

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 361

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Chapter 361

Chapter 361 Want To Spend Time With You

“Okay, then. Have you decided how to spend the rest of your time?” Even under such circumstances, Kathleen appeared aloof.

Her words paused Samuel in his tracks.

How do I want to spend the rest of my time? I want to spend it with you. Would you agree, though?

Noticing his expression, Kathleen was taken aback. “Why are you looking at me like that? Don’t tell me...”

“I won’t make things difficult for you,” Samuel assured. His handsome face was void of any emotions.

Kathleen froze.

He won’t make things difficult for me? That means he’s thinking about it.

“You decide on your own. It’s your issue, after all.” There was no warmth in Kathleen’s voice.

It made Samuel feel incredibly miserable.

Standing by the side, Richard could no longer watch on. “Ms. Johnson, you seem to have forgotten that you’re a doctor. Have you forgotten your duty?”

“No, I haven’t. However, Mr. Macari didn’t ask for my help,” Kathleen retorted with an indifferent gaze.

Immediately, Richard looked at Samuel.

“Do you know how to save me?” Samuel asked.

“I can’t promise you, but I’ll try my best,” Kathleen said carefully.

Giving her a meaningful look, Samuel uttered, "All right. I'll entrust my life to you."

"Let me warn you this. I'm not certain that I can cure you. If I run out of options, I'll tell you honestly. Don't you blame me when that happens," Kathleen cautioned.

"Don't worry. He won't blame you," Richard chimed in.

His words earned him a glare from Samuel.

Hey, I'm just helping you!

Samuel withdrew his gaze and turned to Kathleen. "Just do what you can."

Kathleen nodded. "Okay. Go and change now. I'll contact the experts on this matter so they can give their opinions on your condition."

Despite what she said, Samuel continued to look at her without moving an inch.

"Are you not busy with work?" Kathleen queried.

"I am."

"Then why aren't you leaving?" Kathleen was baffled.

"I'm dying soon. Can't I choose how I want to live?" Samuel returned the question calmly.

A frosty glint flashed through Kathleen's bright eyes as she paused momentarily. Then, she said, "I'm sorry. That was rude of me. You're free to do whatever you want, Mr. Macari. I'll take my leave now, as I have things to attend to."

With that, she turned and exited the room.

A dark look descended upon Samuel's face.

"Stop looking. She doesn't care about you," Richard remarked.

Samuel remained silent.

"Why don't you take this opportunity to request something outrageous? Maybe you can ask her to marry you again since you're dying soon," Richard proposed.

"She'll hate me even more if I do that. I'm content enough with how things are right now."

"I don't think so." Taking in Samuel's glum look, Richard teased, "Look at how miserable you are. You don't even look like yourself anymore! If Kathleen hadn't lost her memory, she'd be comforting you at this moment. Now, she's urging you to go to work because she doesn't even want to see you. Gosh, karma indeed bites back."

Samuel shot him a sharp look. "Whose friend are you? Mine or hers?"

"Yours, of course. But my girlfriend, Gemma, is Kathleen's best friend. Gemma thinks you deserve this."

Not wanting to talk to him anymore, Samuel stood up and left to change his clothes.

As Richard watched Samuel's tall yet lonely figure, he was at a loss for words.

In no time, Kathleen gathered the College of Medicine's experts in the conference room and showed them the scanned image of Samuel's heart.

Most of them spoke straightforwardly after examining it.

"The only way for him to survive is to get a heart transplant."

"Yes. There's no other way to cure him."

"The patient has a very frail body, so it will be very dangerous for him to undergo an operation. There's a big chance he would die during the process," Kathleen pointed out.

"If we use conservative treatment, there won't be much improvement."

"Considering his condition, he would be lucky to live for another six months. I think we'd better take our chance."

Just then, Richard cleared his throat and spoke up. "We have here an assessment report of the patient's health. It clearly states here that he is not suited to undergo major operations. If he does, he would need to recuperate for three years. However, his heart won't be able to hang on for that long."

Silence ensued in the conference room.

The experts exchanged glances without a word.

Seeing that, Kathleen stood up slowly. "The patient has to undergo surgery. However, his health has to be improved for us to do that."

Everyone turned their attention to her.

Tapping her slender finger on the laptop, Kathleen turned the screen toward them and announced, "So, I would like to ask everyone to help me with this plan."

Immediately, the experts turned their gazes on the laptop.

After reading its content, Richard was surprised. "Didn't X-9 appear on the black market two years ago?"

"That was X-7. It wasn't good enough."

Richard frowned. "How do you know that?"

"Because I'm the one who developed it," Kathleen claimed. "I know the pros and cons of each version, so I've been researching and developing X-9 recently."

"Wait, what are you two talking about?" The other people were lost.

"Yeah, what is this X-9 you're saying?"

Glancing at Kathleen, Richard said, "Let Dr. Johnson explain to you guys."

Kathleen's eyes twinkled, but she still spoke impassively. "X-9 is the newest version of a drug that can strengthen human cells' ability to regenerate. If the patient takes this medicine, his cell regeneration ability will be restored. That way, his body will recover in the shortest amount of time, and we'll be able to operate on him as soon as possible."

Everyone blinked at her in bewilderment.

"There's such a medicine?"

"Of course. There were a number of scientists who came up with this kind of medicine, but the effectiveness was quite terrible."

Suddenly, Xienna shot up from her seat. "I object! We can't let Mr. Macari take this medicine. It has never gone through clinical trials, so we can't use it on humans! Who will take the responsibility if something happens to Mr. Macari?"

Kathleen shifted her icy gaze to Xienna.

She remembered the latter.

Back when Kathleen was shot twice by Theodore and brought to the ship by Samuel, it was Xienna who operated on her.

It was true that Xienna was skilled in medicine.

However, Kathleen also noticed back then that Xienna liked Samuel.

“Can you propose a better way?” Kathleen asked flatly.

“Not for now. However, I will not allow you guys to treat Samuel like this!” Xienna fumed.

Richard couldn't help but raise his brows. “You don't have a say in this matter. As long as Samuel agrees to our proposal, no one else has the right to object.”

Xienna was rendered speechless.

With a frosty expression, Richard added, “Since you can't come up with any alternatives right now, are you going to keep Samuel waiting? Until when? Until you watch him die after half a year?”

Pursing her lips, Xienna remained silent.

Kathleen's voice sounded at that moment. “Dr. Zimmer is right. In the end, it is Samuel who makes the decision. If you guys have any other opinions or solutions, feel free to speak up. You may also go to Samuel directly and tell him about it. As long as he agrees, no one will stop you.”

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Chapter 362 Asking For Death

The people in the conference room had varying expressions.

None of them could come up with a better way.

The fact that Kathleen was standing there and hosting the meeting indicated that Samuel had entrusted the matter to her.

Therefore, they couldn't really object.

Nevertheless, Xienna was unwilling to comply with Kathleen, as she believed that the latter was harming Samuel.

Thus, before the meeting even ended, she walked out rudely.

Kathleen didn't really care, but the others looked somehow flustered.

Although Kathleen had divorced Samuel, it was clear that she still had feelings for her.

As for Xienna, although she was the family doctor Samuel had appointed, she was no special to him.

However, Xienna didn't think that was the case.

After the meeting ended, Richard helped Kathleen carry her laptop. With a smile, he commented, "Dr. Johnson, even if you don't cherish and care for Mr. Macari, someone else will."

She threw him a sideways glance and responded, "Isn't that a good thing?"

"Aren't you worried that she'll go to Mr. Macari and have you replaced?" asked Richard with a half-smile.

"That would be great. I'll be able to focus on developing X-9."

"Do you really think it can save Samuel?" Richard asked again.

"It cannot save him, per se. It will just help strengthen his body so he will be in the optimal condition to receive surgery."

After a short pause, Richard questioned, "Why don't you just tell Samuel the reason behind his severe heart problem? It's because the male lovebug left in his body has merged with his heart, thus overloading it."

"Even if I don't tell him, you will. Plus, he knows it very well himself."

The male lovebug was indeed the cause of Samuel's heart problem.

"You're scared that he would overthink once he found out, aren't you?" Richard suggested meaningfully, to which Kathleen made no response.

"I feel like you're quite concerned about him," Richard went on. "Even though you seem to have no feelings for him now."

"I do have no feelings for him." As she said that, Kathleen took her laptop from his hands. "I'll carry this myself, Dr. Zimmer."

Then, she strode forward.

Richard chuckled lightly. "Dr. Johnson, don't you want to take a look at your office?"

