

## Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 216

### Chapter 216 Compassionate Release

A complex luster glinted in Samuel's dark eyes. "Because I wanted to have more reasons and excuses to see you."

Kathleen was rendered speechless.

The man looked at her pretty and delicate face. "But now I've changed my mind. You hate me so much and don't want to see me, so I don't think I have a need to hide that from you any longer."

"I don't hate you." Kathleen pouted.

Samuel stared attentively at her. "Then what do you feel about me?"

"I don't feel anything about you." She turned her head away and snorted.

"I see," he said with a chuckle, which surprised her.

Usually, he would tell her something along the lines of how he still loved her and couldn't forget about her.

However, his reaction was so unexpectedly plain and insipid.

"I can tell that you're quite happy to know that Ms. Schott doesn't have a granddaughter." Samuel brought that up on purpose despite knowing Kathleen wouldn't want to talk about it.

"What are you talking about? I'm not happy." Kathleen refused to admit it.

He curled his lips. "If you say so."

She ignored him and rolled her eyes.

How presumptuous!

He slightly lowered his head and said, "Oh, by the way, the down jacket is indeed comfy."

She didn't say anything, and her silence put a faint smile on his face.

Soon after, Yasmine came down the stairs from the second floor, and the trio headed toward the Yoeger residence.

Upon reaching the place, they sensed a stagnant atmosphere.

Yasmine was immediately angered when she saw that they hadn't sent Frances to the hospital yet.

"Samuel, where are your subordinates?" asked Yasmine with a deep, displeased voice.

"They're outside."

"Have them come in here and send Old Mrs. Yoeger to the hospital," ordered Yasmine.

"All right." He took his phone out and summoned his men, who had been standing guard outside.

After receiving the call from Samuel, they stepped in right away to carry out the order.

"Aunt Yasmine?" Zachary stepped out of the room, shocked to see Yasmine.

The latter sneered. "Oh, so you're around? I thought everyone in this house was dead."

The man felt awkward. "Aunt Yasmine, when did you get here?"

"I've been here for a while. Didn't Vanessa tell you? She had just left my place," questioned Yasmine with an icy tone.

Zachary pursed his lips, looking at Samuel and Kathleen.

Samuel whispered a few orders to Tyson, and the latter immediately sent someone to Frances' room.

A few of Samuel's men carried the old woman out of the room and put her in the car, sending her to the hospital.

At the same time, Tyson took the camera that Kathleen installed a few days ago when no one was paying attention.

The footage saved inside would act as evidence.

"Aunt Yasmine, where are they bringing my mom?" Zachary was concerned.

"The hospital, of course! Look at the state she's in! Why didn't you guys send her to the hospital?" Yasmine responded unhappily.

Zachary didn't know how to answer.

"Can't you all see my sister's terrifying complexion? How dare you guys delay sending her to the hospital? What a bunch of b\*stards!" Yasmine exploded with fury.

Zachary pursed his lips and explained calmly, "Aunt Yasmine, we consulted a doctor. My mom's suffering from Alzheimer's disease, that's all."

"That's bullsh\*t! How dumb do you think I am? Do you think I don't know anything about Alzheimer's? How would someone's face turn purple from getting Alzheimer's?" Yasmine roared.

Zachary was at a loss for words.

"Just you wait. I'll make you guys pay if the test results show that you guys are the culprit!" Yasmine was genuinely infuriated as she turned on her heels and left the residence after yelling at Zachary.

Samuel and Kathleen exchanged a brief glance and prepared to leave as well.

"Ms. Johnson, can you talk to Mr. Lewis and ask him to show mercy on my daughter?" Zachary suddenly spoke.

Kathleen turned to look at the man. "Nicolette can only blame herself for being arrested. Even if I go to Caleb, he wouldn't be able to do anything. She deliberately violated the law, so she must be punished."

"She won't be convicted if you drop the lawsuit. Even if you are resentful, I don't think you should vent all your hatred on her." He looked at her with a grim expression on his face.

She chuckled. "Why do I have to listen to you about who I should or should not hate?"

Zachary was tongue-tied.

"Yes, I hate Nicolette, and yes, I do want to see her downfall. She's the culprit of that incident. As for Samuel, I have some other way of punishing him. You're in no place to teach me what I should and should not do. You can't even educate your own daughter properly. How dare you tell me what to do? Who do you think you are?" she said, her tone as frosty as ever.

Zachary's face darkened.

She continued, "No one has the right to make me forgive or punish someone. None of you are qualified to do so. Stop putting on airs and acting all high and mighty in front of

me. If you want to save your daughter, come up with a way yourself. Don't come and pester me, or I'll make sure she never gets out of jail."

