

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 221

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Chapter 221

Chapter 221 Getting Back At Him

Kathleen had followed Samuel back to the Macari residence.

Diana had been urging her to come over when she had the time to do so.

However, Kathleen had not been able to visit for a while as she had been too busy recently.

She could not help but wonder if Diana would blame her.

Samuel and Kathleen entered the residence and headed straight for the living room.

Diana was already standing when they reached the living room. "It's been so long since I last saw you, Katie."

Kathleen felt slightly embarrassed as she said, "I'm sorry, Old Mrs. Macari, I've been too busy lately."

"I don't blame you. Samuel had told me all about it," Diana reassured as she tugged on Kathleen's hand for the latter to sit with her. "It's all this b*stard's fault."

Kathleen flushed after hearing the older woman's words.

Meanwhile, Samuel had taken off his coat and handed it to the housekeeper. Turning to Kathleen, he said, "Take off your coat."

"Okay," Kathleen said, taking off her coat as well.

With Kathleen's coat in his hand, Samuel repeated the same actions and handed it to the housekeeper.

Diana, on the other hand, was silently looking at the scene before her, a contented smile on her lips.

"Aren't Mr. and Mrs. Macari around?" Kathleen asked.

“Well, it’s the end of the year now. There are many gatherings that they have to attend,” Diana explained. “Especially since Samuel is rather poor in health. Those social gatherings that require him to drink alcohol would eventually have to be attended by Calvin instead.”

Kathleen nodded.

I see.

“Let’s have dinner first. We’ll talk while we have our meal,” Diana suggested. She knew that Kathleen should be starving by then as Kathleen often looked like she was seconds away from fainting when she was hungry.

Samuel, too, was about to remind them to have their meal.

However, Diana had already noticed and was a step ahead of him.

After that, the three of them headed to the dining area.

Set on the table were all of Kathleen’s favorite dishes.

Instantly, Diana motioned for Kathleen to sit next to her.

Samuel had planned to take a seat next to Kathleen. However, he was stopped by Diana before he could even take action. With a flat tone, she ordered, “You’re sitting next to me.”

Samuel was rendered speechless.

He was sure that Diana was doing it on purpose and was getting back at him for letting her take the blame.

Nevertheless, Samuel could only abide by her words.

Diana, in the meantime, had placed some roasted chicken on Kathleen’s plate. “I’m already aware of the Yoeger family situation. Yasmine had even called me because of it. I honestly did not anticipate such mayhem within the Yoegers. Most importantly, I was surprised that Frances didn’t notice anything. If she had, she wouldn’t have been poisoned in the first place.”

With a tinge of hesitation in her voice, Kathleen asked, “Old Mrs. Macari, how does Old Mrs. Yoeger treat Zachary and Vanessa?”

“Well, there isn’t much to say,” Diana began. “I’m sure you’re well aware of the complicated relationships in the Yoeger family. Despite Frances’ disdain for Hector, she

still takes great care of the two children. They are, after all, the children of her sister. That's why she adores them and treats them as if they were her own."

"What about Zachary and Vanessa?" Kathleen asked again.

"I don't really know them that well. But I've heard Frances talk about them a lot. They seem to be nice and rather filial," Diana stated before heaving a sigh. "For that reason, Frances had all of her guards down."

Kathleen nodded.

"Grandma, do you know the relationship between Old Mrs. Yoeger and Old Mr. Yoeger?" Samuel asked.

Diana merely glanced at him after hearing his question.

Awkwardly, Kathleen added, "I'd like to know about their relationship too, Old Mrs. Macari."

With that, Diana's expression bloomed into something warm as she carried on with her explanation. "I feel that Hector had taken a liking toward Frances in the end. Actually, I knew Teresa too. She was in a marriage of convenience with Hector. I wouldn't say that they were in a loving relationship, but it was still an okay relationship. However, everyone knew that Hector favored Frances over Teresa."

Kathleen frowned upon hearing that.

After noticing Kathleen's frown, Diana questioned, "What are you thinking about?"

"Originally, I was guessing whether my mom was stolen away by one of Old Mr. Yoeger's men. However, after hearing what you had just said, it doesn't seem possible anymore," Kathleen answered truthfully. She would never hold herself back when she was with Diana.

The latter furrowed her brows at this. "Hmm, you have a point. I am indeed curious about the person who stole your mother away."

Samuel's apathetic voice then came through. "In my opinion, if Old Mr. Yoeger loved Frances that much, he shouldn't be excluded from the list of those who could have stolen your mother."

Perplexed, Kathleen inquired, "What do you mean?"

