like that.

Needless to say, she thought too much.

"Give it to me," Samuel said in a hoarse voice while stretching out his slender, fair arm.

After putting the clothes in his hand, Kathleen turned around to leave.

"Wait." Samuel's voice trailed off.

"What else do you need?" Kathleen asked, puzzled.

Samuel then opened the bathroom door.

Kathleen was so shocked that she covered her eyes.

Her reaction amused Samuel. "I'm not a pervert. Look. I have my bathrobe on."

Kathleen blinked her eyes upon hearing that.

"Can you lend me your hairdryer?" The man's voice was clear and deep.

"Follow me." Kathleen led him to her room.

She took out the hairdryer from the drawer and handed it to him.

When Samuel received it, his slender, cold hand touched the back of her hand.

Kathleen instantly felt a tingling sensation over her body.

While blowing his hair, Samuel said, "I did call Astrid's grandfather again."

Kathleen was startled.

"And I did ask him to send someone over." Samuel's voice was icy. "But that person was not Astrid."

Kathleen blinked her eyes, asking, "What do you mean?"

Samuel turned off the hair dryer, his hair was half dry by then. He explained, "Morris Group is bidding for the construction project of Horington. In fact, this project has been postponed for two years and has only been resumed now. Morris Group is determined to secure this project. Thus, I asked Astrid's grandfather to help me find Olivia, the woman who had stopped this project two years ago. By the way, I admit that I was jealous when I learned you and Christopher were in a relationship."

The mention of Olivia surprised Kathleen.

"I've heard of her. She's a geologist and is always out of the country," Kathleen quietly responded. "She proposed to end the Horington project because the land structure where the building resided was unstable."

"You actually know about that?" Samuel was a little surprised.

Kathleen rolled her eyes. "I was still your wife at that time. There was once I overheard your video conference with someone and learned all that. It's not confidential and doesn't matter if I listened in, right?"

"Of course." Samuel smiled faintly. "Even if it's confidential, so what? You can listen to it if you want."

Kathleen pursed her lips. "So Astrid was sent here by Old Mr. Holloway on his own initiative?"

Samuel stared at her with his arms crossed. "I won't believe it if you haven't run a background check on Astrid."

"So what if I did?" Kathleen was displeased. "Couldn't I investigate her?"



Samuel chuckled. "Don't you try to shove that blame on me. Let's get down to business. Astrid already signed with an entertainment company six months ago. Her so-called war correspondent job was fake."

Kathleen frowned. "Isn't she afraid of being exposed?"

"Generally speaking, there're very few war correspondents out there. Thus, it's not easy to expose her, not to mention she had indeed spent two months in several war-torn countries. But she didn't really go to the camps. It was others who took the photos and sent them to her. She only published the photos after that," Samuel explained.

Of course, Kathleen was unaware of that.

"I've already explained it to you." Samuel cast her a meaningful look. "If I said I wouldn't lie to you, I won't."

Kathleen flushed at his words. "I also didn't say that what you said was false, but you... shouldn't have made a move."

"He was the one who hit me first." Samuel pursed his sharp thin lips. "You saw it yourself."

"Of course I did. I'm not blind," Kathleen quietly responded. "But no matter what, you're now planning to deal with the Morris family."

"I won't deny it," Samuel admitted.

"You don't even feel embarrassed?" Kathleen knitted her eyebrows. "Even if you don't pay Christopher any respect, you should still think about Aunt Emily who married into the Morris family."

"How do you know that Christopher hasn't secretly dealt with me, then?" Samuel raised his brows.

"He won't," Kathleen said with certainty.

"How can you be sure of that? Just because he's good to you, you think he's good when doing everything?" Samuel questioned coldly.

Kathleen was rendered speechless.

She felt like she was going to start quarreling with Samuel at any minute.

"You'd better get changed now and go downstairs." Kathleen didn't want to continue the subject any longer.

When she reached the door, Samuel asked casually, "Am I that evil in your heart?"

Kathleen bit her lip for a moment and walked off.

Is he evil? Not really. It's just... Argh! I can't tell what kind of feeling that is. It's something like... Even if he's not a bad guy, he will not be a good guy either.

Meanwhile, Samuel's dark eyes were cold and deep-set.

It seems that it's hard to patch things up once the person has lost trust in you. But this time, I really didn't lie to her. I really didn't.

When Kathleen arrived downstairs, Christopher was already sitting in the living room, sipping coffee.

Charles happened to have returned home and asked curiously, "What happened to the yard? It's a complete mess."

"Two dogs came and had a fight," Kathleen explained indifferently.

Dogs?

Charles frowned at her words. He was a little surprised when he saw Christopher. "You came!"

Christopher nodded in response.

Charles frowned. What's happening here?

While Charles was pondering the situation, Samuel came down from the second floor.

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"Why can't I be here if Christopher can?" Samuel walked to Kathleen's side.

"You're wearing my clothes! Kate bought this set of clothing for me. I couldn't even bear to wear it." Charles was bothered by Samuel who was wearing his clothes.

"You couldn't bear to wear it? I thought you didn't like it," said Kathleen as realization dawned on her.

"I haven't worn it even once." Charles gritted his teeth, glaring at Samuel.

"Well, I'll keep it then. It suits me quite well," said Samuel calmly.

Kathleen bought this, after all.

Charles was speechless. Then, he asked, "Where's your dignity?"

Do you still want it?

"Go and drink your coffee and go home," urged Kathleen.

Samuel went over and sat at the furthest seat from Christopher.

Maria brought him a cup of coffee.

Thanking her, Samuel picked up the cup and sipped slowly.

Charles tugged at Kathleen's sleeve and asked, "What's going on?"

"The two of them fought in the yard. I stopped them with the spray gun you used to water the plants," explained Kathleen.

Charles blinked several times.

So they were the dogs that fought?

Kathleen walked over to Christopher and remarked, "Chris, the incident where Astrid schemed you is far from simple. She had signed a contract with an entertainment company half a year ago. She planned well with every step she made."

Christopher frowned after hearing that.

"Samuel explained to me just now. He didn't get Astrid to harass you." Kathleen paused before continuing, "I believe what Samuel told me. After all, he's not someone that unscrupulous."

Samuel was at a loss for words.

"You never know because someone's appearance can be deceiving," mocked Christopher.

"I completely agree with you." Charles raised his brows.

"You stay out of this." Kathleen glowered at Charles.

Charles felt awkward.

"Why did you show up at my grandpa's place today?" Christopher stared at Samuel coldly.

"I was worried about Kathleen," said Samuel indifferently.

Christopher narrowed his eyes and queried, "How did you know Kathleen went to see my grandpa? Did you stalk her?"

Kathleen also turned her gaze to Samuel.

Looking at Kathleen, Samuel slowly nodded.

What a jerk!

Kathleen glared daggers at him and howled, "Samuel, you're being ridiculous!"

