

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 371

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Chapter 371 Nicolette Is Back “No.” Lauren smiled nonchalantly. “It wasn’t you?” Kathleen was suspicious. “Think about it, Kathleen. Do the two of us share any grudges? Now you’re no longer by Theodore’s side.

The organization would be mine if I so much as move a finger and end him. Why would I even want to cause you trouble?” There was a tinge of amusement in Lauren’s tone. “If it wasn’t you, then who was it? I think you’re the only one in the organization who knows about Zion’s ancestry.” Kathleen lifted her eyebrow while wearing a frosty expression. “I have no idea either. Oh, I forgot to tell you. There’s a big-time nuisance among the people who escorted Zion today. I wonder have you noticed anything?” Big-time nuisance? “Who is it?” asked Kathleen, frowning. “I won’t tell you. That’s your business with the person. I’m just in charge of receiving the money, that’s all.” Lauren let out a sinister chuckle before hanging up on Kathleen. Samuel queried, “Where are the people who came with Zion?” Kathleen rubbed her temples. “I’ve asked them to go back. I didn’t expect Theodore to send me a custom-made bomb.” “Is it someone from the organization who holds a grudge against you?” he asked with a worried frown. She let out a casual sneer as chilliness crept up her pretty face. “I know who it is. No wonder I thought her gait was weird when she walked.” He asked in a frosty, gruffy voice, “Who is it?” She turned to look at him sharply, her eyes devoid of the usual gentleness. “Nicolette Yoeger.” It’s her? He was stunned. “You still remember her, right?” asked Kathleen emotionlessly. “I thought she could no longer stand?” Samuel was beyond confused. Though she was able to walk with support from the robotic exoskeleton, the thing was too obvious for Kathleen to have missed it. If even Kathleen didn’t notice anything, that would mean Nicolette was able to stand without support from any equipment. Are her legs cured? Kathleen chuckled coldly. “Lauren is well-aware of her own specialty, after all.” Samuel gazed solemnly at her. “Is Lauren capable of curing her?” “Not entirely, of course. But according to Lauren’s way of doing things, I have a rough grasp on what method she used,” she uttered indifferently. He frowned and waited for her elaboration. “Lauren excels at using parasitic worms. There is one kind of parasitic worm that has the ability to control people’s nerves. I bet Lauren must have done something to Nicolette’s legs. That’s why Nicolette’s gait looked weird today. She hates me, so she’d definitely try to exact her revenge on me.” A cold gleam streaked past Kathleen’s eyes as she spoke. I’m waiting for her. I might have lost my memory, but I would never forget everything between Nicolette and me. A ferocious glow emerged in Samuel’s cold eyes as he swore to himself that he would end Nicolette with

his own hands. In the meantime, Yareli was happily shopping for clothes in the mall. Ever since Samuel agreed to marry her, she had been in high spirits. She told Vanessa about the good news, and the latter promised to attend their wedding. Although she hadn't told Samuel about it yet, she planned to doll herself up and go to meet Samuel. After choosing a pretty floral dress, she stepped into the fitting room and was about to try it on when someone knocked on the door. "Who is it? It's occupied," she asked in annoyance. However, the person outside knocked again. She opened the door and yelled impatiently, "What do you want?" The person standing outside flashed her a malicious smile. As the color on her face drained away, Yareli stuttered, "Y-You—" Before she could even finish her sentence, the person took out a spray bottle and aimed it at her face, knocking her out. As she collapsed on the floor, the person dragged her into the fitting room and dialed a number. "All done. You guys can come up here and bring her away. Remember, don't let anyone notice. I think Kathleen has already noticed something, so avoid her at all costs." After that, she ended the call, her eyes glowing menacingly. "I'm taking back everything that's rightfully mine!" When Samuel had just gotten into the car after leaving Kathleen's place, he received Yareli's call. Her voice was soft as she spoke. "It's me, Samuel. My mom has agreed with our marriage. She'll be there at the wedding." "You must've forgotten that I want to meet her before the wedding," he replied coldly. "How do we know you're not just trying to trick my mother into coming back?" said Yareli. "Since you guys are so worried about that, then what's the point of our marriage? Tell her it's not necessary to return. The marriage can be called off." His tone was freezing cold. After he ended the call, Yareli smiled devilishly and mumbled to herself, "Samuel, your attitude remains the same after all these years. You gave all your gentleness and affection to Kathleen. So what's left for me?" No. I refuse to accept this! What's so good about Kathleen? Why does she deserve all the good things? Look at me! My leg is crippled, and my face is destroyed! I've lost everything! I'm going to take back everything that belongs to me. Including Samuel, the man who never spared me a glance despite how much I love him! It was late at night when Yareli returned to the quiet residence. She was about to head upstairs straight away without making any noise when the lights of the living room flicked open. She was taken aback as she reflexively lifted her hand to cover her eyes from the sudden brightness. An elegant figure stood on the second floor. She slowly put her hand down. "What are you doing here, Kathleen?" "Why can't I be here? Granny has decided to move in with us tomorrow." Kathleen's tone was icy. "What?" Yareli froze in shock. "This is for the best. The Yoeger family is just using her, after all," uttered Kathleen apathetically. "What are you talking about?" "Also, Yoeger Group will be divided tomorrow. You guys can keep the main part. As for the rest, Granny will hand them over to me." There was a solemn look in Kathleen's dark eyes. "What's the meaning of this, Kathleen?" Yareli asked unhappily. The Yoeger family would be left with almost nothing if they lost the part that Frances owned. Kathleen responded indifferently, "Then you should tell Vanessa that if it hadn't been for my granny back then, you guys would've already been doomed. Now, Granny is old. She no longer wants to be part of this mess. Hence, this has to be done." Yareli clenched her fists. D*mn it! She didn't expect Kathleen to take such a drastic measure to deal with this matter. Kathleen uttered meaningfully, "It's late, Yareli."

You should sleep early. There are a lot of things you need to deal with tomorrow. Oh, right. Congratulations on your marriage.” With that, she turned to leave. Yareli’s complexion was pale as she gritted her teeth, holding back the urge to tear Kathleen apart. This woman always ruins everything for me!

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Chapter 372 Treat You Horribly Kathleen returned to her room and sat on the bed. She arrived an hour ago and discussed the matter with Frances. Luckily, the old woman listened to anything she said. She decided to let Frances move in with her, as there was no way she was letting the old woman be trapped in a dangerous situation. Moreover, Yoeger Group would soon be divided. The Yoegers could deal with their assets however they wanted, but Kathleen was adamant about helping Frances regain everything that was rightfully hers. I will not let them have Granny’s assets! Hector’s actions alone proved that the Yoegers never valued Frances’ contributions to the family. All Kathleen wanted was for Frances to live her sunset years in peace. As for her children, she didn’t have to worry, as she could ask Samuel to stay and look after them for one night. She lay in bed and received a text from Samuel that read: How’s it going on your side? Kathleen replied: Everything’s going well.

Are the kids asleep? He responded: Yeah, they’re asleep. She texted: Good. He replied: You should rest early, too.

She typed: Okay.

Just as she put her phone down and prepared to sleep, Samuel sent her another text message: I’ve turned down the marriage with Yareli. She texted back: I was wrong. I shouldn’t have forced you. You’re right; marriage isn’t child’s play. It’s not a tool that can be used. He replied: It’s good that you understand. Kathleen frowned in confusion. What does he mean? He sent another text message: You treated marriage as a joke five years ago. So why did you marry Caleb when you didn’t love him? She replied sheepishly: I’ve lost my memory. I can’t give you an answer even if I want to. He texted back: I like how memory loss is your excuse for everything. She pursed her lips. He’s kind of humorous sometimes. Moments later, he texted: Go to sleep. She rolled her eyes and replied: I was about to sleep. You were the one talking to me! A smile spread across his face as he could almost sense her irritation through the words on the screen. He was able to picture her angry expression as he texted: Did I complain when you

