

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 411

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Chapter 411

Chapter 411 Their Enemy Is Our Friend

"I-I'm sorry!" Charles instantly panicked.

"I'll only forgive you if you treat me to a good meal when we get back to Jadeborough," said a puffy-cheeked Clarissa.

"Deal." An apologetic smile curved on Charles' face as he added, "I'll treat you to any meal you want."

"You said it, not me! So you'd better not go back on your word!" Clarissa playfully huffed.

"I won't," replied Charles, who helplessly chuckled. "All right, I need you to stay here while I go downstairs to get the others."

"Okay." Clarissa nodded.

Only then did Charles turn around to leave.

A quiet sigh slipped out of Clarissa's lips just then.

Even the corner of her eyes glistened with tears as she knew some feelings needed to be buried deep in her heart.

There was no way she could ever make her crush known.

After all, Charles would only love Vivian in this lifetime. It did not matter if she were dead or alive; She would remain in his heart forever.

That thought alone was enough to make Clarissa's tears stream down her cheeks.

She gently wiped them away while muttering to herself, "It's okay, Clarissa. At least you can still stay by Charles's side as his sister. That's more than enough."

It was not long before Charles brought the others over.

By then, Clarissa had used up all her tears and was pretending nothing had happened. Instead, she focused on helping Charles take Vanessa away from the hospital.

The group wasted no time rushing to the airport.

Charles had arranged to take a private jet out of that place. Thus, they immediately took off after boarding.

During the flight, Vanessa was under the doctor's constant care, so she returned to Jadeborough safely.

Rory then came to pick the group up when they landed.

Charles had phoned Kathleen before boarding earlier, so all the arrangements were already made.

Vanessa would get sent straight to Florinia Manor with Charles and Clarissa.

As for the truth about Kathleen still being alive, Charles did not bother to hide it from Clarissa.

The latter also knew not to tell anyone about this.

Soon, Kathleen examined Vanessa's wound before coldly stating, "She won't die. While her wound runs deep, it has not affected any vital organs within her abdomen."

"So when will she awake?" Charles' low voice asked.

"It should be soon," came Kathleen's icy reply.

Just then, Vanessa's eyes fluttered open.

Her hazy vision took a while to settle in while she asked weakly, "W-Where am I?"

"Jadeborough." Kathleen crossed her arms before declaring, "You're now a hostage in my hands."

Those words struck Vanessa like lightning. Fear gleamed past her already ghastly and pale face. "K-Kathleen!"

"That's me." A frosty-looking Kathleen then questioned, "So you still remember me, huh?"

"How did this happen?" Vanessa was wholly startled by the sudden turn of events.

How did I end up in Kathleen's hands? I know for a fact that Lauren and Kathleen aren't a team!

"I saved you." Clarissa walked over and added, "However, I'm acquaintances with Kathleen, so I brought you here."

A touch of bitterness appeared on Vanessa's face, her tone becoming sharper by the second. "I can't believe it. What a small world."

"Indeed," Kathleen chimed in.

It was then that Vanessa recalled something and yelled with shock, "Didn't you die?"

"There's no way I'd die so easily." Kathleen snorted. "Even if I had died, I would have taken you down with me!"

Hearing that, Vanessa gritted her teeth. "Do you have Yareli too?"

Kathleen nodded.

A cold scoff came from Vanessa, who now seemed to have given up entirely.

"Vanessa, the one who tried to blow me up isn't Yareli. It's Nicolette." Kathleen's menacing tone snarled, "Your death will never be enough to make up for your actions. Although, I can let Yareli go. But all depends on how you behave from this point on."

"How is she now?" Vanessa seemed concerned.

"Nicolette has poisoned her, and she's now unconscious. If you're willing to work with me, I can save her."

"Can you really do that?" There was doubt in Vanessa's tone.

It made Kathleen sneer, "Don't you forget, Vanessa. I studied and developed drugs under Theodore for five years. Such a poison isn't difficult for me to deal with."

Vanessa stared at her intently, demanding, "I'll only tell you everything after seeing Yareli awaken. Otherwise, you can forget about it!"

Kathleen scoffed. "How bold of you to threaten me. Don't you know that you're not the only one who knows the truth? Do you seriously think you're a lifeline in this matter?"

Her offensive remark made Vanessa's face fall.

Nonetheless, Vanessa knew she was powerless if Kathleen decided to kill her then and there.

"I can reveal this, Kathleen. Your mother was indeed taken away by my father. And yes, she was given to Old Mrs. Hoover. However, if you want evidence, you'll need to awaken Yareli. That's my condition."

Something grave filled Kathleen's chest, weighing even her breath down. "Fine. But remember, I want to every detail out of you when the time comes!"

"Okay!" Vanessa nodded forcefully.

The same impassive look stayed on Kathleen's face as she whipped around to leave.

Charles and Clarissa joined her outside.

"Do you believe her words?" the former asked.

"Yeah." Kathleen nodded, adding, "Vanessa may be inhuman, but her motherly love for Yareli is unquestionable. She obviously wants her daughter to live."

"Can you neutralize the poison in Yareli's body, though?" Clarissa asked with concern.

"Yup." Kathleen nodded. "I picked up many things when working under Theodore. Such a poison isn't hard to neutralize, but it does quite some damage to the body. That won't matter since all Vanessa asked was for me to wake Yareli."

"Oh, right. I heard some rumors that Theodore has returned to the country." Charles' deep voice then asked, "Do you think he'll go to the Hoover family?"

"I think so too." With that, Kathleen elaborated, "Theodore would never be happy with how Trevor kicked him out of the Hoover family back then. Now that Lauren ended up empty-handed, Theodore will undoubtedly have other plans in store."

"Looks like we should be more cautious," Charles responded with a complicated look.

"Theodore won't necessarily come for us." Kathleen crossed her arms before her chest and added, "Our enemy's enemy is a friend to us, after all. Although Theodore and we have some history, he would never go against us right now. Who knows? Perhaps he might even contact us to form an alliance."

Charles' eyes narrowed when he heard that. "Speaking of, Raymond has asked me to search for Wyatt since the latter is also in the country."

Kathleen arched a brow. "Do you have any news about him?"

Charles shook his head.

“Do you guys think Wyatt will work together with Theodore?” Clarissa guessed. “After all, Wyatt is my brother, and I’ve always known him to be a peevish oddball.”

Kathleen’s voice lowered dangerously, “Perhaps. Either way, those two would never remain stagnant. They’ll eventually make a move as long as we keep holding on, especially now that we have Vanessa captive. Some people are surely bothered by this.”

“Let’s see what the Hoover family’s next move is then,” said Charles.

“Vanessa and Zion are both in my hands, so I believe the family will surely make a move within the coming two days.”

Just as Kathleen spoke, Yadiel walked over with some updates.

He reported to Charles, “Mr. Johnson. Zachary is dead.”

“How did he die?” Charles’ brows drew close.

“I’m not sure. It seemed like Zachary suffered from acute heart failure and stopped breathing when he got to the hospital,” he replied.

At that moment, Charles locked eyes with Kathleen. “Looks like the Hoover family has already made their move.”

“There’s not telling if the Hoover family is behind this. After all, Nicolette could also be the one responsible.” Kathleen then stroked her chin before adding, “To be safe, I think it’s best if we head to the hospital and check up on the situation.”

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Chapter 412 Guess Whose Face This Is

“It’s not wise for you to appear before them right now. Why don’t I go instead?” Charles grimly stated.

That was when Clarissa immediately offered, “I’ll go with you since I’m more adept at determining whether Zachary is truly dead.”

Charles glanced at her with deep intent before finally nodding. "Okay, let's go."

The two promptly took their leave.

A dark emotion flickered in Kathleen's narrowed eyes just then.

Doesn't Clarissa seem a little too proactive? Oh well. I guess it's best to let Charles realize some things on his own. After all, who's to say Charles is interested in Clarissa? Plus, she might not want him to know her feelings. If I tell Charles that I think Clarissa's interested in him, it might make things awkward.

The only thing keeping Kathleen together these days was Samuel.

However, a week had already passed, yet he showed no signs of waking up.

He would previously twitch a little when dreaming, but that did not happen anymore.

How frustrating!

With that thought, Kathleen turned to go upstairs and check on him.

Samuel lay unconscious on the bed. His breathing was stable, but his chest barely rose or fell.

Kathleen approached him, sat on the bed, and held his hand while speaking. "I used to think you were too quiet and wondered if you talked more when around Nicolette. Now that I'm seeing you like this, I can't help but miss the way you used to be.

"Please wake up, Samuel. Haven't you slept enough? Please just come around, okay? Let's not fight anymore. Can't we spend the rest of our days peacefully?"

