Chapter 175

Kathleen pushed Samuel away and sat aside with confusion written all over her pale face. "Why did you do that?"

"Because I missed you." He slowly buttoned his shirt back up and sorted out his attire.

As she watched how the man returned to being the elegant, noble elite he was, she could not associate him with the possibility of self-harm.

Samuel did not look like he would do such a thing.

He is a self-centered man. Why would he harm himself because of sentiments? Furthermore, it's such a severe case of self-harm.

Kathleen's mind was in a mess.

Samuel looked at her with his dark, unfathomable eyes. "Kate, I'm the same as you. I miss the children too."

She froze.

"Because of my mistakes, I've caused harm to my own child, and my beloved wife left me." A bitter smile appeared on his refined face as he continued, "I can't forgive myself for ruining what could've been a loving family with my own hands."

Kathleen's heart ached when she heard that.

"Don't I deserve to die?" Samuel said in a husky voice, his dark eyes gazing deeply at her.

She did not know how to respond to that.

As he looked at the woman's lost and uneasy expression, he was certain about her answer.

She had thought of wanting me to die.

Meanwhile, Kathleen could not explain her feelings either.

When she lost her child, she had indeed thought of wanting Samuel to die.

If not because of him, her child would've been safe and sound.

However, right then, when she saw the state Samuel was in, she did not want him to lose his life.

The internal wounds within her were not healed.

Instead, they were buried deep within her heart.

Despite that, she knew very well that she could no longer accept Samuel anymore.

Even when he was in his current state, she felt it was unacceptable.

The woman started sobbing.

It was too much for her to bear.

She thought she could be cold-hearted, but upon seeing the wound on his body, she was caught off-guard and abruptly broke down.

Samuel cautiously moved over to embrace her. "I'm sorry for making you go through so much."

Kathleen sobbed, "Samuel, things can't go back to how they were before. We can't go back anymore. No matter what you say or do, there will always be a thorn in my heart. The closer you are to me, the more pain I would feel."

He stiffened.

"It's too excruciating," Kathleen choked out. "It's been a year, and I thought things would change. However, I realized nothing has changed at all."

Samuel grew a little panicked. "Don't cry. I'm not trying to make you feel sorry for me. I'm really not."

He truly was not trying to make her feel bad.

It was just because she asked, and he did not want to lie to her.

He had lost her trust before and said never to lie to her again.

Unfortunately, he still lied to her once more, albeit it was eventually exposed by her.

He lightly patted Kathleen's back, comforting her gently.

That sense of helplessness and fear swept over him again.

To be honest, he knew better than anyone that once they started to discuss the matter, he and Kathleen would not have a future anymore.

It was not that he wanted to give her up.

However, he could not bear to see her going through such a miserable time.

He embraced the woman and carried her on his lap. Then, he told Tyson to get back into the car.

The latter did not dare to ask any questions and only focused on driving.

Samuel did not say anything either. All he did was held onto the young lady in his arms tenderly and cautiously.

There was no other expression on his handsome face, but Kathleen, who was in his embrace, had a very conflicted look.

Soon, they arrived at their destination.

Samuel asked Tyson to get out of the car to make preparations.

Kathleen had stopped crying by then. She remained silent while still snuggling in Samuel's arms.

He gently stroked her head. "Did you bring your makeup kit?"

She nodded.

He flashed a gentle smile. "Your makeup has smudged, you messy kitten."

Kathleen lifted her head. "Samuel, I—"

He put a finger on her red lips. "Just indulge me this once, all right?"

Samuel's Adam's apple bobbed as he gulped. "I know what you want to say. Frankly, I didn't want to tell you about this at all because you're going to forgive me. Once you've forgiven me, you'll no longer hate me, and you won't have any feelings toward me anymore."

She stared blankly at him. "You know me too well."

"Touch up your makeup first. The opening ceremony is about to begin. After we settle the event, let's find a place to talk about this, okay?" he asked hoarsely.

"Mm."

The opening ceremony was a straightforward task.

After Kathleen finished touching up her makeup, she followed Samuel out of the car.

She looked radiant and stunning as she carried a professional smile, behaving demurely. The way she held onto Samuel's hands was very natural as well.

Once the opening ceremony ended, a group of reporters came over for an interview. They fixed their eyes on Kathleen while asking, "Ms. Johnson, what's your current relationship with Mr. Macari?"

Kathleen gave a confident and beautiful smile. "We're friends and working partners."

The reporters were astonished.

Her lips curled up gracefully. "Nobody said a couple can't be friends after a divorce, right? Moreover, Mr. Macari and I have moved on from our past. We will continue to look ahead in the future."

Samuel looked at her silently with an unfathomable gaze.

That's good. She can let go of the troubles in her heart and accept a new life. That's better than anything else.

The reporters wanted to ask Samuel more questions.

However, his countenance, albeit handsome, was as scary looking as a Grim Reaper, and the reporters were afraid to ask further.

The interview finished shortly after.

Samuel then led Kathleen to the hotel next to them to rest.

He took her to the presidential suite and said, "Get some rest. I'll be back later."

She hesitated. "Samuel..."

He turned to look at her.

As she walked toward him, her dark pupils reflected the handsome man's face.

Samuel lowered his head. He cupped her face in his hands and said, "Rest well. If there's anything, we'll talk about it tonight."

With that, he lowered his hands and left.

Kathleen knitted her brows slightly.

Why did he leave in such a hurry?

Still, Kathleen rested obediently.

After crying so much, she actually had a headache.

When she woke up from her nap, she was startled that somebody was sitting by the bedside and hurriedly sat up.

Samuel grinned. "Did I scare you?"

She nodded.

He said in his solemn voice, "I wanted to ask you to get something to eat downstairs, but I couldn't bear to wake you up from your sleep."

She pursed her lips.

"Come and sit here. Let's chat." The man pointed next to him.

Kathleen sat over to where he pointed with the blanket covering her legs, tilting her head to lean on his shoulder.

He felt a slight clench in his heart.

"I agree with what you said today about how we should look forward. Nonetheless, it's easier said than done," Samuel stated in his husky voice.

Kathleen remained silent.

"I've said in the car that I know you'll forgive me when you find out I harmed myself. Our love and hatred will be wiped clean. From today onward, you won't have any feelings toward me anymore."

"I'm sorry." She gripped the blanket.

"It's not your fault. We all have to pay for our mistakes. Since I did something wrong, I deserve it," he said self-deprecatingly.

Her eyes turned red.

"Katie, can you please call me Sam one last time?" he requested hoarsely.