"I have someone protect you secretly for your safety. Nicolette will surely take revenge on you," explained Samuel.

Kathleen knitted her brows.

"Plus, I've ordered them not to appear in front of you and not to disturb you. I did this out of good intention," remarked Samuel in a deep voice.

"Nicolette will take revenge on my sister because of you! It was you who wandered between two women and hesitated back then, causing the situation to turn out like this!" raged Charles.

Samuel's gaze darkened. "Anyway, I did that to protect Kathleen. I know Felix's character more than any of you."

Since Samuel was nine, Calvin began to teach him how to manage the company.

At that time, Felix was still handling Morris Group.

Although the Macari family and the Morris family seemed harmonious on the surface, they had always been fighting secretly.

Later, the two families started to be on good terms when Aaron led the Morris family.

However, it felt like something big was coming up lately.

Christopher did not deny it when Felix was being suspected.

Of course, he was familiar with his grandfather.

All those years, Emily would tell Christopher about something that happened back then.

Emily would never spill a word before that.

Actually, when Emily married Aaron, she went through a lot of twists and turns.

The first obstruction was from Felix and his wife, namely Christopher's grandmother.

They thought Emily was not from a prominent family.

The two believed that a woman from a regular family was not good enough for their son.

It was due to the same reason that Felix disliked Kathleen.

He had an old-fashioned way of thinking. Felix thought Kathleen was not good enough for his grandson because she had been divorced.

Meanwhile, Astrid was his old friend's granddaughter. He knew Astrid well.

Christopher drank his coffee quietly.

Right then, Charles commented meaningfully, "The people backing Astrid are indeed not ordinary. She could join the most popular variety show as soon as she returned. That is strange by itself. Although we have investigated her, we know nothing about the people behind her."

In other words, Astrid was not an ordinary woman.

"Chris, do you know Astrid?" Kathleen asked faintly.

Staring at her intently, Christopher shook his head and answered, "Even though I had an engagement with her before, that was an arranged marriage. I've never been serious about it, and I've never met her. Later, Grandpa asked me to get in touch with her, but I refused. I told Grandpa about my wishes straightforwardly and called off the marriage."

He also did not expect Astrid to come back again.

"How about we look into Astrid? If she's making you two fight each other, there must be someone who will benefit from this."

Samuel fixed his gaze on Kathleen.

She has become more mature. Her way of viewing an issue is also different from before. Perhaps she has never changed. It was me who had never paid attention to her.

Charles frowned and responded, "Do you mean Astrid's purpose was not to marry Christopher but to make Samuel and Christopher fight each other?"

"I can't think of any reasons other than that," replied Kathleen in a low voice.

"I'll look into this." Standing up, Christopher shot a meaningful look at Kathleen and said, "Anyway, their plan won't work."

"Chris, your grandpa believes Astrid no matter what. You should be more cautious when handling this matter," reminded Kathleen.

Christopher said coldly, "I don't believe Grandpa will still trust her when the evidence is right in front of his eyes."

Hearing that, Samuel sneered. "Your grandpa will certainly say Astrid did that because she loves you too much."

Christopher pursed his lips.

Turning around to look at Kathleen, Christopher uttered, "Still, I have never touched her."

"Okay. I understand." Kathleen nodded.

"I'll go back first. I'll deal with all these and ask you out on another day." Christopher stared at Kathleen meaningfully.

A gleam flashed through Kathleen's eyes. "I will join the film set on the day after tomorrow."

She was going to film.

Christopher said solemnly, "Okay, I'll visit you at the film set."

With that, he turned around and left.

Samuel smirked. "He will undoubtedly get nothing from Felix."

Walking over, Charles urged, "Have you finished the drink? Quickly leave if you're done."

Looking at Kathleen deeply, Samuel said, "I'm leaving."

Kathleen nodded. "Goodbye."

Cough! Samuel coughed a few times before getting up slowly. "I was just discharged from the hospital, and I got wet. My head is aching slightly."

Charles was speechless at the sight.

Where is this jerk's pride?

"Wait!" Kathleen called out to Samuel.

Samuel raised his head, and his face was full of anticipation.

Kathleen turned around and took a box of medicine. "Here's some fever medicine. Eat it if you have a fever."

It was Samuel turn to be speechless.

"Haha!" Charles could not hold back his laughter.

As the saying goes, "There is no best, only better."

Is he trying to gain sympathy from Kathleen? Unfortunately, she doesn't buy that anymore.

"Thank you." Samuel took the medicine.

"You're welcome, Mr. Macari. You should hire a housekeeper as soon as possible. The trick you used just now is obsolete." Kathleen looked at him indifferently.

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Samuel laughed in his deep voice and said, "Was it too old-fashioned?"

Kathleen nodded.

"I'll try something new next time." Samuel was being thick-faced.

He took the medicine, then turned around and left.

Charles was annoyed and said, "This man is just a jerk."

Kathleen asked calmly, "Charles, why are you agitated?"

"This man is playing his tricks, you gotta be alert," Charles warned her.

Kathleen gave him a side-eye and said, "You're underestimating me."

Charles said faintly, "I did not. But weren't you being too calm with Christopher just now?"

"I treat everyone the same way," Kathleen said in a soft and steady tone, "Right, do you know who is the guy playing the main character in this show?"

"Yes," Charles nodded and answered, "Timothy Currah."

"So it's him." Kathleen was a bit surprised to hear that.

"Do you know him?" Charles raised an eyebrow and asked.

"Yes, he graduated from the same college as me. I even presented him with a flower bouquet for his graduation ceremony that year," Kathleen replied, "but he probably would not remember it."

"Why were you the one who gave him the bouquet?" Charles was curious.

"Because I'm beautiful, I guess," Kathleen said.

Charles was curious. "How did Samuel react to that?"

Kathleen answered without giving much thought, "There was no reaction from him. He did not pay much attention to me at that time."

Charles was speechless.

He cursed in his heart again.

Jerk! Samuel must have been blind to not notice someone as pretty as Kathleen.



The next day, when Charles was heading out to jog, he met Samuel, who was going for a jog too.

Charles gave him a snort and said, "Together?"

Samuel curled his lips and said, "Sure."

Both of them did some warm-up exercises right there.

"Do you know who's the guy playing the main character in this show?" Charles asked in a suspenseful way.

"You're talking about Timothy Currah?" Samuel said without showing much, "I did not keep my eye on the entertainment industry, and this is the first time I've heard of him."

"Then do you know he was Kate's senior?" Charles shot him a glance.

Samuel shook his head.

"Then do you know Kathleen was the one who presented a flower bouquet to him during his college graduation ceremony?" Charles continued asking.

"It's him?" Samuel's face turned sullen.

"Oh, so you do know him?" Charles asked in a quizzical way.

"I do, but I don't recall his name," Samuel said without showing much emotion.

