

Chapter 173

Kathleen was taken aback to hear that. "Alzheimer's?"

"That's right," Samuel affirmed, fixing his frosty gaze on her. "You guys need to set your plan in motion right now. Otherwise, if Old Mrs. Yoeger really loses her memory, then things might take a bad turn for you two."

She nodded. "Mm, I got it."

Even so, he continued staring intently at her.

"What? Is there something on my face?" She put down her fork and started patting her own cheeks.

He merely shook his head lightly.

"Ha!" Charles scoffed. "He obviously wants to ask what you did at the Lewis residence last night!"

Upon hearing that, Kathleen turned to Samuel.

"Didn't Caleb already explain it?" Samuel uttered indifferently. "He said Kate went there to get some medicine."

"You're unbelievable, Samuel Macari. That look in your eyes just now made it so obvious that you were contemplating whether to ask my sister about her relationship with Caleb!" Charles grumbled.

"I trust her when it comes to that," Samuel countered with composure.

Despite that, Charles refused to believe it.

Samuel sure is an expert at pretending to be the good guy.

"When I went to the airport that day, Kate promised to help treat my illness. It was too severe, though, so she wanted to get me a prescription personally. That's why she went looking for Caleb," Samuel methodically elucidated. "Caleb owns the biggest medicinal herb business in the country, so there are herbs he can get that other people can't. Kate chose him in particular for that very reason."

Charles was at a loss for words.

Kathleen peered at her brother and taunted, "Hmph. Hear that? Intelligence is a gift. I sure hope you guys have been blessed with it."

Charles didn't want to respond to that.

A while later, he spoke up once more. "Even if that's the case, aren't you angry or jealous at all?"

"Does it matter if I am? I still don't have the right to stop her," Samuel stated truthfully. That only rendered Charles even more speechless. "Keep pretending."

Samuel eyed Kathleen with a profound stare. "I can process those negative emotions on my own without being vocal about them. I wouldn't do anything that you'd hate, though."

It wasn't that he didn't have the desire to possess her. He just wouldn't show it.

This b*stard Samuel is too good at acting!

Once they finished eating, Kathleen stood up and started tidying up.

"Just leave it. We can clean up tomorrow. You should go to bed for now," Charles urged.

Kathleen's cold reply was, "It's none of your business!"

The grievance on Charles' face was unmistakable. "I'm sorry, Kate. I was wrong."

"Why would you be the one at fault? You're my older brother, aren't you?" she sneered.

"No, no. You have more power than me, actually," he said with sincerity.

Kathleen didn't intend to pay her brother any more attention. Instead, she turned to Samuel. "I'm going to be filming all day tomorrow. You remember how you promised to tell me why your body turned out like this when you left, don't you?"

"Yeah." The man nodded.

"We'll go to the morning opening ceremony together in two days. I hope you'll tell me the truth." She gazed right into his obsidian eyes.

"Mm."

"Good night," she murmured.

He got up and responded, "Good night."

Then, he put on his coat and left the Johnson residence.

Charles was utterly flustered.

Is Samuel going to tell Kathleen the truth? Is this no longer going to be kept a secret?

Oh no. Everything might be about to come to an end. I have to hurry and inform Christopher!

Following Samuel's departure, Kathleen eyed her brother icily. "I've told you this before, Charles. No matter how horrible Samuel may be, he's never even thought of trying to control me. Get it?"

Her words made him purse his lips.

"Ever since you and Christopher decided to suddenly declare that we were engaged, I've just been tolerating the two of you. I never thought that you both would have such unusual thoughts about what happened with Caleb," she continued to mock. "Do I not have the right to make my own decisions? Am I supposed to sacrifice my social freedom just because Christopher likes me? Who is he to me, anyway? What right does he have to try and control me? What about you? Why are you speaking up on his behalf?"

Charles didn't dare to utter a word.

"Think about it," she remarked in an apathetic manner. "I'm going to get some rest."
He quietly observed as his sister ascended the stairs, then let out a sigh.

Nonetheless, he called Christopher right away.

"It's me, Christopher," he croaked. "I think Kate is about to find out about that matter."

"Did Samuel tell her?" Christopher asked after a pause.

"It looks like he's about to," Charles muttered. "Kate's definitely going to hate us if she finds out."

Christopher's lips twitched. "There's nothing we can do about that."

"Are you planning to give up?"

"Do I have another choice?" Christopher said self-deprecatingly. "It wasn't like we could hide this in the first place. Were you really hoping that Samuel would help us keep it under wraps?"

"All right. Since that's what you think, I'm not going to worry about it anymore." Charles massaged his temples. "Ultimately, she's still my sister, so she won't really ignore me no matter how angry she is. You, on the other hand..."

Christopher fell silent.

Sometime later, he finally replied, "I thought she would start to like me back."

"If not for your grandfather and Astrid kicking up such a fuss, then maybe that would have been the case," Charles concurred. "All of this only happened because of them."

The look on Christopher's face darkened.

What Charles had said was right.

If not for what Felix had done, Kathleen wouldn't have cut Christopher off so cleanly.

She was just too clear-headed, which was why he had always been cautious.

Unfortunately, that caused him to end up missing a lot of opportunities.

If not for Felix and Astrid, he would have won over Kathleen by at least a half, if not all of her.

Meanwhile, Kathleen returned to her room and saw Samuel standing on the balcony across from hers.

She went outside with a shawl wrapped around her.

The man watched her intently. "Did you have a fight with your brother?"

"Mm." She puffed up her cheeks. "He keeps trying to defend Chris."

He put both hands down on the cold railing and tightened his grip on it. "Did Christopher try to stop you from interacting with Caleb?"

Kathleen sucked in a deep breath. "Even worse. He told me that if I wanted to buy any medicine from Caleb, I could go through him instead."

Her explanation baffled Samuel.

"Does he think I'm mute or socially inept?" she raged. "I hate being controlled like that. At first, he and my brother kept trying to keep secrets from me. When they made a public statement saying he was my fiancé, I was already about to explode."

"Are you not mad at the fact that I've been publicly saying I still have feelings for you, then?" Samuel inquired in a deep voice.

"It's not the same." She shot him a stern look. "Whether you have feelings for me or not is your own problem. It's not like you're saying I accepted your confession or anything. Since it's your business, I can't stop you from thinking that way. It's different when it comes to them, though. They locked me into a predetermined identity and kept making choices for me. I hate it!"

He could tell that the woman was genuinely infuriated. On top of that, it wasn't the kind of fury that could be quelled by brushing it off with a joke.

"Honestly, even though I know why you went to the Lewis residence, it still bothers me a lot," he admitted as he gazed at her. "I was worried you'd be attracted to Caleb too."

She stared back at him without speaking.

"The thing is, I knew I had no right to interfere," he went on earnestly. "Not that I would ever try to interfere in your life, of course."