

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 201

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Chapter 201

Chapter 201 You Will Be Fine

Samuel hummed in response. His handsome face was very pale.

“It seems that someone mixed poison into your infusion.” Kathleen furrowed her brows and continued, “I think you should ask Tyson to take a look. Don’t just—”

Samuel suddenly felt dizzy and collapsed in Kathleen’s direction.

Kathleen held him, only to realize that his body was feverish to the touch.

“Wakeup!” Kathleen said urgently, “Samuel!”

Samuel put up a strong front and replied, “Tyson is out running errands for me. I came alone.”

Kathleen pursed her lips.

“Just leave me here. As long as no one sees me being so weak, it’ll be fine,” said Samuel in a hoarse voice.

“Leave you here?” Kathleen sounded incredulous. “Then what they will find tomorrow is your corpse, bleeding out from seven different orifices.”

Samuel said nothing in response.

In his mind, he noted that Kathleen’s body was quite soft. Leaning against her was comforting.

If I just close my eyes, it’ll be fine. At least I’d die in her embrace.

Kathleen really couldn’t support Samuel, who was about a hundred and eighty-eight centimeters tall.

She dragged Samuel out and lowered him onto a couch.

However, she soon noticed that she did not have a phone on her.

Kathleen walked over to Samuel and felt about his pockets. Fortunately, he still had his.

“Don’t call my father. He’d panic and turn the world upside down,” Samuel slurred as he drifted in and out of consciousness.

Kathleen knew what he was worried about.

After all, which parents do not worry about their children?

Letting Calvin know would plunge the Macari family into chaos, and the news would only spread even faster.

Kathleen nodded in agreement.

As she mulled over whom to contact, she realized that she only memorized one person’s phone number and promptly dialed it.

“Samuel, what is the meaning of this?” Charles said in a low voice. “Why are you calling me?”

“Sam, it’s me.” Kathleen was unable to explain the situation.

Charles frowned. “Kate!”

What’s going on? Didn’t she attend the banquet with Caleb? Why would she use Samuel’s phone to call me?

“Can you come pick me up?” asked Kathleen.

“What’s wrong?” Charles suddenly went on high alert. “Did something happen?”

“You’ll know when you get here, but you cannot raise an alarm,” Kathleen urged.

“Okay.” Charles agreed.

Ten minutes later, Charles arrived.

Kathleen immediately dragged him inside.

Charles was speechless when he saw Samuel lying there.

“Let me guess. This meeting was somehow fated?” asked Charles with an arched brow.

“Stop asking me questions. I need you to help me find a way to get Samuel out. He was poisoned and must be treated as soon as possible,” Kathleen said.

"All right. Just move him out, then," said Charles faintly.

"If I could do that on my own, why would I need to call you?" Kathleen hissed.

"True." Charles pursed his lips and thought for a bit before speaking again. "I'll pretend that we've both had too much to drink and take him outside."

Kathleen's mouth twitched slightly. "For the love of god, have some sense. Anyone can share a drink, but the two of you? What if someone sees you? And if you've had too much to drink together, what would people think?"

"They will think that I have accepted Samuel, so you and Samuel are definitely going to remarry," Charles said quietly.

"Exactly." Kathleen pursed her lips. "Think harder."

"I'll use the back entrance then," Charles said coldly. "I'm familiar with this place, so no one will see me."

"Okay," murmured Kathleen.

Charles helped Samuel up and asked, "Are we taking him to the hospital?"

Kathleen looked at Samuel's pale face. "No, take him to our house."

Charles said nothing.

"Just get him outside. I'll notify Caleb before leaving." Having said that, Kathleen turned around and left.

Charles gave Samuel a sideways glance. "Do you know how much you owe my sister? You have hurt her so many times, but she still spares no effort to help you. Samuel Macari, you should really count your blessings."

Unfortunately, Samuel did not answer. He seemed to have truly fainted.

Kathleen returned to the scene and noticed that Caleb was looking for her.

"Where did you run off to?" Caleb then gave her the once over. "Are you okay?"

Kathleen nodded her head. "Of course I'm okay. By the way, I really should get going."

Caleb frowned. "What's the rush? I still want to dance with you."

"Another time," said Kathleen.