Despite her efforts, Samuel did not respond.

That sparked annoyance in Kathleen, who instantly snapped, "I've already asked you nicely! Why won't you wake up? Ugh, you're so mean!"

There was still no response.

Subsequently, Kathleen leaned closer to him while frowning. "What's so good about staying unconscious anyway? Don't tell me that you're dreaming about Nicolette!"

It was then that she pointed at Samuel's chiseled face. "Do you not love me anymore? I bet the Nicolette in your dreams is super gentle toward you, huh? I bet she's so much better than me. Is that why you're unwilling to wake up?"

Only silence came from Samuel.

“Jeez, fine. I’ll stop joking around. You go ahead and rest up then,” said a sighing Kathleen.

She adjusted the blanket over Samuel before walking out of the room.

By the time she went downstairs, Tyson had just entered the manor.

“Mrs. Macari,” Tyson greeted. He never stopped addressing Kathleen with that title, but the latter did not mind.

“What’s the matter?” Kathleen asked.

“News about Mr. Macari being unconscious hasn’t got out yet. However, there’s this event that Mr. Macari needs to attend, no matter what.” Tyson seemed like he was in a dilemma.

“What event is it?” asked a curious Kathleen.

“The birthday party of the daughter of Mr. Macari’s mentor.”

“Oh.” Kathleen’s brows arched in confusion as she repeated, “Samuel’s mentor?”

That was when Tyson realized something. “Oh, my apologies. I forgot that you lost your memories, Mrs. Macari. But yes, that mentor named Stephen Yackley significantly aided Mr. Macari when the latter was younger. It’s now the twentieth birthday of Stephen’s daughter, and their family has extended an invitation to Mr. Macari. They insisted that he attend.”

With that, he handed the invitation card to Kathleen.

The latter glanced at it briefly before asking, “We can’t decline at all?”

Tyson nodded. “Indeed. Not at all.”

A frown crept up Kathleen’s face. “I need to think about what to do.”

Following that, Tyson stood wordlessly beside her as she brainstormed for what felt like forever.

She eventually stated in a helpless tone, “If there’s nothing we can do about it, then let’s just get someone to pose as Samuel for the event.”

“What?” Tyson’s eyes rounded in utter shock. “Pose as Mr. Macari?”

Kathleen nodded with the utmost seriousness. “Don’t you recall how easy it was for me to disguise myself back then?”

Her words only fueled Tyson's alarmed response as he exclaimed, "Still, won't it be too difficult?"

"What's difficult is finding someone with the same height and aura as Samuel." Kathleen massaged her temples before asking, "Do you know anyone who could fit the bill?"

Tyson shook his head, thinking it was truly impossible to locate such a person.

It was then that Yadiel walked past Kathleen with the medicinal ingredients that he helped her purchase from Lewis Enterprises.

He was moving them into the office.

"Stop right there!" Kathleen boomed all of a sudden.

Yadiel froze in his steps, asking, "Is something the matter, Dr. Johnson?"

Kathleen walked over and got on her tiptoes to examine his height. Moments passed before she nodded satisfactorily. "Not bad. Not bad at all. You're perfect."

Perplexed, Yadiel's brows scrunched together as he wondered what she was up to.

"Wait here! Don't move a muscle!" Kathleen instructed while patting his shoulders.

Hence, Yadiel remained stiffly in that position while Kathleen ran upstairs.

The latter brought down a set of Samuel's suits from the room upstairs and handed it to Yadiel.

"Put these on," she said.

Yadiel cautiously eyed the luxury brand suit in Kathleen's hands. His frown eventually deepened as he asked, "What is all this about, Dr. Johnson?"

"Quit asking questions, and get to it!" Kathleen urged. "Come to the office once you're done. As for you, Tyson, I want you to follow me."

"Okay." Tyson obediently joined Kathleen in the office right away.

At the same time, Yadiel brought the suit set to the washroom and got changed.

Minutes passed before he walked into Kathleen's office in Samuel's clothes.

That was when Kathleen took out her tool kit and asked Yadiel to sit down.

Seeing the tool kit, Yadiel was alarmed and instantly questioned, "What are you planning to do, Dr. Johnson?"

"Stay still. I'm going to put you in a disguise. Now, remember, you're going to be Samuel tonight."

What? Yadiel's eyes went wide upon learning what he had gotten roped into.

"Tyson, I want you to tell him all of Samuel's quirks and habits," Kathleen instructed.

"Understood," replied a nodding Tyson.

He then relayed every bit of information regarding Samuel's habits and behaviors when attending events.

"Firstly, Mr. Macari never drinks in public."

That sound of that left Kathleen dumbstruck. "Doesn't he drink?"

"Nope." Tyson explained, "You have no idea, Mrs. Macari, but he stopped drinking ever since you left. He didn't want other women to get him drunk with ulterior motives. Thus, he would refuse even if others handed him a mere cup of water."

Silence befell Kathleen at that point.

She had never expected such a thing to happen.

Tyson shot a wary look at Kathleen before resuming, "There's more. Mr. Macari refuses to dance with other women, regardless of who they are. It doesn't matter even if it's his own mother."

Yadiel nodded, patiently digesting all the information.

"Of course, if someone asks you something you can't answer or don't feel comfortable answering, you can always remain silent." Tyson was helpful in advising, "This way, the other party can't guess what you're thinking and won't dare to ask further."

"I see," Yadiel replied.

"All right. You're going to stop talking now." With that, Kathleen began inserting a pipe into Yadiel's mouth so that he could breathe.

She then poured some plaster onto his features to form a face cast.

Two hours later, a completely different-looking Yadiel stood before Kathleen and Tyson.

Seeing that made Tyson clap eagerly while exclaiming, "My God, Mrs. Macari, you're incredible!"

"Oh, hush." Kathleen humbly explained, "I merely learned a few things about disguise-making that are enough to get us through this."

"Don't worry, Mrs. Macari. I'll make sure to diligently watch over Yadiel tonight," Tyson promised.

That was when Kathleen pulled out another hyper-realistic mask. "No need. I'll be attending the party with Yadiel."

Tyson was stunned by that but asked, "You're going too, Mrs. Macari?"

Kathleen raised the mask but obstructed its facial features with her hand. "Guess whose face this is?"

Unsure, Tyson shook his head and shrugged.

"Yareli's," was all Kathleen said before letting out a ruthless chuckle.

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Chapter 413 The Banquet

Tyson was surprised. "Huh? Mrs. Macari, are you sure you want to put on Yareli's face and go to the banquet with the fake Mr. Macari? How will you explain this in the future?"

Kathleen said indifferently, "It's not like I'm going to do something overboard. Besides, I'm just afraid that Yadiel can't handle it alone, and it'll be better with me beside him."

Tyson asked embarrassedly, "Then how will I explain it to Mr. Macari in the future?"

"Just tell him the truth. You can just say that I wanted to do this, and let him come at me if anything happens," Kathleen said coldly.

"Okay." Tyson felt helpless. After all, that was Kathleen's decision.

Who was Kathleen?

She was Samuel's sweetheart.

Whatever she wanted to do, Samuel would spoil and obey her.

There was no way a little assistant like Tyson could oppose her.

Kathleen let them leave first, so Tyson could explain some things to Yadiel.

She also began to put on her disguise.

Tyson and Yadiel were chatting in the living room.

Suddenly, Rory came in from outside.

She glanced at the living room and couldn't help but be taken aback. "Mr. Macari?"

Yadiel cleared his throat. "It's me."

"Yadiel?" Rory was shocked.

What is going on?

As she was thinking, Yareli, who was unconscious, came out of Kathleen's studio, still wearing Kathleen's clothes.

Rory was even more shocked.

What on earth is going on?

"Rory, where are the things I asked you to buy?" Kathleen looked at her.

"Dr... Dr. Johnson?" Rory was very surprised.

Kathleen nodded. "Yup. It's me."

Rory opened her mouth. "What are you two doing?"

She was confused.

"Your brother and I are going to a banquet. Please help take care of the affairs in the mansion," Kathleen reminded.

"Okay." Rory nodded.

Kathleen continued, "Regarding the mother and daughter pair, if they do anything weird, then there's no need for you to be gentle with them. If there's nothing you can do, it's okay to dispose of them."

"Yes!" Rory nodded.

She finally understood and knew what to do.

Kathleen nodded with satisfaction. She then looked at Yadiel and said, "I'll go change clothes, then we'll head off."

"All right," replied Yadiel.

Kathleen looked at Tyson and asked, "Do we need to prepare a present?"

Tyson shook his head. "No need. Mr. Macari already gave a present before."

Kathleen was curious. "Do you know what it is?"