Charles smirked and said, "Timothy was the campus hunk then, and Kathleen was the campus belle. If it weren't because she was already married to you, they might have developed an unforgettable romance in college."

Samuel snickered coldly in his mind.

That's just impossible!

Samuel and Charles then started jogging together.

Charles asked during the jog, "Do you know if anyone approached Kathleen in college?"

"Why are you asking me?" Samuel responded and he started to have some unpleasant flashbacks in his mind.

Of course there were people trying to approach Kathleen! She was so beautiful and adorable. What's more, she was such a gentle and caring girl.

He still recalled when Kathleen was celebrating her eighteen-year-old birthday. There were people telling Diana that they wish to have their son or grandson marry Kathleen in the future.

However, Diana was unwilling to marry her off like that so she did not give her consent.

“Actually, the relationship you had with Kathleen would not have happened if it hadn’t been because of Old Mrs. Macari. There was no way that you two would be together, ever,” said Charles on purpose.

Samuel sped up without saying anything, and Charles followed suit.

Both of them stopped only after they completed one lap.

Charles stood in Samuel’s way and said, “Samuel, I really want to know. You loved Nicolette so much, but why did you get into an intimate relationship with Kathleen after marrying her?”

Samuel gave him a sharp look and said, “Because I love her.”

Charles retorted, “You love her but you still hurt her?” He thought Samuel was ridiculous.

Samuel answered in a steady voice, “Because I did not realize my feelings for her at that time.”

Charles stared at him in an icy way. “And now you know what are your feelings for her? You are now pestering her because you want to get revenge on her, aren’t you? Because she embarrassed you at the wedding?”

“Revenge?” Samuel gave a smirk. “Getting revenge by putting in my heart for the revenge?”

Charles gave him a warning. “Samuel, Kathleen is no longer the old her, and I hope you remember this. Those words you said are now meaningless to her. She is not going to get back together with you. She had loved you for a long time, but you never cared about her.”

Charles walked on after finishing his sentence.

Samuel said in a chilly tone, “Charles, I’m not the old me either.”

Charles did not stop his pace and continued his way back to the Johnson residence.

Samuel’s eyes were dark and seemed to hold a lot of emotions.

He did care about Kathleen, but even he himself did not realize that.

He got jealous because of her long ago.

However, it was too late when he finally realized that.

Kathleen arrived at the filming set, and she met Timothy.

Timothy smiled and said, "We meet again Kathleen."

Kathleen was somewhat shy. "Hi, Timothy. You still remember me?"

Timothy gave an indicative smile and said, "You were the one who presented me with the flower bouquet during my graduation if I remember correctly?"

Kathleen nodded.

"So you two know each other?" Spencer was surprised.

Timothy explained, "Kathleen presented a bouquet to me at the graduation ceremony, and my coursemates were all envious of me."

"Why?" Spencer was intrigued.

"What else could it be?" Remy raised his eyebrow and said, "Kathleen was the campus belle at that time, and a bouquet presented by the campus belle herself of course is bound to invite all the jealousy."

Remy then continued his sentence with a look of dismay on his face. "Why didn't I get this kind of treatment for my graduation?"

Kathleen explained, "Maybe because we were not from the same course."

"Possibly." Remy felt regretful. "If I had known better, I would have taken the performance course. Why did I want to become a screenwriter in the first place?"

"It's not too late to change now," said Spencer, holding the script. "Look, there's a creepy character in this that suits you quite well."

"Get lost!" Remy said in anger, "You only know how to exploit me and push me to work on the script. I'm forced to work on a new script when the ongoing one is not even done filming yet. You are just inhumane!"

Spencer did not know what to say.

Kathleen chuckled and said, "I didn't know that you two are this close."

“No way!” Remy was furious and said, “I am being exploited day by day. I will turn into a mummy someday. Spencer, you are too cruel.”

Spencer could not find the words to defend himself. “Can you stop with those misleading phrases? I would not know how to clarify to others if someone misunderstood us.”

“What was misleading here?” Remy was enraged.

While they were talking, they heard someone call out, “Mr. Macari is here!”

“Well, what is the devil doing here?” Remy was intrigued.

Samuel walked toward them before Remy finished his sentence.

He looked composed and elegant in his black outfit.

Kathleen glanced at him and felt her heartbeat rising just from looking at his face.

He’s just too handsome!

Samuel stared at Kathleen and walked toward her. “I need a few minutes with you.”

“Okay.” Kathleen thought he had some serious business to discuss, so she walked away with him.

They went into an empty room.

Samuel frowned and said, “I want to ask you something.”

“Go ahead.” Kathleen felt a bit uneasy. He had this deadpan face and it made her feel scared.

“Do you remember not long after we got married, and the time I took your first time?” Samuel asked in a serious tone. “You know, our first time.”

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Kathleen's face was flushed red. "It's all in the past. Why are you bringing it up now?"

Samuel was breathing hard. "I thought about it suddenly. I saw you taking a photo with Timothy, and—"

"And what?" Kathleen was baffled.

"I was jealous. Kathleen, I was so jealous then." There was a tinge of irony in his eyes.

Kathleen looked grim. "So what if you're jealous? Why are you telling me this?"

Do you expect me to give you some sugar to neutralize the sour taste in your mouth?

"This means that back then, I've already fallen for you." Samuel's face turned a little red as he said that.

Kathleen was stunned.

What is he talking about?

When Samuel saw her startled look, he became indignant. "What's so shocking about it?"

Kathleen nodded. "It's shocking indeed."

Samuel sat down. "Perhaps, I've fallen in love with you long ago. I just didn't realize it."

His feelings for Nicolette had blinded him.

Kathleen managed a rueful smile. "Samuel, it's all over. Stop dwelling on the past. We're family now. I'm not troubled by it at all, why should you?"

Although Kathleen was a little surprised by Samuel's confession, she was not overly shocked and touched.

She just felt that destiny was often cruel.

Regardless, they had already missed each other.

They could never regain what they had once it was lost.

That was Samuel and Kathleen's destiny.

"Samuel, I'm sorry. No matter what you say now, I don't feel anything for you. I really don't love you anymore." Kathleen gazed steadily into Samuel's face.

Samuel's face was drained of color, overwhelmed with a sense of powerlessness.

"I know. You don't have to repeat it so many times. I just want to tell you how I feel."

Kathleen looked at him serenely. "I'm going to start filming now."

Samuel nodded.

He was hoping to catch a different expression on Kathleen's face.

Secretly, he wished that she could look shocked, moved, or angry.

In truth, he hoped she felt something other than calmness.

Her composure threw him off. She seemed to be telling him that they were no longer destined to be together.

Kathleen walked out of the lounge and saw everyone gathered outside to take a group photo.

Timothy beckoned her to join them. "We're missing the female lead. The director was going to ask someone to send for you, but Remy said it was not necessary."

"How can I not be in the group photo?" Kathleen jested with him.

