

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 211

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel)

Chapter 211

Chapter 211 You Can Decide

I'm not fond of the ones that others have bought for me." A touch of sincerity flashed in Samuel's eyes as he added, "However, I like what you've gotten for Charles. How about this? I'll pay you to purchase some for me."

Baffled, Kathleen retorted, "You think I'll do it for money?"

"Why not? You've already provided me with treatment. What's wrong with helping me purchase two jackets?" His intense gaze locked on her.

In response, she met his eyes while speaking. "Well, I suppose I can since you've already asked me. However, you can forget about paying me. After all, I'm your boss now, so let's think of this as an early bonus."

"Thanks, Boss," came his reply in a husky voice.

That made Kathleen snort coldly. Don't get too happy.

"I want jackets from the same brand that you usually wear." A half-smile crept up Samuel's face while he continued, "You can decide everything else."

After glancing at him, Kathleen responded, "Okay, I'll order some online. They'll get delivered to you in no time."

"Great." Samuel nodded, a dashing grin curving across his well-sculpted face.

Hmph. What are you so happy about?

Kathleen shoved away her grumpy thoughts while placing her hands on her waist. "Take off your clothes and go soak in the tub for a bit."

"Okay." Samuel seemed obedient as he took his time undressing.

Meanwhile, an icy look graced Kathleen's face as she watched him.

She wondered if his limp and slow actions were because his body genuinely lacked strength at that moment.

Her eyebrows twitched endlessly, irking her as she snapped, "Did you get starved or something?"

Just then, loud grumbles came from Samuel's tummy.

The ironic turn of events rendered Kathleen speechless.

Opposite her, Samuel's charming face flashed a helpless look. "I'm indeed famished."

It was only natural as he had been bedridden for three consecutive days without any food.

All he consumed was water.

When he regained consciousness, he forced Charles to let him tag along as he was worried that Kathleen could not handle things on her own.

Thus, he had not eaten anything for the entire day, much less drank any water.

Kathleen sighed. "I'll go whip up some food."

That was when Samuel grabbed her hand, his eyes narrowing to slits while his pupils constricted. "You can call Tyson over if taking care of me is too much of a chore for you. I'll just be borrowing your place for a bit."

At that moment, Kathleen gazed at the man's slender hands, realizing how much weight he had lost over the past three days.

It was so severe that the shape of his phalanges seemed obvious beneath his skin.

"There's no need for that." Kathleen shook his grip off her arm before stating, "Don't worry about anything. Just rest up and recuperate."

With that, she turned on her heel to leave.

Something flashed in Samuel's deep gaze as he watched her lithe figure depart.

Once she was gone, he hurriedly took off his clothes and got into the bathtub for a soak.

In the meantime, Kathleen arrived at the kitchen.

She looked through the fridge before taking out the ingredients to make some risotto.

It did not take long before she brought a warm bowl of freshly cooked risotto upstairs.

After placing it on a table, she walked into the bathroom.

Inside the tub of water and medicinal herbs was a sleeping Samuel, whose arms held the sides of the tub as his head tilted back.

The circles beneath his eyes were dark like coal as fatigue stained his gorgeous face.

Kathleen knelt by the tub while reaching out to poke the man's face.

Just as her finger was about to touch Samuel's cheek, he awoke.

He then grabbed her fair hand and placed it on his bare chest before shutting his eyes to rest once more.

Kathleen was at a loss for words at that point.

Has he lost his mind?

"Samuel, wake up." She wanted to retract her hand but realized she could not wiggle free from Samuel's death grip.

Not a single reaction came from him.

Desperate, Kathleen leaned toward him and yelled, "Samuel! Quit sleeping. You've already slept for three days!"

She then shoved him hard, her fingers briefly grazing against his firm and muscled arms that contradicted his slim appearance.

Samuel's eyes gradually opened to reveal a dark look in his eyes.

"Are you awake now?" Kathleen asked.

It was only then that Samuel realized he was holding the former's hand.

Fearing Kathleen would get upset, he hurriedly let go of her.

"I didn't mean to do that." His husky voice explained apologetically, "It's just that I have had a bad dream."

Those words made Kathleen freeze for a moment.

She continued kneeling by the tub and staring at the man before her. "You get nightmares too?"

Samuel stiffened before moving closer to Kathleen's side.

"Perhaps I shouldn't have said it, huh? After all, I'm not worth anything in this world, not even nightmares," he stated huskily.

A cold scoff came from an indifferent-looking Kathleen. "I need to tell you something, Samuel."

Anxiety caused Samuel's heart to drop at once.