“I’ll drop you off,” said Caleb in resignation. He was not going to force her to stay.

“No need.” Kathleen shook her head gently. “My brother is here to pick me up and he is waiting for me outside. I’ll just leave with him. You should stay and enjoy yourself. Goodbye.”

After saying that, Kathleen turned around and left.

She took her coat, put it on, and headed for the door.

Caleb looked at her retreating back quietly, his eyes somber.

She seems to be in a hurry. But since she doesn’t want me to know, I won’t ask. Hmm, I’m still curious though.

Kathleen walked out of the party.

Charles brought the car around with Kathleen sitting at the back.

The first thing she did when she got into the car was to check Samuel’s condition.

At the same time, she took out her mobile phone to call Maria, asking her to prepare for their arrival.

“Yes, I need you to fill a tub with hot water and put those herbs in,” urged Kathleen. “Turn the heating on and make sure the room is warm too.”

“Okay,” said Maria.

Kathleen hung up the phone and looked at Charles. “Charles, hurry.”

“We’re almost there.” Charles snorted.

Kathleen frowned, and she looked at Samuel worriedly.

They soon arrived at the Johnson residence.

Charles helped Kathleen get Samuel out and brought him into the villa.

The two of them then tried to help Samuel up the stairs.

“Go to the bathroom,” said Kathleen.

Charles then promptly brought Samuel there as instructed.

In the bathroom, Kathleen took off Samuel’s jacket and suit first.

"I'll handle this," said Charles to Kathleen. "You should prepare the other stuff."

Kathleen nodded, turned around, and left.

Charles closed the door, took off Samuel's clothes, and put him in the bathtub.

Soon, Kathleen returned with silver needles.

Her coat had been removed, and her long black hair was tied into a ponytail.

Holding the silver needles, she stuck them into several important acupoints.

She then picked up his right hand, pricked the index finger, and squeezed hard.

A black blood trail flowed down his fingertips to the ground.

Charles was surprised. "He was poisoned?"

Kathleen nodded. "Somebody put poison in his infusion."

"How sinister." Charles was shocked.

"I don't know who it is." Kathleen frowned. She raised her hand and brushed away Samuel's ruffled hair.

Charles looked at Kathleen pointedly. "Do you still love him?"

Kathleen's fingertips trembled, but she didn't answer.

Charles sighed. "Why is it so difficult for you to let him go? Hasn't he hurt you enough? Sure, he seems repentant now, but what if he encounters another woman in the future and he still treats you like this? What then?"

"I never said I wanted to be with him again," said Kathleen helplessly. "Go and mind the tinctures I'm brewing in the kitchen, please."

Charles was speechless.

"Go on," said Kathleen urgently.

"Fine." Charles got up and left.

Kathleen breathed a sigh of relief.

She looked at Samuel's pale yet handsome face and said in a hoarse voice, "Samuel, you're going to be okay."

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Chapter 202 Not Getting Physical

After a while, Charles came in with the tincture and handed it to Kathleen. "Is it okay to not send him to the hospital?"

Kathleen took it from him. "Are you doubting my medical skills?"

Charles was embarrassed.

"You could bring him to a hospital, but they may not be able to treat him on time. They can't think of possible diagnoses soon enough," said Kathleen faintly.

Charles said nothing.

"Charles, help me," said Kathleen brusquely. "Straighten his head, or I can't feed him his medicine."

Charles sighed, and he reluctantly helped Samuel up.

Kathleen placed the liquid near Samuel's lips, coaxing him to drink.

However, Samuel did not respond.

"Just force it in," said Charles heatedly.

Kathleen glared at him, then took a mouthful of medicine and kissed Samuel.

She did not falter or hesitate.

Charles was rendered speechless at this.

Did she just... offer herself up as a sacrifice or something?

After about three or four mouthfuls, Kathleen finished feeding Samuel the medicine.

She then took a towel and dabbed the corners of his mouth gently.

Kathleen glared at Charles. "Don't you dare!"

Charles shrugged and grunted in response.

He was not about to say anything anyway.

Kathleen glanced at Samuel.

His face was not as pale as it had been at first.

She then decided to take his pulse again.

"How is he?" Charles was curious.

