

## Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 484

Chapter 484 A Favorable Outcome

Theodore stroked his ruined beard and grinned helplessly. "I knew I couldn't hide it from you."

Kathleen looked at him impassively.

"You want to work with me?" Theodore was quite direct.

Kathleen nodded in response.

Enter title...

"You don't mind that I'd shot you and captured your daughter in the past?"

Theodore seemed surprised.

"Of course I do," Kathleen said flatly. "But, right now, I need to work with you."

Theodore narrowed his eyes. "You learn quickly."

"But I need to know your motives," she added coldly, "and what you're expecting."

Theodore's gaze darkened. "Simple. I want to avenge my son!"

"The one they said was pushed off the cliff by you?" Kathleen knitted her brows.

"Even a vicious tiger will not eat its cubs." There was a cold glint in his cloudy eyes. "I didn't kill my son. Trevor did!"

"Why?" Kathleen was shocked.

"Why do you think? My son was the heir to the Hoover family. He would inherit the family assets," Theodore exclaimed angrily. "He was a frail kid, to begin with. Yet, Trevor pushed him off a cliff. All these years, I never had the chance to come to Fairlake to end him. Now, he thinks I'm dead. His attention is on all of you now."

"Ha!" Kathleen sneered. "So that's your plan. In other words, you're afraid that Trevor might find you here."

Theodore was speechless.

Kathleen tossed the man's fake beard on the table.

"What do you want?" Theodore asked in return.

"As I said, I want to work with you," she replied calmly. "Craft a disguise for me. Tomorrow, I'm going to infiltrate the Hoover residence and rescue my son!"

Disguise?

"Who do you want to disguise as?" Theodore frowned.

Kathleen took out her phone and showed him a photo. "Here."

Theodore was surprised. "Are you sure?"

"It's not a problem for you, is it?" Kathleen questioned him, her face void of emotion.

"Of course not." Theodore had the habit of reaching out to stroke his beard. He had been quite used to it.

Unfortunately, once he touched his chin, he recalled that Kathleen had torn his beard off.

"Then, let's spare the nonsense," Kathleen said coldly. "I save my son, and you avenge yours. That way, we both get what we came for. What do you think?"

"Not a problem." Theodore's face darkened. "Hold on."

He got up to get his tools.

Four hours later, Kathleen stood in front of the mirror, admiring herself. "Your skills have certainly improved a lot."

Theodore sounded dissatisfied to hear that. "I've always been great."

"Bye, then." Kathleen got ready to leave.

"You don't need me tomorrow?" he asked in astonishment.

Kathleen's dark eyes grew chilly. "Nope. Just focus on your revenge. Give him a fatal blow when he's too weak to fight back."

"You're getting me to do the dirty work, aren't you?" Theodore frowned.

"I'm giving you a chance to exact revenge," she said indifferently. "If it weren't for the fact that we're at least acquaintances, I would not have given you this opportunity."

"Then, after you're done with Trevor, will you come after me?" Theodore was curious to know.

"That depends on my mood." With that, Kathleen turned and walked out.

Theodore frowned.

It depends on her mood, she said. This is insane!

Kathleen stepped outside.

She sent a message to Samuel: We'll meet at the Hoover residence tomorrow.

Then, she hailed a taxi. "To the Hoover residence."

The driver drove on.

Samuel sat in a black Rolls-Royce not far away, frowning.

What is she up to?

An hour later, at a location one kilometer away from the Hoover residence, a middle-aged woman walked toward Kathleen.

She kept looking back.

She was taken aback when she came face to face with a woman who looked exactly like her.

"Here's ten million." Kathleen passed her a check. "Take the money and leave. We don't want the Hoover family to find out."

The woman accepted the check. "Ms. Johnson, I didn't mean to threaten you. It's just that I got an urgent call from my son. He's abroad and he needs the money."

"I know. I didn't say anything," Kathleen uttered frostily. "I'm much more relieved when you asked for money."

Once the money was taken, regret was off the table.

"Yes." The woman nodded. "I've explained everything. If you have other questions, you can call me."

Kathleen replied flatly, "No need. It'll all be resolved tomorrow."

She would just stay for one night here.

She just wanted to see Eilam, to make sure that he was safe and sound.

If anything happened at night, she could protect him.

"All right." The woman carefully pocketed the check. "Ms. Johnson, you have to take caution. A skilled woman has just arrived at the house."