Samuel gave a straightforward reply. "I suppose it's what they call a love that turned into hatred. Old Mr. Yoeger couldn't accept the fact that the person he loved had given birth to another man's child."

Kathleen was at a loss for words as she had never experienced anything like that.

With her face firmly frowning, Kathleen questioned, "But isn't it too cruel for someone to target a child?"

Diana, too, had her eyebrows locked in a tight frown as she questioned Samuel, "Do you have any proof for your deductions?"

"Grandma, Kate, I'd like to ask the both of you a question," Samuel started impassively. "How was the reputation of White Clouds Welfare Center in Jadeborough?"

"What kind of question is that?" Diana refuted. "The welfare center had an amazing reputation. On top of that, there were often donations made from the rich. Honestly, the children there received great care."

Kathleen nodded in agreement before adding, "Aside from that, the director of the welfare center is my grandad's cousin. They are quite close. My granddad had no children, so the director urged him to adopt my mom. On top of that, my dad was also from the same welfare center and shared the same last name as the director. They are all wonderful people."

After hearing Diana and Kathleen's comments, Samuel fell silent for a few moments. "Have you given it any thought? The person who kidnapped your mother could have simply tossed her away or even killed her if they had a grudge against the Yoegers. Why did they send her to one of Jadeborough's most prestigious welfare centers?"

Kathleen was caught off guard by his question.

"If what I stated previously wasn't clear enough, I could also phrase it this way," Samuel said. "Old Mr. Yoeger harbors no ill feelings toward the child. He cannot, however, accept the reality that the woman he loves had given birth to another man's child and was caring for it right in front of his eyes. As a result, he ordered that your mother be taken away. But instead of harming her, he sent her to a prestigious welfare center."

Kathleen pursed her lips.

"I've researched the welfare center's accounts. Around forty-eight years ago, White Clouds received a ten million donation. That happened to be the second day your mother was sent there," Samuel explained.

Kathleen's expression fell after she heard his words.

"I could help you do more research on this anonymous account to verify whether it belonged to Old Mr. Yoeger if you still don't believe in what I had just said," Samuel offered.

Kathleen placed her fork down and drank some water before saying, "If this is the case, won't the entire Yoeger family be utterly sorry toward Old Mrs. Yoeger?"

Diana sighed. "You're right. It would be awful if Hector were behind it."

"Grandma, do you know whether Old Mrs. Yoeger had committed any relationships before marrying Old Mr. Yoeger?" Samuel asked.

Diana furrowed her brows as she tried to recall. She soon shook her head. "I'm not really sure. She had never mentioned anything to me regarding relationships, and it was also awkward for me to ask her about it."

"I guess we can only wait for Old Mrs. Yoeger to wake up and ask her for some clarifications," Samuel said impassively.

Once again, Kathleen pursed her lips.

She was feeling extremely anguished.

She could not help but wonder how Frances would react if Hector were indeed the perpetrator of the incident.

Frances had dedicated her life to the Yoegers. Yet, she was plotted against and even had to part ways with her child.

Kathleen was concerned that Frances would not be able to handle the shocking information.

Meanwhile, Diana was shooting the nastiest glare she could muster at Samuel.

She was inwardly cursing at her grandson for bringing up the topic and causing her beloved Kathleen to lose her appetite.

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Chapter 222 Threaten

Diana went to rest after having her meal.

Kathleen stayed inside the pet house, hugging Snowy in silence.

Samuel entered and stood by the door. "How about you take care of it for a few days since you like the dog so much?"

Kathleen shook her head and pressed her face against Snowy's furry body.

"I don't have the time. A dog requires companionship. My brother and I are both busy."

Samuel walked forward and crouched down beside her.

He reached out to pat Snowy's head. "You saved this dog in the past."

Kathleen turned around. "Samuel."

"Hmm?" Samuel gazed at her solemnly.

"You weren't just joking earlier at the dining table, right? You weren't just making baseless analysis, am I right?" she asked softly.

Samuel wore an impassive expression. "I do have some evidence."

"Would you have done it if it was you?" Kathleen asked with all seriousness.

"That depends on how intense the love is." Samuel regarded her with a pensive gaze. "One can accept everything as long as they love deeply. If they are merely controlled by their superficial possessiveness, naturally, they will not allow anything to happen."

Kathleen pursed her lips. "But what does it mean to love deeply?"

A troubled expression spread across her face.

Snowy suddenly lay on the floor and showed its stomach.

Kathleen proceeded to caress the dog's stomach.

Samuel said, "Perhaps it was the way you thought of me."

Kathleen momentarily froze and looked at him in surprise.

"What else could have motivated you to treat me in that manner in the past if it wasn't because you loved me deeply?" His eyes bore into her.

