

Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife Chapter 21

Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife

Chapter 21

Kathleen was having a fitful sleep when she was awoken by a bitingly cold presence.

Her gaze landed on Samuel, who was standing by her bed.

She was overcome with nerves and disbelief that he had actually returned.

Samuel regarded the squeamish Kathleen in an icily condescending manner. "You're pregnant?"

"No. Who told you that? Do you deny the lab test results?" Kathleen bit back as she worried her bottom lip.

"Then what is it that you're looking at?" retorted Samuel as he pointed at the tablet.

Kathleen pursed her lips. "I had promised to help Gemma out tomorrow by volunteering at a charity home advocating for autistic children. Do you find fault in me doing some background research beforehand?"

That managed to convince Samuel.

"What time will you be leaving tomorrow?" asked Samuel dispassionately.

"I plan to reach by ten o'clock."

Kathleen secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

That was a close call. Her pregnancy was almost revealed.

"Are you certain you're not pregnant?" Samuel reiterated.

"Of course. When have I skipped my birth control pills?" deadpanned Kathleen.

"That trip to the hot springs two months prior." Samuel could still recall it vividly.

Well, that was true indeed.

Kathleen had decided to head to the hot springs on a whim while Samuel had been there on a job inspection. Neither she nor Samuel had an inkling that either party would be present, yet both had met out of sheer coincidence.

It had only taken Samuel one look at Kathleen, enticingly flushed and bundled up in a bathrobe, for him to ravish her completely in his room.

In the heat of the moment, Samuel had forgotten to bring along his condoms.

He rarely used them, as a matter of fact, and relied on Kathleen's regular intake of morning-after pills.

After their night together, he had urged Kathleen to take her pills on time and hastily left for work.

Kathleen was so wrung out after the night's exertions that she failed to act on it immediately.

She had brushed off the reminder since she wasn't ovulating and promptly forgotten all about it.

Samuel had worn a condom the subsequent few times they slept together. Hence, she did not see the need in taking the pills.

Yet, a seed had been planted in her womb, and a new life took shape.

"You weren't around when I was taking my plan B pills the last time," explained Kathleen coolly. "I'll ingest them right now if you still doubt me!"

Kathleen then proceeded to retrieve a box of morning-after pills from the drawer.

The pill had almost reached Kathleen's lips when Samuel grabbed her hand, disrupting her. "Fine, I trust you. You haven't been feeling well lately. Taking these pills might only cause more harm than good."

"I hope the future men I meet won't let me suffer through this, unlike you! All you care about is your own pleasure regardless of my feelings."

Samuel was incensed.

Did I truly act irresponsibly? Still, it is true that Kathleen often has to be on Plan B pills.

"Without proper contraceptive measures, would you prefer to be as fecund as a sow?" countered Samuel.

"If a man were to truly love me, he would certainly have a vasectomy."

“Dream on. No man would commit such folly.”

“You’re so full of yourself that your opinions are skewed. I swear I’ll prove it to you by finding a good man for myself.”

“Believe me, Kathleen, when I say that such men are a mere figment of your wishful imagination,” quibbled Samuel.

How dare she compare me with her imagined good man. What is so bad about me anyway? Kathleen is given ample money to spend. Besides, her needs and wants, both in bed and in day-to-day life are well taken care of. What more is there to ask for?

“The good men out there are a dime a dozen. I can’t believe my poor luck to have met the only bad egg out there.” Kathleen fumed.

“This means that we’re fated then,” replied Samuel slyly.

Kathleen uttered self-mockingly, “As if! Curse my rotten luck. I must have been utterly blinded!”

Her mind must have been lust-addled to have pined after him for ten years.

Samuel huffed in displeasure.

Kathleen instantly sensed that something was off.

Recently, it seemed that she had inexplicably become more prone to losing her temper.

Based on her research, however, it could be that her mood swings were due to pregnancy hormonal imbalances.

Kathleen pinched the space between her eyebrows, deflated. “Whatever, I’m going to bed.”

She then proceeded to flop onto the bed, pull up the covers, and fell asleep.

Samuel grimaced.

The gall of her to instigate my anger then promptly snooze off like nobody’s business. She would not have dared to do so in the past. When did she become so gutsy?

Kathleen thanked the heavens for her quick wit in switching the birth control pills to vitamins.

She wouldn’t have proposed to take them right before Samuel otherwise.

Kathleen eventually drifted off and succumbed to sleep.

Samuel's glacial gaze was pinned on the bottle of birth-control pills.

What an eyesore. Best get rid of it. How am I not a good man?

If a good man was defined by his actions in not allowing her to consume birth-control pills, then so be it.

He would use a condom from this day forth.

After showering, Samuel lay in bed and turned to his side, taking in the view of Kathleen.

She was as soft and luscious as fresh peach and slept as soundly as an endearing tabby cat.

How is it possible for such an irresistibly adorable woman to exist? No wonder everyone seems drawn to her. Especially Christopher. The way he looks at Kathleen does not belong to that of an ordinary friend.

The mere thought of that did not sit well with Samuel, and he was compelled to wrap Kathleen in his embrace to soothe his unease.

"Let go of me you scum!" Kathleen shrieked as she struggled to escape from him.

Samuel frowned in dismay at the commotion, but Kathleen was merely sleep-talking.

"Leave me alone. I no longer love you. I'm going to find someone else whom I deserve," Kathleen whimpered in her sleep.

Samuel felt a twinge in his chest.

He couldn't seem to explain why those words made him so queasy.

Yet, there was nothing he could do but bear down on the discomfort.

The day dawned bright the following day.

Kathleen kicked aside her covers in frustration.

My entire body feels so warm!

The room's temperature was ridiculously high, even after factoring in the fact that the heater was still running.

Kathleen was drenched in sweat and felt as if she were being burnt alive when the weight of the covers descended upon her once more.

Kathleen was livid. Who is the annoying fellow?

She was preparing to kick aside her blanket again when she felt her limbs being restrained.

Her eyes fluttered open to reveal the close-up of a beautifully handsome face.

What in the world is happening here? When did I fall asleep in the arms of Samuel?

A smile tugged on the corner of Samuel's sensuous lips. "You're awake."

Kathleen disengaged herself from him and scooted to the corner of the bed, alarmed.

Some things never change.

She used to instinctively burrow into Samuel's arms before falling asleep and relished the feel of warming her icy feet on his thighs.

Samuel had been tolerant of her quirks and never once objected to them.

It turned out old habits were hard to break, even today.

"Excuse me, don't forget that we're about to get divorced. For propriety's sake, could you please keep your distance and sleep on the couch instead?"

Kathleen would have done so if not for her baby.

"Ladies first." Samuel scoffed.

"All right then," said Kathleen with gritted teeth.

The couch was wide enough for one anyway. As long as she kept to her space, it was unlikely that she'd fall off.

Samuel's face was drawn into a rictus.

She wouldn't have acquiesced to sleeping on the couch in the past. What has gotten into her?

Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife Chapter 22

Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife

Chapter 22

Kathleen turned and looked at the guy walking toward her and asked, "You are Federick Evans?"

Federick smiled and said, "Yes, it's me. It's been a long time, Kathleen."

Federick was Kathleen's neighbor.

After her parents passed away and she moved into the Macari residence, she seldom met Federick.

Kathleen was surprised. "Federick, what are you doing here?"

Federick's face looked sorrowful. He said, "My daughter is here."

His daughter?

Kathleen was taken aback. "Federick, is your daughter..."

"Mid-level autism," Federick said calmly, "I bring her here every week. What about you?"

Kathleen replied, "I'm here as a favor for Gemma, to do charity work."

Federick got it and said, "Oh, so you are a friend of Gem."

Kathleen reminded him that they should get going as she said, "Let's go in."

Federick made a sound of approval and nodded.

They went into the classroom which had a few autistic children in it.

They were all brought there by either their father or mother.

Kathleen learned that the biggest concern for most families with autistic children was that one of the parents could not stand the stress and chose to divorce or leave the family behind.

For instance, Federick's wife was one of them.

When Madeline Evans was diagnosed with autism, her mother chose to divorce after she persisted for six months.

Madeline was five years old, and she was a cute little girl.

Nonetheless, because of autism, she did not react to the world around her and did not interact with people.

She sat in a corner quietly, holding a barbie doll in her hands.

Actually, most autistic children were quiet, as long as they were not provoked.

As they were quiet, they did not take the initiative to tell others what they wanted or when they were not feeling comfortable.