Confused, Kathleen turned around. "What office?"

"You're an incredible talent, so the College of Medicine is making much effort to make you stay. They have prepared an office for you," Richard explained.

"I don't have plans to work here," Kathleen said with a frown.

"That's true, but you said earlier that you would need lots of manpower and materials for your plan. They have all of that here. Come on, let's go and take a look," Richard urged. "The organization is funded by Samuel, anyway. It would be a waste to not use the office."

Speechless, Kathleen allowed Richard to lead her to the office.

Indeed, the College of Medicine treated her with much respect. They had prepared a huge and spacious office for her.

"Not bad, right? They know about your relationship with Samuel, so they don't dare to take you lightly," Richard remarked.

"I am quite a capable person on my own," Kathleen pointed out.

She didn't have to depend on Samuel.

"That's a given," Richard agreed. "It's just that the combination of those two factors makes you even more impressive."

Kathleen couldn't help snorting lightly. She had to admit that Richard was a smooth talker.

As they were talking, Kathleen's phone rang.

The moment she picked up the phone, Samuel's deep voice sounded from the other end of the line. "I just remembered something. A few years ago, you joined hands with Caleb and captured a man called Noles. After you got into the accident, Caleb abandoned Noles because he thought the latter was useless. I actually rescued Noles and kept him by my side all these years. Is there anything you would like to ask him?"

Kathleen was surprised to hear that. "You mean about me and Caleb?"

"Yes." Samuel's voice was heavily laced with displeasure.

Of course, Kathleen had to find out the truth. "I'll head over right away. Where do I meet you?"

"At the company. I'll wait for you here," Samuel said indifferently.

“Okay.” With a nod, Kathleen hung up.

“Did Mr. Macari call you over?” Richard asked.

“Yes. I’ll leave things here to you, then.”

As she turned around and left, Richard gazed at her figure intently and smiled without a word.

Meanwhile, Xienna arrived at Macari Group with the intention to tell on Kathleen.

When she walked into the building, a security guard stopped her.

“Do you have an appointment?”

His question irked her. “You’re saying I need an appointment?”

“Of course. Everyone who comes here needs an appointment. If you don’t have one, I won’t be able to let you in. That is the rule here.”

“Don’t you know who I am?” Xienna snapped. “This is not my first time coming to Macari Group!”

“Of course I know you, but that doesn’t change anything. Since you don’t have an appointment this time, you won’t be allowed to enter,” the security insisted sternly.

Xienna grew even more irritated upon hearing that. “Since you know who I am, you should know how important I am to Samuel. He won’t let you off if the urgent issue on hand gets delayed because you won’t let me in!”

Despite her words, the security was unfazed. “Mr. Macari did not give me any orders about letting you in for no reason, so I cannot do that.”

Frustrated, Xienna stomped her feet.

“Dr. Powell, if I were you, I’d call Mr. Macari and ask him to let me in,” the security prompted.

Xienna bit her lip, unwilling to give in.

It would be too embarrassing for her to call Samuel and ask him to let her in.

After all, she wanted a different treatment that could show how special she was to him.

This lowly security guard knows nothing!

Just as Xienna was contemplating what to do, Kathleen showed up.

She walked straight past Xienna without noticing the latter.

Abruptly, Xienna grabbed her. "Stop right there!"

Kathleen knitted her brows and withdrew her hand from Xienna's grip. "Are you asking for death?" she uttered coldly, making Xienna freeze on the spot.

"Who said you could touch me?" Kathleen added with disgust.

"You can't go in without an appointment!" Xienna warned.

Before Kathleen could even respond, the security interjected, "Ms. Johnson doesn't need an appointment."

Dumbfounded, Xienna blurted, "What did you say?"

"Ms. Johnson, Mr. Macari has instructed us in advance that you don't need an appointment to enter. This way, please," the security said politely.

"Okay."

Without a change in her expression, Kathleen went ahead.

"How come she can go in?" Xienna questioned with exasperation.

"It's an order from Mr. Macari, of course," the security replied. "He asked Mr. Hackney to remind us to be polite to Ms. Johnson. Whoever dares to offend her shall leave Jadeborough."

Xienna was in disbelief.

What? Didn't Samuel divorce her already? Why is he still treating her so well? Does he think she's the only one who can save him? That foolish man! Kathleen just wants to use him as a test subject. No, I can't let this happen. I won't allow Samuel to be harmed! I have to stop her!

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Chapter 363 Here For Your Money

Kathleen reached the door to Samuel's office and announced her arrival with a knock on the door.

The door was flung open soon enough.

Samuel was the one who opened the door for her. "The next time you're here, don't forget you're not obliged to knock."

Hearing that, Kathleen was stumped momentarily before responding, "No, that'd be too impolite."

Samuel gestured for her to step inside.

As she entered the office, her curiosity got the better of her. "Was I that ill-mannered in the past?"

"No, of course not." Samuel's voice was as deep as a bottomless pit.

"That's good, then. I really don't wish to be despised because of my attitude." A sigh of relief came from Kathleen's mouth.

It was heart-rending for Samuel to hear those words, though. "No matter what others say about you, you're one fine lady."

Gentle, soft, unyielding, and brave.

Samuel's praise left Kathleen dumbstruck for a second. "Thanks for the compliment."

Staring blankly at her, Samuel said, "Give me a minute. I'll settle something and then we can go meet that person."

"Had I known you're still busy, I wouldn't have come up here," grumbled Kathleen.

"Huh? Why?" Samuel's handsome face froze as he heard that.

Would she lose a limb for waiting a little while for me?

"You know, just now, I saw Xienna downstairs." Kathleen seemed to be insinuating something. "She was very worried about you, and she thinks I'm harming you."

Upon hearing that, Samuel knitted his brows. "Should I be held responsible for her actions?" An unfathomable grimace inundated his good looks.

Noticing him flying off the handle, Kathleen kept her lips buttoned and scanned her surroundings.

In an instant, her brows were all bunched up tightly. “During my last visit, I asked the doctor about my condition. She claimed that my kind of amnesia could be improved pretty easily if I were to frequently have contact with the people and places I’m accustomed to, but why am I not sensing any familiarities when I step in here?”

Samuel’s hoarse voice came in response. “That’s because you were seldom here.”

Nodding, Kathleen agreed to his statement, “Well, I can’t debate that. This is your workplace, after all.”

A feeling of bitterness crept into Samuel’s heart.

I should’ve allowed her to visit my office as often as she could back then. Ugh! It’s all thanks to that Nicolette.

Even so, Kathleen didn’t think too much, which only made Samuel feel all the more anguished.

Her current demeanor only meant one thing—there wasn’t even one bit of affection left for him.

Had she still harbored feelings for him, she would’ve long figured out the truth behind this. Never would she appear all calm and collected right before him.

Right then, Samuel’s phone chimed.

He picked up the call, only to hear Xienna sounding ever so aggrieved.

“Mr. Macari, I’m here to tell you something very important, but the security guards won’t let me through.”

That caused Samuel to raise a question. “What matter could you possibly have? You can say it over the phone right now.”

“Kathleen must’ve said something to you, didn’t she?” A wave of anger erupted like a volcano within Xienna’s heart. “Don’t listen to her, Mr. Macari! She’s full of nothing but lies!”

Then came Samuel’s frosty voice, “Really? But she hasn’t even mentioned anything. All I’m getting is that you’re so eager to begin pointing fingers.”

Xienna nearly choked on her own breath, listening to that.

“From today onward, you’re no longer the Macaris’ family doctor.” After dropping the forbidding sentence, Samuel ended the phone abruptly.

Surprised, Kathleen stood rooted to the spot, her mouth agape.

Samuel simply hung his head low as he continued burying his head in the pile of work.

As his towering figure was bathed in the golden sunshine, it was as though he was gleaming with warmth and radiant energy. Even so, never was that sufficient to dispel his chilling vibe.

He had always been portraying an icy and aloof bearing, after all.

“You’ve been staring at me for three minutes now,” announced Samuel as he checked the time. “Come closer if you’re that interested. I don’t bite.”

Feeling speechless, Kathleen quietly took a step back before slumping into the couch.

With his deep voice, Samuel inquired, “Now that you’re back, what plans do you have in mind?”

Casting a sidelong glance at him, Kathleen blurted out, “I’m thinking about starting a business.”

Samuel paused for a bit before asking another question, “What sort of business?”

“A pharmaceutical business.” Kathleen tried to elucidate her view. “I couldn’t recall the past, and I no longer yearn for my acting career. I thought I’d rather have a shot at what I’m good at.”

