

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 261

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Chapter 261

Chương 261: Đừng gặp nhau nữa

The only woman Samuel had touched in his life was Kathleen.

Ever since he and Kathleen were divorced, he had been abstaining from his desires.

However, he almost lost control of himself when he saw Kathleen earlier.

Thus, he quickly returned to the room and did his best to suppress his burning desire.

After taking a shower, he stepped out of the room, coincidentally bumping into Kathleen, who was also coming out at the same time.

Kathleen was dressed in an off-shoulder sweater, which revealed her fair shoulders and delicate collarbones, making her look incredibly cute and sexy.

On her waist hung a black skirt, which gave her an elegant vibe.

When Samuel saw her pink cheeks, the incident from a while ago immediately came to his mind.

He finally realized Kathleen was too attractive for him.

Samuel cleared his throat. "Uh..."

"Samuel, we were once a married couple. I can tell how many moles you have on your body. In fact, I can even tell you where they are." Kathleen was surprisingly calm.

Samuel was stunned.

"So, you don't have to be too bothered about it. I'd be mad if you had kept staring at me, but you didn't. You turned around right away. So, I'm not mad at you," Kathleen said softly.

Samuel merely gazed at her without saying a word.

"Let's go." Kathleen descended the stairs.

As she walked beside Samuel, her body gave out a unique scent.

Samuel took a whiff and smiled.

Her scent is still the best!

After lunch, Wynnie suggested a game of poker.

With so many people at home, she would not waste the opportunity for a game.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Macari. Samuel and I won't be playing. We've got to pop by the mall to get some things," Kathleen explained.

"Oh, sure. Go ahead, then." Wynnie shot Samuel a gaze that seemed to imply something. "You know what to do as a man, right?"

"What do you mean?" Samuel asked in puzzlement.

"Have you become stupid? Did you let Nicolette pay when you went shopping with her back then?" Wynnie whispered.

"Mom, why are you bringing her up?" Samuel was upset.

"I'm just worried you'll have double standards. You know, where you'll be willing to spend your money on Nicolette instead of Kathleen," Wynnie retorted.

Her words rendered Samuel speechless.

Meanwhile, Kathleen, who heard everything, felt slightly dumbfounded.

"Let's go." Samuel turned around and pulled Kathleen with him.

After getting into the car, Samuel massaged his temples. "Don't believe my mom's nonsense. I barely went shopping with Nicolette."

"Okay." Kathleen looked unfazed as if she couldn't be bothered by it.

A wave of frustration washed over Samuel.

He felt as if he had been screwed over by his own mother.

"I was busy studying and managing the company at that time. I really didn't have time for all that," explained Samuel.

Kathleen threw him a glance. "Samuel, that's all in the past. Don't be so nervous. Just bear with the teasing. It's not like you didn't do those things, anyway. No one would talk about it if you didn't do it."

She snickered inwardly.

Samuel fell silent.

"Let's go." Kathleen fastened her seat belt.

Samuel fastened his seat belt obediently and started driving.

Soon, they arrived at a nearby mall.

First, Kathleen brought Samuel to the down jacket section.

Since Samuel rarely wore other colors, Kathleen chose a dark blue down jacket for him.

At the same time, she picked a black one for herself.

Samuel frowned. "I want a black one, too."

That way, we'll have a matching set.

Kathleen was dumbfounded. "You already have a black one."

Samuel pursed his lips, looking upset.

His behavior made Kathleen speechless.

Why is he acting like a child?

Seeing that, Kathleen had no choice but to get a black one for him.

Only then did he huff to express his satisfaction.

At a loss for words, Kathleen carried the clothes and walked to the counter.

"Please send these to the Macari residence. Thank you," she said.

The employee was elated when she recognized Kathleen and Samuel. "Of course."

Kathleen turned to look at Samuel, who stood not too far away. "Come over and pay."

Samuel furrowed his brows. "You're the one buying it for me. So why should I be the one to pay?"

“Didn’t your mom lecture you just now? Have you forgotten about it already?” Kathleen asked, snickering.

“But you’re the one who wanted to buy it for me,” Samuel persisted.

Kathleen was stumped.

“Hurry up and pay for it,” Samuel urged. Oddly enough, their roles had been switched.

“You’re the worst, Samuel.” Resignedly, Kathleen pulled out her phone and scanned the code for payment.

Samuel was delighted, but he still instructed the employee in a cool manner, “Make sure they arrive at my house today.”

“Don’t worry, Mr. Macari. I’ll send someone to deliver it in a while.” Naturally, the employee did not dare to cause any delays.

“Good.” Samuel nodded with satisfaction.

Kathleen rolled her eyes at him.

“Let’s go. You still owe me a set of clothes.” Samuel grabbed her wrist and walked away.

Kathleen had no choice but to follow him out of the store.

After a while, they arrived at the only store in the mall that sold high-end suits.

Some of Samuel’s suits were from that brand.

However, the suit he wore often came from another store that sold high-end custom-made suits.

It would take a week for the clothes to be ready if they ordered them at that moment. There was not enough time for that.

Thus, Kathleen chose that store.

She selected a dark blue suit that had dark-colored stripes and two rows of buttons.

She thought that suits with two rows of buttons were suitable for wealthy bosses.

Samuel had a slender figure and an elegant aura, which made the suit look more suitable for him.

Moreover, it looked right on him, for it was a three-piece suit.

Samuel took the suit as she handed it to him. Suddenly, he mumbled, "If I remember correctly, Charles' suit came with a shirt."

Kathleen glared at him furiously. "Samuel, how is it I never noticed how calculative you are?"

Samuel grinned. "It's not too late to notice it now."

"Ugh!" Kathleen turned around, picked a light blue shirt, and tossed it to him.

Catching the shirt, Samuel entered the fitting room.

It did not take long for him to walk out.

The dark-blue suit with two rows of buttons matched with a light-blue, vintage-looking shirt suited Samuel to a tee. His elegant aura instantly radiated off him.

Kathleen smiled with satisfaction. "It looks good on you."

Samuel stared at himself in the mirror. He, too, was satisfied.

It was an undeniable fact that Kathleen had great taste.

"I need a tie," Samuel uttered.

Hearing that, Kathleen turned and picked out a tie. "That's right. A tie makes a suit like this look better."

She chose a dark blue tie, helped him put it on, and straightened his outfit.

As Samuel fixed his eyes on her, who stood just a few steps away, a bittersweet feeling flooded his heart.

Finally, Kathleen withdrew her hands. "All right. Have a look. Do you like it?"

Samuel turned around and stared at his reflection.

However, his gaze fell on Kathleen.

She looks so gentle and cute.

Despite that, waves of grief crashed against the wall of his heart. "I like it."

"That's good to hear." Kathleen heaved a sigh of relief.

With that, she went to the counter to settle the bill.

This time, she could only pay by card.

When the transaction was done, she received a text about her payment.

I can't believe I used up over a million just like that. This is so sad.

"What's with that look on your face?" asked Samuel when he returned from the fitting room, already dressed in his own clothes.

"I spent over a million today. It'll take several stunt shootings to get that amount back." Kathleen's heart wrenched with pain as she thought about that.

"That's nothing. I'll help you get it back after the New Year. Don't forget. You still have Macari Group's shares," Samuel said confidently.

Kathleen frowned, nonplussed. "Are you really not going to take those shares back?"

"That's right." Samuel nodded.

Pursing her lips, Kathleen asked, "What if I say we should stop seeing each other since you don't want it back?"

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Chapter 262 Something Bad

Samuel glanced at Kathleen's petite face, and his expression turned sullen.

"Samuel, there's only so much I can take," she said ruefully. "You know how much I hate troubles, so..."

His gaze darkened. "So you don't want compensation from me?"

She shook her head. "Money can't solve everything, Samuel."

His fists clenched, and he replied in a low, hoarse voice, "All right."

He didn't want to put her on the spot or stress her out.

"But according to the law, I can't own more than fifty-one percent of shares, so I'm still leaving you with ten percent," Samuel added.

Kathleen hesitated. "Fine, do what you must, then." She just wanted to get this over with.

He gave her a long, meaningful look.

"Let's go," Kathleen said before leading Samuel out of the shop.

"Where would you like to go next?" he asked as he trailed behind her closely.

The mall was crowded during the New Year, and he stuck close to her to protect her.

"What do you mean?" Kathleen was bewildered. "We're going home."

Samuel gazed at her with hooded eyes. "You don't want to continue shopping?"

"We're not ordinary people," she pointed out. "We can't just go shopping during peak hours."

He gave a nod, and they walked to the nearest elevator together.

They were squeezed to the rear corner as soon as they stepped in. He shielded her with both hands, and her face came dangerously close to his chest.

A small smile played at the corners of Samuel's lips as he gazed down at Kathleen in his arms with his abysmal eyes.

The elevator reached the first floor before they exited from the cramped space, and the apple of Kathleen's cheeks flushed a rosy color.

