

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

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

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

He picked up after two rings.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kathleen was at a loss for words.

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

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

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

“Sure.” Caleb nodded.

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

His name in the app was still Caleb Lewis.

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

Then, she sent the list over.

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

Kathleen answered: There isn’t much difference.

Caleb: You made this prescription yourself?

Kathleen: Yes

Caleb: Do you know Connor Johnson?

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

Caleb: Your granddad?

Kathleen: Yeah, my granddad.

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

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

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

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

Upon seeing that, Kathleen was startled.

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

Kathleen froze.

Wait! Does he want to...

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

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

Did he not see it? Or is he pretending not to have seen it? I regret agreeing so fast now.

I think I've shot myself in the foot.

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

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

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

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

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

He was an aloof and handsome man.

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

In other words, Caleb was slightly warmer than Samuel.

Samuel was icy from inside out.

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

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

Kathleen fell silent.

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

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

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

Suddenly, her phone vibrated.

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

Samuel: Are you sleeping?

Kathleen: Yeah.

Samuel: Good night.

Kathleen sighed.

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

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

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

Not only that, she seemed meek and quiet.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Caleb only gazed impassively at her hand motions.

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

“Come in.”

Kathleen paused for a second before entering.

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

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

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

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

Dumbstruck, Kathleen shouted, “You!”

Caleb slant her a look. “She’s crazy.”

Kathleen furrowed her brows.

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

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

Caleb was speechless.

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

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

"You don't need to know that."

Kathleen frowned again.

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

Kathleen pondered for a while.

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

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

The woman reflexively huddled further into the corner.

"What's her name?" Kathleen asked.

"Vivian."

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

The latter had no reaction.

Kathleen stretched out her hand, placed it gently on Vivian's head, and stroked her hair.

"Don't be afraid. I'm here to help you."

Caleb creased his forehead.

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