Is she going to announce her engagement to Caleb? No, I don't want to hear that. Please let it be anything but that.

"I was diagnosed with depression after arriving in Norwal City," Kathleen calmly said.

Her words made Samuel tense up then and there.

She fixated her gaze on him and resumed, "My weight dropped from forty-five kilograms to forty. Do you know how frightening that was?"

Samuel clenched his jaw.

Meanwhile, Kathleen's gaze lowered to the ground. "Charles couldn't stand to see me suffer any longer, so he scouted out the best hypnotherapist in Norwal City."

Grief engulfed Samuel so much that he had no idea how to respond.

Nevertheless, Kathleen continued speaking, her delicate features appearing indifferent. "The hypnotherapist explained I couldn't fully recover from my depression because I kept having nightmares. Every night, I would dream of blood seeping out of my body. Even if it wasn't real, it was so convincing that I could feel myself getting shoved into a body bag. I even heard someone zipping the bag up from outside, trapping my body. That's why all my clothes don't have zippers. I break down every time I hear that sound. Do you understand?"

Samuel gazed at her intently.

"I then underwent hypnotherapy. Do you know what my hypnotherapist did to me?" asked Kathleen with red-rimmed eyes, sniffing.

Pest-like guilt ate away at Samuel's handsome face while he shook his head.

A chill-inducing chuckle came from Kathleen. "My hypnotherapist removed some of my memories, like the romantic things that happened between us. She would then alter those memories to make me believe I did all those things alone. Such a method won't entirely delete my memories, but it can remove all traces of my deep-rooted emotions

for you. This way, my love for you will no longer run deep. I don't view the things that happened that night as an oversight on your part anymore. Rather, I now see it as something I brought upon myself."

That was enough to make Samuel stunned.

"It sounds magical, huh?" Kathleen's emotionless voice elaborated, "Although I'm aware of everything that happened, I don't feel any pain now that my feelings for you are out of the picture."

Only grim silence came from Samuel.

"However, this method isn't a permanent measure." Kathleen's voice grew hoarse as she clarified, "If I don't see you for many years and live a breezier lifestyle, then it won't hurt should I recall my original memories. However, if I encounter you before fully moving on from the past, those memories will rush back to my mind like a raging ocean."

"What will happen if you recall everything?" Samuel questioned glumly.

A dark expression flashed on Kathleen's face. "I'll fall back into a deep state of depression."

Samuel's husky voice spoke once more. "What should I do then? Stay away from you?"

At that point, Kathleen turned around and leaned her back against the tub while curling into a ball. "I don't know either. I haven't been able to sleep with the lights off these days. It's like I can picture myself being shoved into a body bag despite still being alive."

A sharp pain clenched in Samuel's chest, suffocating him.

He hugged Kathleen from behind and could not stop trembling guiltily.

"I'm sorry." His voice became utterly hoarse and exuded deep sorrow. "I'm so sorry, Kate. If I had understood everything sooner, I would've never let Nicolette off so easily back then."

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 212

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel)

Chapter 212

Chapter 212 Warn Him

Even Kathleen became choked up.

She bitterly asked, "Did you assume I faked my depressed state back then?"

"No. That's not what I meant." Samuel's dark eyes now took on a tinge of red as he added, "It's just that I lacked empathy back then and didn't try to understand things from your perspective. I'm sorry."

Not a trace of emotion showed on Kathleen's delicate face.

Behind her, Samuel's hot breath tickled her skin while his tear landed in the crook of her neck.

Silence filled the air as the afternoon sun shone into the space from the windows above.

It felt as though there was no one in the bathroom.

Both Samuel and Kathleen knew the truth deep down in their hearts.

They got stuck in this perpetual state of being unable to move or return to the way things used to be, and they were both to blame. The indefinite loathing in Kathleen's heart prevented the two from moving on while Samuel's past actions had blocked off any possibility for them to return to the way things were.

It was then that a series of knocks came from outside the door.

Samuel let go of Kathleen, who then stood up.

She instructed, "That should be long enough. You can come out of the tub and get dressed before having your meal."

"Okay." Samuel nodded compliantly.

After that, Kathleen went to open the door outside, where Tyson stood with two bags.

"Ms. Johnson, I'm here to deliver some things to Mr. Macari," said the latter.

"You can come in."

Once Tyson entered, Kathleen stepped out of the room and said, "I'll have a look at things outside for a bit."

"Okay," replied Tyson who had put down the bags in his hand.

That was when Samuel came out of the bathroom in a black robe.

Tyson immediately walked over and greeted him, "Mr. Macari."

"Mmm, is something the matter?" said an expressionless Samuel.