The parents brought their children there because the doctors were professional and would be able to help them.

“Madeline, do you want some water?” Federick got down next to Madeline and asked.

Madeline did not give any reaction to her father.

“Madeline, the doctor is going to come and examine you later. Let’s not yell at the doctor like last time, all right?” Federick asked.

Again, Madeline did not show any response.

Federick let out a sigh.

Kathleen walked over and got down next to Madeline, she waved her hand and said, “Madeline?”

Federick sighed and said, “It’s no use, she does not even react much to me.”

Out of expectation, Madeline raised her hand and looked at Kathleen.

Federick was amazed.

Kathleen gave a gentle, warm smile and said, “When the doctor is here, we will let the doctor examine you. After that, I will make a pretty little dress for your barbie doll, okay?”

Madeline then lowered her head again.

Federick was excited at first, but looking at Madeline going back to her usual state and being shut off from the outside world, he felt heartbroken.

Kathleen knew this was how children with autism behaved.

“Okay.” Madeline finally gave a response.

Federick was dumbfounded.

Kathleen was overjoyed. "Pinky promise?"

She held her pinky finger forward.

Madeline also held her hand out.

With that, Kathleen made a pinky promise to her and said, "It's a promise, you will let the doctor examine you and I will make your barbie doll a little dress."

Madeline nodded with a light hum.

Federick's eyes were filled with tears right away.

He said in a quavering voice, "Kathleen, she rarely reacts to things or people from the outside world. Besides me, this is the first time she responded to someone speaking to her."

That's wonderful.

"This shows that the treatment here is working," Kathleen explained.

She did not think that she was the special reason.

Federick covered up his face and did not want Kathleen to see him cry. "You are right. I'm content with her getting better little by little. I'll be very happy if she can show a little bit of response to the outside world."

Kathleen handed a tissue to Federick.

He took it and wiped off his tears. "I'm sorry to show you this side of me. This is embarrassing."

"Federick, this is what it's like being parents, isn't it?" asked Kathleen. She then said in a gentle tone, "As long as the kid stays safe and healthy, nothing else matters."

As she was going to have her own baby, that moment gave her a profound feeling.

"Right, nothing else matters. I just want my Madeline to be healthy," Federick said with his puffy eyes.

The doctor came in at that moment.

One by one, the doctor examined the children.

When it was Madeline's turn, the doctor asked, "Madeline, do you still remember me?"

She remained silent.

"I'm going to examine you," the doctor said softly.

Kathleen could see that the doctor was nervous.

It might be that Madeline had caused a scene last time during the examination which left an impression on the doctor.

Although the doctor knew it was normal for autistic patients, he was still anxious.

Unexpectedly, Madeline was very still this time that even the doctor was amazed.

"Madeline, you are very good today."

That was a huge step forward.

Federick explained, "Yes, she even responded to Kathleen when she spoke to her just now."

The doctor glanced at Kathleen and said, "You are new here?"

"Yes, I am here on behalf of Gemma," Kathleen answered.

The doctor looked at Kathleen and saw that she had a friendly smile. "We need someone like you here, would you consider staying?"

Kathleen was stunned.

"I mean for the charity work," the doctor further explained.

Kathleen smiled and said, "Okay, I'll give it a try."

The doctor nodded.

Suddenly, a kid sitting not far from Madeline started screaming.

He fell from the chair and was kicking around.

"Doctor!" the little boy's mother panicked.

The doctor hurried over.

Madeline covered her ears and she started to scream too.

“Madeline!” Federick was shocked and he reached out, wanting to hold Madeline.

However, Madeline kicked his hands away and refused to let him touch her.

Then, she went to the corner. With her ears covered, she continued to scream.

Kathleen approached her and said, “Hey Madeline, it’s me, Kathleen. You are going to be okay.”

Madeline was kicking around just like the little boy did.

She could easily hurt herself that way.

Kathleen embraced her and said to Federick, “The medicine.”

Madeline was struggling in an aggressive way.

She knew that she could not escape, so she bit strongly on Kathleen’s palm.

Kathleen was in pain but she did not loosen her grip.

Federick brought the medicine and helped Madeline take it.

“Madeline, it’s okay, no one’s going to harm you. It’s me, Kathleen.” Kathleen tried to comfort Madeline while holding her in her arms.

After Madeline took the medicine, and with Kathleen soothing her, she started to settle down.

The little boy was still screaming but it was in a much lower tone.

The other children were all somewhat affected by this.

The little boy’s mother was crying in grief.

Kathleen knew she must have had a hard time taking care of the boy all by herself.

Her eyes turned red instantly.

It’s hard enough for a woman to take care of a kid, let alone a kid with autism.

“Kathleen, thank you,” Federick said apologetically. “Let me have Madeline. You should hurry and get your wound treated.”

“Okay.” Kathleen proceeded to hand Madeline over to Federick.

However, Madeline held on to Kathleen's hand, and said in her hoarse and soft voice, "I did not behave again, Kathleen. Will you still make my barbie doll a dress?"

Kathleen could not take it and tears poured down her cheeks.

Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife Chapter 23

Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife

Chapter 23

Sophie noticed Kathleen's dejected mood and consoled, "Everyone was like you when they first volunteer here. Even though they might not have encountered situations where the children were having episodes, they felt the same way as you when they heard about the parents."

Kathleen bit her lips and asked, "What are the chances of recovery for these children?"

"The chances are slim. Even if they've recovered, there are still possibilities for them to be triggered again." Sophie sighed and continued, "As of now, there's still no definite explanation as to why this happens. There's no cure for it as well."

Gloomily, Kathleen said, "Ms. Campbell, I don't know how to explain my feelings. After seeing those children and their parents, I'm worried that my own child will be like this too. Am I being very selfish? The first thing I thought about is myself after witnessing what happened."

Sophie patted her shoulder and said, "You silly child. It's normal to feel this way. When you get pregnant in the future, you just have to make sure that you're feeling happy at all times. Everything is fine if you give birth safely. Stop overthinking."

Feeling happy at all times? I want to but I'm suffering.

That was the reason why Kathleen was feeling upset. She was worried that her suffering would affect her child.

With a gentle tone, Sophie said, "You're a kind-hearted person. God will not mistreat you."

"Ms. Campbell, I really like this place. Can I continue to volunteer here?" Kathleen asked.

Sophie nodded and replied, "Of course! We will always welcome you."

“Thank you!” Kathleen was delighted upon hearing that.

Just then, a black Mercedes-Benz stopped in front of her.

Federick got off the car and said, “Kathleen, I’m here to apologize to you.”

Puzzled, Kathleen asked, “Federick, how’s Madeline?”

“My mum’s looking after her. Don’t worry, my mum has experience taking care of Madeline,” he explained.

Feeling relieved, she nodded.

“You guys can continue chatting. I have something to deal with, so I’ll take my leave now.” With that said, Sophie turned around and left.

Federick looked at Kathleen and asked, “May I treat you to a meal?”

“I’m sorry, Federick. My family is waiting for me to dine with them at home,” she explained.

“It’s okay.” Federick was worried that she might misunderstand, so he continued, “I’ll send you back home then. We can chat in the car.”

“Okay.” Kathleen nodded.

Federick opened the passenger seat’s door and saw some children’s picture books on the seat. Embarrassed, he said, “I’m sorry. I forgot that I put some books here.”

Federick planned to move those books to the backseat.

Kathleen was afraid it would be too troublesome, so she suggested, “Federick, you don’t have to move them. I can sit at the back.”

With a faint smile, Federick said, “Okay, that works too. These books are quite heavy.”

Kathleen smiled and got into the backseat.

Soon, Federick got into the car as well and fastened his seat belt. He asked, “Where do you stay?”

She told him the address of the Macari residence.

He was stunned for a moment before regaining his composure and said, “Okay, got it.”

Kathleen noticed some books in the backseat as well, so she took one and asked, "Federick, what are these?"

Federick's lips curled upward and replied, "These are some picture books published by my company. The one you're looking at is a story I've written for Madeline. An illustrator drew the pictures for me."

Kathleen found it to be a good read and said, "This is interesting."

With a smile, Federick replied, "Really?"

"However, why is the story not completed?" Kathleen asked in confusion.

"I was going to publish the sequel this summer, but the illustrator got into an accident and couldn't draw anymore. I couldn't find another illustrator to replace him, so the sequel has to be delayed," he explained.

Kathleen nodded at his words.