"That's easy. We can always photoshop," Remy said.

Kathleen smiled in amusement.

As both Timothy and Kathleen were the lead characters, they stood next to each other during the photo-taking.

When Samuel saw them together as he walked out of the lounge, he felt a sharp pain in his heart.

The filming of Assassin started in the morning.

Kathleen and Kathleen were acting in their first scene together.

As in earlier shows, the leading characters had to get to know each other first, so that they could develop a better rapport between them.

Kathleen looked Remy up after she had read the script for the first day of filming. "I recall that the script we discussed in Samuel's office was not the same. Where happened to the intimate scene?"

"I've removed it. It's not appropriate to include it in the scene. This is a situation where lives are at stake. An intimate scene will ruin the mood," Remy said.

Kathleen was rendered speechless.

"Besides, the audience is very spoiled these days. We need to fire up their imagination. Otherwise, they won't be too happy with the plot." Remy tried to justify removing the intimate scene.

Kathleen's mouth twitched.

"The scriptwriting team has the final say about how the movie unfolds. I'm a professional scriptwriter. Don't you trust me?" Remy threw her a stern look.

Kathleen stared stonily at Remy for a minute. "Are you sure it's not Samuel's idea to change the script?"

"Of course not. He's only an investor. He doesn't have any say in this." Remy assured her shamelessly.

However, anyone in the entertainment industry would know that the investor had the biggest say on how the movie would be shot.

They were, after all, the ones who were forking out large sums of money for the movie.

Thinking that it was futile to protest, Kathleen did not say anything further.

She took the script and left to rehearse her lines with Timothy.

Remy was finally able to breathe a sigh of relief.

Kathleen and Timothy put on an almost flawless performance for their first scene together.

Spencer was very pleased.

They then moved on to the next scene where they had to build the set.

Timothy walked up to Kathleen. "The director noticed that we seem rather unfamiliar with each other. Why don't we have dinner together tonight to build a better rapport?"

"Good idea." Kathleen nodded.

Timothy smiled and walked into his lounge to take a rest.

Just then, Valerie skipped up to Kathleen. "Kate, I'll bring you to your lounge."

The film crew was very generous this time. They had prepared a lounge room for every actor.

Valerie led Kathleen to her lounge.

Kathleen looked at it in shock. "Samuel brought me here this morning."

Valerie nodded. "The film crew informed me just now that this will be your lounge. I heard it's the best lounge among the film crew. There's even a bathroom inside."

Kathleen pursed her lips.

The film crew must have given her the best room on Samuel's account.

"Kate, you should be well taken care of. Don't forget that your status is higher than Timothy's. You're the first actress to win an Academy Award. No one else in this country has that honor." Valerie pointed out.

Kathleen sighed.

She was not used to such deferential treatment.

Valerie opened the door, and Kathleen walked into the lounge.

The room was filled with a floral scent. In addition, there was a strawberry cake and some coffee on the table.

"Wow!" Valerie exclaimed.

Did Samuel arrange these? He's really considerate.

Kathleen knitted her brows. Samuel seemed to have gone to great lengths this time.

Just then, Charles appeared from behind. "This is exactly how the best actress for the Academy Award should be treated."

Kathleen turned to look at him. "Charles."

"I have something to discuss with you. Let's go inside." Charles's face was set in a grim expression.

Kathleen nodded.



Both of them walked into the lounge as Valerie closed the door.

Just when both Kathleen and Charles sat down, Kathleen said to Valerie, "Take a seat too. Make yourself comfortable."

Valerie nodded and sat down.

Kathleen helped herself to the cake and gave one piece to Valerie.

Valerie knew that such a cake cost a lot of money.

It was the most expensive cake in Jadeborough.

Kathleen took a bite of the cake, savoring the taste in delight.

"Charles, what do you want to talk to me about?" Kathleen knitted her brows.

"I just went to the lounge for the supporting actors. Astrid's also there. She's also been cast in this movie and she's taking on the role of your servant. It looks like a meaty role," Charles said.

"Yes. There is indeed a role of a servant named Imelda." Kathleen recalled after a while.

"I don't care what she's acting as. Don't you think it's not appropriate for her to be acting in this show? Isn't it too much of a coincidence that she's been cast in a movie that Samuel has invested in?" Charles's face darkened.

"Charles, are you still suspicious of Samuel? Do you think he was the one who cast Astrid in the role?" Kathleen gave Charles a knowing look.

Charles nodded stiffly.

Other than Samuel, he could not think of anyone else.

"Since you're all suspicious of Samuel, just let Astrid stay. Let's see what she's capable of. Oh, the cake is so delicious." Kathleen beamed with joy.

Charles stared at Kathleen. "Are you a glutton?"

Kathleen grumbled, "I've not eaten at all today. How can you come here empty-handed when you visit me? You're worse than Samuel."

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Half of the employees on the set were men.

If Kathleen exposed herself in front of them, it would be a great embarrassment for her.

When Astrid started moving, Kathleen knew immediately what she was trying to do.

She certain would not let Astrid have her way.

When Astrid held on to both Kathleen's coat and shirt and tried to take them off, Kathleen opened her eyes wide.

She was not acting according to the script. Kathleen was supposed to open her eyes only when Astrid made her next move.

Kathleen eyed Astrid with iciness and hostility.

She raised her hand and slapped Astrid hard on her face.

Astrid was completely stupefied.

Kathleen asked coldly, "Who are you? Why are you trying to take off my clothes?"

Astrid bit her lip. "Kathleen, you've gone too far!"

Kathleen snorted. "How have I gone too far? The script asked you to take off my coat. You're trying to take off my shirt as well. You are the one who has gone too far. Shall we play back the video so you can see for yourself?"

Astrid looked aggrieved. "Mr. Scott?"

Spencer frowned at Astrid disapprovingly. "Astrid, why are you not acting according to the script? Why aren't you reading your lines after Kathleen had said her part?"

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"Ha!" scoffed Kathleen as her scarlet lips curled with cold derision.

Spencer frowned and asked, "Do you or do you not want to proceed?"

Astrid froze in response as she took in his question.

Spencer exclaimed angrily, "Get lost if you're not continuing with the filming! I'm warning you, don't bother with all these useless schemes when you're in my film crew. I don't buy a single one of them! I don't care who you have backing you. I'll personally shame you on the internet if you dare to create a situation where I can't continue with the filming!"

Astrid's face stiffened and was stony as she returned Spencer's gaze. He was clearly different from the other directors she had worked with and certainly commanded significant influence within the entire film crew.

She bit her lip in thought as she recognized she hadn't achieved her objective and thus had to find a way to prevent herself from being kicked out of the film crew. With that in mind, she didn't dare to retaliate despite being reprimanded by Spencer at length. She cradled her face and grudgingly accepted that she had taken the slap for nothing.

