

## Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife Chapter 71

### Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife

#### Chapter 71

Kathleen woke up after sleeping for only a short while.

For the past three days, she had been relying on IV drips to get all the necessary nutrients.

Hence, she felt hungry after waking up.

She sat up, wanting to look around the ward for something to eat.

To her surprise, she saw Christopher sitting beside her bed.

“Chris?” Kathleen was taken aback. “Have you been here for a long time?”

Christopher nodded. “I’ve been here for quite a while. I didn’t wake you up since I noticed you were still sleeping.”

Kathleen pursed her lips. “I’m sorry for the trouble.”

“You’re the patient. Why are you apologizing?” Christopher gazed at her, his heart aching. “Are you hungry?”

Kathleen was a little embarrassed when she answered, “A little.”

“You don’t look like you’re just a little hungry.” Christopher got to his feet and took out the thermal lunch box he brought. “You were unconscious for three days. You haven’t had anything apart from the IV drips. My mom made you some oatmeal. Here, try this.”

“Oh, you didn’t have to trouble Aunt Emily.” Kathleen felt bad.

“Please. Don’t treat us like strangers.” Christopher served her some oatmeal. “There are also some toppings here. You can have it with the oatmeal.”

“Okay.” Kathleen took the spoon from him and ate slowly.

She ate rather gracefully.

On top of that, her pitiful looks made Christopher’s heart ache.

At that, he raised his hand and placed it on top of Kathleen's head. "You can rely on me, Kate."

Kathleen's cheeks flushed red, and she lowered her head without making a sound.

Christopher smiled gently. "Does the topping suit your tastes?"

Kathleen nodded.

"That's great. I was the one who prepared it." Christopher smiled faintly.

Kathleen was stunned. "You made it?"

"What is it? Did you think I could not cook?" Christopher grinned. "I've got great cooking skills, you know? If you don't believe me, I'll make you some food and let you try them next time."

"I believe you." Kathleen took another mouthful of the oatmeal. "You never lie."

She trusted Christopher completely.

Everyone she knew said Christopher was a gentleman who lived by his principles.

He would never tell lies.

Thus, she believed he would never do so.

As Christopher watched her eat, he hesitated for a moment before asking, "Do you have any plans?"

Kathleen's voice became grim. "I plan to divorce Samuel and cut all ties with him."

Christopher fixed his gaze on her. "Are you not considering giving him a second chance?"

Kathleen shook her head. "I'm afraid I might be badly hurt by then."

She hesitated once, which cost the lives of two of her unborn children.

If she continued being obstinate, she could lose her own life in the end.

Christopher nodded. "Okay. I understand."

As long as she was firm with her decision, he could help her walk out of the terrible situation.

Right then, the door of the ward was pushed open.

Samuel walked in, carrying the food he had brought for Kathleen.

When he saw Christopher in the room, Samuel's gaze darkened, and he uttered coldly, "Why are you here?"

"My mom made her some oatmeal and told me to bring it to her," Christopher answered impassively.

Samuel cast him a cold gaze.

Is that so? Christopher obviously has ulterior motives toward Kathleen. He's definitely trying to take advantage of her.

Christopher rose to his feet. With a stern voice, he said, "Samuel, you can stop making wild guesses in your mind. I'm going to tell you honestly that I like Kathleen. In fact, I've liked her for ten years."

Kathleen froze.

What did he say? He likes me? For ten years?

Samuel gripped the items in his hands so tightly that his knuckles paled. "But she doesn't love you."

Christopher glanced at Kathleen's delicate yet pale face with a heartbroken gaze. "Kate, I was the person who got you out of the water ten years ago."

Samuel's gaze darkened, and he quickly turned to Kathleen, who knitted her brows.

"I know," she said.

Christopher was dumbfounded. "Y-You knew?"

Kathleen nodded. "I knew it all along."

Christopher was puzzled. "Then, why did you say Samuel was your savior? I kept thinking-"

Kathleen stared at him calmly. "That's another matter."

Confused, Samuel asked, "I saved you?"

Kathleen cast him a cold gaze. "As expected, you don't remember it."

"When did this happen? Tell me!" Samuel stepped forward and grabbed her wrist.

She had lost weight again over the past three days.

Her wrist was terrifyingly skinny.

"Why should I tell you?" A look of disdain flashed past Kathleen's eyes. "What's the point of telling you? Does it change anything?"

Samuel demanded sternly, "Tell me!"

Kathleen cast him an emotionless gaze. "You'll never know about it."

Samuel gazed at her intently.

He knew Kathleen hated him, and the hate had offset her love for him during the past ten years.

He knew Kathleen no longer loved him.

Even so, Samuel's heart ached.

Meanwhile, Christopher frowned.

He originally thought Kathleen would realize she had fallen in love with the wrong person once he made things clear.

Truth was, she knew about it all along.

"Chris, thanks for bringing me the oatmeal. There are some things Samuel and I still have to deal with. Could you please go home first?" Kathleen said gratefully. "And thank you for saving me."

Christopher gazed at her seriously. "I'll see you again tomorrow."

"Okay." Kathleen nodded.

With that, Christopher turned around and left.

Soon, Samuel and Kathleen were the only ones left in the room.

Kathleen's eyes were pretty, yet they had a frosty gaze at the same time.

"Samuel, let's get divorced." Kathleen's voice was hoarse and cold. "You and I can't continue living together. Let's not torture ourselves."

"Do you not love me anymore?" Samuel whispered hoarsely.

"I don't. I don't love you anymore." Kathleen's gaze was so cold as if it had a layer of frost. "Samuel, there's absolutely no room for discussion for this matter."

"I don't believe you." Samuel pulled her into his embrace and placed his chin on her shoulder. "I don't believe you, Kate! How could you stop loving me just like that?"

Kathleen did not return his hug. She merely placed her arms on the sheets. "Because I've given up on you. Don't worry. Even if I don't love you, I can still love someone else."

She had merely lost the ability to love him.

Samuel's heart ached badly. He felt utterly depressed.

"Kate, please give me another chance. Please?" Samuel was truly panicking.

He did not know how to win her back.

"No." There was deep disappointment in her voice. "Samuel, I don't have the energy to love you anymore. Really. I don't. What I want now is to live in a world where you don't exist and forget you gradually. I want to remove you from my life completely."

I want to get rid of him, even if it hurts. I'm going to feel numb after the pain, anyway. After that, I'll get used to it. It won't hurt once I'm used to it. The wound will slowly heal. By then, I'd have forgotten Samuel completely.

"Samuel, I want to start a new life." Kathleen's gaze was still frosty as ever. "For the past ten years, my life revolved around you. I just want to live a life without you. Can you let me do that?"

Samuel tightened his arms around her. "No! Kate, you must love me! You must!"

Kathleen scoffed, "Samuel, you're the greediest and most shameless man I've ever met. Are you trying to get into multiple relationships at the same time? I'm sorry. I can't be a part of that."

"Kate, I'm not in multiple relationships. You're the only one I have." Samuel was panicking for real. "Please don't leave me, Kate. I'll give you time to recover, okay?"

Kathleen took a deep breath. "Sure, but I have a condition."

"Okay. What is it?"

He was determined to agree to any request she would make.

"I want Nicolette to pay the price," Kathleen said coldly. "I want her to be unable to walk for the rest of her life."

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#### Chapter 72

Am I being heartless? I don't think so. I don't even care if others say I'm heartless. Isn't Nicolette heartless? She caused my miscarriage and almost made me lose my life. I'm already going easy on her by just wanting to make her crippled.

Kathleen's delicate eyes glanced at Samuel lifelessly.

Right then, Samuel's gaze darkened.

"You can't agree to my request because you can't harden your heart to do it, right?" Kathleen eyed him emotionlessly. "Then, what's the point of having this conversation anymore?"

Samuel remained silent.

"Samuel, you can just pretend nothing has ever happened and live with that vicious woman. That's your business. Just don't come to me and make me feel disgusted." Kathleen shut her eyes. "I've had enough."

I can be as cold-hearted as him, not having a care about anything else.

Kathleen had given up entirely.

Samuel stared at her icily. "That's it?"

Kathleen was stunned by his response. She looked at him palely. "Yes. That's it."

But is Samuel really willing to do so?

Of course, Kathleen did not believe it.

"Okay. I understand." Samuel's tone was grim. "Then, you've got to listen to me and take good care of your body. Kate, we've got a long way ahead of us."

"We'll talk about it once you've fulfilled my request," Kathleen said plainly.

Samuel released her. "Okay. Wait here for my update."

With that, he walked out of the room.

Kathleen remained calm.

When Samuel stepped out of the room, he ordered Tyson to approach him. "Get someone and send Nicolette to the villa."

Tyson was stunned. "Now?"

"Yes," Samuel responded flatly. "Once she's fully recovered, send her out of the country."

Tyson was shocked. What's is Mr. Macari trying to do?

"Look for another woman who looks similar to Nicolette. I need her for something," Samuel instructed coldly. "You must find her within twenty-four hours."

