

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 501

“No!” Kathleen stared at Samuel with all seriousness. “Do not come here!”

Samuel gazed at Wyatt. “I make a much better hostage than she does. Remember how your father and brother were thrown behind bars? Even the leaders here have to show me respect. You’ll have an easier time escaping by holding me captive instead of her.”

Wyatt knew he would have a tough time getting out of there that day. Kathleen was too cunning. On the other hand, Samuel was injury-ridden, so Wyatt reckoned Samuel would not dare to do anything foolish.

“Okay.” Wyatt nodded in agreement.

“No!” Kathleen glared at Samuel. “I do not agree!”

Samuel gazed at her tenderly. “I’ll be fine. Move along now.”

Kathleen took a deep breath. “How much more suffering do you plan to let yourself endure?”

Samuel was stunned.

Tears rolled down Kathleen’s cheeks. “You’ve harmed yourself previously and almost lost your life. Then, your hand was crippled because of me, not to mention the injuries to your legs. That’s enough, Samuel. That’s truly enough. You’ve sufficiently redeemed yourself!”

His heart ached as he looked at her. “I’m really fine. Please, don’t cry.”

He ambled forward.

Kathleen bit her lip. “Wyatt!”

“What’s the matter?” Wyatt narrowed his eyes.

“Go to hell!” She bellowed angrily.

Kathleen suddenly turned around and stabbed his abdomen with a dagger.

Wyatt was dumbfounded.

She grasped his gun-wielding hand, gave it a forceful twist, and the gun instantaneously slipped through his fingers.

Samuel's reflexes were quick. He grabbed the gun with his left hand, took aim, and fired three consecutive shots at Wyatt.

Little did Wyatt anticipate things to take such a sudden turn. His eyes were still widened in utter disbelief when his body fell to the ground.

Samuel walked up to Kathleen's side and pulled her into his embrace. "Are you all right? Did you sustain any injuries?"

She shook her head while glowering at him. "You're crazy! You're not allowed to do something like this again!"

The situation would have turned dire if I did not prepare myself in advance.

"Silly girl. I was informed through the phone when Wyatt entered earlier. I've already assigned a sniper to standby at the opposite skyscraper. The sniper was ready to end his life with one shot if he moved," he explained.

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Kathleen frowned. "I did not know you'd already made all these arrangements!"

Samuel patted her head. "It's all right, as long as you're fine."

She pursed her lips. "Tell your men to clean this place up. There's no need to resuscitate Wyatt either."

Samuel nodded. Then, he left the tasks to Tyson.

Kathleen looked sideways at Clarissa, who was lying on the bed. "I'm afraid Clarissa has never imagined her family members to be so ruthless."

Samuel held Kathleen's hand. "Wyatt's subordinates have been completely dealt with. I'll let your brother address the rest of the issues."

"Thank you." Kathleen felt grateful.

"You never have to thank me." His voice was deep and magnetic. "I'm doing all these things because I love you, not because I seek your gratitude."

She smiled faintly. "I got it."

Soon, everything returned to normal in the ward.

Even the blood on the floor was gone.

Charles returned in a hurry. "Are any of you hurt?"

Kathleen shook her head.

"That's good then." He let out a sigh of relief. "I did not expect Wyatt to resort to such desperate measure."

"That was his final chance, after all. Did you meet with Grandma?" Kathleen asked.

Charles nodded. "Yes, and I've clarified everything with her. I'll have to trouble you to care for her in the future."

"There's no trouble to that." Kathleen curled her lips. "I'm more than pleased to take care of Grandma!"

Charles bobbed his head.

"Charles, Samuel, and I will return to Jadeborough in the next few days. I'll frequent here to follow up on Clarissa's progress. When her condition stabilizes, I'll perform the surgery on her."

"Okay. Thank you for the hard work." Charles nodded.

"Don't mention it. We'll be leaving first then." Kathleen left the hospital with Samuel.

They went back to the hotel, packed their belongings, and were ready to go.

They arrived at Jadeborough in the afternoon the next day.

Kathleen arranged for Betty to settle down in her mansion and brought her kids over as well.

Betty was very happy to see Eilam and Desiree.

The two children were extremely adorable.