Later that evening, the film crew had packed up for the day and were ready to leave. Kathleen strode out and immediately caught sight of Samuel.

Why is he here?

His tone was heavy as he said, "Get in the car. I have something extremely important to tell you."

"I've promised Timothy that I would have dinner with him," replied Kathleen as she gazed at him curiously.

Samuel frowned slightly in response to her sudden announcement.

At that point, Timothy strode over and asked, "Mr. Macari? What brings you here?"

Samuel coolly replied, "I heard that you were planning on treating Kathleen to a meal. Is that right, Mr. Currah?"

"That's right," replied Timothy readily with a nod. He continued, "The director told us to familiarize ourselves with one another, or we would only be awkward and distant in the scenes that we acted in together. That would then impact the overall effect that the film brings to people and its success."

A stark coldness emanated from Samuel's gaze as he asked, "You wouldn't mind if I joined you for your meal tonight, would you?"

"Of course not," replied Timothy, dumbfounded.

Kathleen's brows furrowed as she frowned and looked at Samuel. He remarked coldly, "Since the goal is for the two of you to know each other better, I'm sure we can achieve the same outcome even with a third party present. It's not as if you will be doing something else together."

Kathleen was rendered utterly speechless by his comment. Timothy was a little taken aback as well.

"Come on. Get in the car," instructed Samuel as he pulled Kathleen in along with him.

Kathleen frowned and asked, "What are you up to, Samuel?"

He shot her an icy cold look that was more than capable of freezing anything in its tracks but didn't respond to her query. Instead, he merely put on his seatbelt. She glanced at him from the side and began, "You..."

"Seatbelt," commanded Samuel irately.

Kathleen was frustrated but had no choice but to comply and put on her seatbelt. Samuel didn't speak another word and proceeded to drive off. He followed closely behind Timothy as the latter led them toward the dinner venue he had previously arranged.

Timothy had made arrangements for their dinner. Furthermore, he had arranged for a stew for sharing. Kathleen absolutely loved having this kind of food for her meals.

It was clear that Timothy knew Kathleen very well. Even as she sat beside Samuel, she could feel the waves of displeasure cascading off him. However, she made up her mind and decided to ignore him. For the entire meal, she only focused her attention squarely on Timothy and engaged him in conversation.

Timothy picked up on the fact that Kathleen was giving Samuel the cold shoulder. Instead of helping the latter out, he conversely began to engage with Kathleen more enthusiastically.

Throughout the entire meal, Samuel had barely touched his fork, let alone pick it up. He was infuriated beyond measure at how things had developed but also knew that he didn't have the right to be mad.

"I still remember your newcomer performance during your first year of university. Your performance was a contemporary dance that truly astounded the audience," recalled Timothy fondly.

"What? You actually saw my performance?" asked Kathleen in surprise.

"Word spread around campus the very moment you reported on the first day of school. I mean, how could it not? They claimed that a peerless beauty had joined our faculty of performing arts, so everyone inevitably knew of you," explained Timothy with a chuckle.

Kathleen was rather embarrassed and commented shyly, "To be fair, there were quite a few gorgeous ladies on campus."

"Stop being humble already!" exclaimed Timothy with a laugh. Then, he added, "Back then, everyone knew for a fact that you would be famous eventually. After all, there were several directors who had already picked you out for parts in their productions. It's just that no one expected you would stop coming to school once the mid-year break for your second year ended."

Kathleen was momentarily dumbfounded. She thought back and realized that she had already gotten married to Samuel at that point in time. She sipped from her glass of water before she explained, "My family wanted me to maintain a low profile at the time. That's why I ultimately didn't pursue a career in acting."

Timothy shot her a long and meaningful look as he said, "It's a pity. You could have gotten famous much earlier."

It was clearly being suggested that Samuel had held her back for several years and in doing so, had affected her career prospects. As he listened on, he reflected and realized he had never gone to visit Kathleen at school during her university days. He didn't know what her university environment and experience were like either. He had only picked up from the occasional whisper here and there that she had been very well received.

Ah! Timothy's saying all these on purpose!

After their meal, they headed out of their private room, and Timothy made his way to the counter to foot the bill. However, Samuel reacted faster and beat him to it. He pulled out his credit card and said, "Bill, please."

The staff at the counter hesitated for a moment but finally accepted the card from Samuel.

"Didn't we agree that I would be treating for this meal?" asked Timothy as he stared meaningfully at Samuel.

"Thank you for letting me hear so much about Kate and her university days. This is nothing more than my way of showing my appreciation to you," replied Samuel coldly.

Kathleen glanced at him and couldn't help but wonder why he was behaving so strangely.

Timothy smiled and said, "If that's the case, I'll take you up on your kind offer. Let me send you home, Kate."

"Why are you sending her home? Do you want her to appear on the headlines the next day?" asked Samuel aggressively. He continued, "Don't you know just how viciously and cruelly your fanbase will defame her online?"

"Mr. Macari, there's nothing going on between Kate and me. We're innocent," stated Timothy simply.

"Do you think the fans out there would believe that?" demanded Samuel as he grabbed Kathleen's wrist. He continued, "She doesn't need you to send her home. Also, I feel that both of your acting skills are excellent. In view of that, there's no need to improve your relationship off the stage any further. I'm sure you'll perform well nevertheless."

With that, he tugged at Kathleen and dragged her away.

Timothy's eyes flashed dangerously for a moment as he took in Samuel's words.

It seems like Samuel still has feelings for Kathleen.

Kathleen was dragged away from the restaurant by Samuel and back to his car. As she was infuriated, the second Samuel joined her in the vehicle, she exclaimed, "What are you doing, Samuel!"

He sat there sullenly before he replied in a low voice, "I won't allow him to get close to you."

"My affairs are completely none of your business! Who are you to intervene? I'm only colleagues with Timothy, do you understand? Samuel, even if we view each other as family, you've crossed the line this time," fumed Kathleen.

Samuel swallowed hard but coolly kept his silence.

She adjusted her tone of voice and added, "Even if I have feelings for Timothy and want to become a couple with him, that's also not something you can interfere with and control."

Samuel's face contorted into an utterly ugly expression as her words sank in. He realized that she could fall in love with anyone else but himself. To be fair, this was a fact he was long aware of, but he simply could not accept it. Even though he also knew he had no right to step in or make a judgment, he ultimately still couldn't control his emotions.

He was afraid that someone would steal Kathleen away from him and that those men would be so gentle that they would win over Kathleen's heart. Deep down, he was fully cognizant of just what kind of man she loved.

She pursed her lips for a moment before she stated, "It seems like you've yet to internalize our relationship, Samuel. I've said before that we won't even have the chance of being friends if you continue to cross the line like this."

His already paper-thin lips were now pressed together so firmly that they almost formed a single line. He finally spoke up and said, "I'm sorry."

She didn't comment any further and only lowered her eyes to stare at the floor for the rest of the journey. It didn't take long before Samuel had driven her right to the Johnson residence's doorstep.