summoned me back to look after the kids? She furrowed her brows and replied: I won't need you anymore after I return tomorrow. He responded: Wow. Is this an act of discarding me after you're done using me? Kathleen was speechless. Why does he make it sound like it's my fault? Hence, she texted: Fine. I won't ask you for help in the future anymore, okay? She wouldn't have asked him for help if Charles wasn't busy. Samuel's thin lips curled into a smile as he texted back: Can't you tell I'm joking? I just don't want our relationship to be too awkward. Before she put her phone down and went to sleep, she merely replied: Good night! While wearing a gloomy expression, he responded: Good night. Things would never return to the way it was, huh? The next morning, Kathleen woke up and checked the time on her phone. It was only six o'clock in the morning, but she found herself wide awake. Thus, she got up and went downstairs to check on Frances. After knocking on the door, she entered and saw Frances still asleep. She walked over, intending to leave after taking a look. That was when she caught sight of a bottle of sleeping pills and a letter on the old woman's bedside table. Her whole body stiffened. "Granny!" she exclaimed as she placed her finger beneath Frances' nose to feel her breathing. When she didn't feel anything, her mind began buzzing. "Granny! Help! Someone!" she shrieked frantically. One of the maids rushed in. "What's wrong?" "Go get the car ready! Hurry!" Kathleen screamed hysterically. At a single glance, the maid could tell that something had happened to Frances. Without asking anything else, she immediately went to carry out Kathleen's order. Kathleen held Frances in her arms and bawled in despair. Why did this happen? Why did Granny end her own life? Soon after, the maid returned and informed Kathleen, "Ms. Johnson, the car is ready." "Help me!" Kathleen stuffed the letter into her pocket as the maid walked over and helped her carry Frances into the car. She sped all the way to the hospital, but it was too late. Frances had already passed away. She had already stopped breathing when they reached the hospital. When the doctor announced Frances' death, Kathleen sat motionlessly on the chair in a state of complete shock. Samuel was the first to arrive. When he saw Kathleen's dejected look, he approached and embraced her. "Kate?" Kathleen threw herself into his arms and hugged his neck, bawling like a baby. He hugged her tight and allowed her to vent her emotions. Charles came next, and then there was Wynn timer and Calvin. Initially, Diana wanted to come as well, but they didn't let her, for fear that she wouldn't be able to handle the sorrow of losing her friend. The way Kathleen was weeping in misery broke everyone's hearts. Charles looked at Samuel and said, "Why don't you bring her back first?" Wynn timer walked over. "I've asked someone to send the kids back home." "All right." Samuel nodded and looked down at Kathleen, who was in his arms. "I'll bring you back first, okay?" "No. I want to stay." Kathleen shook her head, her soft and fair hands clutching the man's collar. She sobbed piteously, her eyes and nose red from all the crying. Samuel's heart ached as he looked at her tear-stricken face. "All right then." He then shook his head at Charles, indicating they should allow her to stay. When Frances was pushed out of the operating room, her head was covered with a white sheet. Kathleen approached, wanting to take a look. The doctor knew what she wanted and allowed her to take one last look at her grandmother. As she lifted the white sheet and looked at the old woman's peaceful expression, tears streamed down her cheeks. "Granny... It's all my fault. I should've let you know that I'm your granddaughter sooner. Why did you do this?" Kathleen's voice turned hoarse. Everything was fine just one day ago. She

couldn't fathom why something like this happened. As she sobbed, Samuel held her arm and supported her. All of a sudden, her heart clenched, and she blacked out. "Kate!" Samuel caught her in time. The doctor shouted, "Quick, send her to a ward!" Samuel carried her and sent her into one of the wards for the doctor to do a checkup on her. "She passed out due to extreme grief. Let her rest, and make sure she doesn't have any more emotional fluctuations," said the doctor. Samuel nodded. "All right." After the doctor left, Samuel pulled the covers for Kathleen. As he took her hand and looked at her delicate but pale face, his soulful eyes were filled with heartache. Kathleen woke up in the evening. She didn't know how long she had been unconscious, but she felt lethargic. "You're awake?" Samuel's deep voice sounded. She looked over at him. "How long have I been asleep?" "You've been asleep for the whole day," he answered. "My granny..." She frowned. He placed his hand on her shoulder. "Don't worry. Charles and my parents are handling everything." She pursed her lips. "Thank them for me." "I will." His voice sounded slightly raspy. "Where are my shoes? I want to go home." She gazed at him. "I'll help you." He took her shoes and wanted to help her put them on. "It's okay. I'll do it myself." She furrowed her brows. His big hands enveloped her feet. "Let me help you." Subsequently, he helped her put on her shoes in a gentle manner. All of a sudden, he realized something. "Kate, back then, I thought I treated you nice enough. But now, as I helped you put on your shoes, I realized that I had treated you horribly," he uttered gruffly.

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Chapter 373 Pointless To Regret Kathleen tilted her head. "Well, it doesn't matter anymore." She did not care much about it, after all. Samuel froze as he felt his heart wrench. Then, he replied bitterly, "Is that so?" "Let's go." Kathleen got out of the bed. Samuel followed her silently as they exited the room. He was exuding an indescribable sense of iciness. At the same time, Kathleen could sense that he was trying hard to suppress his emotions. Yet, she was not in a good mood to mull over what he actually had in mind. Soon, they arrived in front of the elevator. The elevator stopped right on the level they were at. The elevator doors opened, and Charles walked out. As soon as he saw Kathleen, he furrowed his brows.

"Are you feeling better?" "I've been fine the whole time." Kathleen stared at Charles intently. "Charles, why are you here?" "Hmm... I came here to discuss this with you. Granny's funeral will be held at the Johnson residence instead of the Yoeger residence. Granny had done enough for the Yoeger family, and they had wronged her. I

don't want to have Granny buried with the Yoeger family even after she has passed away," Charles stated frigidly. They only felt disgusted at the mention of the Yoeger family. Kathleen gave a slight nod. "You're right." "I'll make the arrangements then," said Charles. "All right. Let's go." Kathleen nodded. Charles glanced at Samuel before turning around. Then, three of them took the elevator downstairs. After leaving the hospital, they went to Charles' place. The mourning hall was all set up in just a day. Many people came to pay their last respects. Some of them had been friends with Frances for more than decades. Diana had been there since that afternoon, and she had not left since then. Kathleen walked toward Diana. It was the first time they met after so long. Diana's eyes were red-rimmed as she looked at Kathleen.

"Kate." "Old Mrs. Macari, thank you for coming to be with my granny in her final moment." Diana replied sadly, "Your granny and I were really close friends. I surely have to be here to send her off." Kathleen lowered her gaze and nodded. Diana let out a sigh. She was definitely aware of the drastic change in Kathleen as compared to before. Kathleen used to be a really sweet and gentle lady, but now, she seemed aloof and distant. It would be impossible for Diana not to feel sad at the change. "Old Mrs. Macari, it's getting late. You should head back and get some rest. You're getting on in years. If anything were to happen to you, we couldn't afford to bear the consequences," Kathleen advised calmly. Diana certainly knew that she would trouble them to take care of her if she was there. In fact, she only wanted to meet Kathleen for a while. "Okay," Diana replied with a nod. She rose to her feet and reached out her wrinkled hand to grab Kathleen's. "I'm leaving then." "Okay." Kathleen's voice sounded a little hoarse. Diana released her grip and flashed a faint smile. Then, the housekeeper helped her out of the place. "Mom, I'll see you off." Wynnie followed behind. Moments later, Diana got into the car outside. Wynnie hesitated for a brief moment before she blurted out, "Mom, I guess Kate..." "Wynn, it's pretty good to see Kate like this too," Diana comforted. Wynnie was stunned. "Think about it. Weren't we the reasons why Kate couldn't cut ties with Samuel? Just leave everything as it is now," Diana said seriously. Wynnie nodded. "I know. I didn't mean to pressure Kate too." "Okay." Diana let out a sigh before she continued, "I didn't expect Frances to do something foolish. Just yesterday, she called me and told me to take good care of Kate. So this was what she meant." Diana could only blame herself for not giving her words much thought at that time. "Mom, don't worry. I'll help them with Old Mrs. Yoeger's funeral," Wynnie assured. "Thank you for your help," came Diana's reply. Wynnie then closed the car door for her. Sitting in the car, Diana sighed again. The housekeeper comforted, "I guess you don't feel good too, right?" "You know me well." Diana's eyes turned red. "Kate always liked to be around me in the past. She didn't even visit me this time when she came back. Moreover, she wasn't acting as close to me as she did back then." "Ms. Johnson lost her memory, but she's Mr. Eil and Ms. Desi's mother. She is still connected to the Macari family no matter what," said the housekeeper. "I know. I'm not blaming her either. Maybe it would've been better if I hadn't made her marry Samuel last time," Diana said faintly. "Old Mrs. Macari, it has already been so long, so it's pointless to regret now." The housekeeper was helpless too. If Nicolette had not gotten in between them, Samuel and Kathleen would surely live a happy life. "Let's go," Diana ordered softly. Only then did the driver start the engine and drive off. In the meantime, there were not many people in

the mourning hall to pay their respect. Kathleen shot Charles a sidelong glance and asked, "Has Zachary come?" "Of course. He cried for a bit pretentiously and left after pretending to pass out," Charles said sarcastically. "What about Yareli? Was she not here?" Kathleen's brows settled into a frown. "She was here much earlier, but she left after a while," replied Charles. "That's strange." The crease between her brows deepened. "What's wrong?" Samuel and Charles looked at her. "I went to the Yoeger residence yesterday and bumped into her at midnight. Considering how she treated me in the past, she wouldn't have been so calm when she saw me at the Yoeger residence yesterday," Kathleen stated flatly. "She's a psycho, and we shouldn't be surprised by whatever she does. However, you'd better be careful if she seemed that calm." Charles was worried. A sullen look crept over Samuel's face. "I've already sent someone to keep an eye on her." Kathleen looked at him in shock. "Just today?" "Yesterday." Samuel's captivating eyes turned icy-cold. "Yesterday? That was after I talked to Lauren on the phone. "Just keep an eye on her for now, then." After a moment's pause, Kathleen continued, "Did she bring up the marriage with you?" "Yes, she did. She said Vanessa would be at the wedding, but I told her off." Samuel's voice was frosty. "It's good that you rejected her. I shouldn't have forced you to marry her. Now that Granny has passed away, the Yoeger family will have no choice but to split the assets. Zachary and Yareli will share what's left. Judging by Yareli's ability, she probably can't take charge of the Yoeger family's affairs, and Vanessa will definitely do something when she can no longer stand it," explained Kathleen. "I guess we will have to get this matter sorted out as soon as possible." Charles knew Kathleen was trying to force Vanessa to come back. Kathleen responded with a nod. Knitting her brows, she asked, "Charles, is anyone taking care of things at my house?" Charles replied patiently, "Amelia and the others are there. Moreover—" Just then, Kathleen's phone rang. She picked up the phone and heard Amelia's feeble voice. "Ms.