Kathleen beamed slightly at the sight of them surrounding Betty.

She gazed at Samuel. "Aren't you going home to visit your family now that you're back?"

Samuel sat down. "This is my home."

Kathleen chuckled. "Grandma and Mom will be so sad to see you behaving like this."

He said casually, "I'm staying here to accompany you."

"I think you should go back to visit them. Then, you can return here again. Also, tell them to come here to have a meal together tomorrow. What do you say?" Kathleen suggested.

Samuel remained silent.

"Okay. I'll accompany you to go there later." Kathleen felt helpless.

Only then did he nod his head. "You said it yourself."

"What other choice do I have aside from saying that?" Kathleen uttered in resignation.

Samuel kept quiet. Then, he massaged his temples. "Kate, my head is hurting."

Kathleen was rendered speechless.

He's becoming more adept at utilizing this tactic.

Kathleen and Samuel went to the Macari residence after they finished their dinner.

Diana's condition seemed to have improved further, as her cheeks appeared more flushed and radiant.

"Grandma," Kathleen greeted her cheerfully.

Diana was delighted to see Kathleen. "I'm glad that both of you are back."

"How are you, Grandma?" Kathleen asked in concern.

"I'm feeling much better." Diana wore a benevolent smile.

"Grandma, why don't all of you come over to my place tomorrow and have a meal together? I wish to introduce my other grandmother to you," Kathleen elaborated.

Diana grinned. "Sure. I want to meet with her too. So many years have passed. I'm afraid it was long since we last met."

Kathleen was astounded. "You two know each other?"

"We only met once in the past," Diana explained.

Realization dawned on Kathleen. "I see. So that's the case. Well, it's decided then. I'll come and pick you all up tomorrow afternoon."

"Okay." Diana nodded.

Wynnie smiled as she looked sideways at Samuel. "After much difficulties, it's a good thing that you've successfully brought my daughter-in-law back."

Samuel did not say a word.

"Don't lose her this time," Wynnie reminded.

Samuel responded gruffly, "This time, I won't."

After that, Samuel and Kathleen left the Macari residence.

The next day, Betty said to Kathleen, "Kate, I want to pay my respect to your parents at the cemetery."

Kathleen fell into a momentary daze before replying, "Sure."

She immediately gave the orders to make the necessary arrangements.

Then, they arrived at the cemetery.

Andrew and Rebecca were buried together.

Tears streamed down Betty's face as she stared at the yellowing pictures on the tombstone. "Andrew, I'm sorry for being so late. Please forgive me for only finding you now."

Kathleen's eyes reddened as well. "Be mindful of your health, Grandma."

Betty took a deep breath. "I'm fine."

She was merely overwhelmed by the urge to cry.

Just then, someone's voice was heard. "Mrs. Lester, it has been a long time since we last met."

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Betty turned around and fell into a daze. "Theodore."

Theodore strode over and gazed at the picture on the headstone. "Andrew resembled you."

Betty remained silent.

Kathleen frowned. "Grandma, you two know each other?"

"We've been friends for many years," Theodore said solemnly.

"Given the choice, I'd not have the slightest inclination to be friends with you. I heard you fired a shot at my granddaughter?" Betty uttered coldly.

Theodore froze momentarily before responding awkwardly, "That's a misunderstanding. I did not know her identity at that time."

Betty said icily, "Theodore, after all the bad things you all have done, you'll be faced with retribution sooner or later."

He replied in a self-deprecating tone, "Retribution? I've already met mine. My son died a few years ago."

Betty asked frostily, "Why are you here?"

Theodore turned to look at Kathleen. "I'm here to meet with you."

Kathleen knitted her brows. "Me?"

He gazed at her. "You need to be more careful."

"What do I need to be careful of?" Kathleen was confused.

Have I not dealt with everyone who needs to be taken care of?

"Explain yourself!" Betty demanded in displeasure.

"Yareli. She blames you for Vanessa's death," Theodore reminded.

Kathleen frowned slightly. "How did you know about that?"

"She found me. She wanted to collaborate with me," he explained.

Kathleen uttered indifferently, "I can't believe she still hasn't given up."

"Vanessa's death has nothing to do with you. I think Yareli is just a lunatic." Betty furrowed her brows.