"Okay." Tyson went off to carry out his tasks instantly.

With a dark expression, Samuel turned around and left.

Meanwhile, Kathleen was alone in the ward.

Right then, she thought of Benjamin, and she pressed the call bell.

Moments later, a nurse walked in. "How can I help you, Mrs. Macari?"

Mrs. Macari?

Kathleen was confused. "You can just call me Kathleen."

The nurse was dumbfounded.

After all, everyone in the hospital knew how much Samuel treasured Kathleen.

All the related personnel involved in Nicolette's surgery were removed by Samuel.

In fact, the doctor and nurses never appeared again.

No one knew of their whereabouts, nor did anyone dare to ask.

Moreover, for the past three days, Samuel showed no interest in Nicolette and treated her coldly.

Instead, he neither ate nor drank for three days straight. All he did was take care of Kathleen.

Thus, everyone came to a tacit understanding.

That was the power of a legal wife.

That was why everyone treated Kathleen with utmost politeness.

"Where's Gemma?" Kathleen asked, frowning.

"Gemma's fine. She just injured her waist a little and needs to recuperate for some time," the nurse explained.

"Is it serious?" Kathleen questioned concernedly.

That day, she heard sounds of a fight outside.

She knew Gemma could never defeat Sarah.

"She'll be fine after some rest," the nurse answered.

Despite that, Kathleen was still worried.

"I want to see her." Kathleen furrowed her brows.

"Mrs. Macari, you can't move about," the nurse said hurriedly. "Your body is still very weak. Even walking will be a problem for you. Having a miscarriage is not a simple matter. You should sit still and rest."

Kathleen frowned deeper. "Is someone taking care of her right now?"

"Don't worry, Mrs. Macari. Mr. Macari has assigned someone to take care of her. Everything will be fine," the nurse replied.

Kathleen pursed her lips. "That's good. Please do your best to satisfy her needs. If there's something you people can't figure out, tell me. I'll come up with a solution."

The nurse nodded. "Okay. You should worry more about yourself, Mrs. Macari. It's impossible for this body of yours to recover in less than a year and a half."

"Thanks. I've got it." Kathleen lowered her gaze.

She was a traditional medicine practitioner.

When she placed her fingers on her wrist, she knew what her body's condition was.



Before her pregnancy, her body was already weak. On top of that, she was constantly in shock, fear, and emotional stress. Hence, she could barely eat anything.

After that, a lot of blood was drawn from her, and she lost more of it when she had her miscarriage.

Now that she had lost so much blood and vitality, it would take at least three to five years for her to recover completely.

After saying all that, the nurse finally left, leaving Kathleen sitting on the bed with her gaze lowered, lost in her thoughts.

When midnight came, Samuel returned.

Meanwhile, Kathleen was sleeping on the bed.

Suddenly, she felt a weight on her body.

Samuel had pulled her into his arms along with the blanket.

Right then, Kathleen could sense his cold aura and smell the scent of blood from his body.

Did he really cripple Nicolette?

"Where did you go?" Kathleen's voice was slightly grim.

"I went to do what you asked." Samuel released her and pulled out his phone. "I've got a video of it. Here, take a look."

At that, he passed the phone to Kathleen.

Holding the device, Kathleen pressed the play button.

In the video, Nicolette's legs were stained with blood, and her hair was a mess. Some were even stuck on her face. She looked like she was half dead.

Kathleen put down the phone without saying anything.

Seeing that, Samuel took the phone back and patted her head. "I did what you said. Don't be angry anymore, okay?"

Kathleen eyed Samuel. "Do you not love her anymore?"

"I love you more," Samuel answered instantly.

Love me more? So, he doesn't just love me. He still has feelings for Nicolette.

"I've already arranged for someone to send her away. She'll never appear in front of you again," Samuel promised. "Kate, we'll live a great life in the future. No one will interfere with our lives again."

When Kathleen heard his words, she somehow could not bring herself to feel happy.

She did not even respond to Samuel's hug.

At that moment, she was just exhausted, so exhausted that she felt like dying.

After some time, Samuel felt the body in his arms was motionless.

Slowly, he released Kathleen. Only then did he realize she had fallen asleep.

According to the doctor, she lost a lot of blood during her miscarriage. On top of that, her body was originally weak.

Thus, she needed to be taken care of properly.

If she did not heal properly, she would suffer complications for the rest of her life.

Samuel placed her on the bed gently and tucked her in.

Then, he went for a shower to wash away the stench on his body.

After putting on a fresh set of clothes, he got into the bed and hugged Kathleen to sleep.

That night, his uneasy heart had finally felt a sense of relief.

He knew he could never lose Kathleen no matter what.

At the same time, he also knew it would be difficult to make Kathleen return to her sweet and innocent self.

No matter how difficult it was, he would never give up.

As he pondered on that, he gradually drifted off to sleep.

Meanwhile, his phone was on silent mode.

There was no answer, no matter how many times Nicolette called Samuel.

"Ms. Yeoger, please stop dawdling. Let's leave now." Tyson glanced at Nicolette impatiently.

Does she really think Mr. Macari will pay attention to her? She should be thanking the gods that he didn't kill her for doing all those things.

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#### Chapter 73

"Why isn't Samuel picking up?" Nicolette asked angrily.

Tyson was impatient. "Ms. Yoeger, are you sure you don't know why Mr. Macari wouldn't answer your calls? You caused the deaths of his two children. Did you really think he'll still talk to you after that?"

Nicolette replied angrily, "Those are just two embryos that were manually fertilized! If he wants children, I'll be the mother of his children!"

"Do you really think that Mr. Macari would like children without considering who the mother is? He only cares about Mrs. Macari's children. Besides, Mr. Macari doesn't want you anymore, so why would he want to have babies with you?" he said sarcastically.

"You're lying! I want to see Samuel!" she yelled.

Tyson asked the bodyguards to stop her. "Ms. Yoeger, Mr. Macari has ordered that you are never to appear in front of Mrs. Macari for the rest of your life. Therefore, you'd better be good and stop struggling like this."

Nicolette had a gloomy look on her face. "Where are you sending me?"

"Based on Mr. Macari's orders, we'll send you to a villa first. Once your body fully recovers, we'll send you out of the country. Ms. Yoeger, judging from what you've done to Mrs. Macari, Mr. Macari is already being courteous and kind to you. So, you'd better be grateful for it," he said coldly.

She spoke through clenched teeth. "You're just Samuel's servant! How dare you speak to me this way? I'll get him to deal with you if you dare to stop me!"

"I've given you a choice, but you don't appreciate it. What are you waiting for? Get her!" Tyson snorted.

Nicolette's expression changed. "How dare you!"

He laughed coldly. "Ms. Yoeger, it's best if you follow us obediently."

Before he finished his sentence, two burly men were already walking toward Nicolette.

As they approached her, she had no choice but to get in the car.

Everything was over.

Nothing else would happen anymore, or would it?

The next day, when Kathleen woke up, she realized that Samuel was lying next to her.

He was hugging her so tightly that she couldn't even move.

Suddenly, she recalled that she had fallen asleep after arguing with him.

She couldn't help but suspect that something was wrong with her body.

Is my body really so weak?

With that thought in her mind, she placed her left finger on her right wrist.

Indeed, her body was very weak.

That weakness was far more than losing blood and vitality.

Even if she took a lot of high-grade supplements, it wouldn't be easy for her body to recuperate.

It could be said that her body was completely ruined.

"What are you thinking about?" Samuel's low and husky voice was heard.

She was stunned for a moment and put her hand down. "It's nothing."

He leaned closer to her and gently kissed her cheek. "Did you sleep well?"

She frowned. "No. The bed's too small. There's not enough room."

He hugged her tightly. "Well, we can't do anything about that. You can only be discharged after your body's a little better."

She pursed her lips. "Didn't you consider letting me sleep alone these few days?"

"No. Your body's too weak and cold lately. The doctor told me to keep you warm," he replied with a domineering tone.

She frowned. "Which quack said that?"

He glanced at her. "I did. I want you in my arms when I sleep. Can't I?"

She was speechless.

He murmured in a low voice, "Shh. Be good. I'm really doing this for your own good."

Kathleen did not listen.

He let go of her. "I'm going to take a shower. You should sleep for a while longer."

Kathleen ignored him as she stared at the ceiling while lying on the bed.

She couldn't understand how Samuel could behave so casually as if nothing had happened.

However, only he knew how careful he was being deep inside him.

When Samuel was showering, Kathleen was in a daze.

After he got out of the washroom, she had already fallen asleep yet again.

After putting on his clothes, he walked over to her hospital bed and leaned down to kiss her soft cheeks. "I'll come back to have lunch with you later."

She didn't hear him because she was sleeping soundly.

With that, he walked out of the ward and went to see the doctor.

He looked at the doctor coldly. "When can she be discharged?"

"Mrs. Macari's condition is stable now. However, I'm afraid that she'll need to wait for two more days if she wishes to be discharged," the doctor replied.

Samuel grimaced. "Then, when can her body fully recover?"