Kathleen pursed her lips. "But you did not seem to like it."

Then, she continued stroking Snowy's belly.

"I do like it." Samuel's voice sounded hoarse. "It was my fault for not realizing that earlier."

"Samuel, you don't have to lie to me." Kathleen sighed. "One-sided affection will only cause annoyance to others, just like how I was and how you are."

He simply kept quiet and stared at her.

He had the urge to embrace her, but Samuel knew he should not do that.

Kathleen smiled faintly. "Anyway, I shouldn't be too pessimistic since this matter has yet to be thoroughly investigated, right? Perhaps this is all just a misunderstanding. Old Mr. Yoeger donated to the children's welfare center simply because he wanted to do a good deed. Am I right?"

Samuel remained silent.

Kathleen grasped his collar with both hands and uttered anxiously, "Answer me. Am I right?"

Samuel gazed at her delicate and adorable yet worried face while replying in a husky voice, "You're right."

Kathleen's tears rolled down her cheeks, and Samuel instantaneously panicked.

"You're a terrible liar." Kathleen sniffled.

Samuel took out a handkerchief to help wipe the tears off her face.

"I'll do it myself." Kathleen wiped her tears with the handkerchief. "Tell me, how much do you know? You told me you would never lie to me."

Samuel explained, "Your Highness, I'm really not lying to you. This is the extent of my investigation. Kate, all I can say is that I know men better than you. I may not have met with Old Mr. Yoeger, but based on my investigation and judgment, I reckon he's most probably behind this matter."

Kathleen pursed her red lips.

"Besides, think about this. Who could have stolen the child and not be discovered under so many people's watch in the Yoeger residence?" he continued coolly.

Kathleen continued pursing her lips without saying a word.

In fact, she had already accepted Samuel's hypothesis because his statement and the evidence he had produced left no room for doubt.

“Alas!” Kathleen let out a sigh. “Old Mrs. Yoeger was the one who suffered due to this incident. Why do you think Old Mrs. Yoeger split up with him? She decided to give birth to the child, after all.”

“Maybe the only thing she could do was to ensure that child lived.” Samuel gazed at Kathleen intently.

She nodded. “I can understand her point of view.”

She was the same previously.

Kathleen was willing to endure the humiliations but determined to deliver the child.

Regrettably, she failed.

She had allowed Nicolette to cause the death of her child and even nearly lost her life because of Nicolette too.

Samuel knew Kathleen must have been reminded of that incident.

He pulled her into his arms.

“I’m sorry!” He gulped. “I did not mention that on purpose.”

I’m very sorry!

Kathleen raised her arm and gently patted him on his back. “It’s okay. That’s a matter in the past now, Samuel. Let bygones be bygones.”

There’s nothing we can do even if we hold on to the past. My child will not come back to life anyway.

Samuel felt extremely anguished, and he began coughing.

He immediately let go of Kathleen, fearing he might soil her if he coughed out blood.

Kathleen quickly handed the handkerchief in her hand to him.

Samuel used the handkerchief to cover his mouth.

After coughing for some time, he removed the handkerchief and saw that there was still some bloodstain on the hanky, albeit very little. He clasped the handkerchief.

Kathleen frowned. “It’s all right. These are the residue of the toxin. I will help treat and manage your health.”

She would never leave him to his demises.

“Okay.” Samuel nodded.

“What is this?” She stretched out her hand to touch his lips. There were black spots on his lips, and she was sure that was not blood.

Samuel froze.

Her fingers were incredibly soft. The sensation as her fingertips brushed against his lips was extremely indulging.

Kathleen touched the black spots and frowned. “What exactly is this?”

Samuel looked at her and sighed. “There are some on your face too.”

“Really?” Kathleen touched her own face. “What’s going on?”

Taking in her endearing and baffled demeanor, he said, “This handkerchief was used to wipe your ears just now. Then, you used it to wipe your eyes before I used it to wipe my mouth.”

Kathleen was stumped.

“Why are you looking at me, you messy girl?” Samuel stared at her.

She stood up. “Let’s wash it off. It’s too embarrassing.”

Samuel slowly got to his feet and replaced the handkerchief in his pocket.

They exited the pet house together and went into the bathroom.

Kathleen dampened a towel to wipe her face while Samuel washed his mouth with clear water, then rinsed his mouth.

After he finished washing up, she handed him the towel.

Samuel wiped his mouth, cleaning the black spots off his lips.

Kathleen reached out to check Samuel’s pulse.

He gazed at her in silence, allowing her to do as she pleased.

She knitted her brows as she said, “It is still because the toxin has affected your internal organs. This condition cannot be resolved easily by just taking some medications.”