As she released the clasp of the seatbelt, she decided to leave some parting words for him. "Samuel, I hope you head back and take some time to think things through. If you continue to overstep the boundaries and intrude into my life, I promise you that I'll hide from you and avoid you forever."

With that, she prepared to step out of the vehicle.

However, Samuel grabbed hold of her wrist and declared in a low voice, "I dropped by to find you for something legitimate. It's some information on Astrid."

He handed the packet of documents over and continued on with his coarse voice. "Take a look at what's inside. If you have any questions or issues, feel free to call me."

He knew that he couldn't push her too much, or it would only achieve the opposite outcome. She was right when she had said that he needed to get used to the nature of their current relationship. At the end of the day, they were really just ordinary friends labeled as family.

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Kathleen hesitated for a moment. In the end, however, she still took the packet of documents in his hand.

Samuel stared at her gorgeous face and said in his baritone voice, "What's the matter?"

"I'm starting to think that you're the reason we can't find anything," she said in a small voice.

Samuel merely looked at her impassively and uttered, "I have better things to do."

"That might not be true." Kathleen pursed her red lips. "You got your hands on this information ahead of us, and then you wipe out the evidence trail so that we won't be able to find out anything so that you may take the credit for finding out about these in front of me."

Samuel let out a chuckle.

"What are you laughing at?" Kathleen demanded as she shot a glare at the man.

"I'm laughing at the absurd thoughts going on inside your little head," Samuel said as he held her gaze. "I'm not as complicated as you think."

Kathleen let out a snicker.

Samuel's bony fingers pinched Kathleen's chiseled chin and said, "Kate, if I were to force myself on you, would you be able to resist me?"

The woman was stumped.

He brushed his hands on her chin and continued, "What can your brother do even if I do force myself on you? After all, you will surrender yourself to me, if that is the price you have to pay for me to not hurt your brother. Isn't that so?"

"Samuel, you're too full of yourself." Kathleen was fuming. "Do you take me for someone whom you can just trample all over?"

Samuel's lips curled into a slight smile, looking gorgeous as always. "I know one thing that is beyond my control—your life. If you're truly desperate and have no way out, I reckon that you're going to threaten me with your life again."

Kathleen kept quiet.

"Kate, I won't push you to that extent anymore. Hence, I will not stoop so low and resort to such a mundane tactic." Samuel let her go and said, "I acknowledge that I've done you wrong in the past. Hence, I will do better from now on. I will give you anything you want. Your wish will be my command."



Kathleen's delicate features stiffened.

"Go on, you'd better get some rest earlier," Samuel said as he lowered his hand.

Kathleen did not hesitate and pushed the car door open.

The man let out a sigh in response.

Have I frightened her?

Kathleen ran back into the mansion and shut the door behind her. She leaned against the door and panted.

Samuel is still Samuel after all.

Kathleen still felt as burdened when she was with him.

"What's the matter with you?" Charles got down from the second floor and asked, "I saw you coming out of Samuel's car. Did he go find you again?"

Kathleen nodded.

"This man is really tenacious!" Charles said in a disdainful manner.

"Charles." Kathleen tried to steady her breathing and handed over the documents to her brother.

He took over and glanced at it. "So the entertainment company behind Astrid is backed by the Corbyn family."

Kathleen paused. "Who?"

"The Corbyn family." Charles pointed out to her.

After taking a look, Kathleen uttered in a low voice, "So, it really is the Corbyn family."

"Do you know them?" Charles asked as he raised a brow.

"Monica Mayfield—I call her Granny Monica—used to be our neighbor. She used to be the matriarch of the Corbyn family. Back then, she had trouble walking. So, Mom and Dad used to pop in all the time to take care of her," Kathleen explained. "Her children don't bother about her. In fact, I've never seen them."

"Isn't the current Old Mrs. Corbyn the matriarch of the Corbyn family?" Charles was stumped.

"That current Old Mrs. Corbyn is the second wife. In fact, she's a homewrecker. The Corbyn family wished to keep their dirty laundry to themselves. In fact, Granny Monica is the first and legitimate wife. Even Granny Monica's children don't visit and pay heed to their own mother because of the Corbyn family's money."

Charles furrowed his brows. "How dramatic."

"Yep." Kathleen then continued, "Then, before Mom and Dad got into the accident, Granny Monica passed away. I did finally see the Corbyns the day she died. There was not a trace of sorrow on those people's faces. It was as if a total stranger had died."

"Could it be that the Corbyn family's true intention is to sow discord between Samuel and Christopher so that they could get the rights to develop Horington?"

"Samuel stopped them once two years ago. He had no interest in developing Horington. I think he just did not wish to see the project developed. Though, I forgot to ask him the reason." Kathleen frowned. "However, he did mention that the location for the Horington project was not ideal. The project had only been delayed as this finding was backed by research and analysis of geology experts. Why is the Corbyn family thinking of getting into this right now?"

"You could ask him that. Didn't you say that he won't lie to you?" Charles asked in a rhetorical manner.

Kathleen threw a sideways glance at her brother and said, "Charles..."

"Forget I said that." Charles shrugged and said, "There's oatmeal in the kitchen. Go on and have some."

Then, he turned around and headed upstairs with the documents in his hand.

Kathleen took the oatmeal and headed upstairs as well.

She looked out the window and noticed that the lights in the bedroom opposite her were on.

Kathleen went out to her balcony and used her metal clothing rail to hit on the railing of the balcony opposite her room.

Samuel noticed the noise and headed out his balcony.

He looked at her and asked, "What's the matter?"

"Why are you stopping the development of Horington?" Kathleen asked in a curious tone.

Samuel held her gaze and uttered, "You're finally asking a sensible question."

"Tell me! Otherwise, I'm going to poke you with this metal clothing rail!" Kathleen was enraged.

Samuel let out a low chuckle and explained, "Because the land ownership is ambiguous."

"What do you mean?" Kathleen was taken aback by his answer.

"Have you seen the map of Horington?" Samuel asked.

"No," she answered as she shook her head.

She had never paid attention to the matter before.

"Come over to my place. I'll show you."

Kathleen hesitated for a moment.

"What are you afraid of? Are you scared that I will devour you?" Samuel smiled. "I won't be able to explain it well without looking at the map."

"All right," Kathleen said as she looked at him.

"Do you want to try jumping over here instead?" Samuel crossed his arms before his chest and smiled.

"I will die," she blurted with furrowed brows.

"I will support you from here."

"Ha-ha. I'm not tired of living yet." Kathleen turned around and paused. "Anyone home at your place?"

"I do count, right?" Samuel raised a brow.

"I mean, do you have any housekeeper over?" Kathleen frowned.

Samuel shook his head.

She did not wish to entertain him further and turned around to leave.

Kathleen closed the balcony door behind her and pulled the curtains.

