

Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife

Chapter 152

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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."

The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!

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