Samuel shot her a meaningful glance. “If you do want to give acting a go, you still can, actually.”

“No, forget it,” expostulated Kathleen as she shook her head.

“But you were so into filming in the past.” Samuel coaxed further, “Also, you graduated from a film academy, you know. Even if you really wanted to dive deeper into medical research, you can enroll in the College of Medicine. Acting and researching can always go hand in hand.”

“I tried hard, but I can’t seem to remember anything. Maybe I should really start over,” explained Kathleen.

“Huh? Where has all your confidence gone to?” As Samuel lifted his head, he revealed the ever-so-gentle gaze in his eyes.

One glance in his eyes was more than enough to be spellbound, so to speak.

There was a faint glint in Kathleen's sparkling eyes. "It's not a matter about my self-confidence, but rather—"

"You know, you've always rambled on about finally being able to follow your heart's desire and do whatever you want after the divorce." Samuel deliberately lowered his gaze as he spoke, trying to conceal the despondency in his eyes. "So if you still fancy acting, there's no harm for you to pursue it."

In actuality, he thought he could prevent Kathleen from leaving Jadeborough if she were to heed his advice.

After contemplating for a brief moment, Kathleen piped up, "Did I... really say that?"

"Mm." Samuel inclined his head. "All I could remember was you telling me the whole time that marrying me had cost you your career. You've always yearned to go on set."

Kathleen gave him a curt nod.

Leaping up from his seat, Samuel prompted, "Let's go."

"Oh? Already?" Kathleen was startled by that.

Directing his impassive gaze upon Kathleen, Samuel told her, "I can tell you're bored to death, and I know you don't want to be here waiting for me, so let's just head out right now."

Upon hearing that, Kathleen was flustered. "I merely didn't want to intrude into your work."

Staring at her elegant face, Samuel uttered, "You're not. In fact, you are my motivation."

Dumbstruck, Kathleen kept mum.

"Come on." Samuel tugged at her hand and led her out the door of his office.

Just like that, they held hands all the way to the elevator.

Tyson and the rest raised their heads from their desks as the duo walked past.

Could that be a sign of reconciliation?

"Have that couple reconciled already, Mr. Hackney?"

Heaving a sigh, Tyson shook his head in disagreement. "It'll never be that easy."

“Just so you know, there’s quite a number of women trying to latch onto Mr. Macari outside this building recently,” uttered one of his colleagues.

Another one chimed in, “Yes, I saw that, too. I think I’ve even seen some influencers among them when I arrived here this morning.”

As Tyson listened to the hearsay, he intervened, “Mr. Macari wouldn’t even spare them a peek. He’s a wolf, don’t you guys know?”

“Uh... I don’t think that’s a good criticism for him.”

“Wolves are one of the most loyal and faithful creatures on earth,” explained Tyson. “In this lifetime, Mr. Macari will never ever fall for someone else except Kathleen, so don’t even think of snatching his woman.”

“Of course, we wouldn’t!”

“I second that! We’re no fools, all right?”

“That’s good to know.” Tyson nodded in approval.

After Samuel and Kathleen boarded the elevator, the latter retracted her hand from Samuel’s.

Immediately, her eyes were imbued with caution.

Samuel, on the other hand, remained as composed as ever.

Deep down, Samuel was used to Kathleen belonging only to him.

As a consequence, he felt it was only right for him to keep her to himself.

It must have slipped his mind that Kathleen was no longer the same person as before.

“Sorry.” His croaky voice resonated throughout the elevator.

Kathleen did not reply to him.

The elevator soon came to a halt on the ground floor.

In a jiffy, Kathleen marched out of the elevator.

To be honest, she couldn’t help but feel enormous pressure each time she was with Samuel.

If Samuel wasn't the biological father of Eil and Desi, she would have never gotten involved in this hurdle.

Samuel trailed behind her.

The second the duo stepped out of the elevator, Xienna bolted toward them out of the blue and exclaimed, "Listen to me, Samuel. This woman lost her memory. She's not in any way in love with you anymore. Now, she's only trying to plot your demise so that her kids can inherit your entire fortune. She only has eyes for your money. Don't you see it?"

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Chapter 364 I Can Save You

A vicious cold look flashed across Samuel's eyes. "Is that so?"

"Of course!" Xienna nodded fervently.

Standing beside, Kathleen smirked and said, "So what if I only want the Macari family's money?"

"Did you hear that, Mr. Macari? She admitted it herself!" Xienna got emotional upon hearing that.

Meanwhile, Kathleen was at a loss for words.

"It seems like you're clueless. Five years ago, I gave all my assets to her. So, I'm actually working for her now," said Samuel coldly.

"W-What?" At once, Xienna and Kathleen froze at his remark.

In the meantime, thoughts began to cross Kathleen's mind. Huh? Is that true? Charles has never mentioned anything about that to me before.

As a matter of fact, Kathleen had enquired Charles about the past.

He was her brother, after all. Therefore, she genuinely believed that Charles would never lie to her.

Did Charles accidentally miss something out? It's possible that he left the details out intentionally as well, but either way, I'm not bothered. It's not like I'm financially unstable.

On the contrary, there was a change in Xienna's expression.

What? Samuel gave everything to Kathleen? How is that possible?

With a distinct voice, Samuel stated, "Get out of my sight. If I see you again, I won't be polite to you anymore."

Inwardly, Samuel did not want to repeat the mistake, as he did not want others to misunderstand that he had any feelings for Xienna.

He turned to the security guard and complimented, "You did very well."

"Yes!" Hearing that, the security guard was surprised and delighted.

"I'll inform the HR department to consider an increment for you." Samuel cast Kathleen a glance and asked in a hoarse voice, "Is that okay?"

"Why are you asking me?" Startled, Kathleen asked in return.

"Well, I work for you. Of course, I'll need to ask you beforehand," he explained calmly.

Kathleen was rendered speechless.

At that instant, it was rush hour in the evening.

The company's employees were gathering in the hall.

Hearing Samuel's words, all of them glanced at Kathleen enviously, as they could sense the deep feelings of affection Samuel had for Kathleen.

Xienna was so filled with jealousy that she almost went berserk. She yelled, "You know nothing, Mr. Macari! The X-9 that she mentioned is not a stable reagent. Even if she doesn't care about the money, she has no good intentions toward you!"

Samuel then flashed a piercing and frosty gaze at her before voicing, "So what? My life is hers. She can do anything with it. It's totally out of your business."

Xienna was bereft of speech listening to that.

Meanwhile, the crowd present there could not help but chuckle.

All of them shared the same thought as they watched at the side. Silly girl. She needs to have more self-awareness and learn to read the room. If she's smart, she would know what Samuel meant by that.

Nonetheless, Xienna remained obstinate and was still unwilling to give up.

"Samuel, trust me. I can save you," Xienna muttered pitifully.

However, she irked him so much that Samuel ordered the security guard to take her away.

"Yes!" Hearing his command, the security guard swiftly dragged Xienna and threw her out of that place.

With an icy expression, Samuel said to Kathleen, "Let's go."

Even so, Kathleen remained unfazed after hearing what Samuel had just said.

Recalling back, Samuel realized that Kathleen only displayed a shift of her expression at the time when he mentioned the transfer of his entire assets to her.

Subsequently, Samuel strode away, and Kathleen followed closely behind.

Upon stepping outside, Tyson drove the Maybach over.

"You may go home now. I'll drive." The look on his face remained frosty.

"Okay." Following that, Tyson emerged from the car.

Awkwardly, he stole a glance at Kathleen, only to see the lack of emotion on her delicate face.

Noticing that, Tyson merely kept mum.

I remember how sweet Kathleen was in the past. She was an adorable and kind girl; how things have changed! Now, however, she's behaving so cool that I could barely recognize her anymore. No wonder Mr. Macari looks dejected. He looks like he has been dumped. In some ways, this Kathleen in front of me is no longer the Kathleen in my memory, although they're the same person.

"Get in," Samuel uttered to Kathleen.

She hesitated and asked, "Where should I sit? The passenger seat? Or at the back?"

Hearing that, Samuel grabbed her arm and pulled her to the passenger seat.

He opened the car door and said indifferently, "Only you deserve to sit here. Don't ask again next time."

Kathleen nodded in response.

She then leaned over to enter the car.

Inwardly, Samuel understood that Kathleen did not do that on purpose.

He could not restrain his agitation, nevertheless.

Aren't my actions obvious enough? Why is Kathleen still playing dumb? I feel like she's challenging my limits!

In the car, Kathleen was exceptionally quiet.