“Do I still need to take medicinal baths?” Samuel asked curiously.

“Yes, you do.” Kathleen placed his hand down. “You cannot stop taking your oral medications as well. But only Caleb has a few of the medications you’re taking. I’ll go find him tomorrow.”

“I’ll go instead.” Samuel did not wish for Kathleen to have too many interactions with Caleb.

After all, he knew well about the feelings Caleb had toward Kathleen.

“I’m afraid you two will get into a fight, and he will refuse to provide me with the medications,” she said.

Samuel croaked, “What if he threatens you? What if he forces you to be in a relationship or marry him in exchange for the medications?”

Kathleen snorted. “Samuel, do you think I will sacrifice myself for you?”

Samuel stiffened.

“He’s not a fool. He knows threatening me with that matter is futile.” Kathleen shrugged. “He’s not that stupid.”

Despite knowing that Kathleen was right, Samuel was still upset by the thought of them meeting up.

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Chapter 223 I Will Not Do It Again

“Don’t worry about the medication,” Kathleen said.

“Do you think I’m worried about that?” countered Samuel coolly.

Kathleen looked as if she didn’t quite understand what he was talking about.

“I just don’t want you to sacrifice anything for the sake of obtaining the medication.” Samuel’s lips were set in a hard line.

Surprised, she replied, "Didn't you understand what I said earlier? I already stated that I don't intend to sacrifice myself for the medication."

Does he think I'm stupid?

"Kate, I know you don't love me anymore, but you did say that you understand me. Likewise, do you think I don't understand you as well?" said Samuel coldly as he looked at her.

Kathleen pursed her lips as she took in his words.

He continued in his low rasp, "You're simply too kind. You may not do it for me, but I'm sure the depths of your kindness wouldn't allow you to leave things as they are. That's especially because you've already started handling the matter. I know that once you've started something, you'll see it through to the end. That's just how much of a sense of responsibility you have."

Kathleen didn't reply. Instead, she was overwhelmed with surprise at how well Samuel understood her. She now realized that although he might not understand some of her day-to-day habits, he had fully grasped her character and personality.

On the flip side, she wasn't too familiar with Samuel.

At that, she stated flatly, "Trust me, Samuel. I won't be that stupid."

His dark eyes stared intently into hers, but he didn't move a single muscle, not even to reply.

Finally, Kathleen broke the silence and said, "It's almost time. Both of us have been in the bathroom for some time now. It's easy for others to misunderstand us."

"I'm not afraid," remarked Samuel nonchalantly.

"Well, I am!" exclaimed Kathleen with derision. "I'm a full-fledged divorcee now. I don't want to be associated with and be tangled up in my ex-husband's affairs any longer."

Samuel was utterly speechless. He silently followed behind her as she exited the bathroom.

Kathleen checked in with Maria and learned that Diana had already gone to sleep.

Maria said, "Old Mrs. Macari has been going to bed earlier these days."

Kathleen understood instantly and said, "I just checked on Old Mrs. Macari's condition. She doesn't have any issues, but you do have to make sure to pay special attention to her."

Maria understood and replied, "Yes, Ms. Johnson. Don't worry."

"Since she's gone to bed, I won't bother her any further. I'll be leaving now, Maria," announced Kathleen.

A faint smile emerged on Maria's face as she replied, "All right. Old Mrs. Macari seemed quite happy tonight. It could be because you're here, Ms. Johnson. With you around, things here have gotten much warmer and more comfortable. It's no longer as cold and dreary as it used to be."

Kathleen was stunned for a moment, but she finally promised, "I'll come over again in a few days."

"That would be great! I'm sure Old Mrs. Macari would love that," exclaimed Maria with a smile.

As he took in their exchange, Samuel flashed a look of satisfaction at Maria.

"I'll be heading off first, then, Maria," Kathleen said as she put on her outerwear and left.

"Be careful on your way out," Maria reminded worriedly.

"I'll be leaving too, Maria," said Samuel as he donned his down jacket and chased after Kathleen.

Maria gazed at the pair as they departed. She couldn't help but let out a long sigh.

If Kathleen decides to give birth to the child, this household is bound to become even more lively. Now that she isn't coming over as frequently as she used to, it's almost back to its former dreary state.

Kathleen and Samuel headed back to the Johnson residence.

The second they entered, Charles stuffed two bags of items into Samuel's arms and exclaimed, "These are your belongings. Take them and get lost!"

Samuel didn't know how to respond.

He merely received the items silently.

"You're not allowed to come over again," declared Charles with contempt in his voice.

"I only listen to what Kate says," stated Samuel with a faint smile.