Samuel lowered his gaze and smiled.

After a while, he heard the sound of his doorbell ringing downstairs, and he went to answer the door.

Kathleen was wearing a white puffer jacket that complemented her delicate features well, making her seem all the more adorable.

She had a bowl of oatmeal in her hands as she said, "Here you go. You can warm this up in the microwave."

Samuel was slightly taken aback by her gesture.

"You don't like it?" Kathleen asked as she looked at his handsome face.

"No, I do." Samuel pulled her in.

"Where is the map?"

"In the study. Follow me upstairs," Samuel replied.

She trailed behind him.

This time, there was not a hint of hesitation.

Samuel's lips quirked into a smile. She's such an enigma.

They soon arrived at the study.

The furnishing of the study was simple. It was a mix of black, white, and gray tones.

Moreover, there were a number of books on the shelves on the wall.

Some of them were Samuel's favorite reads.

She could recognize them.

"This is the map." Samuel turned on the lights on his desk and started to show Kathleen the map.

Kathleen leaned in closer. "I didn't know that Horington is this big. What are these black holes? Why are they right at the center of the map?"

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## **Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife Chapter 149**

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## Chapter 149

Samuel looked at her meaningfully. "The owners of these two lands have not been found so far."

Kathleen was surprised. "How can work be done if the owners are not found? Do you just go around it?"

"We can't, as this is the main building of Horington," explained Samuel.

"Then how can this project proceed? Both the Morris family and the Corbyn family are competing for these lands. Could it be that they have a way to solve this issue?" Kathleen frowned.

"You think too highly of them," Samuel replied coldly.

Shocked, Kathleen frowned and asked, "That means they want these lands to be unrecognized, so they can treat them as abandoned places and build Horington?"

Samuel nodded.

"Then why are you stopping them?" She was curious.

No matter who owns those lands, I wonder why Samuel is stopping it since he is not interested in that project. He may also offend the Morris family and the Corbyn family by doing so.

"Do you know what's underneath these lands?" he asked in a cold voice.

"I have no idea." Kathleen shook her head.

"Gold. Horington plans to bulldoze these two mountains and build a new town to expand Lightspring. I approached Olivia back then because I found out that these two mountains are gold mines. Although they are mines, no one is doing the mining here," Samuel said in his baritone voice.

"Wait! You mean that the Morris family and the Corbyn family care about the mines, but not the development of Horington?" Kathleen was stunned.

"You're partially right. Simply put, at least two billion is needed to invest in Horington's development. It's hard for a company to come up with that much money. Its construction would take at least three years. If the funds break down within these three years,

Horington and the company will get into trouble. However, this big problem can be solved if they have these mines in their hands." Samuel looked sideways at her.

"They're too bold. Mining requires a lot of documents." Kathleen knitted her brows.

Looking at her fair face, he asked, "With their abilities, do you think the authorities will not approve?"

Kathleen was startled upon hearing that.

Samuel is right.

"You still haven't explained why you're stopping it." Kathleen was shocked.

"The idea of leveling these mountains and building a new town was originally proposed by me. However, something went wrong during that period, and the authorities decided to build Horington here," he responded with a smile.

"Are you trying to bring this Horington project to a halt and make it yours?" she asked slyly.

Samuel nodded his head.

Businessmen are indeed all treacherous.

"Do you think I'm bad?" He raised his eyebrows.

She shook her head and answered, "You have the essence of a businessman."

Staring at her, he said, "Huh! Christopher is bound to get this Horington project. He is fond of these mines and even wants to ignore the ownership of these two mountains so that he can do mining here. Is he a good guy by doing so?"

"I know I'm not in a position to criticize any of you on this matter. So, you got Olivia to tell the authorities that the ground of these two mountains is soft and not suitable to build a city?" Kathleen asked solemnly.

Samuel turned on the computer. "This is the futuristic city, Flobury, that I designed."

Kathleen looked at the drawing of the city designed by Samuel. He planned to avoid the two mountains and have them as part of the town.

"I had Olivia check it out. As long as we avoid the mountains, the geological structure of this place will remain unchanged. Otherwise, we'll let them mine first and then build the city. Of course, by doing this, the construction period will be extended," explained Samuel.

“Why don’t you change to another location?” She did not understand.

“This place is connected to Lightspring and Tayhaven, so the future development here is promising. One has the initiative once one gets the development right. This is a critical strategy deployment for a large company,” Samuel said meaningfully.

“What do you wish for? To mine or not to mine?” asked Kathleen.

Afterward, Samuel responded firmly, “No mining. Olivia sent me an appraisal report saying that there is not much gold under the mountain, which means mining is unnecessary. Of course, the Morris family and the Corbyn family will not believe it, as they think Olivia is on my side. With that, they got other experts to identify and say that these two mountains are rich in mines and suitable for development.”

“I didn’t know there were so many things involved here.” Kathleen pursed her lips.

“What about your plan? What if your plan to avoid the mountains works, but the owners of these mountains come to you in the future and say they want to mine?” she asked again.

“That’s why we need to find the owners of the mountains. We’re actually fighting over who gets to call the shots in Lightspring rather than the land,” he said coldly.

Kathleen looked at his handsome side profile.

I shouldn’t know such a confidential matter. But why did he tell me everything?

Looking at her charming facial features, Samuel asked solemnly, “Do you think I’m scary?”

Kathleen shook her head. “No. Maybe I would do the same as you if I were in your position. Actually, you’ve done a good job. At least you have the intention of finding the owners of the mountains.”

Hearing that, Samuel smiled lightly.

“How are you going to find them? Are you going to spread the news everywhere?” Kathleen asked curiously.

Taking out the information, Samuel said, “According to the information, these two mountains were bought during the time when the country was newly founded. However, we can’t find out the information of the purchaser because the file was lost. Unless the purchasers themselves show up, it’ll be hard for us to find out. I’ve asked my overseas friends to help, so they should have their whereabouts.”

After pausing for a while, Kathleen said, "So the Corbyn family is trying to take advantage of the situation by getting the Morris family to get in your way and fight it out among yourselves. Then, they will reap the benefits when both of you take out each other?"

Samuel nodded.

"It's all a conspiracy." Kathleen snorted.

"It's very likely that they'll use you. I know you're smart and not easy to be deceived. You should keep being like this. One thing you have to remember is to trust me," he said while looking at her deeply.

"Are you trustworthy?" Kathleen looked at him seriously.

Staring at her exquisite face, Samuel smiled elegantly. "Of course. I said I won't lie to you, so I would never do that. Kate, you can always trust me."

"What can I do for you?" She pursed her lips.

Stunned, Samuel asked, "Why do you want to help me?"

"I just feel sorry for Granny Monica," answered Kathleen.

Samuel stared at her misty eyes.

Is it really like that? Why do I feel like she's hiding something from me?

"Well. Looking forward to working with you." He pinched her face.