"I want milk tea." She was parched.

"I'll get it." Samuel then instructed, "Wait for me here."

"Okay." She nodded.

He turned and walked in the direction of a milk tea shop, but there was a long queue, and he stood at the tail end of it.

She stood at the side and waited patiently for him. Her eyes were darting around the crowd, afraid that someone would recognize her.

Fortunately, no one knew who she was. Samuel, on the other hand, was soon recognized.

Kathleen was disgruntled. Do I not stand out? I guess it must be because I'm covering myself up too much. Samuel has a tall frame, so it's only natural he was recognized in an instant. Besides, he's only wearing a mask, while I'm also wearing a cap.

Everyone around Samuel was staring at him.

"Isn't that Samuel Macari?"

"I think so. He looks like Samuel Macari. Not even the mask could hide his handsome face!"

"It must be him. This guy is dressed head to toe in designer wear."

"I can't believe he likes milk tea."

"He's got to be buying it for someone else, not himself."

"For a girl, maybe?"

"What do you think? Of course it's for a girl!"

"It has to be Kathleen Johnson. If she's here, they must be out on a date."

"No way. Wasn't their relationship a publicity stunt?"

"I don't think so. I believe it was genuine. Although they're divorced, I'm confident they will reconcile."

"How would you know?"

"I just do!"

Samuel knitted his brows as he listened to the crowd prattling. Meanwhile, Kathleen was afraid of getting recognized, so she fled the scene.

She sent him a text: I'll wait for you in the car.

He gave a wry chuckle at her apprehension of being seen with him.

When it was finally his turn to order, he bought two cups of milk tea before returning to the car.

Kathleen rubbed her hands together. "Which one is mine?"

“They’re both the same,” he replied.

She lifted one cup and took a sip. An expression of satisfaction soon appeared on her face.

Samuel’s lips twitched in a smile. “Slow down.”

“I’ve been craving this for a long time.” She continued with a smile, “But Charles wouldn’t let me have even a sip of it while I was filming.”

After all, she was a movie star.

The smile was still hanging on Samuel’s face. “Drink as much as you want today.”

“Why?” She was perplexed.

“If he dares say a word of criticism to you today, I’ll take revenge for you,” he said with a faint smile.

“What good would that do? I’m the one who has to lose weight in the end,” she grumbled before sipping another large mouthful, making her cheeks bulge.

Samuel looked at her tenderly before driving away.

It was already nightfall when they reached the Macari residence, and dinner was ready.

However, Kathleen was too full to eat. After all, she had consumed an entire cup of milk tea on the way back.

Wynnie spooned some food onto her plate. “What’s wrong?”

“I’m not hungry,” Kathleen replied bashfully.

“Did both of you sneak out to eat?” Wynnie gave them a disapproving look that was typically reserved for kids.

Flustered, Kathleen stared at the dishes on the table and felt helpless.

Samuel came to her defense. “Mom, don’t force her. She has a small appetite.”

Wynnie gave Kathleen a steely look. “Fine, we’ll wait till you’re hungry, then.”

Kathleen nodded, and Samuel took her portion of food. “I’ll finish them for you.”

“Thank you,” she said in gratitude.

Wynn timer watched them openly with a strange look until Calvin subtly gave her a nudge with his foot under the table to stop her.

She was being too obvious. Nonetheless, Diana and Frances were unfazed, talking and laughing amongst themselves.

Kathleen went up to her bedroom for the night after dinner.

Samuel was about to do the same when Wynn timer stopped him. "Son, your relationship with Kate seemed to have improved."

"Don't overthink it, Mom," he said curtly.

"Why not? Are you going to fool around again?" Shock crept into her voice.

Samuel fell silent.

"You can't do that! Kate has been hurt enough. You're crossing a line if you do that." Wynn timer huffed angrily.

"Can you let me finish, Mom?" he snapped.

"Go ahead." Wynn timer reined in her emotions.

Samuel took a deep breath. "Kate is showing signs of her depression relapsing. All I wanted is to make things better for her, so I won't force her to be with me. My only wish is for her to recover."

"What did you say?" Wynn timer was shell shocked.

"Mom, just don't interfere with our affairs." He continued lightly, "I can't force her to be with me. I only care about what's best for her, and that's it."

With that, he went up the stairs with long strides.

Wynn timer's brows drew together, and Calvin came over to urge in a low voice, "Just leave them be."

"Easy for you to say," she mumbled.

"It's best if we don't meddle in the kids' affairs," he comforted. "Besides, as you said, their relationship has improved, and our son appears happier than before. Things might take a turn for the better if we don't pry."

"I'm not worried about that." She hesitated. "I have a strong premonition that the Yoeger family is about to do something bad."

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Chapter 263 Burning Bridges

"If they dare do anything to the Macari family, you best believe I would never let them walk away unscathed." Calvin's gaze turned flinty. "Everything's fine, so don't worry."

Wynnie pursed her lips, her expression still one of worry and anxiety.

Samuel went upstairs and knocked on Kathleen's door. She answered with a puzzled expression. "What's the matter?"

"Can we talk?" he asked in a low voice.

"Sure." Kathleen shifted to let him in, and he followed.

They had shared this bedroom before, but he felt that something was missing in her absence of a year. Now that she moved back in, she had breathed life back into the space.

"What do you want to talk about?" Kathleen sipped on a cup of fruit tea.

"The Yoeger family." Samuel's expression was cold.

Kathleen immediately perked up at the mention of the Yoeger family. "Did they make a move?" She was intrigued.

"Not at the moment," Samuel said evenly. "But I reckon they'll make a move soon."

"That's hardly surprising. After all, they are under such immense pressure and criticism from the public that they'll probably want to get this over with as soon as possible. But there's nothing they can do if Granny doesn't go back," she reflected.

"So, we have to stop the Yoeger family from contacting your grandmother. I'm sure you're aware of how frail she is. Besides, Ms. Schott isn't here. You need to be more careful," he reminded gravely.

"I'm not afraid of them. I want to know if Old Mr. Yoeger had sent my mom to the orphanage and who her biological father is," she said coldly.

These two questions were her utmost priority.

Unfortunately, Hector had passed, and dead men tell no tales. There was insufficient proof based on Samuel's presumption alone.

"Old Mr. Yoeger couldn't have done something like this on his own. He would need help to cover this up, from the doctor who had to steal your mother away to the security guard deleting the surveillance footage."

"So you're saying he had accomplices?" Kathleen frowned.

"Certainly. It's impossible to achieve this without accomplices. Old Mrs. Yoeger immediately knew when your mother went missing and sent someone to check the surveillance cameras. If Old Mr. Yoeger had acted alone, he wouldn't have had time to leave your mother at the orphanage and erase the footage," Samuel explained in a low voice.

Kathleen nodded at his reasoning.

"According to the chronological events, it was three days between when your mother went missing and the time the orphanage accepted her. Old Mr. Yoeger couldn't have gone missing while taking care of your mother and then sending her to the orphanage three days later. Old Mrs. Yoeger would have noticed his absence."

Kathleen understood his analysis. "Someone took care of my mother during those three days."

"I bet it was someone Old Mr. Yoeger trusted with his life," Samuel wagered.

The person Old Mr. Yoeger trusted the most?

"Should we start looking into his friends and family?" Kathleen asked.

"I have inquired about his assistant at that time, but it was a dead end," Samuel answered.

Kathleen was surprised. *He has started looking into this?*

She was so busy taking care of Frances and filming that she hadn't had time for this.

As for Charles, he was too preoccupied with Vivian and his business to devote time and energy to this.

Although this matter had nothing to do with Samuel, it had always been on his mind.

Kathleen was dumbstruck. "What did you find?"

"I have a photo." Samuel took out his phone and searched for it before handing the device to her.

She accepted the phone and saw a photo of three handsome young men in their mid-twenties wearing sleek suits.

She examined it more closely. "The middle one is Old Mr. Yoeger?"

"Yes." Samuel nodded.

"The one on the left looks familiar." She frowned.

"That's Christopher's grandfather," he said.

What?

"That's Christopher's grandfather, Old Mr. Morris? The Felix Morris?" Kathleen exclaimed.

Samuel nodded solemnly.

It's him? Kathleen was stunned speechless.

"The one on the right is Isaac Norris. Do you recognize him?"

Kathleen took a deep, calming breath. "No, I don't."

Samuel's lips curved into a smile. "He's a philanthropist and hails from a wealthy family. He gave to many charities, including your mother's orphanage."

Kathleen narrowed her eyes. "Could it be him?"

"Perhaps." Samuel was silent for a beat. "We need concrete proof."

Kathleen said after deliberating, "I'll look into this man myself." She didn't want to trouble Samuel.

He stood up, his gaze piercing into her. "Katie, are you burning your bridges now?"

She froze. "No! It's just that you have been helping me with my family affairs lately. So I want to do this on my own."

