

Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife Chapter 41

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Chapter 41

"I'll pay close attention." Kathleen encouraged him, "Good luck."

"I'll do well because you're here." Alex blushed slightly as he turned around and walked off.

Kathleen blinked.

Some people just didn't know how attractive they were.

At the sight, Samuel snorted.

At the seminar, there was a seat specially reserved for Samuel.

However, there was only one seat reserved for him.

As Federick was the one who brought Kathleen along with him, they naturally sat together.

"I won't bother Mr. Macari then," Kathleen said as she turned to Federick. "Let's go, Federick."

Federick nodded in response.

"Stop right there," Samuel demanded coldly.

He walked up to Federick and took the seat number from the latter's hands as he continued indifferently, "I'll swap seats with you."

Federick and Kathleen were rendered speechless by his actions.

In the end, Samuel still switched seats with Federick.

Despite that, Samuel was always the center of attention wherever he went.

Even though they were seated in the last few rows, the crowd's gaze constantly remained on him.

"I swear I've gained more attention over the past few days compared to the past three years that I've been married to you," Kathleen whispered.

"We haven't even gotten a divorce," Samuel responded coldly.

"I know. It's in one month's time," Kathleen replied as she looked toward the stage.

Alex had already made his way up onto the stage.

Samuel didn't like it when Kathleen looked at other men.

He hoped that he would be the only one in Kathleen's eyes.

"Kathleen, since you already know that, then why did you still go out with other men?" Samuel asked in a stern tone.

"Even you're allowed to send Nicolette off at night and stay out for the entire night. All we did was go out openly in broad daylight, unlike the shady business you were up to." There seemed to be thorns in her sweet voice as she added, "Samuel, since you could question me on the basis of marriage ethics, why don't you take a look at yourself first?"

If they weren't in public, Kathleen genuinely wanted to stand up and leave.

As Samuel heard her words, his face darkened.

While Alex gave his speech on stage, Kathleen listened to him attentively.

However, it wasn't because she was interested in him.

Instead, she was thinking about how she would handle the situation if it ever happened to her and her child.

In the future, she would have to deal with everything on her own. Besides making a living, she still had a lot of important skills that she had to learn.

In fact, she already wasn't expecting much deep down.

"Samuel, don't forget about the divorce agreement," Kathleen reminded.

Samuel remained silent.

He hadn't been paying much attention to what Alex was talking about.

All he heard was that there wasn't a conclusion on the causes of autism and how parents should take special care during pregnancy.

Despite that, he felt that he was just worrying too much.

Out of the corner of his eye, he glanced at Kathleen's belly. They didn't know when she would give birth yet.

After the specialist's talk was over, the host invited a member of the audience to go up onto the stage to share their views.

The host then picked a number and announced, "Number two hundred and fifty-one."

Kathleen was stunned to hear this. Me? But I don't have any experience.

Kathleen waved her hands to refuse it.

At this, the host chuckled and said, "Don't worry. Just come up on stage. No one's going to laugh at you."

Kathleen bit her lip.

How could I be so lucky? I rarely attend such events, and I can't believe that I got picked once I went to one.

But now, she had no choice but to go up on stage.

Once she went up, the crowd started discussing among themselves.

"What a pretty girl. She doesn't look like she's married."

"How do you know that she isn't married? Let me tell you this. Beautiful girls and handsome men always marry at a young age."

"No, I stand by my words. I want to take a few photos of her. I'm going to find a wife just like her in the future."

"I also think that she looks like everyone's first love who could make people's hearts flutter."

As he listened to them, Samuel's expression darkened.

How dare these disgusting men talk about my woman like that!

Nonetheless, what they said wasn't wrong.

Kathleen indeed looked like everyone's first love.

Although she looked similar to Nicolette, the latter didn't really seem to have the face of everyone's first love.

She just didn't look as innocent as Kathleen.

Besides, Kathleen naturally had a sweet personality.

Just as how one's appearance was a reflection of one's heart, the two of them exuded completely different auras.

As Kathleen stood in front of the microphone, she got slightly nervous. "I'm sorry. I'm just here to listen to the talk. I don't really have a deep understanding of autism."

"It's all right. You can still share your views with us., the female host encouraged her gently.

After all, Kathleen had a likable personality, and anyone would easily take a liking to her.

"I think that life is fascinating. From the moment a mother gets pregnant, she will probably worry if her child will grow up to be healthy. Nothing else would matter more than her child's health and safety." Kathleen spoke in a soft voice. "Once the child is born, although there may be unexpected situations, it is still as how they say that every child with autism is a child of the stars. No matter what happens to them, as parents, we will never give up on them. No matter how hard the road ahead is, we will press on bravely."

A round of applause erupted from the audience.

Kathleen got embarrassed and said, "Please forgive me for not speaking very well. I hope that more people will pay attention to autism and learn more about it. I also hope that those in the medical industry will be able to find out about its causes soon and develop a treatment to save families with autism."

"Well said!"

"You're absolutely right!"

"This is the reason why this seminar exists."

The audience was extremely enthusiastic.

After handing the microphone over to the host, Kathleen got off the stage.

As she sat down, she then heaved a sigh.

After the seminar, someone wanted to take a photo with Kathleen.

Although Kathleen couldn't bring herself to reject it, Samuel pulled Kathleen beside him and said, "She doesn't have the time for that."

With that, he then pulled her and walked away.

"Where are you taking me?" Kathleen asked with a frown.

"A business banquet," Samuel replied coldly.

"But I don't drink." Kathleen furrowed her brows slightly as she went on, "Besides, why would I go there?"

"To fill your stomach."

In any case, he just couldn't leave Kathleen there.

That place was like a wolf's den.

Samuel brought Kathleen to another hotel.

There would be a business banquet held in the banquet hall there that afternoon which was organized for Samuel by his business associates.

Besides wine, of course, there would be beautiful women.

All the women were gorgeous and dressed to the nines.

Their main target was Samuel, and they weren't interested in any other men.

Once Kathleen entered, she immediately shook Samuel off.

Samuel was surrounded by his business associates and had no time to care about Kathleen.

Meanwhile, Kathleen carried a plate and walked over to the dining area to find some food to eat.

After taking some cakes, she headed to the corner to enjoy them.

Just then, she heard two women talking beside her.

"Did you know that Nicolette sent me a message yesterday? She showed off about how she slept with Samuel."

“So soon? Isn’t Nicolette sick? How does she have the energy to sleep with him?”

“Even if I were on the verge of death, if Samuel were willing to do it, I would’ve slept with him too!”

“Nicolette sure is lucky. After three years, Samuel still can’t seem to forget her.”

“Let me tell you a secret. Don’t tell anyone else.”

“What secret?”

“I heard that Samuel is actually married.”

“No way.”

“It’s true. Do you know who his wife is?”

“Who is it?”

“It’s Kathleen, the one who walked in with Samuel just now. Besides, Kathleen was the perfect match as Nicolette’s bone marrow donor. Samuel said that he wanted to coax Kathleen to get her to donate her bone marrow before divorcing her.”

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Kathleen silently listened to them as they finished their words.

In an instant, the cake in her mouth didn’t seem sweet anymore.

It tasted bland.

However, the two women didn’t notice her at all and left after they finished chatting.

Kathleen wanted to drink some water to quench her dry throat.

Just then, someone handed her a glass of warm water.

As she glanced in the direction of the beautiful hand that was holding the glass, she saw Christopher.

“Chris?” Kathleen took the glass from him and gulped down the water.

She had only focused on getting food just now and had forgotten to get herself some water.

Christopher looked at her before glancing at Samuel, who was by the side. He then asked, “How could he leave you here by yourself?”

Hasn’t he thought about how uncomfortable and out of place Kathleen would feel on her first time at such an event?

“I’m used to it.” Kathleen sipped her water slowly. After eating some cake, she drank some more water. As she would eventually feel full from it, she then decided to stop eating.

I’ll eat some vegetables and meat later at night.

Kathleen started planning the menu for her meal later on.

She had to constantly keep her mind occupied with other things to stop herself from thinking about Samuel and Nicolette.

When Kathleen said that she was used to it, she meant that she was used to being abandoned by Samuel.

No matter how much she needed Samuel, he would always abandon her for Nicolette.

At that moment, Samuel was happily chatting away with others.

But at the same time, he hadn’t forgotten about Kathleen.

After Samuel turned around again, Christopher had already taken his seat beside Kathleen.

The two of them chattered and laughed, and it seemed to be an eyesore for Samuel.

Lowering his glass, Samuel said, “Please excuse me.”

He then walked toward Kathleen.

Kathleen sensed that there was a growing pressure getting closer to her. When she glanced sideways, she saw that it was Samuel.

Samuel looked at the food on her plate and grumbled, "Is that all that you're eating?"

"I don't feel like eating anything else," Kathleen replied with a frown.

"You're too picky," Samuel fussed.

"Are you only finding out about this now?" Kathleen asked nonchalantly. "Oh right. You don't even care. Even Maria knows more about me than you."

At this, Samuel was rendered speechless.

Is she intentionally trying to make me look bad in front of Christopher?