After a short pause, the doctor said, "At least three years. Actually, Mrs. Macari isn't only injured physically this time. Her mood and mental state are affected as well. You have to take care of these aspects together if you wish for her full recovery."

"What do you mean?" Samuel asked coldly.

The doctor asked in a quiet voice, "Mr. Macari, you've heard about prenatal depression, haven't you? Mrs. Macari had a few symptoms of prenatal depression last time. Now that she has lost her children, I'm sure that she's deeply affected by it. She may look okay on the outside, but I'm sure she's holding all her feelings in. That's really dangerous because she's keeping everything bottled up. It's better if she can vent it all out."

Samuel recalled Kathleen's search entries.

Actually, if she had told him about her worries, there was no way he would have let her worry that much.

However, she carried everything on her shoulders all by herself without trusting him.

"I understand," Samuel said indifferently.

"Mr. Macari, other than modern medicine, you can also look for traditional medicine to help regulate Mrs. Macari's body. After her body's fully recovered, she can get pregnant again after a year," the doctor said after a few moments of hesitation.

Samuel snapped coldly, "I'm not doing this because I want her to give birth to my children."

He truly hoped that her body can fully recover.

Even if they couldn't have children for the rest of their lives, he was okay with it.

The doctor felt extremely awkward after he realized that he had misunderstood.

Samuel glared at the doctor coldly with a hint of a warning in his eyes. "Remember not to say any nonsense in front of her, or else I won't let you off. I'm sure you know what happens to those who disobey me."

The doctor's legs trembled. "Yes, Mr. Macari. Don't worry. I won't say anything."

With a dark expression, Samuel turned around and left for his office.

He didn't go back to the ward.

On his way to the office, Nicolette called again.

He picked up. "This is the last time that I'll answer your call."

Nicolette paled. "Why are you being like this all of a sudden? So what if she had your babies? If you wish for it, I can do that too!"

He responded icily, "I only want her to bear my children."

She froze.

The next moment, she roared, "Samuel! What am I to you, then? After all these years of doing everything for you! What am I to you?"

His gaze darkened. "If you're really doing it for me, you wouldn't hurt Kathleen. You know I never wanted to hurt her."

No matter what, he had never thought about hurting Kathleen.

He didn't want her to get hurt at all.

If Nicolette knew that, there was no way she would do what she did.

However, she still went ahead and did it.

She was more than spoiled and did not know her place.

Since she had overestimated how important she was in Samuel's heart, she thought that she could do anything and hurt anyone just because he loved her.

Nicolette cried aggrievedly, "Samuel, I was wrong. Please don't ignore me! I love you! I really love you very much!"

## **Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife Chapter 74**

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

#### **Chapter 74**

"I don't love you," Samuel said coldly. "In the past, I didn't understand what love was. You saved my life, for which I was grateful, and I naively thought that was love. But when I heard that Kathleen lost our children, I finally realized I don't love you."

He had rushed to the hospital back then and heard from Wynnne that Kathleen managed to pull through.

Their children, unfortunately, didn't make it.

At that moment, the one thing that Samuel panicked most about was what would happen to him if Kathleen died.

If Kathleen left this world, where would I go to find her?

In that instant, he realized who he truly loved.

Kathleen! I love Kathleen and I can't lose her!

Nicolette, on the other hand, couldn't believe her ears. "You love her? But you just said you didn't know what love was."

"That may be so, but I do know that I don't have that feeling when I'm with you," Samuel retorted. "I might have already fallen in love with Kathleen from the day she became my wife. I just hadn't noticed then."

"Samuel, if it weren't for your family's disapproval, we'd have gotten married long ago!" Nicolette whimpered as tears coursed down her cheeks.

Alas, Samuel remained cold and distant. "If relationships can't stand the test of time, it'd mean there wasn't true love. I've probably never liked you that much, which explains why I gradually fell for Kathleen after you left. Or perhaps, my being with you was just a form of rebellion. The more my family disapproves of something, the more I want to go against them."

"How could you treat me like this, Samuel?" Nicolette asked amidst sobs. "Don't you know you're my only hope?"

I've painstakingly put on this act for so long because of him, yet he's now telling me he doesn't love me? No! I won't allow that!

"Since you've saved my life before, I'm willing to wipe the slate clean between us," Samuel uttered calmly. "From today onward, we'll have nothing to do with each other. I'll arrange for you to start a new life abroad and also ensure that you'll live comfortably for the rest of your life. However, you are not to show up in front of Kathleen again. I won't allow you to bother her either."

Nicolette continued to cry, indignant at the way Samuel had treated her.

Her goal had always been to marry rich so she could haughtily return to the Yoegers and laugh in their faces.

Now, however, all her hopes and dreams were shattered.



She had nothing left.

On the other end, Samuel promptly hung up the phone and turned to Tyson.

"Tyson, have you prepared everything I told you to?"

"There's just a bit more to go."

"Hurry up, then."

Tyson nodded. "Understood!"

When Kathleen finally woke up, it was already ten in the morning.

She opened her eyes and saw Emily sitting by her bed. "Aunt Emily."

Emily was Wynnies' elder sister, which made her Samuel's aunt.

Therefore, it was only right for Kathleen to call her by that too.

"Oh, you're awake," Emily replied as her lips curled into a smile.

She carried herself with an air of ladylike elegance, while Wynnies was a tough, no-nonsense career woman.

The two sisters, without a doubt, were very different.

Surprised by the visit, Kathleen blurted out, "Aunt Emily, what are you doing here?"

"I came to see you. By the way, I've made some mushroom soup. Try some," Emily replied as she poured a bowl of soup and placed it in Kathleen's hands.

The soup smelled delicious and since it wasn't too hot, the latter drank it immediately and felt it warming up her insides.

"Aunt Emily, I'm sorry to have troubled you."

"Please, don't stand on ceremony with me," Emily said with a grin. "Your mother-in-law's busy, so she got me to help take care of you. Let me know if there's anything you need."

Kathleen shook her head. "I don't need anything, Aunt Emily."

"You're being polite with me again. It's really no bother at all."

"I really don't need anything, Aunt Emily," Kathleen mumbled as she quietly finished her soup.

Upon hearing that, Emily let out a sigh. "It's heart-rending to see you like this, you know?"

Kathleen merely pursed her pale lips and said nothing.

"Well, what did Samuel say?" Emily asked concernedly.

"He said he wants to live happily with me."

"People often fail to appreciate what they have until it's gone," Emily uttered. "The whole family has tried to talk some sense into him, but he's just too conceited."

As it turned out, Emily was absolutely right.

Samuel was the CEO of Macari Group, and being in that powerful position gave him a superiority complex.

Because of that, there were many times when he refused to accept other people's opinions or advice.

It took a painful loss before he finally understood what everyone else had been trying to tell him.

Once again, Kathleen was silent.

"What about you?" Emily probed.

"I don't want to," Kathleen answered as she bit her lip. "But if I were to ask for a divorce, I know he wouldn't agree to it."

Even if the rest of the world forced him to do so, Samuel would still stubbornly refuse to sign the divorce agreement.

Besides, if divorce had ever been a viable option, things wouldn't have had to drag on till now.

Now that Kathleen was thinking about it again, she realized how laughable the situation was.

In the beginning, Samuel was the one who wanted a divorce, and she agreed to it.

Later, he changed his mind, but it became her turn to ask for a divorce.

Just like that, the two of them went back and forth with no end in sight.

Emily caressed Kathleen's pale face and mumbled, "You're a good person. If it were someone else, they'd have thrown a fit."

Admittedly, Kathleen still had feelings for Samuel and didn't want to embarrass him.

However, could he ever truly understand my good intentions?

Kathleen was by no means weak, but she knew she loved Samuel a little too much.

Emily didn't say anything more as she watched Kathleen finish her food. Afterward, she chatted a bit more with the latter and finally left.

Now that she was alone, Kathleen decided it was time to do something about her body odor.

Without further ado, she walked into the bathroom and took a warm shower.

While standing under the showerhead, her hand instinctively went to her stomach.

There used to be two adorable babies in here.

In the past, no matter how awful she felt, Kathleen was always cheered on by the fact that her two babies were about to come into the world. Even if the future seemed bleak, they'd be the motivation she needed to take it one step at a time.

All she felt now, however, was a flat stomach and utter coldness.

Oh, my babies. I've been robbed of my babies!

Getting Samuel to break Nicolette's legs would never be enough to make up for Kathleen's pain.

However, there was nothing else that she could do.

With Samuel defending Nicolette, she could never really do much harm to the latter.

That was why she specifically asked him to break Nicolette's legs.

To her surprise, Samuel held up his end of the bargain.

In that case, there was nothing more she could ask for.

Just then, Samuel's deep voice rang out.

"Kate, are you in there?"

Alas, Kathleen didn't feel like entertaining him.

"Kate, can you say something if you're inside?" Samuel pleaded, a hint of worry in his voice.

In the end, Kathleen gave in. "I'm here."