Tyson explained, "It's a golden abacus. It's because the youngest daughter of Mr. Macari's mentor is studying finance."

Kathleen said, "Okay, I understand."

She took the bag from Rory's hand and turned to change clothes.

Soon, Kathleen came out of the room.

She was already very similar to Yareli when she put on her clothes. Kathleen could pass off as the real deal.

This was especially so for Tyson, who had seen Yareli before. If he hadn't known that Kathleen was pretending to be her, he would have thought that Yareli had woken up.

However, just to make sure, Tyson ran to Yareli's ward to take a look.

Yareli was indeed still in bed.

Tyson returned to the living room. "Now that we're ready, let's go."

Kathleen nodded. She then looked at Yadiel and said, "Let's go!"

Rory watched them leave together.

At the Yackley residence, a party was underway to celebrate the twentieth birthday of Josephine Yackley, Stephen's youngest daughter.

Stephen was a professor of finance at Jadeborough University, and many of these renowned people were his students.

Therefore, many of them came to Josephine's birthday party.

Josephine looked at the door with anticipation.

"Daddy, will Samuel come?" she asked excitedly.

Stephen nodded and replied, "He will."

Josephine fiddled with her fingers and said, "This time, he can't ignore me for being young."

She was already twenty years old.

"Josephine, are you really planning to pursue Samuel?" Stephen was a little worried.

Everyone in Jadeborough knew who Samuel liked.

Even if Kathleen had just passed away, he couldn't have fallen in love with someone else so quickly.

"I don't care! In short, I want to pursue him," Josephine said softly.

At that time, her elder sister Haylee came over, and her eyes were cold and arrogant. "You are so stubborn."

Josephine said unhappily, "That's none of your business! Anyway, Mommy agreed."

Haylee was speechless. "By the way, why hasn't Mommy come down yet?"

"She seems to be stuck in a call with our uncle. Our little cousin's condition is getting worse and worse, so he is begging Mommy to find a way," Josephine explained.

Haylee narrowed her eyes.

The Hoover family?

"Old Mr. Yackley, Samuel is here." The butler hurried over.

"Really?" Josephine got excited. She straightened her hair and clothes, ready to meet Samuel.

Seeing how excited she was, the butler said, "But Mr. Macari brought Yareli with him."

“What?” Josephine was shocked.

Not only her but Stephen and Haylee were both shocked too.

Samuel brought Yareli?

Didn't Yareli blow up his wife and daughter?

What on earth is going on?

Before they even finished thinking, Samuel and Yareli walked in while holding hands.

Not just the father and daughters, but even the others were equally shocked.

That was simply too strange.

Kathleen looked at everyone's reaction and smiled with satisfaction.

She whispered to Yadiel, “Be careful if Stephen is looking for you alone later.”

“Don't worry, Dr. Johnson.” Yadiel nodded.

They walked toward Stephen and his daughters.

Josephine saw Kathleen, and a look of disgust flashed on her expectant face.

She didn't understand why Samuel was with Yareli.

Yareli was the one who hurt his wife and daughter.

Is he crazy?

“Mr. Yackley.” Yadiel's voice was hoarse.

“What's wrong with your voice?” Stephen was a little surprised.

“I'm sick,” Yadiel explained.

Stephen deeply furrowed his brows.

Yadiel looked at Josephine and said, “Ms. Yackley, I wish you a happy birthday.”

“I'm... not happy at all!” Josephine muttered.

Haylee poked her from behind, reminding her of the current occasion.

Josephine was very unhappy.

Stephen said meaningfully, "Samuel, given how you've endured a tragic ordeal, I shouldn't have invited you here. But I assume you're also aware of the ramifications of this relationship. If you weren't invited, people would talk."

Yadiel nodded lukewarmly, as he pretended to have Samuel's icy cold and arrogant aura.

Kathleen sneered inwardly. Samuel isn't afraid of being criticized by others.

They are the ones who are afraid of being criticized!

If Samuel didn't come, it would definitely have an impact on them.

Josephine looked at him aggrievedly. "Samuel, do you remember our agreement?"

Yadiel was speechless.

What agreement?

Tyson didn't tell me about that.

Kathleen smiled lightly. "Samuel, it turns out that you have an agreement with another woman. Can I know what the agreement is?"

"It's not important," Yadiel said lightly.

Josephine blushed and said aggrievedly, "Samuel, you promised me that at my twentieth birthday party, you would dance with me for the first time."

Yadiel said coldly, "Oh? Really?"

Is it true?

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Chapter 414 Is It Him

Kathleen didn't know either, but she cared about it very much in her heart.

Samuel actually agreed to dance with another woman?

But didn't Tyson say that Samuel was very well-behaved in recent years?

Tyson came over. "Mr. Macari! There is an emergency call for you."

Yadiel nodded. "Excuse me."

Kathleen also prepared to leave with him.

Haylee said softly, "Ms. Yoeger, my mother wants to see you."

Mother?

Kathleen narrowed her eyes. "Old Mrs. Yackley wants to see me?"

"Please come with me." Haylee took her upstairs.

Kathleen knew that Old Mrs. Yackley's surname was Hoover.

She was Trevor's biological younger sister, and her name was Tessa Hoover.

Kathleen didn't know why Tessa asked Yareli to go upstairs.

So, she followed Haylee upstairs with curiosity.

Haylee then took her to a room.

Tessa was sitting on a chair, wearing a purple gown, with a pair of glasses on the bridge of her nose. Her face looked kind, but her eyes were unusually sharp.

Kathleen was calm in her heart and walked over without being arrogant.

"Old Mrs. Yackley," said Kathleen.

Tessa sized her up. "You're here."

Kathleen nodded.

"You are very capable. After creating such a huge incident, Samuel can still forgive you. It's incredible." Tessa's eyes were filled with deep suspicion.

Kathleen smiled lightly. "Because I'm not the one who murdered his wife and daughter."

Tessa slightly furrowed her brows. "Oh? Then who did?"

"Nicolette Yoeger," answered Kathleen.

There was no surprise on Tessa's old face.

Kathleen thought to herself, It seems that Tessa knows.

That's why she isn't shocked at all.

Very few people know the truth.

There are not even a lot of people in the Macari family who know.

But, Tessa actually knows.

She and Nicolette are likely working together.

After all, her surname is Hoover!

"Is Nicolette able to do that?" Tessa asked quietly.

Kathleen didn't make it clear. "I don't know that. In short, Samuel believes in me."

Tessa knitted her brows wordlessly, while Kathleen looked at her calmly.

After a while, Tessa said slowly, "You are more mature than before."

Kathleen explained, "I think anyone who has experienced something like me will become silent. After all, I was almost regarded as a murderer."

Tessa paused and said nothing.

"Can I go now?" Kathleen asked with a half-smile.

Tessa responded with a nod.

Kathleen turned around.

Suddenly, Tessa asked, "Will you tell Samuel about it?"

Kathleen paused. It seemed that something really happened between them.

Kathleen smiled meaningfully. "Then I want to see who wants to harm me. After all, I still want to live well."

With that said, she turned away to leave.

A dark gleam flashed across Tessa's face.

Haylee looked at Tessa and said, "Mom, I sense that Yareli has become mysterious."

"If you were harmed by someone, it would be the same for you." Tessa's expression was icy cold.

Haylee was curious. "Then who are you helping, Mom? Is it Yareli or Nicolette?"

Tessa sighed. "I'll help the more capable one! If Yareli can really marry Samuel, I will definitely be willing to cooperate with her. She's the rich daughter of the Yoeger family. Compared to an illegitimate child, Yareli is a little more pleasing to the eye."

"But Mom, Josephine, she..." Haylee hesitated.

Tessa said softly, "Don't worry. Samuel doesn't like her, nor is he tempted by her. I have other arrangements for her."

"But it seems like Josephine only wants Samuel." Haylee snorted.

Tessa said calmly, "I don't care. You're not young too, so you should think about finding a partner."

Haylee stayed silent.

Tessa said coldly, "I know that you also like Samuel. But he is definitely not good for you. It's not that I don't know how good he is, but given his love for Kathleen, it's absolutely impossible to change that easily. I don't want you and your sister to suffer."

"I understand, Mom." Haylee was still unwilling to accept that.

She was even a little older than Samuel.

In the past, in school, Haylee always spoke to him under the guise of Samuel's mentor's daughter and his senior.

However, Samuel didn't even look at her at the present.

A long time ago, Stephen had suggested Samuel marry Haylee.

Despite that, Samuel flatly refused.

That would probably be when Samuel was about to marry Kathleen.

At that time, she also thought that Samuel must hate Kathleen very much.

After all, if it wasn't for Kathleen, he would have been with Nicolette.