"Kate has a weak stomach. Most of the food here was prepared beforehand and is already cold. How do you expect her to eat those?" Christopher questioned him coldly.

Samuel was displeased by his words.

Even Christopher knows that she has a weak stomach?

"I'll bring you to eat something warm." Samuel pulled Kathleen onto her feet.

Her hands were dainty and soft.

Of course, Samuel would get frustrated seeing her talk to other men.

But when he saw her talking to Christopher, he felt as if he was about to lose a precious item of his.

He gripped her hand tightly as if it was the only way that he could slowly make that feeling disappear.

"Christopher, I know you're busy and probably don't even have the time for a meal. So I won't be inviting you to join us," Samuel told him coldly.

With that, he then walked away with Kathleen.

Christopher fell into deep thought as he watched Kathleen leave.

He felt that there was something missing when Kathleen gazed at Samuel.

Although that was something that he hoped for, he felt his heart wrench at the same time.

He genuinely wished that Samuel would treat Kathleen better. But at the same time, if Samuel continued with this, Christopher would stand a chance with Kathleen.

This painful feeling tormented him every day, leaving him in excruciating pain.

Samuel brought Kathleen to the car.

However, he was in a dilemma about where he should bring her to eat.

After thinking about the oatmeal he had last time, he decided to bring Kathleen there.

Kathleen sat in the car and glanced out of the window, saying, "If you miss Nicolette so much, then you can go. I can take care of myself."

Samuel's handsome face darkened. "I'm bringing you out to eat."

This has nothing to do with seeing Nicolette.

"You could've taken me anywhere else, but you chose to bring me here." Kathleen then pointed at the hospital outside the window.

"Do you think that I would make up such an excuse just to see her?" Samuel scoffed.

"Because you want to coax me into donating my bone marrow," Kathleen responded nonchalantly.

With that, Kathleen whipped out her phone and played the recording of the conversation between the two women just now for Samuel.

As he listened to it, Samuel's gaze turned cold.

"Samuel, we've been married for three years. If someone at home exposed this, they wouldn't expose it only after three years. So I'm sure you're well aware of who was the one who let this out," Kathleen said icily. "I don't like dirty tricks like this. Tell Nicolette that my word is final. I won't donate my bone marrow. And tell her to stop forcing me to do it!"

With that, Kathleen got out of the car.

She then flagged down a taxi and left.

After which, Samuel drove the car to the hospital opposite the road and got out to look for Nicolette.

Nicolette was sitting on the hospital bed and looking at her phone.

She kept replaying the video of Kathleen giving a speech on stage.

It wasn't because she thought that Kathleen spoke well, but because Samuel's gaze was filled with pride as he listened to her.

It was impossible that Samuel didn't have feelings for Kathleen.

Just then, she heard footsteps outside.

When she turned around and saw Samuel, she was delighted. "Samuel, you're here. Didn't you say that you were only coming at night?"

"Nicolette, did you tell others about my marriage with Kathleen?" Samuel asked sternly.

Nicolette was stunned.

How did he know?

"I didn't," Nicolette denied. "Samuel, I'm not that childish."

"Did you arrange for someone to gossip about it in front of Kathleen?" Samuel questioned her icily.

At this, Nicolette panicked. How did he know about this? Could it be that he heard it? Those two idiots just can't do a simple thing right.

Nicolette just wanted to provoke Kathleen and let the latter know that Nicolette was the one Samuel liked. She hoped that Kathleen would give up on him sooner because of this.

But she didn't expect that Samuel would find out about this.

"Didn't I tell you before that even if I divorced Kathleen, I wouldn't let anyone harm her?" Samuel wore a steely expression.

"I know. But I didn't even do anything." Nicolette feigned ignorance. "Did someone tell you something? Samuel, I know that Kathleen's parents saved your grandmother before, so she's a benefactor to your family. Samuel, she's your benefactor, and she's also mine. Why would I do anything to harm my benefactor? Besides, it's impossible for you to keep your three-year marriage with Kathleen under wraps and not expect anyone to find out about it."

"Because no one knew about this for the past three years," Samuel responded with certainty.

Nicolette felt wronged as she bit her lip, and tears streamed down her face. "So do you think that I sent someone to intentionally anger Kathleen? What good would it bring me if I angered her? How would she donate me her bone marrow then?"

"It's good that you know that." Samuel remained indifferent. "Nicolette, you know me better than anyone else. I hate being played by others."

"Samuel, I'm not playing with you. I really didn't." Nicolette sounded as if she was about to cry. "I just love you too much. Samuel, I went through so many hardships outside over the past three years just so that I could get back on my feet."

She tugged Samuel's sleeve and went on, "Samuel, I want to go home. Grandma's birthday falls on the day after tomorrow. I want to celebrate her birthday. Can you come along with me?"

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Kathleen entered a restaurant and ordered herself a plate of vegan pasta.

After her meal, she soon left to visit Benjamin who was admitted to the nearby hospital.

Kathleen couldn't help her rising concern as she observed the unconscious form of Benjamin through the window of his hospital room.

"My brother's condition has been stable since early this morning," Gemma uttered from behind Kathleen.

Kathleen turned to face Gemma, who was dressed in her nurse's uniform and balancing a tray between her hands.

"When will your brother be regaining consciousness?" queried Kathleen cautiously.

Gemma's expression darkened as she replied, "The doctor says that it's still too early to tell."

"Why not try consulting the opinions of other specialists?"

"It's all right, Kathleen. There's still time," Gemma comforted. "By the way, how was your experience volunteering?"

"It was such an eye-opener! I learned so much from it," Kathleen enthused.

Gemma smirked. "I watched your speech just now during my break. You were pretty amazing out there."

"By the way, why the sudden interest in individuals with autism?"

"Well, my foster brother is autistic," said Gemma grimly.

Now that is new.

"My foster parents come from pretty wealthy backgrounds. They adopted me as I had seemed pliant and obedient. Their hopes were that I would comply with their wishes to look after their son once they were gone. Their plan was for both of us to marry by offering me their inheritance as an incentive. They then threatened to disown me if I were to refuse," said Gemma drily.

Kathleen was stunned speechless.

"I overheard all this when I was in high school. If I were to go against them, they swore never to pay for my tuition fees and daily expenses. Gaining admission into a university would have been a lost cause."

"That's preposterous!"

"Consider yourself lucky, Kathleen. Truly. I've gone through the worst of it all, and things barely faze me these days," advised Kathleen with a wry smile.

Kathleen gripped Gemma's hands anxiously. "What happened after? How did you make it out?"

"Thankfully, my brother was already a policeman back then. He located me and sponsored me all the way till graduation." Gemma smiled fondly.

Feelings of sympathy welled up within Kathleen, her eyes prickling with unshed tears over Gemma's predicament.

"Don't worry, Kathleen. My brother will be fine," Gemma reassured.

Kathleen pursed her lips.

Gemma was right.

She was indeed very fortunate.

The Macari family had always treated her with respect and kindness.

Gemma excused herself after noticing the time. "Duty calls. I will catch you later, Kathleen."

"See you around!" Kathleen added with a nod.

With a final parting glance at Benjamin's room, Kathleen departed from the hospital.

One day after the hospital visitation, Kathleen met up with Frederick to finalize the terms of their contract.

"I'm so sorry, Frederick! A-About yesterday..." stammered Kathleen.

"Don't fret about it. I completely understand." Frederick offered a gracious smile while handing over the contract.

Kathleen's eyes widened as she perused the terms. "You're willing to pay this much for my script?"

"Of course! You still haven't seen how much maestros earn from their work. Yours is good enough for a greenhorn starting out, though."

"One hundred and fifty thousand has already far exceeded my expectations." Kathleen beamed with satisfaction.

"Would you be able to complete your work within three months?"

Kathleen nodded enthusiastically while signing the contract. "I promise."

"Our rules stipulate that one-third of the sum will be first transferred to you. It should be reflected in your bank account shortly," explained Frederick.

"Allow me to treat you to lunch as a celebration of my achievement." Kathleen twinkled.

"I am afraid we'd have to rain check. I still need to get some work done." Frederick chuckled apologetically.

"It's all right, Frederick. Whenever you're free. I will be taking my leave then."

"Sure. Take care."

"You too. Goodbye!" Kathleen departed with a faint smile plastered on her lips.

Frederick noted that Kathleen's smile was indeed as warm and therapeutic as basking in the spring sunlight after a harsh winter.

Upon leaving the publishing firm, Kathleen was consumed by the thought of the advance money.

She was getting paid for the first time in her life.

It wasn't much, but it was a significant milestone in her life worth commemorating.

She could barely suppress her glee from the mere thought.

That's right, I can choose a present for Old Mrs. Macari! But Old Mrs. Macari has everything she needs. Even so, a present won't hurt. It's merely a means of expressing care and appreciation.

Kathleen soon received slightly less than fifty thousand in her bank account after tax reductions.

Despite that, she was elated.

She was veritably glowing with joy as she entered the department store.

After selecting several items, Kathleen decided to call Maria.

The saccharine innocence of Kathleen's voice instantly dispelled any lingering negativity. "Maria..."