Samuel reached out to take her chin between his fingers, stroking her skin before he murmured, "I'm happy to help, Kathleen. This concerns me as well since it involves Grandma and Old Mrs. Yoeger. Understand?"

Kathleen nodded mutely.

“We’ll work together.” His voice was gentle and velvety. “Don’t think for a second that you’re bothering me. I’m also doing this for Grandma. Okay?”

She gave another nod.

Satisfied, Samuel said, “I always pay the Norris family a visit during the New Year. Would you like to come?”

“Sure,” she agreed, knowing the Macari and Norris families had ties.

He stroked her hair. “Good. Get some rest.” With that, he turned and left the room.

Kathleen stared at his tall, ramrod straight back and let out a heavy sigh.

The next day was New Year’s eve, and Kathleen woke up early.

She was spending the New Year with the Macari family, so she definitely couldn’t sleep in.

She took a shower and changed into fresh clothes before expertly applying a thin layer of makeup. She smiled satisfactorily at her reflection and exited her room.

Coincidentally, Samuel was coming out of his room and saw her dressed in a white blouse with a black ribbon tied at her neck and a red sweater, paired with a pair of black shorts. Thigh-high socks completed her look, and she looked youthful and beautiful.

He greeted with a smile, “Happy New Year.”

“Happy New Year,” Kathleen echoed brightly and reached her hand out to him. “Say, Mr. Macari, where is my monetary gift?”

Samuel froze, his eyes narrowing.

“Don’t you know any etiquette?” Her expression turned perplexed.

He then fished out a thick envelope from his pocket.

“You’re magnanimous as always, Mr. Macari.” Kathleen was beyond delighted.

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Chapter 264 Bully A Little Girl

Samuel stated placidly, "The only person I need to give a monetary gift to in this family is you."

If the kids were still around, I would have to prepare three gifts in total...

Kathleen smiled faintly as she took over the envelope.

She immediately opened it and counted the thick stack of cash inside.

Samuel crossed his arms, looking at her. "Counting the money right in front of me, huh?"

"Heheh..." Kathleen was like a money-grubber. "I spent over a million yesterday. Of course, I have to get some of it back."

After she finished counting it, she sighed and continued, "It's only ten thousand. Seems like I can't get my money back."

"Ten thousand?" Samuel narrowed his eyes.

She frowned upon hearing the doubt in his voice.

Did I count it wrongly? It can't be. Did I lose my ability to do calculations after sleeping?

She took out all the money inside the envelope.

Thud!

A bank card dropped onto the floor.

Kathleen bent over to pick it up before looking at Samuel in confusion. "What's this?"

"It's for you," Samuel responded nonchalantly. "There's a billion and one in it."

Kathleen was baffled. "Why that number?"

"Don't you know the phrase 'one in a million?'" Samuel explained, "Well, this is called 'one in a billion.'"

Kathleen was rendered speechless.

He's trying to be romantic, but I don't get it.

Samuel leaned over and whispered in her ear, "You're my one in a billion."

With that, he walked off.

As she stood there and looked at the cash and the card in her hand, she sighed.

Well, he's quite generous. He didn't even think twice before giving out a billion.

She then put the monetary gift in the room and went downstairs.

The atmosphere was lively in the living room, and everyone was present.

Even Charles had come.

"Everyone's here now. Let's dig in," Calvin said.

With that, all of them went to the dining hall, which had two dining tables.

They usually had meals at the long rectangular table.

However, now that it was the festive season, they used an oval dining table to seat more people.

Once the dishes were served, everyone started to dig in merrily.

When Diana saw the sight in front of her, the sadness she had felt during the past year dissipated a little.

If Samuel hadn't caused a fuss, the atmosphere would have been merrier.

After their meal, the three young ones exchanged greetings and wishes with the elders.

The four elders were open-handed in their gifts.

Kathleen said something that made Charles laugh, and he also gave her a big monetary gift.

Having five monetary gifts, Kathleen was on cloud nine.

"Where's your gift for Kate?" Wynnie frowned as she asked her son.

"I met a robber when I went upstairs just now, so the gift had been snatched away."
Although Samuel sounded helpless, his voice was filled with affection.

“Looks like Kate’s received a fortune today.” Diana chuckled.

“Yeah, she’s the youngest one here,” Frances chimed in smilingly.

“Don’t worry. I won’t spend the money recklessly. I’ll save it.” Kathleen grinned from ear to ear.

Charles looked at her with a cheeky smile. “Should I save it for you?”

Kathleen was stunned momentarily before turning away to shield her money from her brother. “No, thanks. I can do that myself. I’m not a child anymore. So don’t you dare covet my pocket money.”

Amused, Charles grinned till his eyes were mere slits.

“Shall we play poker?” Wynn timer narrowed her eyes slyly. “Let’s help Kate out. Once we play with her, she won’t need to go to the bank to save her money there.”

Kathleen was rendered speechless.

“Great!” Old Mrs. Macari loved to play poker. “Let’s start then.”

An hour later, as Kathleen stared at the money that had been dwindling down, she felt like crying.

“Oh my, you only have this much left, huh?” Wynn timer took a look at that money too.

Kathleen bit her lip. “It’s okay. The money wasn’t mine, to begin with, anyway.”

Wynn timer was at a loss for words.

I shouldn’t have said that.

“Come on. Let’s continue!” Kathleen thought that it was not possible for her to lose every round.

But after a while, she found that she was still losing.

Diana and Frances sighed, shaking their heads.

“Kate, we’re already going easy on you. Why can’t you win?” Diana asked, baffled.

Kathleen pursed her lips.

Frances chimed in, “Looks like it’s not your lucky day today.”

Kathleen pouted. "I'm a newbie. The three of you are seasoned players."

"Newbies are supposed to be bullied." Wynnie smiled wickedly. "Carry on."

Just then, Samuel walked over.

Calvin and Charles were playing chess, and he did not join them.

When Samuel heard Kathleen's voice, he came over to have a look.

Upon seeing the money in front of Kathleen, he chuckled. "The stack of money was quite thick just now. What happened?"

Crestfallen, Kathleen did not say a word.

"I'll help you." Samuel patted her on the shoulder, thinking that she was still too naive.

Kathleen gave her seat to him in a heartbeat.

Sitting down, Samuel narrowed his eyes. "Ladies, it's not good to bully a young woman."

"Oh, save the pretty talk. Say all you want once you beat us," Wynnie teased.

Samuel smirked. "Kate, I need a drink."

"Sure." Kathleen went to bring him a drink.

After a few minutes, when she returned, she noticed that they were already starting a new round.

So who won the previous round just now?

She put down the drink in her hand.

Samuel looked at his cards as he sipped on his drink nonchalantly.

Five minutes later, Samuel declared, "I win."

"Again?" Wynnie couldn't believe it.

He smirked. "Pay up, please."

The three ladies gave it since they had lost.

With that, they continued to play a new round.

Another five minutes passed, and Samuel was the winner again.

“What the hell is happening?” Wynn timer felt that something was fishy.

“Mom, a bet is a bet.” Samuel stretched out his hand. “Pay up.”

Wynn timer put a few bills in his hand.

About ten minutes passed, and Kathleen came back again to find that stack of money in front of Samuel had become thicker.

Meanwhile, Diana and Wynn timer both wore gloomy expressions.

Samuel revealed his cards. “Looks like I’m the winner again.”

Wynn timer was beyond frustrated. “You used five minutes to beat us in the first few rounds at first. Then, it gradually decreases to three minutes, and you even won every round. Did you cheat?”

“What are you talking about? It’s impossible for me to cheat.” Samuel took the cash in front of Wynn timer.

Diana grumbled, “I knew I shouldn’t have played with you. When you were five years old, you followed me out to play poker. I only went to the washroom for a while, and when I came back, you’d already won a round. I thought you were just lucky back then. Later, I found out that you were calculating the cards.”

Samuel was gifted in mental calculation.

He could remember all the cards and analyze which player had which card.

That was the most terrifying part of him.

He used that talent in the business world.

That was why he had great achievements at such a young age.

It was true that Samuel was the pride of the Macari family.

Samuel stood up and put the money in Kathleen’s hands. “Don’t get tricked again.”

Wynn timer huffed, “We didn’t trick her.”

“That’s right. She lost, so it’s only natural that she’d honor the bets,” Diana said.

While Samuel felt speechless, Kathleen chuckled awkwardly.

Ding dong!

The doorbell rang right then.

Maria went to get the door.

After a while, she came back in and said, "Someone is here to look for Mr. Samuel."

Someone's looking for Samuel?

"You should go then," Wynnie urged.

Samuel nodded and walked off.

Wynnie then called out, "Katie, come over here. Shall we carry on?"

Kathleen hugged the money in her hands. "Mrs. Macari, this is money we're talking about. Please spare me some. Being an actress is not easy, you know."

Wynnie said wickedly, "Samuel gave you a billion, didn't he? Come on. Let's play. Don't try to run away now."

Kathleen could only flash her an awkward smile, thinking that Wynnie had lost her mind.