Johnson, someone took Zion away." A cold glint flitted across Kathleen's eyes. "I'll be there right away!" She placed her phone down and said solemnly, "As expected, Dorothy has made her move."

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Chapter 374 Your Last Name Is Not Yoeger

Kathleen told Charles not to follow her.

They would need someone to take care of things at the funeral, too, as they could not possibly pass all the chores to Wynnies and Calvin.

In a low voice, Samuel offered, "I'll go with you."

A hesitant look appeared on Kathleen's delicate face.

Samuel tugged at her and headed out, not leaving a chance for her to turn him down.

After getting into the car, Samuel tried his best to hide the menacing look in his eyes. "I'm not trying to force you or anything. However, if you're clearly aware that the Hoover family is coming after you, don't stop me from helping you."

Kathleen pursed her red lips. "Okay."

Samuel turned around and stated directly, "Kathleen, I can put up with everything you do, but if you choose to put yourself at risk, I'll need to stay by your side. I don't want Eil and Desi to resent me their whole life for failing to protect you."

Initially, Kathleen wanted to retort, but she held her tongue upon hearing those serious words from him.

There was nothing else Kathleen could say when it came to the matters related to their children.

Seeing that she did not refute, Samuel finally felt the tension in his body subside a little.

"Can we leave now?" Kathleen asked cautiously.

The next instant, Samuel started the engine.

Kathleen let out a sigh without saying a word.

How terrifying! Samuel looks the scariest when he is furious.

Soon, they arrived at Kathleen's house.

In fact, Samuel had arranged for some of his subordinates to guard Kathleen's house too.

They did not get to inform Samuel in time, not because they were not carrying out their duties, but because all of them had been knocked out.

One of them even died after suffering severe injury.

Those people were going too far.

At the same time, Samuel had sent another group of people over.

When Kathleen and Samuel went in, there was someone examining Amelia and the others.

“Amelia, are you okay?” Kathleen hurried over.

Amelia shook her head. “I’m fine.”

Knitting her brows, Kathleen asked worriedly, “What exactly happened?”

“A group of people broke in and knocked us out. Just when I was still in a daze, I saw them taking Zion away. I wanted to call you, but I didn’t have the strength to do so. So, I immediately contacted you as soon as I regained my consciousness,” Amelia explained.

Kathleen merely replied with a nod.

Then, she turned around and headed to Zion’s room.

The room doesn’t look messy, so they weren’t searching for anything. I guess they took Zion away directly.

Just then, Samuel’s phone rang.

He said in a deep voice, “Okay. I got it.”

As soon as he finished his words, he ended the call.

After that, he walked toward Kathleen and said, “My men found Dorothy’s car. She has gone to Quilton.”

“Did she drive there?” Kathleen furrowed her brows.

Samuel nodded in response.

“It might not be true. She knows we will definitely save Zion, so she purposely exposed her trail and allowed us to discover her car. But the people in the car might not be her and Zion,” Kathleen reasoned composedly.

Seemingly unconcerned, Samuel replied flatly, “Don’t worry. I have enough manpower. I’ll send a group of them to trail after this car, and another group of people will continue to look for her around Jadeborough.”

After mulling over his plan, Kathleen asked, “Are there any places in Jadeborough that we’ve possibly neglected?”

“It must be a place where the people know about your relationship with the Hoover family, yet it’s a place that we couldn’t think of,” analyzed Samuel.

A sharp glint flashed across Kathleen's eyes. "Let's go to the Yoeger residence!"

At the same time, Samuel thought of the Yoeger residence, too.

Dorothy must be waiting for the storm to be over. Then, she could secretly take Zion away without them noticing.

During this period, the place she was going to hide with Zion would become a concern.

Since Samuel's men had been searching for them, Dorothy definitely would not bring Zion to hotels or other places.

There could only be someone in Jadeborough who could help to hide their trails.

Most importantly, those people must know about their relationship with the Hoover family.

Samuel and Kathleen could only think of the Yoeger family after mulling everything over.

Vanessa definitely knew about this. So, it's impossible that Zachary and Yareli have no idea about it.

Kathleen fell into deep thought, and the Yoeger family crossed her mind.

Of course, Samuel had the same assumption in mind too.

Without any delay, they drove to the Yoeger residence.

The lights were on in the Yoeger residence.

Kathleen got out of the car and rang the doorbell.

No one came to open the door for her even after a long time.

Kathleen let out a sarcastic chuckle.

They're making things even more obvious now.

As she was thinking about how to open the door, Samuel came over. "I'll do it."

He pulled Kathleen away and shot right at the electronic lock.

The lock was damaged in an instant, and the door opened.

Kathleen was a little guilty. What a violent man!

Samuel darted into the house and searched every room.

Just then, Yareli walked out of her room and stared at Kathleen and Samuel apathetically. "Kathleen, what are you doing?"

"Is there any issues with me coming back to my own house?" Kathleen refuted.

"Your house? Mind that your last name is not Yoeger!" Yareli fumed.

"It's true that I'm not a Yoeger, but this house is mine." Kathleen flashed her a half-smile.

"What did you say?" Yareli frowned.

Kathleen explained calmly, "Granny made a will. Since she passed away, this house now belongs to me. You're staying at my place, yet you didn't open the door when I rang the doorbell. I had no choice but to break in. Is there anything to do with you when I break my own house door?"

Enraged, Yareli gritted her teeth. "You're just making things up!"

Kathleen scoffed, "Even if I don't, I'm already in."

Yareli's face grew sullen.

Obviously, she is no longer the old Kathleen from the past.

Kathleen ascended the stairs as she called out, "Aren't you moving out of my way?"

"Kathleen, you'd better not go too far!" Yareli was burning in fury.

With her eyes full of disdain, Kathleen looked into Yareli's eyes intently.

Yareli felt uneasy under Kathleen's intimidating gaze. She looked away and said, "Kathleen Johnson, if you try to break in forcefully, I'll call the police!"

Looking unfazed, Kathleen chuckled. "Call the police, then."

The next second, she pushed Yareli away.

Yareli lost her balance and fell.

At that moment, Samuel was following behind Kathleen.

Yareli grabbed his arm and complained pitifully, "Samuel, look at what she's doing."

Samuel retracted his arm from her grasp and replied coldly, "What's wrong with what she's doing?"

His reply left Yareli in a daze.

Kathleen searched room by room and eventually found Dorothy.

However, there was only Dorothy in the room.

"Ms. Johnson, aren't you sleeping at such a late hour?" A hint of panic appeared on Dorothy's face.

"There's a guest here. Naturally, I should come over and greet her," answered Kathleen.

"Haha... I heard what you said just now. So this is your home," Dorothy replied nonchalantly.

"Yes." Kathleen walked over casually and opened the closet.

A dash of concern flashed across Dorothy's eyes.

Samuel turned sideways and said to his subordinates, "Search around the second floor. Do not miss a single corner in every room."

"Yes!"

Dorothy was all worked up as she voiced, "Ms. Johnson, since you don't welcome me here, I'll leave then."

Immediately after saying that, she grabbed her bag and was about to leave.

Kathleen pulled her bag and put on a cold grin. "This is not how I treat my guest. Since you're already here, just stay comfortably."

Upon hearing that, Dorothy questioned implicitly, "Ms. Johnson, what are you trying to do now, though?"

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Chapter 375 Why Did You Save Me

“I’m looking for something, but I forgot in which room I placed it. Ms. Cartwright, don’t mind me. I’ll leave after I finish searching,” Kathleen explained indifferently.

She had checked all the cabinets and even the bathrooms.

Yet, she found nothing.

Dorothy wore an unfathomable grin as she questioned, “Have you found it?”

Kathleen shook her head.

Meanwhile, Samuel’s men came back from searching around the house too, yet they did not manage to find anything.

A cold grin flashed across Kathleen’s beautiful face. “Since I couldn’t find it, I’ll stop searching around. I hope you wouldn’t mind, Ms. Cartwright.”

Dorothy stared at Kathleen for a long while.

