

## Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel)

### Chapter 192

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The Best Actress Could Be Me Kathleen's scenes were very simple that day.

Cain arranged to shoot scenes that involved more dialogues on her part as his way of looking after her.

Her scenes that day relied heavily on expressions and emotions instead of physical prowess.

Those were easy tasks for Kathleen.

The filming carried on and only ended when evening arrived.

Once her work was done for the day, Kathleen got ready to rest.

Then and there, an assistant came running toward her. The assistant said, "Kate, Mr. Currah brought some fruits for the film crew. Here's yours."

"Thank you." Kathleen gestured for Valerie to accept them, who promptly did.

"Please extend my gratitude to Timothy," Kathleen stated.

"Sure!" The assistant nodded.

Kathleen and Valerie promptly retreated to their break room.

Once they had arrived, Valerie asked, "Kate, do you want to have a bite?"

Kathleen nodded. "All right. Timothy did put in the effort to have them delivered. It would be inappropriate if I don't eat them."

Valerie then opened the box.

It was packed full of a myriad of fruits.

Kathleen picked up a fork and popped a strawberry into her mouth.

Valerie was about to have one as well when Kathleen frowned and stopped her. "Hold on!"

Taken aback, Valerie asked, "What's wrong?"

Kathleen opened her bag and took out a silver needle. She then poked it into the strawberry.

In a few seconds, the silver needle turned black.

"What in the world is going on?" Valerie cried out, astonished.

Kathleen sniffed the strawberry. "It's poisoned."

"What?" Valerie exclaimed.

“This is a type of poison capable of restricting the human’s respiratory system. Its toxicity is less potent than cyanide, but it’s still lethal nonetheless,” Kathleen explained. Then, with a cold tone, she instructed, “Valerie, call the police.”

“I’m on it!” Valerie picked up her phone.

However, after a short instance of deliberation, Kathleen grabbed Valerie’s hand. She then spoke in an icy tone. “Forget it. Whoever did this left no traces behind. There’s no point in calling the police.”

Valerie frowned. “So what do we do then?”

After a moment of consideration, Kathleen whispered something into Valerie’s ear.

Once Valerie was done listening, she nodded. “Should I go now?”

Kathleen nodded. “Yes.”

Valerie promptly turned around and left.

Meanwhile, Kathleen stared at the strawberry on her fork with a cold gaze. Jennifer sure is reckless. But from where did she get a poison like this? This is too weird.

Ten minutes later, Timothy’s assistant ran out of his break room. The assistant yelled, “Bad news! It looks like Mr. Currah had been poisoned!”

Everyone panicked upon hearing that.

They dashed straight into the break room to check up on Timothy.

He lay on the floor, unconscious.

“Quick, get an ambulance!” Spencer bellowed.

Timothy’s assistant immediately picked up his phone to call an ambulance.

“He was fine just now. How on earth did he get poisoned?”

“Exactly! Please don’t tell me it’s because of somebody’s doing?”

“Stop spouting nonsense without any proof!”

“How is it nonsense? Last time, Kathleen nearly fell out of her wire. Who knows?

Someone could be trying to hurt them intentionally!”

“When you put it that way, I’m suspecting that perhaps it’s this shooting location that is... problematic?”

Upon those words, everyone present felt a chill go down their spines.

“That’s enough! Stop making random assumptions! This has got nothing to do with the lot of you. So, go home!” Spencer reprimanded them sternly.

Everyone could only leave then, having heard what Spencer said.

Soon enough, an ambulance arrived, and Timothy was taken away along with his assistant.

As for the rest of the film crew, they began to take their leave. Gradually, the number of people present at the location lessened.

Just then, the silhouette of a woman silently slipped into Timothy's break room.

Several moments passed, and the woman finally got ready to leave with Timothy's box of fruit platter in hand.

"Hold it right there," Kathleen's voice called out abruptly.

Jennifer was startled so much that the fruit platter fell to the floor.