"Okay, good," Samuel replied, sounding relieved. "I'll wait for you outside."

With that, Kathleen turned off the shower and dried herself. After putting on a bathrobe, she walked back out into the room.

Upon seeing her, Samuel immediately went forward with a towel to help dry her hair.

"You shouldn't be taking showers. Given your condition, it's easy to catch a cold."

"It's my body. I know what's best for me," Kathleen answered coldly.

Samuel instantly furrowed his brows. "Your body's mine too."

The remark rendered Kathleen speechless, and she just let him continue wiping her hair.

After a while, Samuel took out a hair dryer and quickly set it up.

"Sit here," he said as he patted his leg.

Kathleen hesitated. "I'll do it myself."

In return, Samuel shot her a knowing look. "Are you rejecting me?"

"Are you only seeing it now?" Kathleen asked indifferently.

## **Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife Chapter 75**

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

#### **Chapter 75**

Based on Kathleen's understanding of Samuel's personality, she thought he would lose it.

Unexpectedly, Samuel merely looked at her coldly as his rough fingers cupped her face domineeringly. Immediately after that, he kissed her deeply.

Kathleen wanted to avoid his touch.

However, Samuel stopped her with his other hand and pressed her back into his embrace.

He didn't like how Kathleen rejected him and refused his touch.

Although Samuel was upset at her actions, he couldn't order Kathleen to accept him.

That didn't matter to him because he had decided to spend the rest of his life with her even if she treated him coldly and pushed him away.

He would do anything to make her forgive him.

Samuel kissed Kathleen for about five minutes passionately.

Because of that, Kathleen's legs went soft.

Satisfied, Samuel carried her with one hand and placed her on his leg.

When it came to strength, Kathleen could only accept her fate.

As Samuel was strong and Kathleen was weak, there was nothing she could do about the situation.

She could only sit on Samuel's leg and let him dry her hair all he wanted.

Kathleen's hair was like her personality, both soft and smooth.

In fact, she had always been a cute and obedient girl.

Samuel's warm chest leaned toward Kathleen. He placed his lips by her ear and said, "I know you are still angry at me, and you can't forgive me now. But that's okay. I've already decided to attach myself to you for life. Hence, no matter what happens in the future, I will not let go of you."

Kathleen felt bitter.

Why wasn't he like this in the past? Why is he so nice to me after my heart stopped beating for him?

She remained silent.

The quiet Kathleen looked like a beautiful doll.

"After your body recovers a few days later, we will hold a wedding." Samuel let out a deep sigh. "Kate, I will slowly make up for everything I've owed you."

Hold a wedding?

Kathleen stared at him in disbelief.

Samuel curled his lips. "When the time comes, we will choose the wedding dress together."

After Kathleen heard his words, her head hurt. That was because she didn't want a wedding.

"Your hair is dry." Samuel put down the hair dryer and carried Kathleen. Soon after, he placed her on the bed and covered her with a blanket.

While he was doing that, Kathleen fixed her gaze on him. "Samuel, I'm tired."

"If you are exhausted, you should sleep," said Samuel straightforwardly.

"What I mean is I'm mentally tired." Kathleen didn't want to trigger him. "Can we not hold a wedding? I don't have the energy and the mood for this."

She had just lost two unborn children.

It was not true that she was not upset. She just didn't want to show her emotions.

Samuel got closer to her. With a low and hoarse voice, he said, "But I want to."

At his answer, Kathleen frowned. "This is not what you used to say."

"Just like what you've said, that was before." Samuel pinched Kathleen's soft cheeks. "Don't worry. You won't feel tired. You merely need to dress up and attend the wedding as my beautiful wife."

"Can you show some respect for my opinion?" asked Kathleen helplessly.

"All right." Samuel looked at her dotingly. "If you have any special requests, you can tell me. I'll grant all your wishes."

Kathleen pursed her lips.

In reality, that wasn't what she really meant.

She was sure Samuel knew the meaning behind her words.

However, he chose to ignore her.

It didn't cause any impact even if she did express her point of view.

As expected, nothing had changed.

Samuel's character was still the same. He was still in control of the relationship.

That left Kathleen having a headache.

A few days later, Kathleen was finally allowed to discharge from the hospital.

She went to the ward next door and bid goodbye to Gemma.

The latter still needed to rest and recuperate in bed for some time.

Samuel hired two caregivers to look after Gemma.

He would bear all the expenses.

"Are you going to be discharged?" Gemma lay on her bed.

Kathleen was in her own clothes.

Previously, she wore hospital gowns.

Kathleen nodded. "That's right. The doctor says I can be discharged from the hospital."

"Great." Gemma smiled and said, "Congratulations on being able to leave the hospital. I might be able to discharge after some time."

Kathleen sat down. "Gemma, I'm sorry. It's all my fault."

"Oh, stop apologizing. My ears are numb from hearing that." Gemma slowly continued, "I will save anyone in that situation. Hence, you don't have to feel bad about it."

Kathleen pursed her lips and expressed her gratitude, "Thank you."

"You silly girl." Gemma pinched Kathleen's face. "Haha. Your cheek is so soft. No wonder everybody likes pinching it."

Kathleen was speechless.

"Don't pay the situation any mind. It's all water under the bridge now." Gemma pulled her lips into a thin line as she asked solemnly, "Have you and Samuel reconciled?"

"I've rejected him." Kathleen shook her head.

"And after that?" questioned Gemma.

"He disagrees. Besides that, he wants to hold a belated wedding ceremony with me." Kathleen's expression became dark as she continued, "He doesn't care about my thoughts."

"Samuel has been a blessed one since birth. He has everything. An individual like this is arrogant and self-centered. Thus, it is hard for him to learn how to respect you." Gemma pointed out the reality straightforwardly.

Hearing that, Kathleen bit her lip. "That's because I'm too weak."

"Ordinary women can't possibly stand his attitude." Gemma sighed as she continued, "He is Samuel Macari, and he is no ordinary man. If you two want to continue living together in peace, one of you has to give in."

Kathleen remained silent because she thought Gemma had a point.

Between Samuel and I, I'm the one who always compromises, and Samuel is the person who doesn't bother about anything.

That was all due to Samuel's personality.

As they were talking, the door of the ward was pushed open.

Samuel walked into the room.

He wore a black coat. Under it was his three-piece suit. His vest was gray, and it matched the other garments fashionably. One could see that the outfit was immaculately put together.

It made him look cold and charming.

"Gemma, I've got to go." Kathleen stood up. "If anything comes up, you can always call me. Let's keep in touch."

"All right." Gemma nodded.

Samuel draped the white coat in his hand on Kathleen's shoulder. After wrapping his hand around her, they headed toward the door.

Staring at them, Gemma heaved a sigh.



Kathleen is indeed on the passive side whenever Samuel is around. Moreover, Samuel doesn't seem to realize the graveness of the matter. He can't win her heart back if he continues to treat her this way.

Samuel held on to Kathleen as they took the elevator downstairs.

The wind was cold that winter.

Hence, Samuel held Kathleen in his embrace tightly.

After Tyson drove the car over, Samuel carried Kathleen into the car.

In the car, Samuel ordered Tyson to increase the car's temperature.

Meanwhile, Kathleen's tiny, pale, and exquisite face was expressionless.

She looked like the lifeless bare trees outside.

As for Samuel, he continued wrapping his arms around her, unwilling to let go.

"Drive," Samuel said in a cold tone.

Tyson nodded and started the car engine.

At that, they left the hospital.

It was warm in the car. Kathleen started to feel sleepy.

Noticing that, Samuel stared at Kathleen's fair face as he curled up his lips. "You can sleep for a while. We will arrive at our destination soon."

Kathleen shook her head.

I'll be doomed if I continue sleeping.

With that thought, she looked out the window.

Shortly after, Kathleen knitted her brows and questioned, "Are we going to the Macari residence?"

This isn't the way back to the condominium.

At her question, Samuel smiled mysteriously. "You'll know where we are heading in a while."

Kathleen was puzzled.

Soon, the path became different from what she remembered.

It doesn't look like we are going to the Macari residence either.

The car drove on the path for a while. Moments later, it started climbing the slope.

It then stopped in front of a large gate decorated with magnificent engraving.

The gate slowly opened.

Tyson drove the car into the place.

After entering the venue, a bamboo forest appeared in front of them.

As they continued their journey, they could see a vast lawn.

They passed through the lawn and saw a spacious courtyard.

At last, they arrived at a baroque-style mansion.

Kathleen blinked her eyes and asked, "Where are we?"

## **Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife Chapter 76**

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

#### **Chapter 76**

As Samuel's arm cradled Kathleen's slender waist, he grandly declared, "This is our house. It's where we'll stay from now on."

Kathleen was confused by his statement and asked, "Isn't this the place you prepared to stay in with Nicolette?"

Samuel didn't reply, so Kathleen turned to look at him expectantly.

"If you truly knew her, you would know that she doesn't like the style of this place. Furthermore, when I made my preparations to move into this house, I didn't consider her at all," replied Samuel calmly.