"Ms. Schott wants to see you, and she insisted on meeting you tonight."

Huh? Tonight? Something icy flitted across Samuel's eyes as he sternly responded, "All right. Also, I want you to keep a close eye on the Stewart family."

"Rest assured, Mr. Macari, I've arranged everything." However, Tyson hesitated for a bit before continuing, "It's just that Jacob Stewart seems really discontent and even hired trolls to villainize Ms. Johnson on the internet."

"He did what?" A murderous intent filled Samuel's voice.

Helpless, Tyson explained, "He spread rumors that Ms. Johnson is a promiscuous woman involved in sexual relationships with various men. However, our company has already taken action against him. We won't let him get away with it."

That was when Samuel shot a sideways glare at Tyson. It felt as though a dark mist filled with rage was exuding from the former's body.

Tyson instantly fell silent.

Subsequently, Samuel picked up his phone and dialed a number.

A few minutes passed before the line connected.

The person on the other end asked, "Hello?"

"Hello, Mr. Stewart. It's me," said Samuel's frosty tone.

The "Mr. Stewart" on the call was Byron Stewart, Jacob's father.

Byron was currently spending his retirement overseas in a town named Bellridge.

He was shocked as he spoke into the phone. "Samuel Macari? How do you have my contact number?"

"You don't have to worry about that." Samuel was candidly cold as he made his purpose clear. "I merely called to ask about that nurse that's always looking after you. How are she and the baby in her tummy?"

Byron's expression grew grim at once. "Y-You!"

“Do you think you actually hide your secret well, Mr. Stewart? Do you assume that no one would ever find out because your wife is always busy with company matters and unable to visit you all this while?” Samuel thundered sardonically.

“What do you want from me?” Byron asked through gritted teeth.

“Mr. Stewart, as the saying goes, a father is to blame for his son’s misbehavior. I believe you’re more than aware of what Jacob has done recently.” Samuel’s voice became dangerously low like a menacing growl. He added, “If you can’t teach him to behave, I’ll gladly step in. I can also give him a stern reminder that being an heir to a well-off family doesn’t mean the world is his oyster.”

“Y-You...” Byron tensed before giving in. “I’ll warn him not to do it again.”

“I’ll let you off the hook this once, Mr. Stewart. However, if your son makes the same mistake, do know that I won’t let him go that easily. I hope you understand me clearly.”

After uttering that threat, Samuel hung up the phone.

That left a sullen-faced Byron on the other end.

I can’t believe that stupid son of mine dared to ruffle Samuel’s feathers! Who does he think he is?

Enraged, Byron quickly dialed Jacob’s number.

“Dad, why did you call me? Are you feeling better these days?” Jacob questioned, feeling a little shocked by the sudden call.

“How can I feel better when you’re trying so hard to piss me off?” Byron’s voice boomed from the phone’s speakers.

“What do you mean, Dad? I’ve been helping Mom out at the company all this while,” Jacob defensively and confusedly stated.

That further caused Byron to blow his top. “Oh, really? Are you sure what you’re doing is actually helping us out? Samuel Macari has just phoned me!”

“Hah! Is he a three-year-old or something? What’s with him trying to rat me out to my parent? How shameless!” Jacob scoffed.

“It seems to me that the one who’s shameless is you! Do you think he’s merely ratting you out? Well, you’re wrong. He’s given us a warning!”

“Why are you afraid of him, Dad?” Jacob felt disgruntled and complained, “He’s not actually that remarkable.”

“You think he isn’t?” Byron was baffled by his son’s words.

“Duh. He’s not that big of a deal! I got someone to drug him, and he didn’t even notice! I would have gotten away with it if it weren’t for his ex-wife meddling with my plan!”

“W-What did you say?” Byron felt his blood pressure rising with every second. “Don’t worry, Dad. No one can trace it back to me since the people I hired are all loyal to me.”

At that point, Byron desperately wanted to reach through the phone and choke his son for uttering such cocky words.

His face took on a hideous shade of purple as he roared, “You idiot! Don’t you know why the Macari family is known to be powerful?”

Upon getting yelled at, Jacob felt upset as he grumbled, “No.”

Byron explained with utter rage, “The Macari family has operated their businesses on behalf of the country’s higher-ups for a few generations Don’t you understand? During Chanaea’s most challenging times, Samuel’s great-grandpa, great-grandma, and their entire family helped the country with their business. Why else do you think Samuel secured Flobury with such ease? And consider why he has a part to play in the land reclamation project too. It’s all because his ancestors made significant contributions to Chanaea!”

That shocked Jacob, who had no idea such a situation could exist.