Zachary's breathing became rapid while Samuel gazed deeply at Kathleen.

She's never a weak woman. Back then, at the condominium, she pointed out Nicolette's scheme with the same calm and indifferent attitude.

That was also when Samuel began seeing Kathleen in a new light.

He spoke to Kathleen in a gruff voice. "Let's go. Why waste your time talking to someone like him?"

She nodded and prepared to leave with him when Zachary spoke up. "Samuel, you and Nicolette were once in love."

There was a glacial light in Samuel's eyes as he turned to scowl at Zachary. "Once in love? Who told you that?"

Zachary was slightly startled by the look in Samuel's eyes.

Samuel scoffed. "Didn't anyone tell you that I mistook my gratitude toward Nicolette for love? Moreover, after that, I found out that she was never my savior. Kathleen was my savior. She pretended to be my savior, which is another crime. So, she can kiss her days of freedom goodbye."

Upon finishing his sentence, he took Kathleen's hand and headed out.

Zachary watched them leave and clenched his jaw. It looks like it won't be an easy feat to get Nicolette out of jail.

When Kathleen and Samuel exited the residence, they happened to run into Vanessa.

She looked quite helpless, probably because she was reprimanded by Yasmine just now.

However, the woman's spirits were immediately lifted when she saw Kathleen and Samuel.

The duo didn't even bother to look at her as they strode past her.

Upon entering the mansion, Vanessa looked at Zachary in annoyance. "Why didn't you stop them? How could you allow Aunt Yasmine to take Mom away?"

“Do you know how many men Samuel brought with him? How can I possibly do anything when everyone in the residence is at your disposal?” Zachary said coldly in a sarcastic tone.

Vanessa bristled with rage. “Are you blaming me? I returned home late because I was helping you get Nicolette out of jail! Just look at the state of your health. How long more do you think you could hold out?”

Zachary’s expression was dull. “Then did you come up with a way?”

“Nicolette would be released from jail three days later. I’m sure.”

“What did you do?” asked Zachary.

“Her leg has issues, and she needs to be taken care of. Two more days later, I’m going to make her fake a leg infection and get her out of there through compassionate release,” explained Vanessa.

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Chapter 217 Let Her Decide What To Do

Zachary’s anger subsided after he listened to Vanessa’s explanation.

“I truly didn’t expect Aunt Yasmine to return.” Zachary felt utterly regretful.

“It means we aren’t ruthless enough.” Vanessa’s voice fell to a hush.

Zachary’s face darkened. “We’re talking about our mother here!”

Vanessa sneered, “Zachary, don’t you already know our true relationship with her deep down?”

Zachary knew that Vanessa was referring to Frances.

“Nevertheless, she was the one who brought us up after all,” Zachary murmured. “Furthermore, even if she is not our biological mother, she’s our second aunt who is related to us by blood.”

“Haha.” Vanessa laughed in ridicule. “You’re so naive.”

Zachary was displeased by her words.

"I only know she plans to pass down the Yoeger family assets which belonged to us to that illegitimate brat, who doesn't even know the identity of her father. Who gave her the right to give that brat our family's inheritance?" Vanessa felt very resentful.

Zachary took in a deep breath.

"If you regret it, you can choose to back out." Vanessa directed her words to Zachary in an apathetic voice. "You can arrange the matter regarding the kidney transplant too. I couldn't care less."

Zachary's face turned gloomy. "I didn't say anything."

"Let me get things straight today, Zachary. I'll spare no mercy to those who dare to get in my way. Don't assume I won't dare take action just because she's our aunt." Vanessa narrowed her eyes. "Unlike you, I'm not a coward!"

With that, she went upstairs.

Zachary's complexion turned even paler.

Don't tell me Vanessa even plan to get rid of Aunt Yasmine? Wouldn't that be too vicious?

When Frances got sent to Goodwill Hospital, the doctor immediately performed a throughout body check-up on her.

After that, the doctor called the others to his office.

"Old Mrs. Yoeger indeed has symptoms of poisoning. However, the signs are already very mild," the doctor explained.

"Then why is she always unconscious?" Yasmine expressed her concern.

"It's because the poison has not completely passed out of her system, which would take a day or two," the doctor answered. "Fortunately, Old Mrs. Yoeger has no other health issues. You can be at ease."

"What about her Alzheimer's disease?" Yasmine inquired again.

The doctor replied, "I need to wait for her to regain consciousness before examining her brain. Only then can I determine if her brain was affected by drugs previously, or she was truly diagnosed with the illness."