“Rest assured, Grandma. I’ll handle that problem.” Kathleen did not wish for Betty to be worried about her.

Betty grasped Kathleen’s hand. “I think these people are being ungrateful.”

“That’s right,” Kathleen agreed.

Theodore merely stared at her in a solemn manner. “I’ll be leaving now.”

“Hold on. Aren’t you going to avenge your son?” Kathleen gave him a meaningful look.

He smiled. “My son has been avenged.”

Kathleen was taken aback. “Don’t tell me Trevor is…”

Theodore regarded her with a poker face. “This person no longer exists in this world. That’s all.”

Kathleen pursed her lips. “I know I should not be meddling in the grudges between you two, but…”

Theodore elaborated, “He felt rather remorseful. He regretted treating your grandmother in that manner. However, life is a collection of choices and decisions. It is difficult for us to turn a new leaf after making one significant mistake. He gave you all those things to make it up for your grandmother.”

“I will not accept them,” Kathleen stated.

“That’s your problem then.” He turned on his heel.

“Where are you going?” Kathleen asked in curiosity.

Theodore paused. “I don’t know. I’ll leave that to fate now that I’ve avenged my son.”

He had already lost the will to live.

With that, Theodore turned around and left.

Kathleen let out a deep sigh. “It’s unexpected that Trevor really died.”

Betty said, “People like him deserve to die.”

Kathleen nodded in agreement.

“I guess Theodore is planning to go to that place.” Betty speculated.

“Where?” Kathleen was eager to know.

“His wife’s hometown. She came from Jedayton. I suppose he will probably go there.” Betty sighed.

Kathleen could not help but ask, “Grandma, how did you two know each other?”

“We grew up together, but there’s nothing romantic between us. We are just friends. I was informed when he was married and blessed with a son. His wife died because of Luna,” Betty explained.

Kathleen was shocked. “That’s unbelievable.”

“Their grudges were deep-seated. He’s a pitiful man, actually.” Betty sighed again.

Kathleen pursed her lips. “Let’s go back, Grandma.”

“Okay.” Betty nodded.

They got into the car and went to the Macari residence.

Diana and Betty were excited to be reunited.

The two of them had met many years ago.

Although they did not chat for long then, the two women got along well.

However, they did not have a chance to meet again after Betty went overseas.

Their previous encounter prompted both women to feel as if they had been friends for a long time instead of newly-met acquaintances now that they were reunited.

Kathleen felt relieved as she watched them talking happily.

Diana invited Betty to stay.

Betty found it difficult to refuse the invitation and had no choice but to agree.

That night, Kathleen exited the bathroom after she was done showering.

Samuel frowned while browsing through something.

She sat down beside him. “What are you looking at?”

“Eil and Desi will be starting school soon. I’m helping them to select a school,” he replied solemnly.

Kathleen took a glance and noticed Samuel was surveying all the best private schools.

She asked, "Is it that difficult to make a choice?"

Placing her to sit between his legs, Samuel explained, "This school provides relatively good basic education while this one focuses more on their students' self-development."

"I think Eil's talent will go to waste if he attends the first school. Desi, on the other hand, is suitable. Eil is more fitted to go to the second school," Kathleen expressed her thoughts.

"Yes. Moreover, I sought Eil's opinion earlier," Samuel said.

"What did he say?" Kathleen was curious.

"He wishes to go overseas."

"Go overseas?" Kathleen was stunned. "How can he leave our side at such a young age?"

"Kate, I haven't agreed to his suggestion yet."

She pursed her lips. "But are you considering that option?"

"I promised Eil to respect all the decisions he makes," Samuel answered.

Kathleen fell silent.

"Kate, if you do not want him to go abroad, I'll let him know," he comforted her.

She shook her head. "No, it's okay. If that's truly what he desires, I'll respect his decision too. I just think that Eil seems to have lost the sense of happiness as a child. He's too mature for his age."

Samuel held her hands. "If you're worried, we can accompany him there."

"But there are too many places that need us." Kathleen's eyes reddened.

They were not only Eilam's parents but also had many other responsibilities and commitments.

Still, Kathleen could not possibly be so selfish as to request Eilam not to go abroad.