“Why do you think Felix Morris is so obsessed with one-upping the Macari family? Because he sided with the wrong people all those years ago and is jealous of their family’s smarter decision!” Following that, Byron massaged his temples while urging, “Samuel has placed a massive target on your back. Our business will gravely suffer if you remain in Chanaea. I want you to pack your bags and lay low overseas for now.”

“Now?” Jacob was evidently upset by the state of things. “But Dad, it’ll be New Year soon!”

“Why does that matter? Do you not value your life?” Byron yelled through the phone.

It rattled Jacob’s bones, causing his nose to scrunch a little as he said, “Okay, I understand.”

Only then did Byron hang up the phone.

However, he knew that his family, the Stewarts, would soon encounter a grave problem now that his son had pissed Samuel off.

That was because Samuel would never let a person bold enough to drug him off easily.

Fear filled Byron's mind at that moment. Our family is doomed...

Sometime later, Kathleen walked into the room and saw Samuel eating the risotto she had made earlier.

She placed the mushroom soup in her hands down on the table. "Have some."

The man before her looked her in the eye and said, "I need to head out for a bit tonight."

"Okay." Kathleen nodded before continuing, "Take the medicinal herbs home with you. Make sure to soak in it for a while, and you'll be fine. The drug in your body has pretty much been neutralized."

Upon hearing that, Samuel's gaze flickered to stare intently at her. "Dr. Johnson, you may have neutralized the drug in my body, but you have yet to heal me entirely."

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 213

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel)

Chapter 213

Chapter 213

Kathleen paused for a second before murmuring, "I thought you said that you don't need it?"

"I regret saying that." Samuel smirked.

Gazing at his handsome features, Kathleen let out a chilling huff. "You went to see Ms. Schott?"

"Yes." He nodded as a response.

Then, she pursed her lips and asked, "I heard that you invited Ms. Schott here to agree to date her granddaughter. Is that right?"

Granddaughter?

Samuel fixed his eyes on her flawless face and said, "Granddaughter? As far as I know, Ms. Schott only has one grandson."

Hearing his reply, she was at a loss for words.

“Hah!”

Samuel let out a chuckle.

“What are you laughing at?” Kathleen looked at him in silence.

“It seems like Ms. Schott was joking with you, but you believed her anyway.” Samuel showed a teasing smile.

His words made Kathleen feel unhappy.

With his lips curled, Samuel asked, “Let’s go together, shall we?”

Kathleen’s face flushed red almost instantly. “No!”

“Let’s go visit Ms. Schott’s granddaughter.” Samuel stared at her intently.

“You told me that Ms. Schott only has one grandson, right?” Kathleen asked grimly.

“Yes.” He curled his lips in amusement before continuing. “If you want to know the truth, you should see it yourself.”

Nonetheless, Kathleen shook her head and rejected him, “No, I don’t want to.”

Ah! This is so embarrassing.

With a faint smile, Samuel replied, “If you refuse to go, I think it will be difficult for Ms. Schott to help you get Old Mrs. Yoeger out of the Yoeger residence.”

Hearing that, Kathleen was caught off guard by his words.

“Kate, Old Mrs. Yoeger is your granny. Are you really intending to leave her alone?” Samuel stared at her.

“I didn’t say that!” After giving it a brief thought, Kathleen voiced, “I’ll go!”

To that, Samuel grinned in response. He took a sip of the mushroom soup and said to her, “I’m feeling cold, Kate.

In other words, he was hinting at her about the down jacket that she had promised to buy for him.

“I’ve already asked someone to send it over.” Kathleen fixed her gaze on him.

Sainuei merely nodded.

It was at that moment they heard footsteps coming from outside the door.

Maria was carrying a bag as she walked in. "Ms. Johnson, someone sent this over a while ago. I got it for you."

"Thank you!" Kathleen took over the bag from her.

She then opened the bag and took out a red down jacket from it.

Seeing that, Samuel could not help but twitch his mouth a little, as he only wore outfits with simple black, white, and gray color tones.

Is she serious? I don't think that the red color suits me at all. Furthermore, that color might even undermine my dignity...

"Do you like it?" asked Kathleen.

Nevertheless, Samuel kept mum, knowing that she did it intentionally.

"Yes, I like it." Samuel nodded.

"If so, put it on." A look of anticipation appeared on her face.

Samuel paused for a while. "Why not..."

"What?" Kathleen focused on him and asked.

"I'll go put it on now." He stood up leisurely and then shot Tyson a glare, hinting him to leave.

Noticing the look in his eyes, Tyson was taken aback.

Is that even necessary? It's just a red down jacket!