Yasmine nodded while looking dejected.

"Thank you." Kathleen expressed her gratitude to the doctor.

The doctor responded calmly, "No problem. We should let Old Mrs. Yoeger get more rest. You can look for me anytime if you have any questions."

Kathleen nodded in reply.

Then, the doctor turned around and left.

Yasmine breathed a sigh of relief.

Kathleen supported her to sit on a chair.

"Don't worry, Grand aunt. Granny will certainly be all right," Kathleen assured her.

There was a profound look in Yasmine's eyes. "Luckily, you were able to sneak into the Yoeger residence and help her to expel the poison in her body. Otherwise, the consequences would be unimaginable."

Kathleen pursed her lips at her words.

"Ms. Schott." Samuel's cold voice rang out. "How do you plan to deal with Zachary and Vanessa?"

Yasmine was promptly stunned, seemingly to be at a loss.

After all, they were both dear to her.

No matter what, Zachary and Vanessa were also the children of her other older sister.

"I believe you two should know why Zachary and Vanessa had acted this way," Yasmine said in a grave tone. "Isn't it all for the sake of the family assets?"

Samuel callously replied, "Family assets? Do you think they deserve to inherit the hard work that Old Mrs. Yoeger had put in over the years?"

Yasmine froze after hearing his comment.

"Old Mr. Yoeger knew that Old Mrs. Yoeger was already pregnant when she married into the Yoeger family. Despite that, he still passed over the family matters to her. Apart from trust, they must have formed an agreement before that, which was why she could decide whom she wanted to hand the family assets to." Samuel continued sarcastically, "For people who try to forcefully snatch things that don't belong to them will get struck by karma."

Yasmine fell silent sheepishly as she knew Samuel was speaking the truth.

Kathleen suggested softly, "Why don't we wait for Granny to wake up and ask for her opinion?"

Samuel and Yasmine fixed their eyes on her simultaneously.

"All in all, it was Granny who raised them. We should let her make the decision," Kathleen said placidly.

Samuel did not refute her idea.

Meanwhile, Yasmine couldn't help but nod her head. "You're right. I should let my sister decide what to do."

Ultimately, no one knew exactly what was on Frances' mind.

"Grandaunt, I think Granny might only wake up tomorrow. Since you're already here, why don't I let Samuel arrange for someone to send you home?" Kathleen could tell that Yasmine was feeling pretty exhausted.

To have seen how Vanessa and the others had been treating Frances must have caused Yasmine to feel both anxious and upset.

As one grew older, there would be a growing limitation to their strength.

Having experienced several ups and downs emotionally could cause people to feel drained.

Yasmine nodded in agreement.

Once Kathleen looked at Samuel, he immediately understood her intention and called for Tyson to personally send Yasmine back home.

After the couple watched them enter the elevator, Kathleen couldn't help but ask, "If you send Tyson away, who's going to drive you home?"

"Aren't you here too?" Samuel gazed at her piercingly. "Are you not going to care about me again?"

Kathleen was rendered speechless.

She suddenly felt she was getting pestered.

"I didn't say I wasn't going to care for you." Kathleen frowned.

"You're my doctor," Samuel reminded her. "So, this is not considered pestering. That is what you'd promised me after all."

Kathleen became speechless once again.

The feeling of digging herself into a hole was very unpleasant.

"I remember that. You don't need to remind me." Kathleen felt helpless. "Anyways, you can get out of here after soaking inside the medicated bath once more today!"

Get out of here?

Samuel's thin lips quirked into a small smile. "What about in the future?"

"I'll come by your house and look for you after that. You don't have to stick around with me every day," Kathleen responded apathetically.

"Very well." Samuel appeared to be cooperative.

However, Kathleen sensed that things weren't as simple as they seemed.

She then glanced at Frances' ward.

"I'll dispatch people to protect her and absolutely not allow Vanessa and the others to come near her." Samuel gave Kathleen his words. "I'll arrange for people to stand guard at the hospital's entrance, the elevator, and the door of Old Mrs. Yoeger's ward."

Kathleen responded with a nod.

"Kate!" Gemma ran up to her.

"Hey, Gem." A smile appeared on Kathleen's face.

Gemma was slightly startled as she didn't expect to see Kathleen and Samuel appearing next to each other.

"I heard from someone just now that you came to the hospital and thought something must have happened to you. That was why I rushed my way here." Gemma studied her from head to toe. "What's going on?"

"Nothing happened to me. It was my granny," Kathleen explained.

"Granny?" Gemma was astonished. "I thought she had passed away a long time ago?"