However, after Samuel rejected Nicolette that day, Haylee suddenly realized that Samuel might not hate Kathleen.

Maybe he even liked Kathleen.

"Mom, I'm going downstairs." Haylee left.

Tessa nodded.

Kathleen came out of Tessa's room, and she was about to go downstairs.

"Yareli, how did you get Samuel to bring you here?" Josephine's eyes were filled with hatred.

Kathleen smiled lightly and replied, "He did it voluntarily."

Josephine was very agitated. "I don't believe that! You must have done something to him!"

As she said that, Josephine grabbed Kathleen's arm.

Kathleen happened to be standing on the stairs. She furrowed her brows and said, "Josephine, I'm warning you to let go. Otherwise, I'm going to cause a scene!"

Josephine said fiercely, "This is the Yackley residence. What can you do to me? I can murder you and make it look like an accident!"

Kathleen remained indifferent.

Has this woman lost her mind?

The more Josephine looked at Yareli, the angrier she became.

I am younger and prettier than her.

Why can't Samuel see that?

If this woman isn't here today, I will be able to dance with Samuel!

It'll be fantastic if this woman's gone.

Thinking about that, Josephine pushed Kathleen down hard.

Kathleen didn't expect Josephine to attack.

She was caught off guard and fell backward.

Just when she thought that she was going to roll down the stairs, a warm embrace caught her. She could even make out the distinct scent of herbs.

Kathleen was dumbstruck.

She opened her eyes and looked at the man holding her.

Samuel?

He's awake?

Samuel hugged her and let out a sigh of relief.

He looked at Josephine with cold and sharp eyes. "Are you tired of living?"

"No, I didn't mean to." Josephine didn't expect Samuel to come upstairs.

Kathleen thought of Samuel's wrist and said, "Your wrist..."

Samuel said in a low voice, "I'm fine. You guys are ridiculous."

Kathleen stuck her tongue out.

Samuel looked at Josephine coldly. "Next time, I won't let you go that easily!"

After he said that, he carried Kathleen downstairs.

Stephen heard the butler say that Samuel went upstairs, so he followed.

Samuel's eyes were cold and sharp. "Mr. Yackley, this is the last time I'll visit your house. If anything happens to the Yackley family in the future, don't come to me!"

After he finished speaking, he took Kathleen and left.

Stephen was confused. He looked at Josephine and asked, "What did you do?"

Josephine tried her best to remain composed. "I didn't do anything."

There was no way that Josephine would admit that she wanted to murder Kathleen.

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Chapter 415 Jealous

Samuel came out with Kathleen.

He reached out and tore off the hyper-realistic mask on Kathleen's face.

His black eyes were sharp and his expression was very unhappy.

Kathleen felt awkward. "Um, I..."

Samuel squeezed her chin and said, "You sure do like to cause some problems for me."

Kathleen looked at Tyson and Yadiel who were not far away.

The two of them pretended they saw nothing.

Kathleen said, "Although I caused some problems for you, I have made a very important discovery."

Samuel remained silent while wearing a glacial expression.

Kathleen glared at him. "Why are you looking at me like that? Who do you think I am doing this for? I'm helping you for the stability of the Macari Group."

Samuel narrowed his eyes.

Although Kathleen's purpose at the beginning was definitely not that, hiding the news of his unconsciousness did not cause chaos in the company.

Samuel's tone softened. "Thank you."

Kathleen said sarcastically, "Haha, you're so reluctant. By the way, Ms. Yackley is still waiting for you to dance."

Then, she pushed Samuel's hand away. "Don't touch me!"

Samuel furrowed his eyebrows. "What dance?"

Kathleen laughed and scolded, "Stop pretending! Josephine said just now that you promised her to have the first dance with her at her twentieth birthday party. No wonder she wanted to push me down the stairs."

Samuel said in a deep voice, "I never agreed to it. She did mention it to me at the time, but I didn't agree."

"Then how did you reply to her?" Kathleen didn't believe him.

"I told her I have a wife, so I don't dance with others," Samuel explained.

Is that so?

Kathleen still didn't believe him.

"Or do you want me to bring her here and question her face to face?" Samuel said coldly.

Let Samuel go back there?

His face is pale and frightening.

He might raise suspicion if he goes back there.

After all, the health of the CEO of the Macari Group was also a point of concern to the public.

If he could live long, only the Macari Group could develop for a long time.

Kathleen hummed slightly. "Forget it. Anyway, I'll believe what you say. In fact, you don't have to be nervous. It's just a dance with a woman. I haven't danced less in recent years."

Samuel furrowed his brows and asked, "Who did you dance with?"

Kathleen counted using her slender and fair fingers. "A lot of people. Levi, some other guy..."

Samuel held her fingers, and he said in a hoarse voice, "You can only dance with me in the future."

"Hmph. Who do you think you are?" Kathleen was disdainful.

"Didn't you agree to give me a chance?" Samuel furrowed his eyebrows.

“Yeah, I’m giving you a chance. I merely allowed you to pursue me. However, I didn’t agree that we were a couple. Why are you so agitated then?” Kathleen retorted.

Samuel was speechless.

Seeing Samuel deflated, Kathleen felt relieved.

“Forget it, I am a generous woman. Seeing how sulky you look, I’m not going to argue any further.” Kathleen opened the car door and continued, “Now go home.”

Samuel grabbed her softly and looked at her with dark eyes.

Kathleen was startled. “What?”

“Are you jealous?” Samuel asked in a hoarse voice.

Jealous?

Kathleen was amused. “How can I be? Tyson said that you saved yourself for me and if I hadn’t heard Josephine say that today, I would have believed it.”

With that, she entered her car.

Samuel furrowed his eyebrows, and he also sat in the car.

Only then did Tyson and Yadiel come over, and the two of them sat in front.

Kathleen looked sideways and looked out of the car window, which reflected her fair and delicate face.

Samuel shot her a sideways glance, and he didn’t even relax his eyebrows.

Tyson and Yadiel regarded themselves as servants. They didn’t dare to speak, and they didn’t dare to breathe.

“I haven’t been close to any woman other than you in these years.” Samuel’s voice was low.

Kathleen was stunned. She looked in front of her, then looked at Samuel again.

Tyson and Yadiel pretended to not hear that.

“If you don’t believe me, I can collect proof from attendees of the large and small events I’ve participated in over the years and show it to you.” Samuel’s voice was hoarse.

“No need for that.” Kathleen thought to herself, I was just teasing him.

If Samuel wants to find a woman, it will be very easy for him to do so.

“Then are you jealous?” Samuel asked faintly.

Kathleen felt awkward.

Does he have to ask this in front of Tyson and Yadiel?

She slowly looked at Samuel.

His expression was very serious, and there was a trace of nervousness in his deep black eyes.

It was as if the world would end if she didn't answer him.

“Yes,” Kathleen admitted.

Samuel couldn't help but grinned a little.

“Are you satisfied now?” Kathleen was displeased.

Samuel knew that she was angry.

He raised his hand and rested it on his forehead. “Kate, I have a headache.”

That made Kathleen snort coldly.

Jerk!

He is such a jerk!

The two people in front of them pretended to not see that.

So this is what Samuel looks like when he acts coquettishly.

Kathleen didn't want to talk to him anymore.

Soon, they returned to Florinia Manor.

They got out of the car and walked in.

Rory said softly, “Dr. Johnson, you're back.”

Kathleen nodded.

“I wanted to call you, but Mr. Macari wouldn't let me.” Rory was put in a difficult spot.

Kathleen replied coldly, "Okay."

Rory secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

Kathleen turned to look at the gang and said, "Tessa knew about Nicolette murdering me."

Samuel furrowed his brows. "What did she tell you?"

Kathleen explained, "I just found some clues in the conversation. I think she must have known that my mother was kidnapped by Hector."

Samuel asked coldly, "Then do you want to seek the truth again, or are you going to ask that directly?"

Kathleen said softly, "Unfortunately, those people are all dead and gone. The only ones we can use as bait are Vanessa and Yareli."

After thinking for a while, Kathleen furrowed her brows and said, "I have an idea."

Samuel's gaze deepened. "What is it?"

Kathleen said softly, "I want to pretend to be Yareli again, and then hold a press conference. I want to pretend to clarify this matter, and reveal some secrets from the past."

Samuel's handsome face became very cold. "So, you want to lure them out?"

Kathleen nodded slowly. "Once the cat is out of the bag, those from the Hoover family will definitely not be able to sit still."

Then, they would act.

"If you want to use yourself as bait, I won't agree to it." Samuel knew that Kathleen wanted to take risks.

However, he was not on board.

The Hoover family was ruthless, that was why he wouldn't agree.