Although that thought crossed his mind, Tyson walked away accordingly.

Shortly after, Kathleen handed the down jacket to Samuel.

It took some time for Samuel to summon his courage before wearing it.

Upon wearing it, he felt uncomfortable.

"Why are the sleeves so short? I feel uncomfortable on my shoulders too." He frowned deeply.

With an insouciant expression, Kathleen answered, "Is it? Maybe I forgot about your size. Don't blame me for that."

Samuel walked toward the mirror to check out the down jacket on him, only to see Kathleen slowly shifting herself to the door.

"Kathleen!" Samuel's eyes were fixed impassively at her.

Kathleen turned around, looking at him faintly, and uttered, "It was you who asked me to buy it!"

Feeling helpless, Samuel said, "But this is for ladies..."

"This design for this jacket is the same for both males and females! Don't wear it if you don't like it. My style is not as good as Nicolette's," Kathleen exclaimed angrily.

Almost instantly, Samuel felt a stab of pain in his heart.

He could not help but feel that whatever he did was never right.

Eventually, he compromised. "I'll wear it."

Kathleen bought it for me, after all.

Kathleen did not expect that and was shocked to hear those words coming out of Samuel's mouth. "Really?"

"Yes. I won't disappoint you," Samuel said while nodding his head.

After that, she bit her lower lip and muttered, "Actually, I bought another red sweater for you too."

Samuel felt helpless, yet he gazed lovingly at her. "How about you get me a pair of red pants as well?"

Blinking her eyes, Kathleen responded, "I'll buy it for you if you like it!"

He continued staring gently at her. "Sure. I'll wear whatever you buy for me."

As Kathleen laid her eyes on him, she felt a little embarrassed.

"I'll go get changed." Samuel took off the down jacket and placed it on the side. Afterward, he walked to his room to change into the shirt and suit that Tyson had brought for him.

Right when he got out of the room, he saw Kathleen packing the jacket.

He walked toward her, grabbed her by her wrist, and stated in a husky voice, "I'll wear it. Don't take it away."

It's rare for her to buy me something. How would I not appreciate it?

Hearing his words, Kathleen felt an ache in her heart.

Throwing him a sideways glance, she noticed that he looked composed and elegant in his black outfit.

With that, she mumbled, "I think you look better in black.1,

Samuel started to feel anxious hearing her reply. "I truly don't mind."

Kathleen held the down jacket in her embrace and voiced, "It's mine. Why are you trying to snatch it away from me?"

"Yours? What do you mean? You bought it for me, right?" A frown marred Samuel's countenance.

Kathleen fixed her eyes on him. "Samuel, I become forgetful after the hypnotherapy. However, it's impossible for me to forget about your size. In fact, I bought this down jacket for myself."

As soon as she said that, Samuel was rendered speechless, "So, you didn't buy it for me?"

"No." Kathleen nodded.

He let out a breath of relief upon hearing her reply. Nonetheless, he felt slightly uneasy at the same time.

Slowly, he withdrew his hand.

"Since you're all ready, let's depart now," said Kathleen.

His pale face was expressionless as he nodded lightly in response.

Later, Kathleen put on her white down jacket and exclaimed, "Ah! It keeps me warm!"

Samuel did not utter a word.

They then went downstairs together and bumped into Maria. Baffled, Maria asked while holding a bag. "Ms. Johnson, why are you hiding this?"

Kathleen dodged her eyes from Samuel's gaze and replied, "It's nothing."

Approaching Maria, she continued, "I'm not hiding it. I totally forget about it."

"Is it? I think this is a down jacket. It looks quite big. If I'm not mistaken, it's for a guy." Maria mentioned in puzzlement.

Hearing that, Samuel raised his brows.

He walked over to her and directly took out the down jacket from the bag.

Seeing that, Kathleen yelled in panic, "What are you doing?"

Without hesitation, Samuel grabbed the down jacket and wore it on himself,

Meanwhile, Kathleen was stumped.

Having a tall and slender figure, Samuel looked extremely good in that down jacket

"Mr. Macari, you look so good wearing this!" Maria exclaimed in delight

The next second, Kathleen shot her a side-eye.

Noticing that look in her eyes, Maria was taken aback

"Not bad." Samuel was very pleased.

Kathleen said unhappily. "I bought it for my brother."

Hearing that, Samuel furrowed his brows.

The perplexed Maria voiced again, "I remember Mr. Johnson doesn't wear a down jacket."

Kathleen was at a loss for words.

Ugh. Is she trying to make a monkey of me...

With a beam on his face, Samuel said, "I like wearing a down jacket."