When she came and saw me just now, she didn’t even mention anything about Zion. This lady is merely in her twenties, yet she could stay this composed. She’s truly a prudent person.

Dorothy came to a realization that she had met a strong opponent.

“Let’s go.” Kathleen turned to Samuel.

He replied with a nod.

Then, they came out of Dorothy’s room.

At the same time, Zachary had rushed back too.

Infuriated, he asked anxiously, “What’s going on? Yareli told me that this mansion has become yours.”

“Granny had that written in her will. When she got married to Old Mr. Yoeger back then, he had given the house to Granny. The owner’s name of this property had already been changed to Granny’s a long time ago,” Kathleen explained without a tinge of emotions.

“What?” Zachary was startled.

“According to Granny’s will, this house will be given to me.” After a brief pause, Kathleen continued, “Oh, you will get a little share of it.”

Zachary frowned. "I don't trust you!"

"That's up to you, then. If you think there are any issues with the will, you can always find yourself a lawyer. I'm ready to go to court."

Hearing that, Zachary knew that Kathleen must have hired a lawyer.

He supposed that the lawyer she engaged was most likely Samuel's mother, Wynnie.

Wynnie was an outstanding lawyer, and she had never lost in any cases.

Gnashing his teeth, Zachary exclaimed, "My father shouldn't have married her back then!"

"Haha! The Yoeger family was begging her to marry your father. Your family was so incapable. Besides, my granny didn't claim your things as her own. Back then, she even allowed you guys to manage the company on your own, but you guys messed it up. My granny helped the company through the crisis with her dowry and saved the Yoeger family's reputation from being tarnished. Not only that you're not grateful for her contribution, but you even made such a remark about her. How shameless!" Kathleen taunted mercilessly.

"You!" Zachary was fuming.

Kathleen smiled contemptuously and added, "Of course, if you like this house that much, I can sell it to you at a lower price. Even if Granny did give it to me, I don't feel like moving in. After all, a bunch of vengeful ghosts has lived here before. I'm afraid that I'll have nightmares."

Zachary felt the rage pulsing through his veins. He reached out and wanted to grab Kathleen's wrist.

Samuel strode forward and stopped right before Zachary. His voice was cold as he questioned, "What are you trying to do?"

Zachary felt a sense of guilt.

In truth, Zachary only dared to lay his hand on Kathleen because she was a woman.

Yet, Samuel was better than him in terms of strength and physique.

Zachary backed down sheepishly in an instant.

Kathleen reached out to pull Samuel's sleeve. "Don't care about him. Let's go."

Samuel grabbed Kathleen's hand in turn.

Nodding, he left with Kathleen.

When they walked past Yareli, the latter's gaze fell upon their hands that clasped tightly together.

A ferocious look flitted across Yareli's eyes.

Kathleen and Samuel walked out of the house.

The former's face grew solemn. "Why couldn't we find him?"

"She probably hid Zion somewhere else," explained Samuel.

Kathleen gave him a slight nod as she pondered over that possibility.

It's possible. Perhaps, we can only get someone to keep an eye on Dorothy all day.

"Let's go." Kathleen let out a sigh.

After taking a few steps forward, Samuel questioned, "That car belongs to Dorothy, right?"

Kathleen stopped in her tracks and stared at the car in front of the garage. "I think so."

Samuel's gaze darkened as he pulled Kathleen over.

Baffled, Kathleen blinked and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Open the trunk," Samuel instructed his subordinates.

They came over, got the tools needed, and were ready to pry open it.

Just then, Dorothy hastily ran out of the mansion.

Kathleen's eyes darkened as realization dawned upon her.

After they opened the trunk, they saw Zion lying inside.

His face was as white as a sheet.

Kathleen placed her hand under his nose. "He's still breathing."

Samuel instantly carried Zion out from the trunk and headed to his own car while Kathleen followed behind him.

After taking a few steps, she stopped next to Dorothy. "At the end of the day, both of you are related by blood. What could you gain from using him?"

Dorothy's face turned pale.

A sense of aloofness shrouded Kathleen as she turned around and left.

Then, Kathleen got into the car.

Samuel immediately drove to the hospital.

As soon as they arrived at the hospital, the doctor began the emergency treatment at once.

Fortunately, the doctor managed to save Zion.

Kathleen and Samuel went to visit him in the ward.

At that moment, Zion was awake.

Staring at Kathleen, he asked in a hoarse voice, "Why did you save me?"

Kathleen looked at him impassively. "I feel sorry for you."

Zion replied dismissively, "I don't need you to pity me. I only want to die."

Kathleen grabbed his hand and took the crumpled flower in his palm. "Why?"

Zion paused for a second.

"Did Desi give this to you?" asked Kathleen.

Zion threw it away. "I took it somewhere randomly."

"You don't actually wish to die, right? If you want to live, then stop with this attitude of yours! If not, I'll end you before Dorothy and the others make their moves!" Kathleen threatened apathetically.

Zion was stunned.

"As a doctor, I only want to save those who have the will to live. If you don't, I'll leave right now."

Zion remained silent.

"Let's go, Samuel!" Kathleen tugged at Samuel and was about to leave.

Right then, Kathleen felt someone gripping the edge of her shirt.

She looked down and stared at Zion.

Zion's voice sounded raspy as he confessed, "I... don't want to die, but they will never let me go. I will only bring you a lot of trouble."

"Well, trouble is the last thing I fear." Kathleen's brows settled into a deep frown.

"Kathleen, I'm not related to the Hoover family. My mom didn't get pregnant back then. She adopted me from somewhere," Zion cried miserably.

Kathleen was taken aback. "What did you say?"

"I'm telling the truth. They only used me because there's something unique about my body. In order to treat that person, they fed me a lot of medicines. But I managed to survive. Actually, there were a few others who underwent the drug trials, but all of them died. I'm the only one who survived."

Kathleen could not believe what she had just heard. "Are you for real?"

Zion nodded. "Yes. Please be careful, Kathleen. I heard from Grandpa that Desi's body is unique too, and the Hoover family is targeting her now. That was why I thought Desi would be safe if I went instead."

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Chapter 376 Posthumous Letter

"Ha! Thanks, but no thanks," said Kathleen flatly. "My daughter doesn't require protection from a small bean like you."

Huh? A small what?

Her crude remark rendered Zion speechless.

Why was I regarded as a small bean?

"It's way too early for you to act as someone else's protector." A half-smile was all Kathleen could muster at best.

Zion grunted in response and shut his eyes.

"Anyway, I'm pretty grateful for your help." Kathleen expressed her appreciation in the end.

Even so, Zion refused to say anything to her.

Kathleen then turned to look at Samuel and prompted, "Let's head out."

Samuel gave her a nod and did her bidding.

As soon as they exited the ward, they were greeted by four bodyguards in black suits.

Of course, it was Samuel who had arranged for those bodyguards to stay on guard.

That would make sense, for Kathleen didn't have that many underlings.

Therefore, she had no choice but to rely on Samuel for the time being.

As for Charles, his subordinates were all in Zadiff.

On top of that, most of them were members of Blissful Sect.

Charles had to refrain from bringing the power from Blissful Sect into play just for Kathleen's sake.

Raymond and his gang were coveting Kathleen, after all.

More accurately, they had their eyes on Kathleen's capability.

Just like Theodore and the others, all of them had only intended to make her their very own magic money tree.

"Let's go now." There were traces of exhaustion on Kathleen's face.

The coldness was apparent on Samuel's handsome and chiseled face as he inclined his head.

Soon after, they arrived at Charles' mansion.

Just as Kathleen was about to get out of the car, she caught a glimpse of Samuel's movement as the latter seemed to be following suit.

Immediately, she clasped his hand, stopping him from unbuckling his seat belt.

With her palm over his hand, Samuel could feel her overflowing warmth spreading through his own cold hand.

He gazed at her with his obsidian-like eyes, asking, "What's the matter?"

"Today's been rough. Why don't you head back home first?" suggested Kathleen as she released her grip.

A hint of displeasure then emerged on Samuel's face.

"You can come again tomorrow." Kathleen was flustered. "Don't get me wrong. I'm not burning any bridges here."

Ha!

An icy expression formed on Samuel's face. He retracted his hands from the seat belt before uttering with a chilling tone, "Is there a parade of people residing in Charles' mansion?"

Kathleen was caught off guard by his inquiry.

Getting no response from her, Samuel scoffed, "If not, it must be haunted."

Feeling speechless, Kathleen relented and dropped her comment. "You can stay here if you insist, but I assure you that it's not going to be as comfortable as being in your own home."

With that, she got out of the car.

Watching her leave, Samuel narrowed his frosty yet sparkling eyes to slits.

She has quite the temper, huh? But since she's given me her approval to stay as I wish, I might as well do just that.

He then exited the car.

In the meantime, Kathleen already set her foot in the ever-so-quiet mansion.

At that moment, only Charles and one of his subordinates were present at the mourning hall.

Kathleen walked over and looked at flowers in the hall.

Charles' curiosity got the better of him as he posed a query. "Did you find who you were searching for?"