Kathleen said unhappily, "Then what should I do? Do you want me to wake Yareli up?"

Samuel's narrow eyes were cold. "Yareli is not enough to attract the attention of the Hoover family. Isn't she in your hands?"

Kathleen crossed her arms. "It's not that I don't want to use her. Who knows if Vanessa can take the risk."

"Unless she doesn't care about Yareli's life," Samuel said coldly.

Kathleen thought for a while. "Then let's go test it out."

Samuel nodded in response.

The two of them walked into Vanessa's room.

Vanessa's eyelids twitched when she saw the two of them coming in, as she had an ominous premonition.

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 416

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel)

Chapter 416

Chapter 416 Too Many People Know This

"Vanessa, there is something we need you to cooperate with," Kathleen said coldly.

"How's my daughter?" Vanessa couldn't get out, so she couldn't see Yareli.

"She's in a very stable condition now. It's up to you to decide on whether to cooperate with us or not." Kathleen looked at her meaningfully.

Vanessa paused. "How do you want me to cooperate?"

"Tomorrow, I will hold a press conference, and you have to expose what the Hoover family did to my mother on the spot," Kathleen said coldly.

What?

Vanessa frowned.

Samuel said coldly, "You don't have a choice, Vanessa. Now you and your daughter are in our hands. Don't play any tricks. If you don't cooperate with us, Yareli will be the one who suffers."

Vanessa's fists clenched tightly. "I can cooperate with you, but I want to see my daughter wake up."

That was her only wish.

Kathleen nodded. "Fine. Just you wait!"

With that said, she turned around and exited the room.

Samuel followed her out too.

"Do you have a way to wake Yareli up?" Samuel furrowed his eyebrows.

"Of course." Kathleen turned and entered Yareli's room.

She took out a pill and a shot.

The pill was given to Yareli to eat first.

The shot was then used to inject into Yareli's vein.

A few minutes later, Yareli really opened her eyes.

She sat up suddenly. "Where am..."

Before she could finish speaking, she felt like she wanted to puke.

Kathleen opened the bathroom door.

Yareli ran out of bed, entered the bathroom, and began to vomit.

After a while, she screamed.

Ahhh!

Kathleen stood at the door with her arms folded. "Don't make a fuss, it's just a lovebug. Just flush it away with water."

Soon, the sound of flushing the toilet came from the bathroom.

Yareli walked to the sink and kept rinsing her mouth.

Then, she came out and looked at Kathleen with a grim face.

"What on earth happened to me?" Yareli was stunned.

Seeing that Samuel was standing aside, her face became even more embarrassed.

Samuel was indifferent and expressionless.

“You fell into a coma. Don’t you remember?” Kathleen asked coldly.

Yareli sat on the bed. “I only remember that I was trying on clothes in the fitting room of a mall. Suddenly, a woman with the same face as me walked in. Then, I don’t remember anything, even until now.”

She still felt scared thinking about it.

Kathleen sneered, “That’s because someone pretended to be you.”

Pretended?

Yareli bit her lip. “Who? Who dares to do such a thing?”

“A lot of people,” Kathleen said quietly.

Like me.

Kathleen said indifferently, “Since you can’t remember it, it doesn’t matter. You are not important anyway.”

As she opened the door, Rory pushed Vanessa in.

Seeing Yareli, Vanessa cried out excitedly, “Yareli!”

“Mom?” Yareli was shocked.

Why is she here?

They hugged each other.

“What on earth is going on?” Yareli asked in surprise.

Vanessa explained, “Lauren wanted to murder me. But I was rescued by Clarissa and handed over to Kathleen.”

What?

“Then what about me?” Yareli wondered.

“You were framed to be the one who tried to murder Kathleen and her daughter,” Vanessa said agitatedly.

Yareli gritted her teeth. "What? It must be the woman who looks exactly like me!"

Kathleen said coldly, "The woman who looks exactly like you is Nicolette. Yareli, as long as I don't show up now, you are a murderer."

Yareli paused. Then, she asked, "How are you never going to show up?"

Kathleen smiled sarcastically. "I can. It doesn't matter what I do as long as I can watch you go to jail."

Yareli roared, "It's Nicolette who wants to murder you! She hates you to the core."

Kathleen's eyes were sharp. "Don't you hate me? Don't you want me to die?"

Yareli was at a loss for words.

Of course I want to!

If Kathleen's dead, Samuel will look at me!

Kathleen said indifferently, "So you two are the same. In short, as long as I don't show up, you will be locked behind bars."

"You!" Yareli was angry.

Kathleen sneered at her. "Also, I can start over with a different identity, and it will have no effect on me. Anyway, Kathleen in the legal sense has been blown up by you, and when your case is settled, nobody will care who I am."

Kathleen made Yareli's face contort with fury.

Kathleen gazed coldly at Vanessa and asked, "Have you made up your mind?"

Vanessa pursed her lips. "You have to let Yareli go."

Kathleen's eyes were cold and sharp. "You made a lot of requests. You want me to save her, and now you want me to let her go. Believe it or not, I will murder you two here!"

Vanessa and Yareli trembled together.

Kathleen lost her patience. "I can save you or murder you, so don't take it too far!"

"Kathleen, as long as you're willing to let Yareli go, I won't just attend any press conference. I can even help you sort out Luna Zeller."

Luna Zeller was the name of Old Mrs. Hoover.

Kathleen narrowed her eyes. "So you are finally working with me now?"

Vanessa looked at her faintly and said, "I want you to help send Yareli to Turlen. Do you agree?"

Kathleen smiled coldly. "Then it depends on your sincerity."

Vanessa paused and said, "Don't worry, I'm full of sincerity! Just let me have a few words with Yareli alone, okay?"

Kathleen and Samuel glanced at each other, and they then turned to go out.

Yareli said agitatedly, "Mom, how can you promise them this?"

Vanessa said calmly, "Listen, Yareli. When you reach Turlen, go and see your biological father immediately. I've informed him a long time ago. He won't just leave you out to dry, and you will not suffer if you stay with him."

"My biological father?" Yareli furrowed her eyebrows.

Vanessa held her hand and continued, "Anyway, stop asking. Someone will pick you up when you get off the plane. I can see now that Nicolette is the most ruthless one. So, just leave this place."

"What about you?" Yareli asked worriedly.

Vanessa explained, "I'll be fine. Kathleen won't murder me. At most, she will send me to prison, so don't worry."

Yareli said anxiously, "That won't work either! Mommy, if nothing works, how about we go to Luna?"

Vanessa became furious. "Why don't you understand? Luna is already working with Nicolette. We can't trust her anymore! Otherwise, do you think Nicolette is capable of pulling off such a big stunt on her own?"

Yareli pursed her lips. "Why?"

Vanessa just realized and said, "Why else? Too many people know this secret. If you, me, and Uncle Zachary are dead, the only one left knowing will be Nicolette. By then, Luna will surely find a way to murder her."

Does Nicolette think that she can escape?

In her dreams!

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 417

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel)

Chapter 417

Chapter 417 The Winner Takes It All

A woman as vicious as Luna would never let anyone who owed her off the hook.

Hence, she was determined to stay and watch Nicolette suffer.

“Mom, I’m not leaving. I can’t leave you behind.” Yareli was reluctant.

“Stop wasting time and leave now!” Vanessa gritted her teeth. “Remember this, don’t try to save me or come back for me. Also, be more obedient to your biological father. All he has is a son and a daughter, who are younger than you, but no wife. As long as you use your head the right way, you won’t have to worry about your livelihood.”

“Mom.” Tears welled up in Yareli’s eyes.

“Listen to me. Leave now.” Vanessa caressed her daughter’s face and said, “Go.”

“All right.” Yareli nodded in response.

“Ask Kathleen and the rest to come here,” Vanessa said.

“Okay.” Then, Yareli turned around and left.

Moments later, Kathleen and Samuel entered the room with Charles in tow.

Vanessa stared at them coldly while she stated, “Kathleen, I want you to send Yareli to Turlen. She’ll never return to this country from now onward. What do you say?”

Kathleen replied flatly, “Okay. I agree.”

“Do you promise?” An icy expression shrouded Vanessa’s face.

“If you don’t trust me, we can call off our deal now.” Kathleen remained indifferent.

To that, Vanessa sneered, "You've probably figured out what happened by now, haven't you, Kathleen?"

"I'd still like to hear about it from your perspective," Kathleen replied.

Vanessa took a deep breath before she began. "It's simple. Luna is a jealous and narrow-minded person. After she found out about Trevor and your granny, she immediately set off to look for my father, Hector. Then, she told my father she'd collaborate with him on one condition. And that was to kill your mother."

Kathleen frowned upon hearing that. "Kill?"