"Federick, is there a reason why you're looking for me?" she asked out of curiosity.

"I just wanted to ask if you'll be volunteering here next time," Federick asked calmly.

Kathleen nodded and replied, "Yes, as long as I have the time for it."

Federick was relieved upon hearing that. "That's great! Autistic children don't really interact with anyone since they're too immersed in their own worlds. If there's a way to pique their interest in interacting with others, there might be a chance to cure this disorder."

Kathleen continued to listen to him.

"Madeline actually reacted to your words today. Will it trouble you if I ask you to communicate with her more often?"

Kathleen gently replied, "Of course not. Federick, you don't have to be so polite when speaking to me. It's my pleasure to help out."

Federick would not let Kathleen help out with nothing in return, so he offered, "That's good to hear! Feel free to let me know if you need anything."

Kathleen asked, "Federick, can I have this book?"

"You can have it if you like it." Federick happily gifted her the book.

Kathleen wrapped the book in her arms and said, "Okay, I'll take it then."

Soon, they arrived at the entrance of the Macari residence.

While looking at the magnificent mansion, Federick was reminded of that family.

Kathleen was worried that Federick might misunderstand. "Federick..."

With a gentle smile, he said, "I know that the Macari family took you in after what happened to your parents. Don't worry, I did not misunderstand anything. I won't go around talking about this either."

Kathleen breathed a sigh of relief and said, "Thank you."

"I'll take my leave now." Federick drove away with a wave of his hand.

Kathleen watched as he drove away.

She took a deep breath.

At that moment, a cold voice sounded from behind. "No wonder the driver did not manage to pick you up. It's because someone has already sent you back."

Kathleen turned around in shock and looked at Samuel with a pale face.

At this hour, shouldn't he be accompanying Nicolette after getting off work? Why would he be home?

"It was on the way, so Federick sent me home." She headed into the mansion while holding tightly to the book.

Samuel blocked her path. He was emanating a cold and dangerous aura.

With a cold voice, he said, "Did you meet that man at the charity home? He sent you back after only meeting you for the first time. Seems like you're still doing well in the dating scene."

Dating scene?

She bit her lips and said, "Samuel, you don't have to be cynical about this. That man is Federick Evans. He used to be my neighbor. We've only met each other again at the charity home today. His daughter has autism."

Samuel's darkened gaze landed on the back of Kathleen's hand. "What happened to your hand?"

"It's none of your business." With that said, Kathleen strode away.

“Stop there!” Samuel grabbed her wrist and yelled, “Tell me! How did you get hurt?”

She was a fragile person, and so was her skin.

“I already told you that it’s none of your business.” Kathleen did not want to explain it to him. There was no need to do so.

She got more distressed every time she saw him.

Samuel refused to get a divorce, so she did not want to interact with him.

She was afraid that getting angry all the time would have an effect on her child.

Samuel threatened, “You know that I can order someone to end the charity home right this instance, don’t you?”

Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife Chapter 24

Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife

Chapter 24

After the charity work had ended, Sophie escorted Kathleen out of the charity home.

“Does your hand still hurt?” Sophie asked.

Kathleen shook her head and replied, “It doesn’t hurt anymore.”

Sophie noticed Kathleen’s dejected mood and consoled, “Everyone was like you when they first volunteer here. Even though they might not have encountered situations where the children were having episodes, they felt the same way as you when they heard about the parents.”

Kathleen bit her lips and asked, “What are the chances of recovery for these children?”

“The chances are slim. Even if they’ve recovered, there are still possibilities for them to be triggered again.” Sophie sighed and continued, “As of now, there’s still no definite explanation as to why this happens. There’s no cure for it as well.”

Gloomily, Kathleen said, “Ms. Campbell, I don’t know how to explain my feelings. After seeing those children and their parents, I’m worried that my own child will be like this too. Am I being very selfish? The first thing I thought about is myself after witnessing what happened.”

Sophie patted her shoulder and said, "You silly child. It's normal to feel this way. When you get pregnant in the future, you just have to make sure that you're feeling happy at all times. Everything is fine if you give birth safely. Stop overthinking."

Feeling happy at all times? I want to but I'm suffering.

That was the reason why Kathleen was feeling upset. She was worried that her suffering would affect her child.

With a gentle tone, Sophie said, "You're a kind-hearted person. God will not mistreat you."

"Ms. Campbell, I really like this place. Can I continue to volunteer here?" Kathleen asked.

Sophie nodded and replied, "Of course! We will always welcome you."

"Thank you!" Kathleen was delighted upon hearing that.

Just then, a black Mercedes-Benz stopped in front of her.

Federick got off the car and said, "Kathleen, I'm here to apologize to you."

Puzzled, Kathleen asked, "Federick, how's Madeline?"

"My mum's looking after her. Don't worry, my mum has experience taking care of Madeline," he explained.

Feeling relieved, she nodded.

"You guys can continue chatting. I have something to deal with, so I'll take my leave now." With that said, Sophie turned around and left.

Federick looked at Kathleen and asked, "May I treat you to a meal?"

"I'm sorry, Federick. My family is waiting for me to dine with them at home," she explained.

"It's okay." Federick was worried that she might misunderstand, so he continued, "I'll send you back home then. We can chat in the car."

"Okay." Kathleen nodded.

Federick opened the passenger seat's door and saw some children's picture books on the seat. Embarrassed, he said, "I'm sorry. I forgot that I put some books here."

Federick planned to move those books to the backseat.

Kathleen was afraid it would be too troublesome, so she suggested, "Federick, you don't have to move them. I can sit at the back."

With a faint smile, Federick said, "Okay, that works too. These books are quite heavy."

Kathleen smiled and got into the backseat.

Soon, Federick got into the car as well and fastened his seat belt. He asked, "Where do you stay?"

She told him the address of the Macari residence.

He was stunned for a moment before regaining his composure and said, "Okay, got it."

Kathleen noticed some books in the backseat as well, so she took one and asked, "Federick, what are these?"

Federick's lips curled upward and replied, "These are some picture books published by my company. The one you're looking at is a story I've written for Madeline. An illustrator drew the pictures for me."

Kathleen found it to be a good read and said, "This is interesting."

With a smile, Federick replied, "Really?"

"However, why is the story not completed?" Kathleen asked in confusion.

"I was going to publish the sequel this summer, but the illustrator got into an accident and couldn't draw anymore. I couldn't find another illustrator to replace him, so the sequel has to be delayed," he explained.

Kathleen nodded at his words.

"Federick, is there a reason why you're looking for me?" she asked out of curiosity.

"I just wanted to ask if you'll be volunteering here next time," Federick asked calmly.

Kathleen nodded and replied, "Yes, as long as I have the time for it."

Federick was relieved upon hearing that. "That's great! Autistic children don't really interact with anyone since they're too immersed in their own worlds. If there's a way to pique their interest in interacting with others, there might be a chance to cure this disorder."

Kathleen continued to listen to him.

“Madeline actually reacted to your words today. Will it trouble you if I ask you to communicate with her more often?”

Kathleen gently replied, “Of course not. Federick, you don’t have to be so polite when speaking to me. It’s my pleasure to help out.”

Federick would not let Kathleen help out with nothing in return, so he offered, “That’s good to hear! Feel free to let me know if you need anything.”

Kathleen asked, “Federick, can I have this book?”

“You can have it if you like it.” Federick happily gifted her the book.

Kathleen wrapped the book in her arms and said, “Okay, I’ll take it then.”

Soon, they arrived at the entrance of the Macari residence.

While looking at the magnificent mansion, Federick was reminded of that family.

Kathleen was worried that Federick might misunderstand. “Federick…”

With a gentle smile, he said, “I know that the Macari family took you in after what happened to your parents. Don’t worry, I did not misunderstand anything. I won’t go around talking about this either.”

Kathleen breathed a sigh of relief and said, “Thank you.”

“I’ll take my leave now.” Federick drove away with a wave of his hand.

Kathleen watched as he drove away.

She took a deep breath.

At that moment, a cold voice sounded from behind. “No wonder the driver did not manage to pick you up. It’s because someone has already sent you back.”

Kathleen turned around in shock and looked at Samuel with a pale face.

At this hour, shouldn’t he be accompanying Nicolette after getting off work? Why would he be home?

“It was on the way, so Federick sent me home.” She headed into the mansion while holding tightly to the book.

Samuel blocked her path. He was emanating a cold and dangerous aura.

With a cold voice, he said, "Did you meet that man at the charity home? He sent you back after only meeting you for the first time. Seems like you're still doing well in the dating scene."