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Chapter 265 They Look So Sweet Together

For the safety of her riches, Kathleen rejected Wynnie's invitation.

The latter was still in the mood for poker, so she called Calvin over.

"What's Samuel doing?" Wynnie asked. "What's taking him so long?"

"I'll go and have a look." Kathleen turned around and left the games room.

Just as she reached the door, Samuel pushed the door open and came in.

"What's the matter?" His voice was gentle.

“Mrs. Macari is worried since you’d been gone for so long, so I came out to check on you.”

She looked outside the main door, but Samuel blocked her line of sight. “There’s nothing to see. It’s just Tyson. He came for work matters.”

Kathleen blinked. “It’s New Year’s Eve. He’s still working?”

Samuel nodded.

“You’re an evil capitalist,” Kathleen commented teasingly.

He snorted in reply.

Just then, Charles came over and asked, “Samuel, do you want to have a game of chess with me?”

“Sure.” Samuel grinned.

“You two have been playing chess all day,” Kathleen groaned. “It’s the holidays. Can’t you think of something fun?”

Charles huffed, “Nothing is fun with this kind of person.”

Samuel shot him a side glance. “I’m not really interested to play with you either.”

With that, the two snorted and turned around before walking away.

Kathleen was speechless.

They’re so quick to turn against one another. I’ve had enough.

“I’m going to look for Snowy.” Kathleen muttered coldly, “For the first time, I find that it’s more difficult to talk to humans than a dog.”

Samuel, who had just sat down not far away, frowned.

Charles also felt like he had been insulted.

When Kathleen went to the pet’s room to find Snowy, she saw that the dog was lying on the carpet.

She leaned over and hugged its neck.

Just then, Charles came into the room.

"This is Snowy?" He stroked Snowy's fur on its head.

Being the well behaved dog that it was, Snowy did not budge as it let Charles stroked it.

"Yup." Kathleen nodded and explained, "It was rescued by me, so I named it Snowy."

Charles gave her a meaningful look. "Godfather gave me a call today."

Kathleen responded indifferently, "Oh."

"He requested me to ask you about your condition now and if you still remember the three-year promise," Charles reminded.

"Tell him I won't break the promise."

Charles knew she didn't like his godfather.

"He probably saw the news about you and Samuel, so..." He trailed off.

"Charles, tell him not to worry. I won't go back on my word, but you also have to tell him not to be presumptuous. Only several months have passed. It's not even three years yet. What's the rush?" Kathleen questioned icily.

Charles pursed his lips. "It's my fault. You agreed to his conditions because of me."

She shook her head. "Charles, it's not your fault."

Her brother patted her on her shoulder lightly.

Standing outside the door, Samuel overheard their conversation, and his eyes darkened.

What conditions has Kathleen agreed to with Charles' godfather? Why does she hate him so much? Could it be... No. I can't let her be controlled by others.

A cold glint flashed across his eyes at that thought.

At eight o'clock at night, they had New Year's Eve dinner at the Macari residence.

Since it was New Year's Eve dinner, they had liquor on the table.

Kathleen asked Wynnie, "Mrs. Macari, where's Cynthia?"

"She's cooler than me. She's gone traveling on a luxurious cruise ship." Wynnie poured Kathleen a glass of wine. "Here, drink some."

Seeing that it was red wine, Kathleen did not decline.

Wynnie was the one who could drink the most among them.

After drinking several glasses, Kathleen started to feel dizzy.

Samuel sighed. "Mom, are you trying to give her a hangover?"

"It's fine. I'll ask Maria to make some hangover remedy for her." Wynnie then teased, "Why? You finally know how to show concern for your wife, huh? Why didn't you take care of her back then?"

Samuel fell silent.

Just then, Charles received a call.

"Excuse me. Something came up, so I'll be taking leave first." He stood up slowly.

Kathleen tugged at his sleeves and mumbled, "Charles, where are you going?"

"The Lewis residence," Charles answered in a low voice. "Vivian wants to see me."

"Oh." Kathleen nodded. "You should go then. Send her my wishes."

"Okay." Charles reached out and stroked her hair. "Don't drink anymore. Otherwise, you'll have a hangover tomorrow."

"I know."

Charles looked at Calvin solemnly. "Mr. Macari, I shall leave my sister and my granny to you."

"Don't worry about it, Mr. Johnson," Calvin replied warmly.

Only then did Charles leave without worry.

At ten o'clock at night, Diana and Frances had gone back to their rooms after drinking a little bit of wine. They felt tired and went to bed early.

Meanwhile, Wynnie had downed two bottles of wine unknowingly. Her cheeks were red, and she looked drunk with her glassy eyes.

Calvin sighed. "Darling, let's go back to our room."

"No." Wynnie shook her head and slurred, "I haven't had enough."

“Darling, we can continue drinking together in our room.” Calvin caressed her face, his gaze gentle.

“Really?” Wynn timer’s eyes lit up.

He chuckled. “Do you remember the bottle of wine I brought back previously? You said we should drink it during the New Year. Well, we can drink it in our room. This way, we won’t have to share with them.”

“All right!” Wynn timer agreed to his suggestion readily.

Calvin heaved a sigh of relief. Then, he picked his wife up and carried her upstairs.

Wynn timer kicked her legs. “Don’t forget about my wine.”

“Don’t worry.” The way Calvin spoke and talked to her was gentle.

With her arms wrapped around his neck, Wynn timer gave her husband a kiss.

After they left, the only sounds that could be heard were the ones that came from the television in the dining hall.

Kathleen and Samuel were the only ones left at the dining table.

Staring in the direction where Calvin and Wynn timer had left, Kathleen said, “They look so sweet together.”

Samuel looked at her flushed cheeks. “I’ll ask Maria to prepare you the hangover remedy.”

“It’s fine,” she rejected.

She took the wineglass and gulped down half of the wine. “It’s been a long time since I was drunk. It feels nice.”

Samuel gazed at her intently. “Is there something troubling you?”

“Yes.” Kathleen stared blankly ahead. “But I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Don’t say it then.” Samuel’s voice was filled with gentleness. “You didn’t eat much just now.”

She put down the wineglass. Suddenly, she tugged at his tie, pulling him close to her.

“What is it?” Samuel stared at her, his deep, dark eyes seemed tranquil.

“Samuel, stop pestering me.” Her soft voice was laced with coldness. “I don’t want to keep this charade up with you any longer.”

Charade? She thinks that I’m toying with her?

Samuel continued to cast a cold look on her, but somewhere in his heart stung. “Why?”

We were fine. She even said she wanted to cure my illness and heal my body.

Displeasure seeped into Kathleen’s eyes. “I don’t like you. Isn’t that reason good enough?”

His eyes turned even colder. “That’s good enough.”

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Chapter 266

Chapter 266 She Is Dead

“I’m glad you understand then.” Kathleen sounded a little exasperated at that point. In response, a stiflingly grim aura started exuding from Samuel as his gaze turned frosty.

He was reluctant to let her go.

Kathleen soon poured herself another glass of wine, seemingly more annoyed than usual.

Ugh. D*mn it! I can’t believe that old bat is eyeing Samuel!

“Stop drinking,” Samuel ushered while grabbing her wrist.

That sparked even more displeasure in Kathleen, who snapped, “I want to.”

Even so, Samuel did not loosen his vice-like grip.

Kathleen shot a sideways glare at him, her lustrous eyes reddening by the second.

“What gives you the right to order me around, Samuel? Who do you think you are?”

That stunned Samuel into silence.

Still, her sardonic words did not stop here. “Don’t assume there’s hope for you just because I’m smiling at you. Did you know? One year ago, on the night Nicolette restrained me to the operating table, I dreamt of my kids. They were crying, begging me not to kill them. Do you have any idea how much I wanted all of you to die as compensation for what you guys did to my kids?”

All the muscles in Samuel’s body tensed up as he listened to her words.

“Still, you never listened to me. All you ever concerned about was your precious Nicolette’s ramblings about how she desperately needed to live...” Kathleen continued before sighing and chuckling coldly.

At that moment, she could feel waves after waves of despair crashing over her.

Samuel gazed at her, his eyes full of worry.

Kathleen got to her feet, but the moment she did so, she started swaying due to her drunken state.

“Stop involving yourself in my life, Samuel. Do you know how incredibly lonely I get when the daily hustle and bustle ends and I’m left all alone?” She sniffled before continuing, “If I hadn’t married you back then, I could’ve gotten myself a loving husband and birthed him a baby. We could’ve lived happily ever after.”

By then, Samuel had also stood up. He stretched out his arms protectively, fearing that Kathleen would fall over.

However, she swatted his hand away. “Samuel, my heart is bruised and battered. I can no longer find it within me to love you anymore. Please understand. I’ll meet with Isaac alone tomorrow, so you don’t have to accompany me.”

With that, she turned to leave with wobbly steps.