He then landed his eyes on Kathleen's jacket and spotted that it was exactly the same design as Kathleen's jacket.

"Let's go." Samuel held her hand.

Kathleen stiffened and mentioned, "It's just a gift I bought for you. Don't overthink. It doesn't mean anything."

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 214

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel)

Chapter 214

Chapter 214

"I know." A faint smile appeared on Samuel's charming face.

No, you don't know anything. Kathleen pursed her lips and uttered, "Let's go."

Samuel let go of her hand, which led her to pause in her tracks.

The man walked slowly.

She looked back and asked, "What's wrong?"

"I'm afraid I'll fall," said Samuel, looking frail.

Kathleen was a little speechless as she walked over and reached out her hand to him.

Samuel took her hand and explained, "When I'm better, I won't touch you anymore."

She looked at him judgmentally, thinking what he said sounded extremely weird.

Samuel felt wronged and explained, "I'm not lying to you. Aren't you a doctor? You can check my condition and see if I'm getting better."

"Okay, enough. I know." Kathleen didn't know what to do with this man.

Do I really need to check to know the condition of his health? He obviously looks ill.

Actually, she didn't mean anything by saying that just now. It was just that Samuel's actions were so natural when he took her hand, as if that was what they always did.

She only wanted to remind him to watch his behavior, but he ended up putting on a pitiful facade.

Kathleen was never a ruthless person. If she really were ruthless, she would have ignored Samuel.

Holding her hand, Samuel got into the car, and she asked, "Where does Ms. Schott live?"

"I've prepared a mansion in advance for her. She likes it quiet, so the place is quite secluded," Samuel replied in a deep voice.

Kathleen nodded.

When they arrived at the mansion, they saw a black BMW parked at the entrance.

Tyson said in a low voice, "Mr. Macari, that's Vanessa's car."

Kathleen spoke faintly. "She's fast in catching wind."

Samuel, on the other hand, scoffed. "She's still too late. Ms. Schott has been here for days, and if she only knows about this today, that means my men succeeded in controlling her information network, causing her to get the information later than everyone else."

Kathleen turned to look at him in shock. "You destroyed her information network?"

Samuel snorted disdainfully. "You call that an information network? I simply sent some of my guys to mess with it, and look how it turned out! She's not as powerful as she thinks she is."

Kathleen fell silent and had to admit that Samuel was indeed outstanding in finding out information.

The results of her and Charles' effort, albeit a lot of time was spent, were nowhere near the mere lift of Samuel's finger.

Sometimes, she had to admit she admired his capabilities.

"Let's go and check out what Vanessa said to Ms. Schott." Samuel's lips curled and formed a cold smile.

"Mm." She nodded.

The two of them got off the car together and walked into the mansion side by side, entering the living room.

They saw an elderly woman sitting on the couch with a cigarette in her hand while Vanessa sat on the couch next to her.

Narrowing her eyes, Vanessa stared coldly at them. "Why are you guys here?"

"We're here to visit Ms. Schott. Do we need your permission to do so?" The look in Kathleen's eyes was frosty as she spoke with an equally glacial tone.

Vanessa snorted in response.

"Ms. Schott, I'm sorry for not being in Jadeborough a few days ago. I had something to tend to." Samuel's voice was indifferent.

Yasmine said with a faint voice, "Have a seat."

A decorous smile surfaced on Samuel's charming face. This is Kathleen Johnson."

"Nice to meet you, Ms. Schott," greeted Kathleen.

The old woman scrutinized her wordlessly before Samuel pulled her to sit down.

"Ms. Johnson, we've talked on the phone before," said Yasmine icily.

"Yes." Kathleen nodded.

Samuel, who knew about this, began, "Ms. Schott..."

"Mr. Macari, my granddaughter is still waiting for you." Yasmine spoke meaningfully.

Samuel didn't say a word.

"Ms. Schott, I'm sorry. I didn't know you had a granddaughter," said Kathleen, her face flushed.

Yasmine chuckled coldly. "If memory serves me right, you sounded so righteous and solemn through the phone."

Kathleen was clueless about how to explain herself.

She wouldn't have spoken to Yasmine like that if the latter hadn't said such things.

"You have quite the courage." It was unknown whether the old woman was praising her or reproaching her.

Kathleen felt awkward, while Vanessa was quite pleased. "Aunt Yasmine, if you're unhappy, just throw her out."

Kathleen glared coldly at Vanessa, who said, "If it weren't for her, Nicolette wouldn't have been stuck in jail."

“She’s nothing more than the illegitimate child of a b*tch. I can’t believe the Yoeger family treats her like she’s some kind of princess. Has the Yoeger family deteriorated?” Yasmine was suddenly displeased.

