

Chapter 170

After retracting her hands, Kathleen held Vivian's wrist.

Vivian flinched and raised her head to stare at Kathleen from under her long, thick bangs.

Curling up her red lips, Kathleen cooed, "I'm not here to hurt you. Can you give me your hand?"

Vivian gave no response, but her wrist remained in Kathleen's hands.

Kathleen silently breathed in relief and began checking Vivian's pulse.

However, she only frowned deeper.

"How's she?" Caleb asked, his hands tucked in his pockets.

Kathleen put down Vivian's hands and stood up. "Let's talk outside."

Caleb inclined his head.

After leaving the room, Kathleen stared seriously at him.

"She had been pregnant before?"

Caleb nodded.

"However, her way of aborting the baby was very extreme, so her health was severely affected. Mr. Lewis, if you don't tell me why she became mad, I can't save her," Kathleen declared, knitting her brows.

Clenching his fingers, Caleb maintained his composure and said, "She was pregnant, but she didn't want the child, so she tied a rope around her abdomen and..."

"Why didn't you stop her?" Kathleen gasped in horror.

After all, it was too cruel.

"She already did that when we found out." Staring at her blankly, Caleb asked, "Do you have any methods to make her return to normal?"

"We can only cure her once we target the source of her illness. Although I've learned Granddad's secret technique, it has a disadvantage," Kathleen replied solemnly.

"What is it?"

"It will shorten a person's lifespan by half."

Caleb fell silent.

"Is there no other way?" he asked, staring darkly at her.

Kathleen shook her head. "Unless we find out why she became mad and gradually treat her afterward."

After a moment's contemplation, Caleb suggested, "What if you treat her first?"

"It's not impossible, but—" Kathleen still wanted to remind him, but he interjected, "Give me the prescription."

After a slight pause, she uttered, "Mr. Lewis, the greatest issue is with her psyche. It's not enough to just treat her with medicine."

Caleb made no reply.

"And you can't chain her," Kathleen added with a frown.

With a look of displeasure, Caleb countered, "This is none of your business."

The words got stuck in Kathleen's throat.

"Ms. Johnson, stop being so sympathetic. There are things you do not understand.

Moreover, this is just a deal between us. You have no right to interfere with my affairs,"

Caleb added reproachfully.

Kathleen frowned upon hearing his words.

If it wasn't to find Samuel's medicine, I would have left already. And since I have promised Caleb, I need to keep my word. I was indeed filled with sympathy when I saw Vivian. I know my nosiness is my fatal weakness, but I really want to help her, seeing her in such a state. Nonetheless, Caleb is right too. This is just a deal between us.

"All right. I won't interfere, but I have a request," announced Kathleen, staring calmly at Caleb.

"What is it?" The latter knitted his brows together.

"Allow me to visit her anytime so I can understand her condition," Kathleen said firmly.

"Okay." Caleb nodded.

Kathleen secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

Giving her an inscrutable look, Caleb added, "I have already asked someone to prepare the things you want. You can take them with you."

"Thank you," Kathleen answered lowly.

She did not expect Caleb to give her the medicinal herbs she wanted straightaway after her first time checking Vivian's condition.

"I'll send you back," Caleb offered.

"Okay." Kathleen tipped her head.

Silence hung between the two as he drove her back.

Though Kathleen was filled with questions, she resisted the urge to ask.

Massaging her temples, she told herself to stop being a busybody.

Soon, Caleb stopped the car at the entrance of the Johnson residence.

"Then, do I have to inform you beforehand if I want to visit Vivian?" Kathleen asked, uncertain.

Caleb's eyes were dark and bottomless. "No need. You can visit her anytime as long you don't speak of her condition to others."

Not expecting him to suddenly be so easygoing, Kathleen was startled.

This man makes me so nervous!

She nodded. "Got it. Good night."

Caleb hummed in response.

The instant she got out of the car carrying the herbs she obtained with great difficulty, he drove off.

Kathleen let out a long breath before walking into the mansion.

Charles was still waiting for her.

"Charles, you haven't slept?" she asked softly.

"How can I fall asleep when you're not back yet?" Frowning, he asked, "But, why are you back so fast?"

"Charles!" Kathleen screeched angrily.

"Haha! I'm kidding!" After a momentary pause, Charles continued, "Did you see Caleb's family when you went to his house?"

"Isn't his family overseas?" Kathleen retorted matter-of-factly.

"Oh, really?" Charles replied while nodding meaningfully.

"I'm tired. I'll go rest first." Kathleen strode toward the stairs.

"Sure," Charles said warmly as Kathleen turned around and went up.

After Kathleen left, he lit a cigarette and started smoking.

Is she overseas?

The next day, Kathleen was woken up by her phone ringing.

It was a call from Gemma.

"Kate, you're trending," she said grimly.

"Isn't it normal for a famous actress like me to be trending?" Kathleen replied sheepishly.

"No. The paparazzi posted a video of you going to Caleb Lewis' house last night."

Kathleen was dumbfounded.

The paparazzi caught that on camera? It's going to be difficult to explain now.

"Oh, and you don't need to bother with what the netizens say," Gemma reminded.

Kathleen chuckled. "Did you call me early in the morning to comfort me?"

Embarrassed, Gemma replied, "I was afraid you'll be unhappy."

"I'm fine. I've stopped caring about these things already. So what if I went to Caleb's house in the middle of the night? We're both single," Kathleen declared nonchalantly.

"I agree. But, you know, many netizens are rude," Gemma said furiously. "Anyway, you have the freedom to love whoever you want. There's no need to care about them!"

Laughing, Kathleen explained, "Caleb and I don't have that kind of relationship. However, I can't tell the others the reason. Whatever. They can think whatever they want."

"Then, you don't care what Christopher or Samuel thinks?" Gemma asked quietly.

"Yes." Kathleen nodded. "We're just friends."

Sighing, Gemma answered, "Fine."

"I can't talk any longer. I'm hanging up," Kathleen uttered, preparing to get out of bed.

"Okay." Gemma inclined her head.

After Kathleen hung up, she saw a message from Caleb.

Caleb: I have cleared up the scandal.

Kathleen: Thank you.

Caleb: I implicated you into this mess. This is the least I can do.

Kathleen: Thank you.

There was no reply from Caleb after that, so she closed the app.

Just then, someone sent her a message on WhatsApp again.

Clicking on it, she realized it was from Samuel.

Kathleen thought he would question her, but he simply texted her: Morning.

Letting out a deep breath, she typed back: Morning.