A moment later, however, Samuel closed in from behind her and grabbed her waist. His lowered voice echoed in her ear with a solemn weight. “I’ll stay out of your life starting from tomorrow. I promise.”

“Good,” Kathleen replied, nodding.

Samuel’s gaze hardened bleakly as it locked onto Kathleen’s eyes.

Does Charles’ godfather have something to do with her sudden change of attitude? I don’t want to force her to tell me. If any issue arises, I’ll resolve it for her in the dark. She won’t have to know.

“Since we can’t see each other when tomorrow comes, I want you to follow me for now,” uttered Samuel as he led her away.

Since there was no strength left in Kathleen’s body, Samuel wrapped his arm around her and guided her to the door.

Once they got there, he helped put her coat on before leading her outside.

At that moment, Kathleen felt a pounding headache ripping through her skull.

She cast a perplexed gaze at Samuel, not knowing what he was up to.

From her current angle, she had the perfect view of Samuel’s chiseled jaw.

Some time passed before she lowered her head and burrowed deeper into his embrace.

“Kate, look at the sky.” Samuel’s baritone voice suddenly rang out.

The sky?

Kathleen looked up at once.

She noticed the many floating lanterns rising in the distance, their luminance brilliantly sparkling across the inky sky.

Her jaw fell agape as her eyes widened in shock.

Samuel hugged her from behind before speaking in his husky voice, “I remember that one time after our wedding when you watched the floating lantern scene in Tangled.

You couldn’t keep your eyes off the main characters as they watched the lanterns in their boat, so I figured you’d like to see the star-like lanterns tonight.”

Tears sprang to Kathleen’s eyes.

Upon seeing that, a miserable feeling rose within Samuel.

Kathleen wiped her tears while stating, “We can’t go back to how things were, Samuel. Why are you talking about the past suddenly? Haven’t you heard of the saying ‘it’s too late to amend things?’”

“I was too arrogant back then and assumed I could control everything in the world. Now,

it seems that I'm nothing more than an ordinary person," Samuel replied self-deprecatingly.

Tears kept flowing from Kathleen's eyes as she gazed at the glowing lanterns. Bang! Bang! Bang!

Just then, fireworks broke out amidst the darkness, taking Kathleen by surprise. He even prepared fireworks?

A grin grew on Samuel's face as he watched her dazed expression. "Happy New Year, Katie."

With that, he leaned in to kiss her cheek.

Kathleen remained as still as a statue.

The fireworks went on as Samuel hugged her tighter.

"In this coming year, I'm going to fulfill all your wishes. Since your first wish is to never see me again, I won't appear before you starting tomorrow."

Kathleen simply nodded in response to his words.

Still, his tone remained gentle as he said, "But there's one thing you need to remember. I'm only a call away if you ever need me, Kate. I'll rush over in an instant. Don't ever forget that."

Kathleen nodded again.

To that, a satisfied grin spread across Samuel's face. "All right. You should head back to bed now that the fireworks are over."

It was only then that Kathleen turned around, revealing her tear-streaked face. The sight of that made Samuel's chest lurch in pain.

These days, even a sorrowful look without tears from her was enough to make his heart ache.

"I'll be on my way then." Kathleen then walked away.

Left behind, Samuel watched her departing figure with a sharp twinge in his chest. At this point, all he could do was keep an eye on her from afar until things unfolded themselves.

It did not take long for Kathleen to return to her room before she lay sprawled out on the bed.

While she was the one who insisted that Samuel keep his distance from her, she could not deny the grueling ache she felt.

After drowning in her sorrows for some time, she fell asleep.

It wasn't until noon the next day that she woke up with a raging headache.

Gosh. I shouldn't have drank so much last night...

Kathleen sat up on her bed when her phone coincidentally rang.

She picked it up and saw Charles' name as the caller ID.

"Charles? What's up?" she asked while massaging her temples.

"K-Kate..." Something sounded odd about Charles' voice as he failed to finish his words.

"What is it?" Kathleen's brows drew close.

"V-Vivian is..." Grief overwhelmed Charles so much that he sounded like he was on the verge of tears. "S-She's dead."

"What?" The news shocked Kathleen, who instantly probed, "How did she die?"

"She hung herself... in her room..." Charles's hoarse voice rang out from the other end of the line. "Caleb's emotionally unstable right now, and we need you here."

“Okay, I’ll be right there!” Kathleen hurriedly got ready. An hour later, she arrived at the Lewis residence dressed in a simple outfit. There, the housekeepers replaced all cheerful decorations from the gate with dark-colored decorations as an indication of mourning. Kathleen soon entered the residence, noticing that a mourning section had already gotten set up inside. “Get lost!” Caleb’s ferocious snarl came from the second floor, adding, “My sister’s not dead! Get out of our home!” What came next was a series of hurried footsteps. The butlers and all the housekeepers had frantically scurried down the stairs in that instant. Seeing that, Kathleen approached them to ask, “What’s the matter?” “Since Ms. Lewis has passed away, we asked Mr. Lewis to pick a funeral portrait of her. But he kicked us out...” explained a helpless-looking butler. Once Kathleen heard that, she reached out. “Let me see.” The butler then handed over a few photos of Vivian to her. These seemed to be from long ago. But I guess there’s nothing we can do about it now. “This should do.” Kathleen picked out a sophisticated-looking photo of Vivian from the bunch. “All right.” The butler nodded without a trace of objection to her choice. Following that, Kathleen headed upstairs. Charles, who stood at the study’s door, soon came into her view. She found it hard to speak. “Charles...” In front of her, a red-eyed Charles said, “You made it.”

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Chapter 267

Chapter 267 Alone In His Room

Kathleen nodded.

Charles pointed at the study and said, “I’ve been holding Caleb back, and the housekeepers are also watching him below the windows. Please try to persuade him.”

Hearing that, Kathleen frowned, her brows drawing together. “What is he planning to do?”

“He wants to kill Finn,” Charles answered while casting a grave look at her.

Kathleen nodded understandingly. “I would want the same if I were in Caleb’s shoe.”

Her frank reply caused Charles to frown even more.

Ignoring that, Kathleen turned and entered the study.

“Get out!” thundered Caleb, whose back was facing Kathleen.

“It’s me,” the latter stated calmly.

Caleb stiffened before turning around, his eyes red with tears as he spoke. “You’re here.”

Kathleen approached him with the utmost concern laced in her tone. “Are you all right?”

In response, Caleb cast a glum look while placing both her hands on his face. His voice was hoarse as he replied, "I never thought she would hang herself..."

Kathleen felt her heart sink.

Tears fell from her eyes as she admitted, "I know. It's all my fault. I shouldn't have let her see Finn..."

In truth, she blamed herself for Vivian's death.

Kathleen would rather have Vivian live on with her mental condition than be dead.

However, it was too late now; Vivian had chosen to depart the world permanently after discovering the truth.

Caleb started crying. His voice was choked-up as he uttered, "I-I've lost my sister, Kate..."

Kathleen had no idea how to comfort him at that moment.

All she could do was walk over and wrap her arms around him, offering a warm embrace.

He, too, hugged her tightly while resting his head on her shoulder.

They remained that way for a few minutes, holding onto each other for any sense of comfort they could get.

Eventually, Kathleen patted his back and said, "Caleb, you need to be strong. There are still things you need to deal with for Vivian's funeral, and you have to inform your parents that are overseas about this."

"But I don't feel like doing it..." A moment passed before Caleb asked hoarsely, "Will you help me?"

"If you need it, I'll gladly help you out. That's what friends are for."

"Thank you."

"Don't worry about it. Also, I don't want you to settle the score with Finn. He's not worth it. After all, you'll go to prison for killing him. If you truly want revenge, there are many alternative ways to achieve it. Killing him isn't the only option."

"Don't worry. I won't let Vivian's death be in vain!"

"Good," replied Kathleen. Yet, regardless of his current compliance, she could not stop worrying that Caleb would do something awful.

"I've thought it through. So please don't interfere with Vivian's matter, Kate. I have a plan to make Finn pay for it," Caleb suddenly proclaimed.

I'm going to make Finn regret his actions. He'll spend the rest of his life paying for my sister's death. Killing him would mean letting him off too easily!

"Don't do anything rash," Kathleen urged with concern.

"I won't. I would never tarnish my life over a scumbag like him."

Only after hearing that did Kathleen heave a sigh of relief.

Then, she released him from her embrace and instructed, "Recomposed yourself and call your parents, okay? I'm heading downstairs to check up on things."

Even though Caleb had asked her to stay out of Vivian's matters, she could not bring herself to stand by and not do anything.

"All right." Caleb nodded.

However, something flickered in his gaze as he watched Kathleen turn to leave.

When Kathleen arrived downstairs, the Lewis residence's housekeepers had efficiently assembled the mourning hall's furniture in a short time.

She approached the butler and instructed grimly, "Caleb's mentally and physically exhausted. I'll help bear some of his responsibilities in arranging Vivian's funeral. There's no need to trouble him, so please come to me should you need anything."

