

## Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 12

### Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel)

#### Chapter 12

Samuel read Nicolette's message and frowned.

Then, he texted: I have found you a bone marrow match. All we have to do is wait for the donor to say yes.

Nicolette was surprised and asked: Why didn't you tell me earlier?

Seeing that, Samuel replied: I wanted to wait for the donor to agree before telling you.

She questioned: Did the donor ask for anything? Does the donor want money or a house and a car?

Samuel answered: It's complicated. Anyway, you don't have to worry. I'll handle it.

Nicolette texted: Okay, Samuel. I trust you.

After seeing that, Samuel wrote: You should get some rest. I'll head over in the morning.

Nicolette responded: Okay.

With that, Samuel put down his phone and looked at Kathleen's delicate and pale face coldly.

What am I supposed to do to get her to agree to donate her bone marrow to Nicolette? Is not getting a divorce the only way?

Samuel stared at Kathleen's face for a while and suddenly realized that he didn't detest living the rest of his life with her.

However, he liked Nicolette more.

Thus, he didn't have a choice.

When Kathleen woke up, Samuel had already left.

She walked out of the room.

Seeing that, Maria, the housekeeper, rushed over. "Mrs. Macari, you're up. Are you hungry? Do you want to eat something?"

Kathleen nodded in reply.

"Okay. You should go and wash up while I heat up the food," Maria said thoughtfully.

Kathleen had a weak stomach, so she couldn't eat anything that was too cold.

Maria knew that better than Samuel.

With that, Kathleen turned around and went to wash up.

After she was done, she sat at the dining table.

Maria had prepared a western-style breakfast.

However, when Kathleen smelled the smell of milk, she felt nauseous.

She hurriedly covered her mouth and ran into the bathroom.

When Maria saw that, she was worried.

"Mrs. Macari, what's wrong?" Maria asked.

"My stomach is not feeling well. Maria, I don't like the western-style breakfast. Can you prepare something else for me?" Kathleen said impassively.

In the past, she ate the same type of breakfast every day just to accommodate Samuel.

In fact, she hated it.

Kathleen much preferred warm food.

"Okay." Maria nodded and said, "I'll go prepare some pasta for you."

"All right." With that, Kathleen quickly rinsed her mouth and walked out of the bathroom.

Meanwhile, Maria swiftly cooked a bowl of pasta for her.

"Mrs. Macari, did you visit the hospital to find out why your stomach was unwell?" Maria asked meaningfully, hinting at something. "You and Mr. Macari are young, so you might not have experience in some areas."

She was trying to sound subtle.

“Maria, I’m not pregnant. I did visit the doctors, and they told me that it was because my stomach is weak,” Kathleen explained.

After Maria realized that she had misunderstood the situation, she smiled awkwardly and apologized, “Sorry, Mrs. Macari. I saw you feeling nauseous and assumed that it was morning sickness.”

“I know.” Kathleen smiled softly and said, “Maria, don’t tell Samuel. Otherwise, he’ll get worried and force me to get it checked out at the hospital. If that happens, I’ll be forced to eat a whole bunch of medicine again.”

“Okay.” Maria nodded.

“You can get back to work now. I’ll put the plate and cutlery in the sink after I’m done,” Kathleen said.

“Okay.” Maria knew that Kathleen liked to be alone. Thus, she said, “Mrs. Macari, I’ll go do the laundry.”

“Go ahead,” Kathleen replied.

With that, Maria turned and left.

Kathleen then silently finished her pasta.

She still remembered what she had said to Samuel and remembered that she was about to get a divorce from him that day.

Hence, after she finished her breakfast, she put her household registry and marriage certificate into her bag and left the house.

Halfway through the journey, she called Samuel and said, “I’ve arrived.”

“What do you mean?” Samuel frowned.

“I’m at City Hall,” Kathleen responded. “Didn’t we agree to get a divorce so that you and Nicolette can finally be together? As for your grandmother, we will tell her after she recovers.”