"Yes!" Vanessa nodded before continuing, "However, my father was soft-hearted and left your mother at the entrance of the orphanage owned by the Johnson family."

"Soft-hearted?" Kathleen scoffed, "That's a load of crap. Would you still consider me soft-hearted if I provide medical treatment to you after I break all of your limbs?"

Vanessa was at a loss for words.

At that moment, Kathleen's expression darkened. "Surely he received some benefits from Luna. Why are you trying to clear his name?"

"Right. My father should have just killed your mother!" Vanessa narrowed her eyes.

If he had done so, there wouldn't be so much trouble now.

"That's right. That way, your sins would be concealed." Kathleen sniggered. "Karma has got you back for it now, but you would end up far worse if your father had actually killed my mother."

Vanessa gritted her teeth.

"Keep talking," Kathleen said. "How did you and Luna start to work together?"

Vanessa stared blankly at Kathleen. "Although my father sent your mother to the orphanage, he kept tabs on her all these years. He didn't expect Luna to catch on to that. At the time, your mother married your father and had given birth to Charles."

Just then, Charles' gaze turned sharp. "So, you're saying Luna was behind the incident when I got separated from my parents in the past?"

"Yes." Vanessa nodded lightly.

Charles clenched his fists tightly at that.

That Luna is too wicked!

“What about you two?” Kathleen stared directly into Vanessa’s eyes. “What did you and Zachary do?”

Then, Vanessa took another deep breath and continued, “We covered up her trails. You were Luna’s target after your parents passed away. However, no one expected that you would get taken in by the Macari family.”

Kathleen looked at Samuel silently.

It suddenly dawned on Kathleen that she could have died if the Macari family had not taken her in.

Naturally, Kathleen was grateful to the Macari family for raising her.

“Old Mrs. Macari did a meticulous job protecting you,” Vanessa said. “That’s why we couldn’t get our hands on you. Fortunately, you didn’t have too much interest in your mother’s identity. Thus, we didn’t have to kill you at once. We only made a move after you and Charles came back and started investigating.”

Kathleen coldly uttered, “What about Granny? Does her death have anything to do with you?”

“No. I never laid hands on your granny. It was her who wanted to end her own life,” Vanessa replied, shaking her head.

At that, Kathleen descended into a moment of deep thought as silence ensued.

“All I know is that she called Trevor over the phone before she passed away,” Vanessa answered. “Luna told me this herself.”

Kathleen pursed her lips.

She had nothing to ask anymore.

“Do you have proof?” Samuel stared at Vanessa without a hint of warmth. “Words alone are not enough. Do you have any evidence to back up your claims?”

“All the evidence is locked up in my overseas safety deposit box,” Vanessa answered.

“What’s the password? I’ll send someone to retrieve it,” Samuel said while wearing a glacial expression.

To that, Vanessa told them the bank where the safety deposit box was and her password.

Samuel had many powerful connections overseas.

He sent someone to the bank to retrieve the evidence with just a phone call.

“I’m curious, Vanessa. Didn’t my granny treat you guys well?” Kathleen croaked. “From what I know, she often doted on you and Zachary.”

Vanessa clenched her fists. “That’s why I didn’t want her to die back then! I just wanted her to remain unconscious for a while. I wanted to get all of the Yoeger family’s inheritance before taking care of her until her death. But you came back.”

Kathleen sneered coldly, “My mom never knew about her identity. She was only curious about why she got left behind at an orphanage. As for Granny, she suffered a deep longing for my mom over these forty years. They were both in the same city, but because of you guys, they never reunited!”

Vanessa muttered, “As the saying goes, every man for himself, and the devil takes the hindmost.”

“Hmph!” Kathleen scoffed. “So you’re saying I shouldn’t blame you for this?”

Vanessa fell silent.

“Why did you say I’m vicious then?” Kathleen chuckled coldly and continued, “I’m just letting others have a taste of their own medicine. You’re such a hypocrite, Vanessa. As the saying goes, the winner takes it all. So, you should admit you’re incompetent and not blame others.”

Vanessa lowered her gaze. “You’re right.”

It was indeed a total defeat for her.

“Nicolette has already killed Zachary,” Kathleen said unhurriedly. “So you guys are next in line.”

“What?” Vanessa’s eyes nearly popped out of their sockets. “That’s impossible. How could she kill her biological father?”

She did not believe Kathleen’s words at all.

“Believe whatever you want. I have no reason to lie to you.” Kathleen lazily glanced at her while speaking without haste. “All in all, I’ll throw you and your daughter out onto the streets if you don’t cooperate with me. I bet Nicolette will be ecstatic if that happens.”

Vanessa’s face fell.

Is Nicolette really so ruthless?

Then, Kathleen walked out of the room to allow Vanessa think her options through.

Samuel and Charles also left with her.

Meanwhile, at the living room, Clarissa was sizing up Yareli.

The latter furrowed her brows and said, "I've seen you before."

"Did you just remember that?" Clarissa questioned indifferently.

It was then that Kathleen approached them.

"Kathleen, what's with the female lovebug in my body?" Yareli roared.

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 418

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel)

Chapter 418

Chapter 418 Do You Accept

"Do you think I'll tell you if you question me with that tone?" Kathleen shot a poker-faced look at Yareli.

The latter was at a loss for words.

"Rory, send her back to her ward and lock her up," Kathleen said in annoyance. "Help give her a quick refresher since she doesn't know her place."

"Got it!" Rory replied before approaching to grab Yareli's arm.

"Let go of me!" Yareli struggled.

However, Rory did not loosen her grip one bit.

"You've gone too far, Kathleen!" Yareli hollered. "How dare you do this to me in front of Samuel?"

All that came from Kathleen was a snort.

“You don’t have to show her mercy, Rory,” Samuel chimed in.

“Understood!” Rory nodded.

She got more dauntless after receiving Samuel’s instructions.

Following that, Rory aggressively dragged Yareli to the latter’s room and tied her to her bed.

“I hate you, Kathleen!” Yareli roared.

Kathleen stood in front of the door while looking at the tied-up Yareli. “Rory, give her a sleeping pill. She’s too noisy.”

“Okay.” Rory nodded once more.

“Don’t you dare! Kathleen!” Yareli’s voice was deafening.

“Why wouldn’t I dare?” Kathleen scoffed.

Then, she took a sleeping pill and forcefully shoved it down Yareli’s throat.

“Mm-Mmph!” Yareli struggled with all her might but to no avail.

In a matter of minutes, she drifted off and succumbed to sleep.

After that, Kathleen instructed Rory, “Give her one sleeping pill everyday. Make sure she stays quiet until the day we ship her off.”

“Got it.” Rory nodded.

Kathleen then turned on her heel and returned to the living room.

Only Charles and Clarissa was there.

“Where’s Samuel?” Kathleen was puzzled as he was there just a moment ago.

That was when Charles pointed at the second floor, hinting that Samuel had gone upstairs.

Kathleen frowned.

“So, you’ve decided-” Charles looked at Kathleen and was hesitant to speak.

Pursing her lips, Kathleen eventually answered, “Charles, I think I do like him.”

"I knew it." Charles sighed.

"I'm not going to see you off, Charles. Goodbye." With that, Kathleen walked up the stairs.

A hint of bitterness caused Charles' handsome face to contort.

Clarissa asked curiously, "What's wrong, Charles?"

"I'm just thinking that maybe there's no need for memories of love," Charles said flatly.

"That's not necessarily true," Clarissa muttered. "Kate is behaving the way she is now because she fell for Samuel after she lost her memories. But there's no guarantee she'll still be in love with him after she regains her memories."

Charles fixed his gaze on her. "You don't know how special Samuel is to her. Especially after she heard how Vanessa said she would have died if not for Samuel and the Macari family's protection."

"But will Samuel accept a love that's heavily laced with gratitude?" Clarissa was curious.

"Of course, he will," Charles replied. "That's what he wants. To be linked to Kate in all ways so that she can't leave him."

Clarissa stuck her tongue out after she heard that. "What a strange man."

"He's very capricious too," Charles added. "All right, let's go."

"Okay." Clarissa nodded. Then, she followed Charles as they departed Florinia Manor.

Later, Kathleen went to the bedroom, but Samuel wasn't there either.

He just woke up. Why isn't he resting? Where on earth did he go?

She then stepped out of the bedroom and went to the study.

The door was left slightly ajar, revealing that the lights were switched on inside the study.

So, Kathleen pushed the door open and entered.

Inside, Samuel was sitting on a chair. His handsome face looked slightly pale and tensed.

"Is your wound hurting?" Kathleen asked in concern.

Samuel nodded.

"I'll go get your medicine. Let's dress your wound again," Kathleen said.