Dating scene?

She bit her lips and said, "Samuel, you don't have to be cynical about this. That man is Federick Evans. He used to be my neighbor. We've only met each other again at the charity home today. His daughter has autism."

Samuel's darkened gaze landed on the back of Kathleen's hand. "What happened to your hand?"

"It's none of your business." With that said, Kathleen strode away.

"Stop there!" Samuel grabbed her wrist and yelled, "Tell me! How did you get hurt?"

She was a fragile person, and so was her skin.

"I already told you that it's none of your business." Kathleen did not want to explain it to him. There was no need to do so.

She got more distressed every time she saw him.

Samuel refused to get a divorce, so she did not want to interact with him.

She was afraid that getting angry all the time would have an effect on her child.

Samuel threatened, "You know that I can order someone to end the charity home right this instance, don't you?"

Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife

Chapter 25

Kathleen gritted her teeth. "Samuel, you've gone too far!"

"Then tell me the truth." Samuel's face was dark.

He did not want to use this method to force her.

However, Kathleen's temper had been getting worse recently.

She was no longer as gentle as before.

In other words, she was still a gentle and cute bunny who was only not friendly with him.

"A child was acting up. He accidentally bit me when I was trying to help," Kathleen explained vaguely.

"Accidentally?" Samuel grabbed her hand and tore off the large band-aid on the wound.

The bite mark was deep.

"You're not allowed to go there anymore." Samuel was very displeased as he looked at her fair and tender hand.

"I'm still going there." Kathleen pulled her hand away. "Those children and everyone else needs help. It was just an accident."

"Do you know how dangerous those children are? This time, they injured your hand. Who knows where you will get injured next time," Samuel said sternly.

Kathleen pursed her lips. "Those children are not dangerous. As long as they don't get provoked, they are very well-behaved. Besides, did you think that their parents wanted them to become like that?"

Samuel frowned. "What kind of attitude is this?"

I'm doing this for your own good!

Kathleen knew that she was agitated.

She was afraid that her negative emotions would affect her baby negatively.

The insecurity, agitation, and fear she felt were all for her baby.

However, she could not talk about it to anyone. There was no one she could turn to for advice.

She knew that she could possibly have prenatal depression.

However, despite this knowledge, there was nothing she could do.

"Fine. Do whatever you want." Samuel got angry and left.

Kathleen's tears rolled down her face.

Since when have I become such a weak crybaby? I want to endure it, but I can't take it anymore.

Samuel did not hesitate as he drove away.

He felt that he had lost his mind.

He thought it was a good idea to go home earlier to accompany Kathleen since she had been in a bad mood for the past few days.

However, he did not expect to get into an argument with her.

He should not have been kind.

Kathleen wiped her tears and returned to the mansion as if nothing had happened.

During dinner time, she did not go to the dining room.

She had no appetite.

Holding the picture book Federick had given her, Kathleen settled on the couch.

Federick was great at writing stories.

In his story, Madeline was a gentle and sensible child who could not speak.

She broke into the witch's territory to ask for medicine to save her father.

The Madeline in the story was brave and strong.

In the end, she managed to win the witch over, and the latter gave her the medicine.

That was the end of the story.

There were no descriptions of how Madeline returned home or how she saved her father.

It was probably in the sequel.

However, Kathleen loved this story.

In the story, Madeline used tree leaves as a boat and made friends with fireflies.

Both the text and illustrations were warm and therapeutic.

After a quick search online, she found that *The Adventures of Madeline* was a bestseller, and everyone was looking forward to the sequel.

Kathleen also felt that her heart had healed.

She gave Federick a call.

"Frederick, it's me." Kathleen's voice was gentle.

"Kathleen, is something wrong?" Federick had just exited Madeline's room after she fell asleep.

"I finished reading the book." Kathleen pursed her lips. "Frederick, should I try being an illustrator?"

"Are you interested?" Federick was a little surprised.

"Yes." Kathleen nodded. "I think that your story is great and therapeutic. I want to give it a try."

"Okay." Federick smiled. "You can draw some drafts first, and I will take a look at them."

"Okay." Kathleen was ecstatic. She had learned to draw illustrations before, so there were no problems for her in terms of skill.

However, being able to draw something that everyone liked required some ingenuity.

Yet, Kathleen was confident.

"You can send the drawings to me once you're finished with them," Federick continued.

"Okay." Kathleen smiled. "I'll hang up now."

Frederick hummed in acknowledgment and hung up.

Kathleen held the picture book with eyes filled with anticipation.

Knock! Knock!

There was a knock on the door.

Kathleen walked over and opened the door. She was surprised to see Christopher standing there. "Chris?"

"I came to deliver something to Aunt Wynnie, so I thought I'll drop by to see you." Christopher's gaze was deep. "I heard that you and Samuel quarreled."

Kathleen bit her lip.

"Don't take offense. I was just asking." Christopher was worried that she took offense to his questioning.

"It's fine," Kathleen replied plainly.

Christopher's voice lowered when he saw her dark expression. "Kathleen, I can help you if you want to divorce him."

Kathleen was surprised. "You can help me?"

"Don't forget that I'm a lawyer. I can help you file a divorce lawsuit," Christopher replied.

"No!" Kathleen was taken aback. "You and Samuel are cousins. How can you two take this matter to court because of me? Aunt Emily likes me, and Wynnie treats me well. I can't do that!"

Christopher frowned. "You're not happy now."

In just a few days, she appeared so much more pale and haggard.

Kathleen was startled.

She was indeed unhappy.

He could tell that I was unhappy? If Christopher could tell, doesn't it mean that Old Mrs. Macari and Wynnie could too? I'm so stupid.

There was no way to cover it up. She had no choice but to expose herself.

"The unhappiness is only temporary," Kathleen said softly. "Chris, don't interfere in my and Samuel's affairs. Otherwise, I'll be in an awkward position."

Christopher was a good person.

Kathleen did not want to make things difficult for him.

Christopher's heart ached. "Kathleen, some things are impossible to shoulder alone."

"Chris, everyone has to learn to grow up. There's nothing that I can't take." Kathleen's gaze was deep.

Christopher's heart ached even more.

Samuel is not worthy of her love! He doesn't deserve her!

"It's late, Chris. I want to rest now." Kathleen lowered her thick eyelashes.

It was then that Christopher remembered his and Kathleen's status.

He was worried about her, so he came upstairs to see her and ask about her situation.

However, with Kathleen's reminder, it was really not appropriate for them to have such a conversation here.

"Sleep early. Good night." Christopher turned and left.

He wanted to help her break out of this cage and bring her away from here.

He wanted to let her experience the happiness a twenty-two-year-old girl should have.

However, with his current capabilities, there was nothing he could do.

He could only wait for Kathleen and Samuel to get divorced.

Only then could he care for and take care of her legitimately and treat her as his wife.

When Christopher left, Kathleen also retreated into the room.

She sat on the bed and bit her lip harshly.

I can't trouble Christopher anymore.

It was late, so she decided to wash up and go to bed.

When she lay down on the bed, her phone rang.

A stranger had added her on WhatsApp.

Who could this be?

She pondered for a while and deduced that it was probably one of the parents at the charity home. Hence, she accepted it.

Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife Chapter 26

Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife

Chapter 26

The person sent an audio recording to Kathleen.

She clicked into it.

“Samuel, you’re the best. I like you so much.”

“Nicolette, I love you too. You’re so alluring.”

“Samuel, I want to stay together with you forever. I want to be your legitimate wife and have your children.”

“I want to be with you too. I’ll make Kathleen donate her bone marrow to you. I’ve already had it arranged. Don’t worry.”

“Samuel, try harder. Give me more pleasure.”

“Sure. I’ll satisfy you.”

Thud!

The phone in Kathleen’s hand fell to the floor.

Her face was pale, and her whole body was trembling.

He said everything had been arranged. Does he really plan to force his way through? How can they be so shameless and still think about my bone marrow while making out? How can Samuel be such a jerk?

Kathleen could not believe he was the man she had loved for the past ten years.

Devoting her heart to the wrong person, she had never felt this disgusted.

She calmed herself down and picked up the phone again.

She sent a message to the other party: Who are you?

However, that person already blocked her.

The sole purpose of the sender was to make her listen to the audio recording.

The sender probably did that out of a good intention to inform her of the affair between Samuel and Nicolette.

Or perhaps, that person was Nicolette, showing off to Kathleen.