"Don't simply pinch me. It's rude!" She swatted his hand away.

"I'm too used to doing that." He curled his lips.

He did pinch her a lot before.

"I'm leaving. Remember to let me know if there is any news," said Kathleen.

"All right." His black eyes became unfathomable.

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## **Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife Chapter 150**



# Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife

## Chapter 150

Samuel sat down to eat the oatmeal. Even though he did not like oatmeal, Kathleen was the one who brought it to him.

When he thought of Kathleen holding the bowl and coming from her house looking for him, he could not help but feel happy.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

Kathleen returned and knocked on his door.

“Samuel.” She looked at him, panting.

“What’s the matter?” Samuel gazed at her.

What happened?

“I used the safety deposit box once in the condominium. Have you opened it after I left?” Kathleen asked curiously.

Samuel shook his head. “No, the safety deposit box is still in the condominium.”

“Okay. Then I will go back tomorrow to take my stuff,” said Kathleen.

“The condominium is under your name. You’re the owner. You can go back anytime.” Samuel’s gaze deepened. “Do you need me to accompany you?”

Kathleen shook her head. “No, it’s all right. I will drop by the place before heading to the film crew tomorrow.”

“Okay.” Samuel nodded.

“Well, enjoy your meal.” She turned around and left.

After returning to her room, she plopped down on her bed and went into deep thought.

The next day, Kathleen left the house earlier than usual.

She did not ask Charles to send her off or the driver to pick her up.

She drove alone to the condominium.

The guard at the doorstep had a shocked expression upon seeing her walking into the condominium.

Kathleen did not expect that the guard had not been changed.

She walked straight into the elevator and went upstairs.

Shortly after, she arrived at the condominium where she and Samuel used to stay for three years. All of a sudden, a wave of miserable emotions appeared deep down in her heart.

It hasn't changed at all. Everything's still in its original place.

However, the place seemed abandoned and cold as no one had lived there for quite some time.

Despite that, there was not a single corner that was covered in dust. She figured someone had been cleaning the house frequently.

In all honesty, she preferred the condominium more when compared to Florinia Manor.

When Samuel first brought her there, it was still empty, like a sample house.

Every little thing in the house was personally decorated and arranged by Kathleen herself.

She let out a sorrowful sigh and walked toward the bedroom.

Back then, she told Samuel she wanted a safety deposit box. Immediately, the next day, he sent someone to set it up in the closet.

Actually, when it came to material stuff, he would accommodate her every request without hesitation. In fact, everything he provided was the best.

She went straight to the closet. It was still full of dazzling new clothes.

Samuel did not remove them.

She massaged her temples to stop herself from overthinking.

Then, she crouched down and opened the safety deposit box.

The passcode of the safety deposit box was very simple. It was a combination of her birthday and Samuel's.

The passcode is so simple. Is it possible that he really hasn't opened it before? Not even once?

She looked inside and found that the documents were still in the position she had placed them.

He really hasn't opened it.

She took out the documents and searched through every single piece.

At last, she found two transfer documents of the lands.

She opened them, took a quick glance, and checked the address.

She let out a sigh. As expected!

Thud! Thud!

Someone knocked on the door heavily.

Kathleen paused for a second. She then put back the documents and locked the door of the safety deposit box.

Thud! Thud!

The knock became increasingly ferocious.

Kathleen walked toward the door and looked through the peephole. It was three men with menacing faces and muscular bodies standing outside.

Upon seeing that, she quickly hid in the bedroom. Instinctively, she gave Samuel a call.

"Samuel, I'm at the condominium." Kathleen's sounded nervous.

"What happened?" Samuel frowned.

"There are three scary-looking men standing outside, banging on the door." Kathleen bit her lip. "If it's convenient for you, can you come and pick me up?"

"I'm somewhere nearby, so I'll come right away. I'll call the guard and ask him to go and take a look. Do not go out. Just wait for me!" Samuel reminded her.

"Okay." Kathleen nodded fervently and hung up the phone.

However, the men stopped knocking and started kicking the door crazily.

Those people were ruthless!

Kathleen went to the kitchen and took a knife, just in case, to fight back.

Just then, she heard some other movements outside.

The voice of the guard was heard. "Hey! What are you doing? Where are you from?"

The men stop kicking instantly.

One of them walked toward the guard and grabbed his neck. He then pulled the guard and pinned him against the peephole. "If you don't come out now, I'll kill him," the man coldly stated.

Kathleen was overwhelmed.

"Come out! Now!" threatened the man.

Kathleen's eyes darkened. She put down the knife and opened the door.

He then slammed the guard forcefully against the wall.

The latter passed out right away and fell on the ground.

Kathleen stared at them coldly. "You're from the Corbyn family?"

The man smirked. "What a surprise. Mrs. Macari is quite smart."

Kathleen said indifferently, "So, who wants to see me?"

"Shut up and follow us." The man glared at her. "Just behave yourself, or you will suffer."

Kathleen coldly uttered, "Lead the way."

To save the guard, she had no choice but to follow them.

By the time Samuel arrived, he only saw the floored guard, motionless.

He took out his phone, called 911, and then informed Charles.

Charles was dumbfounded. "What did you just say? Kate was taken by the Corbyn family?"

"Yes!" Samuel hopped into his Maybach. "I'm going to the Corbyn residence now."

"Send me the address. I'm going with you." Charles frowned. "I have to make a call to Christopher as well."

"That won't be necessary. He might already be at the Corbyn residence," Samuel uttered icily.

What? Charles was surprised.

With that said, Samuel hung up the phone and drove off.

At the Corbyn residence.

Kathleen looked at the strange surrounding calmly when her blindfold was taken off.

"Ms. Johnson, such a brave one." The voice of a middle-aged man was heard.

Kathleen turned and looked at the man.

"You don't recognize me?" The middle-aged man grinned and continued, "We met once at my mother's funeral. I have a very deep impression of you."

Kathleen stared at him and said, "Clement."

Clement smirked. "I appreciate the care you and your family gave to my mother. I heard from the neighbors that my mother was fond of you."

Kathleen remained silent and only stared at him frostily.

Clement narrowed his eyes. "Ms. Johnson, you should know why I invited you here."

"Invited?" Kathleen retorted, "Are you sure this is not a kidnapping?"

Clement chuckled. "Ms. Johnson, have you forgotten who you are? How would I dare to kidnap you? I just wanted to invite you to teatime and ask you something."

Coldly, Kathleen said, "Untie me."

Clement ordered his men to release Kathleen. She threw the rope away and stated, "What do you want to ask?"

"When my mother passed away, we all saw her will. She transferred all of her house and savings to you, right?" Clement paused for a second and continued, "Anything else except for the house and money?"

Kathleen taunted, "Ha-ha. If you're asking for these two things, I'm sorry, but I can't give them to you. I've sold the house and donated the money."