Charles was speechless.

Kathleen didn't know how to respond, either. "Charles..."

"In any case, we don't welcome you here!" exclaimed Charles with his usual righteous self.

Samuel couldn't help but smile once more as he turned to Kathleen and said, "I'll head back first. I'm still next to you. Shout for me if you need me."

Kathleen merely watched as he turned to leave.

Charles slammed the door shut and furiously stated, "You should do something about Samuel! He's been badgering you for so long now."

"Violence doesn't solve problems..."

"So what? I'll be so angry if I don't teach him a lesson," Charles huffed.

Kathleen grew even more frustrated by his response. "If you put him in a state where he can't make a full recovery for the rest of his life, then I'll have no choice but to stick with him for the rest of mine. If he somehow died because of something you did, I wouldn't dare to get married ever again."

Charles didn't know how to respond to her sudden proclamation.

"If there's nothing else, I'll head to my room first," Kathleen said casually.

Charles knew that whatever he did to Samuel would ultimately be reflected back on Kathleen at the end of the day. As such, he recognized that the only way for Kathleen to be free of Samuel would be for the latter to heal quickly and exit their lives.

This was because he knew that Kathleen was simply too kind and too responsible a person. If it weren't for that, she would have every reason to ignore Samuel.

That said, she was likely treating Samuel this way only because of the Macari family. As they had always treated her affectionately, she probably couldn't allow herself to stand coldly by the side and watch Samuel suffer.

I have to admit... The Macari family is certainly the best at deploying this move!

Following her exchange with Charles, Kathleen finally returned to her room to seek some well-deserved rest.

She was a little tired. After all, she had spent quite some time chatting with Diana that very same night. From their interaction, she was finally able to grasp just how difficult Frances' situation was.

It was clear that her mother was right under Frances' nose, but the latter didn't even notice. She surmised that this meant someone had refrained from reporting this to her. Otherwise, there was no other way to explain why Frances had yet to find her mother by this point in time.

I heard that the Yoeger family had spared no expense for the sake of finding their lost daughter, both in terms of manpower and material wealth. Even so, they've somehow still failed in their attempt. There's no way I'll believe that someone didn't manipulate the search reports.

The more Kathleen thought about it, the more confused she got. Eventually, she ended up falling asleep.

Elsewhere, Samuel stepped out onto the balcony and looked across from him with his dark eyes. He saw that the room opposite him still had its lights on, but he couldn't pick up Kathleen's silhouette through the drawn curtains.

Did she just lie down and fall asleep straight away? Indeed, she does not have the faintest clue about how to look after herself.

Samuel pulled out a cigarette and his lighter. He proceeded to light the cigarette up and puffed on it deeply.

Is it really impossible for things between Kathleen and me to return to how they used to be?

This was the one question that he had been asking himself again and again.

He knew that Kathleen was a softhearted person and would definitely express concern for him if she saw him in this state. However, that didn't mean that she still had feelings for him.

In addition, there was also the matter with Diana to consider. She treated Kathleen as if the latter were her very own granddaughter.

Back then, when Kathleen was still living in the Macari residence, she would receive the same treatment that everyone else got. Not only did she get a chance to eat and experience the best that Jadeborough had to offer, but she also got more of it than the rest.

She had always been the kind of person to be appreciative of those who had helped her along her way. As such, even if the Macari family had owed her something or done her wrong, she had never sought to ask them for anything in return.

As these realizations crossed Samuel's mind, his hand started to tremble involuntarily.

He recognized that Kathleen had truly never asked anything of him or the Macari family. Nothing at all.

In the past, she had wholeheartedly devoted herself and her heart to him. However, he had failed to cherish her and instead had cruelly trampled on her heart.

At this, Samuel suddenly burst into a coughing fit.

He raised his palm to his lips and felt a strange warmth upon his skin. He was sure that he had started vomiting blood again.

Suddenly, the door to the balcony across from him opened, and Kathleen stumbled out in a daze. She looked up across at him, and her eyes widened in shock as she exclaimed, "Why are you smoking?"

He immediately put the cigarette out and threw it away.

"Samuel!" yelled Kathleen as she walked up to the railing of her balcony, glaring at him. "If you keep this up, I won't care about you anymore. I mean it!"

"I won't do it again," Samuel promised in a panic.

He did not expect that his slight cough would wake her from her slumber.

"Get back in immediately! You're sick right now. You can't afford to get cold," Kathleen admonished sternly.

Samuel grunted in acknowledgment. He was about to turn around when he suddenly stopped. "Kate, you promised me you would buy me clothes."

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Chapter 224 Why Are You Scared

Kathleen said, "I didn't forget about that."