Regardless of who that person was, Kathleen was disgusted.

Since the sender already blocked her, she would not add that person’s contact too.

She saved the audio recording so that she could use it as evidence in the future.

The next day, Kathleen headed downstairs to eat after she woke up.

Looking at her, Wynnie asked, "Samuel wasn't home last night, was he?"

Kathleen nodded.

"This kid." Wynnie was displeased.

"I suppose it's because of all the work in the company. Besides, the Macari residence is a little far from the company, so he stayed in the condominium," Kathleen explained.

Wynnie looked at her with an ambiguous gaze.

How long is she going to cover up for Samuel?

"I'll give him a call later," said Wynnie.

Kathleen hesitated before replying, "Mom, forget it. He's really busy recently. It's time to do the quarterly report again. He won't maunder in the hospital even if he's free."

Samuel was always busy at the end of every quarter.

Kathleen was aware of it, and she had figured out his pattern.

The busier he got, the more intense he made out with her.

Fully refreshed, he would then go to work.

Unfortunately, the person he wanted to make out with had now changed to Nicolette instead of her.

She should probably be thankful to Nicolette, as she was no longer the outlet for him to vent his emotions.

Wynnie pondered for a moment and fell silent.

Did Kathleen think that I was not going to make the phone call after what she said?

Wynnie went straight to the hospital instead.

She walked into Nicolette's ward.

As expected, Samuel was in there.

Nicolette was acting coquettishly. "Samuel, feed me."

"Don't you have hands?" Wynnie crossed her arms. "Might as well chop your hands off if they're useless."

"Mom, what are you doing here?" Samuel frowned.

Wynnie looked at him in rage. "You were wearing this outfit yesterday."

He's still wearing the same clothes right now. It seems like he indeed spent the night here.

"I've just arrived here from the company. I'm planning to get myself changed at home later," Samuel explained calmly.

He was not lying.

After arguing with Kathleen, he headed straight to the company.

He was occupied with work until seven o'clock in the morning and came to the hospital only after Nicolette called him.

"Samuel, you're my only son. I've been respecting your decision ever since you were young." Wynnie's voice was stern. "For twenty-six years, the only thing I've interfered with is your relationship with this woman."

"Mrs. Macari, I know you don't like me, but..." Nicolette uttered in a low voice.

"Shut up! What right do you have to speak in front of me?" Wynnie interjected coldly.

Aggrieved, Nicolette lowered her head.

She did it on purpose to make Samuel feel sorry for her.

"Nicolette, you don't have to play any trick. Didn't you do that just so Samuel would take pity on you?" Wynnie exposed Nicolette. "Let me tell you something too. Since I've stopped you two from getting together back then, I'll keep it the same way! I'd rather Samuel stays single for his whole life than allow you to set foot in the Macari family!"

Nicolette bit her lips.

"Mom, that's not what Nicolette meant." Samuel frowned.

"Samuel, I understand women better than you do." Wynnie said coldly, "Since you've decided to be together with her, Kathleen's destined to get hurt. Kathleen is a pitiful child. Since her parents passed away, there's no one by her side for her to rely on and

seek justice for her. I'll call the shots for her today. Get a divorce with Kathleen, and stop torturing that poor kid. I'll convince your grandma."

With that, Wynn timer turned around and left.

Samuel grimaced.

Did Mom come here just to tell me this?

Nicolette was delighted to hear what Wynn timer said.

If Wynn timer is going to decide on the divorce between them, I can forgive her for scolding me like that just now.

"Samuel, we can finally be openly together." Nicolette teared up in joy.

Samuel stared at her. "Eat first. I'll go have a look."

He did not know why Wynn timer suddenly agreed to him divorcing Kathleen.

He turned out to be somewhat not used to it, as he thought everyone in the family was against it.

Thinking about it, he felt like going back to see Kathleen.

Kathleen wanted to return to her room after finishing her meal, but Diana called out to her.

She went up to Diana. "Grandma."

"Come here. Take a seat." Diana patted the bedside.

Kathleen walked forward and sat down. She asked softly, "Grandma, are you feeling better?"

"Much better." Diana held Kathleen's hands. "Why are your hands so cold?"

"Probably because I'm scantily clad. Grandma, I'll put on extra layers later. Don't worry," replied Kathleen.

Diana looked at the young woman with pity in her eyes and heaved a long sigh. "Katie, Nicolette is back, isn't she?"

Kathleen froze.

How did Old Mrs. Macari know about it?

“Katie, nothing could be kept secret forever. There are some things that you can’t hide from me.” Diana spoke faintly, “Back then, Nicolette’s mother was a vixen who muddled things up in Jadeborough, and so many people had hated her. Everyone’s also aware of what kind of person Nicolette is, so I knew it once she’s back.”

Kathleen pursed her lips. “Grandma, I’m not hiding it from you on purpose.”

“I understand. You’re thoughtful and afraid that I might pass out again.” Diana sighed. “But I’ve made you suffer.”

Kathleen cried easily. Hearing what Diana said, she burst into tears at once.

She was aware that everyone doted on her, which was why she did not want to cause any unnecessary trouble.

Diana’s heart ached when she saw Kathleen crying. “Katie, I was foolish. I thought you’d be happy after getting married to Samuel. However, I found that you’re actually suffering in the Macari family by marrying Samuel. I was the one who forbade Samuel from marrying Nicolette and also the one who forced you into marrying him. You keep quiet even when you feel wronged because you don’t want me to worry. I’ve promised your parents to make you happy. Now that you’re not, I feel extremely guilty.”

“Grandma, don’t put it this way,” Kathleen said with her reddened eyes, “You dote on me and want me to officially become one of the Macari family so that everyone will dote on me and love me. I know too well about that.”

Diana patted her head. “How can you be so sensible?”

Kathleen was crying.

“Katie, I won’t be selfish anymore. I agree to the divorce between you and Samuel,” Diana stated solemnly.

Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife Chapter 27

Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife

Chapter 27

“Do you mean it?” Kathleen did not expect Diana to agree.

Staring at Kathleen’s delicate and soft face, Diana replied, “Yes, I do.”

Why is she so happy when she mentions getting divorced from Samuel? She used to like him so much. What happened to her feelings? That brat! What exactly has he done to make Kathleen so disappointed?

Holding Kathleen's hand, Diana said reluctantly, "You'll always be my Katie even after you're divorced from Samuel. Don't be a stranger."

When Diana took Kathleen to the Macari residence, the latter was only twelve years old.

Diana's son and her daughter-in-law had been very busy all these years.

Samuel had already started taking over some company works at a young age.

As a result, they were so busy that none of them had time to accompany her.

Over the years, Diana only had Kathleen by her side. Therefore, she did not feel that lonely.

She watched Kathleen grow up from a little girl to a young woman.

From Diana's perspective, Kathleen was a kind, gentle, adorable, and good-tempered person. Furthermore, Kathleen had a courteous demeanor.

On the other hand, Samuel was the opposite with his foul temper. Diana thought only Kathleen could make him happy.

She felt that such a cheerful and lovely young woman like Kathleen would be a good match for her grandson. She wanted them to get married when the time came.

Even though the two were not involved in a romantic relationship, Diana was hoping that they would develop feelings toward each other down the road.

Alas, Diana never thought that she would get blindsided by her grandson.

I can't believe Samuel likes Nicolette, the daughter of that shameless vixen.

Diana was not an unreasonable person.

After all, the children born to a mistress had no way to change their past.

However, Nicolette's mother, Elena, was simply too lazy.

At that time, Elena relied on her beauty to hook up with many wealthy sons of the prestigious family in Jadeborough.

Diana was infuriated by her promiscuous life.

Luckily for Diana, her son resisted Elena's seduction. Therefore, she did not lose sleep over this matter.

However, some of Diana's old friends were not so lucky.

Elena had either seduced their sons or ruined their daughter's marriage.

It was only after she gave birth to Nicolette that everyone could breathe a sigh of relief.

Diana found out that Elena was determined to marry into the Yoeger family.

However, Frances Schott, Nicolette's grandmother, was a fierce woman. She threatened to end her life if Elena was allowed to join their family.

In the end, Frances got her wish granted.

Elena continued her debauched lifestyle for a few more years before passing away due to a serious illness. Jadeborough was finally at peace.

However, before Elena died, she sent Nicolette to the Yoeger family.

Veronica Burke, the wife of Zachary Yoeger, could not tolerate Nicolette. Nevertheless, she came from a prestigious family. Hence, she never treated her husband's illegitimate daughter harshly.