She barely talked throughout the journey.

Samuel could feel an air of coldness surrounding him. He felt crestfallen as frustration slowly welled up inside him.

Not only that, the fact that Kathleen had lost her memory caused him to feel extremely helpless.

The mixed feelings surging in him caused him to get more and more irritated.

Soon, they arrived at a welfare center.

Kathleen got down the car and stood right in front of the center.

Looking around, she saw a huge arched sign at the door and read the words on the board inwardly. White Clouds Welfare Centre?

Samuel stared gently at her and muttered, "This is where your parents stayed back then."

Astounded, Kathleen asked, "My parents?"

"Yes. Both of your parents were orphans," explained Samuel.

Nodding her head, Kathleen responded, "I heard about it from Charles before. However, we have found my mother's family, right?"

"Yes." Samuel bobbed his head before continuing, "This place was closed down a while ago. But, then, I bought it and continue to operate it."

"I see. This place is pretty nice." Kathleen shifted her attention around.

"Let's go in," muttered Samuel in a low voice.

With that, Kathleen went inside and followed him to the main building.

That place was mainly used as an office, classroom, and dining area.

Next to it was a dorm where the orphans lived.

Meanwhile, on the field, a group of children gathered around a young man with a baby face.

"Nolan, could you please stay and play with us a while more?"

As a matter of fact, Nolan had spotted Samuel and Kathleen from a distance earlier.

He patted the kid's head lightly. "Be good. You guys play here for a while. I'll be back soon."

As soon as he finished his sentence, Nolan made his way toward them.

Standing behind Samuel, Kathleen asked in a low voice, "He's Noles?"

Samuel nodded in response.

"He has good looks," she murmured.

Hearing that, Samuel swiftly turned around and shot her a glare, only to see Kathleen sticking out her tongue at him cheekily.

Just then, Nolan was already in front of them.

"Mr. Macari," Nolan greeted before shifting his eyes to Kathleen. "Hello, Mrs. Macari. It's been a long time since I last saw you."

Kathleen blinked her eyes. "Samuel and I have been divorced for years."

"Sorry. I'm used to addressing you that way," justified Nolan.

Kathleen shrugged.

Just then, Samuel remarked coldly, "You can ask him anything."

"How about we go to the art studio? It's empty now, as there is no class there," suggested Nolan.

“Sure.” Kathleen nodded.

Noticing her enthusiasm, Samuel huffed in displeasure.

His reaction garnered a narrow-eyed look from Kathleen.

Did he just snort at me? We’re divorced. Why is he being so controlling?

Samuel was peeved by her reaction, although he knew that she was not really interested in Nolan.

Noticing their interaction, Nolan wore a skin-deep grin. “Come with me.”

Then, they followed Nolan to the art studio.

Inside the room, there were a lot of flower stands, the children’s work, and also some tools.

They then casually grabbed a chair and sat down.

Afterward, Kathleen locked eyes with Nolan and asked, “What’s your real name?”

“Noles. My new name is Nolan,” he answered accordingly.

“Which organization are you from?” Kathleen asked, puzzled.

The corners of his mouth twitched resignedly. “I don’t know, either.”

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 365

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel)

Chapter 365

Chapter 365 Scumbag

Kathleen looked at Samuel in confusion.

“Let him finish explaining,” Samuel remarked calmly.

“I was a member of Windwell Corporation from the beginning. Not long after I joined this organization, the leader asked me to infiltrate Lewis Enterprises and put poison in Samuel’s medicines. That’s all,” Nolan explained.

Taking out Theodore's picture, Kathleen asked, "Is he the organization's leader you're talking about?"

Nolan nodded. "Yes. That's him."

"Did he say anything else besides asking you to poison Samuel?" she inquired.

Shaking his head, Nolan answered, "No."

Furrowing her brows, she probed, "Then, how much do you know about Windwell Corporation?"

"I don't know that much about the organization. However, I can tell you one thing." Nolan gave her a level look and continued, "I heard the leader's conversation with Lauren by chance."

"What did he say?"

"The leader said since you're that man's granddaughter, he can do whatever he wants to you," Nolan replied.

Granddaughter?

Samuel murmured in a low voice, "Before you had amnesia, you've already found that the man who was in a relationship with Old Mrs. Yoeger also has the Hoover surname."

"Really?" Kathleen was flabbergasted.

Samuel nodded in response.

Nolan spoke up. "Mr. Macari, if there's nothing else, I'll head back first."

"All right."

Nolan stood up and left.

When he reached the door, he turned back and asked Kathleen, "Ms. Johnson, will I be hunted down by the organization?"

Kathleen froze for a moment before asking, "Do you even know which organization you're working for?"

Nolan was startled by her question.

"Don't worry. They have long forgotten about you," Kathleen reassured.

They have forgotten about me?

Nolan's expression darkened at once.

He had been living in seclusion over the past few years. He was on tenterhooks every day in fear of being hunted down by the organization.

Nevertheless, he did not expect that they had long forgotten his existence.

Nolan was an orphan who had no one else to rely on. He was used to surviving on his own until he was recruited by Windwell Corporation one day.

That gave Nolan a sense of purpose in which he thought that he had found a place he belonged.

However, they never took him seriously.

Kathleen seemed to read Nolan's mind at that moment. She comforted, "Look on the bright side. You can start a new life now that they have forgotten about you. Isn't that nice?"

Nolan let out a chuckle before replying, "Maybe."

With that, he turned on his heel and left.

Kathleen knew that Nolan needed time to process what had happened that day.

Looking at her solemnly, Samuel asked, "What do you think?"

"If Theodore is related to my biological granddad, I can only go to Granny and ask for clarification about this matter." A conflicted expression flashed across Kathleen's delicate face.

Samuel observed her with his keen eyes. "You don't want to see her?"

Nevertheless, she remained silent.

He knew that Kathleen was reluctant to contact the people she knew before her amnesia, even if they were her relatives.

Furthermore, she was also acting indifferently toward Charles.

She would only show her gentle expressions toward both Eil and Desi.

Standing up, Kathleen said, "We have to get to the bottom of this matter. Let's go."

Samuel swallowed hard as he called out, "Kate..."

Looking at him calmly, Kathleen uttered, "We should go now. I'll call Charles first."

Nodding, he answered, "All right. I'll follow your lead."

The moment Charles received Kathleen's call, he immediately rushed to the Yoeger residence.

Upon arriving, he saw Kathleen sitting inside Samuel's car.

"What's wrong?" Charles walked over with a deep frown on his face.

"Do you know why people feel apprehensive upon returning home after a long time?" she asked.

Charles was rendered speechless for a moment.

"Relax, Kate. She's our granny. She loves us very much. Even though you have lost your memory, she won't treat you badly. Besides, her Alzheimer's disease has been getting worse in recent years," Charles reassured her.

Kathleen pursed her lips. "Okay."

With that, she got out of the car.

Charles looked at her warmly. "Let's go."

Then, Kathleen followed him to the Yoeger residence.

Frances was over the moon knowing that Kathleen had come to see her.

Tears streamed down Frances' face when she saw Kathleen.

"My dear Katie!" Frances wrapped her in a tight embrace.

Kathleen tried her best to remain composed.

Nevertheless, when Kathleen felt the warmth from Frances, her tensed body gradually relaxed.

"Good girl. Thankfully you're still alive. I knew you wouldn't die because you're strong. Eil and Desi will finally have a mom." Frances shed tears of joy.

Kathleen nodded in response.

At last, Frances let go of Kathleen. Regardless, the latter's expression had changed slightly.

Frances was heartbroken when she learned of Kathleen's ordeal.

"Come. Let's sit in the living room." Frances took Kathleen's hand and led them to the living room.

Everyone took their seats.

Kathleen smiled faintly upon sitting down. "Granny, can you help me to identify this person?"

Then, she took out her phone and showed Frances the picture of Theodore.

Frances' face turned pale when she saw the picture. "That's..."

"Granny, do you know this guy?" Kathleen asked as she looked at Frances.

Even though Frances wanted to deny it at first, she eventually nodded after pondering it briefly. "Yes, I do know him," she admitted, sighing.

"Granny, who is he?" Kathleen was curious to find out the person's identity.

A hint of bitterness flashed across Frances' face as she spoke. "He's your granddad's elder brother."

What?

Kathleen looked at her in astonishment. "Granddad?"

"His name is Trevor Hoover. He's a scumbag!" Frances exclaimed coldly.

A scumbag?

"Trevor Hoover? That Trevor from Quilton?" Samuel finally spoke up.