Vanessa instantly froze.

“I never like judging people by their identity, but have you ever thought of what Nicolette and her mother did? You guys are ridiculous!” reprimanded Yasmine.

Vanessa’s face fell, and Kathleen struggled to hold back her laughter.

As expected, everything has its vanquisher.

“I’m telling you; since my sister is currently in this state, she has to be sent to the hospital. I swear I’ll expose everything the Yoeger family ever did if you try to get in the way again!” Yasmine bellowed furiously.

Vanessa’s body stiffened as she tried to reason with Yasmine, “Aunt Yasmine, how could you scold me in front of outsiders?”

Can’t she save me some face?

“Outsiders? So you still don’t know?” Yasmine glared coldly at her.

As she met the old woman’s gaze, Vanessa was stunned.

Subsequently, Yasmine grinned sarcastically and asked, “Don’t you know? Kathleen’s mother is the child that my sister lost.”

Vanessa knitted her brows.

It turned out that Yasmine had known about this a long time ago.

Yasmine looked sideways at Kathleen. “You shouldn’t have hidden everything if you know about this, too.”

Kathleen explained in an aggrieved tone, “Ms. Schott... Grand aunt, you’ve misunderstood me. I wanted to reveal my identity last time, but I didn’t dare to because of what happened to Granny. I’d be the laughing stock if someone refuses to acknowledge my identity.”

The look in Vanessa’s eyes was cold as she stared at Kathleen, who spoke lightly to Yasmine. “But now, with you around, I’m sure you’d be able to help me.”

Yasmine’s lips twitched. “You sure know how to use me.”

Kathleen replied embarrassedly, "No, I would never. It's just that it'd be best if an elderly is around when I announce that. Otherwise, someone might think I'm an impersonator."

Yasmine gazed at her with a profound look in her eyes and said to Vanessa, "You heard her."

Vanessa remained stunned.

The old woman declared indifferently, "If you can't make a decision, then let me. Let my sister and Kathleen do a DNA test. We'll know if Kathleen is truly related to the Yoeger family or not after the results are out. Such things can't be proved with words alone. Do you understand?"

Vanessa bit her lip. "Yes. But Aunt Yasmine, you can't blame us for this. We're just trying to be cautious because, throughout the recent years, a lot of people tried to impersonate Kathleen."

Yasmine boiled with anger. "Being cautious? If you guys wanted to be cautious, you guys should have run DNA tests instead of blindly rejecting people. Who knows? One of those people who are rejected might actually be my sister's granddaughter! A shameless illegitimate child was easily accepted by the Yoeger family, while the rightful heiress of the family was left wandering out there. The audacity of you guys to even try and explain to me. How outrageous!"

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 215

Chapter 215 Do You Have A Granddaughter Or Not

Vanessa was indignant and humiliated, but she dared not express her distress.

"I'll go back and arrange for the DNA test," she responded sheepishly.

Yasmine said emotionlessly, "Go ahead then."

"All right." Vanessa got to her feet and shot Kathleen an icy glare before turning to leave.

"Is there anything else you guys want to talk about?" Yasmine queried.

"Thank you, Grandaunt! Without your help, I wouldn't be able to return home." Kathleen went to sit next to Yasmine.

The latter snorted coldly, concealing her true feelings.

This girl is lovable. She's quite the sweetheart.

"Save it. Anything you say will be useless if the test proves that you're not my sister's granddaughter." Yasmine put up an aloof front.

"Even if I'm not, I'll still think of you as my grandaunt." Kathleen flashed a smile.

Yasmine looked at the young woman apathetically.

Well, she does look like my sister.

"Ms. Schott, I've already run the DNA test." Samuel suddenly spoke.

Yasmine was slightly stunned. "When did you do it?"

Kathleen was equally shocked, too.

His tone was bland as he answered, "A few days ago. I took the DNA of Old Mrs. Yoeger and Kate's mother and ran the test."

Yasmine was even more taken aback. "I thought Kate's mother had passed away?"

He explained, "Yes, but Goodwill Hospital kept her DNA."

"How is that possible?" Yasmine couldn't believe it.

Samuel clarified, "Goodwill Hospital was able to be established with the support from Kate's parents, so the hospital kept both her parents' DNA."

The elderly woman nodded. "The couple is indeed respectable."

Upon finishing her sentence, she turned to Kathleen. "You have something else you want to ask, right?"

"Can I?" Kathleen questioned carefully.

"Go ahead." Yasmine prepared herself to answer whatever question that was thrown at her.