If Eilam really wanted to go, she would undoubtedly be supportive as well.

Samuel comforted her, "The transportation system nowadays is very advanced. We can meet with him at any time."

Kathleen nodded. "You support his decision to go overseas, am I right?"

"Yes." He bobbed his head. "He can choose what to do with his life. Moreover, I think his decision is not bad."

Feeling a little dejected, she asked, "What if Desi is the one who wants to go abroad?"

"I will not stop her either. I wish for them to have the power to choose how they want to live their lives. They are our children, so we should have faith in their decisions. Don't you think so?"

She pursed her lips. "I can allow Eil to go overseas, but he needs to be a few more years older."

Samuel sensed that was Kathleen's extent of compromising. He nodded. "Okay. I got it."

Kathleen glanced at the pamphlets of the schools on Samuel's legs. "I'll bring them to visit these two schools tomorrow and let them choose for themselves."

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The next day, Kathleen brought Eilam and Desiree to school.

In the morning, Samuel had discussed with Eilam, telling the boy that they hoped he would only go abroad a few years later.

Eilam did not object to that as he knew Samuel and Kathleen's concerns.

Therefore, he thought that he could go overseas after he graduated from elementary school.

Only then did Kathleen breathe a sigh of relief.

When they arrived at the school, they had a tour as they checked out the school.

Eilam was rather satisfied with that school, and Desiree liked it as well.

Hence, Kathleen immediately proceeded with their school enrollment procedures.

From tomorrow onward, they would study at that school.

After that, Kathleen brought them out of the school.

“Kathleen!” An angry voice came from the side.

As Kathleen glanced to the side, she saw Yareli dashing over with a knife in her hand.

Feeling worried that her two children would be harmed, Kathleen reached out to grab Yareli’s hand.

While they struggled against one another, the blade cut Kathleen’s hand.

Unfortunately, Kathleen did not have anyone with her except for the driver.

The driver got out of the car and wanted to help Kathleen.

However, two more people rushed over to abduct Eilam and Desiree.

Gritting her teeth, Kathleen ignored the pain in her hand and gripped Yareli’s wrist before lifting her leg to kick Yareli in the abdomen.

“Ouch!” Yareli collapsed onto the ground, clutching her stomach in pain.

Kathleen looked toward the two people.

They didn’t have the guts to do anything rashly, so they exchanged a glance with each other, then scurried away hurriedly.

Kathleen snorted coldly and looked at the driver. “Call the police!”

“Okay.” The driver called the police at once.

After that, Kathleen yanked Yareli up from the ground.

“Let go of me!” Yareli wailed, struggling against her grip. “Kathleen, I won’t let you get away with it.”

“Save it! Wait until you’re out of prison before threatening me!” Kathleen mocked indifferently.

Yareli gritted her teeth.

“How dare you assault me. I’ll make you pay for this,” Kathleen continued frostily.

“Spend the rest of your life in prison and repent.”

“Why should I repent?” Yareli barked in anger. “You killed my mother!”

Kathleen scoffed, "I'm not the one who killed your mother. She deserved to die anyway."

She did not want to waste any more time talking to Yareli, so she asked the driver to find a rag to stuff the woman's mouth.

Before long, Samuel arrived.

He had a frosty look in his eyes as he stared at Yareli, who was restrained by Kathleen.

When Yareli saw him, she struggled even more forcefully.

"I can't believe she hopes that you'd save her," Kathleen ridiculed.

Samuel replied in a solemn tone of voice, "In her dreams. She's overthinking it."

"I've asked the driver to send the kids back home first," Kathleen explained.

He nodded in reply.

Soon, the police arrived at the scene.

Not wanting to spend more time, Kathleen cut to the chase as she reported, "This woman has a grudge against me. She wanted to harm me with a knife. I hope she would be severely punished."

"Don't worry, Mrs. Macari." The police then arrested Yareli and took her away.

Looking at Kathleen's injured hand, Samuel said, "I'll send you to the hospital."

"It's nothing," Kathleen replied placidly. "Yareli is really at the end of her rope. I didn't expect her to attack me on her own."

"She brought this upon herself." Samuel held her hand gently. "You need to see a doctor."