That wasn't a lie. Indeed, Samuel had designed the place with only his likes and dislikes in mind.

"I started designing and building up this place before we got married, but the construction work didn't complete in time. That condominium unit is far too small, and it doesn't have a yard. Thankfully, they wrapped up the work at this place just a few days back, but there's still some essential furniture that still require about a month or so to arrive. I gave the word yesterday for them to expedite the delivery and paid a fair sum for the delivery fees alone," explained Samuel.

Kathleen pursed her lips as he spoke.

"However, what's most important is that you find the place and the set-up comfortable. Go in and take a look," added Samuel as he lifted her in his arms and stepped out of the car.

Just like that, Kathleen was cradled in his arms as they both disembarked from the car. Immediately, the housekeepers stationed within the mansion rushed out to welcome them. A middle-aged man led the charge. He was Sebastian, the butler here.

Sebastian greeted the pair with a smile and said, "Welcome home, Mr. Macari and Mrs. Macari."

Kathleen was taken aback by how formal everyone carried themselves. As Samuel continued to guide Kathleen into the mansion, the latter saw that the interior was nothing short of grand and opulent. Even then, it managed to retain a sense of style and refrain from going overboard with the grandeur. Kathleen couldn't help but be amazed by the sight she took in.

"The first floor houses the living room and dining area, along with the kitchen and the housekeepers' residences," explained Samuel. "You don't have to rush to take everything in for now. There's plenty of time for you to familiarize yourself with the layout of the place. Let me first take you to the bedroom."

Kathleen froze where she stood as she wondered why Samuel was so insistent on escorting her to check out the bedroom. As he stood beside her, Samuel could visibly pick up on her now stiffened frame.

The doctor had instructed that Kathleen focus on her recuperation for two whole months before they would be allowed to share a bed together. Although Samuel wanted to skip ahead, he had no choice but to take Kathleen's physical condition into consideration. He didn't want to put her into a spot, after all. With that, the pair headed up the stairs.

The entire mansion consisted of three separate levels, each as expansive as the one that came before. Just a single bedroom alone could occupy about ninety square meters, and there were four of them on each level. On the second floor, only the master bedroom and guest room remained untouched. The remaining two rooms had been converted into Samuel's study and Kathleen's workstation, respectively.

When they reached the second floor, Samuel guided Kathleen toward the master bedroom. There, Kathleen saw that it was spacious and well-lit by natural lighting. The fixtures within the room had a muted extravagance to them and had features tailored to each of the occupant's needs. For example, the walk-in closet was huge and packed full of clothing. Almost all of Samuel's clothing seemed to be formal wear, and they consisted mostly of darker and more muted colors.

The rest of the space was dedicated for Kathleen's use. It accommodated a range of outerwear, shoes, and even small accessories that she could use immediately. Everything had been prepared meticulously, and the sheer quantity of items present meant that it took up a sizeable bulk of the walk-in closet's space.

The master bedroom also boasted an expansive bathroom that even contained a twin bathtub equipped with a massage function. In totality, the entire tour so far simply screamed of luxury.

"Are you satisfied?" asked Samuel.

Kathleen could only nod numbly in reply.

Samuel curled his lips and said, "You're the lady of this house. Feel free to let Sebastian know if there are any areas in which you feel need to be changed."

"It's already good enough," replied Kathleen numbly.

Samuel smiled faintly as he stated, "Ultimately, the key is whether you like it or not."

"While we were on our way here earlier, I saw that this place is located rather close to the Macari residence. Is it?" asked Kathleen in confusion.

"Yes, it is. I was afraid that you would have no one to chat with when I'm not around. That's why I purposefully picked a location closer to the Macari residence. That way, it would take a mere ten minutes by car for you to get to the Macari residence if you ever need to," replied Samuel.

Kathleen paused for thought and realized that this was finally an aspect of the place that she was fully satisfied by.

Samuel reached out and gently cradled her head in his hand as he pulled his thin lips closer to hers. He planted a light kiss on her plump lips before he added, "You don't seem particularly happy at all."

"I'm not unhappy," replied Kathleen with a shake of her head. While it was true that she wasn't unhappy, she wasn't particularly overjoyed either.

Samuel didn't pick over the finer details. Instead, he stated, "I have other matters to deal with in the afternoon. Stay here and wait for me obediently."

"Okay," replied Kathleen as she pursed her lips.

"Aren't you going to ask where I'm going?" asked Samuel as he shot her a long and meaningful glance.

"Aren't you heading to work?" asked Kathleen in confusion. She didn't understand what he was getting at. Normally, he wouldn't inform her in advance even if he were to head into the office. She had no idea what was going on with him today.

Samuel sighed and remarked, "I can't even tell if you trust me this completely or if you simply don't care about me."

Kathleen picked up that it was because she hadn't asked where he was headed. She replied, "I used to ask, but you found me to be too annoying and controlling."

Samuel was rendered speechless as he realized that all this was of his own making.

"If that's the case, I'll take the initiative to report my movements in the future," promised Samuel as he reached in and planted another light kiss on her lips. He continued, "I'll have the staff prepare some food for you. You can go ahead and have a good rest once you've eaten. Don't fret over anything else. What's most important right now is for you to take good care of yourself and recuperate. Do you understand?"

Kathleen nodded obediently in response.

"Good girl," stated Samuel with satisfaction.

Samuel reflected that she really was obedient if not a little cold and distant from him. He couldn't help but feel a strong urge to shrink her and tuck her into his pocket to keep her with him wherever he went.

"I'm heading off," he declared. He didn't have that much free time to spend with her. After all, he was a truly busy man, especially toward the end of each year.

Kathleen was fully aware of how busy Samuel was. As such, she found it hard to believe if someone were to claim that Samuel spent each day in Nicolette's company, day in and out. She knew that she couldn't bank on a workaholic like him to waste so much of his time just lounging around in someone else's company. Regardless of how much he loved Nicolette, that was a sheer impossibility.

Suddenly, the sound of the doorbell ringing interrupted Kathleen's train of thought. She called out, "Sebastian?"

"Mrs. Macari, Mr. Macari instructed us to prepare some food for you. Here's some oatmeal. Do have it while it's still warm," stated Sebastian warmly as he carried a tray into the room and gently place the bowl of oatmeal on the desk.

"You don't have to be this polite with me, Sebastian," commented Kathleen as she fidgeted uncomfortably.

"You're the lady of the house, Mrs. Macari. It's only right for us to treat you with the dignity and respect you deserve," replied Sebastian in an upright manner.

"Thank you for the meal then," she stated.

He smiled and said, "Enjoy your meal, Mrs. Macari. Please feel free to shout out to us if you need anything."

Kathleen nodded her head in acknowledgment, and Sebastian headed out.

As she stared at the warm bowl of oatmeal sitting before her, Kathleen couldn't help but sigh once again.

After she finished her bowl of oatmeal, Kathleen slowly drifted off into a deep sleep. When she finally woke up, she made her way downstairs and bumped into Sebastian. He said, "Mrs. Macari, Ms. Staines is here."

Kathleen immediately headed to the living room, where she saw Wynn timer seated on the couch as she sipped slowly at her cup of coffee. Kathleen entered the space and greeted her, "Mom, you're here."

Wynn timer pursed her lips and said, "I went to the hospital to check on you, but they informed me that you were discharged. I headed to the condominium after that, and that's how I found out you no longer live there."

Kathleen came to a sudden realization and asked, "Didn't Samuel inform you?"

"Don't bother mentioning him. He was barely willing to let me know about this place, let alone that you had moved over. I don't know what's on his mind!" puffed Wynn timer angrily.

Kathleen had no idea what was on his mind either.

"Are you feeling better?" asked Wynn timer as she eyed her with a frown.

"Yes, the doctor said that I'll have to recuperate slowly," replied Kathleen.

"I see... Then you should get a good rest," replied Wynn timer. Her tone darkened as she continued, "Kate, do you still intend to divorce Samuel?"

Kathleen was a little taken by surprise, and she clenched her fingers as she looked down nervously.

"It's all right. I'm not here to force you into anything. I'm just worried that you feel burdened. It would be great if you no longer feel like getting a divorce. That would allow Samuel to take good care of you as you recuperate. Otherwise, I would find it difficult to relax if you were to end up in the care of a random stranger. I would be so worried that you would get bullied!" explained Wynn timer.

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

#### **Chapter 77**

Kathleen understood that Wynn timer was coming from a place of concern.

"Thanks for your understanding, Mom. I'll think about it."

Wynn timer responded with a solemn nod. "Remember that no matter what decision you make, my husband and I will always be on your side."

"Of course."

"Why not show me around since it's my first time here?" Wynn timer grinned.

"I've just moved in today and barely know my way around." Kathleen blushed.

"All the better! Let's explore together," replied Wynn timer as she took hold of Kathleen's hand.

Oh dear, her palms are freezing even with the heater on. I shouldn't have let that she-devil Nicolette off so easily!

They began their tour of the mansion and finished by the time the sun started to set.