"I'm referring to my biological granny," Kathleen replied. "She's my mother's biological mother."

Gemma could not mask her shock. "Is that true? You finally found your biological granny?"

Kathleen bobbed her head.

“That’s great. I’m so happy for you!” Gemma replied smilingly. “Who is your granny?”

“Old Mrs. Yoeger of the Yoeger family,” Kathleen answered.

Gemma was taken aback by the revelation. “Isn’t she Nicolette’s grandmother?”

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### Chapter 218 Close Friend

Kathleen nodded.

With her brows furrowed, Gemma asked, “So you two are cousins, right?”

“Yes.” Kathleen pursed her lips. “But I refuse to acknowledge her as my cousin.”

“Right! Someone like her isn’t good enough to be your cousin. No wonder there’s a resemblance between you and Nicolette.”

Kathleen replied calmly, “Yes. I even became her replacement back then.”

Samuel cleared his throat, trying to soothe the awkwardness.

As though she had sensed something, Gemma replied, “I’ll be on duty tonight, so I’ll take care of your granny for you.”

“Gem, thank you,” Kathleen expressed her gratitude.

“There’s no need to thank me.” Looking into Kathleen’s eyes, Gemma said, “Look at your dark circles. They look so bad. Hurry and go home to have some rest.”

“All right. I’ll get going now.” Kathleen nodded.

“Okay. Be careful on your way home,” reminded Gemma.

Kathleen gave a slight nod and tugged at Samuel before leaving.

After leaving the hospital, Kathleen and Samuel got into a Maybach.

Samuel let out a cough and said, “I’ve never taken you as a replacement before. Never.”

He could ensure that, at least.

Although Kathleen and Nicolette resembled one another, and sometimes he had also wondered why they looked so alike, he had never taken Kathleen as Nicolette's replacement.

Pursing her red lips, Kathleen replied, "It doesn't matter anymore."

In a deep voice, Samuel muttered, "Kate, if I had taken you as her replacement, I would've only disliked you more."

Kathleen shot him a sideways glance.

"I know myself well, and I think you do too." Samuel's voice was hoarse. "If I couldn't accept how you resemble Nicolette, I wouldn't have married you."

Initially, he married Kathleen due to pressure from Diana.

However, he definitely did not see Kathleen as Nicolette's replacement.

If he had really done so, he would have resented Kathleen more, and he would not have thought of going near her.

The truth was that he had already done so since the beginning, and he had fallen head over heels in love with her.

"I trust you." Kathleen held the steering wheel with her slender fingers as she continued, "Samuel, I could still make my own judgment on some matters. The misunderstanding wasn't the reason why we got divorced."

Kathleen and Samuel were both clear-minded.

They were aware that their divorce was not caused by the reason that someone had sowed discord between them.

Even if there were some misunderstandings, and they were to talk things out, they would still divorce in the end.

The root of the problem was that they were not meant for each other.

Her voice was faint as she said, "Did you realize that we actually got along well before our marriage and after our divorce?"

Samuel did not say a word.

“Perhaps, that could only mean that it’d be better for us to stay friends.” Kathleen had no choice but to make herself clear.

Suddenly, Samuel gently placed his cold finger against her thin lips.

His gaze on her was gentle as he replied, “You don’t have to explain to me, and you don’t have to feel pressured. Kate, I’m not doing anything to you. After you’ve done treating me, it’s all up to you whether you wish to leave or stay. I’ll not stop you. Besides, I’ll agree if you want to keep in touch. If you wish to stay as friends, we’ll stay friends then.”

Furrowing her brows, Kathleen asked, “Do you really understand what I mean?”

Samuel responded with a nod.

“All right, then.” Kathleen took a deep breath, and the refreshing scent of the man wafted through her nose. “Can you stop with those gestures that a friend wouldn’t do, like holding my hand, touching my face and head?”

Samuel paused for a second before replying, “Okay.”

Kathleen gave him a sidelong glance and questioned, “Have you really kept that in mind?”

“Yes.” After a momentary pause, Samuel continued, “Could you tell me what kind of friends we are to each other?”

“Ordinary friends,” Kathleen emphasized.

“If we’re just like what you said, would you be this harsh to your ordinary friend?” Samuel asked seriously.

Kathleen was rendered speechless in an instant.

Haha! So now I’m the one to be blamed!

“Kate, can I say something?” Samuel asked cautiously.

“Go ahead.” For some reason, Kathleen was getting impatient and furious all of a sudden.

“I can’t be your friend, and you feel the same, too.” Samuel went straight to the point. “It is because we used to be husband and wife.”

Kathleen remained silent.