"The toxins have reduced, but it will take time to come to," Kathleen said calmly. "He might need about a week."

"That long?" Charles was surprised.

"Yeah." Kathleen nodded.

At that moment, Samuel's cell phone rang.

Kathleen picked it up and saw Tyson's name flashing on the screen.

"Charles, keep an eye on him for me."

Bringing the phone with her, she decided to take the call outside.

"Mr. Macari?" came Tyson's hushed tone. "Where are you?"

"Tyson, it's me," murmured Kathleen.

Tyson was stunned. "Ms. Johnson? How did you—"

"Tyson, Samuel has been poisoned," Kathleen said coldly. "Check and see if any of the hospital staff seems suspicious to you. I think someone tampered with his fluids."

Tyson was furious. "Ms. Johnson, you mean to say that someone has deliberately harmed him?"

"Yes." Kathleen nodded.

"These b*st*rds!" Tyson said angrily. "It must be those people!"

"Those people?" Kathleen frowned lightly. "What are you talking about?"

“Jacob Stewart. Jacob and his god-forsaken family.” Tyson explained, “This b*st*rd has always been jealous of Mr. Macari. He used to do things behind his back. This time, Mr. Macari won the bid for the construction of Flobury. I imagine he must’ve been pretty pissed and done this in retaliation.”

Jacob Stewart?

“Tyson, Samuel told me before he passed out that no one should know that he was poisoned,” Kathleen said quietly. “He’ll be staying with me for a week.”

Tyson was very excited.

A week? This is terrific news! But wait a moment...

“Ms. Johnson, Mr. Macari must attend the press conference for Flobury in three days,” said Tyson sheepishly. “There will be many important people at that time. This schedule has already been announced and cannot be changed.”

“What will be the consequences if he doesn’t show up?” queried Kathleen warily.

“Poor public opinion, for one. And it will leave a poor impression, especially since so many important people are attending.” Tyson continued, “Actually, the most important thing is the development of Macari Group. Mr. Macari and the other executives will have every move planned carefully. Jacob Stewart also has his eye on the prize and seeks to compete with Mr. Macari. However, given that he could not do this head-on, he resorted to such lowly tricks!”

Kathleen frowned in response. “Tyson, Samuel likely won’t be conscious for another three days. Knowing his physical condition, recovery would take at least a week.”

Sighing, Tyson asked, “What can I do?”

Kathleen paused before she responded. “No matter what, you can’t reveal that Samuel stayed here with me.”

“Ms. Johnson, don’t worry. My lips are sealed,” said Tyson reassuringly. “I know what would happen if this leaked.”

“Very well.” Kathleen nodded. “I’ll help him get rid of the poison.”

“Ms. Johnson, we’re fortunate to have you,” Tyson said, moved. “I’d have been a complete mess if I had to handle this on my own.”

Kathleen said solemnly, “Also, make sure that nobody at home finds out. Just tell them he went abroad.”

"This is easy to say now, but three days later? That's a different story." Tyson could feel pain surging through his temples.

That event was truly critical.

Kathleen said coldly, "I will think of something."

"Okay," replied Tyson.

"I'll leave the rest of this to you." Her tone was somber.

"No problem, Ms. Johnson. Don't worry."

"If anything happens, you can call Samuel's cell phone directly, and I will pick it up. I'll get going now."

"Okay," replied Tyson. "I'll look into the poisoning."

"Remember, keep a low profile," Kathleen urged.

"Yes, I understand." Tyson hung up the phone.

Kathleen put down her hands and sighed.

She went to the bathroom.

Charles's eyes were gloomy. "What happened?"

"This week, Samuel will stay here." Kathleen's gaze was dark. "Please don't reveal Samuel's whereabouts."

"Don't worry. I won't," Charles said calmly. "I never thought he'd be poisoned like this."

"It's hard to guard against something like this. I never thought someone would have the audacity to tamper with his fluids." Kathleen sighed in resignation.

"Didn't he have a friend at the hospital?" Charles reminded.

"You mean Richard?" Kathleen frowned. "I doubt he would have known either."

Charles shrugged. "It's fortunate that he met you. Otherwise, he would have died for sure."

Kathleen said nothing as she looked at Samuel's pale face.