"Understood," replied the butler right away.

Since Mr. Lewis has given Ms. Johnson the power to handle his family affairs, that must mean she's in charge of the family now. It looks like he's planning to make her his wife.

"That's all. You may resume with your tasks," Kathleen stated.

"All right." The butler turned on his heels to leave.

Soon after, Kathleen looked around in confusion.

Where did Charles go?

Once Vivian's obituary got published, many guests arrived at the residence for her memorial service.

Even Samuel showed up, but he merely glanced at Kathleen without doing anything.

Vaguely recalling what had happened the night before, Kathleen strolled over to him.

However, Samuel retreated half a step backward.

His actions put Kathleen at a loss for words.

"It's best if we keep our distance. After all, I promised not to show up in front of you again," he said.

In response, she lightly pinched the space between her brows. "I did ask you to stay out of my life. But I never asked you to avoid me like the plague. Besides, we'll have to face one another eventually since we have many collaborative projects. There's no way you can avoid me forever."

Silence fell as Samuel kept mum.

"Anyway, thank you for attending and paying tribute to Vivian," Kathleen said politely.

"Why are you here?" came Samuel's husky reply.

Kathleen explained, "Vivian and Caleb are my friends. It's only natural that I help out."

Is that so? Deep down, Samuel did not believe her words.

She continued, "Besides, Caleb's not feeling the best right now, so I figured I'd help him out."

Upon hearing that, Samuel felt even more upset.

"How kind of you," he remarked emotionlessly, the bitterness in his tone unnoticed by Kathleen.

It was then that Caleb joined the two.

He greeted in a deep and hoarse voice, "Kate."

Kathleen instantly looked to her side and asked, "You're here."

Caleb nodded, and clarified, "My head aches."

Hearing that, Kathleen placed the back of her palm on his head, frowning. "You seem to have a fever. I think you should rest up in your room in case it worsens."

"Can you come with me?" Caleb's brows twisted together in a stern expression as he added, "There's something I need to talk to you about."

Kathleen nodded before shooting a sideways glance at Samuel. "I'll be taking my leave first, then."

As the two turned to leave, Samuel studied them with an unwavering and steely gaze.

It was not long before Kathleen supported Caleb into the house.

She even asked the butler to prepare some fever-reducing medicine for him.

"Right away, Ms. Johnson." The butler nodded.

Following that, the two headed upstairs to Caleb's room. Caleb lay down on his bed, his body limp from fatigue. He was indeed sick, but the reason he went downstairs was also to provoke Samuel. It was only understandable since he had already lost a family member. He did not want to lose Kathleen as well. This was his only chance to have her. Kathleen's kind and soft-heartedness was the one thing he could use to his advantage. "Lie down and rest," Kathleen said while tucking him in. That was when Caleb grabbed her hand with his remaining strength while asking hoarsely, "Can you stay with me?" She nodded. "Thank you," came his reply. "Have you called your parents?" Kathleen asked in concern. "I have," Caleb answered as his countenance grew paler. "They're already on their way back." Those words provided brief reassurance to Kathleen as she pursed her cherry lips. "I see." Caleb's eyes locked onto her like magnets. "You don't have to take responsibility. Vivian's death has nothing to do with you. The one who should be paying dearly is Finn!" Those words made every muscle in Kathleen's body tense up. "I thought Vivian could make it through those tough times, but I never thought..." "No woman can handle being set up for utter humiliation by the man she loves. That being said, she acted so normal at first even I believed she had moved on," said Caleb, whose gaze bore holes into the ceiling above. A wave of sadness washed over Kathleen, suffocating her from within. She eventually said, "This might not have happened if I paid more attention and care in handling things." "It's not your fault." "You should rest up." Kathleen added softly, "There are more matters that require your attention tomorrow." "Yeah." Caleb nodded before shutting his eyes. He continued holding Kathleen's hand as he fell into a deep slumber. A sigh slipped out of Kathleen at that moment. She truly felt sorry for what happened with Vivian. Who would have expected that Vivian would end her life this way... Also, I still haven't seen Charles anywhere. I wonder where he went... Half an hour passed when Kathleen heard loud commotions coming from downstairs. She immediately got up and exited the room. As soon as she arrived downstairs, she saw Charles dragging Finn over. The former thundered at the top of his lungs, "Get on your knees!" At the same time, Kathleen noticed how Finn could not bring himself to look straight at Vivian's funeral portrait. All he did was shoot a quick look at it before avoiding it altogether. She walked over but instantly froze in her tracks when she noticed Samuel sitting by the side.

He hasn't left yet?

Mixed emotions filled Samuel's predator-like gaze as he studied her. Finally. What the hell were they doing alone in his room for this long?

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Chapter 268

Chapter 268 That Much

Charles pinned Finn to the ground.

The latter resisted with all his might but eventually went down on one knee.

"Get down on both knees!" Charles exerted more strength as his handsome face contorted with rage.

"Have you lost your mind, Charles!" Finn's voice boomed throughout the space.

However, Charles opened his eyes wide. Fury overtook his senses as he grabbed Finn's collar. "Open your eyes wide and see whose portrait that is!"

All color drained from Finn's face as he glanced over. "I heard the news. You don't have to remind me."

"So why didn't you show up to her memorial service? Have you forgotten that you're the one who caused her death?" Charles interrogated.

"I didn't cause anything. She's the one who hung herself. It has nothing to do with me."

"She did that because of you! If you hadn't put her through all that sh*t, she wouldn't have resorted to doing this!"

"You have no evidence to prove your claims," Finn stated, persistently denying the truth. That only made the wrathful fumes in Charles' heart broil even more.

He bellowed, "Do you really I won't dare to beat you up just because I don't have any evidence?"

Finn responded with sarcastic chuckles, which only made things worse.

Bam!

Charles' fist struck Finn's face at full force.

Upon witnessing such a scene, everyone rushed up to prevent the situation from escalating.

"No one is to intervene!" Kathleen snarled, her tone frosty.

When it came to fighting, Finn was nothing more than trash before Charles' brute strength.

Not to mention that Charles' deep affection for Vivian greatly surpassed Finn's past feelings for Vivian.

Utter chaos broke out in the mourning hall.

Finn got beaten up so badly that his nose started to bleed, and he could barely stand upright.

While Charles did not suffer any severe injuries, he did end up taking a punch or two from the former.

“Stop! Stop it!” Tracy charged into the space with her subordinates. When she saw that Finn had gotten beat up, she rushed to stand in front of him defensively, her shrill voice piercing the air. “Are you trying to beat him to death?”

“Get the hell out of my way! Don’t think that I won’t lay hands on a woman!” Charles’s piercing gaze shot toward her.

“Kill me then! I’m the one behind all those things anyway!” Tracy continued to take the blame on behalf of Finn.

Charles scoffed as he retorted, “Aren’t you afraid Vivian’s spirit will haunt your dreams?” Tracy bit down on her lip, not wanting to answer that question.

Meanwhile, Kathleen’s indifferent gaze focused on Tracy as she spoke up. “What an idiot. How can you defend a selfish man who doesn’t even show you respect or treat you like a human?”

A bewildered look crept upon Tracy’s face upon hearing that.

“Besides, Vivian was once his most beloved woman. However, he did all those horrible things after using her as a ticket to improve his societal standing. Contrarily, he doesn’t even love you. Do you think he’ll remain kind to you once you’re no longer useful to him?” Kathleen added, her tone laced with bitter distaste.

Her words made Tracy bite her lip.

“You’ll eventually end up like Vivian,” remarked Kathleen with murderous intent flashing in her narrowed eyes.

Despite all those words, Tracy refuted with a downcast gaze. “I don’t care! I love him, and he’s my husband, so it’s only right that I defend him!”

“How idiotic,” Kathleen spat before scoffing.

“Aren’t you an idiot too?” It was now Tracy’s turn to speak sarcastically as she questioned, “Remember how you loved Samuel all those years ago like a fool? Even when his heart was clearly devoted to Nicolette?”

Kathleen’s delicate face paled. “You’re right. I was an idiot back then, so I’m advising you now to open your eyes.”

Despite that, Tracy ignored her and went to kneel before Vivian’s photo. “Vivian, you can hold me accountable for everything that’s happened. If you want to get revenge, come at me. I’m okay with that!”

Finn shot a surprised look at Tracy.

Meanwhile, Kathleen felt Tracy was too far gone in her obsession to be saved now.

“As expected.” Kathleen looked over at Finn and resumed, “The world wouldn’t have men that are scumbags if women didn’t fall in love so deeply. You’re not worthy of these two’s affection.”

Finn remained silent.

“Kick them out of here,” Kathleen ordered icily.

Her curt instruction made Charles frown in dissatisfaction.

Seeing that, she added coldly, “Charles, you can always destroy everything he dreams of if you hate him. There’s no need to beat him up. After all, why risk getting hurt yourself?”

Those words seemed sensible to Charles, who soon agreed.

