

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 11

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After Kathleen finished her sentence, she got into the car.

She curled up in the back seat.

It was not what she had intended.

She had wanted to say her goodbyes to him in goodwill before divorcing, but Samuel kept agitating her.

Samuel got into the car, sat by her side, and asked the driver to start driving.

He did not look at Kathleen throughout the journey, but his eyes flashed with mixed emotions.

When they arrived at the bottom of the condominium, both Kathleen and Samuel got out of the car.

“Why are you coming up? Aren’t you rushing to the hospital to accompany Nicolette?” Kathleen asked coldly.

Samuel frowned. “Kathleen, this is my home, too.”

Kathleen pursed her lips and turned to walk away.

She knew that it was Samuel’s home, but she felt that he had never treated it as such.

He had never cared enough for this family.

Samuel noticed that Kathleen was limping as she walked.

He quickly caught up in large strides, held her by her wrist, and pulled her into his arms before lifting her up to carry her.

At that moment, Kathleen’s tiny chin quivered slightly, and her eyes welled up with tears.

She was not a particularly resilient person. Ever since she lost her mom and dad, she cried very often.

However, she always held it in so that no one could tell.

Nonetheless, in the face of Samuel, she could not help but break down.

She wrapped her arms around Samuel's neck as her tears trickled down continuously. It was a heartbreaking sight to behold.

Samuel softened as he watched her cry pitifully. "What a baby."

Kathleen pursed her lips.

Samuel carried her and walked into the elevator.

Kathleen was still crying.

Irritated, Samuel said, "Stop crying."

Seeing her cry made him feel frustrated.

However, Kathleen's tears still flowed uncontrollably.

Frowning, Samuel lowered his head and kissed her lips to seal her mouth.

Kathleen got taken aback as she thought that Samuel was just trying to scare her. She did not expect him to really kiss her.

Because of that, Kathleen was stunned and actually stopped crying.

Satisfied, Samuel carried her out of the elevator.

Standing at the doorstep of their condominium unit, he entered Kathleen's birthdate and opened the door.

Finally, they were back to a familiar place.

Kathleen asked Samuel to put her down, but he placed her on the bed instead.

Thereafter, he took out some medicated cream from the drawer.

He knew that there would always be some medications stored in the house for emergencies.

Kathleen would often fall sick. Moreover, she often knocked into something by accident when she walked.

As her skin was delicate, a light hit would leave her bruised.

Sometimes, he would get rough in bed, and Kathleen's soft skin would end up in a bad state.

He wondered if her future husband would be able to take good care of her given how fragile she was.

As he thought about that, Benjamin's face popped up in his mind.

Benjamin was a policeman, which was a pretty good profession to have. Furthermore, he was quite good-looking. Although he could not compare with Samuel, he could still captivate naïve young women like Kathleen who had barely stepped into the real world and were unaware of the real deal.

However, Samuel's eyes turned dark.

He could not live with the fact that he was going to lose such a beautiful, sweet, and soft lady to someone else.

Samuel applied the cream on Kathleen's sprained ankle.

Kathleen tried to shift her leg to avoid him, but his long and well-defined arm held firmly on her leg to prevent her from escaping.

He only loosened his grip after he finished applying the cream.

Kathleen retreated all the way to the end of the extremely large bed.

With a darkened face, he questioned, "Why are you avoiding me?"

She was really testing his patience every now and then.

Kathleen pulled the blanket over her. "You are not needed here. Go and care for your Nicolette."

She was very tired and wanted to rest.

A lot of things had happened that day, so she needed to process everything in her mind and think about how she could end the marriage between her and Samuel completely.

Earlier, she was not joking when she said that she wanted to get divorced first before informing Diana.

She could love a man for ten years, but she could give up on him instantly as well.

Even though it would break her heart immensely, she did not want to harm herself anymore.

Her heart had been aching too terribly.

Furthermore, she was still carrying a child, so she would still live on bravely.

“I will go when you fall asleep,” Samuel replied coldly.

Staring at him desolately, Kathleen snapped, “Samuel, do you know how cruel you are in doing this to me? I’d rather you don’t stay here with me. You might as well just leave here for good.”

He was really treating her too well and too badly at the same time.

“Kathleen, stop speaking nonsense and go to sleep.” Samuel’s face turned a shade darker.

Her eyebags were very visible by then.

“I will sleep even without you telling me to,” Kathleen responded quietly.

Staying up the whole night was not healthy for her child.

Wrapped in her blanket, she lay down. With a hoarse voice, she said, “Samuel, I will wait for you at the City Hall at twelve in the afternoon.”

With that, she closed her eyes and soon fell asleep.

Samuel stared at her pale but delicate face, and a flash of coldness went past his eyes.

How eager she is to divorce me. Don’t tell me it’s because of that Benjamin. Is that man really that good? How could he make her brush off Diana’s love for her and take the matter into her own hands first before informing Diana?

Kathleen did not have a good sleep.

She dreamed of her mom and dad.

They were covered in blood from head to toe, and their faces were disfigured. Even their limbs were mutilated.

She wanted to throw up, but she could not do so.

Gemma wailed while hugging her.

Meanwhile, she stared at her dead parents with a pale face. Her body became chilled all over.

“Dad! Mom!” Kathleen yelled. “Don’t leave me! No!”

“Kathleen! Kathleen!” Samuel was about to leave when Kathleen started having nightmares.

Sitting at the bedside, Samuel shook her shoulders. “Wake up, Kathleen!”

“Dad! Mom! Don’t go! Don’t leave me alone... Bring me with you, please?” Kathleen was still in her bad dream.

Samuel frowned. His efforts in waking her up were futile.

Left with no choice, he pulled her with her blanket into his arms and lightly patted her back. In a deep magnetic voice, he consoled, “Kate, don’t cry. I won’t leave you. Don’t cry, okay?”

Gradually, Kathleen quietened down.

Samuel continued hugging her. He was afraid that the moment he put her down, she would cry again.

At that moment, Nicolette sent a message to Samuel: Samuel, are you not here yet?

As though words were precious, Samuel gave a one-word reply: Yeah.

Nicolette texted: Have you found Kathleen?

Samuel paused for a while before sending: No.

Nicolette frowned.

He hasn’t found her yet? Kathleen can’t be hiding on purpose, right?

Nicolette then wrote: Samuel, if there’s really no choice, why not call the police?

Samuel replied: What’s the point of calling the police? The person lost is not their wife.

Nicolette froze.

She was deeply agitated by the word “wife” from Samuel.

Is Samuel acknowledging Kathleen as his wife? How is that possible? What if these are sent by Kathleen herself? Kathleen, that pig! She must be using the most extreme tactics and doing whatever she can to get Samuel.

With that thought in her mind, Nicolette texted: Samuel, is that really you?

Samuel: What do you mean by if it is really me?

Nicolette: Because you used the word "wife." How would you admit that Kathleen is your wife?

Samuel flipped the records and replied indifferently: It's just an analogy. If something really happens to Kathleen, my grandma will hold me accountable. She has not recovered from her illness yet. The divorce is put on hold for now.

Deep rage arose briefly from within Nicolette's eyes.

What did he say? The divorce is put on hold for now? Does he know how long I've been waiting for this day? That Kathleen really has some abilities and tactics to make Samuel change his mind in just a day.

Nicolette then replied in a pretentious way: I know you are concerned about your grandma—so am I. It's okay. I can wait. But I don't know if I can wait till the day I get a bone marrow transplant from a donor. Am I really not going to live to see my own wedding?