With that, she got ready to leave.

That was when Samuel abruptly shot up from his seat to approach Kathleen.

He inched closer, giving her no choice but to retreat backward until her back was against the door.

"You..." Samuel croaked. "I'm still angry with you."

Kathleen was puzzled. "Angry?"

"Yes!" Samuel's handsome and pale face looked displeased. "You made me pass out, took the risk, and went all alone. That's why I'm angry."

Kathleen flashed him an awkward smile. "Why are you angry? I've returned unscathed. Moreover, Desiree and I are fine."

"So you think I shouldn't be angry with you because you returned in one piece?" Samuel asked with a grim face.

"Y-Yeah...?" Kathleen replied hesitantly.

Although she tried to sound assertive, she was scared of Samuel getting angry with her.

However, she felt the sense of oppression that Samuel gave her was not as strong as before.

Could it be true that I'm not afraid of Samuel but scared of liking him, as he once said?

Now that Kathleen admitted to liking Samuel, the oppression that she felt before had vanished.

Samuel looked intently at her.

Kathleen balled her fists, not knowing what to do. "Tell me directly if you're angry with me and don't want to see me. I'll leave."

A frown marred Samuel's countenance.

"Bye then!" Kathleen turned around.

Before her hand could even touch the doorknob, Samuel hugged her tightly from behind.

Her waist was delicate and soft. On top of that, she gave off a faint fragrance that was pleasing to smell.

The situation made Samuel feel like the two had returned to the past before Kathleen lost her memories.

“Don’t leave.” Samuel sounded hoarse.

“Won’t I be an eyesore to you if I stay?” Kathleen chuckled bitterly. “You should be dancing with other girls and enjoying life!”

She tried to break free from Samuel’s hug.

That made Samuel wrap her in his embrace more tightly.

“You have such a big temper.” Samuel gazed at her meaningfully and said, “I’ve already explained myself. Why are you still jealous?”

Kathleen said nothing.

Thus, Samuel rested his chin on her shoulder and spoke hoarsely. “Kate, I’m just worried about you. I don’t want you to leave me again.”

Kathleen instantly turned around and said, “Maybe it won’t take long before you get sick of me, Samuel.”

“That’s not going to happen.” Samuel was certain. “I’ll never get sick of you. Ever.”

Kathleen raised her head as her bright eyes looked at him.

To that, Samuel returned her gaze without a word.

He then lowered his head to plant a feather-like kiss on Kathleen’s red lips.

“Hey! I didn’t say you could do that!” Kathleen protested coyly.

“But the look in your eyes...” Samuel murmured with slight hoarseness.

Says otherwise.

“Whatever!” With that, Kathleen turned to leave.

Samuel was rendered speechless.

Once again, he got convinced that girls had a fiery temper.

He eventually turned and went into the bedroom.

After a while, there was a knock on the door.

“Come in,” he said.

Subsequently, the butler entered the room, explaining, “Mr. Macari, Mrs. Macari asked me to redo your wound dressing.”

“Where is she?” Samuel questioned in a frigid voice.

“Mrs. Macari is having a conversation with Vanessa now,” the butler answered.

“Okay,” Samuel responded gently. “Please prepare some midnight snacks.”

“Right away, Mr. Macari.” The butler nodded.

After the butler redid Samuel’s dressing, he left the room.

Meanwhile, Kathleen gave Vanessa some instructions, then left the latter’s room to go to the living room.

It was not long before Samuel came down the stairs.

Seeing that, Kathleen deliberately snorted.

That made Samuel’s lips curl into a subtle smile. He then walked over to her and offered, “I asked the staff to prepare some midnight snacks. Have some with me.”

“I’m not hungry,” Kathleen rejected.

“I am, so accompany me.” Samuel grabbed her hand. “I can’t eat well without you.”

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 419

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel)

Chapter 419

Chapter 419 Trying To Act Pitiful

Kathleen gazed back at Samuel in silence, wondering how he was so skilled at making her swoon.

Her curiosity got the better of her, so she asked, "Were you always this good at acting coquettish?"

"Coquettish?" Samuel frowned, feeling bewildered, as he had always thought only women would do that.

"Yeah. Like what you did just now," Kathleen explained pointedly.

"No." Samuel held her hand and brought her to the dining hall, where he sat her down.

There was light supper on the dining table.

He picked up the cutlery with one of his hands and started eating the pasta.

Once Kathleen looked at his injured hand, a pang of sadness broke out in her heart.

When Samuel noticed she was staring at him with a look of guilt and misery, he asked, "Aren't you hungry?"

Lowering her head, Kathleen slowly began to eat the food.

Supper soon passed as a tired look crept onto Samuel's face.

When he stood up to leave, Kathleen rose to her feet too, saying, "Samuel, I'll walk you back to your room."

He stared at her impassively for a moment before nodding in reply.

They soon arrived at his bedroom. That was when Kathleen stepped forward and helped Samuel unbutton his suit.

Lowering his gaze to glance at her, Samuel asked uneasily, "Am I right to say that you're only willing to take care of me because I got hurt for your sake?"

His direct question caught Kathleen off guard.

She raised her head, shooting him a strange look. "Would you be angry if I said yes?"

Samuel kept mum.

"You're too greedy, Samuel." Kathleen continued chiding, "When I wasn't in love with you, you did everything you could to beg me to stay. Now, I'm giving you a chance, yet you're questioning my motive of staying by your side."

Samuel remained silent as he kept his gaze lowered.

“Get changed by yourself. I don’t care anymore,” Kathleen snapped, infuriated by his lack of response.

“Kate, don’t go.” Samuel panicked. “I won’t ask such things anymore.”

Turning around, she shot him an emotionless stare. “Really? I don’t believe it.”

He was rendered speechless.

She added coldly, “Samuel, sometimes it’s not good to care about certain things too much. Since I’m willing to stay, it means I’m sincere about it. If I didn’t want to stay, I wouldn’t even if you put on a pitiful act.”

He still didn’t reply to her.

Kathleen came over again and helped him remove his tie. “Be more obedient, okay? I like an obedient man. Even if you’re not, at least try to act like one.”

He responded gruffly, “Okay.”

Since she likes me to be obedient, I’ll act that way. I can’t go wrong as long as I obey my wife.

After removing Samuel’s shirt, Kathleen put her hand on his belt, causing him to purse his lips and blush.

Noticing the awkward atmosphere, she said, “What are you embarrassed about? We were married couple then.”

“It’s been a long time since I touched you,” Samuel croaked.

“Okay. Let’s not dwell on that. You were on bed rest for a week, and I was the one who took care of you. I’ve already touched and seen every part of you.” She wore a solemn expression.

He pressed his lips into a thin line. “Everywhere? Including there?”

“Y-You!” She saw red in embarrassment. “Of course! I needed to clean you while you were bedridden. Aren’t you a germophobe?”

Samuel was rendered speechless again.

She took off his belt and folded it before slapping it against her palm lightly. “Take off your pants.”

Upon hearing that, he let out an amused chuckle.

Kathleen immediately realized her ambiguous action and words as she roared angrily, "Samuel, you're a pervert!"

He looked at the ground. "Okay. I'll take them off."

Speechless, Kathleen certainly did not expect that helping him to get changed would be so troublesome.

I thought I was the one in control, but I was wrong!

Samuel soon changed into his sleepwear bottoms, and Kathleen helped him to put on a top.

"Samuel, were we also like this in the past? Whereby you would do whatever you want, and I could only follow along?" She held his black silk pajamas.

He pondered for a while before answering, "I think so."

It was true that Kathleen was very cooperative back then, and she had no complaints, just like a submissive wife.

Kathleen pursed her lips. "No wonder I got bullied by you, but I'm not the same as before."

Samuel smiled. "I like every side of you."

"Empty words," she remarked, not trusting his words.

"How do you want me to prove it to you? Gouge my heart out?"

Her brow furrowed.

"Do you want to see it?" he asked. "I can do it now."

This man is so annoying. Feeling speechless, she said, "Is your body made of steel?"

"Done." She finally finished assisting him into his pajama top. "It's getting late. You should go to bed soon."

However, Samuel slung his arm around her waist. "Kate, we still have a lot of time to be together."

"We'll see," said a chuckling Kathleen.

With that, she pushed him away and walked out of the room.

His lips curled into a smile. No matter what, Kate will always be with me. As long as she can stay by my side, I'm happy. That alone is more than enough. I'm satisfied with it.

The next day, Kathleen and Samuel brought Vanessa to Macari Group.

The press conference would be held at the company's building.

Samuel didn't allow Kathleen to disguise herself as Yareli or anyone else.