Maria almost let slip a "Darling!" before righting herself swiftly.

"Mrs. Macari," she answered warmly.

"Could you inform Grandma that I'd be dropping by for dinner later tonight?"

"Of course, dear. Old Mrs. Macari would be pleased to hear of it. I'll be sure to have your favorite dishes prepared." It was no secret that Kathleen was a favorite of Maria.

It was probably only Samuel who could resist Kathleen's infectious charm.

"I absolutely can't wait!" chirped Kathleen before hanging up.

Kathleen deemed it unnecessary to dampen the mood of others with the argument brewing between her and Samuel.

Suddenly recalling that she had almost forgotten to purchase gifts for Calvin and Wynn timer, Kathleen turned on her heels and backtracked toward the department store once more.

Regardless of the fact that there was only twenty thousand left of her advance, Kathleen had not an ounce of regret as she hailed a taxi and headed toward the Macari residence with her hands full.

All members of the Macari family were present as Kathleen entered the house.

Embarrassingly enough, even Samuel.

Kathleen conjured up her winning smile as she addressed the elders seated before her. "Grandma, Dad, Mom."

Diana was delighted to see her.

Kathleen's honeyed smile caught the hearts of Diana as well as Wynn timer and Calvin.

Samuel was the only one who went by unacknowledged, much to his displeasure.

Nonetheless, Samuel did feel that the entire room seemed to brighten up with her brilliant smile.

"You seem to be in high spirits, dear girl. Do share with us why," crooned Diana affectionately.

Kathleen brought forth her gifts. "Oh, it's nothing major. I've just brought all of you presents with the money I earned from my advance. I got you a pair of reading glasses since yours seemed a bit dated, Grandma."

Diana was pleasantly surprised and asked, "You bought this with your money?"

"That is right," Kathleen preened. "Here is a Montblanc pen for you, Dad. I remembered yours recently broke. I hope this arrived just in time."

"Thank you." Calvin was moved by Kathleen's dedication. It felt as if he had a daughter that had finally grown up.

"Last but not least, here is your silk scarf, Mom. I hope you like it."

Wynn timer was a huge fan and fervent collector of scarfs belonging to this particular brand.

This design that Kathleen managed to snag was a new release of the season.

Wynn timer was overjoyed. "I'd surely love it as long as it is from you."

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Kathleen sat down after giving out the presents.

Scowling, Samuel stretched out his hand toward her.

Kathleen looked at him, baffled.

Samuel furrowed his brows. "Where's mine?"

"I forgot about yours," Kathleen replied nonchalantly.

Forgot?

Samuel snorted. He was certain that Kathleen had not forgotten; she had simply not gotten him a gift.

She had bought presents for everyone in the family except him.

Diana put on her glasses. "Katie has her principles. Whoever treats her well, she will also be nice to them."

Both Calvin and Wynn timer nodded approvingly.

Samuel scoffed at their response. Don't I treat her well too? She eats and dresses well. I've never mistreated her.

"Where did you get the money from?" an irate Samuel asked.

"It's a secret for now. Don't worry; the money's legit." Kathleen was unwilling to tell Samuel the truth.

Samuel gave her a sullen glare.

"Samuel, do you still not trust Katie?" Diana was clearly annoyed.

"Let him be. It's all right if he doesn't trust her since they're going to get a divorce soon anyway. He can ask all he wants to now. When they become siblings, he will no longer have the right to question her." Wynn timer took the opportunity to mock her son.

"Why can't I question her as a sibling?" Samuel felt a flicker of irritation.

"You shouldn't overstep your boundaries. There are some things you can ask and some things you can't as an older brother. Besides, we are your elders. We are more entitled than you to receive the presents," Wynnie replied unemotionally.

Scoffing, Samuel retorted, "Who says we are getting a divorce?"

"You don't want a divorce? Well, too bad. Katie wants to divorce you," Wynnie shot back.

"You can ask her yourself whether we're getting a divorce." Samuel turned to look at Kathleen.

Diana's brows drew together in a frown. "Katie, what's going on?"

"Grandma, I've discussed this with Samuel. We agreed to have a cooling period for a month. If we decide that we don't want to stay together after one month is up, we'll get a divorce," Kathleen explained.

"You must have been too soft-hearted and agreed to whatever he wanted, didn't you?" Diana guessed.

Kathleen kept quiet, not knowing how to respond.

Grandma, do you have to spell it out?

Samuel did not say a word too.

Grandma, whose side are you on? Am I even your grandson?

"All right then. Let's go and eat," Diana said coolly.

She was clearly dissatisfied that Kathleen had forgiven Samuel so easily.

Knowing that Diana had always doted on her, Kathleen hung her head guiltily like she had committed a grave mistake.

She wondered if Diana meant that they should get a divorce immediately.

If this was truly Diana's wish, she would not hesitate to do so right away.

Diana stood up and walked toward the dining room, supported by Calvin.

Wynnie went over to Kathleen and placed her arm over the latter's shoulder. "Mom cares for you very much. Even though Samuel is my son, I also think that you're letting him off too easily."

Everyone was concerned that Samuel would continue to make things difficult for Kathleen.

Kathleen was confused.

Why do they seem so certain that we won't get a divorce one month later?

"Mom, I'm still here," Samuel reminded Wynn timer.

Wynn timer looked at him with disdain. "I'm treating you like you're invisible. Samuel, remember that this is your only chance. You won't get another opportunity if you miss this. If you continue to fool around and be an irresponsible man, I won't be on your side if Katie really wants a divorce. In fact, I will pop a bottle of champagne and celebrate that Katie has finally escaped the clutches of a scumbag."

Samuel was speechless.

"Come, let's eat. Ignore him." Wynn timer led Kathleen to the dining room.

This left Samuel alone to frown and sulk. What's wrong with this family?

At the dining table, Wynn timer brought up the topic of Frances' birthday dinner, which was to be held the day after.

"Mom, I've told the Yoeger family that the five of us will be attending the birthday dinner. I didn't tell them Kathleen is Samuel's wife. I said she's your granddaughter."

"Yes, that's right." Diana nodded.

"Is Kathleen coming too?" Samuel frowned.

"Don't worry. She's not going as your wife. Why are you so flustered? We know how to protect Katie better than you. Otherwise, everyone would have known about your marriage by now," Wynn timer replied.

Indeed, the Macari family was very good at keeping secrets.

Samuel looked coldly at Kathleen. "Are you sure you want to go?"

"Am I not allowed to go?" Kathleen felt a little hurt.

"Don't listen to him. He doesn't call the shots in this family." Diana took a piece of beef and gave it to Kathleen.

Samuel's eyes were fixed impassively on Kathleen.

Kathleen's heart sank. "Will Nicolette be there too?"

Is that why he doesn't want me to be present at the birthday dinner?

Samuel looked startled. How did she guess that?

Noticing his expression, Kathleen was crestfallen. She knew she had hit the nail on the head.

Diana felt a jolt of anger, and her face darkened. "Samuel, you're too much!"

"It's bad enough that you don't want anyone to know about Katie's identity because of your mistress. Now you're refusing to let her attend the birthday dinner too? Who do you think we Macaris are? Since your grandfather's time, the men in the Macari family have always been righteous, filial, and respectful to their spouses! They have never done anything as absurd as you are now!" Diana bellowed in rage.

Diana's husband had always loved and spoiled her after they got married.

Her mother-in-law treated her kindly. Likewise, both she and Wynn timer extended the same affection to their own daughters-in-law.

This virtue had been passed down over the generations.

A husband should be respectful toward his wife. In the same way, a wife should be understanding toward her husband.

The Macari family had always been an honorable and peaceful family.

In fact, Samuel had never even seen Calvin and Wynn timer fight.

Hence, Diana felt that Samuel had gone too far this time.

"Even if you don't allow Katie to go to the dinner, do you think Nicolette can marry into our family? Nicolette is asking you to accompany her to the birthday dinner so the Yoeger family can't stop her from attending the event. She's just using you. What a sly woman indeed!" Diana sneered.

The atmosphere at the dinner table became awkward and tense.

Kathleen felt increasingly nervous.

This only proves that I shouldn't go to the dinner.

"Grandma, Nicolette just wants to visit the Yoeger residence and have a look around," Samuel replied sullenly.

Diana looked at him with contempt. "You can believe her lies all you want. Just don't force us to do the same."

Feeling annoyed, Samuel stood up and gave Kathleen an icy glare. "Go if you wish. I won't interfere."

He then stormed out in a fit of pique.

"Samuel!" Wynn timer was simmering in anger.

That's not interfering? He's threatening her! How did I give birth to such a son? I might have been better off giving birth to a dog!

At the very least, she could still hit the dog if it made her angry.

Dejected, Kathleen lowered her head.

Diana felt bad for her. "Don't be upset, Katie. We'll go to the birthday dinner together."

Kathleen pursed her lips and kept quiet.

"Come, let's eat." Wynn timer was equally pained to see Kathleen looking so upset.

She felt that Samuel should not be so unkind, no matter for what reason.

Katie must be devastated.

They felt angry at the injustice of the situation.

After all, Kathleen had not done anything wrong.