“Let’s be each other’s close friends. After all, some physical touches are inevitable. What do you think?” Samuel suggested casually.

“Close friends?” Kathleen sneered. “Do you know how easy it is for close friends to step over the line?”

“Why would you think close friends tend to step over the line?” Samuel’s charming face grew solemn. “Have you ever had any close friends?”

Kathleen was tongue-tied.

The man’s warm breath lingered around her. “You would know how good it feels to have a close friend after having one. Moreover, we’re business partners. I don’t think we could be considered ordinary friends.”

Kathleen shot him a suspicious look.

Samuel’s gaze darkened as he stared at her.

Without saying a word, Kathleen pursed her lips slightly and started the engine.

Samuel cast her an unfathomable look. “So, is that a yes?”

“Shut up!” Kathleen exclaimed, enraged.

Samuel curled his lips into a wicked smirk.

I knew she would agree to it.

Kathleen and Samuel went back to the Johnson residence together.

As Samuel had regained consciousness and no longer needed someone to take care of him, he went straight for the medicinal bath after having his meal.

Meanwhile, Kathleen was resting in the guest room.

Her bedroom was occupied by Samuel as usual.

Just as she was looking into the script, Caleb’s call came in.

“Hello.” Kathleen picked up the phone.

“Are you busy?” Caleb’s voice sounded rather husky.

Ever since Kathleen had exposed his intention, he was filled with an indescribable sense of guilt whenever he faced her.

“Not really,” replied Kathleen. “Did something happen to your sister?”

Caleb fell silent for a moment before he questioned, “Can I only call you when something happens to my sister?”

“Of course not. If there’s anything wrong with your health, you can also call me.” Kathleen paused for a bit. “You have to pay, though.”

Caleb was at a loss for words.

Blinking, Kathleen asked again, “It isn’t about your sister, but you’re feeling unwell, huh?”

“Hah!” Caleb chuckled and retorted, “I know you’re turning me down indirectly.”

Kathleen did not reply.

“You used me to free yourself from Samuel, but why do you two get closer and closer to each other?” Caleb questioned in a low voice.

Kathleen bit her lip.

“Kathleen, I’m serious about being with you.” Caleb looked up and stared at the window of her room. “Could you give me a chance?”

Kathleen was slightly taken aback. “Caleb, you…”

“Couldn’t you? Have you already accepted Samuel?” Caleb asked gravely.

“No.” Kathleen shook her head. “Caleb, I don’t plan to get into a relationship again, and I mean it. So I have no idea why all of you are forcing me to end my single life. I’m happy on my own, and I get to enjoy the freedom. Also, I have my own career. Love and marriage aren’t everything. Why are both of you making me get back together or be in a relationship with you? As though romance is the only thing that matters in the world.”

She was truly annoyed.

She had all the dreams and goals she wanted to achieve, and there were many more meaningful things that were worth her time and attention.

Yet, these people were trying to have her trapped in a relationship. She was troubled and frustrated.

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Caleb heard Kathleen's grumbles, but he did not get mad at her.

I bet she isn't doing this to me only.

"Okay. I got it. I'll not bother you anymore," assured Caleb in a hoarse voice.

He hung up the phone as soon as he left those words behind.

Holding her forehead, Kathleen felt so worn.

She felt her head throbbing.

Caleb looked up and stared at the window. Then, he got into the car and drove off.

He was determined to win Kathleen over.

At the same time, Samuel was listening silently outside Kathleen's room with his arms crossed.

His lips curled into a subtle smile.

At least she hasn't thought about dating Caleb. Since she has so many things to accomplish, I'll fulfill her wishes as long as she's happy!

The next day, Kathleen went downstairs to have breakfast after freshening up.

Charles and Samuel seemed exceptionally composed at the dining table.

Then, she sat down.

Samuel and Charles held up a glass of milk respectively at the same time, wanting to give it to her.

Kathleen took a bite of the toast and said, "I can manage on my own."

The two men exchanged glances and released their grips.

Kathleen was rendered speechless.

She took the glass of milk over and sipped it slowly.

"Samuel, did your house get burned?" Charles began with his sarcasm.

Samuel flashed him a wide smile. "Which house did you mean?"

Charles was rendered speechless. He had already lost when the fight had just begun.

“Since you have so many houses, why are you at my house, then? You even took my clothes to wear last night,” Charles complained angrily.

“Let me correct you. This house belongs to you and Kate. Kate agreed, so I moved in. As for your clothes, I already bought them,” Samuel explained patiently.

“You bought them?” Charles fumed, “I haven’t even worn them yet! Those were birthday gifts given to me by Kate!”