Kathleen arched a brow. "How skilled are we talking about?"

"She seems to know some pharmacology. I think she knows her stuff," the woman explained. "She's here to treat Mr. Eil."

Kathleen nodded. "Okay. Noted."  
"Goodbye." The woman walked away hurriedly.  
Kathleen furrowed her brows. The woman could be referring to Lauren.  
Lauren pretended to work with Nicolette to capture Eilam. Then, she helped Luna get rid of Nicolette. After that, she presented Eilam to Luna as a "gift." That way, Luna would put her utmost trust in her.  
Next, Luna allowed Lauren to treat her precious grandson.  
The two were deeply involved with each other now.  
Eilam was nothing but a tool to them.  
At that thought, Kathleen got absolutely furious.  
She would never let them off!  
She would settle all grudges with both of them!  
Right after that, Kathleen headed toward the Hoover residence.  
"Ms. Fiona, where have you been?" Luna frowned. "We haven't seen you all day."  
"I fell ill." Kathleen pretended to be in pain. "I've got a fever and sore throat."  
"I don't want you helping out in the kitchen for now, in case we get infected. Furthermore, don't get close to Logan, understand?" Luna instructed coldly.  
"Yes." Kathleen nodded.  
"Just look after that kid on the third floor," Luna added flatly.  
"All right," said Kathleen.  
Just what I wanted!  
Luna left.  
Kathleen looked around her. It was late. The entire Hoover household had gone to bed.  
Luna was the only one up and about.  
It seemed that due to recent events, the woman could neither sleep nor eat well. Anyway, those were none of Kathleen's concerns. She wanted to see Eilam first.  
That kid had pretended to get caught, which worried her to death. How annoying!  
Kathleen went upstairs.  
She came to the room where Eilam had been confined.  
The door was locked, but there was no one standing guard.  
They assumed that they had little to worry about since Eilam was a kid. So, they were rather negligent about security.  
It was no wonder Eilam could send them messages.  
Luna had handed the key to Fiona, who passed it to her.  
Kathleen was about to open the door when a familiar voice came from behind her.  
"What are you doing?"

## **Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 485**

Chapter 485 I Cannot Help You  
Kathleen did not have to look back to know who that was.

She slowly turned around. "Old Mrs. Hoover asked me to check on him."  
"What can a five-year-old do?" Lauren snorted.  
Kathleen said nothing.  
"What's wrong with your voice?" Lauren approached her. "You don't sound right."  
Enter title...  
"I fell ill. Sore throat." Kathleen took two steps back. "Don't come closer. You might get infected."  
"Let me see!" Lauren reached a hand out and squeezed Kathleen's neck.  
Kathleen frowned. "Ouch!"  
Lauren let go. "Indeed, it's sore."  
"I'm not lying," Kathleen stated.  
"Hmph!" Lauren said coldly. "Do you want me to prescribe some medicine for you?"  
"No need. I've taken some," Kathleen answered.  
Lauren went on, "Allow me to remind you. Don't be too nice to that kid. He's going to die sooner or later.  
With that said, she turned around and left.  
A murderous intent flashed across Kathleen's eyes.  
You want to kill my son? Not if I kill you first!  
She whipped around and opened the door.  
Inside the room, Eilam looked at her warily.  
He had overheard the conversation between Kathleen and Lauren.  
However, he knew that Fiona always took good care of him.  
Kathleen secretly heaved a sigh of relief when she saw that Eilam was in one piece.  
"Are you hungry?" she couldn't help but ask.  
Briefly stunned, Eilam shook his head.  
Kathleen spotted some traces of blood on his clothes.  
When they removed the tracker, he must have strongly resisted.  
Kathleen clenched her fists tightly. "If you are, tell me."  
Eilam slowly nodded.  
"Okay." Kathleen pursed her lips. "Don't worry. Everything's going to be fine."  
With that said, she stepped out.  
Eilam frowned deeply.  
Ms. Fiona's acting really strange today.  
Kathleen looked around her before she headed to the room on the opposite end of the corridor.  
Fiona had told her that Luna's beloved grandson, Logan, was staying there.  
The kid might be innocent, but Luna had harmed for too many people because of him.  
She took a deep breath and pushed the door open.  
On the bed lay a boy around the same age as Zion.  
His face was rather pale, completely drained of color.  
Kathleen approached him and placed a hand on the boy's wrist.  
Fiona said that Logan had been unconscious for quite some time.