Kathleen nodded to signal her answer. She then asked, "Where are Mr. and Mrs. Macari?"

"We've troubled them enough. I told them to go home to get some rest." Charles sounded rather impassive. "How's it going?"

"Don't worry. Dorothy didn't let anything out of her mouth," explained Kathleen.

"Some nerve she has, don't you think? Don't tell me you're letting her off the hook just like that?" Charles was baffled.

Right then, Samuel came inside.

Hearing the nearing footsteps, Charles turned to look at the source, only to flash the comer an inexplicable visage.

Kathleen bit her lip upon witnessing Samuel's presence. "I can't believe he actually came in."

"From what I can see, you can't get rid of him," teased Charles.

Kathleen said nothing while fishing out the letter that she had been keeping in her pocket.

It was a letter penned by her late grandmother.

In a flash, Charles could already recognize the handwriting on the letter. "Where did you get this?"

"It's lying on the cabinet next to Granny's bed," replied Kathleen.

Charles knitted his brows. "No wonder you're not even one bit dubious about her passing."

"Nah... A letter doesn't prove anything. Perhaps she hadn't been forced to swallow the sleeping pills. Then again, we wouldn't know if there was anybody mentioning anything else to her before her demise."

As Charles listened to his sister's words, he was taken aback.

"It's just like what Vivian had been through," added Kathleen as she lowered her gaze, concealing her emotions.

Then came Charles' hoarse voice. "What's written on it?"

Unfolding the letter, Kathleen began reading aloud its content.

"Charlie, Kate, when the two of you read this letter, I must've already gone with the wind. Don't grieve for me. I've long expected this. I'm also not in pain, so you don't have to be upset. I've fallen for the wrong men in this lifetime. Be it Trevor or Hector, none of them have been truthful to me. It's okay, though, because I don't regret my decisions. I owed only to your mom, Rebecca."

Kathleen paused for a bit before going on, "Not only have I never carried her in my arms, but I was also never given the chance to watch her grow up and build a family of her own. Despite these regrets, I'm finally going to meet her, hug her, and tell her how much I've missed her. Kate, I know you're aware of the Hoover family. Even though that family blood runs deep in you and your brother, I want both of you to know that you have my permission to lay a finger on them if they ever try to put you both in harm's way."

She then arrived at a suspenseful sentence. "Also, relay my message to Samuel."

Kathleen stopped making a sound abruptly as she spared a sidelong glance at Samuel.

The latter met her gaze. "Say it." His dark eyes were as deep as the oceanic abyss.

Hanging her head low, Kathleen proceeded.

"Samuel, when some opportunities were missed, they would never be provided again. Kate is my precious granddaughter, so I guess she more or less inherits my character. If she's been utterly disappointed, you would never be able to make amends and salvage the entrance to her heart. Let her go, please."

At the end of the letter was Frances' signature.

Samuel's attractive face was still giving off a rather faint yet imposing vibe. He appeared to be emotionless. No words came from his mouth.

"That's all." With that said, Kathleen kept away the letter.

"Hmm... It seems as though Granny really didn't come across anyone or anything recently." A glum look washed over Charles' face.

"I think so." Kathleen's eyes began to water. "I don't understand... Why did she end her life like that?"

Her brother patted her shoulder and consoled her, "Maybe she had finally accepted to be at peace with herself. Or, maybe she had come to realize that there was no more reason for her to keep going on."

Deep down, Kathleen was moaning in pain.

Charles reminisced about the past. "Ever since you got into trouble, Granny had been missing you dearly. She often got hung up unwittingly on you when she looked at Eil and Desi. Now that you're back, the kids have you around, so maybe she figured it was about time."

Kathleen sniffled and tried to retort. "So what gives? She still had us by her side."

At that juncture, a black checkered pattern handkerchief came into her sight.

Running her gaze along the man's slender hand, Kathleen eventually met his eyes.

"Thanks." She grabbed the handkerchief to wipe her tears away.

"Old Mrs. Yoeger hadn't been in the pink of health for a very long time," Samuel piped up with his deep voice. "In particular, her condition had worsened recently. My grandma even told me that Old Mrs. Yoeger confessed to her that she couldn't even remember stuff sometimes. Worst still, she also couldn't cater to her own needs. She didn't want to be stripped of her dignity before breathing her last."

Kathleen was startled by that sudden revelation.

"Everybody has their own take on life. To your granny, she must've deemed her decision the best one," comforted Samuel.

Kathleen took a deep breath. "I still don't think she'd be willing to depart from this world, especially when the incident with the Hoovers had just gotten blown up. Not only was she cheated on by Trevor, but she was also used by Hector and got separated from her child. She had never wished for any of that. I bet she simply wanted to avoid staying intertwined with the Hoovers, knowing that we would someday send the Hoovers packing. Even so, I don't suppose she would've taken this path."

Something doesn't add up.

Holding his sister's shoulder, Charles elaborated on his view instead. "Kate, it could also be that Granny was exhausted with all this, considering her age. Like what Samuel said, it was her decision."

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Kathleen nodded.

Charles instructed, "It's getting late. Go on and head to sleep. Don't forget that you're still injured."

"I'm all right," replied Kathleen with a shake of her head. She added, "My injuries have long healed, Charles. Why don't you let me stay up to keep watch? You should rest."

"There's no need. You can get some rest. I'm still around."

Given that he was her brother, there was no way that he could allow her to stay up and watch over him all night.

"All right then," conceded Kathleen as she yawned widely. She added, "I'll drop by again tomorrow."

"Okay." He nodded his head in acknowledgment.

With that, Kathleen rose to her feet and declared, "I'll be heading off to bed then."

Following that, she proceeded up the stairs without sparing so much as a second glance at Samuel. For his part, Samuel merely sat there motionless and did not react to her departure.

"What do you want to talk to me about?" asked Charles slowly.

However, Samuel merely shook his head silently. He had only stayed back as he wasn't feeling particularly sleepy.

Faced with such silence, Charles finally rose to his feet and walked over to sit next to Samuel. After a brief pause, Charles asked, "I don't think you need me to explain what my granny was getting at with her words earlier, do you? Deep down, you should know as well."

As per before, Samuel did not say a single word in response.

Charles was egged on and slowly added, "Since you understand, then from today onward, shouldn't you—"

"What if she isn't disappointed in me?" countered Samuel suddenly.

Charles was caught off guard momentarily. He gazed at Samuel with a long and meaningful look before he replied, "Are you seriously suggesting that you haven't given up by now?"

"I'll never give up for the rest of my life," replied Samuel in a low voice. "I'll keep at it until I meet my end. It's just that I don't want to force her anymore."

"Well, I can't force you. The choice is yours. After all, I'm sure Kate won't fall in love with you," replied Charles casually. "She's not like how she was before. Haven't you realized that she doesn't care too much about you these days?"

"I don't need you to remind me of that. You can stay up by yourself," replied Samuel tersely as he suddenly stood up in defiance.

Charles paused for a moment in surprise before he lightly commented, "I couldn't tell at first, but it seems like you wanted to accompany me just now."

Samuel's expression was icy cold as he replied, "You're thinking too much. I just wanted some time to myself so I could organize my thoughts. It's just that you're too irksome."

With that, he turned and proceeded to take his leave.

As he did so, his gaze suddenly flickered upward, and he saw a figure swiftly disappear from sight on the second floor.

He pressed his thin lips together lightly as he wondered if Kathleen had been eavesdropping on them the entire time.

On the second floor, Kathleen quickly returned to her room and shut the door behind her. She pressed her back firmly against the door as she strained her ears to pick up any sound of movement from the other side of the door.

Soon enough, she picked up on the increasingly vivid sound of approaching footsteps.

Samuel came to a stop right before her door and spoke in his usual low voice. "You can just ask me directly if you would like to know what I'm thinking. You don't have to be so furtive or sneaky about it."

She maintained her silence and pretended as if she hadn't heard anything.

Samuel paused for a moment in thought before he finally said, "Good night."

With that, he turned and headed into the neighboring room.

The second he disappeared, Kathleen immediately heaved a heavy sigh of relief, and her shoulders sagged as all tension left her body.

She knew that there were moments when a direct conversation would not reveal the truth, and this was one of them.

Two days later, Frances' funeral was successfully conducted in an extremely low-profile manner.

Once the funeral proceedings had come to an end, Charles turned to Zachary and Yareli and said, "We'll head over to the Yoeger residence with the lawyer later on so that we can commence with the reading of Granny's will."

Zachary asked coldly, "Do you really intend to disband and break up Yoeger Group?"

Charles smiled wryly as he replied, "You'll find out when we head over to the Yoeger residence."

With that, he strode away coolly from the pair.

Kathleen prepared to take her leave as well.

Elsewhere, Yareli strode over to stop right in front of Samuel, where she quietly began, "Samuel, about the wedding..."

"I don't want to marry you," he replied flatly.

She was taken aback and demanded, "What did you say? You clearly promised me just yesterday."

"That was before. Don't you know that things change?" questioned Samuel icily.