"That's good, then." Samuel gave her a gentle smirk. "I'm free all the time."

He went inside shortly after saying this.

Kathleen massaged her sore temples.

Her head did not stop hurting.

She felt really helpless.

I have to make a deal with Samuel tomorrow.

With that thought, she turned around and went back.

Samuel closed the door when he saw her go in, but he was reluctant to draw the curtains.

He sat on the bed, looking at the opposite window, his eyes thoughtful.

The next day, after Kathleen had breakfast, she was ready to go to the set to film when Charles gave her the notice.

“Here, have a look.”

“I’ll read on the way,” Kathleen said.

“The director has instructed the actors to stay in a hotel arranged for by the crew for a few days,” said Charles blandly. “I’ll have someone pack and send your stuff over to you. It’ll be the end of the year soon. I reckon he wants to film more and give you all a proper vacation.”

Kathleen nodded in response. “Got it.”

Charles said worriedly, “I’ll have your meals prepared and sent over to you.”

“Okay.” Kathleen took the notice and went out.

She got in the car and glanced at her phone. Her schedule was full, and she was really busy enough.

When she got to the set, she put on makeup and got to filming. She did not wrap things up until late that night.

Throughout the day, she did not have time to deal with her personal affairs.

After managing to carve out a few precious minutes for herself, Kathleen gave Caleb a call.

However, Caleb did not answer.

Just as she was about to call him again, there was a knock on the door.

Who could it be?

Kathleen went to open the door.

To her surprise, she found Caleb standing there.

“I received your call, Ms. Johnson.” Caleb curved his lips into a smirk.

Kathleen looked at him in puzzlement. “Why are you here?”

“Didn’t you ask me to come?” Caleb raised his eyebrows.

“I couldn’t get through.” Kathleen was speechless.

“I brought you a late-night snack.” Caleb held up an insulated lunch box in his hand. “Aren’t you going to invite me in?”

“Please, of course.” Kathleen promptly ushered him inside.

He stepped leisurely past the threshold as Kathleen fiddled with the door and the lock.

Caleb put down the lunch box in his hand. “I’ve made you your favorite.”

“Thank you.” Kathleen was a tad sheepish at the gesture.

Caleb unbuttoned his suit and sat down. “Eat. You must be hungry after a day of filming.”

Kathleen sat down and opened the lid.

The food inside was still hot, and it was her favorite dish.

“Thank you.” Kathleen did not expect Caleb to be so thoughtful.

Caleb twiddled with his thumbs absentmindedly before saying, “It was my first time making it. I hope you don’t mind.”

His first time?

Kathleen was surprised. “You can cook?”

Caleb smirked. “You say that like it’s hard.”

Kathleen picked up her utensils and took a bite.

She then nodded in satisfaction. "Wow, Caleb! You've cooked this very well!"

"I'm just talented in many things," Caleb said coolly. "It's not just cooking."

Kathleen was stunned. She didn't know what to say.

Caleb glanced at her sideways. "You definitely didn't call me for no reason. Did you need something?"

"Remember the medicines I asked you to get for me the last time? I need more." Kathleen hesitated before continuing, "You see, I'm treating your sister's condition very carefully."

Caleb was quiet for a bit. "You need them for Samuel?"

Kathleen nodded.

He laughed self-deprecatingly. "Do you think I'm that shameless? To make you devoted to me by using medications as motivation?"

Kathleen's response was icy. "I know you're not that kind of person, but I wanted to make things clear."

Caleb's dark eyes were solemn. "As long as I can provide it, you can have it. There's no need to explain yourself to me, nor will I ask you to."

Kathleen looked at him in surprise.

"What is it?" asked Caleb morosely.

Kathleen shook her head, feeling a little flustered. "Nothing."

"It's getting late. I'm going back now." Caleb did not plan to stay here for too long.

He knew what Kathleen was concerned about.

She was afraid of being seen.

After all, the entire crew lived here now.

"I'll send you off." Kathleen stood up.

"No, you should rest," Caleb said solemnly.

Suddenly, there was a loud noise from nowhere.

In an instant, the room became extremely dark.

“Ah!” Kathleen exclaimed.

She immediately ran to the corner and squatted down. She was huddled up and shuddering.

“Kathleen?” Caleb walked to Kathleen’s side and placed his hand on her shoulder. His voice laced with concern, he asked, “What’s the matter?”

She’s trembling so much from this?

Kathleen’s face had turned pale. “I’m afraid of the dark.”

Caleb frowned. “Don’t be afraid. I’m here.”

Kathleen said nothing, chewing on her lower lip.