“I wonder what you did in your past life to owe him this much right now.” Charles truly found this hard to fathom, given how coincidental it was.

“I don’t know either.” Kathleen looked at Samuel’s handsome face.

After all, how could she know what happened in her past life?

“Charles, it’s almost time. Help me get Samuel out.” Kathleen raised her wrist and glanced at his watch.

She had brought over a white bathrobe.

Together, they lifted Samuel out of the tub and dressed him in the robe.

After that, they slowly made their way toward the bedroom and laid him down gently on the bed.

Kathleen said to Charles, “I need a pair of your pajamas.”

Charles hummed disapprovingly. “I’ll wipe him dry. You should go and fetch the clothing. Men and women shouldn’t be in such close contact.”

Kathleen glared at him wordlessly.

“Come on, now.” Charles pushed her out of the room.

Kathleen was rendered speechless.

Goodness gracious, what reaction is he expecting me to have towards Samuel’s body in the first place? This is ridiculous!

She went to Charles’s room and came back with a set of pajamas.

Charles then helped Samuel put on his pajamas.

Kathleen looked at Charles, who was sweating profusely and said with a smile, “If not for the fact that you’re both men, I’d have assumed you fancied him yourself. Look at you, putting in so much effort!”

Charles glared at her.

Kathleen only offered a giggle and a wicked grin in response.

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Charles showed her an impatient look. "Me, fancying him? Even if I were a woman, I'd do better than a sc*mb*g like this!"

"On a more serious note," Kathleen said sternly, "Samuel will be staying here, with nobody to take care of him. If you're not busy, you should stay home and help out."

"What?" Charles vehemently disagreed. "We have a housekeeper, so why do you need me?"

"Wasn't it you who brought up the notion of men and women not being allowed close contact or something?" Kathleen simpered.

Charles was about to retort but was forced to keep quiet.

"If you don't want to, then you can help me get a week's leave. I will take care of him myself," Kathleen said coldly.

"No!" Charles objected.

Kathleen frowned at him.

Charles was very angry. "I will take care of him. You're not allowed to leave work!"

"Then I'm leaving him in your capable hands." Kathleen smiled faintly. "Wait, I will write down a schedule for you. With that, you'll know when to give him his medicine and when he needs a soak."

Charles was full of anger.

"Charles, you are the best!" Kathleen took his hand.

Charles could then feel his anger dissipate slightly.

"By the way, how is Vivian?" Charles looked at Kathleen, his expression mild.

Kathleen hesitated for a moment. "Both good and bad, I suppose."

"How can I cure her?" Charles asked with concern. "Tell me, I'll find a way."

“Charles, Vivian’s situation is quite complicated.” Kathleen said quietly, “She has suffered from quite a shock.”

“Apart from Finn abandoning her, is there another reason?” Charles asked coldly.

Kathleen hesitated for a moment, then murmured, “Yes.”

Charles snapped, “What is it, then? Answer me!”

Kathleen didn’t know how to tell him.

“It’s fine, you can tell me.” Charles had prepared himself mentally for this.

Kathleen hesitated and said, “She was violated.”

Charles was shocked.

“It wasn’t just one person.” Kathleen looked desolate. “She doesn’t even know who the child in her womb belongs to.”

Charles’s face turned pale. “Really?”

“Vivian was not in the right mind, but I managed to deduce that much from her rambling. Caleb was with her at the time, but he did not say anything.” Kathleen fiddled with her sleeve before continuing, “Of course, Caleb had every intention of finding out who hurt Vivian, but maybe he’s also testing me.”

Charles frowned. “Testing you?”

“Wait, surely you don’t think that Caleb and I are truly dating?” said Kathleen sardonically.

Charles blinked.

“He approached me to find out who hurt Vivian.”

“What?” Charles was dumbfounded at the revelation.

Kathleen thought it was funny. “You don’t really think I like Caleb, do you?”

“He... Why does he need to figure this out?” Charles frowned. “Could it be that it’s someone she knows?”

“I think so.” There was a chill in Kathleen’s voice. “If it were anyone else, Caleb would have done whatever he could for revenge long ago. He probably didn’t know who or where this happened, so he thought of using me to his advantage. Or rather, he

combed through a list of men that Vivian got along with well. Since you are a known acquaintance, he decided to make a move on me.”