At this, a glimmer of hate suddenly flashed across Yareli's eyes.

However, Samuel simply strode off alone.

Yareli glanced to the side and looked at Kathleen with pure hatred in her eyes. The latter sarcastically asked, "What are you glaring at me for?"

Yareli scoffed before she pursed her lips and replied, "You must have said something to Samuel."

Kathleen merely rolled her eyes and looked at Yareli's legs before she turned to leave.

Kathleen's sudden movement caught Yareli utterly by surprise, and a tinge of panic appeared on her face.

Did she discover something? Ah... I'll think about this later. I have to rush back to the Yoeger residence first to find out exactly what was written in that will!

Over at the Yoeger residence, Zachary sat nervously on the couch as he pondered exactly how much of the assets would be allocated to him.

At that moment, he felt rather helpless, for he had always failed in his business ventures and simply paled in comparison to Vanessa when it came to raw capability. Zachary knew full well what he truly amounted to, which was why he was this desperate to find out precisely how much he could stand to gain from the division of assets.

Meanwhile, Yareli was the picture of calmness despite the worry that clouded her heart.

On the other hand, both Kathleen and Charles were perfectly composed. They simply didn't care about what they could potentially gain following Frances's passing.

Wynnie was the lawyer placed in charge of reading Frances's will.

This was something that Kathleen didn't find particularly strange at all.

Wynnie gazed out at everyone seated in the living room and lightly cleared her throat. Following that, she began, "I'm here to read out the last will and testament of Old Mrs. Yoeger, also known as Frances Schott. As per her request, the following six individuals are required to be present: Charles Johnson, Kathleen Johnson, Eilam Macari, Desiree Macari, Zachary Yoeger, and Yareli Yoeger."

Eilam Macari and Desiree Macari were the actual names of Eil and Desi respectively.

Kathleen was a little surprised as she blurted out, "Desi and Eil as well?"

"You're their parent, so it's all right for you to listen in on their behalf since they aren't around," stated Wynnie.

Kathleen nodded and replied, "All right."

Wynnie cleared her throat and continued, "According to the prenuptial agreement signed by Frances Schott and Hector Yoeger back then, she was allowed to freely allocate all the assets and miscellaneous items she owned prior to the marriage. She had decided to leave that full sum of money to Kathleen Johnson. As for her portion of the assets she co-owned with Hector Yoeger, Frances Schott had decided to entrust it fully to Charles Johnson and Kathleen Johnson. The remaining portion will be left to a family trust fund, and each of the six individuals named earlier would be entitled to about two million in allowance every month. If Zachary Yoeger or Yareli Yoeger were to

engage in any activity that places the remaining four individuals in harm's way during these proceedings, the two would automatically be revoked of all privileges to receive the allowance."

"What?" exclaimed Zachary as he leaped to his feet in displeasure. He continued to rail, "They've already taken so much for themselves! How dare they fight with us for the portion that's going to the trust fund? They're not even Yoegers! What right do they have to have the allowance?"

"Let me inform you, Mr. Zachary Yoeger. From a legal standpoint, their mother, Rebecca Johnson, is the daughter of Frances Schott and Hector Yoeger. No matter if there are any direct blood relations to speak of, this is still recognized and legally binding. As Rebecca Johnson's children, Charles Johnson and Kathleen Johnson have every right to be heirs to the inheritance. If you have any other concerns, please feel free to lodge an appeal. If it comes to that, I hope that you're able to foot the legal bills that come your way," stated Wynnie coldly.

As it wasn't cheap to fight a lawsuit for a squabble over inheritance issues, Zachary shut his mouth the second he heard that he would need to spend money.

Given that he wasn't even allocated that much to begin with, he knew that he would be left with nothing if he continued to pursue the matter and get embroiled in a lawsuit that entailed hefty fees.

He had no choice but to silently swallow his resentment and accept his loss.

Yareli's expression had turned icy cold the moment she heard Wynnie's words. She didn't expect that she would merely be entitled to two million a month.

It was an extremely frustrating moment for her, especially since she was the daughter of the Yoeger family.

Furthermore, the entire reading of the will had no mention of Vanessa and Nicolette at all.

It seemed like the pair had been utterly overlooked and forgotten by Frances.

Wynnie closed the document she held in her hands and declared, "If there are no further questions, please proceed to sign atop this document. Once all the signatures are present, the document will take effect and be legally binding. Following which, all of the money will be credited directly to your respective accounts."

The more Zachary thought about it, the more he couldn't keep his anger and frustration under control any longer. Finally, he burst out, "Charles! Kathleen! Have both of you no shame? How can you just stand there and shamelessly take away all this money that belongs to the Yoeger family?"

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Chapter 378 No Longer Significant

“Why didn’t you criticize the Yoeger family for being shameless when Hector used my granny to resolve the company’s crisis then?” Kathleen rebuked icily. “Besides, Hector knew that my granny was pregnant and still insisted on marrying her. This clearly meant he only cared about the things my granny had! If it weren’t for my granny, you guys would have been starving on the streets! Forget about two million. You wouldn’t even have twenty thousand!”

Sheer rage caused Zachary to glare at her.

“My granny was too kind.” Kathleen glowered as she added, “My mother was the child that Hector tossed away. If it weren’t because of my granny being nice for old time’s sake, you wouldn’t have received any money!”

“Y-You!” Zachary raised his palm high, ready to strike Kathleen’s cheek.

However, Charles zipped over to defend Kathleen.

Wynn timered, “Zachary! If you dare touch Kate even once, I’ll have you sent to jail!”

Zachary was at a loss for words as he knew Wynn timer was truly capable of such a thing.

“I forgot to mention that this mansion also belongs to Kate. So, you guys had better pack up and leave at once!” said a scoffing Wynn timer.

When Zachary heard that, he felt both a grueling heat and a nipping chill across his face.

It shocked him that all he had inherited was the monthly two million allowance and nothing else.

D*mn it! Dad was too soft-hearted. He should’ve killed Rebecca when he had the chance. That way, these two rotten brats wouldn’t have shown up now to receive the family inheritance!

“Get lost.” An air of hostility emanated from Wynn timer while she spoke. “I’ll also have you behind bars if you insist on hogging someone else’s property!”

Zachary gritted his teeth but could not do anything at that point.

Thus, he phoned some people to help move his things out.

Meanwhile, Yareli did not budge that entire time.

Wynn timer’s pointed gaze landed on her. “Ms. Yoeger, I trust that you don’t need me to repeat my words.”

A vile sneer lurked on Yareli’s face. “It looks like you’ve got quite the help, Kathleen.”

“You guys brought all of this upon yourselves,” replied Kathleen, who bore an impassive countenance.

“Hah.” Yareli scoffed, “Say, I wonder why Grandma was so foolish to end her life the night you arrived. What poor timing.”

Charles’ gaze turned steely at once. “Quit with your schemes. Granny left a posthumous letter before she died.”

A posthumous letter? Yareli clenched her jaw in response. “Huh. I can’t believe it. How come I don’t know about this?”

“The posthumous letter was addressed to Kathleen. Why would anyone have to tell you about it?” Sarcasm dripped from Charles’ voice as he questioned, “Who you think you are?”

Yareli snorted. “This isn’t over, Kathleen.”

She then spun on her heel to go upstairs.

Kathleen’s gaze remained downcast on her legs, not a trace of warmth visible on her delicate face.

“Ignore her, Kate.” Wynn timer consoled, “She’s all bark and no bite.”

“Her words don’t bother me,” said Kathleen.

“Good.” Wynn timer nodded before stating, “I’ll be off now since I have many matters to deal with.”

“Okay. Thank you so much for all your efforts, Mrs. Macari.”

“Silly child. There’s no need to be so formal with me,” said Wynn timer, who had no idea how to react when Kathleen called her “Ms. Macari.”

While she knew she needed to accept it eventually, she could not help feeling odd.

After all, Kathleen used to call her “Mom” or “Wynn timer.”

Ugh. It’s all Samuel’s fault! How upsetting!

“I’ll be off now.” Wynn timer soon turned to leave.

Following that, Kathleen pursed her lips, feeling concerned. “Charles, Mrs. Macari seems sad.”

“Samuel may be heartless, but his parents and grandma truly do adore you.” Charles elaborated, “However, they understand your decision.”

Kathleen nodded.

“So, how do you plan to deal with this place?” Charles looked over at the Yoeger residence.

“I’m going to sell it.” Unwavering determination filled Kathleen’s tone. “There’s no point keeping it since we would never move in. Of course, if Zachary and the others desire this place, then I’ll consider selling it to them. After all, I would never give it to them for free. They’re not worthy.”

“All right. I’ll handle that then.”

“I’m going to pack up Granny’s things.”

Upon hearing Kathleen’s words, Charles nodded. “Okay.”

The former then headed to Frances’ room while the latter waited in the living room.

In the meantime, Wynn timer had just left the Yoeger residence when she noticed that Samuel’s car was parked by the road, so she walked over.