“Kate, be at ease.” Caleb wrapped his hand around her. Using his gentlest voice, he said, “I’m here with you now. Don’t be afraid.”

He barely even registered the change in her.

Kathleen grabbed his hand. “When will the power come back?”

Caleb sat beside her and turned on the flashlight of his phone.

“Don’t worry. The hotel has its own emergency generator, and you will be able to call soon,” Caleb comforted her. “If you are afraid, hold onto me.”

Kathleen did not take the invitation but grabbed his hand harder. “Are you sure the hotel has it?”

For a while, he did not know how to answer.

After all, larger, more established hotels did have such amenities.

He knew nothing about smaller hotels.

“Why are you so afraid?” Caleb frowned.

Kathleen said quietly, “Because of Nicolette.”

Caleb replied, “I heard that she once put you—”

“Hush.” Kathleen’s delicate face was drained of color.

Her trembling had gotten much worse too.

Caleb pursed his lips and pulled Kathleen into his arms.

Instinctively, Kathleen wanted to struggle.

Caleb gently laid her head in his arms and said, "Kate, calm down. The morgue is cold, but my arms feel warm. Focus on the warmth. As long as you feel this, you can't possibly be back there."

Kathleen didn't move.

This was the first time another man who wasn't Samuel had held her this way.

As it turned out, Caleb was nowhere near as cold as she imagined, nor was he as difficult to get along with.

On the contrary, she began to view him in a different light.

It would be hard to find a woman who would not be moved by someone like Caleb.

Kathleen was really afraid although she had gone for hypnotherapy.

The fear was quite intense, but this reaction was considerably milder than before.

Before, she could barely tolerate places with shade.

Kathleen became quiet and calm in Caleb's arms.

There was something quite comforting about his embrace.

However, she could sense that his breathing had become labored and had no idea what the man was thinking.

Ah, she's so soft. And she's such a decent person. Why did she fall for a sc*mbag like Samuel? A woman like her deserves to be cherished.

Ten minutes later, the power finally returned.

Kathleen immediately distanced herself from Caleb.

They were both sitting on the floor, facing each other.

Caleb's ears were a little red. "Since the power is back on, I should get going."

He stood up, but then he reached out and hugged Kathleen again.

Caleb just found her too endearing to resist.

"I'll see you again tomorrow," he said. "By the way, I'm taking orders. Just let me know if you want something to eat, and I'll do my best to make it for you."

Kathleen replied, "My brother was supposed to bring me food, but I'm guessing something happened that delayed him."

Caleb smiled faintly. "That's because he's at my house."

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 225

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel)

Chapter 225

Chapter 225 Taking Back The Pictures

Kathleen was at a loss for words.

Charles is at Caleb's place?

"I called him over," admitted Caleb sheepishly. "But I wasn't being sneaky or anything. My sister is sometimes lucid, sometimes not. She said she wanted to see your brother."

Kathleen nodded in understanding.

"I'm leaving now." Caleb opened the door, only to see Samuel standing there.

The expression he bore was dark as he glared at them, but he was also quite out of breath.

Seeing Caleb coming out of Kathleen's room, Samuel was clearly unhappy.

"Well, I'm off, then." Caleb patted Kathleen's head and turned away.

For some reason, Kathleen was a little embarrassed.

She looked at Samuel and asked, "Why are you here?"

"I heard there was a power outage." She could see Samuel's Adam's apple bobbing as he spoke.

And you're afraid of the dark.

"I'm all right. Caleb happened to be around," replied Kathleen. So that's why he's here.

Samuel pursed his thin lips.

She must have been terrified at that time, but there was another man by her side. Caleb was smiling so heartily before I arrived, too.

Something agitated Samuel, and he began to cough.

Kathleen immediately walked over to support him. "Come in and sit down."

"Okay." Samuel nodded and walked into Kathleen's room.

A cursory glance of the room showed that it was spick and span.

His breath suddenly eased quite a little.

Kathleen helped him onto the bed and sat down. "Why are you panting so much?"

"The power has just been restored, and the elevator can't be used yet. I was worried that you'd be afraid and alone, so I ran all the way up here." Samuel's breathing had yet to slow down.

"You should mind your physical condition." Kathleen frowned.

"I'm worried about you." Samuel looked at her deeply, his voice getting lower and lower.

"I was truly worried."

"I know," Kathleen said. "But you can't do anything too strenuous for a while. What if something happens?"

"Okay." Samuel was very obedient.

Kathleen breathed a sigh of relief.

Samuel looked at the table beside him and asked, "You haven't eaten yet?"

"Yeah," Kathleen said. "Caleb sent this over. He made it himself."

Samuel didn't speak.

Why, I could do this too!