Frances nodded in response. "That's him."

Kathleen frowned at Samuel's reaction. "Samuel, do you know him?"

"I've met him once before. However, I didn't think they were brothers as they don't resemble each other," he explained.

“Of course, they don’t look alike. They’re half-brothers. Furthermore, they aren’t on good terms as they publicly fought each other to be the head of the Hoover family. I met Trevor thanks to Theodore,” Frances replied.

“Why?” Kathleen inquired.

Frances let out a long sigh. “Back then, Theodore had the upper hand while competing for the inheritance. Trevor had amnesia after his accident, and that was when I met him. I didn’t know who he was, nor did I think much at that time. I was young, after all. By the time I found out that I was pregnant, he had also recovered his memories. After that, he abandoned me.”

Kathleen widened her eyes in shock. “Didn’t he say anything?”

Shaking her head, Frances said, “Alas, no. However, it’s all in the past now. I no longer hold a grudge against him. Kate, why are you showing me Theodore’s picture?”

“There’s something you don’t know, Granny. Theodore was the one who abducted me back then,” Kathleen answered.

“What? It was him?” Frances fumed.

Kathleen nodded.

Frances was seething with rage. “D*mn it! Even though you’re Trevor’s granddaughter, he has plenty of other descendants. Theodore also hates dealing with the children or grandchildren that Trevor cares most about. Why would he kidnap you of all people?”

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Chapter 366

Chapter 366 Did You Not Lose Your Memory

Hearing Frances’ words, Kathleen couldn’t seem to understand the reason for that as well.

“But now that I’m clear of this, it’ll make things much easier,” Kathleen replied.

She roughly knew how Theodore was going to use her, and it was all because she was Trevor’s granddaughter.

However, what Frances said wasn't wrong.

Trevor had plenty of descendants, and he had not once cared about the children that Frances had. Thus, it was impossible that Kathleen was the one he doted on the most.

Then why does Theodore have to go after me? Could it be that he couldn't deal with the children around Trevor, so he's trying to go after me instead?

She just couldn't understand it.

"Granny, did Trevor contact you?" Charles asked casually.

Frances shook her head. "After we broke up, we don't have anything to do with each other anymore. Why would there be a need for him to contact me? I cut all ties with him a long time ago."

Frances had always done things cleanly and decisively.

After breaking up with Trevor, she never wanted to be related to him again.

"Granny, I want to go and meet him," Kathleen said.

Hearing this, Frances was stunned and pursed her lips. "If you want to go, then go ahead. I won't stop you. You're already an adult. Besides, if Trevor is really the reason why Theodore is treating you like that, I do want to interrogate him and see if he can manage that brother of his!"

"Okay. I understand," Kathleen replied solemnly.

She then stood up.

"Kate, are you leaving?" Frances looked at her longingly.

"I'll come and visit you again tomorrow, Granny. I still have some stuff to attend to," Kathleen explained.

It was only then that Frances released her grip on Kathleen. "All right."

With that, Kathleen made her way out.

Charles sat down. "Granny, since Kate is busy, I'll accompany you."

"Okay," Frances replied with a faint smile. "Let's eat first."

"Okay." Charles nodded.

He then glanced at Samuel.

Samuel's handsome face looked exceptionally grim. He then turned and headed outside.

Kathleen was standing beside the car.

"Do you not want to keep in touch with people from your past?" Samuel's voice was hoarse. "Is it because you don't want to remember the past?"

Kathleen was stunned.

She turned around and looked at him.

"Do you not want to remember your past?" Samuel asked again.

"Can't I?" Kathleen's soft voice sounded exceptionally cold. She retracted her gaze as she continued, "Just by listening to what Charles said, I already feel so upset. If I really recovered my memory, I'm afraid that it would be too much misery for me."

Samuel clenched his fist, his jawline sharp and cold.

He knew that he couldn't force her.

As he looked at her, his entire body was in pain.

She was extremely reluctant to remember her past to the point that she would rather not be close to her family.

Guilt that was never before seen flashed across his dark eyes. "Kate, I won't force you like how I used to. If you're not happy, then I won't be in contact with you. But you don't have to give up on your family because of me."

Kathleen pursed her lips. "Samuel, would you agree to let me bring the kids away?"

Upon hearing this, Samuel froze.

"I don't like it here," Kathleen explained. "After everything is settled, can you allow me to bring the kids away?"

Samuel's handsome face darkened instantly. "Where do you want to bring them to?"

"Probably Pollerton," Kathleen replied. "Of course, I'm not making you cut ties with the kids. You can still see them, and they can come back to see you, but I just don't wish to live here."

“What about your family?” Samuel asked in a raspy voice.

“I’ll bring Granny with me,” Kathleen responded.

Samuel’s gaze darkened. “Then what about Grandma?”

“I don’t remember anymore. I was never related to her by blood, to begin with,” Kathleen replied coldly.

Samuel felt an excruciating pain in his heart.

The thing that he feared the most still happened.

He glanced at Kathleen and remained silent for a long while.

Meanwhile, Kathleen only felt her scalp become numb.

However, she had already decided on this long ago.

A cold aura exuded from Samuel as if he had just been through a thousand-year snowstorm.

Kathleen knew that he wouldn’t agree to it.

“All right.” There was an icy chill in Samuel’s low voice. “I promised you that I would respect you no matter what decision you make.”

“You’re agreeing to it?” Kathleen was surprised.

“Do I have a choice?” Samuel asked in a hoarse voice. “I can’t help it that I like you. I’m willing to do this.”

“Thanks then,” Kathleen thanked him.

Samuel gazed at her huge, bright eyes and asked, “Kate, how do you feel toward me now?”

“I don’t feel anything.” Kathleen blinked her eyes. “I know that it’s quite hurtful, but I still think that it’s better for me to tell the truth.”

Samuel felt a tight clench in his heart.

“It’s not your fault,” Samuel responded as he gazed at her clear eyes. “Get in the car. I’ll send you back.”

“Okay.” Kathleen nodded.

With that, she got into the car.

After calming himself down, Samuel also got into the car.

He then drove Kathleen back home.

After they arrived at Kathleen's house, Samuel didn't enter.

It wasn't because he didn't miss the children, but it was that he needed some time to calm down.

Kathleen's words were cold and hurtful, but he couldn't blame her.

She was extremely innocent after all.

Samuel gazed at her intently.

Kathleen unfastened her seat belt and said, "Goodbye."

Samuel nodded in response and glanced at her with an unfathomable look in his eyes.

Kathleen got out of the car and turned to leave.

She didn't look back, and neither did she long for him.

He was like a stranger to her.

If it weren't for Desi and Eil, she might have probably ignored him.

Samuel leaned against his car seat, taking deep breaths.

His heart ached terribly as if it was about to be shattered at any moment.

Retribution. This is retribution.

After thinking about it for a while, he drove off.

On the other hand, Kathleen entered the mansion.

When she entered, Desi rushed over and peeked behind her. "Mommy, Daddy didn't come back with you?"

Kathleen squatted down and explained, "Yeah. He went back."

A trace of disappointment flashed across Desi's face.

Kathleen also felt that she was being a little selfish.

Is it really right to bring Desi and Eil away?

Although she didn't have any feelings toward Samuel, the children did.

After all, they were personally brought up by Samuel.

Of course, he would be reluctant.

"He'll be coming over tomorrow," Kathleen comforted her.

"Okay." Desi nodded. "Then can I video call Daddy later?"

"Of course, you can." Kathleen patted Desi's head. "What would you like to eat? I'll cook it for you."

"I'm fine with anything that Mommy makes," Desi responded.

"All right." Kathleen nodded.

She then got up and headed into the kitchen while Desi continued playing in the living room.

Just then, Eil walked over with a tablet in his hands.

"Mommy, are you never going to remarry Daddy?" As the miniature version of Samuel, even the way that Eil spoke was similar to the former.

Kathleen paused for a while before nodding. "Yeah. I won't."

Eil walked over to her. "Forever?"

"Yeah. Forever." Kathleen nodded.

Hearing this, Eil sighed. "Mommy, aren't you going to think about it before answering me?"

"I don't have to think about it. I've thought about this long ago," Kathleen explained.

After a pause, Eil asked, "Mommy, could it be that you didn't lose your memory?"

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Chapter 367

Chapter 367 Someone Else

Kathleen found this a little funny. "Of course, I did lose my memory."

Eil tilted his head, looking at her oddly. "Hmm. Then I'll believe that you really don't want to remarry Daddy."

"Why?" Kathleen didn't understand.