Why could she not attend the dinner just because Nicolette would be there?

For the next two days, Kathleen did not see Samuel.

She continued staying at the Macari residence while Samuel was in the condominium.

On the day of Frances' birthday dinner, Kathleen fell ill.

She was truly sick and had a fever.

Wynn timer went to take a look at Kathleen. Patting her head, she said, "Don't make yourself suffer because of Samuel."

“Mom, I’m all right. You should get going. Don’t keep Grandma and Dad waiting. Tell Grandma not to worry as I’ll get well soon. And please don’t let Grandma visit me since I don’t want her to be sick as well.” Kathleen’s face was drained of color.

“Okay.” Wynn timer was worried for Kathleen but had to leave her to go for the birthday dinner.

Kathleen lay on her bed. The house was so quiet that she felt a sense of emptiness in her heart.

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Chapter 45

Kathleen got out of her bed after Diana and the rest had left.

Looking at the evening gown hanging next to her, she smile resignedly.

She mumbled to herself, “I won’t be getting another chance to wear you in the future.”

In truth, she did not actually feel regretful.

She did not really care whether she could go to the dinner or not.

It was just that Samuel’s attitude that day had truly disappointed her.

Apart from Nicolette being the reason Samuel did not want her to go to the dinner, she was sure another reason was that he thought she did not deserve to go.

I am merely an orphan.

Of course, I would not have the right to attend a dinner of this sort.

We do not belong to the same social class.

Once she figured this out, she was no longer as upset as before.

It all came down to the fact that she did not deserve it.

She walked to her desk and started drawing.

It was only by burying herself in work that she would not feel the pain.

Half an hour later, someone knocked on the door softly.

At the same time, she heard Christopher's warm voice. "Kathleen, are you in there?"

Kathleen was taken aback.

She stood up and walked over to open the door.

Indeed, it was Christopher who stood outside her room.

Christopher was clad in a dark grey coat and a black turtleneck, looking classy and handsome.

"Chris?" Kathleen was surprised. "I heard from Wynn timer that the Morris family is on the guest list too."

"I didn't go." Christopher smiled slightly. He then held up the box in his hand. "I brought fried chicken."

"Fried chicken! My favorite!" Kathleen was delighted.

Christopher really knows me well!

Upon seeing the sparkle in Kathleen's eyes, the smile on Christopher's face broadened. "Come downstairs and have some?"

"Yeah, that sounds great. We could watch a movie too." Kathleen stretched to loosen her tight shoulders. Coincidentally, she was feeling a bit tired.

"All right." Christopher nodded.

Kathleen followed him downstairs.

"Chris, is it really okay that you don't go to the dinner?" Kathleen asked in surprise.

"It's all right. My parents are there to represent the family. There shouldn't be a problem," Christopher replied in a gentle voice.

"How did you know I didn't go to the dinner?" she questioned dubiously.

"I... just know." He then continued in a tender voice, "Go wash your hands. I'll bring the fried chicken to the living room."

“Okay!”

Christopher’s heart melted at how obedient she was being for him.

His disdain for Samuel grew even stronger.

If he were in Samuel’s shoes, all he wanted to do was to pamper such a lovely girl like Kathleen.

Christopher and Kathleen entered the living room. Sitting down, she asked, “Chris, what do you feel like watching?”

“I’ll watch whatever you feel like watching.” Christopher was okay with anything she wanted.

Kathleen stared at the television screen, her lips in a pout. She held the remote control in her hand, flicking from movie to movie.

All the while, Christopher stared at her tenderly, taking in all the tiny expressions on her face.

At last, Kathleen settled on watching a heartwarming film, the famous Hachi: A Dog’s Tale.

At the end of the movie, she had barely touched the fried chicken as she was crying uncontrollably.

Christopher handed her some tissues. “Stop crying. If you continue to cry, you’ll hurt your eyes.”

Kathleen accepted the tissues from him. “You don’t understand. Sometimes, when you’re in a bad mood, you just have to cry it out.”

“Would you feel better after you cried?” he asked curiously.

Kathleen shook her head. “No.”

He furrowed his brows in response. “Kathleen, do you know you’ve lost weight?”

Kathleen pursed her lips.

Indeed, she had lost weight again.

Even though she had been eating like normal, she still somehow lost weight.

She did not understand what was going on.

Is there something wrong with my body? If there is, does that mean I can't keep my baby?

At the thought of her baby, Kathleen became even more upset.

"Bleargh!" Kathleen felt nauseous all of a sudden. She covered her mouth with her hand and rushed into the bathroom.

For a moment, Christopher was stunned. He then followed her into the bathroom immediately.

Kathleen was bent over the toilet bowl, vomiting uncontrollably.

Christopher brought a glass of warm water to her and patted her on the back lightly.

"Chris, you better go out for now." Kathleen was feeling a bit embarrassed.

How could I let him see me in such a state?

"You're already feeling this unwell. There is no need for you to feel self-conscious in front of me." Christopher caressed her forehead. "Looks like you're having a fever."

His palm was cold, and it felt good against Kathleen's hot forehead.

However, she knew that it was inappropriate for them to be in such close proximity to each other.

"Chris, I'm fine, really." She rinsed her mouth quickly and prepared to get out of the bathroom.

As she turned around to leave, Christopher grabbed hold of her wrist from behind. His warm voice sounded a bit hoarse. "Kathleen, are you pregnant?"

Kathleen was stunned. "N-No."

"You always look up whenever you are lying." Christopher knew her extremely well.

Her face went pale as her lower lip began quivering slightly.

"How far along are you?" Christopher asked again.

Kathleen took a deep breath. "Almost two months. Chris, I..."

"I won't tell anyone about this. I shouldn't be the one to announce your pregnancy." He looked at her meaningfully. "Who else knows about this?"

She shook her head. "Just me. And now, you too."

"I'm delighted to know that I'm the second person to find out about this." Christopher looked at her pale face. "If I had known, I wouldn't have brought fried chicken over. Was it because it was too oily? I heard that pregnant women prefer food with mild tastes and less oil."

Kathleen pursed her lips. "Chris, would you act normal, please? If you took special care of me, it'd be easy for people to tell I'm pregnant."

Christopher felt embarrassed. "Sorry. This is my first time taking care of a pregnant woman."

"This is my first time being a pregnant woman too," Kathleen replied.

After she finished speaking, the two of them laughed.

"You can't have cold medicine when you're pregnant, right?" Christopher asked in a serious manner.

"Yeah, unless it is a very serious cold." Kathleen went on to explain to him, "However, my cold is not very serious. I just have to drink more water and rest more. I should be fine then."

"Then you should go back to your room and rest. I'll head into the kitchen and cook something light for you." Christopher's heart ached for Kathleen.

She was pregnant, yet she had told nobody about it.

This meant that no one would be taking special care of her, even though she had been through enough suffering already.

"I don't want to be in my bed anymore. It's not good to lie down all day." Kathleen slouched down on the couch instead.

Maria, too, was on leave today, which was why the house had been very quiet.

Whatever they talked about, no one would be there to hear.

"Chris, talk to me." Kathleen's gentle voice sounded weak.

"All right." Christopher sat down and grabbed hold of a pillow. "Here. Rest your back on this."

Kathleen hesitated before lifting her body off the couch.

He then placed the pillow behind her waist.

Resting her back against the pillow, she indeed felt much more comfortable than before.

Christopher really knew how to take good care of people.

“Chris, when you become someone’s husband in the future, you’ll definitely score 100 out of 100 marks as a model husband,” Kathleen remarked.

“Thanks.” Christopher smiled.

Do I score 100 marks in your book too?

“What about Samuel?” he asked curiously.

“His score is in the negatives,” Kathleen replied in disdain, a frown forming between her delicate brows.

Christopher looked at her solemnly. “You’ve concealed your pregnancy so well. Do you have any plan?”

“I will divorce Samuel. It’s just a matter of when.” Kathleen pursed her lips. “To him, so long as I agree to donate my bone marrow to Nicolette, he’ll agree to divorce me. He’ll even give me lots of money, a house, and a car.”

“But you’re pregnant.” Christopher paused. “Are you going to give birth to the baby?”

Kathleen caressed her belly. “Yes, but I don’t want Samuel to know about this. Not now, not ever. I just want to take care of the child on my own.”

“Kathleen, let me help you take care of the child,” he suddenly blurted.

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Chapter 46

“W-What?” Kathleen was flabbergasted.

Christopher let out a chuckle. “Are you surprised?”

She nodded.

"I was just joking." Christopher's lips curled into a smile. "What I mean to say is, a friend is an extra pair of hands for support, isn't it?"

He knew that he could not make his intentions clear right now, as Kathleen was not divorced from Samuel yet.

Kathleen was someone who held onto her morals strongly, and so was he.

They respected each other, so they would not put each other in an awkward situation.

Essentially, both of them were full of pride.

Prideful people like them would never allow others to point fingers at them.

Christopher wanted to confess his feelings to Kathleen only after she was divorced from Samuel.

As for the baby in her stomach, he could treat it like his own child since she was the mother, after all.