Charles looked at Kathleen pointedly. “You know this, and you’re still dealing with him?”

“I just wanted to use Caleb to get rid of Samuel,” Kathleen replied. “But I didn’t expect Samuel to become like this.”

“But why not use Christopher?” Charles asked, his tone thoughtful. “Are you reluctant to hurt Christopher, or do you think he’s not even qualified?”

Kathleen was flustered.

Charles sighed. “I’m guessing that deep down, you think that Samuel is much better, don’t you?”

“Don’t you think so?” Kathleen was quiet.

Charles smiled faintly. “I mean, it’s only through my understanding of someone like Samuel. I think this man is not only unfathomable but also very shrewd. You can’t tell his temper, and you don’t know what can set him off. His heart is bottomless, but I understand your fear of Samuel’s feelings.”

Although after Kathleen came back, Samuel had been behaving very well.

He was gentle, considerate, and patient with Kathleen.

However, he remained just as domineering at everyone else.

However, he could not be blamed fully for this. After all, what Samuel had experienced was different from everyone else.

That was also how he ended up that way.

Because she could not read his emotions well, Kathleen was afraid.

Samuel could see through others, but others could never do the same with him.

That was the most terrifying part of him.

“But since Caleb is approaching you with a purpose, no matter how good you are, you can’t want this kind of man.” Charles was most worried about Kathleen.

“Charles, I only want to get to the bottom of this situation involving Vivian. I also don’t want you to end up in trouble,” explained Kathleen.

Charles paused. "I will ask him to make it clear. I think he shouldn't need to hide his intentions."

"Can I listen in on this when you speak to Caleb?" murmured Kathleen. "I'm also curious about you and what kind of life you lived back then."

Charles was also very secretive about his past.

Kathleen had always wanted to know, but Charles revealed very little.

He said that his secrecy was also to help his friends.

If he was willing to reveal that to Caleb, she wanted to know too.

Charles nodded. "Very well."

"Then let's ask him to come over tomorrow. We should do this as soon as possible to avoid dragging this out. It's no good for all of us," Kathleen suggested.

Charles nodded lightly. "Okay."

"But would you be betraying their trust by doing this?" Kathleen was still a little worried.

"No, because he didn't keep his promise," Charles said coldly. "You don't have to worry."

A promise? I bet there's a whole story to that.

At that moment, Kathleen yawned.

"It's getting late. Hurry up and go to bed." Charles looked at Kathleen distressedly. "I'll take care of Samuel."

"Can you manage?" Kathleen yawned again and again. "You need to give him medicine every three hours."

"Don't worry." Charles frowned. "Go to bed now. You have to film tomorrow."

"Fortunately, there are not too many scenes these days," Kathleen explained. "If you can't manage, you can call me."

"Yeah." Charles nodded.

Only then did Kathleen walk out, making her way to the guest room for the night.

Charles walked toward the bed, grabbed Samuel's collar, and said angrily, "If you really have a conscience, you should stop pestering my sister, or treat her better! Otherwise, I'll beat you to death!"

Charles hissed. This man was truly infuriated.

He was aware that Kathleen liked Samuel, but things could not continue this way. Samuel's behavior had led to Kathleen feeling somewhat fearful.

He took Kathleen away and did not let them meet again.

In fact, he promised Kathleen to come back.

After all, he did have selfish motives himself.

He wanted to undo the knot in Kathleen's heart so she could move on.

However, he thought that even she could not undo it on her own.

Perhaps it had to do with Samuel.

Perhaps Samuel could undo the knot for her.

Charles sat beside the bed and sighed. "Samuel, what do you want Kate to do? She gave you everything. Is Christopher bad? Caleb too? Are they not good enough? She doesn't even like them, and it's all because she loves you still."

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Samuel lay motionless on the bed.

Charles felt sorry for him. "Why does she like you so much? She can't forgive herself because of that. Actually, all of us know that it's not that she can't forgive you, she just can't forgive herself."

There was a pin drop silence in the air.