“I’m not free today,” Samuel replied coldly.

“Then when will you be free?” Kathleen asked grimly. “Give me a date.”

“Are you in a rush to divorce me?” He sounded displeased.

“Aren’t you the one who is anxious to get a divorce?” Kathleen was frustrated. “Who was the one who forced me to tell your grandmother about our divorce? Yet, now you are saying that I’m the one who is rushing to get a divorce.”

“You haven’t signed the divorce papers yet,” Samuel replied coldly. “The house and the money that I’ve promised you will only take effect after you sign the papers.”

“Haha.” Kathleen couldn’t help but laugh mockingly at herself. “Samuel, do you think that I married you for your money because I’m an orphan?”

“Why else?” he asked. His words were as hurtful as ever.

Hearing that, Kathleen felt as if her heart had shattered into pieces. “Turns out that in your eyes, I am just a greedy woman.”

Is Kathleen greedy? I don’t think so. She has never asked me for anything, and she never wanted anything. The things that I gave her were all out of my own will. Perhaps it is because she is too sensible and well-behaved, or maybe it’s because she is good in bed. In short, I want to give her the best of everything.

“Samuel, I don’t want anything from you. I don’t even want you as my husband anymore. Why would I want your things?” Kathleen buried her face in her coat. Then, in a soft but cold voice, she said, “Stop wasting time and come over so we can get a divorce!”

She was fed up.

With a darkened face, Samuel thought. How dare she order me around?

“I’m not going!” With that, he hung up the phone.

Kathleen was speechless.

“Kathleen?” Benjamin never thought he would bump into her at City Hall.

Kathleen was slightly taken aback. “Benjamin? Why are you here?”

“Why are you here?” Benjamin asked her the same question.

“I’m here to deal with some affairs.” Kathleen was embarrassed to tell him that she was at City Hall to get a divorce.

“Well, I’m here to investigate a criminal’s household registry for a case,” Benjamin explained. “Have you finished dealing with your affairs?”

“No.” Kathleen sighed and said, “I have to come and deal with it next time.”

After a moment of hesitation, Benjamin asked, "It's almost noon. May I treat you to lunch?"

"Okay." Kathleen nodded. "But you have to let me treat you. Consider it as a token of appreciation for saving my life."

"There's no need to be so courteous." Benjamin smiled and said, "My car is that way."

"Let's go." Kathleen smiled sweetly.

With that, Benjamin and Kathleen left the City Hall.

"Is your leg feeling better?" Benjamin questioned.

"It's much better," Kathleen replied. "It doesn't hurt anymore."

"That's good to hear." Benjamin focused on the road as he drove, and Kathleen noticed that he had a sharp jawline. "What do you want to eat?"

"Anything except for western food." At that moment, Kathleen no longer liked cold and dry food.

"Okay." Later, Benjamin took Kathleen to a restaurant that sold eastern food. They ordered a few simple dishes.

Then, he watched Kathleen eat affectionately.

She still munches on her food adorably like a squirrel, just like when she was a kid.

"Kathleen, what are you doing for a living?" Benjamin asked.

"I am unemployed," Kathleen replied. "However, that's going to change soon."

After hearing that, Benjamin pursed his lips. "Kathleen, I heard everything last night. You and Samuel..."

"We are going to get a divorce soon." Kathleen knew that Benjamin was a policeman, so there was nothing that he couldn't find out.

With just some digging around, he could easily find out about her relationship with Samuel.

"Back when your parents passed away, the Macari family took you in and raised you. I never thought that you would get married to their son, Samuel." The expression on Benjamin's face suddenly turned grim. "However, why are you getting a divorce?"

Kathleen is kind and perfect. Whoever marries her is lucky. I can't believe that Samuel can be so ungrateful. How can I let anyone bully my precious Kathleen, who I adore with all my heart?