"To be honest, Samuel and I have an agreement." Kathleen lowered her gaze, and her expression was calm. "We promised to not divorce if we both feel that we can remain with each other after a month. However, it was not until that day at home, when I saw how condescending and harsh Samuel was when objecting to me attending Old Mrs. Yoeger's birthday dinner, that I finally understood. He looks down on me from the bottom of his heart."

She would not be maintaining this unequal marriage anymore.

Christopher's face darkened. "Kathleen, you shouldn't belittle yourself. The Macari family and I have never thought that you're inferior to others."

"Chris, I'm well aware of how kind you, Grandma, and the rest are to me." Kathleen smiled. "Samuel is responsible for his own actions, so I won't hold a grudge against you all. However, I feel like leaving this place after I'm divorced from Samuel."

"Where do you want to go?" he asked.

"I'm thinking of going to my granny's house." Kathleen took a sideways glance at him. "Don't tell anyone."

"Don't worry. I won't." Christopher shook his head.

He was delighted that she could open up to him like this.

"Is there anyone else in your granny's house?" Christopher continued.

"No." Kathleen replied calmly, "My mom told me there are many flowers in my granny's house. The flowers will come to full bloom in the summer and are extremely beautiful. I'd like to visit the place that even my mom missed."

Nodding, he said, "I understand."

"Therefore, I'll simply look on in silence regardless of whether Samuel messes around with me or gets angry at me. I don't want to torture myself anymore." Kathleen said flatly, "He's not worth it. I guess I've wasted ten years of my youth on the wrong person."

Christopher paused for a moment before starting, "Kathleen, actually—"

He was just about to say something when there was a knock on the door.

Kathleen was astonished. "Are Grandma and the rest back so soon?"

"Take a seat. I'll go get the door." Christopher stood up and went to open the door.

Upon doing so, he saw that it was Tyson standing outside.

"Mr. Morris?" Tyson was rather surprised.

"What're you doing here?" With his face expressionless, Christopher asked, "Why aren't you with Samuel?"

"Mr. Macari has instructed me to pick Mrs. Macari up to head to the Yoeger residence," Tyson explained.

Christopher frowned.

What does Samuel mean by this?

"Doesn't he know that Kathleen's sick?" Christopher was utterly displeased. "She can't go."

"This..." Tyson dared not say so to Samuel.

"Come in and ask her in person." Christopher did not give him a hard time.

Tyson nodded.

He entered the mansion and walked to the living room.

He looked at Kathleen, who indeed appeared paler than usual.

It seemed like she had genuinely fallen sick.

“What’s the matter?” Kathleen asked blandly.

“Mrs. Macari, Mr. Macari has ordered me to take you to the party at the Yoeger residence,” Tyson answered.

“I’m not going.” Kathleen rubbed her temples. “I bet Nicolette instigated him to do so, which is why he asked you to pick me up.”

Tyson fell silent sheepishly.

“If I didn’t follow Grandma and the rest there and only show up after Samuel sent someone over to pick me up, what do you think the Yoeger family and other guests at the birthday party would think?” Kathleen sneered, “Why would I bring this slander upon myself?”

Tyson pursed his lips. He actually thought the same way as well.

“Mrs. Macari, it’s actually not Nicolette. Mr. Macari gave this order himself,” Tyson defended Samuel.

“I’m not going either.” Kathleen scrunched her brows and refuted, “He can’t order me around!”

Helpless, Tyson wanted to say something else.

However, before he could, Christopher instructed coldly, “Call Samuel and tell him Kathleen is seriously feeling unwell.”

With his lips pursed, Tyson turned to walk away.

He called Samuel.

It did not take long for Samuel to answer his phone. “Have you picked her up?”

“No.” Tyson hesitated before adding, “Mr. Macari, Mrs. Macari said she’s not going as she really feels unwell.”

Samuel was displeased. “Didn’t you tell her that it’s me who asked you to pick her up?”

“I told her.” Tyson bit his lip. “Mrs. Macari insisted that she’s not going. Since she didn’t follow the rest to the birthday party, if I send her over right now, it would make her seem too troublesome and affect the others’ impression of her.”

"She's indeed troublesome." In an unhappy tone, Samuel ordered, "Bring her to me!"

He was determined to see her!

"Mr. Macari, I dare not act rough." Tyson found himself in a tight spot. "What's more, Mr. Morris is here."

"Mr. Morris?" Samuel questioned with his face all gloomy, "Christopher?"

"Yes!" Tyson nodded vigorously.

Mr. Macari, you better realize the danger soon. Your woman is going to be taken away. Stop bothering about Nicolette or whoever.

"I'm going back right now!" Samuel stated coldly.

I just knew Christopher had some ulterior motive for not showing up at the birthday party!

After the call, Tyson returned and stood in the living room without saying anything.

Kathleen frowned. "Mr. Hackney, I don't want to make things difficult for you either. These past three years, you've accompanied me to go shopping, watch movies, have meals, and even have body checkups at the hospital more frequently than Samuel has."

Tyson felt awkward. "Mrs. Macari, this is my duty."

Christopher knitted his brows.

Has Kathleen been so lonely after getting married to Samuel?

"Is Samuel coming over to get me?" Kathleen questioned suspiciously.

Tyson nodded.

At that, she was speechless.

This is too much! He was the one who refused to allow me to go. Yet, it's also him who's forcing me to be there now! Is he trying to torment me to death?

"Chris, you should go back first," said Kathleen, troubled.

They're definitely going to fight if they encounter each other.

"All right." Not wanting to make things difficult for her, Christopher took his leave first.

Exiting the mansion, he got into his car.

He then drove away from the Macari residence.

Halfway through his journey, he still bumped into Samuel.

As Samuel blocked his way, the two men got out of their respective cars.

“What’s the meaning of this?” Samuel looked at Christopher with a chilly gaze.

For some unknown reason, he always felt that Christopher was the biggest threat to him.

“Samuel, for the past three years, how many times have you shopped, ate, or watched movies with Kathleen?” Christopher took a step forward and interrogated in an icy tone, “How many times have you left her all alone, made her cry, and broke her heart!”

“Christopher, that’s between me and Kathleen. It’s none of your business!” Samuel’s voice was stern.

Christopher grabbed Samuel by his collar and spat heatedly, “She’s the woman I’ve loved for ten years! How could you do this to her!”

Samuel was taken aback.

He has loved her for ten years?

Christopher’s eyes had turned red. “She’s Kathleen, the woman I most adore. How I wish I could dote on her and love her like the priceless treasure she is. Yet, here you are, hurting her over and over again!”

“Christopher, she’s my wife.” Samuel warned frigidly, “You better know where you stand!”

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Chapter 47

Christopher scoffed. “I used to set the boundaries too clearly.”

Hearing that, Samuel furrowed his brows.

“Samuel, do you know why Kathleen is head over heels in love with you?” After a short pause, Christopher added coldly, “It’s because she got the wrong person.”

“What do you mean by that?” Samuel was puzzled.

“As I expected, you have forgotten about it.” Christopher smirked and said, “About eleven years ago, we joined the school’s summer camp, and I rescued a little girl who was drowning. At the time, I was wearing your school uniform with your name on it. She was barely conscious, so she didn’t see my face clearly and only saw the name tag. Thus, she got the wrong person and thought that you were her savior. The person that she is truly looking for is me.”

Samuel was shocked.

“We are cousins, so we look similar to each other. I don’t blame her for getting the wrong person. Maybe it’s fate that she fell in love with you.” Christopher said coldly, “I thought she would live a happy life after marrying you, so I had planned to keep it a secret forever. However, since Nicolette’s return, I knew that you could no longer give her happiness. I will find an opportunity to tell her the truth. Once she is no longer infatuated with you, I can easily change the way she has perceived you for the past twenty years!”

With that, Christopher let Samuel go. Then, he turned around, got into his car, and drove away.

At that moment, Samuel felt his heart sink and found it hard to breathe.

Kathleen only fell in love with me because she was mistaken? What will she be like once she stops loving me?

For some reason, he felt uneasy. He hurriedly got into his car and rushed back to the Macari residence.

After Samuel entered the house, he looked at Tyson coldly and asked, “Where is she?”

“Mrs. Macari said she was feeling unwell, so she went back to her room,” Tyson replied hesitantly.

“You can leave now,” Samuel said without looking at him.

After a short pause, Tyson called out, “Mr. Macari.”

Upon hearing that, Samuel stopped in his tracks and asked coldly, “What is it?”

A moment of hesitation later, Tyson questioned, "Mr. Macari, have you ever gone on a proper date with Mrs. Macari even once in the past three years?"

Samuel frowned.

"Mr. Macari, I know that I shouldn't interfere, but..." Tyson was anxious. He was worried that if he didn't bring it up, it would be too late.

"But what?" Samuel was losing his patience.

"All relationships require maintenance." Tyson pursed his lips and continued, "Mrs. Macari has loved you deeply for ten years. Once she is completely heartbroken, she will be able to cut off all her feelings for you and become heartless. Mr. Macari, once that happens, it will be too late."

When that happens, there will be no hope for Mr. Macari, and it will impossible for him to gain Mrs. Macari's love again. As long as there is hope, Mr. Macari will still be able to fight to keep their marriage.