"Why not join us for dinner, Mom?" Kathleen invited.

"It's all right, dear. I've already taken too much of your time."

She did not savor being the third wheel in their relationship. It was best to leave them both to sort things out together.

Wynnie chose to take her leave promptly.

Kathleen ushered Wynnie to her car.

“Are you aware that Samuel intends to have the wedding ceremony as soon as possible?” Wynnie queried while getting into her car.

Kathleen inclined her head. “Well, it’s not as if there’s anything I can do about it.”

Wynnie heaved a sigh.

Samuel was still oblivious to the most pertinent part of getting back into Kathleen’s good graces.

It was just like him to be irretrievably set in his own ways.

After all, bad habits die hard. It would have been unrealistic to expect such a drastic turnaround from Samuel in such a short time.

“Fret not as I’ll be helping out with the wedding preparations as well. Samuel will have his share of work to do, but promise me you’d tell him off if you’re not happy with his choices? Don’t keep it all to yourself.”

“Sure, Mom. I’ll bear that in mind.”

“You best head in now that the weather has dipped. I shiver to think of what Samuel would do to me if you caught a cold,” Wynnie jested.

Kathleen’s face heated up with embarrassment as she stared after Wynnie’s car as she drove off.

Kathleen had just returned to the warmth of her home when Samuel arrived.

Kathleen stood and walked toward the entrance where Samuel was standing, his body emanating the residual cool of the outdoors. “Did you take your afternoon nap?”

Kathleen dipped her head in mute assent.

Samuel handed his coat to Sebastian and proceeded to drape his arm around Kathleen’s shoulder. “Let’s eat. We’ll discuss our wedding after dinner.”

Kathleen felt weighed down with resignation.

Is there really any point in a discussion? Why not decide everything yourself and get things over with?



If only she had the courage to voice her thoughts out loud.

After their meal, Samuel led Kathleen to the study to begin their discussion.

Kathleen was at a loss.

She used to imagine what her wedding would be like back in the day.

Now, however, it seemed as if she were merely a shell of her former self.

All her hopes and wishes of a dream wedding felt like they had been dashed upon a cliff.

“Just do whatever you see fit.” These words tumbled out coldly as Kathleen stood and excused herself.

Samuel’s brows knitted. What now? Isn’t this what she wants, getting a say?

Just then, the shrill ringing of his phone broke the burgeoning silence.

It was Wynn timer.

“What is it, Mom?” Samuel gruffed as he massaged his temples.

“I can’t believe you still plan on going ahead with the wedding.” Wynn timer clucked as she beheld the wedding invitation in her hand. “You couldn’t even deign to consult your own mother before setting the date for such an important occasion! All the notice I got was a single wedding invitation and nothing else.”

“Would you have preferred that I sent you another one?”

Wynn timer’s patience was wearing thin.

I can’t believe this rascal is actually my son.

“Have you conferred with Kathleen about this?”

“Yes, but she didn’t seem keen about it.” Samuel frowned.

“How could you be so clueless, boy?” Wynn timer cried.

“Excuse me?”

“What Kathleen needs from you right now is respect, not self-centeredness!”

Samuel scoffed, “We would have been divorced by now if I had gone along with her.”

Wynn timer launched into a tirade. "Good for her! Now that the child, bless their soul, is gone, I would have filed for a divorce too if I were in her shoes. Besides, what redeeming qualities do you have other than good looks and wealth?"

Samuel was tongue-tied.

"I didn't call solely to lecture you. I was hoping that you'd address the elephant in the room and straighten the issues between you and Kathleen."

"Regardless of that, divorce will never be an option. I won't allow her to leave me."

Wynn timer shook her head in disappointment.

"Rest early, Mom. Your wrinkles are starting to show," Samuel muttered curtly as he hung up.

Wynn timer was positively fuming by then.

How dare this insolent brat try that tone of voice with me. Hasn't he an ounce of respect for his parents?

Calvin sensed his wife's growing displeasure and hurried over to placate her.

"Whatever's the matter?"

"This is all your fault for giving me such an incorrigible son!"

Calvin was taken aback by Winnie's outburst. "Calm down, Darling. I'll take the blame. It must have been some genetic mutation on my side to have birthed such an unfilial child."

Hmph!

Wynn timer continued to brood.

"Would you mind explaining the reason why?" Calvin ventured cautiously.

Kathleen gestured toward the wedding invitation. "Samuel got into his thick skull the idea of making it up to Kathleen by wedding her."

"He can't be serious in thinking that's all it's going to take to win her back."

"See, that's what everyone thinks as well," mulled Winnie in dismay.

"However, I suppose we can't blame Samuel for behaving as such. He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, with every door open to his whim and fancy. Never has a day

gone by where the needs and wants of another person had to be considered,” said Calvin.

“Still... That doesn’t mean he can simply disregard Kate in this matter. Her consent matters!” Wynn timer followed up urgently.

“Samuel’s methods may be uncouth, but deep down, all he wants is for Kate to give him another chance. He knows that she’s slipping through his fingers and is desperate to hold on to her. At least he’s aware of his feelings now, don’t you agree?”

That seemed to appease Wynn timer.

“We promised never to interfere with their marital affairs unless they approached us for help.” Calvin gently held on to Wynn timer’s hand. “Let’s have a little more faith in them.”

“Goodness gracious, Calvin! I can’t believe you have misread me all this while.”

“I understand that you worry Samuel will foil his chance at redemption. Kathleen’s a wonderful girl, and her intentions toward Samuel are pure, unlike that calculating Nicolette. Samuel is more than blessed to have her.”

“If only Samuel had your acumen! That would have saved him a great deal of trouble.”

Calvin chuckled. “I’ve lived twice as long and have learned more than my share of lessons, Darling.”

Wynn timer remained silent.

“Give him time. Now that he’s sure of his feelings, there’s hope yet for Calvin to earn Kathleen’s forgiveness. As parents, all there’s left for us to do now is provide the moral support he so desperately needs from us, okay?”

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

#### **Chapter 78**

Samuel turned and went back into the house.

Kathleen looked out the window while sitting on the bed, hugging her knees.

The enormous bed made her look tiny.

Samuel went forward and hugged her from behind. "Babe, are you upset?"

Kathleen was lost. Should I be happy?

Samuel kissed her cheeks, ears, hair, and neck gently from behind. Instead of lust, his actions were doting.

"I just want to give you my promise." Samuel explained, "Babe, give me a chance, please?"

Kathleen remained silent.

Samuel's breath was warm. "We still have a long time to go, and you can't continue to be like this. Give me a chance to make amendments."

Samuel's deep voice was magnetizing. "You used to like me. It's my turn to court you. Please?"

Kathleen pursed her lips. "Can I believe you, Samuel?"

"Yes." Samuel tightened his arms around her. "Please believe me this time around."

Kathleen hesitated. "Even if my heart might continue to be cold?"

"I've said it. We still have a long time. The main point is you must give me a chance. I'll use the rest of my life to warm it." Samuel kissed her face.

He knew deep in his heart he loved the tender and gentle woman in front of him.

He could not bear to give her to anyone else.

Kathleen sighed sorrowfully and kept mum. However, she did not resist.

Although her body was stiff still, Samuel knew Kathleen agreed to give him a second chance.

The next day, Kathleen received a morning kiss from Samuel before she woke up.

There was a hint of mint in his breath.

Kathleen opened her eyes and was surprised. "What's the time?"

"Eight o'clock." Samuel stroked her head. "I'm leaving for work. You can continue to sleep."

Eight o'clock?

Kathleen frowned. "Why am I feeling so tired even though I didn't do anything?"

"Because you have a weak body constitution." Samuel smirked. "I guess we need to train you up soon. Not only in bed, but out of the bed as well."

Kathleen was dumbfounded.

Samuel was satisfied seeing that the tender little girl was speechless at his response.

"I'm off to work." Samuel left the room.

Kathleen heaved a sigh.

After sleeping a little more, she got up from the bed and washed up.

She then headed downstairs to have breakfast and went to the art studio.

She had been curious about the studio since yesterday.

However, she was too tired to visit the space.

She decided to check out the room today since she had the time.

The art studio took on a similar style to the rest of the house while being more minimalistic. The art studio was warm, tidy, and built practically.

Kathleen instantly took a liking to the room.

She continued looking around to her left and right and was elated.

Samuel had arranged to have her things delivered from her condominium, and they each found their place in the studio.

Kathleen sat down and looked out the window quietly, with complicated feelings rumbling on her insides.

At that moment, her phone rang.

She took a look and saw that it was a call from Diana.

"Grandma." Kathleen answered the call.

"What are you busy with, Katie?" Diana said with a kind voice.

"I'm at home." Kathleen added, "New home."

Diana chuckled. "And so I've heard. Samuel is finally doing it right and dotes you."

Kathleen pursed her lips. "Yeah."

"I've received the wedding invitation." Diana laughed. "Although it's rather rushed to hold the wedding next month, it's a good thing."

"Yeah," Kathleen replied darkly.