“That was why I bought them at the original price. If not, name me your price. I’ll pay you.” Samuel wore a grin.

Charles was breathing heavily.

He lost in the second round, too.

“Get out of my house today!” Charles slammed the table.

Looking rather composed, Samuel cast his gaze upon Kathleen. “Do I need to stay for another night today?”

“No.” Kathleen shook her head.

“Did you hear that? Get lost!” Charles was agitated.

Kathleen stared at Samuel calmly. “I’ll look for you later and treat you at your home.”

“Okay,” Samuel replied with a nod.

Charles was beyond speechless.

And that was the third round he lost.

“Charles,” Kathleen called out.

Charles immediately came back to his sense. “What’s the matter?”

“Go visit Granny at the hospital today. Inform me if she’s awake. Remember not to let Vanessa and the others approach Granny,” reminded Kathleen.

“All right. I’ll go now.” Charles finished his cup of coffee and rose to his feet.

“Drive safe,” said Kathleen.

Patting Kathleen's shoulder, Charles stated indifferently, "Remember, tell him to get lost! Also, call me to go with you if you're going to his house."

"Charles, are you that free?" Kathleen questioned softly.

"What do you mean? I have plenty of time to keep you safe from a pervert." Charles shot Samuel a cold glare and turned around.

Kathleen glanced at Samuel. "Do you really have to trigger my brother?"

"I was only telling the truth. The clothes you bought for him suit me better," Samuel said confidently.

"I bought those clothes for my brother. Why do you need so many clothes? Is there a need to snatch his?" Kathleen spoke helplessly.

"Because... I like them," Samuel replied in his deep voice.

In truth, he wanted to say he only liked them because Kathleen was the one who bought them.

Kathleen was troubled. "Give those clothes back to Charles. I'll get you new ones."

"Serious?" Samuel looked at her, his gaze filled with anticipation.

"Why would I lie to you? Didn't I buy you the down jacket that I promised you last time?"

A bright smile crept over Samuel's face. "All right."

Kathleen let out a sigh.

Both Samuel and Charles have always been domineering, but why do they always fight like kids whenever they meet?

She could not seem to comprehend their behaviors.

"I'm done eating. I'll head to the film set now," said Kathleen after finishing half a corn cob.

"Let's go together." Samuel placed the cup down.

He had finished eating some time ago, and he had been waiting for Kathleen.

Kathleen ate slowly and gracefully, chewing every small bite she took.

She nodded. "Let's go. Remember to send someone here to pack your things."

Samuel wore a faint smile. "I'll move them on my own tonight."

Tonight?

Kathleen turned to look at him.

"I've moved back to next door." Samuel narrowed his eyes languidly as he stared at her.

Kathleen was stumped.

I've never been this speechless in my life before.

After that, Samuel left the house with her.

He even sent her to the film set personally.

Before getting out of the car, Kathleen shot him a nonchalant look. "I can go back on my own after work. You don't have to pick me up."

Upon hearing that, Samuel merely flashed an unbothered grin. "But my mom told me to bring you to the Macari residence for dinner. I'll turn down the invitation on your behalf, then. Grandma misses you, and she wishes to talk about the Yoeger family's matter too."

Kathleen was doubtful.

Samuel's charming face remained composed. "I'm not that shameless to use Grandma as an excuse to fool you. Besides, you know Grandma will not play along with me."

"True," Kathleen replied with a slight nod after giving his words some thought.

She took another look at him before she pushed open the door and got out of the car.

Samuel's gaze darkened as he watched Kathleen walk to the film set.

The next instant, he took out his phone unhurriedly and called Diana.

"What's the matter?" came Diana's cold reply.

"Grandma, don't you care about me at all?" complained Samuel, his brows settled into a frown.

"Haha! Kate is there to take care of you. You won't die for sure." Diana was at ease.

Samuel cleared his throat. "I'm bringing Kate home for dinner tonight."

“Did Kate suggest it herself?” Diana knitted her brows.

“I invited her in your name,” answered Samuel directly.

His reply left Diana speechless.

“But I told her you were the one who brought it up. Grandma, remember not to blurt it out accidentally.”

“Bas—” Diana chided.

Before she could finish her sentence, Samuel immediately hung up the phone.

Massaging his temples, Samuel instructed the driver, “Head back to the company.”

The driver nodded and drove Samuel back to the company.

Later, Samuel arrived at the building and walked into the office.

Tyson walked over. “Mr. Macari, Nicolette has been released.”

Samuel removed his down jacket and hung it at the side. In an apathetic tone, he said, “Is she receiving treatment at the hospital outside?”