Samuel's breathing rate was regular as Charles continued, "You have hurt her, but she still loves you so she can't forgive herself. She thinks that she's silly and foolish. Even

though she knows that you're the one who hurt her, she still can't stop herself from loving you. That's why she's eaten up with self-blame. Do you understand her? Can you even do that?"

It all came down to the fact that Kathleen fell head over heels for Samuel.

But her love for him could not undo the things that he had done.

Kathleen despised herself for not being able to bring herself to hate him deeply.

Even when she stood face to face with him, she suffered a meltdown.

Charles sighed. "How I wish I could kill you for my sister and end all of this."

However, he could not do that because his sister would be more upset if he were to do it.

Charles felt helpless.

The next day, the first thing Kathleen did was to check on Samuel.

After checking his pulse, she smiled. "His pulse is fine. Charles, thanks for your help last night."

Sitting on the couch, Charles snorted coldly in response.

"I'm going to wash up." With that, Kathleen went out.

When Charles saw her leaving, he sighed. Can't she see the dark circles under my eyes? What kind of sister would do this to her brother?

After washing up, Kathleen went to have her breakfast.

She gave a prescription to the housekeeper. "Get the medication from the pharmacy."

"Yes, Ms. Johnson." The housekeeper took it over.

Kathleen took a sip of the milk in her hand. "Prepare the medication once you get it. Change the medication of the medicinal bath as well."

"All right." The housekeeper nodded.

After that, Kathleen continued to eat her breakfast.

Later, Valerie and the others drove over to pick her up to the studio for filming.

Charles felt speechless as he drank a cup of coffee. "She hasn't even asked if I'm okay since the time she woke up. I feel like I am dead!"

The housekeeper chuckled. "You're overreacting, Mr. Johnson. Ms. Johnson gave me two prescriptions just now, and one of them is for you."

"Really?" Charles' mood was instantly uplifted.

The housekeeper gave the prescription for him to see.

Seeing his name on it, Charles said, "Hmm, she still has a little conscience."

"Mr. Johnson, I'm going out to get the medication."

"Sure, when you go to the pharmacy of the Lewis family, get the medication using Caleb's name if someone asks you about it," Charles reminded.

The housekeeper nodded.

After the housekeeper left, Charles went upstairs to check on Samuel.

Although Charles was quite reluctant to do so, he had to do it because Kathleen had entrusted him to do that.

Hence, he had to take care of Samuel well.

At noon, Caleb visited the film set, bringing a food truck along with him.

Kathleen stared at him speechlessly.

He smiled. "Does this make you proud?"

"Come here. I have something to say to you," Kathleen uttered frostily.

Caleb strode over to her. "What's the matter?"

"Are you free tonight?" Kathleen asked in a low voice.

"You want to go on a date with me?" Caleb flashed a half-smile. "Do you want to go to the seaside or to the mountain? Where do you want to go?"

"My house. Are you free?"

"Your house?" He narrowed his eyes. "Is it good for us to rush things in our relationship?"

She scoffed, "What? Are you chickening out?"

"Me? Chickening out?" He glanced at her. "I'm not going anywhere. I'll stay here and wait for you."

With that, he plopped down on the couch in the lounge.

She spoke indifferently. "If you don't mind being bored, wait then."

After saying that, she left to continue filming.

Remaining true to his words, Caleb did not go anywhere else in the entire afternoon.

He asked Philip to send work documents to him so that he could deal with work matters in the lounge.

As a result, everyone knew that Caleb was pursuing Kathleen, and he was doing it very sincerely.

After work, Kathleen went to the lounge.

She went to change her clothes first before approaching Caleb.

He was on a phone call. "You have invited me, Mr. Stewart. Of course, I'll go."

She perked up her ears upon hearing that. Mr. Stewart?

"Don't worry. I'll be there, Mr. Stewart." Caleb curled his lips into a smile.

After saying that, he ended the call.

Kathleen looked at him. "Is Mr. Stewart Jacob Stewart?"

"You know him?" Caleb raised his brows.

"I've heard of him," she replied placidly. "Do both of you have a collaboration?"

"He wants to team up with me. Both he and I didn't get to work on Flobury since Samuel won the project." Caleb sounded calm. "Soon, there'll be a huge land reclamation project at South Sea. Mr. Stewart and I are interested in it."