Anxiously, she looked in the direction where Kathleen's voice came from.

Kathleen was leering at her coldly as she got closer. Kathleen began to interrogate Jennifer. "What are you doing with the fruit platter Timothy had eaten from?"

Jennifer bit her lip. "I'm helping him clean up."

"Your role in the film crew is an actor. You're not the film crew's housekeeper. What would prompt you to clean up the fruits?" Kathleen asked in a bone-chilling tone.

"I like him. Sometimes, I secretly take care of some chores for him. What's wrong with that?" It seemed as if Jennifer had already thought of a reason and excuse.

However, Kathleen snickered in response. "I don't care if you have a secret crush on him or that you're invading his privacy. I'm not interested in those. But I only want to know why you're only clearing Timothy's fruit platter if you're cleaning his stuff."

"I'm afraid that the fruits would start stinking up the place if they go rotten," Jennifer explained hastily.

Kathleen scoffed, "Hah! You sure know how to come up with excuses for your behavior."

Jennifer bit her lips once more. "I don't understand what you mean."

"Jennifer, let me ask you something about the fruit platter which Timothy got for us. Is it true that you came into contact with the platter Timothy gave me before passing it to his assistant, who then passed it to me? Why did you do that?"

"I don't know what you're talking about." Jennifer refused to admit anything.

Kathleen sniggered, "Ha! Timothy's assistant told me that she was handed a fruit platter from you and was asked to deliver it to me. She even informed me that she questioned your motives. You then answered that I love to eat strawberries and that the platter you held had much larger strawberries. Isn't that right?"

Jennifer remained silent.

Kathleen continued speaking in her cold tone. "You really do understand me, don't you? You know my favorite food. You're putting so much thought and effort into poisoning me to death that you didn't expect that Timothy would be the one to be poisoned in the end. Am I right?"

Jennifer jerked her head up suddenly. She glared viciously at Kathleen. "What do you mean by poisoning you to death? I don't know what you're talking about!"

Kathleen drawled on, "Jennifer, I've heard that we belong to the same school. During our first year's freshmen performance, I played the part of the female lead. However, you believed that I stole the part from you, correct?"

"That's the truth, isn't it?" Jennifer shot an icy glare at Kathleen.

"Of course not. Before the performance, the cast for the female lead wasn't set in stone. While some people claimed that it was you who got the role, it wasn't confirmed. Back then, apart from you and me, there were others vying for the part as well. We were all waiting for the news, and it was only at the end when it was finally revealed that I got the part. But you couldn't accept it and decided to quit school. Afterward, you convinced yourself that I was the one who led you to where you are. But in fact, I did nothing to you. You're the one who brought all your problems on yourself!" Kathleen lectured mercilessly.

"Bullsh\*t! It's because of you! You're beautiful, you have amazing acting skills, and everyone adores you. They couldn't see anyone else but you, which is why they picked you. I'm amazing too, but just because you look beautiful, they gave the opportunity to you! It's not fair!" Jennifer shrieked.

"Jennifer, it's wise to consider all options when we're looking to pay for something. The fact that I look good is out of my hands. However, in terms of acting skills, I'm most definitely better than you. What do you have to complain about? Or do you truly think that I'm somehow ruining you just because you think things are unfair?" Kathleen spoke coldly.

In response, Jennifer burst out in anger. "Of course it is! You're ruining me! If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have quit school, and I might have even won the Academy Award for Best Actress by now, and I wouldn't have done anything unforgivable! It's all your fault!" Kathleen was in utter disbelief. "So you admit that you're the one who damaged the wire and poisoned the fruits?"

"That's right. I'm the one who did it! I wish to kill you! Go to hell!" Jennifer howled. She then drew out a fruit knife and charged toward Kathleen, attempting to stab her.

"Look out!" someone warned.

All of a sudden, a shadow flashed before Kathleen's sight.

She was soon wrapped into a warm and sweet-smelling embrace.