Tyson replied with a nod.

Samuel smirked. “Great.”

Great? Tyson was baffled.

“Let me ask you. Why must Vanessa save Nicolette?” Samuel arched an eyebrow.

“Because she wants Nicolette’s kidney, as Zachary needs a kidney transplant,” replied Tyson almost immediately.

Samuel scoffed. “You’re too shallow.”

Shallow? Once again, Tyson was puzzled.

Samuel took out a report from the drawer. “This report shows that Nicolette isn’t a compatible donor to donate her kidney to Zachary.”

“What?” Tyson was shocked by that revelation.

“Besides, based on Zachary’s current condition, he doesn’t need a kidney transplant yet,” said Samuel in a cold tone.

Tyson was even more startled. "This..."

Samuel seemed unfazed. "Vanessa is trying to get rid of anyone who might get in her way to inherit the family's assets. Kate, Charles, Zachary, Nicolette, Old Mrs. Yoeger, and Ms. Schott are threats to her, so they must die."

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Chapter 220 Let Me Help You

Cold sweat was trickling down Tyson's forehead as he stared at the document. "Vanessa is such a vicious woman!"

Meanwhile, sheer hostility was apparent on Samuel's handsome and chiseled face.

"Mr. Macari, shouldn't we inform Ms. Johnson about these?" Tyson asked curiously.

Samuel shook his head in response.

Tyson was taken aback upon seeing Samuel's response. "But won't doing so allow us to reveal Vanessa's sinister schemes?"

"But I want Nicolette dead," Samuel stated, his eyes cold.

Then, everything clicked into place for Tyson.

Samuel would never intervene if he could use Vanessa to take Nicolette's life.

He no longer harbored feelings for Nicolette as she had nearly killed Kathleen.

Furthermore, she caused Kathleen a great deal of psychological trauma and even killed his two unborn children.

How could he possibly let Nicolette off the hook?

Samuel was already being charitable by not offering Vanessa a weapon and assisting her in murdering Nicolette.

Tyson eventually understood Samuel's intention. Quietly, he said, "You have a point. We should just let the wicked punish themselves. There's no need for you to get your hands dirty, Mr. Macari."

It was not worth it to be charged with a crime because of people like them.

“Oh, right,” Samuel said with a slight smile. “Acquire the brand of this jacket.”

Tyson was puzzled. Samuel’s spontaneous request had taken him by surprise.

“I noticed Kate wearing a few of their jackets. Please get in touch with them and request that they appoint Kate as their spokesperson,” Samuel stated lightly.

Even though Tyson was still speechless, he managed to reply with a simple “okay.”

Samuel, on the other hand, focused on the jacket hung next to him. The longer he stared at it, the happier he felt.

Tyson could tell that Samuel was in an exceptionally good mood by looking at the latter’s crossed legs, which were bouncing rhythmically.

It seemed that Samuel and Kathleen were making good progress.

Thank God.

Meanwhile, Kathleen was filming diligently with the film crew.

And around the afternoon came Charles, who paid her a visit.

“Charles, what brings you here?” Kathleen asked. She was rather sweaty as she had just finished shooting a scene.

It was an action scene.

In order to present a more realistic shot, Kathleen had done the scene on her own without a stunt double.

Charles cleaned the grime off her face before announcing, “Mio wants you to be their spokesperson.”

Utterly taken aback, Kathleen asked, “Really?”

“Yes.” Charles nodded.

“Didn’t Mio say they’d never hire a spokesperson?” Kathleen questioned, still in a state of shock. “Their jackets are really comfy to wear, though.”

“That was what the ex-boss of Mio said. The current boss is apparently different,” Charles explained.

Kathleen was once again taken aback by the information she was getting. “The ex-boss and the current boss? Did Mio have a change of bosses?”

Charles nodded in response.

“Who is the new boss?” Kathleen inquired, intrigued. “The fact that they chose me, an A-list actress, as the spokesperson, however, shows that they have superb taste.”

“Samuel Macari,” Charles replied flatly.

Kathleen was rendered speechless.

She did not expect Samuel to have acquired Mio right after receiving a jacket of the said brand from her not so long ago.

On top of that, he even appointed her as the spokesperson.

Thus, she had no idea how to react.

“What do you think?” Charles asked.

“Charles, you’re letting me take the job?” Kathleen asked, feeling surprised.

“Why not? It’s an opportunity to make money,” Charles reasoned. “Furthermore, quite a few prestigious brands are also interested in working with you. I’ll arrange it so that all shots can be completed within three days.”

Kathleen nodded. “Okay. You carry on with the arrangements then. I’ll do as you say.”