"Because I was testing you," replied Eil with a shrug. "Based on your reaction, you seem to have no feelings for Daddy whatsoever."

Kathleen snorted. "Is it that obvious?"

He nodded.

Kathleen took a deep breath. "Eil, if I don't get back together with your daddy, will you hate me for it?" she asked.

"No." Eil shook his head gently. "As Daddy said before, you have the right to decide your future. He said that Desi and I should not hold you back."

Kathleen was surprised. "Samuel actually said such things to you?"

"Yeah," murmured Eil.

"When did he tell you this?" Kathleen was a little surprised.

"It was the day we were brought here," Eil replied. "Daddy said I am the older brother, so I need to take care of you and Desi. He told me to keep an eye on Desi to ensure she behaves well and to make sure that she doesn't force you and Daddy together."

Kathleen's heart softened. "He truly said this?"

Eil nodded again.

Kathleen smiled helplessly. "He really knows how to ease my burdens."

She remained silent for a bit before asking, "Eil, do you want to go abroad with me?"

A hint of surprise registered on Eil's face. "Do you want to leave, Mommy?"

Kathleen nodded. "When things have been sorted out, then we'll leave with Granny. What say you?"

Eil had a slightly distraught expression on his face. "If we all leave, then won't Daddy be left alone?"

Kathleen did not respond.

The boy pondered over this briefly before turning toward Kathleen again. With a serious expression on his face, Eil asked, "Mommy, can I stay behind?"

Kathleen was stunned. "Do you want to stay?"

"I want to accompany Daddy," said Eil morosely. "If we leave, then Daddy will be left alone. Won't that be sad?"

Kathleen looked at him, her expression solemn. "I will respect your decision."

"Mommy, it's not that I don't love you. I love you both!" Eil then proceeded to give Kathleen a hug. "Desi would definitely be willing to go with you. I'll stay here with Daddy."

Kathleen could feel a pang of hurt and discomfort.

Samuel has raised the boy well. He is responsible and very mature.

She patted his head. "I'm going to continue cooking. Why don't you go and play with Desi?"

"Okay." Eil then wriggled away from Kathleen and left the room.

Kathleen looked at the two children playing in the living room with a gentle but complicated expression.

Am I being too selfish? Should I think this through for the sake of the kids? But can those wounds really be healed? How do we even start over?

At the pier the next day, Kathleen stood there wearing a black trench coat and a pair of sunglasses.

A while later, a cruise ship arrived.

She walked over.

Several medical staff rushed out to push out a wiry-looking teenager who lay on a medical bed.

It was Zion Hoover.

She walked over and asked bluntly, "You are all hired by Axeworth Corporation?"

"No, we are not." They shook their heads in fright and denial. "We are just ordinary medical staff."

Kathleen said indifferently, "Then there is nothing more for you to do here."

The medical staff looked at each other.

Kathleen folded her arms and said, "If you think there is a problem, then you may take him back with you."

None of them made a sound.

Kathleen motioned for her own staff to come over and help Zion into the ambulance.

She turned around and walked away.

Among the medical staff, there was a woman wearing a mask. Her eyes glinted with a dangerous look.

Kathleen got into the ambulance and took Zion's pulse.

Zion is not doing well. It's no wonder Theodore is anxious.

She took out a vial with a blue-purple solution in it. After inserting it into a syringe, she carefully injected Zion with it.

Just then, Zion opened his eyes in a daze.

He saw a very beautiful woman injecting him with an unknown liquid.

"Let go of me!" Zion's tone was weak but imposing.

Kathleen's frigid eyes reflected his pale face. "I'd have more sense if I were you. If the needle gets embedded inside you, then I'm not going to bother removing it."

Zion paused.

Kathleen pulled out the needle and said coldly, "Continue struggling if you must. There's nobody here to help you."

Zion looked at her with obvious disdain.

"Theodore didn't tell you who I was?" queried Kathleen icily.

Zion did not speak.

"Giving me an attitude is pointless," tutted Kathleen. "If you mess with me, then I will make your life very miserable."

"I don't believe you will!" said Zion indignantly.

"How sure are you?" Kathleen smirked. "Do you know me that well?"

Zion could not respond.

"Did Theodore tell you something then?" Kathleen smiled meaningfully. "Speaking of which, I have no control over Theodore. But now that I have a hostage in my hands, I can do whatever I want."

Zion bit his lip. "You are not allowed to treat Grandpa like this!"

Kathleen laughed mockingly. "Why did you say nothing when he treated me thus?"

"What do you know?" Zion exclaimed indignantly. "Grandpa is a good man! I'd be dead if it weren't for him!"

"He may be a good person to you, but not to everyone else," said Kathleen nonchalantly.

Zion was very angry. "You are all bad people. I only trust Grandpa!"

Kathleen shrugged.

She could not be bothered to debate with a child.

Just then, Kathleen's phone rang.

She picked it up on the first ring.

"How is Zion doing?" came Theodore's baritone voice through the receiver.

"I just injected him with some medicine," Kathleen replied. "He's doing better and has since regained enough strength to argue with me."

"That's good." There was a long pause before Theodore breathed a sigh of relief. "I believe you've already asked your grandmother?"

"Yes," retorted Kathleen. "I know that she is linked to you."

Theodore smiled coldly. “Does she still miss Trevor?”

“No.” Kathleen shook her head. “She called Trevor a scumbag.”

Theodore smiled faintly. “Really?”

“Why would I lie to you?” Kathleen furrowed her brows. “I really wanted to ask. Why did you let Lauren drug Samuel and then cure him yourself?”

Theodore smirked before his tone turned deep again. “You little brat. If you have so many questions, why haven’t you looked into it yourself?”

“We had a deal. I’d help you treat Zion in exchange for the truth.” Kathleen then clicked her tongue in annoyance. “Do you think I’m letting this slide just because I know who you are?”

Theodore’s smile was sardonic. “Don’t worry; you will gradually learn about those things. You already know how you’re related to Zion, right?”

“So he’s my cousin?” Kathleen’s mouth twitched slightly. “Then we don’t share the same grandfather.”

“You just need to remember that being related by blood is enough.” Suddenly, Theodore’s voice became hushed. “I will tell you another secret.”

“Of course.”

“Your mother was indeed taken away by Hector Yoeger in secret,” murmured Theodore. “However, the one who removed all traces of your mother was someone else entirely.”

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Chapter 368

Chapter 368 Uncle

“Could it be Vanessa?” Kathleen was surprised.

“Given her abilities, anything difficult would be as easy as pie,” replied Theodore. “Think about it. Just think. Who was it who could not accept your mother’s presence?”

After speaking, Theodore hung up the phone.

Kathleen frowned deeply.

He wants me to think about this? How?

“I want to talk to Grandpa.” Very feebly, Zion reached out for the phone.

Kathleen gave the phone a mild wave. “The old man has hung up.”

Just then, her phone vibrated. She had received a text message from Theodore.

Zion doesn't like the hospital. You should take him home.

At this point, the ambulance had stopped.

The paramedics got out of the car and opened the door.

Seeing the hospital outside, Zion immediately exclaimed, “I'm not going to the hospital! You can't make me!”

The medical staff didn't dare to touch him. They merely looked at Kathleen hesitantly.

Kathleen said quietly, “I'm sorry to trouble you. I think you can go on and rest. Just leave one person with me to drive.”

They nodded promptly.

When the driver got back into the ambulance, she gave him an address and asked him to take them there.

Kathleen called the housekeepers at home and instructed them to prepare one of the guest rooms.

Zion's handsome face was pale, and his jaw was tightly clenched. He seemed very nervous.

Kathleen decided to tease him a little. “What are you scared of? Think I'll murder you or something?”

Zion's face showed a sneer that didn't match his age. “I've already died once.”

“How old are you?” Kathleen was curious.

“Thirteen,” Zion said coldly.

“I think you’re more like a seventy-three-year-old,” Kathleen teased. “You speak so maturely that I think you might be a vampire or something.”

Zion huffed, closed his eyes, and stopped talking.

Kathleen massaged her sore temples. This boy was truly a pain in the butt.

Heck, even my own son is more obedient than this. However, I guess I have Samuel to thank for raising him to be the responsible and gentle little boy I know.

It would appear that Samuel was not half as useless after all. At the very least, he was a good father.

After half an hour, they arrived at the mansion.

Two of the housekeepers had come outside to help.

They immediately took Zion to his room.

Throughout the commotion, he never opened his eyes until the room was quiet.

Just then, he noticed a little girl standing by the bed, eyes as round as saucers. She looked rather cute.