Land reclamation? This must be Samuel's development plan mentioned by Tyson yesterday. It seems Caleb is interested in it as well.

"Does that mean that both of you are going to join forces?" Kathleen took a bottle of water but couldn't open it no matter how hard she tried.

Caleb took it over to help her open it. "That's a national project. Of course, we're interested, but who knows who will get it in the end? That's a huge project, so one corporation can't handle it on its own."

"Even Samuel?" she asked curiously.

Caleb cast her a complicated look. "You seem to care a lot about whether Samuel can have the project all to himself."

She smirked. "Of course. If Samuel can do that, Jacob and you can collaborate to compete with Samuel. Besides, don't forget that I'm involved in Flobury too."

Caleb flashed a wry smile. "Girls shouldn't get involved in this."

"Girls?" She chuckled. "Even Samuel doesn't dare to say that to me."

Caleb was stunned momentarily.

Kathleen continued, "But since you say that, I feel displeased. I have suddenly had an interest in this project too."

He narrowed his eyes. "Should we team up?"

"Nope." She shook her head. "You looked down on me just now. If I team up with you, You'll take the credit and deny my efforts in the future."

Once again, Caleb was caught off guard. He started to regret why he blurted that out without thinking.

"But I don't care who you want to collaborate with." Kathleen smiled, but the smile didn't reach her eyes. "But I'd advise you to think twice before collaborating with Jacob."

He stared at her with an unfathomable expression. "Why?"

"Intuition." Kathleen's eyes were clear as she spoke. "I think he's not a good guy."

He grabbed her wrist, his voice deep. "Do you think I'm a good person?"

"No," she answered firmly.

"How about Samuel?"

"Of course, he's not." Kathleen smiled. "Although you guys are not good people, you guys are not evil either. However, Jacob is not the same."

Caleb's eyes darkened.

She shook off his hand and continued, "Caleb, I'm not trying to stop you. Actually, I don't care about who you want to collaborate with. Alright, let's go to my place."

He narrowed his eyes. "I thought you were angry and didn't want to let me go with you."

"Why would I?" She grinned nonchalantly. "I'm not that petty. Let's go."

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Caleb thought that Kathleen was not angry anymore as he followed her home.

Even though he knew she was not a loose woman, he thought she might want to take their relationship one step further since she had invited him to her place.

Kathleen didn't head there with his car.

He wanted her to ride in his car, but she did not agree to it.

Caleb was unfazed.

They reached the Johnson residence one after another.

Caleb went over to her and asked, "Is your brother at home?" \

There was an aloof look in her clear eyes. "Are you hoping for him to be at home?"

Her reply caught him by surprise. "No."

Kathleen blinked. "Why?"

"I thought it's just the two of us. We won't have privacy if he's around."

"Haha." She chuckled lightly. "I thought you're more interested in him than me."

"How so?"

"You know why." She cast him a side glance.

He narrowed his eyes.

As she opened the door and entered the house, Caleb followed after her.

Charles was carrying a cup of coffee as he walked out of the kitchen. "You're back?"

"Mm." Kathleen nodded.

Caleb eyed Charles. Is he really at home?

Charles shot Caleb a cold look. "Have a seat."

Caleb's handsome face remained aloof.

"Charles, are you not going to eat?" Kathleen piped up.

"In a second." Charles nodded.

"Then I'll go to change my clothes first." Kathleen walked up the stairs while Charles invited Caleb to have a seat in the living room.

When Kathleen reached her room, she put down the things in her hand and went to check on Samuel first.

Good. The potency of the poison has reduced, but his hands are still cold.

She put Samuel's hand back under the cover before adjusting the temperature so that the room would be warm.

As she looked at his well-defined facial features, she reached out and poked his cheek.

Why have I not noticed that it feels good to poke his cheek before this?

After that, she stood up to get changed.

Samuel was unconscious, so she did not avoid him as she changed her clothes.

After changing into a snow-white sweater and a pair of jeans, she went downstairs.

The atmosphere in the living room was tense.

There was zero communication between Charles and Caleb.

Only when Kathleen reached downstairs did Caleb say, "Mr. Johnson, I haven't thanked you for helping my sister."