“Get out of my sight.” All trace of warmth had evaporated from Kathleen’s delicate face at that point. “Don’t taint Vivian’s memorial service with your vile presence.”

Tracy sniffled before walking toward Finn to help him off the ground.

In response, the latter merely glanced at her before compliantly leaving with her. The two soon got into a car when Finn asked in his scratchy tone, “Do you really love me that much?”

Tracy paused for a moment before finally admitting, “Yeah.”

Finn’s grim gaze settled on her. “Even if I’m such a scumbag?”

“The truth is, Finn, I can’t find it in me to fall for anyone else even if we were to split up. It’s likely that I might never find love again.” Tracy bit her lip.

This must be how Kathleen feels, huh? The only difference is that I’m not as carefree as her. She may have the courage to leave her toxic relationship, but I don’t.

Finn pulled Tracy into his arms, not uttering a single word.

In response, Tracy stiffened as her tears fell.

She hurriedly returned his hug and swore, “We’ll pay for Vivian’s death together.”

Finn nodded.

In the meantime, Kathleen brought some iodine swabs over to Charles.

She then nagged, “Why did you force him here like a prisoner? Aren’t you worried that Vivian won’t be able to rest in peace?”

“I…” Charles faltered.

“I genuinely have no idea what to say to you. What’s the use of causing such a big scene anyway?” Kathleen told him off like he were her younger brother while she applied the medication to his wounds.

“Okay, that should do it.” After she was done, she put away the swabs and locked eyes with Charles.

“I just think she didn’t deserve to die…” he muttered while gazing at Vivian’s photo.

To him, she looked absolutely gorgeous in her funeral portrait.

Kathleen sighed. “Perhaps death is a form of release for Vivian. That incident has tortured her for all these years, after all. I doubt any of us can truly understand her pain.”

With his reddened eyes, Charles fell silent.

It was then that Kathleen glanced sideways, her gaze meeting Samuel’s dark eyes.

She had forgotten all about him.

“Charles, I’m going over there for a bit.” With that, Kathleen approached Samuel.

The man flashed her a deep look. “I need to tell you something—”

Before he could finish, however, Kathleen cut him off. “I want to see Isaac.”

“There’s no need for that anymore.”

Kathleen froze momentarily before responding, “Okay, I won’t trouble you then. I’ll go look for him myself.”

Irritation sparked in Samuel upon hearing that. “I’m not refusing to introduce you two. It’s just that I’ve already paid him a visit.”

Kathleen blinked a few times. “I didn’t mean to come off like I was upset at you.”

She was merely reiterating her words from last night— That she didn’t need to trouble him from now on.

Likewise, she uttered those words because she found it odd that he remained at the memorial, despite not being close with the Lewis family.

Hence, she assumed he was waiting there for her.

“I’ve met and asked him the question on your behalf.” Samuel’s gaze darted around before he added, “There’s a lot of people here. Is there a more quiet place where we can discuss this?”

“Let’s go to your car then.”

“Okay,” Samuel nodded.

They then made their way out the door.

It just so happened that Caleb was coming downstairs, so he caught sight of the two. Something sinister flashed in his eyes right then.

Kathleen got into Samuel’s car and instantly asked, “So, what did Isaac say?”

“He didn’t admit to helping Old Mr. Yoeger steal or temporarily look after a child.”

To that, Kathleen pursed her lips, commenting, “It doesn’t matter if he’s involved because we have no evidence to prove it. This is going to be tricky...”

“I believe him.” Samuel then confidently explained, “He said it himself that he would never agree to help Old Mr. Yoeger do such a cruel thing. Plus, he even reminded me about something.”

“What is it?” Kathleen’s curiosity was piqued.

Samuel’s expression darkened as he sternly said, “It’s possible that Old Mr. Yoeger entrusted the matter to a woman.”

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Kathleen understood immediately. “I get it. You’re saying that only a woman could take care of a child well. Besides, if he asked Isaac for help, Isaac would have to look for a nanny, too. That way, there would be one more person aware of the matter, making it riskier. Am I right?”

Samuel nodded.

“But a woman, huh?” Kathleen frowned. “I wonder who could it be?”

Seeing how she was thinking hard with furrowed brows, Samuel felt a bit sad.

If she asked him for help, he would be glad to offer it.

However, she never turned to him and resorted to doing everything on her own.

“I can look into it for you if you’d like ” Samuel offered calmly.

Kathleen was taken aback. "I've already asked too much. Just think of it as me paying you back for the treatment. Since you refused the company's shares, this is the only way I could think of to not owe you a favor" Samuel said indifferently.

Kathleen paused for a moment before agreeing.

Since he doesn't want to owe me one, I'll just accept his help.

"Give me three days." He then added coldly. "You may get off the car now."

Feeling speechless, Kathleen got off the car without a word.

As Samuel stared at her departing figure, he felt heartbroken. But more than that, he felt irritated, which was very unlike him.

When he saw Caleb coming out of the mansion to bring Kathleen in, he scoffed.

Caleb will never have Kathleen!

While walking into the mansion, Kathleen looked at Caleb and inquired, "Did you have a good rest?"

"I had a good sleep, thanks to you," Caleb said with a smick.

"That's good to hear. I'll ask the chef to prepare some food. What time are your parents arriving?" "Around midnight. After a short pause, Caleb added, "You should come with me. My dad and I won't be able to coax my mom."

Kathleen gave it a thought and replied, "All right."

The woman was also Vivian's mother, so it was only right that Kathleen should help.

Caleb knew that Kathleen had a soft heart.

In fact, he thought that it was too easy to trick her.

Meanwhile, Charles watched them in silence.

He noticed Kathleen didn't look at Caleb the same way she looked at Samuel.

At three in the morning, Kathleen arrived at the airport with Caleb

They didn't wait long before Caleb's parents appeared at the exit

The couple had rushed over without bringing anything with them.

“Dad, Mom.” Caleb strode over to them, and Kathleen followed suit.

Caleb’s mother, Linda Jones, grasped his arms desperately. “Caleb, is your sister... is she really dead?”

Caleb nodded with a pained expression.

“My daughter!” Linda almost fainted at the tragic news.

Thankfully, Caleb’s father, George Lewis, held her in time.

Kathleen also stepped forward to massage Linda’s head to make her feel better.

It was only after a while that Linda managed to pull herself together.

“Let’s get in the car first” Kathleen suggested.

Caleb nodded. Together with his father, they supported Linda and walked out of the airport.

“You should ride with your parents. I’ll take the next car,” Kathleen told Caleb.

“Okay.”

Kathleen was very sensible. Without saying anything further, she got in the car behind them.

“Dad, Mom. Let’s get in.” Caleb opened the car door.

In the car, the couple asked him the details of Vivian’s death.

Linda wept sorrowfully, while tears could be seen pooling in George’s eyes.

When they arrived at the Lewis residence, Linda started sobbing the moment she saw Vivian’s photo.

No one could manage to calm her down.

In the end, Kathleen struck the side of her neck to render her unconscious.

Seeing that, George looked at her in bewilderment.

“I heard from Caleb that Mrs. Lewis has heart disease. Something bad could happen if she keeps crying like that,” Kathleen explained.

George nodded slowly.

“Excuse me, please bring Mrs. Lewis to the room,” Kathleen called out.

Immediately, two housekeepers came over and brought Linda to a room on the second floor.

George turned to Caleb and asked, “Who is this young woman?” “She’s Kathleen Johnson, your future daughter-in-law,” Caleb said in a low voice,

Daughter-in-law? Caleb is dating someone? I can’t believe any woman would like him, considering his gloomy personality. How strange, George thought.

in the morning, Linda finally woke up.

Before she even opened her eyes, the smell of medicine filled her nose.

Then, she saw Kathleen sitting by the bed, holding a glass of medicine

Linda frowned in confusion. “You are?”

“Hello, Mrs. Lewis. I’m Vivian’s friend, Kathleen Johnson, Kathleen introduced herself. She then continued, “I’m also terribly heartbroken about Vivian’s passing, but I hope you can take care of yourself. I’m a traditional medicine practitioner, and here’s the medicine I formulated for you. Please give it a try.” “Thank you.” Linda took the glass and admitted shyly, “I thought you were Caleb’s girlfriend.”

Kathleen remained calm. “I’m not. Actually, I’m a divorcee. My ex-husband is Samuel Macari. You probably heard of him.”

Linda was surprised at that revelation.

It was no wonder Kathleen looked familiar to her. She was too heartbroken the day before to recognize the young woman.

Taking a sip of the medicine, Linda found it rather bitter. She knitted her brows lightly and started, “Miss, I’m a very open-minded person. As long as my son likes you, I won’t mind letting him marry a divorcee. Even if you have children, I will still accept you.”

Kathleen was at a loss for words.

Linda looked at her and added, “I know what you’re thinking. You explained to me in advance so I wouldn’t misunderstand, right?”

Kathleen nodded.