Diana noticed that Kathleen seemed unhappy. "Are you upset with something, Katie?"

Kathleen recalled Diana's illness. "I'm happy, Grandma. I'm just tired from all the wedding preparations."

"I know. Samuel should get a few people to help you with it." Diana laughed. "It's okay. I'll help get a few helpers for you."

"It's okay, Grandma. No need to get helpers. Samuel said that we'll get a wedding planner." Kathleen did not dare to trouble Diana.

"That won't do. It's Samuel's and your wedding. Everything must go well." Diana chuckled. "Don't worry. I'm not tired. I'll have the strength to help out with your wedding preparations."

Kathleen bit her lip. "Grandma, you'll have to take good care of yourself. Samuel and I won't want anything to happen to you."

"All right." Diana smiled. "You have a good rest."

"Okay. Bye Grandma!" Kathleen ended the call.

Diana hung up on her end as well.

She looked at Maria. "Katie is such a kind-hearted child. She's not telling me anything because she doesn't want me to be worried."

Maria agreed. "Old Mrs. Macari, it's also my fault for not noticing that Mrs. Macari is pregnant."

Diana's eyes went cold. "The fault's not on you. I've heard the entire sequence of events. They kept me in the dark about such important news because they didn't want me to get worried. But Katie suffered for it! How can we let it slide just like that?"

"But Mr. Macari had already sent that person away," Maria responded.

“Do you think that vixen will be satisfied at that?” Diana sneered. “Did she think that she escaped from the punishment of her wrongdoings? I’m going to contact Old Mrs. Yoeger. I’ll break the ties with her if she’s not helping with this!”

“Old Mrs. Macari, it’s not worth it.” Maria tried to console her. “You’re long-time friends with her, and it’s not worth falling out with her just because of a vixen. Moreover, you have been comforting her since Old Mrs. Yoeger’s youngest daughter was taken away. She won’t bear to break ties with you.”

“If that’s the case, all the more she should help me.” Diana stated coldly, “Nicolette killed my two precious grandchildren. I will not let her off easily!”

Samuel returned home after work at ten o’clock at night.

He did not see any meaning in returning home in the past.

However, he finally understood that one would return home because someone was waiting at home for them.

There was someone at home to leave a nightlight for him.

Kathleen had become an important part of his life for the past three years.

He knew that he could not live without her for the rest of his life.

It was different from the feelings he had for Nicolette.

Samuel entered the house, and Kathleen was not there to receive him.

“Where’s Kathleen?” Samuel asked aloofly.

“Mrs. Macari has been in the art studio for the entire day,” Sebastian explained.

“She has yet to recover. Shouldn’t you all remind her not to exert herself?” Samuel uttered coldly.

Sebastian was awkward. “We tried, but she refused to listen to us.”

Samuel went upstairs.

He walked into the art studio and saw Kathleen was asleep while lying on the table.

He took his coat off and covered her.

Kathleen woke up. Her voice was adorable while she was still looking confused. “You’re back?”

Upon hearing her voice, Samuel felt his heart go soft. "Yeah. Why are you sleeping here?"

"I was tired after painting for a while. I wanted to take a nap." Kathleen had yet to wake up completely.

Samuel carried her and sat down, placing her on his lap and hugging her tenderly.

"You'll get a cold." Samuel stroked her face and found that her body temperature was regular.

Kathleen blinked her eyes. "Is it that late?"

## **Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife Chapter 79**

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

#### **Chapter 79**

Samuel pursed his lips. Lowering his head to look at Kathleen who was in his arms, he asked, "Hmm? Are you hungry?"

"Yes, I am." Her voice was very soft.

"The meal is ready," he explained in a gentle tone.

"Carry me." Having said that, Kathleen wrapped her arms around his neck. "I don't want to walk."

"Okay." Samuel then lifted her up.

She was very light. It was as if she was weightless.

Kathleen held tight to his neck.

They finally arrived at the walkway. Samuel trod slowly on the soft carpet wearing a pair of shoes. Subsequently, he carried her downstairs with care.

"Sam." Kathleen leaned her head on his shoulder. Staring at his side profile, she said, "Let's start again."

Samuel froze.



I asked her about it last night. That time, she avoided the question. But she finally gave me an answer today. Did something happen today?

“Sam, I feel like I’m a helpless person.” Her voice was hoarse. “You’ve gone too far before. Despite everything you’ve done, I still love you.”

Upon hearing her words, Samuel hugged her harder.

“As expected, my determination fades away the moment I meet you. It’s exactly like what is written in the song.” Her voice sounded as if she was going to cry. “I swore to myself that I wouldn’t forgive you. But when you treated me well, my heart softened. My effort has been in vain.”

Samuel felt the pain in his heart. “I will never do anything to hurt you again in the future.”

“Sam, I will give you a chance. It will be a chance for me as well.” She sniffled. With dismay, she continued, “You aren’t allowed to make me sad again. If you do, I won’t forgive you anymore. I’m serious.”

“Okay,” he said gruffly.

Satisfied with his answer, Kathleen huffed. “I’m hungry. Let’s eat.”

Samuel curled his thin lips. Then, he continued to carry her downstairs into the dining room.

All her favorite dishes were already set on the table.

When he sat down, he put her on his lap.

Frowning, Kathleen uttered, “You can put me down now.”

“Be good. You can eat while sitting on my lap.” With his hands around her slim waist, Samuel hugged her from behind.

Kathleen was speechless. After a short pause, she asked, “How do I eat like that?”

“Just eat in this way.” Samuel was unwilling to let her go.

In fact, he did not think that it would be a problem to hug her while she was eating.

Kathleen knew that it would be a futile attempt to struggle. Thus, she chose to give up.

It was known that she ate slowly. Thus, Samuel made adaptations to suit her habit.

While looking at the woman in his arms, Samuel was rid of his usual cold expression.

Instead, he was very happy.

Noticing that Kathleen had put her fork down, he asked, "Do you still want to eat?"

Kathleen shook her head.

Her stomach was bloated because she had eaten too much the night before.

"Sebastian, get us a bowl of mushroom soup," Samuel instructed.

Upon hearing the instruction, Sebastian immediately gave him the soup.

After Samuel took the bowl offered to him, he put it close to Kathleen's mouth. "Drink this. The temperature is just about right."

Kathleen pursed her lips.

Coaxing her slowly, Samuel said, "Be good."

Only then did she reluctantly drink it.

Samuel was satisfied. "You behave just like a child."

Kathleen let out a light snort as soon as she heard it.

After that, Samuel pinched her cheeks affectionately before carrying her back to their bedroom.

At that time, Nicolette was staying in an inconspicuous villa. Without her phone in her possession, she was unable to contact Samuel. She was desperate to ask him to stay with her in the place.

After pulling off the needle on the back of her hand, she got off the bed and walked out directly.

The moment she reached the huge entrance door, she was stopped by a bodyguard.

With a cold expression, he said, "Ms. Yoeger, please go back."

Nicolette glared at him. "Do you know who you're talking to?"

The bodyguard, however, refused to answer her question.

"Open your stupid eyes. I'm the woman Samuel likes. Also, I will be the next lady of the Macari family." As she spoke, her face distorted in anger. "Now, I want to see Samuel. Prepare the car for me."

Nevertheless, the bodyguard was still unperturbed. He continued to block her path.

Nicolette was furious. "I can make Samuel fire you."

In response, the bodyguard asked coolly, "Who do you think you are?"

Nicolette barked, frowning, "How dare you use this tone to speak with me!"

"Ms. Yoeger, please stop your daydream. It's impossible for Mr. Macari to marry you." In a cold voice, the bodyguard added, "Mr. and Mrs. Macari have decided to hold their wedding next month. If he wants to marry you, why are they holding the wedding reception?"

What?

Stunned, Nicolette asked, "Did you say that Samuel and Kathleen will be holding their wedding?"

"That's right. Everyone in Jadeborough has received the wedding invitation card," the bodyguard said.

No, this is impossible! How can Samuel be willing to hold the wedding? That's right. It must be Kathleen who forced him to do it! She must have gained his sympathy by using the excuse that she had lost her two children. He, meanwhile, must have relented because he thinks he owed her. Hah! What a cunning woman!

"Ms. Yoeger, please go back." The bodyguard remained impassive.

"Listen to me. It's impossible for Samuel to marry Kathleen. She must have threatened him." It looked like Nicolette had lost her cool. "You need to follow my instruction now. Take me to see Samuel. I'm the only one who can bring him back to his senses. After everything is settled, I will reward you with a huge sum of money. Quick!"

Having said that, she dashed outside.

Flabbergasted, the bodyguard dragged her back. "Ms. Yoeger, I think you are the one who is very sick."

"Let me go!" Nicolette struggled to release herself from his grasp. "You are a bunch of bad people. How dare you prevent me from being with Samuel. He will never let you go off easily!"

At that moment, a doctor finally arrived at the scene.

He instructed a nurse to hold Nicolette tight.

Then, he gave her a sedative.

