

## Chapter 184 His Ex Wife

The Yoeger residence was quieter than Kathleen had expected.

It seemed that no one from the Yoeger family had predicted that someone would intrude into their residence.

Even so, it was a good thing for her, for she could relax a little.

Kathleen managed to enter the residence easily.

She had ordered someone to map out the Yoeger residence's building plan and mark which room Frances was sleeping in.

Because Frances had trouble walking, she was staying in the room on the first floor for convenience.

Kathleen found Frances' room and gently opened the door.

There was only one nightlight turned on, and the room was still kind of dark.

After making sure that there was no one else around, Kathleen quietly walked into the room and closed the door.

In small, quiet footsteps, she sneaked over to Frances' bed.

Kathleen took out a candle that was meant to lull a person to sleep. She was about to light it when she heard Frances speak. "Who are you?"

Kathleen paused in shock.

She put down the candle and looked at Frances. "I..."

"Do what you want," Frances said as she closed her eyes.

Kathleen was at a loss for words.

"Old. Mrs. Yoeger, I'm Kathleen." She bent down.

Frances opened her eyes once more to take a good look at Kathleen. "Oh, you're that woman from the Macari family?"

"I'm Samuel's ex-wife," Kathleen answered. "But not anymore."

Frances looked her dead in the eye. "A man who likes Nicolette is not a good person. I recommend you to give up as soon as possible."

Kathleen was stunned momentarily. "Is it true that you are becoming senile, Old Mrs. Yoeger?"

"Who said that? They're the ones becoming senile!" Frances said harshly. "Wait, who are you?"

Once again, Kathleen was rendered speechless.

Forget it. There must be something wrong with Old Mrs. Yoeger if she's acting this way.

Kathleen lit the candle.

After Frances dozed off, Kathleen took out a silver needle and inserted it into Frances's right hand.

She then took it out after a short while.

The end of the silver needle had turned black.

It seems that Old Mrs. Yoeger is really poisoned. It's not because of Alzheimer's disease.

Kathleen took out more silver needles and started treating Frances.

After thirty minutes, she took out all of the needles and found that all of them had turned black.

Kathleen furrowed her eyebrows.

Judging from the needles, Kathleen thought that Frances had been poisoned for more than a few days.

Moreover, it was a chronic poison.

Whoever that did this was very smart.

If that person had used a type of poison that would take effect quickly, it would be easy for others to diagnose that Frances had been poisoned.

However, since they had used a slow, chronic poison, it would be harder to detect.

It was fortunate that Kathleen thought that something was wrong and came to the Yoeger residence.

Or else...

Besides, Kathleen knew that Vanessa would stop them from coming to visit Frances.

If she hadn't come that night, she probably would have never gotten the chance to see Frances anymore.

Kathleen looked down at Frances' pale face while her eyes teared up.

Frances probably never expected that her own biological daughter would poison her.

After a while, Kathleen was about to leave when she heard a sound from outside the door.

She quickly opened the window and jumped out of it before closing it gently.

Kathleen was not rushing to leave.

She then saw Vanessa bringing in a bowl of herbal medicine.

Vanessa walked over to Frances and nudged her mother, but Frances did not respond.

In the end, Vanessa forced Frances' mouth open and poured the medicine into her mouth.

What a cruel woman!

Kathleen took out her phone to record everything for evidence.

Suddenly, Vanessa felt like there was someone watching her, so she whipped her head around.

Kathleen immediately ducked.

“Did I sense something wrongly?” Vanessa furrowed her eyebrows. She looked back at Frances coldly. “Don’t blame me, Mom. I am your eldest daughter, but you decided to give everything to that useless idiot, Zachary. You would rather give it to your missing, youngest daughter instead of me. You leave me no choice but to do this.”

Frances was still deep in slumber.

“If you had been fair in your decisions, I would not have done this,” Vanessa continued menacingly. “That b\*tch, Nicolette, even wants a share of it. How dare she! That little b\*tch has no right to be a part of the Yoeger family!”

Still, there was no reaction from Frances.

Vanessa forced all of the medicine down Frances’ throat and did not even bother to wipe her mouth.

“Soon enough, everything will be mine. Mine!” Vanessa cackled evilly.

Kathleen furrowed her eyebrows.

Vanessa must have gone crazy.

Kathleen never expected that Vanessa could act so atrociously in the Yoeger residence. There was no one around that could stop her.

What is Zachary even doing? Even if he isn’t well, he must be out of his mind to allow Vanessa to do whatever she wishes.

Vanessa soon left the room, and Kathleen knew that she had to leave as well.

She left the Yoeger residence using the same route she came in.

After arriving at the main road, she called for a taxi and headed back to the hospital.

“Where have you been?”

Kathleen had just entered the ward when she saw Charles standing by the bed with his arms crossed. He was staring at her coldly.

“I...” Kathleen was taken aback.

He noticed her outfit and asked in a low voice, “Did you go to the Yoeger residence?”

She nodded. “I just wanted to examine Old Mrs. Yoeger’s condition.”

“Don’t you know how dangerous it is?” her brother questioned solemnly.

“How would we know the truth if we don’t do anything?” Kathleen retorted grimly. “Old Mrs. Yoeger has been diagnosed with Alzheimer’s. She can’t remember anything anymore. Vanessa is now the head of the Yoeger family. If we want to find out about

Mom's past, we can't trust Vanessa. Therefore, Old Mrs. Yoeger must be awake and clear-headed. Otherwise, there won't be anyone who would acknowledge our identity." Charles's expression darkened. "I should be the one investigating it. You're only supposed to take care of yourself."

"That's my parents, too, Charles. I can't just stand by and watch. Moreover, Old Mrs. Yoeger is our granny. There's no way I can sit idly and do nothing about it," Kathleen replied.

He pursed his lips in silence.

"Don't worry, Charles. No one saw me. I was very careful," she added.

"It doesn't matter if you're careful. That place is the lion's den," he said as he rubbed his temples. "What did you find out?"

"Old Mrs. Yoeger is poisoned. She doesn't have Alzheimer's. The one who poisoned her is Vanessa."

"Do you have any proof?" he asked gravely.

"The evidence that I have is still not enough. I'm planning on going there again tomorrow night and installing an audio bug in Old Mrs. Yoeger's room," Kathleen replied.

An audio bug? Charles frowned. "I'll go instead."

"No," she instantly rejected. "I've been there once. I'm more familiar with the place than you are. You can follow me and wait for me outside."

"We'll go in together." He stared at her.

"It'll be easier for us to be spotted if there are two of us. Please trust me this one time, Charles. I'll be fine." Kathleen held her ground.

He remained silent.

"I also have to treat Old Mrs. Yoeger. I need to go back," Kathleen explained. "She is severely poisoned. If I don't help her, her life might be in danger."