

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 14

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“Kathleen?” Samuel frowned.

Why is she covered in blood?

“Are you hurt?” Samuel walked to her, stretching his hands to touch her.

“Get lost!” Kathleen shoved his hands away. “Don’t use the same pair of hands that touched your mistress on me!”

Samuel’s face was a mix of dark emotions. “What do you want, Kathleen?”

Nicolette’s face turned pale. “Kathleen, I know you’re unwilling to divorce Samuel. But he has already promised to compensate you. You shouldn’t be too greedy.”

Kathleen walked over and picked up a fruit knife.

“Kathleen! What are you trying to do?” Samuel walked over.

“Stop there!” Kathleen clenched her jaws and lifted the knife in front of her. “Samuel, stay where you are!”

Samuel paused in his actions, and his face darkened. “Put the knife down!”

“You’re in no capacity to order me around!” Kathleen’s eyes reddened. “You have no idea what I went through!”

Samuel frowned again.

“Benjamin is severely injured for saving me and is lying unconscious in the hospital ward.” Kathleen’s lips trembled. “The person who wanted to hurt me is sent by either you or her. But I’ve already agreed to the divorce, Samuel. Since it can’t be you, it can only be her.”

“Nonsense!” Nicolette’s face was pale white. “Why would I do that?”

“You know it deep down in your heart. Samuel would be widowed once I’m dead, and you can marry him officially.” Kathleen gritted her teeth.

“You don’t have any evidence! Moreover, how could you think that it’s me? It might be your enemies!” Nicolette retorted.

“Haha!” Kathleen sneered, and her eyes turned cold. “Nicolette, I’ve been living in the shelter Samuel built for me since I graduated from university. I have no contact with anyone else. Other than his grandma and mother, I’m all alone. How can I possibly have enemies?”

Nicolette pouted her lips. So Samuel has been so protective of her?

“Even if we assume it’s Samuel’s enemies, not many know that Samuel and I are married. On the other hand, he has been visiting you openly at the hospital recently. If his enemies wanted to take revenge, they should be looking for you, not me.” Kathleen’s eyes remained indifferent. “Nicolette, in this whole world, only you would hate me to this extent and want me dead!”

“N-No, it’s not me!” Nicolette was frightened out of her wits, and her face was bloodless. “Samuel, save me!”

Samuel focused his gaze on Kathleen. “Put the knife down.”

“Samuel, let’s get divorced.” Kathleen looked at him sorrowfully. “I’ll grant both of you your wishes.”

She lowered her hand gradually and threw away the fruit knife in her hand, walking out of the room.

Samuel’s eyes were full of worry while looking at her.

She mentioned that Benjamin got hurt for saving her. The blood all over her must be Benjamin’s. If it’s hers, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Samuel ran after her. “Kathleen!”

He stretched his hand to grab Kathleen’s wrist.

However, he did not expect Kathleen to faint the moment he touched her.

“Kathleen!” Samuel immediately carried her in his arms and dashed into the doctor’s office.

By the time Kathleen woke up, it was nightfall.

“You’re awake.” Samuel’s voice was deep and cold. “How are you feeling?”

“I’m fine.” Kathleen held onto the blanket.

"The doctor said that you fainted as you were too agitated, and your emotions fluctuated too much. You'll be fine after resting a night." Samuel's voice sounded detached.

"You shouldn't be here." Kathleen pursed her lips.

"If I shouldn't be here, where should I be then?" Samuel frowned. "Kathleen, I'm not as heartless as you think. Even if I don't love you, you're grandma's savior. I have the responsibility to take care of you."

Kathleen mocked at herself dolefully, "So you only treated me as Grandma's savior."

He has never looked at me as his wife.

"Why didn't you come to the City Hall today?" Kathleen's voice trembled. "I already agreed to the divorce."

"Let's talk about this some other time." Samuel was seemingly avoiding the question.

"You're still hoping that I can donate my marrow to Nicolette, aren't you?" Kathleen asked callously.

Samuel did not respond.

"I will not donate." She would rather be dead than agree to it.

Nicolette must have sent the killer. She wants me dead. My baby and I would be dead now if it wasn't for Benjamin. How could I donate my bone marrow to her?

She was determined to keep to her decision.

"If we do not get divorced, will you donate to her?" Samuel asked suddenly.

"No, we will definitely be divorced." Kathleen closed her eyes. "I don't want to continue living with you. Even if we continue our marriage, your heart's with another woman. Why would I want a marriage that's only in name?"

Kathleen was clear-minded and understood that when love was gone, it was gone for good.

There was no use no matter how she tried salvaging it.

Samuel said coldly, "Kathleen, you'd better take your time to consider this carefully."

"What's the matter? Do you think that I'll compromise just like this?" Kathleen sneered sarcastically. "You're as fearsome as the rumors say, Mr. Macari."

“Kathleen!” Samuel clenched his jaws. “I’ve said it! We can continue to be married. I just need you to donate your marrow to Nicolette.”

“Samuel, aren’t you too full of yourself? Did you think I would tolerate anything after loving you blindly for so many years?” Kathleen sat up straight, and her eyes were dull. “If Nicolette did not come back, I’ll donate to whoever you ask me to, but not her.”

Samuel stood up. “Kathleen, I would have been together with Nicolette long ago if it wasn’t for you. You stole three years of our time.”

A piercing pain shot through Kathleen’s heart. She lifted her head with her eyes filled with tears and laughed. “Stole? Samuel, I’m speechless at your behavior. If you had resisted in the first place, you might have got together with her long ago. How did everything become my responsibility?”

She came to a realization.

In Samuel’s opinion, it was all her fault.

She was the culprit for separating them.

“I’ve made my stand clear that I will not donate.” Kathleen’s heart went cold. “Mr. Macari, you can try pulling your tricks on me and see what you can get out of me.”

Samuel was shocked.

He had always thought that Kathleen was soft and undemanding.

In his eyes, she had no character or temper and was always gentle and obedient.

She had worshipped him like he was God, always admiring him starry-eyed regardless of what he said.

He loved the admiration.

However, he only realized today that it was not that Kathleen did not have a character or temper.

It was simply because she hid them well.

“I don’t want to see you anymore.” Kathleen turned her head away.

Samuel’s eyes darkened. “Kathleen, is that man so important to you? You even picked up a knife for him.”