Thus, Kathleen could only wear a mask and a pair of shades, blending in with the crowd.

Many people came to the press conference that day as Samuel had invited almost every reporter from multiple media outlets in Jadeborough.

Samuel sat at a table, a hint of coldness flashing across his attractive face and deep, dark eyes.

Rory soon brought Vanessa forward.

The latter was in a wheelchair, looking somewhat pale with Bluetooth-enabled earphones in her ears.

She could hear Yareli's voice through the device.

"Mom, I've boarded the plane. It's about to take off. I'll turn off my phone soon."

"Okay." Vanessa nodded and ended the call, then looked toward Kathleen, who was sitting among the crowd.

Kathleen had her arms crossed in front of her chest as she stared back at Vanessa placidly.

Yadiel was ordered by Kathleen to send Yareli to Turlen.

Vanessa knew that if she dared to mess around, Yadiel would immediately kill Yareli.

I can't believe Kathleen would resort to such vicious tricks. She's grown up too fast.

After taking a deep breath, Vanessa announced, "I'm here today to clarify something to all of you."

The journalists looked on quietly.

“Everyone knows my relationship with Kathleen Johnson. Her mother, Rebecca Johnson, was actually the daughter of my adoptive mother, who was the deceased Old Mrs. Yoeger and Trevor Hoover,” Vanessa continued.

Everybody was astounded.

Although the Hoover family was not based in Jadeborough, many people knew about them.

“When my adoptive mother married my father, he knew she was already pregnant,” Vanessa added solemnly. “Everyone knew about this. Later, my adoptive mother gave birth to a daughter, but after a few days, that girl was abducted. It was actually my father’s doing, but he did that because someone asked him to do so.”

Everyone was dumbstruck again, not expecting that someone had the power to threaten Hector.

“That person is none other than Lu— Ugh!”

Bang!

A gunshot was fired at Vanessa’s forehead, causing her to fall forward and slump onto the table.

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Chapter 420

Chapter 420 Be The Scapegoat

The sudden gunshot caused chaos.

Kathleen immediately stood up and walked over to Vanessa while Samuel checked on Vanessa and found that she was no longer breathing.

Tyson had sent people to go after the shooter, and the other subordinates dismissed the reporters at the scene.

Looking at Vanessa, who got shot in the forehead, Kathleen uttered flatly, “I didn’t expect her to die like this.”

Samuel replied indifferently, "It seems like Luna doesn't want Vanessa to tell the truth."

"Does she think killing Vanessa is enough to hide what she's done?" Kathleen scoffed. "This only proves that she's feeling guilty."

"We should wait for Tyson's findings before doing anything."

Kathleen turned toward Rory. "Take her body away."

"Got it." Rory nodded.

After a while, Tyson came back with the other subordinates.

Judging from his expression, one could tell he had failed to capture the shooter.

Kathleen took a deep breath. "Luckily, we still have a piece of evidence to prove Luna is the mastermind."

"You mean the piece of evidence left by Vanessa?" Samuel inquired in a deep voice.

She nodded. "Ask your men to work on that piece of evidence. Otherwise, we'll be the scapegoat for the death of Vanessa."

"Don't worry. We won't get blamed for this." Samuel nodded in response.

"These people are getting more and more daring." Kathleen clenched her fists.

I won't let them off!

Half an hour later, the evidence kept by Vanessa was disclosed to the public, and it implied that Luna was the mastermind.

What was more unexpected was the plummet of the Hoover family's company stocks.

Even the company's market value dropped by billions.

When Kathleen got the news, she went to meet Samuel and asked, "Was it you?"

Samuel nodded, admitting that he was the one who caused the drop in numbers.

Kathleen widened her eyes in surprise.

"Why are you so shocked? It's merely a minor thing," Samuel stated self-mockingly, as his health condition did not permit him to help her in things that involved physical strength.

Hence, he figured he could use his intelligence to assist her.

“A minor thing?” Kathleen stared at him with her arms crossed. “If it were my company that lost billions in an hour, I would’ve gone berserk.”

“Don’t worry. I’ll help out if your company faces any trouble,” Samuel promised.

“Gosh! Knock on wood!” She frowned. “My company is going to have a ribbon-cutting ceremony after a few days. Try not to say anything negative about it.”

Samuel’s lips curled into a smile. “Then, I wish for you to earn more money and take care of this useless person.” He pointed at himself.

Kathleen had no words to reply to him.

Meanwhile, a lady with a gorgeous appearance arrived at the Hoover residence. Then, another woman opened the car door for the former. “Old Mrs. Hoover is waiting for you.”

The gorgeous lady nodded.

When she reached the door to Luna’s room, she knocked before entering.

Upon seeing her, Luna stated with an impassive countenance, “Your face seems well sculpted.”

The gorgeous lady touched her face and grinned in confidence. “It’s all thanks to your great help, Old Mrs. Hoover. You found a good doctor for my plastic surgery and to treat my legs.”

“Since I’ve done so much for you, you should do something in return,” Luna said frostily. “Why is Vanessa still alive?”

“She’s dead now.” The gorgeous lady seemed a bit anxious.

“But she left evidence, didn’t she?” Luna was displeased. “Now the evidence implies that I’m the culprit. If you want me to continue to help you, you need to come up with a solution to this.”

“Old Mrs. Hoover, since Vanessa has died, we can blame everything on her and say that the evidence is fake.” The gorgeous lady explained, “Besides, even though Kathleen has obtained proof, they haven’t confronted us yet. That means that the evidence isn’t enough to prove that you’re the one who did it.”

Luna did not say a word, considering her suggestion.

The gorgeous lady felt slightly nervous. “What do you think, Old Mrs. Hoover?”

"Since you know what to do, go ahead and carry out your plan," Luna ordered as her gaze darkened. "Now, the problem is, what should we do with my grandson?"

"I'll think of a way to take Zion back, Old Mrs. Hoover."

"No, he's useless now. I want the daughter of Samuel and Kathleen."

What?

The gorgeous lady was stunned as she felt that mission's difficulty was a tad high.

"Why? Can't you do it?" Luna stared at the lady with her sharp, piercing eyes.

"Yes, I can." The gorgeous lady nodded. "Old Mrs. Hoover, don't worry. I'm sure I can do it."

"Go ahead then," Luna ordered. "Time waits for no one."

"R-Right away!" The gorgeous lady walked out of Luna's room.

The other woman, who opened the door for the gorgeous lady earlier, said, "Ms. Yoeger, this way, please. I'll send you out."

The gorgeous lady's expression turned sour. "My name is now Ashley Zeller. I'm the niece of Old Mrs. Hoover. Don't get my name wrong!"

"I understand," the woman said awkwardly before sending her to the door.

The woman then went to Luna and helped massage the latter's shoulders. "Old Mrs. Hoover, can we really trust Nicolette?"

"She bears a grudge against the Yoeger family. And she did her recent work pretty well, didn't she?" Luna replied coldly. "I don't care if Kathleen has evidence or not. I just want my grandson safe and sound."

The woman nodded.

Still, Luna continued menacingly, "Kathleen keeps going against me, so I need to find someone to deal with her. I won't let Kathleen off!"

"Yes, she's too arrogant," the woman agreed.

A cold glint flashed across Luna's eyes. "Trevor's never forgotten that woman. She must die for stealing my man! Since her descendant wants to avenge her, her descendant must suffer as well!"

The woman nodded.

When Ashley exited the Hoover residence, a car came to a stop in front of her.

Then, a man got out of the car.

When she saw the man's face, her eyelid twitched.

What's she doing here? Wyatt silently mused as he walked over to her.

"I never knew the Hoover family had such a beauty like you," he flirted.

Ashley raised her gaze. "Who are you?"

"Are you Ashley Zeller?" Wyatt sized her up.

She nodded. "Yes, I am."

"Luna mentioned you to me before. She wants us to have a marriage of convenience." Wyatt stared at her. "Are you interested?"

"You're pretty direct." Ashley fiddled with her fingers.

"I don't like beating around the bush." Wyatt asked coldly, "I need a wife now. What do you think?"

"I think we should start as friends..." Ashley extended her arm to shake hands with him. "Wyatt Watson."

Glancing at her hand in disdain, he scoffed, "I don't want to play games with you. Since you still need time to consider about it, take your time then. I don't want to wait."

With that, he entered the car and left.

Ashley was rendered speechless by his abrupt departure.

She assumed Wyatt was attracted to her appearance, but he was actually interested in her identity.

I didn't expect my identity as Ashley Zeller would come in handy. This identity alone is enough to cause Wyatt to think about having a marriage of convenience with me. I wonder who this Ashley is. If she's that important to the Hoover family, why did Luna ask me to impersonate her? How strange.