

## Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 9

### Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel)

#### Chapter 9

"That won't be necessary. Old Mrs. Macari is in poor health, so it would be better if you don't tell her, lest she worry for me," Kathleen said.

"Have you been alone throughout the years?" Gemma hung her head low as she sat beside Kathleen.

"I suppose," Kathleen replied.

"You suppose? What does that mean?" Gemma was confused.

Kathleen smiled ruefully.

Ever since marrying Samuel, she was mostly alone even though it seemed as if they lived together.

"Kathleen, you're quite lucky. You at least have Old Mrs. Macari." Gemma sounded depressed. "My brother and I are different. Neither of us was of legal age. Nobody wanted to adopt the both of us together, so we were forcefully separated when adopted by different families."

"So that was what happened." Kathleen pulled her lips into a thin line.

"Jeez, why am I even telling you this?" Gemma's expression reverted to its former state. "I need to go to a night shift at the hospital later on. You take care."

"It's fine. I'll leave after getting some rest." Kathleen knew she shouldn't have met up with Gemma, for both of them had varying degrees of post-traumatic stress disorder.

Their parents' passing had caused great hurt to their young and fragile hearts.

Because there were hurt that would never heal, these kinds of people had come to a tacit agreement to not meet up with each other.

Without meeting each other, they would never be forced to recall those painful memories.

“Kathleen!” Gemma sounded slightly exasperated, causing Kathleen to pause for a moment.

Realizing that she might have said that a little too loud, Gemma softened her tone. “It’s fine. This place is your home too. I have clean clothes in my room, so you can put them on after taking a shower. There’s still some oatmeal that I made last night in the kitchen. Have some after heating it.”

Gemma went to get changed as she spoke and was ready to leave after putting on her coat.

“Gemma, are you working in a hospital now?” asked Kathleen.

“I work as a nurse now.” Gemma didn’t look back. “Kathleen, I’ve already moved on, so it’s fine. It’s okay even if you have troubles that you can’t talk about to me. Just stay without worrying about anything else.”

She left after saying that.

Kathleen heaved a long sigh.

She knew both Gemma and her were dealt the heaviest blows during the incident because both of them had witnessed first-hand the horrible death of their parents.

Kathleen’s eyes reddened as she was on the verge of tears, but she managed to force them back when she lowered her head to check the blood on herself.

She entered Gemma’s room and took a change of clothes before going into the shower.

After showering, she checked on her belly in the mirror before reaching a fair hand out to caress it softly. “Do not fear, my baby. I will protect you!”

To her disappointment, tears still fell when she recalled the fact that it was Samuel who had put her in such danger.

Samuel will never care about my state of being. He must be all lovey-dovey with Nicolette in his arms while in the hospital.

On the road, Samuel was leaning against his Maybach while puffing on a cigarette.

He was chain-smoking, so cigarette butts were littered all over the ground around him.

It was almost the break of dawn, but he had yet to uncover Kathleen’s whereabouts.

His fingers gripped her phone tightly as his heart trembled nonstop.

Will she die? Will she disappear from my life entirely? No! I won't allow this to happen!

"Mr. Macari!" Tyson ran over to him. "We've found the drunken man who abducted Mrs. Macari."

"Bring him over," Samuel ordered in an aloof tone.

When two bodyguards brought the drunken man over to him, the man was already battered and bruised all over his body and face.

"What have you done to that woman?" Samuel lifted his gaze, a distant look in his eyes.

The drunken man was jostled awake and was aware that Samuel wasn't someone he could afford to cross, so he said, "I've done nothing."

"Chop his hand off." Samuel didn't even blink.

One of the bodyguards immediately unsheathed a dagger.

Upon noticing that Samuel was being serious, the drunken man fell to his knees before Samuel while begging for mercy, "Please don't chop my hands off! I'll tell you anything!"

"Speak." Samuel looked intimidating.

"I was in a bad mood because I just had a divorce. Lust overtook me when I saw a beautiful woman standing beside the road, but I didn't do anything to her. A man saved her and brought her away as soon as I dragged her into an alley."

"Which hand did you use to touch her?" questioned Samuel.

The drunken man dared not answer his question.

"Chop both his hands off since he doesn't have the guts to reply." Samuel's exquisite jawline was tensed up as he maintained a cool, refined look.

"No, please don't! It's this hand!" The drunken man raised his left hand.

Still smoking, Samuel said, "How dare you lie? You touched her with both hands. Chop them both off."

The drunken man nearly fainted from shock.

Why ask if you've already made up your mind?

"Argh!" Just when the drunken man was spacing out, the bodyguard chopped one of his hands off with a clean swipe of his dagger, causing the man to howl in agony.

The other bodyguard covered his mouth before his other hand was also chopped off.

“Discard this scum to a deserted place,” ordered Samuel with a stern voice.

“Yes, Sir!”

The two bodyguards left, dragging the drunken man away with them, while the other bodyguards stayed behind to clean up the scene.

“Check the surveillance footage of the back alley and find out who rescued Kathleen,” Samuel instructed in a detached manner.

Just when Tyson was about to make a call, he got an unexpected call.

“Hello?” Tyson picked up. “Who are you?”

“Are you Kathleen’s family?” asked Benjamin distantly.

“Is Kathleen with you?” Tyson frowned.

Samuel narrowed his eyes as he snatched the phone away from Tyson. “Where’s Kathleen?”

Benjamin was startled. “How are you related to Kathleen?”

Samuel replied sternly, “I’m her brother.”

“All of her family members are dead. She doesn’t have any surviving relatives.” Benjamin didn’t believe in that. “Who exactly are you?”

“How did you manage to track down Tyson?” Samuel was displeased.

Why would he call Tyson when I should be the one who’s closest to her?

“I got his phone number from the emergency contact list Kathleen has filled during the recent years.” Benjamin was unfazed. “Can you pass the phone back to Mr. Hackney?”

It’s not me but Tyson, who she listed as her emergency contact?

Samuel didn’t feel good about it at all.

While passing the phone back to Tyson, he said emotionlessly, “Ask him about Kathleen’s whereabouts.”

“Understood.” Tyson took the phone and asked Benjamin where Kathleen was.

“She’s safe, but I need to confirm this with her before I can tell you her whereabouts. I will contact you again.” Benjamin hung up after saying that.

Tyson didn’t know what to say as he looked at Samuel with a gloomy look. “Mr. Macari, he said he would have to check this with Mrs. Macari before he could tell us her whereabouts.”

“Start an investigation about the caller.” Samuel sounded impassive. “I want information about him before the sun is up.”

“Yes, Sir.” Tyson immediately sent someone for the investigation.

All the while, Samuel puffed on his cigarette, still feeling disturbed deep down.

Although he had found Kathleen, he had no idea what her situation was.

Why didn’t she contact me if she’s fine? Shouldn’t she have come to me first and foremost after such a grave incident?