“Who are you?” The girl had peachy lips and white teeth. She looked quite adorable.

Zion frowned slightly. “Are you her daughter?”

“Whose?” Desi tilted her head.

“Kathleen,” Zion replied.

“Yes, Kathleen is my mommy.” Desi smiled sweetly. “What’s your name?”

So she is Kathleen’s daughter. What a lovely, cute girl.

She looked like she grew up in a loving environment, unlike him.

Zion closed his eyes, not wanting to speak.

“Why don’t you say something?” Desi looked at him suspiciously. “Are you sick? It’s okay. My mommy is a very good doctor! She will definitely be able to save you.”

Zion covered his head with the quilt.

Desi looked puzzledly at him.

Just then, Kathleen walked in. "Desi, why are you here?"

Desi pointed at Zion. "I was talking to him."

"Oh, him? He's my cousin, so I reckon he would be your uncle," Kathleen explained.

"Oh!" Desi greeted politely, "Hello, uncle."

Zion listened to the sweet voice of the little girl and took a deep breath.

"Go and play with your brother." Kathleen then ushered her out of the room.

Ever the obedient little girl she was, Desi sauntered out.

Kathleen folded her arms and stood at the edge of the bed. "We're at my house, so you can rest easy. However, I have something to say. If you approach my children with ill intentions, then I won't be so courteous."

Zion lifted the quilt, and his pale and handsome face a mask of self-mockery. "I'm an invalid. What do you think I would do?"

"I'll take that as an agreement," said Kathleen icily. "I'll be getting you some supplies. Do you have any special needs?"

"No." Zion covered himself with the quilt again. "Look, if you're so worried that I'll harm her, why don't you tell her to leave me the heck alone?"

Kathleen frowned. He seemed to have a temper.

Having heard that, she walked away.

Zion removed the covers, his gaze dark and impenetrable.

Kathleen came out of the room and instructed the housekeeper to take good care of Zion.

"Mommy, who is he?" asked Desi, staring at her mother with her large eyes.

She hadn't seen Zion on the island, so she didn't know who he was.

"He's like my brother," said Kathleen hastily. She did not want Desi to pry.

"Then can I play with him often in the future?" asked Desi. She was curious.

"No." Kathleen continued, "Because he is sick, he can't play with you. He needs plenty of rest. Do you understand?"

Desi huffed in response.

Kathleen held her hand and felt her pulse.

Desi seemed stable.

Kathleen was relieved.

What worried her the most right now was Samuel.

In other words, Samuel hadn't even come to see the children, given their rather unhappy parting.

"I need to go out. Go play with your brother, dear. I'll be back soon," said Kathleen.

"What are you going to do, Mommy?" asked Desi in confusion.

"I'll get some stuff for your uncle," Kathleen explained.

"Ah." Desi blinked at Kathleen. "Can't I go with you?"

"No, you should stay at home," said Kathleen while ruffling Desi's hair. "Be a good girl for me?"

"Okay." Desi shrugged. "It's always the same with the two of you!"

Her parents rarely brought her out.

Kathleen found this a little funny.

Who's to say that children aren't wily? They get away with it because they're cute.

Kathleen then went out after getting dressed.

Eil was having his lessons in the room.

Desi was quite bored, so she decided to target Zion instead.

At that moment, Zion was resting inside the room.

This condition was difficult to endure. After all, Zion's life was in limbo. He could not tell if he was going to make it or not.

He wanted to die.

But if he hadn't met his grandfather, then he would have been dead ages ago.

Suddenly, he heard someone come in.

The person's footsteps were light, just like a cat's.

She crept in, came to the bed, observed him, and left. This was repeated several times.

In the end, Zion couldn't take it anymore. He opened his eyes and saw several wildflowers beside the bed.

"You're awake? I won't disturb you." Desi had entered once again.

She put down the flowers and turned to leave.

However, after a few minutes, Desi came in again.

Zion couldn't bear it any longer. "What the heck are you—"

Before he could finish speaking, Desi stuffed half of a peach into his mouth. "It's very sweet."

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Chapter 369

Chapter 369 Artificial Insemination Zion was speechless. However, all he could taste was the sweetness of the peach. Desi giggled. "Isn't it sweet?" Zion nodded. "Don't forget to eat all of it," Desi urged. "I'll be off." After speaking, she turned away. Zion sighed. Since it was already in his mouth, all he could do was swallow it anyway. Meanwhile, Kathleen busied herself at the mall. She pursed her lips, unsure of what a thirteen-year-old boy would like. As such, she could only buy a random assortment of things. After shopping, she came out of the mall with bags in tow. A man wearing sunglasses walked up to her.

"Are you Gizem?" Kathleen arched a finely plucked brow. "In the flesh." "The lady of the house would like a word," the man said coldly. Lady? "And who might that be?" asked Kathleen, her tone equally icy. "You'll know when you see her." The man frowned. Kathleen sneered. "You know what? Nobody has dared to speak to me like this. I'm afraid you know nothing about my temper." The man was upset, hearing this. "I can also tell you that no one has dared to—" The man howled as Kathleen punched him in the face. Soon, the corners of the man's mouth were tinged with scarlet. "Don't even get me started on your tone!" hissed Kathleen. "You want me to meet her, but this is how you treat me? Who is she, the Queen?"

You can go back and tell her that I am God!" Everyone had stopped to look at them. Because Kathleen had sunglasses on, nobody recognized her. The man merely stood there, seething. Kathleen said indifferently, "P*ss off!" The man was furious, but there were many people watching. All he could do was leave. Kathleen carried all her purchases to the car park. She was about to open the car door when she spotted the reflection of a woman standing behind her in the glass. She turned back sharply. A graceful-looking middle-aged woman stood there, her red lips curved into a smirk. "Ms. Johnson, allow me to apologize for my subordinate's uncouth behavior." Her subordinate? So this was the woman the man mentioned earlier? Why would such a person show up now? "Who are you?" Kathleen frowned.

With a hand outstretched, the woman introduced herself. "My name is Dorothy Cartwright." Her nails were painted a gorgeous shade of red. Kathleen glanced at her warily. "Did you need something?" "Can you hand over the child in your care?" Dorothy asked with a wry smile. "Zion?" Kathleen frowned. "Why?" "Ms. Johnson, that child is bad news. Letting him stay with you will not help you," Dorothy explained with a smile. "Also, you can't nullify the poison that courses through his veins." Kathleen sneered. "Are you looking down on me?" Dorothy raised her hands in mock defeat. She then took out a business card and gave it to Kathleen. "All I'm suggesting is that you don't waste your time. My number's on the card. I'll give you three days—" Kathleen immediately ripped the card. "I'm really sick of you people pretending to be high and mighty.

If you have anything worth saying, spit it out." Dorothy's expression changed slightly. Kathleen looked at her coldly and raised her chin. "If you can't learn to speak, don't bother me." Dorothy hissed at her. "I can tell you this. Zion is my son!" What? Kathleen was a little shocked. "If you don't believe me, I can do a maternity test." Dorothy looked at Kathleen with a frigid expression. "Now, can you hand him over?" Kathleen scoffed, "Since you are his mother, then how did he end up in the hands of someone else?" "It's none of your business." Dorothy's expression took a grim turn. "Kathleen, I'm warning you. If you don't listen to what I say, then I will make your life a living hell." "I'd like to see you try," retorted Kathleen scornfully. She opened the door and got in the car. Dorothy gritted her teeth. "Kathleen, don't think that you can let your guard down just because you have Samuel to help you!" Kathleen lowered the car window, smirking wickedly at her.

"Let me also warn you. I'm not the Kathleen I used to be." After speaking, she drove away. Dorothy was left standing there, her face contorted with fury. Kathleen returned home when she spotted Samuel's car in the driveway. Looks like he showed up after all. Kathleen walked into her home. She noticed that Samuel was spending time with both Desi and Eil. She walked over to greet him. "Oh, you're here." Samuel's handsome face was expressionless as he hummed in response. He then told Eil, "Why don't you bring your sister upstairs?" Eil nodded and took Desi by the hand. Samuel's eyes were deep. "Is that boy Zion?" Kathleen was stunned. "You knew?" "I've told you this before. Nobody is more well-informed than I am in Jadeborough," said Samuel in a hushed

tone. "But what is he doing here?" "I cut a deal with Theodore," Kathleen replied. Samuel narrowed his eyes. "Aren't you concerned that this is a plot of his?"

