

Chapter 174

Kathleen kept her mouth shut.

“As I said, Samuel, how you feel for me is your business. As long as you keep it to yourself, that’s fine. There’s no need to say it out loud. It’d be a disaster if what you said ended up making the other person uncomfortable.”

Samuel’s gaze fixated on her.

“However, Christopher actually said it. That’s what pissed me off,” she emphasized. “All I want is for him to respect my wishes instead of trying to make choices for me. Samuel, when I got married to you, Old Mrs. Macari also questioned me over and over again. She only allowed the marriage to happen because she saw I didn’t want it any other way.” He didn’t respond to that.

“I messed up too, though,” she confessed bitterly. “You didn’t want to marry me, yet I insisted on it. Hence, I don’t have the right to criticize anyone else.”

“Do you really think just anyone could force me into anything?” There was a heartfelt look in his gaze. “I was the one who refused to face my true feelings. I liked you, which was why I agreed to marry you. It’s not like I felt aggrieved or anything. You don’t have to blame yourself.”

All she did was look at him. “You don’t have to comfort me.”

“I’m not trying to comfort you, Kate,” he protested with dimmed eyes. “You know I have feelings for you. If I had wanted to take advantage of your guilt, I could have acknowledged the fact that you and Grandma had backed me into a corner. If I had done that, you would have treated me better out of remorse. But I told you before that I would never lie to you. Every word that I’m saying right now is the truth.”

A sense of warmth suddenly wormed its way into Kathleen’s heart.

“It’s getting really late. You should sleep early too. Good night.” She immediately got up and turned away.

Samuel merely watched her back view without a sound.

He knew he had already conveyed to her the feelings in his heart.

There was no way for him to know what she thought about it, though.

He could only hope he would be more sincere in pursuing Kathleen this time instead of trying to trick her.

Two days later, Kathleen stood in front of the house waiting for Samuel.

He didn’t make her wait long. In less than a minute, he had already driven the car out and pulled over in front of her.

She gave him a quick greeting before getting into the vehicle.

In the meantime, Charles stood at the door and observed silently as they left.

At that point, Kathleen had been ignoring him for two consecutive days.

He was so upset that he genuinely could cry.

She turned to glance at her brother and flashed a resigned smile.

Looks like it's about time.

Samuel glimpsed at her. "You guys still haven't made up?"

"It's not that simple. We're getting there, though," she answered lazily. "As siblings, it wouldn't be beneficial to give him the silent treatment for too long. I just need to teach him a lesson. It's not like I could truly cut ties with him."

He didn't probe further, so Kathleen side-eyed him.

There was an impenetrable look on his face. "What is it?"

"Are you going to tell me now?" she asked curiously. "Or are you planning to stay quiet for the whole ride?"

The man smirked. "Do you want to hear about it now?"

She nodded.

"Is it okay if I want to do something else first, then?" he queried tentatively.

"Sure." Kathleen didn't feel like he would do anything over the top.

After all, Tyson was still driving in the front seat.

Samuel's gaze deepened when he heard that.

His long, slender hand reached out to unbutton his suit. Then, he loosened the buttons on his black vest.

What is he doing?

He proceeded to remove his tie and continue to unbutton his white shirt one by one, revealing the scars that reached all the way from his chest to abdomen.

It was an incredibly deep scar that twisted and turned like centipedes.

In any case, Kathleen was a child from a prestigious medical family.

Yet, the sight of Samuel's scars astounded her to the point of speechlessness.

"When you left that year..." He paused briefly before continuing, "I got into a fight. That person used a very sharp knife and cut my chest open all the way to my abdomen. Other than my heart, all of my internal organs were damaged. I barely managed to survive. That's why my body turned out this way."

A fight?

"Mr. Macari!" Tyson was panicked.

He had assumed Samuel was finally willing to come clean to Kathleen.

Unexpectedly, there were still some things the man was keeping in the dark.

“Keep driving,” Samuel ordered chillingly.

That scared Tyson into silence. He continued driving the car seriously.

Kathleen furrowed her brows.

Samuel cast her a gentle gaze. “Now, you know why my body is—”

Before he could even finish, however, he was interrupted by Kathleen’s finger lightly grazing his scar.

It seemed that her eyes had become red-rimmed.

He nearly died.

It would be a lie to say she wasn’t upset.

Samuel smiled subtly as he coaxed, “Don’t worry. I’m still alive.”

All of a sudden, she grabbed the collar of his shirt. “Hmph!”

He froze.

“Are you trying to trick me?” she accused furiously.

Samuel stiffened in a fluster. “Why would I do that?”

“Would you really get hurt this badly from a fight?” she fumed. “There are so many people around you at all times. Do you think I don’t know that?”

He didn’t try to talk back.

“Moreover,” she thundered, “I started learning about medicine from my granddad at a young age and learned how to identify wounds. I’m well-informed about the difference between a self-inflicted wound and a stab wound, even more than you are!”

The atmosphere in the car began to freeze over.

Kathleen placed one hand on his chest and looked right at him with a clear gaze. “Why did you hurt yourself?”

In turn, Samuel put his hand on her waist. A trace of disbelief surfaced on his exquisitely handsome face. “Because I missed you.”

His words made her go stiff.

Using his other hand, he wiped her tears away. “Nobody would tell me where you went. I searched for you everywhere, nearly going insane from the search. Kate, It was then that I realized one could miss someone so much that every part of their body was in pain. I knew I loved you, but only then did I understand that I loved you to my bones. I was in so much pain, and I had no choice. I knew I had hurt you, and you would never return for the rest of my life. That’s why I stabbed myself with a knife and forcefully—”

“Stop!” She covered his mouth to stop him from elaborating any further. Tears were streaming down her face uncontrollably, and her hands were trembling.

In fact, her entire body was quivering.

Her eyes completely filled up with tears to the point that her vision was starting to blur. She couldn't see Samuel's gorgeous face clearly anymore. Everything looked hazy to her. Samuel got Tyson to stop the car.

The latter pulled over on the side of the road, then got out of the vehicle.

"Don't cry anymore, Kate," Samuel said in a husky voice.

"They... They..." Sobs were choking her up. "They told me that all you did was stab yourself, but... They never told me that you nearly cut your own stomach open. Not a single soul let me know."

If she had found out that Samuel nearly died back then, she definitely would have lived in regret for the rest of her life.

"Who told you that all I did was stab myself?" Samuel put his large hand on the back of her head and rested his forehead against hers.

"My brother and Chris," she choked out between sniffles. "If I had known how badly you were injured, I would have come back to see you for sure."

He then pulled her right into his arms and gave her a tight, forceful hug. If he could, he wanted to absorb her straight into his own body.

"Hearing you say that is enough for me," he whispered gruffly.