To everyone's surprise, Nicolette inherited Elena's scheming personality.

The former embarrassed Veronica during a banquet many years ago.

After suffering in silence, Veronica decided not to play nice anymore. Her attitude toward Nicolette changed overnight.

Since you've already given me a bad name, why do I care anymore?

Nicolette's father, Zachary, tried to interfere on a few occasions.

Nonetheless, Veronica paid him no heed and continued to do as she pleased.

She had lost faith in her husband for a long time.

Still, Veronica knew that they would not get divorced that easily. Her family had a strong collaboration with the Yoegers. Hence, she could not terminate her marriage with Zachary.

Veronica did not intend to live a miserable life anymore. She vowed to enjoy herself if Zachary dared to go out and fool around again.

Most importantly, Frances decided to turn a blind eye to this.

From that day onward, Zachary did not dare to fool around with other women anymore.

Even though Nicolette was not as vicious as Elena, she was also a person who would not stop until she achieved her goals.

Nicolette knew that the Macari family was the leader among the four prominent families in Jadeborough.

That was the reason why she clung to Samuel for her dear life. She wanted to ride on his family's coattails.

Still, Diana would never let Nicolette succeed.

Even if Kathleen and Samuel are divorced, I'll never allow Nicolette to join our family.

"Grandma, I'll always be there for you for the rest of my life." Kathleen pouted while putting her arm around Diana's neck.

Diana beamed with joy upon hearing her promise.

At that moment, Maria walked over and announced, "Old Mrs. Macari, Mr. Macari is back."

"Let him in," Diana ordered coldly.

"Right away." Maria immediately turned around to call for Samuel.

"Grandma, I'll leave first. It's better for you guys to have a conversation without my presence," Kathleen suggested.

"All right." Diana nodded in agreement.

With that, Kathleen got up and left. She met Samuel outside.

Seeing Samuel's haggard and weary face, Kathleen recalled the voice recording she heard last night.

It made her feel disgusted.

She could not help but look at Samuel with a hint of contempt.

Without sparing Samuel another look, Kathleen walked off in huge strides.

Meanwhile, he entered Diana's house with a gloomy expression.

"Grandma, are you looking for me?" Samuel asked in an icy tone.

Looking at him nonchalantly, Diana said, "Samuel, do you think that I'll die soon because of my old age. Is that why you're trying hard to fool me?"

"Grandma, what are you talking about?" Samuel frowned in confusion.

"You didn't even dare to inform me that Nicolette has returned, right?" Diana retorted in a low voice.

Samuel furrowed his brows. "Grandma, who told you about this?"

Diana snorted loudly. "Ha! You must be thinking that it was Katie who snitched on you, right?"

Samuel remained silent.

"Don't you dare pin everything on Katie! Do you honestly think that I'm oblivious to everything that's happening around me since I can't leave the house or get out of bed?" Diana fumed.

"No, I didn't." Samuel frowned.

"Listen carefully. I have my sources outside. I know exactly what you did with Nicolette," Diana warned in a chilling tone.

Looking at her, Samuel clarified, "Grandma, I didn't do anything with Nicolette. We're innocent."

Samuel was not lying at that moment.

The only woman he had touched until now was Kathleen.

"I don't want to hear about this. Let me ask you a question. Do you want to marry Nicolette?" Diana probed sternly.

Samuel replied decisively, "Yes, I do."

"You should know very well that I will never agree on that. Besides, I know what you are planning. You wanted to wait until I die so that no one will prevent you from marrying that woman, am I right?"

Once again, Samuel did not reply her.

“Great! You’re getting more rebellious by the days!” Diana could not help laughing mockingly at herself. “Let me warn you first. As long as I live, I will never allow her to marry into our family. Do you know how Old Mrs. Yoeger prevented Nicolette’s mother from joining their family?”

Samuel naturally remembered it.

“Samuel, Katie is a very nice woman. It’s you who don’t know how to cherish her. I can only say that you’re not worthy of a woman like her. She deserves someone gentle and loyal. That man is definitely not you,” Diana said dejectedly.

Samuel was displeased by his grandmother’s frank remark.

“Okay, then. I agree to your divorce with Kathleen,” Diana uttered impassively.

Samuel grimaced with shock. “Grandma, what did you just say?”

“You heard me right. I allow you to divorce Kathleen.” Diana raised her voice as she became more annoyed. “What? You must be on cloud nine, right?”

Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife Chapter 28

Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife

Chapter 28

However, Samuel was not overly delighted upon hearing that.

He never expected that Diana would agree to him divorcing Kathleen.

“But there are conditions to this.” Diana was strategizing. “After you divorce Kathleen, you have to give her half of your company’s shares, and you can’t marry Nicolette. If you insisted on marrying Nicolette, then you’d have to give Kathleen the remaining half of the company’s shares. But you can’t resign or leave the company. You’d have to stay in the company. It’s like you’re working for Kathleen, understood?”

Samuel was rendered speechless.

“Kathleen has been married to you for three years. Think about all her youth and the devotion she has invested in this marriage for the past three years. Do you know how much you’re indebted to her?”

Samuel felt that the conditions set by Diana were ridiculous.

“What if I don’t agree to those conditions?” Samuel asked coldly.

“Why on earth would you not agree?” Diana challenged Samuel. “Or that Nicolette is after your money after all, and she wouldn’t want to marry you if you became broke?”

Samuel furrowed his brows. “Nicolette is not a gold digger. She likes me for who I am.”

“Ha!” Diana snickered. “Then go ahead and tell her that and see which option she’d go for.”

Samuel’s expression remained calm.

“Katie has been visibly haggard lately. I wouldn’t want to see her being tortured by you and Nicolette anymore. That’s why divorce is the best option.” Diana stared straight into his eyes. “Just now, when I said I agree to you divorcing Katie, she was delighted.”

Delighted?

Ha, looks like she can’t wait to get rid of me.

“Let’s just divorce. Quickly. I can’t wait to see my Katie smile again.” Diana urged Samuel. “You’re a man, so act like one. Just do it.”

Samuel felt a tearing pain in his head.

Why did Grandma and Mom have such a huge change in their attitude all of a sudden?

“Settle the divorce within three days. Do you hear me?” Diana reminded Samuel. “Katie had already promised me that she would still have me as her grandma even after the divorce. I have nothing to lose. I’ll merely lose one granddaughter-in-law and gain one more granddaughter. Who knows, I might even have another grandson-in-law in the future!”

Samuel was at a loss for words again.

“All right. All right. Take your time to think this through in the coming three days.” Diana waved her hand. “I’m tired. You should go now. I get upset whenever I see you now.”

Samuel felt dejected.

He felt as if his own mother and grandmother were no longer on his side.

They had both sided with Kathleen as if Kathleen were their own.

Samuel turned around and walked out of the room.

At the same time, Calvin walked in.

“Dad?” Samuel furrowed his brows. “You’re back? Aren’t you supposed to be delayed for two days?”

“I’ve missed your mom and decided to come back,” Calvin said coldly. “You don’t look well. What happened? Did your grandma scold you?”

“No.” Samuel paused. “Dad, were you switched at birth?”

Calvin furrowed his brows. “Why wouldn’t you think if you were the one switched at birth?”

Samuel was rendered speechless.

“Did your grandma scold you because of Katie?” Calvin asked.

“Grandma agreed to me divorcing Katie,” Samuel said in a low voice.

“Really?” Calvin asked excitedly. “Your grandma has finally thought things through.”

“So, Dad, are you supportive of my divorce from Katie?” Samuel asked in a low voice.

“I am not supporting you. I am merely supporting Katie.” Calvin said in a cold voice.

“Nicolette is back, and you still have a thing with her. Katie would not be happy about it, so you two might as well get a divorce.”

Samuel felt strange that everyone agreed to him and Kathleen divorcing each other.

What’s going on?

“Dad, did you all collude with one another, thinking that if everyone appeared to agree to our divorce, I would wonder what’s going on and refuse to divorce Katie?” Samuel felt that this was a trap.

Calvin snorted. “Do you think we would do such a thing? If your theory were true, what would happen if you and Katie really divorced each other? We wouldn’t achieve our objective, would we?”

Samuel remained silent.

“We just can’t bear to see Katie being so unhappy. If being with you upsets her, it’d be better for you two to break up,” Calvin said coldly. “Son, I just hope that you won’t regret

this decision. There's no turning back. You'd better think this through before making any decision."