Charles took a sip of his coffee and replied in a cold voice, "You want to thank me?"

Caleb narrowed his eyes in response.

"I assumed you thought that was what I should do, Mr. Lewis," Charles added coldly.

"Mr. Johnson, what are you trying to say?" Caleb stared at Charles meaningfully.

"Shouldn't I thank

you?"

"I don't need you to thank me if that's insincere," Charles said slowly. "I can't afford to accept it anyway."

"Mr. Johnson, maybe you should stop beating around the bush." Caleb finally realized what Charles was getting at.

Charles asked solemnly, "Mr. Lewis, there's something I want to ask you."

"You can speak your mind, Mr. Johnson."

Kathleen sat down. Looks like they're not in a hurry to eat, but I'm hungry.

She then decided to get herself a mandarin and started peeling it.

"Good." There was a cold expression on Charles' face. "Mr. Lewis, why do you pursue my sister?"

"Because I like her." Caleb was looking at Kathleen as he answered the question.

Kathleen, who was eating the mandarin, was unbothered.

Charles' gaze darkened. "Is that the truth?"

"Yes," Caleb replied firmly. Charles huffed. "Caleb, stop lying."

Caleb narrowed his eyes slightly.

Charles questioned as he added, "Are you not getting closer to Kate to use her to investigate me?"

Caleb was stumped.

"You think that I was behind Vivian's mental condition. Am I right?" A cold glint flashed across Charles' eyes. "You don't dare to confront me directly because you think I won't admit it. Knowing that I dote on my sister, you plan to wait until your relationship with

her turns stable before you ask me about it, and because I don't want to hurt my sister, you figure I will definitely come clean. Right?"

Caleb furrowed his brows. "Who told you that?"

"Hmph!" Charles was exasperated. "No one is stupid! Right from the moment you started planning this, Kate has seen through your ploy!"

What?

Caleb looked toward Kathleen, explaining, "I didn't."

She gazed at him with a calm look. "Caleb, someone told my brother and me that you took a very worn picture to have my brother investigated, and in that picture, only my brother's face was clear."

Caleb was dumbfounded.

She continued, "You knew Vivian was violated by several men, so you surmised my brother was surely one of them. That was why you wanted to get close to me."

Charles pursed his lips.

Strangely, he was a tad nervous.

Kathleen knew all of that, but she was not angry at all.

He felt inexplicably uneasy in his heart, as he thought that she should not have been so calm and collected

She should have been angry or upset.

Her expressionless face felt like mockery to him.

It was as though she was making fun of him. After all, he was the one who set up the plan, but he fell for her first.

Yes, that was the plan. The one who falls in love first will be the one who's going to be controlled.

Kathleen did not fall in love, but he did.

In a way, he had sort of submitted to her.

Charles added, "Caleb, when I left Pollerton back then, your sister was still fine."

Caleb looked at him in silence.

“There’s no need for me to lie to you,” Charles continued somberly. “I know I need to have evidence.”

“Do you have any proof?” Caleb asked gravely.

Charles sighed. “I do.”

Caleb frowned, staring at Charles.

“But before that, I want to make things clear.” Charles looked back at Caleb meaningfully. “Besides the four people in the picture you gave them, there were actually five of us including the one who took the

picture.”

Five?

“Back then, we were studying abroad in Pollerton. We knew each other since high school, so we often hung out together,” Charles continued. “Three of us are guys, and the other two are female.”

Caleb frowned. “I had checked before, but why can’t I find any information about all of you? Even my sister’s information was not available.”

“That’s because out of five of us, there were three people who needed to have their identities concealed,” Charles answered coldly. “The girl who took that picture was an illegitimate child of a Spaunia’s royalty. After she graduated, she went back to her home country to get married. For safety purposes, her father deleted all her information, so our information was deleted as well.”

Caleb narrowed his eyes in silence.

“Another guy was the crown prince of Bera.” Charles continued to explain. “For safety purposes, his information was deleted as well. Therefore, besides the information you can get from the university’s system, you can’t find any other personal information.”

“So my sister’s information was not deleted deliberately?” Caleb was dubious.

Charles sighed. “Someone took advantage of that to tamper with her information.”

“Is that the third person?” Kathleen asked curiously.