"Have you eaten? Would you like to share some?" Kathleen asked.

Samuel shook his head. He couldn't stomach anything his rival made.

Why did I not think of this sooner?

"I've spoken to Caleb. He promised to give me the medicines," said Kathleen between bites of food.

Samuel pursed his lips.

He could feel a certain ache in the depths of his heart.

"By the way, aren't you leaving?" Kathleen asked in confusion.

"I just came." Samuel looked at her deeply.

Kathleen took a sip of water before replying, "But I'm going to sleep."

Are you driving me away, then? I'm guessing something happened between the two. They looked odder than usual. Samuel did not care that Caleb knew how to make women happy. What he was concerned about was Kathleen's heart.

Kathleen did not look at Samuel, but she knew exactly what he was thinking.

"I'm going back." Samuel stood up, a gloomy expression on his face.

Kathleen pursed her lips. "All right."

Samuel walked to the door and then stopped to look at Kathleen.

Kathleen paid him no mind; her gaze was directed at the window in front of her.

This made Samuel hurt even more.

He pursed his lips and turned away.

I guess this is how she felt when she saw me and Nicolette. Or perhaps it was likely more gut-wrenching than this. Tit for tat. I dare say this is retribution.

At the Lewis residence, Charles had his gaze directed at Caleb.

Vivian was somewhat lucid, but she weaved in and out of clarity and her muddled senses.

Charles felt a sharp twang of pain in his chest.

Vivian was the woman he loved, and now she was reduced to a shell of a person.

It was really hard for him to accept things.

“Charles, why am I here?” Vivian’s pale and bloodless face revealed doubts. “Shouldn’t we be in Pollerton, in school? Where is this place?”

“Vivian, this is your home,” Charles said after a deep sigh.

“My home?” Vivian’s eyes darted left and right as she looked at her unfamiliar surroundings. “Are you kidding me? My home is very beautiful. The decor is warm, homely, and quite romantic. You’ve even been there before, and you’re saying this is my home?”

Charles looked at Vivian with obvious heartache.

It was true that she used to be quite a stylish person.

To see her reduced to this, he was sad.

“Vivian, this truly is your home,” said Charles with emphasis.

“You’re lying to me!” Vivian frowned. “No, why am I bound? Hurry up and let me go!”

Charles wanted to let go of her, but he couldn’t.

In the day, Vivian had the tendency to harm herself.

“Vivian, do you still remember what your room looked like?” Charles asked.

Vivian tilted her head and recalled, “I could see tall skyscrapers from my window. They were so beautiful at night, but I can’t see anything from my window now. How could this be my room?”

Charles pursed his lips.

“My room also has a retro carpet, a lot of furniture, and a lot of beautiful clothes. Wait, was I not wearing a caramel-colored dress before? What is this?”

With that said, Vivian removed all her clothing.

Charles held her hand and said coldly, “Vivian, that dress was soiled, so you sent it for cleaning. Have you forgotten?”

“Soiled?” Vivian looked at him blankly.

“Yes. I’ll go get it for you tomorrow,” said Charles soothingly.

Soiled? My dress?

Vivian felt a pain in her head.

She then let out a bark of strange laughter. "Well, of course! I didn't soil my skirt! It's me who's completely ruined!"

Charles shot a look at her. "But you're not!"

"Oh, but I am. I am!" Vivian cried. "Charles, I'm unclean! I was bullied because I did not want to break up with him. He then made those guys do things to me. They took pictures!"

Pictures?

Charles frowned. "Do you know where the pictures are?"

Vivian shook her head.

"Don't be afraid. I will help you get them back." Charles hugged Vivian. "But you have to be good, okay?"

"Okay." Vivian immediately became calmer.

"Be good and take your medicine. Listen to me." Charles truly hurt to see her that way.

Vivian pouted. "But the medicine is so bitter! The other lady has given me so many bitter pills to swallow!"

"That little girl is my sister, and this is for your own good. I'll bring you candy next time, okay?" Charles' voice was hoarse.

"Really?" Vivian blinked. "You don't dislike me even though I am unclean? You'll come back to visit me?"

"Of course I will!" Charles reached out to pat Vivian on the head. "You're so pure. You're like an angel to me!"

Vivian beamed at him. "Charles, the next time you come, remember to buy a silk scarf for me, okay? I want to get my hair done. Maybe I'll dye it a burgundy red!"

"Okay," Charles agreed.

At this time, the housekeeper came over with her medicine.

Vivian furrowed her brows when she saw the tinctures.

Charles took the bowl and said, "Come on, I'll feed you."

Vivian hesitated for a moment and moved back.

Charles was very patient as he fed her the medicine.