Inside the car sat Samuel, who did not lower his windows. It seemed as though he did not want to talk to his mother.

Wynn timer then pounded his window with her fist.

That left Samuel helpless as he opened the door. “Mom, what are you doing?”

"I should be asking you that," Wynn timeremained in a chiding tone. "I can't believe it. Kate has lost her memories and no longer loves you."

"Mom, I'm your son."

"You don't have to remind me." What came next was a heartless comment from Wynn timer. "I've already got a grandson and granddaughter, so you're no longer significant to me."

Samuel bit down on his lip, not saying a word.

Nevertheless, Wynn timer continued to lecture her son, "I just want to say that you shouldn't have treated Kate the way you did back then. Do you remember? You were so rushed to see Nicolette once that you dumped Kate alone in the middle of the road. She had to fend for herself against a drunkard. Now that I think about it, your current state is truly a work of karma."

Silence was still the only thing Samuel had to offer.

"All right. I'm done nagging. Hmph! It's all your fault that Kate is calling me Mrs. Macari now."

Having said that, Wynn timer left a gloomy Samuel.

She's lecturing me over this? Although, I have been nagged at plenty of times over these past few years. I suppose I'm used to it by now.

Sometime later, Kathleen and Charles walked out of the Yoeger residence.

Samuel got out of his car.

His sudden arrival took Kathleen aback. Why is he here?

Subsequently, he strolled over to her and said, "Eil and Desi miss you a lot."

"Oh." Kathleen nodded before replying, "I'll go over right now."

Samuel reached out to take the items in her hand, stating, "Hop in. I'm heading home too."

Kathleen froze, slightly dumbstruck, and wanted to reject.

Before she could do that, Samuel had already held her hand, leading her into his car.

Charles crossed his arms as his intent gaze focused on the two.

Kathleen did not refuse Samuel at that point.

After all, she had been busy for three whole days, so she was missing the kids too.

It did not take long for Samuel to get her into his car and drive away.

The entire thing made Charles chuckle bitterly.

Jeez, that... Samuel! How could he leave me behind? Am I not worthy of visiting my own nephew and niece?

Meanwhile, in the car, Samuel's chilly frown could send chills down one's spine.

Kathleen's cautious and unwavering gaze was on the dashboard at all times. "You should slow down."

Her words caused Samuel's handsome but taut face to darken. Even so, he compliantly drove slower.

Kathleen puffed up her cheeks, pouting. "Don't make me remind you next time."

Next time? Samuel's husky voice immediately asked, "Are you still willing to ride with me?"

"I don't want to," Kathleen icily denied. "It's just that Eil and Desi often travel in your car."

Samuel was speechless upon hearing that.

Like him, Kathleen wordlessly stared outside the car window.

The scene felt as though the two had returned to the past before Kathleen lost her memories.

Back then, she never really paid attention or responded to him either.

"What are your plans from this point on?" Samuel tried to revive a spark in their dying conversation.

"Teach the Hoover family a lesson." Kathleen frostily added, "I'm going to get to the bottom of things. I need to know whether the Hoovers were involved with what happened to my mom."

Samuel's lips thinned into a line. "I heard you've been starting a company? Are you not operating that entertainment company alongside Charles anymore?"

"I'm not interested in that. I'd much prefer researching and developing unique medications. After all, that can help improve other people's lives."

Samuel offered gravelly, "Don't hesitate to ask me if you ever need help."

"There's no need for that," responded Kathleen flatly. "I'll ask Caleb if I need anything."

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 379

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Chapter 380

Chapter 380 Afraid That You Would Misunderstand

"These were brought back by the family whenever they travel." Samuel picked up one of them. "You used to love these things."

"I still like them." Kathleen picked up one too. She shook it and watched the snowflakes dance before they slowly landed on the roof of the tiny house.

Samuel glanced at her sideways. He could see the joy in her gaze, and his lips curved slightly into a smile. "Do you want to take them? They were supposed to be gifts for you anyway."

"Take them away?" Kathleen was surprised.

"You can keep them here too." Samuel hoarsely uttered, "If you ever come over or decide to stay here, you'll be able to see them."

After a momentary pause, she responded, "It's fine. Once you're married in the future, your wife will not be comfortable with seeing my things here."

Samuel snorted. "Do you really think I'd get a wife?"

Kathleen's forehead furrowed. "It's not impossible, right? There's still a long life ahead of you. I don't think anyone can predict the future."

As his dark eyes became intense, he narrowed them into slits. "You're right. No one can predict the future."

Feeling chilly from the man's cold gaze, she stated, "I'd like to rest for a bit."

Samuel chuckled in a deep voice. "You know what? You're afraid of me."

Kathleen was stunned.

"Although you've lost your memories, you're afraid of me." His gaze solemn and gentle, he asked, "What are you afraid of? Are you worried that I might eat you or something?"

"Don't spout nonsense." Pursing her lips, she forced herself to be calm. "I'm not afraid of you."

Seeing that Kathleen looked like a cat showing its defensive posture, he looked at her with his most gentle gaze. "Why do you look so agitated if you're not afraid?"

Kathleen bit her pink lip. "You can get out now."

The man's thin lips curved upward. "Do you know what you're afraid of me doing?"

Kathleen frowned upon hearing that.

Why is he still talking about this?

His voice was husky as he continued, "You're afraid that I would be too nice to you. You're scared that you would fall for me. Aren't you tired of restraining yourself?"

"Stop being so full of yourself, Samuel." Kathleen fumed, "The present me has no feelings for you."

How could I still like him? That's just laughable! Who gave him that confidence?

Samuel looked at her meaningfully for a long time. "Is that so? I must have been too presumptuous, so you can just act as if I had never said that."

He turned on his heel after he spoke.

Kathleen felt her anger rising.

That d*mned Samuel! Does he think that I'd still have feelings for him? That's just unthinkable! I don't have feelings for him at all! From what I heard from Charles, all I know about that man is that he's the father of my two children. That's all. I will not give anyone a chance to hurt me. Never!

Kathleen was about to leave after she ate at the Macari residence.

She wanted to drive home, but Samuel wanted to send her back.

They soon stood in the yard.

Kathleen mocked, "Please don't send me back—I'm worried you would misunderstand that I have feelings for you!"

As she finished, she got into the car. After slamming the door shut, she drove away.

Watching the distancing vehicle calmly, he thought that she was pretty irritable.

I guess that also gives me a piece of mind. I just don't want her to feel pressured whenever she's with me.

Meanwhile, Kathleen got home alone.

As soon as stepped into her house, Charles gave her a call.

"Kate, are you home?" Charles' deep voice sounded.

"Yeah," Kathleen huffed.

Charles smiled as he asked, "Did Samuel get on your nerves?"

"He thinks I still have feelings for him."

"Oh. Don't you?" Charles questioned in confusion.

Kathleen refuted, "Not at all. Am I stupid? Why would I give him another chance to hurt me?"

"He was definitely in the wrong back then. But he has already paid the price for it." Charles spoke calmly.

"Charles, who's side are you on?" Kathleen sounded mad.

Charles chuckled. "Of course, I'm always on your side. I just think that Samuel has already paid for it. That's all!"

Kathleen let out a light snort as soon as she heard him.

"Let's stop talking about that for now. Didn't you mention something about starting your own company before? Why don't you come to help me in Brilliance Corporation?" Charles asked.

"That's right." With a nod, she added, "If you need my help, of course, I'll lend you a hand. However, I still want to start my own company."

"Okay." Charles smiled gently. "Then you should help me with something first."

Kathleen pouted. "You're already putting me to work that quickly?"

"To be honest, I have a movie on hand, and the lead actress needed is under Divine Corporation. That company's CEO would not let her work with us," Charles explained.

"Oh?" Kathleen wondered out loud, "Even with your capabilities, the other party still refused?"

"And that's where you come in. The other party seems to be suffering from some sort of invisible illness. I'd like you to go check up on him."

"I see." Kathleen nodded in agreement. "Sure, that's not a big deal. When should I go see him?"

"We'll be going together tomorrow," he answered.

"I'm fine with that. Then I'll see you tomorrow," Kathleen replied lazily.

"Okay. Be sure to sleep early." Charles then hung up.

Laying down her phone, she pinched the space between her eyebrows.

Suddenly, her phone's ringtone sounded.

She picked up her phone and saw a message from Samuel.

He texted: Are you home yet?

Kathleen replied: Yes.

Samuel responded: Tell me when you get home next time, or I'll have to go to your place to check up on you.

Kathleen was dumbstruck.

All of a sudden, she heard the engine of a car outside.

Momentarily stunned, she started to wonder.

He can't be outside, can he? She stepped toward the window and looked outside. That's Samuel's car...

A black Maybach was outside of her home. As the window rolled down, a slender hand could be seen extending out. The long fingers were clasping on a cigarette.

Kathleen instantly stiffened.

She responded in a heartbeat: Why did you come?

Samuel stated: I thought you weren't home, seeing that the lights of the mansion are still off.

Kathleen texted back: I got a phone call and forgot to turn them on.