With a trace of irritation in his voice, Charles said, “To be honest, I’m not happy with this. Mio, however, makes more than just jackets. The complete apparel line was allotted to you, thanks to Samuel’s arrangement. Thus, I’m sure that you’ll be endorsing the other clothing items as well. Which brings to mind something I need to talk to him about—if he wants to make you the spokesperson, he had better make it permanent; he’s also not allowed to hire other spokespeople.”

Once again, Kathleen was rendered speechless.

Charles seems to be blatantly threatening Samuel at this point. He knows that Samuel would definitely agree to his terms.

Not knowing what else to say, Kathleen opted to continue working instead. As she was about to turn around and leave, she informed, “I have to continue filming, Charles.”

“Go on. I should also get back to the hospital,” Charles replied lightly.

“Has Granny not awoken yet?” Kathleen asked.

Charles shook his head. "I've consulted the doctor, but he isn't sure either. He said that we might have to wait until the next day."

"After all, Granny was poisoned with a slow-acting poison," Kathleen stated before continuing, "I don't think she'll wake up that soon. You should deal with your work, Charles. There are people in the hospital who could help look after Granny anyway."

Charles huffed. "Samuel had instructed more people to be on guard. He's always been eager when it comes to things like these."

Helplessly, Kathleen retorted, "Charles, isn't it good that Samuel's offering help?"

Charles merely grunted in response.

"Well, he does have more men under him than you do," Kathleen muttered.

"I'm just worried that the same things that happened to you in the past will happen again," Charles explained.

Kathleen pursed her lips.

It was then that Charles realized that he had said something wrong. "I didn't mean to bring it up."

Kathleen sighed. "He won't make the same mistake. Samuel's not that foolish."

She knew Samuel very well.

Charles gave her a sidelong glance. "You seem to know him extremely well."

"What can I do? I've liked him for so long. I've been learning about him during my free time. How could I not know him well?" Kathleen smiled bitterly before continuing, "If I had used some of the time that I had spent to learn him on myself, I would've become famous two years ago."

"That's why you shouldn't be a love-struck fool," Charles exclaimed. "Kathleen, you're living your best life now. So please don't cause yourself trouble by getting into a relationship."

Kathleen snorted. "Says the one who hoped I'd end up with either Chris or Caleb."

Charles was embarrassed after hearing her words.

"To put it out in the open, you just don't want me to get together with Samuel," Kathleen suggested, raising a brow.

Charles huffed. "I just don't want to give him another chance to hurt you!"

Kathleen breathed out another sigh before patting Charles on the shoulder. "You're overthinking."

With that, she turned on her heel and left.

Charles furrowed his brows.

What does she mean? Does she think that Samuel won't hurt her?

He glanced at Kathleen, who was currently preoccupied with filming, and decided he didn't want to bother her anymore. Thus, he quietly took his leave.

After the conversation, Kathleen was absorbed in her thoughts while filming. Why do I know Samuel so well to the extent that I know him better than myself?

By the time Kathleen finished her work, it was already evening.

Surprisingly, Samuel had come to pick her up.

Kathleen looked at him.

Apart from his shirt, he was dressed entirely in black and was still sporting the jacket she had given him.

He was breathtakingly handsome with distinct features, which consisted of thick brows and a straight nose bridge.

He often gave a cold and closed-off impression when his face was expressionless.

It was then that she realized she had been staring at him. She quickly walked over to him and said, "I'll drive there myself."

"I'd get scolded if you did so," Samuel replied. He flashed her a half-smile as he stared at her. "You filmed an action scene today?"

Self-consciously, Kathleen touched her face. "How did you know? I'm sure I've wiped myself clean."

"You've missed a spot," Samuel said with a smirk. "Your ear."

My ear?

Kathleen immediately shot her hand up to touch her ear.

Yet, she failed to find any specks of filth.

“Let me help you?” Samuel asked.

Hesitantly, Kathleen nodded.

Samuel took a handkerchief out from his pocket and gently wiped the dirt off her ear.

He quickly noticed how red Kathleen’s ear had turned.

Kathleen’s ears are her second-most sensitive body part. The most sensitive one is...

Samuel stopped his train of thoughts from spiraling any further. Like the gentleman that he was, he continued wiping her ear.

“All done,” Samuel stated with a smile.

He then caught a glimpse of Kathleen’s earlobe piercing and felt his heart skip a beat.

Slowly, he retracted his gaze and opened the car door. “Get in.”

Nodding, Kathleen got into the car.

After also getting into the car, Samuel ordered the driver to start driving.