So, Kathleen wasn't worried that she might wake him.

She frowned a bit when she checked his pulse.

This kid... He's...

"Who... are you?" Out of the blue, Logan opened his eyes. "Ms. Fiona?"

He's awake?

Kathleen froze for a moment. "I'm here to check on you."

Logan grabbed her hand. "Ms. Fiona, can you please tell Grandma to stop the treatment? I feel so miserable. That lady's weird. I don't want her as my doctor."

"Calm down." Kathleen knitted her brows as she tried to coax him.

He might wake the others.

Logan wanted to cry.

"You've been unconscious for several days. You woke up because of what she did. That means she saved you, right?" Kathleen consoled him.

Logan shook his head. "She's weird. She injected me with some strange bugs. I feel terrible."

Kathleen frowned. "You should tell Old Mrs. Hoover yourself."

"Grandma just wants me to stay alive. Just breathing. She doesn't care if I'm no more than a walking corpse," Logan said, crying. "She just didn't want the Hoover family to fall into someone else's hands."

Kathleen just stared at the teenager who was probably not much older than Zion. "But there's nothing I can do."

"Ms. Fiona, I know you're one of the few good people in this household," Logan went on, still sobbing. "Get me out of here. There's someone I want to meet."

"Who?" Kathleen furrowed her brows.

"Kathleen," Logan responded. "She's an awesome doctor. She's also my cousin. I want to see her."

"How do you know her?" Kathleen expressed bewilderment.

"I often hear Grandma and the others talk about her." Logan released the hand that had been tugging on her. "But I know that she won't save me. She doesn't like the Hoover family, so she won't like me, and so she won't save me."

Kathleen's haze darkened. "What if she really can't save you?"

Logan's eyes reddened. "What can I do? Death awaits me. I'd rather die than be tortured like this. All these years, I've consumed more medicine than regular food. My arms have been injected with so many needles that they resemble meat sieves! I really don't want to live like this anymore. I'm even willing to get out of here and die out there!"

Kathleen looked at the kid with a complicated expression. She didn't know what to say.

"Ms. Fiona, I haven't spent a day outside in my entire life. You know that," Logan said with resentment. He had had enough.

Kathleen responded flatly, "I can't help you."

She had no idea how to do so.

Logan was Luna's grandson. There was nothing she could do.

Logan, eyebrows furrowed, just stared at her. "Y-You're not Ms. Fiona."

"I am," Kathleen insisted. She didn't think he would be that sharp.

Luna and Lauren didn't see through her.

“Who are you?” Logan frowned. “Ms. Fiona never talks to me like that!” Kathleen glared at him coldly. “Then, who do you suppose I am?” Logan didn’t have an answer. He shook his head. “I don’t know, but you’re here to save that other boy, aren’t you?” Kathleen paused and eventually nodded. She had to calm him down. She couldn’t let Luna or Lauren find out. “How nice,” Logan said enviously. “He has a savior, while I have no one.” “Your parents,” Kathleen suggested. “Them?” Logan chuckled self-deprecatingly. “Grandma gave them a lot of money to stay out of this. They don’t care whether I live or die. I’m nothing but a tool.” Kathleen replied solemnly, “I’m sorry. I can’t help you.” Logan stared at her. “If you want to tell on me, go ahead.” Kathleen turned around. She waited for him to respond. “Wait,” Logan called out to her. “I won’t tell anyone. I’m just really envious of him.” She shot him a glance. “Thank you.” “Are you his mother?” he asked meaningfully. Slowly, she nodded. “He has a good mother,” Logan said, lying back down. He stared at the ceiling and wiped away his tears. Kathleen pursed her lips and walked away from the door. “If, hypothetically, someone’s after your grandma, how do you feel about that?” Logan froze. Kathleen knew that was exactly how he would react. Luna might be evil, but to Logan, she still had a good side. Kathleen strode off, leaving Logan in a state of perplexity. When she got back to Fiona’s room, she sent Samuel a message: We take action tomorrow. They are planning to kill Eil. Samuel texted back: I’m right outside. Text me anytime if anything happens. Kathleen was dumbstruck. Outside? Has he been following me? Kathleen approached the windows and looked out, but she wouldn’t see any cars or people. She sat back down and texted Samuel: Tonight, I plan to— Before she could finish typing, she heard a scream coming from outside.