

Chapter 172

“Kate,” Christopher rumbled her name.

“What is it?” Kathleen asked in mild confusion.

That tone of his was far too gentle.

“I’m jealous,” he admitted in a hoarse voice. “I know there isn’t actually anything going on between you two, but I still got angry when I saw the news.”

His words left her stunned.

“You’re a smart lady. I’m sure you know my feelings for you,” he continued with a gulp.

“If you don’t fancy Caleb, please give him a proper rejection, all right?”

Kathleen’s head was throbbing uncontrollably.

“There’s seriously nothing between us, Chris. I swear,” she insisted in helplessness.

“Mm, I believe you.” His voice was low as a mumble. “If there’s anything you need, come look for me, not him.”

“He sells medicinal herbs, though. I can only look for him.”

“I’ll be the middleman for you two, then,” Christopher suggested meaningfully. “You don’t have to interact with him.”

Subtle discomfort was starting to tug at the woman’s heart. “I have my own social life too. I don’t want anyone to interfere with whom I talk to and what I do with them.”

That made the man pause.

“I don’t like the feeling of being controlled. I mean, do I really have to get your permission for everything I do?” she added flatly. “I hope you understand what I mean.” Even though Samuel had refused to publicize her identity back when they were together, he had never tried to control her in any way.

It was true that Kathleen had a docile and obedient personality.

Nonetheless, that didn’t mean she would simply let someone else dictate her life.

Christopher was aware that he had crossed the line.

“I’m sorry. That was insensitive of me,” he murmured, knowing he had gotten ahead of himself.

He had been in too much of a hurry to get rid of all the uncertainties.

In the process of doing so, he had pushed Kathleen past her limits.

“I’m hanging up.” With that, she ended the call, leaving Christopher dumbstruck.

Charles eyed his sister and piped up, “Christopher must be heartbroken.”

“I don’t like it when people try to interfere with my life,” she declared impassively.

“He’s just a little too possessive.” Charles tried to defend Christopher.

That made her get to her feet. "Why should I have to sacrifice my social life for his possessiveness?"

Her reply left him dazed.

"He's using the fact that he likes me as an excuse to do things that I disapprove of. Don't you think that's disrespectful of him?" she continued to point out while gazing down at her brother. "Do you guys think I'm some kind of toy?"

After saying that, she turned to leave.

Meanwhile, Charles was still stupefied.

It's over. Christopher really pissed her off this time.

"Kath—" He wanted to stop her.

Unfortunately, Kathleen was already gone.

Charles began to scratch his head, sensing an incoming storm.

Kathleen filmed an entire night and finally knocked off work at two in the morning.

She returned to the lounge to get changed, then walked out of the film set.

Charles approached her and asked, "Darling, do you want to get some fondue?"

However, she merely ignored him, got into the Alphard, and shut the door.

Unable to get into the vehicle, Charles was on the verge of tears. "I'm sorry, Kathleen!"

Instead of responding, Kathleen looked right at the driver and ordered coldly, "Start the car. We're going home."

The driver didn't dare to disobey, so he immediately started the engine.

As much as Charles wanted to cry, no tears would come out.

It seemed that his sister was seriously enraged right then.

She closed her eyes to rest in the car until they got to the Johnson residence.

When the driver told her they had arrived, she finally opened her eyes and got out of the vehicle.

Samuel's voice sounded right as she was about to head into the residence.

"Kate," he called out in his husky voice.

Upon hearing that, Kathleen turned around and saw the man in a black suit slowly making his way toward her.

"I'm back." He stood in front of her, startled by the look on her face. "Who on Earth made you so angry?"

Her expression was one of intense displeasure.

At that moment, the headlights of a car flashed on them.

Kathleen turned around to take a glance, then turned back to him and questioned, "Have you eaten yet?"

Samuel shook his head in response.

“Neither have I. I have some ingredients at home. Would you fancy some fondue?” she suggested with a brow arched.

“Sure,” he agreed while nodding.

“Come on in, then.”

He obediently followed her in.

Either way, he would do whatever she asked him to.

Once Charles got out of the car and saw Kathleen bringing Samuel into the house, his heart skipped a beat. He instantly chased after the duo.

Kathleen took her coat off. “Have a seat. I’ll go get things ready in the kitchen.”

Samuel took the coat from her and hung it up on the rack. “I’ll help you out. It’ll be faster if we both do it together.”

With a nod, she accepted his offer.

Thus, he took off his own coat and hung it up as well before following her into the kitchen.

Kathleen opened up the fridge, which was packed to the brim with anything one could ever need.

She chose a few of the ingredients inside.

Both of them preferred food with a milder taste, so she decided not to make the fondue overly sweet.

Samuel helped her with rinsing the ingredients while she prepared the other things.

Neither of them spoke to each other.

Meanwhile, Charles soundlessly observed them from the doorway.

Nobody paid any mind to him, and he felt as if he had been abandoned.

The fact that Kathleen had let Samuel inside was actually a form of rebellion and provocation toward Charles.

He knew that he had shot himself in the foot that day.

“I’ll help out too,” he suggested softly.

“You don’t have to rinse that many of the ingredients, Samuel. It’s just the two of us eating, after all,” Kathleen reminded.

Charles was dumbfounded to hear that.

Samuel hesitated for a moment. He looked at Charles briefly, then shifted his gaze away.

“Mm.”

They left Charles frozen in place.

In the meantime, the duo finished up the preparations.

Kathleen and Samuel sat at the dining table and began eating the fondue while Charles sat silently at the side.

He picked up a water bottle and twisted it open.

I highly doubt Samuel can resist the urge to ask why Kathleen went to the Lewis residence! Kathleen's simply too naive. Samuel's possessiveness is even more terrifying! "Is the opening ceremony going to be held the day after tomorrow?" Kathleen began. "Mm. I've already told Tyson to get everything ready. It'll start at ten in the morning the day after tomorrow and end at one in the afternoon." Samuel's gaze was murky. "It won't interfere with your filming schedule."

"I have to drive there, though. That will cause a significant delay," she replied while chewing on some food. "I've already applied for leave, so all I have to do is get back to the set in the afternoon."

"It's not good to keep taking leaves," Charles commented in a hushed voice.

"It's fine. If anything, I'll have a talk with the film crew," Samuel stated icily. "There's nothing money can't solve."

Charles let out a snort. Is he even hearing himself?

"That's true. There's nothing money can't solve," Kathleen agreed meaningfully. "You can even kill someone with enough money. All you have to do is hire a hitman to get rid of the person you hate most."

How terrifying!

Charles, who was sitting next to her, began to tremble.

"Indeed. The scandal between you and Caleb began trending because the Yoeger family kept adding fuel to the fire," Samuel muttered.

That was within Kathleen's expectations. "They truly do keep an eye on me at all times."

"I heard that Old Mrs. Yoeger is ill," remarked Samuel.

Ill?

"Doesn't that mean the matters I've entrusted to Old Mrs. Macari have gone down the drain?"

"Well, it's only hearsay." There was a hidden implication in Samuel's tone as he went on, "It seems to be quite a complicated illness, though."

She frowned. "What's that supposed to mean?"

What exactly has happened to her?

"She's got Alzheimer's," he revealed. "I'm sure you know what that is."