Tyson was mentally prepared for a scolding.

Whatever. I had to try.

"Okay," Samuel answered simply and left.

Hearing that, Tyson was stunned. Did I just escape death?

Samuel went upstairs and headed to Kathleen's bedroom.

At that moment, Kathleen was getting some rest with her eyes closed.

When Samuel saw her, he instantly felt relieved.

He walked up to her and reached over to touch her face. It was still a little warm.

"Have you eaten any medicine?" Samuel questioned in a low voice.

Kathleen opened her eyes slightly and replied, "Yes."

In truth, she hadn't taken any medicine.

After she finished her sentence, she closed her eyes again.

Samuel's eyes darkened. "Have you eaten anything?"

"Yes," Kathleen answered indifferently.

In the past, she only ever spoke to Samuel in a soft and sweet voice, even when he treated her coldly.

However, everything had changed.

“Why don’t I cook something for you to eat?” It was rare for Samuel to be this gentle.

“Don’t bother. I’m tired.” Kathleen turned to the other side so that her back was to him.
“You should leave. Stop disturbing me.”

Samuel’s gaze darkened. However, he continued to stand there.

Seeing that, Kathleen frowned and wondered why he wasn’t leaving yet.

Just then, she heard him taking off his clothes.

What is happening?

After taking off his suit jacket, Samuel walked up to sit down by the bed.

Kathleen pursed her lips and asked, “Aren’t you going to leave? Someone is waiting for you. Just ask Tyson to take care of me.”

“Is Tyson your husband?” Samuel was visibly upset.

“Even though he is not my husband, he surely knows me better than you do.” She said coldly, “Actually, I think anyone knows me better than you do.”

“Hah!” Samuel sneered disdainfully. “Who do you think you are?”

Kathleen pulled her lips into a thin line. “I am an orphan with no parents. Are you satisfied?”

Samuel’s expression became icy as he looked at her and asked, “Are you trying to pick a fight?”

“No.” She bit her lower lip. “I’m just annoyed by you, and I don’t want to see you! I’m not a pet you can order around as you please. Samuel, have you ever had any respect for me?”

Pursing his thin lips slightly, he replied, “I asked Tyson to come and pick you up.”

He thought that could be considered an apology.

In reality, he had been waiting for Kathleen to contact him for the past few days.

That was how it had always been.

Whenever he had a fight with Kathleen, he would go to work feeling upset.

However, when it was time to get off work, Kathleen would definitely call him to apologize and coax him.

Then, she would persuade him to come home.

However, this time around, Kathleen hadn't done so.

She hadn't called or sent him anything on WhatsApp.

Samuel even heard from Maria that Kathleen had never mentioned his name once.

He was furious but also vaguely uneasy.

Thus, he had been planning to have a talk with Kathleen when she attended the party that night.

However, she unexpectedly didn't come.

Because of that, Samuel was in a bad mood.

At first, when Nicolette went to the Yoeger residence, she wanted to show off. However, because of Samuel's lack of enthusiasm, she gave up the thought.

She didn't dare to upset Samuel when he was already in a bad mood to begin with.

Hence, after allowing Nicolette to be at the party for a short moment, Samuel then had someone send her home.

Not having Kathleen around made him feel empty.

He had never felt that way before.

Thus, he sent Tyson to pick Kathleen up.

Samuel thought that doing so would make things less awkward for her.

However, he had forgotten that other guests would point fingers and judge Kathleen if she attended the party late.

"What were you and Christopher doing in the house?" Samuel couldn't help but ask.

Even though he tried to control his jealousy, it still showed.

"We had dinner and watched a movie," Kathleen replied coldly.

"Were you two enjoying your time together alone in this house?" Samuel's tone sounded bitter.

Upon hearing that, Kathleen responded calmly, "He just pities me. Samuel, I'll repeat myself once more. Christopher and I have more dignity and shame than you and Nicolette, so we won't do anything inappropriate."

"What movie did you two watch?" he questioned.

Kathleen frowned. "Why are you asking?"

"What's the matter? Is it a secret?" Samuel asked in a strange tone.

"We watched Hachi: A Dog's Tale," she replied.

Hearing that, Samuel grimly asked, "What is it about?"

"Go watch it yourself." As Kathleen spoke, she pulled the covers over herself. She was feeling tired.

Samuel was silent for a moment before he started moving around.

Kathleen had no clue what he was doing.

Not long after, Samuel picked her up before moving her to the center of the bed.

"What are you doing?" she asked with a frown.

Instead of replying, the man leaned against the headboard. It was then she realized the projector was already on.

Hachi: A Dog's Tale was playing on the screen.

Seeing that, Kathleen furrowed her brows. "If you want to watch the movie, you can watch it yourself. Don't force me to watch it with you. I've already cried once, and I don't want to cry again."

"If you become blind from crying too much, I'll be your eyes," Samuel coldly said.

Kathleen bit her lip. "You are a monster."

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Chapter 48

“Why am I a monster?” Samuel asked. “You watched the movie with Christopher. Why can’t you watch it with me?”

Kathleen sat upright. Her fair face looked tired and angry, but she still appeared exceptionally beautiful. “What did Christopher and I do? Have I ever asked you to do with me the same things you do when you hang out with Nicolette?”

Hearing that, Samuel glanced at her and said, “You’ll regret it.”

“You’re right. I’ll definitely regret it.” Kathleen lowered her gaze and added, “Why should I torture myself by experiencing the sweet moments you spend with another woman?”

Samuel did not want to explain any further.

Besides, Nicolette and he were not considered a sweet couple.

He pulled Kathleen into his arms and hugged her from the back. “Enough. Whenever I start a conversation with you, you always go off-topic. I’ll watch the movie myself, and you can just continue to sleep.”

Kathleen was at a loss for words.

Did I go off-topic? He was the one who brought it up first.

However, she loved to lay in Samuel’s arms.

Back when they didn’t fight, she loved to curl up in his embrace.

To her, Samuel’s chest was forever warm. Furthermore, he had a unique refreshing scent that only mature men had.

Since young, Samuel had been reluctant to get close to others.

Even though he and Kathleen were a normal couple when he first married her, he rarely took the initiative to hug her.

However, Kathleen loved to burrow into his embrace.

He never pushed her away, and eventually, he got used to it.

Samuel had grown accustomed to having Kathleen in his arms, having a sweet and innocent woman by his side, and being the only person that she had eyes for.

Just then, he suddenly thought of Christopher's words.

Does Kathleen love me only because she got the wrong person and thinks that I'm her savior? If she finds out the truth, will she not hesitate to divorce me?

Although Samuel was watching the movie, his mind was somewhere else.

He couldn't help but wrap his arms around Kathleen tighter because he hated the feeling of being out of control.

The first time he had the same uneasy feeling was three years ago.

It was a month after he and Kathleen got married.

One time, he saw Kathleen and Christopher chatting happily.

There were guests in the house, and they didn't know Kathleen was married to Samuel.

However, they knew Kathleen's relationship with the Macari family, so they jokingly suggested Kathleen and Christopher be a couple. They even mentioned that the two looked like a perfect match.

At that time, Samuel felt slightly insecure and uneasy. However, the feeling vanished that night.

He had forced Kathleen onto the bed and told her to tell him that she loved him.

In that instance, Kathleen was sweet and obedient. She did everything that he asked her to and satisfied his every desire.

Samuel suddenly felt that his strange behavior toward Kathleen was because she always indulged him.

The next day, it was after Kathleen woke up when she realized that Samuel was holding her tight in his arms.

She struggled to break free. "It's hot. Let go of me."

Samuel's body temperature was usually a little on the high side.

Hence, Kathleen liked to hug him in the winter.

Her body was weak, and she was afraid of the cold. Thus, laying in Samuel's embrace helped her sleep peacefully.

However, she no longer liked it anymore.

Samuel knew that Kathleen was not bothered by the heat and that it was just an excuse to hide the fact she no longer liked his embrace.

This is definitely because of Christopher.

"I'm not hot," Samuel whispered as he tightened his arms around her.

Kathleen was speechless. "By the way, you haven't given me the divorce agreement yet. You promised to give it to me."

"Why are you in such a hurry?" Samuel asked coldly. "If we don't get a divorce, that piece of paper will be wasted. We have to think about the environment."

Hearing that, Kathleen was at a loss for words.

What a sly jerk!

"Samuel, you are the CEO of a big company. How can you not keep your promise?" she asked angrily.

It was early in the morning, and she had just woken up, so her voice was alluringly husky.

Hearing that, Samuel's hands started traveling up and down her body.

Kathleen snorted and said, "Stop it. I don't want to. You promised me that you won't have sex with me for this whole month. Samuel, if you continue to break your promises, I'll be genuinely angry."

She was not without her temper and limits.

Samuel glanced at her and replied, "I was just touching a little."

"That is also forbidden." Kathleen pressed her soft hands against his chest and said seriously, "Samuel, if you don't end things with Nicolette, I will never be able to accept you. You are already dirty."

I'm dirty?

Samuel frowned and asked, "How am I dirty?"