“Miss, may I ask you a question?” Linda inquired meaningfully.

“Of course.”

“What is it that my son lacks for you to not like him?” Linda asked curiously.

Kathleen was dumbfounded at her words.

The talk seemed to be going in a different direction from what she imagined.

“My son is handsome and rich.” After giving it a thought, Linda continued, “Well, I suppose his personality is a bit nasty, but he will definitely treat you well. Although it may not seem like it, he’s the type to love someone with his whole heart and soul once he has fallen for her.”

Kathleen was a bit embarrassed. “Mrs. Lewis, it’s not his problem. The problem lies with me.”

Linda stared at her. “You’re still in love with Samuel?”

Kathleen shook her head.

“It’s okay. Feelings can be nurtured, you know?” Indeed, Linda was broad-minded.

Just then, Caleb pushed the door open.

“Mom, you’re awake. Kate is a terrific doctor. So feel free to consult her if you don’t feel well.”

As he spoke, he winked at Linda.

The woman instantly got what her son was hinting at.

So Caleb does like this young woman!

“Ms. Johnson, I do have a feeble body. I don’t like modern medicine either. Could I ask you to treat me?” Linda prompted,

Kathleen nodded. “Sure. No problem.” “Mom, just call her Kate. I call her that, too, Caleb chimed in.

“I should at least ask Ms. Johnson first if she would be okay with that.” As she said that, Linda looked at Kathleen.

“It’s fine. It’s just a name, anyway,” Kathleen responded.

Hearing that, Linda smiled. “I’ll call you Kate from now on, then.” “All right.” Kathleen smiled back.

At that moment, her phone rang.

After she picked it up, Tyson's panicked voice came from the other end of the line. "Ms. Johnson, bad news! Mr. Macari has fainted."

"What?" Kathleen stood up. "Samuel fainted? Did you send him to the hospital?" "We're on the way. He keeps calling out your name. Could you come here, Ms. Johnson?" Tyson sounded very anxious.

"Okay. I'll head over right now." With that, Kathleen turned to leave.

Caleb followed her and asked, "You're leaving?" "Samuel fainted. He's being brought to the hospital right now," Kathleen said worriedly.

"But he was fine when he left," Caleb hinted.

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Kathleen paused in her tracks. She looked at Caleb coldly and stated, "I know Samuel's physical condition very well. A mere cold could kill him."

Caleb froze upon hearing that.

Without hesitation, Kathleen turned and headed to her car.

When Caleb got to the door, she had already sped off.

"She won't be able to let go of Samuel." Charles's deep voice suddenly sounded beside Caleb.

Clenching his fists, Caleb said, "I don't believe so! I'm going to chase Samuel out of her heart and have it for myself!" "You're just making things difficult for yourself," Charles commented, taking a puff of his cigarette.

Caleb turned to face him with a solemn gaze. "I like her." "Christopher likes her, too. He even had more chances to approach her compared to you. Do you know how resistant she was to him?"

Caleb pursed his lips.

Is there really no way to this?

When Kathleen arrived at the hospital, she immediately found Tyson.

Just as she was about to ask him what happened, a nurse hurried out of the ward and told Tyson, "Mr. Macari was poisoned."

Poisoned?

Kathleen furrowed her brows. "Can you detoxify him?"

A look of hesitance appeared on the nurse's face.

"Let me in. I know how to save him," Kathleen declared. Her beautiful face looked icy at that moment.

"Let Ms. Johnson in. I'll take responsibility for anything that happens," Tyson said.

With a nod, the nurse led Kathleen into the ward.

The doctor was ready to snap when he saw the nurse bring someone inside.

However, he stepped aside after the nurse whispered a few words into his ear.

After Kathleen examined Samuel, her face darkened.

Rolling up her sleeves, she instructed, "Let half of his blood out and transfuse my blood to him."

"Your blood?" The doctor was stunned.

"Stop wasting time. If anything happens to him, I will make you guys bear the consequences!" Kathleen warned furiously, startling the doctor.

Everyone knew about her relationship with Samuel.

The doctor frowned. I thought they were divorced. But it looks like they still have a close relationship, though.

four hours later, Samuel woke up

He frowned, wondering why he was in the hospital.

"Mr. Macari, you're awake!" Tyson exclaimed delightfully.

“What happened to me?” inquired Samuel with a hoarse voice.

“You...” Tyson hesitated for a moment before continuing. “You fainted.”

Kathleen had told him not to tell Samuel the truth.

“I fainted? Why did I faint?” “Mr. Macari, you have poor health. Isn’t it normal for you to faint?” Tyson said sheepishly.

However, Samuel was very keen. “No. I didn’t faint because of that. I remember that my heart hurt badly, and I was having a hard time breathing.”

Hearing that, Tyson bit his lip quietly.

“Tyson, you’re lying to me,” Samuel pointed out coldly.

Tyson responded with a helpless smile.

I knew I couldn’t keep it from him. He’s no ordinary man, after all.

“Mr. Macari, I wasn’t trying to keep it from you on purpose. Ms. Johnson...”

Samuel’s eyes turned glacial as he ordered, ‘Tell me what actually happened.’

Left with no choice, Tyson told him everything.

Upon hearing that Kathleen had transfused half of her blood to himself, Samuel felt shocked and heartbroken at the same time.

“Where is she?”

“She’s in the ward next to ours. She’s very weak right now,’ Tyson informed him.

Without a word, Samuel lifted the blanket off him and headed straight toward Kathleen’s ward.

When he entered and saw her sleeping peacefully, a bitter expression flashed across his face.

He approached her and sat down, reaching out for her soft and fair hand.

“How could you be so foolish as usual? You called Tracy an idiot, yet you’re just the same. You despise me and called me an a*shole, so why didn’t you just leave me to die? Won’t that make things easier for you?”

Now that she saved him, it made him more reluctant and unwilling to let go of her.

Just then, a doctor came in.

The look in Samuel's eyes turned dark, and he asked softly, "When will she wake up?" "Tomorrow, I suppose," the doctor answered. "She gave you a lot of blood, so she has to rest well."

Samuel tightened his hold on her hand and told the doctor, "I'm renting out this entire floor. No one is allowed to disturb her

Naturally, the doctor didn't dare to oppose "Understood "Anything else Samuel looked at him icily

The doctor froze for a second before saying, "Ms. Johnson asked me to conduct a blood test on you. The results are out."

With that, he handed the document to Samuel.

Taking it over, Samuel instructed, "You may leave now." "Okay." The doctor obliged with a nod and exited the ward.

Samuel then turned his attention back to Kathleen. He touched her face lightly and whispered, "You silly girl."

Always doing such silly things.

After staying with her for a while, Samuel stood up and went out.

Tyson was waiting outside. When he saw Samuel, he urged, "Mr. Macari, you should return to your ward and rest on the bed."

It would be troublesome if something happened again.

"I want you to investigate how I was poisoned. Start from the food I ate." Samuel's tone was as frosty as ever.

Fortunately, Tyson was an efficient man. "Mr. Macari, I've looked into it already. There were no issues with the food and water you had today."

Samuel furrowed his brows at that. "None at all?"

After some hesitation, Tyson admitted, "I did notice something wrong."

"What is it?"

"The medicine Ms. Johnson gave you." "Kate will not try to kill me," Samuel said, his tone brimming with certainty. "Someone must have replaced it with something else."

"The medicine was bought from Lewis Enterprises' pharmacy." Tyson paused upon saying that.

Then, he added, "Could it be him?"

Samuel knew who Tyson was referring to.

It was Caleb.

Caleb liked Kathleen, and he believed that Samuel was his biggest obstacle in pursuing her.

Thus, Tyson figured that he wanted to kill Samuel. Since he couldn't do it directly, he probably decided to tamper with the medicine.

"Do you think he's stupid? If he uses Kate's medicine to poison me to death, Kate will be enraged when she finds out. She'll kill him with something even more poisonous," Samuel said.

Besides, if Caleb did that, Kathleen would loath him for it.

Samuel knew very well what kind of person Caleb was.

If he was so simple minded, the Lewis family wouldn't be what it was today.

Tyson purged his lips "Who could it be, then?" 1.130% no The Yorger larnlly. Samuel uttered indifferently.

Tyson was taken aback. "The Yoeger family? Could they be using the same old trick again?" "We'll find out once we look into it. From today on, instruct the people in Florinia Manor to make nutritious food and send them here," commanded Samuel coldly.

"I've already told them to do so. They'll bring food here in a while." "I need you to prepare something else for me." Samuel lowered his voice and warned, "Tell them to be quiet when they move. If anyone wakes Kate up, they'll have to answer to me!"

"I understand."

Then, Samuel told Tyson what he had to prepare.

After listening, Tyson looked a little surprised.

"Go on now. And don't tell anyone about this." "All right, Mr. Macari.* Tyson bobbed his head obediently,

Afterward, Samuel returned to Kathleen's ward,

This time, he got into the bed and fell asleep with Kathleen in his arms.