Samuel replied coldly, "What if I haven't thought this through?"

"Then that means you don't like Nicolette that much," Calvin said matter-of-factly. "If you really love Nicolette very much, why would you hesitate then? The fact that you hesitated means that perhaps the person you're in love with has changed."

Changed?

Samuel's eyes darkened.

Calvin took out some stuff from his luggage. "Give this to Katie. This is the gift I brought back for her. The rest are for your mom and grandma."

"Nothing for me?" Samuel asked.

"No, you don't deserve any gift," Calvin replied in disdain. "You're making me lose a daughter-in-law. Why would I give you any gift? You should be happy that I didn't give you a slap."

Samuel held the box in his hand and asked, "What's this?"

"A snow globe. Katie is a big fan of collecting something like this. Don't you know?" Calvin asked in a cold voice.

Samuel shook his head.

He did not know about this.

"You've never brought back any gift for Katie whenever you went on a business trip?" Calvin looked surprised.

"Never," Samuel answered.

"Hmph." Calvin snickered. "Why on earth did Katie fall for a sc*mbag like you?"

Samuel was speechless once again.

"I really have nothing more to say to you." Calvin held a box in his hand and went to see Diana.

Samuel clutched the gift box in his hand and walked upstairs.

He went to the bedroom and saw that Kathleen was sitting in front of the desk with a laptop, a tablet, and a sketch board.

What is she doing?

He placed the gift in front of her. "Dad is back."

"Dad is back?" Kathleen was delighted. "He brought this back for me?"

"Mm." Samuel furrowed his brows.

"I'll go downstairs and thank him in a while." Kathleen unwrapped the box impatiently and took the snow globe out.

The snow globe contained a Christmas scene; the red and green hats each contained a cute little doll.

The meaning behind the gift was obvious.

She knew that this symbolized the good wishes from the family.

Shortly after, she placed the snow globe on the desk.

"You like this sort of stuff?" Samuel asked, his brows furrowed.

"Yes, why not?" Kathleen picked up a pen and started drawing on the sketch board.

Samuel took a deep breath. "Today, Grandma and Mom both agree to our divorce. Even Dad agrees to it."

"That's surprising," Kathleen said indifferently. "So, do you agree to it?"

"Grandma said that if I were to divorce you, I'd have to give you half of my shares. I'd also have to agree that if I marry Nicolette in the future, I will give you my remaining half of the shares, and I'm not allowed to leave the company. I'd have to stay on and work for you," Samuel said emotionlessly. "Grandma really dotes on you."

"Why? Mr. Macari, are you reluctant to part with your shares?" Kathleen asked in a cold voice. "I thought you were determined to marry Nicolette. People like you have no issues with doing shameless things. It must be true love then. Mr. Macari, it shouldn't be a problem for you to sacrifice for true love, right?"

"What do you mean by 'people like us'?" Samuel grabbed her chin, his palm cold. "Didn't you say you don't want all that?"

Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife Chapter 29

Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife

Chapter 29

“Samuel, I didn’t want it back then because I used to like you and thought that asking you for money would sully our relationship.” Kathleen looked at him aloofly. “However, I’ve figured everything out. No matter how well I do, it would still seem like a crime to you. So, I’ve decided it would be better to stick to negotiating with you about the benefits instead. Any talk about love and feelings is a nuisance.”

She could finally see things clearly, so her heart no longer felt in as much pain as before.

Although Samuel had become a part of her life and that it would pain her to cut him out of it, she had no choice but to do so, for he had become a festering wound within her.

If she didn’t cut him off, she would eventually die.

Samuel huffed. “A nuisance?”

“Yes. Anything unnecessary would be a nuisance,” Kathleen said coldly. “So, are you going to divorce me or not?”

“No,” Samuel answered harshly.

“No? Why so? Have you perhaps fallen for me?” mocked Kathleen.

“Don’t think too highly of yourself, Kathleen.” Samuel’s tone was frosty. “The only reason I don’t agree with the divorce is that you have yet to agree to donate your bone marrow to Nicolette.”

Kathleen looked at him expressionlessly. “I’ll never donate it. We’ll just maintain this stalemate. I’m not the one who’s in a hurry to get a divorce anyway.”

In fact, neither she nor the Macari family was in a hurry.

It was Samuel and Nicolette who needed things to speed up.

“What is your reason for not agreeing with the donation anyway?” Samuel grabbed her wrist. “You’ll get everything as soon as you agree with this! However, you just won’t! Kathleen, are you—”

Kathleen looked at him very anxiously.

Could he be suspecting that I'm pregnant?

"Are you still in love with me?" asked Samuel coldly.

Kathleen pursed her lips into a thin line.

This man sure knows how to make people feel uneasy.

"No. I just no longer like you anymore." Kathleen held her gaze low. "Samuel, I want to divorce you, but I'll never donate my bone marrow to her. If you don't agree with my decision, we'll just have to settle things in court."

She was worn out.

All she wanted was to leave everything behind her.

"Are you planning to file a lawsuit against me? Sure. As you wish." Samuel chuckled mirthlessly all of a sudden.

"Samuel, I don't want things to get to that point." Kathleen's voice was soft but hoarse. "Besides, you should also be aware that our relationship will be made public if we choose to take matters to court."

Our relationship will be made public?

Samuel retorted in disdain, "So be it. Let them know about it."

With that, he entered the shower.

Kathleen took a deep breath while wearing a look of defeat.

She and Samuel were stuck in a vicious cycle.

As long as she wouldn't donate her bone marrow, Samuel wouldn't agree to the divorce.

While she hoped for a divorce, she didn't want to donate her bone marrow to Nicolette because she was pregnant.

This is so tiresome.

Standing under the showerhead, Samuel was taking a hot water shower.

He had a lean and fit figure that made him look good no matter what he chose to wear.

At that moment, his mind was filled with images of Kathleen.

She was crying in some of them, while in others, she was smiling. There were also those in which she was devastated, as well as those in which she was annoying him in an aggressive manner.

He wondered why he had such vivid memories of her.

When he saw her getting out of Federick's car the previous night, he was burning with envy.

He had done a background check on Federick.

It was revealed that Federick was divorced and had custody of a daughter. He also ran a publishing firm.

Not only was he even-tempered and very understanding toward his employees, but he also had a good reputation among his peers.

Despite all that, why should Kathleen marry a divorcee with a child?

He got out of the shower after he was done.

Kathleen was still sitting in front of the table, focusing on her drawing.

She was in comfortable casual clothing, while her hair was tied together and draped over her left shoulder, making her look like a cute woman who would fit well in the household.

Samuel walked over to her before picking her up from the chair.

"What are you doing?" Kathleen was startled as she started getting nervous.

He just showered. Could he be...

She was forced to sleep with him last time, but she had no desire to go along with him this time.

Nicolette had slept with him, so he is impure now.

"Why are you so nervous? I won't eat you." Samuel wasn't being very empathetic.

"We can have negotiations about anything. However, we're on the verge of a divorce, so we'll act accordingly, and you're not allowed to touch me!" Kathleen bit her soft lips.

I'm not allowed to touch her?

"Do you seriously think you have a say in this?" Samuel asked indifferently.

“I’ll call for help if you force yourself on me. We aren’t in our condominium. If Grandma hears me, she’ll assume that I’m being mistreated by you. She wouldn’t just stay out of this.” Kathleen pursed her lips into a thin line, her voice soft but emotionless as she spoke.

“Kathleen, have I ever laid a hand on you?” Samuel had a morose look on his face.

How dare she make such claims?

“I bet you’re on the verge of committing it.” Kathleen was being bold. “Anyway, we should refrain from all forms of intimacy. We’re on the verge of a divorce, so you’d better show some restraint.”

Samuel smirked. “What if we don’t go through with the divorce?”

Don’t go through with the divorce?

“This is merely a temporary state of affairs. All you need is for me to donate my bone marrow to Nicolette. We would’ve been divorced long ago if it wasn’t for this,” stated Kathleen in displeasure.

“What if I insist on not getting a divorce?” Samuel stared at her face, a flawless piece of art that was as smooth as silk.

Is there a secret to maintaining her skin in such a great condition? But it also goes to show how fragile she is. Any slight bumps would leave an obvious bruise on her skin. That would be an unfortunate sight.

“Then we’ll just maintain this stalemate.” Kathleen gave up on struggling. “The worst-case scenario would be Nicolette dying as we allowed this to drag on.”