Kathleen pursed her lips. "Grandaunt, do you have a granddaughter or not?"

Yasmine fell silent, while Samuel curled his thin lips.

Does she care so much about that?

The old woman was speechless. "No. I only have one useless grandson."

"I see. I was just thinking, if you do have a granddaughter, I would have an elder sister." Kathleen looked disappointed.

Yasmine stared at her. "Who knows if you're telling the truth?"

"I am telling the truth, I swear!" the young woman replied seriously.

"Is there anything else you want to ask?"

"Grandaunt, what did you mean when you said you're going to expose what the Yoeger family did?"

Yasmine furrowed her brows. "I can't tell you that yet."

"Does it have something to do with Zachary's and Vanessa's ancestry?" Kathleen asked out of curiosity.

The old woman was dumbfounded. "How do you know?"

Kathleen didn't respond but instead mused inwardly. Samuel told me all that!

After a brief pause, Yasmine said with a deep voice, "I didn't expect word about this has gotten out, too."

"Word about this isn't widespread. There aren't many who know about it. You don't have to worry," reassured Samuel.

When Yasmine heard him say that, she was sure he knew everything.

"I'm not trying to hide anything. Actually, I did this as a way to protect Kate," she said emotionlessly.

Protect me?

"What do you mean by that, Grandaunt?" Kathleen was stupefied.

"Your mother is different from Vanessa and the others." Yasmine looked deeply into her eyes.

"Different how?" Kathleen didn't understand.

"I'll put it this way. In terms of relationship, Vanessa and your mother had different parents. It's just that both of their mothers are twins who share the same blood," elucidated Yasmine.

Kathleen was surprised. "Which means my granddad's surname isn't Yoeger?"

Yasmine nodded, and Kathleen turned to look at Samuel, who apparently had no idea about that either.

The two of them had never expected to hear something like that.

“Grandaunt, please elaborate,” Kathleen urged.

The old woman slowly began to tell the story, “Back then, our eldest sister Teresa Schott married the eldest son of the Yoeger family due to the relationship between both families. After that, she passed away due to difficult labor.”

Kathleen listened intently.

“At that time, the Schott family had declined, and the Yoeger family was the rising upstart. Just like that, my parents did everything in their power to force Frances, your grandmother, to become the second wife of the Yoeger family’s heir.” Yasmine sighed.

Kathleen was enraged to hear that. “How could they?”

“That’s what Frances said, too. However, my parents are selfish human beings, and if she didn’t do as told, they’d make me do it instead. I was twenty years old and was studying abroad. Frances is a kind woman, so in the end, she had no choice but to give in.”

Kathleen felt horrible. “Then who is my mother’s biological father?”

Yasmine shook her head. “I have no idea, too. All I know is that Frances was dating someone during that time. I guess she didn’t tell anyone about it because her boyfriend didn’t have a dignified status, and my parents despised the poor. After that, she married into the Yoeger family and was probably separated from her boyfriend. She was already pregnant by then, and out of a mother’s love for her child, she didn’t abort the child.”

“If that’s the case, didn’t Old Mr. Yoeger say anything?” Samuel queried coldly.

Yasmine replied, “I suppose no. If he did mind back then, the child would have been aborted. I don’t know what they talked about privately, but ever since then, Frances became the lady of the Yoeger family. She did everything for the sake of the Yoeger family and raised two children on her own. It was not easy for her.”

Kathleen spoke sadly. “Yet Vanessa and Zachary still wanted to harm her.”

“I think they must’ve known about their own identities. I saw all those surveillance footage, too. What Zachary and Vanessa did are indeed outrageous, but we still need to investigate what they were thinking and what their goal was. The most important thing now is for Frances to be treated,” said Yasmine in a low whisper.

“Don’t worry, Grandaunt. With me around, Granny will be cured of the poison. I promise,” Kathleen reassured.

“I’m relieved to hear that.” Yasmine breathed a sigh of relief.

“Ms. Schott, this matter shouldn’t be delayed. To stop Vanessa and Zachary from doing anything, what do you say we pay the Yoeger residence a visit?” asked Samuel solemnly.

“Okay.” Yasmine agreed after pondering briefly and stood up from her seat. “You guys wait here. I’ll go change.”

Kathleen and Samuel nodded and watched as the old woman trudged up the stairs.

Kathleen tugged at Samuel’s sleeve. “When did you run a DNA test?”

“When you told me about your relationship with the Yoeger family,” answered Samuel.

“That was a long time ago. Why did you only tell me today?”

He looked at her with an unfathomable look in his eyes. “You want to know why?”

She bobbed her head. “Of course. Would you tell me or not?”