"You know the answer to that." With that, Kathleen sat up and got out of bed.

Meanwhile, Samuel furrowed his brows as he wondered what she meant.

After they finished washing up, they went downstairs together to eat breakfast.

When Wynn timer saw Kathleen, she asked concernedly, "Are you feeling better?"

"Yes, I'm feeling much better. My fever is gone," Kathleen answered with a small smile.

Wynn timer looked at Kathleen meaningfully and said, "That's good."

"Mm-hm." After that, Kathleen lowered her head and started to eat.

A while later, Wynn timer peeled an egg and handed it to Kathleen. "You should eat more eggs."

"Thank you, Mom," Kathleen said with a sweet smile.

Seeing that, Wynn timer felt happy. "I'll ask the chef to cook some salmon for dinner so that you can have some nutrition. You are too skinny."

When Kathleen heard that she was about to eat fish for dinner, she felt a little nauseous.

At that moment, she realized that she couldn't bear the thought of eating anything that had a fishy taste.

"Mom, I am craving beef," Kathleen said softly. "Can we eat beef instead?"

"Of course," Wynn timer said with a smile. "You rarely tell us what you want to eat. Now that you've specifically requested it, there is no reason for me to not satisfy your cravings. How does grilled beef steak sound?"

"Good." Kathleen nodded.

After hearing that, Samuel gave Kathleen a side glance and realized that she was indeed skinnier than before.

Has she not been eating proper meals in the past few days?

After breakfast, Samuel and Wynn timer left the house together.

Just when Wynn timer was about to get in her car, she called out to Samuel.

Samuel obediently walked up to her and asked, "What's the matter?"

“Samuel, can't you be nicer to Katie?” Wynn timer said angrily. “I don't know what she'll think if she finds out what happened last night. However, if she does find out, she will never forgive you. I've eaten plenty of meals together with you two and only seen you peel crab for Kathleen once. However, last night, you fed Nicolette cake in public. Don't you feel ashamed?”

Samuel remained silent.

“At that time, I honestly wanted to smash the cake into your faces and curse at you shameless couple.” As she spoke, her eyes turned red. “Samuel, do you know how furious I am?”

Samuel furrowed his brows. “Mom, Nicolette had just finished her chemotherapy treatment and was too weak to raise her arm.”

“Wow, she was too weak to raise her arm? But she was clearly strong enough to walk on her own!” Wynn timer snapped. “She even had the strength to hug you. How is she too weak to raise her arm?”

After hearing that, Samuel didn't utter a word.

“Samuel, I know you are wondering why I care so deeply for Katie even though you are my son.” Wynn timer glanced to the side. “Nicolette's actions are exactly the same as the woman who seduced your granddad back then. I remember seeing my mother, your granny, secretly crying at night, but she tolerated him for the sake of my sister and I. It hurt my heart deeply to see her suffer so. Don't do the same to Katie. Otherwise, I will make sure to destroy both you and Nicolette's reputations!”

After she finished speaking, she turned, got into the car, and drove away.

At that instant, Samuel suddenly thought of his granny.

She was a gentle but resilient woman.

Everyone thought that she would never ask for a divorce.

However, one day, she shocked everyone by suddenly asking for a divorce.

Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife Chapter 49

Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife

Chapter 49

Kathleen was drawing at home when she received yet another friend request notification from that unknown number again on her phone.

Whoever it was had also sent a video to her.

It was a video showing Samuel going to the Yoeger residence with Nicolette.

Nicolette was dolled up in the video as she held Samuel's arm, smiling broadly and smugly.

As Samuel was there to back her, no one from the Yoeger family dared to chase her out.

After Frances cut the cake, Samuel was seen feeding Nicolette the dessert.

The pair looked extremely sweet and very in love.

Kathleen's heart ached at the sight.

Indeed, the most perfect way to take someone's life was by breaking their heart.

Samuel had refused to allow her to go along, so Nicolette provoked her with the video.

What a shameless couple!

Kathleen's face was pale as she wondered when her heart would stop hurting.

Will it stop hurting when I don't love anymore? Is it hurting so much because I still love Samuel?

It was impossible to stop loving the man she had given her entire heart and soul to for the past decade.

At that moment, her phone rang.

Kathleen took a glance and saw that it was Quinn.

"Ms. Williams?" Kathleen was surprised.

"Come over for a checkup." Quinn cut straight to the point.

Kathleen paused before answering, "Ms. Williams, I—"

"I don't care what your plans are. It is my duty as a doctor to ensure that the mother and child are safe as long as you're pregnant with the baby. Come quickly." Quinn added, "I'll cover for you."

"Okay." Kathleen dared not refuse.

After tidying up, she left for the hospital.

Quinn had made arrangements so that no one would know that Kathleen came for maternity checkups.

After the checkup, Quinn held onto the results while her face turned pale and her hands trembled.

"Don't scare me, Ms. Williams. Did I contract some incurable illness?" Kathleen was anxious.

Slap!

Quinn slammed the result slip on the table. "Do you know that you're suffering from malnourishment? You're pregnant with a baby! How dare you be malnourished!"

Kathleen was like a child scolded by her parent. "Ms. Williams, I always have my meals on time. I swear I'm not skipping out on any meals."

"How about your mood?" Quinn looked at her. "I keep seeing Samuel in the company of a woman named Nicolette Yoeger."

Quinn was a doctor at this hospital. Hence, it was easy for her to know the identity of anyone that visited the hospital.

Kathleen pursed her lips. "Ms. Williams, everything will be over soon."

"Are you going to tolerate it in the meantime?" Quinn was shocked.

"No, but Samuel and I have discussed and agreed to give him a month to settle the matter. If I'm satisfied with his way of handling it, we'll not get a divorce. If I'm not, we'll divorce." Kathleen kept silent for a while. "However, I think there's nothing much to consider anymore."

She was naturally unhappy with the way Samuel was dealing with the matter.

After a brief pause, Quinn said, "It's better to get it over and done with soon. You're pregnant, and such an issue will affect your mood. It's not good for you and the baby."

"Yeah. I know." Kathleen nodded.

Quinn looked at her meaningfully. "Kate, you're carrying twins."

"What?" Kathleen was stunned.

"Twins," Quinn repeated herself.

This was the main reason that Quinn had insisted Kathleen come in for a checkup, so she could get a confirmation.

"If you divorce, it'll be difficult to raise even one child alone. Have you ever thought about what you're going to do if it's two?" Quinn was worried.

"I can do this." Kathleen stroked her belly. "I really can. No matter how many children there are, I'm giving birth to them all."

She could not bear to end their lives as they were her very own flesh and blood.

Quinn heaved a sigh and instructed sternly, "You must eat more. Do you hear me?"

"Yeah, I heard you." Kathleen blinked her eyes and did not dare to turn a deaf ear to the doctor's instruction.

"I know you're having a difficult time trying to keep it from the Macari family. They have always doted on you, but if they don't know that you're pregnant, they won't know how to take care of you." Quinn brought out a thermos. "I made this for you. Drink it."

Kathleen was surprised. "Ms. Williams, you..."

"In the future, come to my house twice every week. I'll cook for you." Quinn stared at Kathleen's sharp chin. "You're malnourished, and that will affect the fetuses' growth."

"Yeah, okay." Kathleen nodded.

With a few gulps, she finished the soup that Quinn had cooked for her.

"That's a good girl." A warm smile appeared on Quinn's face.

Kathleen looked at her obediently. "Can I leave now?"

"Go. Get out of my sight," Quinn shooed as she waved her hand.

Kathleen exited Quinn's office and went upstairs to visit Benjamin.

Benjamin was still unconscious.

Kathleen was worried as the person who hurt Benjamin still could not be found.

She knew nothing would come out of the investigation as Samuel was most likely a part of it.

Even if Samuel found that it was Nicolette behind all of these, he would do nothing.

He would get his men to remove the evidence and ensure Nicolette's innocence.

This all happened because I was too weak. If I were more capable, I wouldn't be such a pushover and constantly at the mercy of others.

Just then, her phone rang.

Granny?

"Hello? Granny?" Kathleen immediately answered the call.

"Katie, what are you doing?" Cynthia Graves' gentle voice sounded through the phone.

"Nothing. What's the matter, Granny?" Kathleen turned and headed for the elevator.

Cynthia chuckled. "I haven't seen you in days. Do you want to come over to my house?"

"Okay," Kathleen agreed.

"I'll make your favorite ravioli." Cynthia had always doted on Kathleen.

"Yeah!" Kathleen was elated. "I'll come over now."

With that, she hung up the call and entered the elevator.

Upon reaching the first floor, she stepped out of the elevator only to see Samuel.

He had some bags in his hand, and Kathleen knew they were for Nicolette.

Kathleen ignored him, wanting to leave the hospital as quickly as possible.

Samuel handed the bags in his hand to a nearby nurse. "Please send these to ward number 1705."

Subsequently, he ran after Kathleen.

"Kathleen!" He grabbed her hand. "Why did you ignore me after seeing me?"

She's growing a temper.