Subsequently, Nicolette slumped to the ground. She slowly lost consciousness.

I refuse to stay quiet. It was difficult to be able to achieve my dream. How can I be hindered here? Over the past few years, I endured endless humiliation just so that I can marry Samuel. It's also the reason why I have never set my eyes on any other guy. In fact, it is easy for me to get married if I want. But no other man can surpass Samuel. They can't give me what I want. Only Samuel can do it! I need to get Samuel back!

That night, Samuel made a call to the villa while he was in the study.

He furrowed his brow slightly and asked, "How is her recovery going?"

"Don't worry, Mr. Macari. She is doing very well after the bone marrow transplant," the doctor replied.

Samuel was indifferent. "After her condition gets better, you can come back here. I will instruct someone to send her overseas."

The doctor hesitated for a while. "Mr. Macari, Ms. Yoeger has been asking for you lately. Thus, we keep sedating her every time so that she can remain quiet. But you also know that there will be a lot of side effects."

"Do I need to concern myself with this?" Samuel asked coldly.

Upon hearing his words, the doctor was awkward.

"You only need to keep her quiet." Samuel was unperturbed.

"Yes, Sir. Understood," the doctor quietly responded.

Then, Samuel hung up the phone.

He had a frown on his face.

Previously, Nicolette had attracted his attention because he had been saved by her.

She was the illegitimate child of the Yoeger family. Thus, the family members were not the only ones who did not like her. In fact, everyone in Jadeborough did not like her because of her mother.

Samuel knew that she was unloved and unwanted.

It could be because he was constantly reminded of her piteous life. There was also a possibility that it was because she was his savior. Thus, he had given her a lot of attention.

At that time, he was not interested in any other women.

Even though Nicolette was an uninteresting person, she was pitiful. Hence, he decided to be in a relationship with her.

Unexpectedly, they were unable to be together in the end.

## **Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife Chapter 80**

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

#### **Chapter 80**

Samuel turned and went into the bedroom.

Kathleen had just had her bath and was dressed in a light pinkish silk bathrobe. A beautiful silhouette could be vaguely seen, which accentuated her womanly figure.

Samuel stood behind her and sniffed. "You smell good."

Kathleen blushed. "Go and take your shower."

"All right." Samuel quickly planted a kiss on Kathleen's cheek and went into the bathroom.

As for Kathleen, she went straight to bed after blow-drying her hair.

Samuel took a quick shower and was done in just ten minutes.

He then went to the bed and embraced her.

Kathleen stared at his Adam's apple then closed her eyes.

"Do you want to go and try out the wedding dresses tomorrow?" Samuel asked in a hoarse voice.

"Okay." Kathleen nodded.

"Promise?" Samuel grinned.

"Yes." Kathleen smiled. I'm not saying that I don't want to. Why does he have to double confirm with me?

Little did she know that Samuel was lacking peace of mind. Perhaps he felt guilty that he hadn't done what Kathleen wanted him to do and that he had lied to her.

If she ever found out the secret, she would be furious.

Samuel couldn't imagine what it would be like if Kathleen was mad. So, he could only do everything he could to make her happy. He could only pray that she wouldn't be mad at him and disappear from his life if the secret was revealed.

The next day, Samuel woke up early and went for a jog around the area.

When he returned, he saw Kathleen still in a daze, sitting in the bed with one hand holding a tablet and the other holding a stylus pen.

"Why are you awake?" Samuel frowned.

"I feel that if I continue to sleep in, I will be a goner," Kathleen said worriedly.

Even though she had been pampered for three years as Mrs. Macari, she rarely slept in. She never spoiled herself too much to avoid that if something really happened, everything couldn't return to the way they were.

Her solidity made him feel bad for her. She did everything with caution and care.

"There are only two of us in the house. You don't have to be so obedient. Lie down and get some more rest." Samuel patted her.

"Okay." She lay down immediately.

Samuel flashed a faint smile.

He took away her tablet and the stylus pen, then went for a shower.

Kathleen fell asleep once again.

When he found out she was asleep after his bath, he did not disturb her. He went downstairs after getting dressed.

Samuel ordered Sebastian, "Call me when she's awake."

"Yes, Mr. Macari. I will." Sebastian nodded.

Samuel left the house after making sure everything was managed well.

Sebastian mused. Kathleen is lucky to be doted by him. I thought Nicolette would be the one staying in this place. Who would have guessed it would be Kathleen instead?

There was a saying, "If one is in love with someone, they will not fall for others. But if that person falls in love with another, that means their feelings for the first person weren't as deep in the first place."

After all, Samuel was not fond of Nicolette, but he was more in love with Kathleen.

When Kathleen woke up, she headed downstairs for her meal.

Sebastian informed Samuel while she was eating.

A few moments later, Samuel sent someone to pick up Kathleen.

Sebastian informed Kathleen, "Mrs. Macari, Mr. Macari is sending someone to pick you up. The driver will arrive in just a few minutes."

Kathleen suddenly burped, like a cute little hamster, and paused for a second. "Why is he sending someone to pick me up?"

"To try out wedding dresses and to take wedding photos, Mrs. Macari," Sebastian answered.

I forgot about that! Kathleen was taken aback.

Seeing her reaction, Sebastian knew that she must have forgotten about it.

Kathleen finished her food in a hurry and went to wash up and get changed.

Just when she finished tidying herself, the car arrived. She got into the car and headed to the bridal studio.

Halfway through the journey, Samuel gave Kathleen a call.

"Something came up. I might be ten minutes late. You can choose the dress first. I will be reaching shortly after," Samuel said in a deep voice.

"Okay. I will wait for you." Kathleen gave a nod.

"All right." Samuel nodded.

Then, Kathleen hung up the phone.

Soon, she arrived at the bridal studio.

It was the most luxurious bridal studio in Jadeborough.

They only sold their wedding dresses instead of renting them. Moreover, it would cost a few million for a set of wedding photos.

It was definitely a place for high-end consumers. Ordinary people would not be able to afford that.

Kathleen walked into the bridal studio.

The staff gave a quick glance at her outfit. In an instant, her eyes brightened.

She then looked at Kathleen carefully and recognized her at once.

She is... Ms. Jo... What's her name again? Whatever. I just need to know she is Samuel Macari's wife!

"Hello, Mrs. Macari. It's a pleasure to meet you," the quick-witted staff greeted her immediately.

"Mr. Macari has made an appointment," Kathleen stated plainly.

"Yes, Mrs. Macari. Are we going to pick out a wedding dress now?" She smiled.

Kathleen nodded in agreement.

The staff then led her to choose her wedding gown.

Coincidentally, two ladies were choosing some wedding dresses. They were sisters.

"Sandra, don't you want to give it a second thought? Robert is nothing comparable to Mr. Macari." Yvette was frustrated.

Kathleen was taken aback. Is she talking about Samuel?

At that moment, a familiar voice was heard from behind the curtains. "Yvette, stop talking nonsense."

"Nonsense? The Sullivan family is nothing compared to the Macari family. You used to be high school and university classmates with Mr. Macari. You two were quite close at that time. You should grab the chance and interact more with him so that you will not have to marry an average man like Robert." Yvette was indignant.

"Samuel is already a married man. I should not be meddling in his matter anymore," the woman replied.



"I don't think Mr. Macari is truly in love with Kathleen. He still showed up at an event with Nicolette a few days ago. I don't believe that he will change his mind so soon. Perhaps he is forced by Old Mrs. Macari," Yvette said in a cold voice.

"Stop talking about that." A lady walked out from behind the curtain dressed in a wedding dress.

It's Sandra. She used to be Samuel's classmate.

It had been ten years since Kathleen lived with the Macari family. She was familiar with Samuel and the people around him.

Sandra went to the Macari residence once to attend Samuel's twentieth birthday. Kathleen had met her before. So, she knew for a fact that Sandra was fond of Samuel to the point of being obsessed.

Initially, Sandra thought of stopping Yvette from talking about the matter as some other workers were around.

It would be terrible if words spread. However, she didn't expect to bump into Kathleen at the studio.

She rubbed her eyes, thinking there was something wrong with her eyes.

Yvette realized that Sandra was staring at the person behind her. She turned around and was stunned for a second.

She is Kathleen, right? Last time, I couldn't see her clearly in the video. Now I've finally met her. She really is pretty. It's no wonder Samuel would fall in love with her.

"Hello, Kathleen." Sandra was feeling slightly awkward.

Did she hear what we were talking about just now?

"It's been a long time, Sandra," Kathleen responded coldly.

She is about the same age as Samuel. So, she is probably three or four years older than me. But I've never liked her anyway. I think she is well aware of the reason.

Yvette saw that her sister acted timidly in front of Kathleen. She frowned and asked, "Sandra, what's wrong?"

"Nothing." Sandra shook her head and said, "Let's leave."

“Why are we leaving? We’re still in the midst of trying out the wedding dresses.” She frowned and continued, “Why are you so afraid of her, Sandra? You’re the daughter-in-law of the Sullivan family. As for her, she might be dumped by Samuel the next day!”