Samuel’s face fell.

Kathleen got out of his arms to tidy the hem of her dress while standing aside. “Samuel, you’ll be able to be with Nicolette openly if you divorce me. Otherwise, your relationship would never flourish. Aren’t you afraid that this might end up as the biggest regret of her life?”

Samuel was unfazed.

“You don’t have to threaten me using my uncle. I’ve forgiven enough. Although I’ve been your wife for some years, nobody, aside from a select few, knew that we’re married.” Kathleen was feeling aggrieved. “You knew a lot of the staff in Goodwill Hospital are my parents’ former colleagues. Although they aren’t aware of our relationship, have you thought of the possibility that they might know of it one day, and what their reaction would be?”

She was on the verge of tears. "From the beginning till the end, all you ever did was try winning me over with money, for you had assumed that money would be what I was after. Either that or you threatened me using my uncle. You had never put yourself in my shoes, even for one second. It was unfortunate that I put my trust in the wrong person. I just don't get why it is so hard for me to have a divorce. If you don't agree to the divorce, I can't be blamed for making a huge fuss out of it."

"What do you plan on doing?" Samuel looked at her coldly.

"I will announce publicly that I'm your wife, whereas Nicolette is the mistress. Why don't you guess how she might react?" Kathleen tried to threaten Samuel as well.

However, Samuel snickered. "Sure. If you feel like making your identity public, why don't you attend a ball with me tonight? You can make your announcement by then. What do you think about that?"

Kathleen sensed that he was plotting something. "I won't go. I'll just publish a post on Twitter."

"I bet you just don't have the courage to come with me, you coward!"

[Previous Chapter](#)

Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife Chapter 30

Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife

Chapter 30

A coward? Me?

Rage crept onto Kathleen's pretty face as anger simmered within her. "You're the coward! Divorce me if you have the guts to!"

"No, I won't." Samuel was unsympathetically persistent. "You will not make mention of the subject ever again."

"So you're still not agreeing with the divorce, right?" Kathleen picked up his phone before handing it to him. "Call Nicolette and tell her you're not getting a divorce, assuming that you even have the guts to do so."

An ominous look flitted across Samuel's gaze.

“You don’t have the guts to make the call.” Kathleen put his phone down with an aggrieved expression on her fair face. “The only reason you insist on not divorcing me is that you’re trying to force me to donate my bone marrow! I will never do that! Now that Grandma knows about this, I will have her be the judge. With her stepping in, you will have to divorce me!”

With that, Kathleen left the room.

This is infuriating! Why is this man constantly going back and forth? Why is it so hard for me to get a divorce?

Meanwhile, Samuel stared at the phone she discarded on the bed with a chilly look on his face.

She sure is getting bolder by the day, but I just don’t feel like divorcing her.

Now that the other members of the family had agreed on the divorce, he was no longer in a hurry, so he decided to maintain the stalemate.

Kathleen strolled around in the courtyard, for she didn’t want to be in the same room with Samuel.

It felt suffocating to her.

Wynnie arrived home by noon.

Because she and Calvin shared a great relationship, the two of them were constantly seen together, which was something Kathleen admired.

Moreover, Calvin was a great husband indeed. He would bring Wynnie anything she liked whenever he returned from a business trip.

Sometimes, he would create romantic scenarios to help preserve their love.

Despite having a great father like Calvin to set an example, Samuel picked up nothing from him.

Calvin made some cake which he cut a slice from and offered to Wynnie before offering another slice to Kathleen.

“Come, Kate. Don’t you like strawberry cake?” Calvin handed the slice of cake to her. “You can have all the strawberries on it.”

“Thank you, Dad.” Kathleen was astonished by his kindness.

“You don’t have to thank me,” said Calvin.

“Why did you offer Kate such a huge slice? Women nowadays have to keep a slim figure. By doing this, you’re essentially forcing her to finish the whole slice,” Wynn timereminded.

However, Calvin countered, “Kate isn’t fat. Women shouldn’t always talk about going on diets. It’s not good for your health. Keeping a moderate figure is fine enough. You don’t need to feel anxious about it. Instead, have more confidence in yourself.”

Wynn timer shrugged in defeat.

Kathleen smiled demurely. Dad really is a great parent. I’m so lucky to have in-laws like them. But why do I just have to have such a sh*tty husband?

“Eat up, Kate. I’m heading to the law firm now.” Wynn timer stood up.

“Darling, are you seriously going to work now?” Calvin tracked Wynn timer with his gaze.

“I wouldn’t have needed to come back home during noon if it wasn’t for you,” Wynn timer complained. “There are a lot of tasks that I still need to tend to at the law firm, so I have to leave.”

“Come home earlier,” suggested Calvin, unwilling to part with her. “I’ll cook your favorite dishes.”

“I know. You’re making such a fuss. You don’t look like the president of a company at all.” Despite saying so, Wynn timer was beaming.

“You’ll always be the more dominant one when we’re together.” Calvin blinked.

“Since you said so, you’d better take care of your son. He has done something to cross me,” Wynn timer demanded.

“Worry not. I promise to beat the crap out of that brat.” Calvin rubbed his hands together.

“All right then. I’m leaving now.” Wynn timer was in a hurry to get back to work.

Calvin stood up. “Hold on, Darling!”

Wynn timer turned around. “What is it?”

Calvin walked up to her to hold her arms before leaning in to kiss her on the lips.

All of a sudden, Kathleen felt like she had lost her appetite.

“Hey, our daughter-in-law is watching!” Wynnie chided, flustered despite her usual domineering personality.

Calvin smiled. “She’s our daughter, so it’s all right.”

“Hmph!” Wynnie huffed before wheeling around to leave.

Calvin turned to the side to check on Kathleen while smiling kindly. “Is the cake nice?”

Kathleen nodded.

“It’s great that you like it. Tell me if you ever feel like having it again.” Calvin sat down, which made Kathleen anxious a little.

Although Calvin was mild-mannered most of the time, he exuded a mysterious and domineering aura that befitted his prominent status.

It was just that he rarely showed that side of him to his family, so Kathleen rarely saw that side of him as well.

However, she couldn’t help but be reminded of the distance between them whenever she saw photos of Calvin in magazines, in which he wore a stern expression.

“I heard you’ve been quarreling with Samuel,” Calvin inquired calmly. “Did he bully you?”

“No. I suppose that doesn’t count as bullying.” Kathleen pursed her lips.

“What would count as bullying if not an affair?” Calvin consoled. “Kate, you can’t consider the fact that he had an affair as being in the right just because he doesn’t love you. He should be held accountable. Your marriage is both legally and morally binding. No matter how the two of you got together and ended up getting married, you’re both responsible for your marriage.”

Kathleen bit her lip lightly. “Yes, I’m aware of that.”

“I know you aren’t responsible for this. What wrong could you have done? You just allowed Samuel to do as he pleased because you loved him too much. Kate, you have nothing to fear. You’re Samuel’s legal spouse and also have our support. Go and confront the third party if that’s what you feel like doing. Wynnie, my mother, and me; none of us are afraid of Samuel,” Calvin advised seriously, which touched Kathleen.

Why are they all so nice to me?

“Dad, I know Samuel and I would never be able to return to how we used to be ever since we laid things out in the open,” said Kathleen in dejection.

“Do you mean you’ve made up your mind to file for divorce because your relationship will no longer be what it was?” asked Calvin solemnly.

Kathleen nodded. “I don’t want to hide anything from you, Dad. Samuel did something unforgivable, so I don’t think I can tolerate him any longer.”

Calvin frowned. Something unforgivable? Could it be that he and Nicolette have... That brat!

“So, I would like to file for divorce, Dad.” Kathleen’s lashes fluttered as she lowered her gaze. “But Samuel doesn’t agree to the divorce.”

“I heard from Wynn timer that you and Nicolette have matching bone marrows. Am I right?” asked Calvin coldly.

Kathleen nodded.

Calvin finally grasped the situation. “Did he threaten not to divorce you if you do not donate your bone marrow to Nicolette?”

Kathleen nodded even harder.

Calvin scoffed inwardly.

D*mn, this brat sure knows how to plot. Other than forcing her to be a bone marrow donor, he might have ulterior motives for refusing to divorce Kathleen.

“Kate, I’ve spoken to your grandma about this. You have our support, so we won’t try to convince you to change your mind about the divorce.” Calvin paused for a moment. “I’ll help you think of something.”

Kathleen blinked in astonishment.

Is he serious?