“Stop pulling me.” Kathleen yanked her hand out of his grip. “All of Jadeborough knows about your relationship with Nicolette by now, Samuel. Your actions will cause misunderstandings, and I’ll get scolded. Moreover, you’re not going to stand up for me if I get accused of being a mistress, so stop behaving like this!”

It was then Samuel realized that Kathleen knew of what happened last night.

“Nicolette just had her chemotherapy treatment.” Samuel frowned.

“So what if she just had her treatment?” Kathleen remained indifferent. “Does that mean I have to take all the humiliation and insults lying down? I’m your legal wife, but because of her, I’m looking like the mistress. Are you two even human for doing this to me, Samuel?”

Samuel remained silent while looking at her.

He agreed that he had done wrong by Kathleen in this matter.

Upon seeing that he did not reply, Kathleen continued walking out.

“Where are you going? I’ll send you there.” Samuel followed closely behind her.

“I don’t want to tell you.” Kathleen’s fair-skinned face was currently puffed up like an angry hamster.

Samuel could not help but poke at her cheek. It was bouncy.

“Don’t touch me!” Kathleen was furious. “Don’t use the same hand you used to feed Nicolette to touch me!”

Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife Chapter 50

Perfect Marriage with My Substitute Wife

Chapter 50

Samuel carried Kathleen into his car and helped her fasten the seatbelt.

Kathleen pushed the car door, only to realize it had been locked.

She gritted her teeth and said, “Let me out! You’ve gone too far!”

Pinching her cheek using his rough and slender fingers, he asked, "I have gone too far, but what can you do about it?"

"Samuel, if you dare to provoke me again, I will publicly reveal our relationship and make Nicolette the homewrecker!" Kathleen was enraged.

Samuel took out his phone and turned on the camera.

Then, he placed one hand over Kathleen's shoulder and took a photo of them together.

Kathleen was stunned.

In the next instant, he logged into his Twitter account and crafted a tweet with only one word: Married.

After that, the photo was attached below.

He then placed the phone in Kathleen's hand and said, "It will be posted as soon as you press it."

Kathleen was at a loss for words.

"So, where are you going? You can slowly think about what you want to do on the way there," Samuel added with both hands on the wheel.

Kathleen pursed her lips and replied, "Granny asked me to go over."

Granny?

Samuel drove Kathleen to the said location.

On the way, she held the phone and remained motionless.

Her mind was a mess.

If she posted the tweet, her relationship with Samuel would be known to the whole world.

Despite being aware of what lay ahead, Kathleen had never expressed worry.

She was more concerned about the purpose of disclosing their relationship to the public if they were only going to end up divorcing.

It would also be problematic for her as she would be recognized wherever she went in the future.

I will also have two children with me by then. What should I do? Forget it. I just said that in a fit of anger.

Samuel lightly furrowed his eyebrows.

He thought that Kathleen would be eager to post it.

However, he did not expect her to not take any action at all.

Doesn't she want to publicly reveal our marriage? Is she reluctant to do so because she is afraid that she will not be able to be with Christopher in the future?

Samuel's eyes gradually turned dark at that thought.

All of a sudden, a child that was playing ball by the sidewalk ran onto the road.

Samuel immediately stepped on the brakes.

Luckily, nothing happened.

Kathleen was thrown forward before she was pulled back because of the seatbelt.

However, the phone in her hand slipped out in the process.

As she panicked, her finger accidentally tapped on the screen.

"Are you okay?" Samuel frowned and looked at Kathleen, whose face was pale.

Then, she saw the child's parent bringing the child away.

Kathleen frowned deeply and thought, How can there be such an irresponsible parent?

"Oh right, the phone!" She moved to pick it up.

"Let me." Samuel's arm was longer than hers, so it was easy for him to pick the phone up.

Kathleen fixed her gaze on him and asked, "Please take a quick look. I think I might have tapped on the screen by mistake. Have I posted it?"

Samuel switched on the screen and glanced at it. "No."

Kathleen let out a sigh of relief. "Thank goodness. It would truly be troublesome if I had posted it."

Samuel stared at her coldly.

She doesn't want to announce it to the public?

He then continued to drive calmly.

Soon, they arrived at Cynthia's house.

The place where she lived was not an area for the wealthy.

Samuel had proposed to give Cynthia a bigger house back then, but she had not agreed to it.

She had worked hard for her three-bedroom house.

Before being married, both Emily and Wynn timer grew up in that house.

Cynthia could not bear to move out. That was why she continued to stay there.

Kathleen unfastened her seatbelt and said, "Thanks."

After saying that, she got out of the car.

Samuel followed.

Kathleen was surprised. "Why did you get down from the car?" she asked.

"She's my granny too. Can't I go up and have a look?" Samuel was visibly upset.

Kathleen furrowed her eyebrows. She then said silently to her stomach, "Babies, don't be like him in the future. How can anyone stand this bad temper unless they're someone as sweet-tempered as me? You two might not have a wife in the future if you imitate him!"

Samuel didn't know that Kathleen was silently complaining about him to his children.

They took the elevator upstairs.

When they reached the entrance, Kathleen pressed the doorbell.

Click.

The door opened, and Christopher was behind it.

Samuel's eyes became icy-cold at the sight.

On the other hand, Christopher's eyes darkened.

"Chris?" Kathleen was shocked.

"Yeah. I came to see Granny. She told me that you would be coming too." Christopher grinned.

"Yes." Kathleen entered the house.

Samuel did not believe that it was a coincidence.

"Come in." Christopher glanced at Samuel with an unfathomable gaze.

Samuel stepped inside too.

Christopher grabbed a pair of pink slippers for Kathleen.

When Kathleen was taking off her shoes, she lost her balance and nearly fell.

Christopher subconsciously reached out to support her.

Unexpectedly, Samuel hugged her from behind and said, "Go ahead and take them off."

Seeing that, Christopher quickly retracted his hand.

Kathleen frowned and whispered, "I can stand firmly myself. Let me go."

Samuel replied with a low tone, "Don't be stubborn. If you fall, my heart will hurt."

Bleugh!

Kathleen did not believe him and swiftly changed her footwear.

Christopher did not grab slippers for Samuel.

Samuel didn't care either. It was his grandmother's house anyway. He didn't consider himself an outsider.

After he changed his shoes, Samuel headed straight for the kitchen.

He then saw Kathleen hugging Cynthia. "Granny, I'm hungry," Kathleen said softly.

Cynthia grinned and said, "Hungry? Christopher, hurry up and make some ravioli for Katie."

"Got it." Christopher smiled and said to Kathleen, "I just hinted to Granny that I didn't have enough breakfast when I entered the door, but she ignored me."

"You're a grown man. You can endure a little starvation, but Katie must not starve," Cynthia said dotingly.

"Fine, I'll go cook." Christopher went to prepare the ingredients.

"Granny," greeted Samuel as he came to stand before Cynthia.

"You are here too," she replied with a neutral expression.

Samuel fell silent.

Cynthia used to love him very much.

However, at that moment, she was talking to him with an indifferent tone.

"I'll help with the ravioli," said Kathleen as she rolled up her sleeves.

"You don't have to." Cynthia did not want to trouble her granddaughter.

Kathleen's small hands were fair and soft. Cynthia was worried that doing anything would mar her flawless skin.

If Cynthia had to be honest with herself, she had to admit that Samuel had done his job as Kathleen's husband when it came to her materialistic needs. After all, Kathleen's appearance had not changed at all in the three years since she married him.

However, he had failed terribly when it came to her emotional needs.

"Let me do it." Samuel shrugged off his coat and handed it to Kathleen, who took it.

He rolled up his sleeves and washed his hands. After that, he went to help Cynthia to prepare the ravioli together.

Kathleen had never seen Samuel do housework, not even once, let alone cook.

"You know how to make ravioli?" Kathleen was surprised.

Samuel knitted his brows and asked, "Who told you that I didn't?"

He was just too lazy to do it.

Kathleen thought about the bags that Samuel was holding earlier. He had probably made the food himself for Nicolette.

He's not lazy; he just doesn't want to cook for me.

"Have you never eaten meals made by Samuel before, Katie?" Cynthia asked in surprise.

Kathleen shook her head and replied, "Nope, never. But it doesn't matter. He didn't train his cooking skills for me, so what he cooks might not suit my tastes at all. Thus, it doesn't matter if I have never eaten his cooking before."

Samuel glanced at her.

Kathleen said indifferently, "I'll go hang up the clothes."

Cynthia sighed and shot Samuel a bland look. She asked, "Do you know what she was implying just now?"

Samuel nodded.

Cynthia thought to herself, So, he knows.

"You're hopeless." She did not bother to explain further.

Hearing that, Samuel frowned.

How am I hopeless? I'll make meals for her when we get back!

Kathleen returned after she hung up Samuel's coat and her bag.

"Kate, come and have a taste." Christopher took a piece of ravioli and offered it to her.

Kathleen walked over and grabbed the plate and fork from him. Then, she took a bite.

It was a little hot.

"It's delicious!" Kathleen gave a thumbs up.

Christopher's lips curved upward.

Cynthia glanced at them, a benevolent smile appearing on her face.

Samuel didn't feel good about it at all.