No." Kathleen was very determined. "This can't be a plot. When I took Zion's pulse, I saw that he truly was dying. He can't be saved with Desi's blood anymore. I don't think they would be that stupid and make a gamble like this." Samuel said nothing. "Since you are so well-informed, can I ask you something? Who is Dorothy Cartwright?" Kathleen was curious. Samuel's voice was a measured calm. "She sought you out?" Kathleen nodded. "I guess that makes sense. She's your aunt, after all," Samuel teased. "She was with one of Trevor's older sons. I also heard that she was obsessed with coveting the position of the matriarch. Zion is indeed her son." "How obsessed are we talking about?" Kathleen was very interested. "Zion is a test-tube baby," Samuel said coldly. "Do you understand?" Kathleen was surprised. "How did she do it?" "She kidnapped Zayne and found a doctor," Samuel explained. "If she has already kidnapped him, why did she need a doctor?" Kathleen didn't understand. "Because there is no guarantee that she could have conceived immediately," replied Samuel. "And what happened after that?" Kathleen asked again. She really didn't expect Samuel to know so much and in such vivid detail. Samuel's thin lips were pursed. He knew that this was one of the times where her gaze would be devoid of all warmth. "I'm hungry," interjected Samuel. Kathleen snorted. "Wait, there is food in the kitchen." She went to get Samuel something to eat. Samuel swallowed audibly. He knew he was shameless, always using this trick against her. However, there was nothing he could do.

Since she wanted to go so badly, he could just continue doing it until the time came. It was likely that he would have had no chance to do so in the future. Kathleen warmed up the food and served it to him. She sat beside Samuel and watched him eat. Samuel's mannerisms were as delicate as Eil's. Kathleen looked at him deeply. Samuel stopped chewing after a while. "A heavily pregnant Dorothy went to Zayne and demanded that he take responsibility. However, Zayne was in no position to do so." "Why?" Kathleen blinked her charming eyes. "Because Zayne's wife did not agree," Samuel explained. "The Hoover family does not tolerate illegitimate children regardless of who conceived them."

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 370

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Chapter 370

Chapter 370 Why Are You Still Alive "So that's how it is." Kathleen wore a slight frown with a hint of solemnness between her brows. "Zayne Hoover is a playboy. Even at his current age, he still acts as unrestrained and reckless as ever. Because of that, he had a lot of illegitimate children, but most of them passed away at a young age." Samuel's tone was glacial. Kathleen was stunned. "They passed away?" "Yes. Almost every one of his children didn't manage to live past eighteen. Zion is a special case," explained

Samuel. "The Hoover family is ruthless! The children are innocent lives! Even if they want revenge, they can't harm those children. Why can't they just castrate Zayne to solve the problem once and for all?" said Kathleen furiously.

"That's the tradition of the Hoover family which started from Old Mrs. Hoover's generation." He looked at her with a meaningful gaze in his eyes. Her face fell when she realized that he had been dropping her hints. She would be too silly if she still didn't get it. "Do you mean what happened to my mother back then had something to do with Old Mrs. Hoover?" she asked, furrowing her brows. "Apart from Old Mr. Yoeger, she's the only one who knows something. Otherwise, who else held such grudges against your mother? Back then, she was just a baby. What does Vanessa know? Isn't this the most reasonable explanation?" he questioned, not showing much emotion. She pursed her rosy lips. "Which means, Old Mrs. Hoover and Old Mr. Yoeger joined forces?" "In the past, the Hoover family and the Yoeger family were once partners. Though it's unknown why their partnership only lasted for a brief period and they parted ways after that, I guess it's because Old Mrs.

Hoover wanted Old Mr. Yoeger to kill your mother, but he couldn't bring himself to do it, so he merely sent your mother to the welfare center," uttered Samuel matter-of-factly. As Kathleen heard that, she was at a loss for words. Yeah, that makes sense. Samuel's exquisitely charming facial features had graveness written all over them. "Vanessa must know a lot about what happened. When Old Mrs. Yoeger was ill, she was in charge of all the affairs in Yoeger Group. According to hearsay, she was once in contact with Old Mrs. Hoover. Moreover, she is now overseas, and it seems that the Hoover family has provided her with a lot of benefits." Kathleen bit her lip. "Are you serious?" He nodded in response. Her pretty face turned pale as she hung her head, her long black hair concealing almost half of her fair and delicate cheeks.

He lifted his hand and tucked a few strands of her hair behind her ear before asking in a deep voice, "What's wrong?" When his warm fingertips touched her face, she snapped out of her trance and asked faintly, "What did my grandmother and my mother do wrong? Why did they have to be separated? My grandmother was never a third wheel. It was Trevor who abandoned her first. My grandmother never asked him for anything either. She gave birth to and took care of the child all on her own. And who does that Old Mrs. Hoover think she is? How can she do something like that?" Upon seeing how upset she was, he tried to comfort her, "Maybe she just loves Trevor too much." She scoffed, "It's her fault for falling in love with a scumbag. The audacity of her to harm my grandmother and my mother!" Samuel pursed his lips in slight uneasiness when he heard Kathleen's remarks. It felt as though she was talking about him, but he knew he should bear the consequences of his own actions. She was so furious that her cheeks puffed red. "I haven't finished talking about Zion. Do you want to hear it?" He placed his large hand on her thin shoulder. She nodded. "Yeah, please continue." "Though Zayne had a lot of illegitimate children over the past years, Old Mrs.

Hoover gave birth to her first child around ten years ago. The child was named Quentin Hoover, and unfortunately, he suffered from critical hemophilia since birth," he narrated. Kathleen arched her eyebrow when she heard that. "Don't tell me that Zion's life was spared because Quentin needs his blood?" Samuel nodded. Although she had already assumed that to be the case, she was still shocked. "Quentin's sickness is weird. It won't work if he's given normal blood. The person who transfuses blood to him must consume some special medication so that his or her blood consists of the medicinal property," he explained. She frowned in puzzlement. "What?" "So, the Hoover family promised Dorothy that if she agrees to let Zion become Quentin's blood supply, they would then acknowledge her identity," he uttered in a practical manner. "Didn't she know that in order to do that, Zion needed to take medication?" She was beyond astounded. "She knew about that, but marrying into the Hoover family was her wish, so she agreed to it. Zion was seven years old at the time." There was aloofness in Samuel's eyes. Kathleen's hands were trembling. "How can a mother be so cruel? Even if I'd lost my memory, I was still happy when I found out that Desi and Eil were my children.

How could she..." She's so cruel! "Dorothy lived a carefree life after she married into the Hoover family. Indeed, she never really cared about Zion, as the boy was only regarded as Quentin's blood supply since he was young. This continued until Quentin turned ten. That was when his hemophilia was finally cured." The look in Samuel's eyes was undisturbed as he continued telling the story. "So the Hoover family wanted to kill Zion because he was no longer useful to them?" she asked, lifting an eyebrow. He merely nodded. She was so furious she let out a frustrated chuckle. "The Hoovers have really shown me what it's like to be demons." "But after that, Zion suddenly went missing. No one knew where he went." "Did Theodore save him?" She frowned. He replied, "According to what I know, Theodore had never been to the Hoover residence. Plus, it seems that Quentin's hemophilia has recently relapsed." She exclaimed in shock, "Seriously?" As he nodded, she let out a cold snort. "I know kids are innocent and all, but have the Hoovers thought about why this tragedy has befallen Quentin? It's clearly well-deserved karma." "I don't know about that," he answered.

After some hesitation, she asked, "Does that mean the Hoovers are targeting me since Zion is currently with me?" Samuel nodded in confirmation. "But the problem is that very few people know about Zion's whereabouts. Even if someone were to know that a teenage boy is staying at my place, they wouldn't necessarily know it's Zion. I don't think Theodore was the one who exposed the secret." Kathleen furrowed her brows as she pondered. Theodore wants to save Zion. If he was the one who exposed the secret and Zion was captured, all his previous efforts would've gone down the drain. So, it can't be him. She mulled over the whole issue seriously. After all, she was the main target of the Hoovers. Subsequently, she grabbed her phone and dialed a number before placing it on the table in loudspeaker mode. Samuel listened quietly as the call was answered. An enchanting female voice came from the other end of the line. "I thought you wouldn't contact me anymore." Lauren chuckled. "Why hasn't Theodore killed you yet?" Kathleen's voice was filled with confusion. Lauren cackled. "Haha! You're so heartless. If it hadn't been for me, how could you have escaped with your

daughter?" Kathleen responded coldly, "I've given you money. Lauren, were you the one who spread the information about Zion coming to me for treatment?"