With that, he pulled her into the car.

Left with no choice, Kathleen sighed.

After they arrived at the hospital, the doctor checked on Kathleen and stated, "It's a superficial wound."

"That's right. If we'd come here any later, the wound would have healed on its own," Kathleen said pointedly, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

The doctor's expression turned awkward.

Samuel was rendered speechless.

The doctor then helped Kathleen to bandage her hand.

Moving her hand, Kathleen felt that her movement was slightly hindered by the bandages.

Samuel grabbed her wrist, stopping her. "Don't move."

"Okay." She smiled wryly. "It's really not painful anymore."

Samuel didn't utter a word.

Holding her hand, he thanked the doctor and brought her out.

As they were leaving the hospital, they bumped into Richard.

When Richard saw them, he wanted to say something, but Kathleen ignored him as she walked off immediately.

Samuel glanced at Richard impassively. "I also can't persuade her."

With that, the former strode off as well, leaving Richard behind.

Samuel took the elevator down to the car park.

Kathleen was already waiting for him in the car.

Soon, he got into the car. "He had taught Miley a lesson before you and Gemma came back."

"It doesn't matter." Kathleen faintly began, "Samuel, Gemma told me that she would never patch up with Richard."

He fell silent.

"Gemma wasted seven years on him, Samuel. Seven years," she continued coldly. "Besides, I know Gemma did not simply say that out of anger. She was dead serious."

Samuel nodded. "I understand."

"And..." Kathleen pursed her lips. "Recently, Federick and Gem are quite close with one another. If they date each other, I'll give them my full support."

Samuel was taken aback. "Federick and Gemma?"

“Madeline is much better now, she supports them too,” Kathleen explained. “Gemma was deeply hurt.”

As Samuel stared at Kathleen, he grabbed her hand and kissed it all of a sudden. “Kate, thank you for giving me a chance.”

She was stunned by his sudden action. “Gemma had given Richard a chance before.”

But Richard did not treasure her.

Samuel nodded. “I know. You reap what you sow.”

...

That night, Kathleen received a call from Gemma.

“Kate, did Richard go and see you?” Gemma asked in a low voice.

“He didn’t dare to pester me,” Kathleen answered. “How are you?”

“Kate, what kind of love are people searching for?” Gemma pursed her lips. “Federick proposed to me today, and I-I... accepted it.”

“Federick is a very good and gentle person.” After a pause, Kathleen added, “You’re not someone who makes impetuous decisions as well.”

“Federick is really so gentle and forbearing. He told me if I regretted my decision, I could tell him about it. But Kate, I thought about it for a while, and I think I don’t regret it at all.”

“That’s good then.” Kathleen’s lips curled into a smile. “Are you happy with him?”

“Yes, and I feel relaxed whenever I’m with him,” Gemma responded sincerely. “Kate, I have a feeling that it won’t be a wrong decision this time.”

“Yes.” Kathleen nodded in agreement.

“It’s getting late. You should rest early. Good night.” Gemma ended the call.

Kathleen put down her phone as well and gazed at the scenery outside with a serene expression.

Samuel came over and wrapped his arms around her from behind, his chin propped on her shoulder. “What are you thinking about?”

“Samuel, it’s indeed true that everyone’s relationship is different. Gemma is much more carefree than I have expected she to be. She’s accepted Federick’s marriage proposal.”

Kathleen turned to glance at him. "Can you talk to Richard and ask him not to disturb Gem anymore?"

Samuel croaked, "Kate, I think I can't convince him unless he gives up on his own."

When he thought of Gemma's resoluteness, he was reminded of what he had done to Kathleen in the past.

If Kathleen had made the same decision as Gemma, I'd never have the chance to reconcile with her

"Kate," Samuel called huskily.

"Yes?" Kathleen blinked at him.

"I love you." He lowered his head and landed a kiss on her lips. "I'll make it up to you for the rest of my life."

"Samuel, from now on, we don't owe each other anymore. Let's live happily together." She cupped his face with her hands.

Gazing at her deep in the eye, he promised, "Mrs. Macari, I'll love you till the end of time."

"Me too." Her glimmering eyes curved as she smiled. "Mr. Macari, I love you."

"I love you too."