She then spun around to turn on the lights before adding: You can leave now.

Taking a drag, he replied: Okay.

Samuel retracted his hand and drove away.

Only then did Kathleen heave a sigh of relief.

Sitting on the couch, she massaged the space between her brows.

Maybe Samuel was right. The nicer he is to me, the more I'm afraid of him. Can't I stay strong? Would I fall for him once again?

The next day, Kathleen went to Brilliance Corporation.

Charles personally waited at the lobby to greet her.

Walking in, she saw her picture hung in the lobby. That was a picture from five to six years ago.

"I'm not an actress anymore." Kathleen pointed at her picture.

"I don't think so, though." Charles smiled as he suggested, "Do you want to have a look around? The present Brilliance Corporation is pretty big."

"No thanks," Kathleen refused, shaking her head.

"I need to head back sometime soon. There are some things regarding Blissful Sect that needs to be handled. Can you look after the place while I'm gone?" Charles asked earnestly.

With a serious expression, Kathleen replied with a question, "Is Raymond on the move?"

"Two days ago, there was a bit of a clash between Blissful Sect and Axeworth Corporation. Both sides are at an impasse. He wants my help."

"It's going to be dangerous." Kathleen uttered in worry, "Charles, I don't think you should go. I can prepare some drugs to make you look like you're actually sick."

Nevertheless, Charles shook his head. "If I don't go, he'll make Wyatt come."

I don't want Kathleen to be entangled with Wyatt.

With a frown etched on her face, Kathleen remarked, "It seems that I have burdened you again, Charles."

Charles smiled faintly in response. "Don't say that. If it weren't for me, you wouldn't be having so many issues. I'm the one who has burdened you."

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Chapter 381

Chapter 381 Go On A Date With Me

Kathleen frowned. "If it was not for the Hoover family's matter, I'd have helped you to settle your problem at Blissful Sect."

"The Hoover family's matter has to be dealt with first. Otherwise, Desi will be in danger. We can look into my matter after that," Charles comforted.

"Okay." Kathleen nodded. "Charles, don't worry. I'll get it over with as soon as possible."

"No rush." Charles glanced at her with his smiling eyes. "We should go now."

Noticing he changed the topic of the conversation, Kathleen gazed at him in worry.

Actually, she was also rather anxious as she wanted to help Charles with his matter.

However, it was true that some things could not be rushed.

"Yeah." Kathleen nodded gently again. "Let's go."

After that, Charles brought Kathleen out of the building of Brilliance Corporation.

"Charles, where are we going?" Kathleen inquired curiously.

"You need to get changed first." Charles sized her up. "It's not suitable for you to attend the dance party in this outfit."

Looking down at her white shirt and jeans, Kathleen thought otherwise. "I think it's fine."

"Just listen to me." Charles flashed a faint smile.

Kathleen could only nod in agreement.

Soon, they arrived at a shop that sold haute couture clothing.

Charles had one of his hands in his pocket as he ordered, "Please bring the dress that I reserved."

The shop assistant immediately brought a black gown over.

It was well-tailored, and the overall design was not too eye-catching.

After Kathleen put it on, her slender neck and delicate-looking collarbone were exposed. It looked fantastic on her.

While Kathleen was attractive, she did not look seductive. Instead, she looked particularly elegant instead of sultry no matter what she wore.

Charles turned toward her and said, "Let's go."

"Okay." Kathleen nodded.

After they left the boutique, they headed straight toward the venue of the dance party.

It had been a long time since Kathleen attended this kind of event, but she was still familiar with it.

When they arrived, the crowd who attended the party was shocked by her beauty.

People who had attended Frances' funeral knew that Kathleen had come back, but there were some who didn't know about her return. Some even thought that she had died.

However, upon seeing that she was here at the dance party, they could not help but stare at her in disbelief.

"The CEO of Divine Corporation is over there." Charles led Kathleen to the other side.

The CEO of Divine Corporation was Ryder Xenakis, a handsome man who was about thirty-five years old.

Currently, he was clad in gray suit, giving off an elegant and noble aura.

“Hello, Mr. Xenakis.” Charles reached out to shake his hand.

Ryder narrowed his eyes. “Hi, Mr. Johnson.”

After greeting Charles, Ryder’s gaze landed on Kathleen.

Ryder had long heard of her, and he had also seen her in movies.

However, that was the first time he met her in person.

She’s indeed a glamorous beauty, bright and eye-catching.

“Nice to meet you, Mr. Xenakis.” Kathleen reached out to shake hands with him.

Ryder smiled politely. “How should I address you?”

“Anyway you like” she replied.

“I’ll call you by your name then.” Ryder was a direct person.

“Sure.” Kathleen nodded, sizing Ryder up while thinking.

Charles said this guy has an illness. I wonder what it is.

Just then, the music started playing.

Ryder extended his hand to invite Kathleen. “Kathleen, shall we have a dance?”

Kathleen was caught off guard for a moment. “Dance?”

“Dancing together helps to bring us closer to one another.” Ryder held her hand, bringing her to the dance floor.

Everyone had a surprised look on their faces.

No one expected the two of them would have any interaction.

Meanwhile, Charles smiled meaningfully.

Since Ryder had her hand, Kathleen could only follow him to the dance floor and dance with him as the music played.

“Mr. Xenakis—”

Kathleen was about to speak when Ryder smiled and interrupted, “What’s your relationship with Samuel?”

"We are friends," Kathleen answered.

Friends?

Ryder chuckled wryly. "Oh, so both of you are friends."

"Mr. Xenakis, actually, my brother needs to borrow the most popular actress in your company," Kathleen explained. "Mr. Xenakis, I'm not sure why you don't agree to it."

Ryder cracked a half-smile. "I didn't disagree to that."

His answer caught Kathleen off guard.

"That actress is actually my sister," Ryder explained. "My sister likes your brother, but she was rejected by your brother previously. However, no one expected he would want my sister to star in that film."

"Oh, I see." Kathleen felt awkward all of a sudden.

I didn't even get the details from Charles.

Ryder chuckled lightly. "It seems like your brother didn't tell you the truth."

Kathleen sighed.

"The director of the film is a really good friend of your brother. The director insists on having my sister take the role, so your brother came begging to my sister," Ryder continued, the corner of his lips quirking up. "But you know that a broken heart is difficult to mend. I think your brother should find another actress."

Kathleen thought for a while before asking, "Is there no other way?"

"I'm afraid not." Ryder shook his head.

"Can I meet your sister?" Kathleen asked tentatively.

"Haha." Ryder laughed. "You're really smart. Your brother can't meet my sister, so he doesn't have the chance to convince her. Although your brother didn't tell you, you caught on to it immediately. Are you planning to change my sister's mind?"

Kathleen didn't expect Ryder would see through her in the blink of an eye.

"Yes." She stated placidly, "Mr. Xenakis, are you not going to help me?"

Ryder's lips curled into a smile. "I can help you, but I have a request."

“What is it?” Kathleen frowned in confusion.

“Go on a date with me.” He cocked a brow.

Kathleen froze.

“You said Samuel and you are just friends,” Ryder added smilingly. “Hence, going on a date with me should be fine. Am I right?”

“Yes.” Kathleen nodded.

Lowering his head, Ryder whispered in her ear, “Don’t worry. I’m not a man who likes to force a lady to do something she dislikes. It’s just a date. It doesn’t mean anything else.”

Kathleen hesitated for a short while before she agreed to it. “All right.”

Ryder held her hand, grinning in satisfaction. “Let’s meet up tomorrow then.”

His swift decision left Kathleen dumbstruck. “So fast?”

“The money has already been invested by your brother’s entertainment company. Even a day of delay will cause lots of money. You have to factor that in or he will be burning lots of money.” A smile was still plastered on Ryder’s face.

That’s true.

Kathleen nodded. “Okay. It’s tomorrow then. Where should we meet?”

He chuckled in amusement, and there was not a hint of mockery in his laughter. “Kathleen, how long have you not gone on a date?”

She frowned, pondering his question. “Not in the past five years. I’m not sure if I had ever gone on a date before I lost my memory.”

“Since it’s a date, naturally, I’ll be the one who fetches you.” Ryder smiled lightly. “I’m a gentleman.”

“All right. I’ll be waiting for you at home.” She felt slightly abashed.

“Okay.”

Just then, the music stopped.

Ryder let go of Kathleen’s hand. “See you tomorrow.”

With that, he turned on his heel and walked away.

Kathleen heaved a sigh of relief, then strode over to her brother. "Charles!"

Charles grinned sheepishly. "What's up?"

"Things are different from what you had told me." She huffed in exasperation, "Ryder doesn't have any illness, and I bet it's not his sister who doesn't want to meet you."

"You've figured it out?"

"What are you trying to do?" Kathleen scowled, feeling annoyed.

"He's the one who said it," Charles explained. "He asked me to bring you to him, and he'd explained the rest to you."

Her frown deepened.

"What did he say to you?" Charles' curiosity was piqued. "Tell me."