

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 21

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Kathleen was having a fitful sleep when she was awoken by a biting cold presence.

Her gaze landed on Samuel, who was standing by her bed.

She was overcome with nerves and disbelief that he had actually returned.

Samuel regarded the squeamish Kathleen in an icily condescending manner. "You're pregnant?"

"No. Who told you that? Do you deny the lab test results?" Kathleen bit back as she worried her bottom lip.

"Then what is it that you're looking at?" retorted Samuel as he pointed at the tablet.

Kathleen pursed her lips. "I had promised to help Gemma out tomorrow by volunteering at a charity home advocating for autistic children. Do you find fault in me doing some background research beforehand?"

That managed to convince Samuel.

"What time will you be leaving tomorrow?" asked Samuel dispassionately.

"I plan to reach by ten o'clock."

Kathleen secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

That was a close call. Her pregnancy was almost revealed.

"Are you certain you're not pregnant?" Samuel reiterated.

"Of course. When have I skipped my birth control pills?" deadpanned Kathleen.

"That trip to the hot springs two months prior." Samuel could still recall it vividly.

Well, that was true indeed.

Kathleen had decided to head to the hot springs on a whim while Samuel had been there on a job inspection. Neither she nor Samuel had an inkling that either party would be present, yet both had met out of sheer coincidence.

It had only taken Samuel one look at Kathleen, enticingly flushed and bundled up in a bathrobe, for him to ravish her completely in his room.

In the heat of the moment, Samuel had forgotten to bring along his condoms.

He rarely used them, as a matter of fact, and relied on Kathleen's regular intake of morning-after pills.

After their night together, he had urged Kathleen to take her pills on time and hastily left for work.

Kathleen was so wrung out after the night's exertions that she failed to act on it immediately.

She had brushed off the reminder since she wasn't ovulating and promptly forgotten all about it.

Samuel had worn a condom the subsequent few times they slept together. Hence, she did not see the need in taking the pills.

Yet, a seed had been planted in her womb, and a new life took shape.

"You weren't around when I was taking my plan B pills the last time," explained Kathleen coolly. "I'll ingest them right now if you still doubt me!"

Kathleen then proceeded to retrieve a box of morning-after pills from the drawer.

The pill had almost reached Kathleen's lips when Samuel grabbed her hand, disrupting her. "Fine, I trust you. You haven't been feeling well lately. Taking these pills might only cause more harm than good."

"I hope the future men I meet won't let me suffer through this, unlike you! All you care about is your own pleasure regardless of my feelings."

Samuel was incensed.

Did I truly act irresponsibly? Still, it is true that Kathleen often has to be on Plan B pills.

"Without proper contraceptive measures, would you prefer to be as fecund as a sow?" countered Samuel.

"If a man were to truly love me, he would certainly have a vasectomy."

“Dream on. No man would commit such folly.”

“You’re so full of yourself that your opinions are skewed. I swear I’ll prove it to you by finding a good man for myself.”

“Believe me, Kathleen, when I say that such men are a mere figment of your wishful imagination,” quibbled Samuel.

How dare she compare me with her imagined good man. What is so bad about me anyway? Kathleen is given ample money to spend. Besides, her needs and wants, both in bed and in day-to-day life are well taken care of. What more is there to ask for?

“The good men out there are a dime a dozen. I can’t believe my poor luck to have met the only bad egg out there.” Kathleen fumed.

“This means that we’re fated then,” replied Samuel slyly.

Kathleen uttered self-mockingly, “As if! Curse my rotten luck. I must have been utterly blinded!”

Her mind must have been lust-addled to have pined after him for ten years.

Samuel huffed in displeasure.

Kathleen instantly sensed that something was off.

Recently, it seemed that she had inexplicably become more prone to losing her temper.

Based on her research, however, it could be that her mood swings were due to pregnancy hormonal imbalances.

Kathleen pinched the space between her eyebrows, deflated. “Whatever, I’m going to bed.”

She then proceeded to flop onto the bed, pull up the covers, and fell asleep.

Samuel grimaced.

The gall of her to instigate my anger then promptly snooze off like nobody’s business. She would not have dared to do so in the past. When did she become so gutsy?

Kathleen thanked the heavens for her quick wit in switching the birth control pills to vitamins.

She wouldn’t have proposed to take them right before Samuel otherwise.

Kathleen eventually drifted off and succumbed to sleep.

Samuel's glacial gaze was pinned on the bottle of birth-control pills.

What an eyesore. Best get rid of it. How am I not a good man?

If a good man was defined by his actions in not allowing her to consume birth-control pills, then so be it.

He would use a condom from this day forth.

After showering, Samuel lay in bed and turned to his side, taking in the view of Kathleen.

She was as soft and luscious as fresh peach and slept as soundly as an endearing tabby cat.

How is it possible for such an irresistibly adorable woman to exist? No wonder everyone seems drawn to her. Especially Christopher. The way he looks at Kathleen does not belong to that of an ordinary friend.

The mere thought of that did not sit well with Samuel, and he was compelled to wrap Kathleen in his embrace to soothe his unease.

"Let go of me you scum!" Kathleen shrieked as she struggled to escape from him.

Samuel frowned in dismay at the commotion, but Kathleen was merely sleep-talking.

"Leave me alone. I no longer love you. I'm going to find someone else whom I deserve," Kathleen whimpered in her sleep.

Samuel felt a twinge in his chest.

He couldn't seem to explain why those words made him so queasy.

Yet, there was nothing he could do but bear down on the discomfort.

The day dawned bright the following day.

Kathleen kicked aside her covers in frustration.

My entire body feels so warm!

The room's temperature was ridiculously high, even after factoring in the fact that the heater was still running.

Kathleen was drenched in sweat and felt as if she were being burnt alive when the weight of the covers descended upon her once more.

Kathleen was livid. Who is the annoying fellow?

She was preparing to kick aside her blanket again when she felt her limbs being restrained.

Her eyes fluttered open to reveal the close-up of a beautifully handsome face.

What in the world is happening here? When did I fall asleep in the arms of Samuel?

A smile tugged on the corner of Samuel's sensuous lips. "You're awake."

Kathleen disengaged herself from him and scooted to the corner of the bed, alarmed.

Some things never change.

She used to instinctively burrow into Samuel's arms before falling asleep and relished the feel of warming her icy feet on his thighs.

Samuel had been tolerant of her quirks and never once objected to them.

It turned out old habits were hard to break, even today.

"Excuse me, don't forget that we're about to get divorced. For propriety's sake, could you please keep your distance and sleep on the couch instead?"

Kathleen would have done so if not for her baby.

"Ladies first." Samuel scoffed.

"All right then," said Kathleen with gritted teeth.

The couch was wide enough for one anyway. As long as she kept to her space, it was unlikely that she'd fall off.

Samuel's face was drawn into a rictus.

She wouldn't have acquiesced to sleeping on the couch in the past. What has gotten into her?