

## Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 19

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“What if I reject?” Samuel said coldly.

“Why?” Kathleen’s voice was aloof. “After our divorce, you can marry Nicolette.”

Samuel remained silent.

“Are you still hoping that I will donate my bone marrow?” Kathleen’s gentle voice was emotionless. “Samuel, give it up. I will not donate my bone marrow to Nicolette.”

Samuel continued driving indifferently. “So there’s no space for negotiation then?”

“No.” Kathleen remained firm on her decision and shook her head.

What will happen to my baby if I donate my bone marrow to Nicolette? My baby will not become the sacrificial offering to their love.

Samuel stepped on the accelerator and increased the speed.

Kathleen tightened her grip on the car door’s handle, and her face turned pale.

Upon reaching the Macari residence, Kathleen alighted and vomited into the flower bed with her back bent.

Her fair-skinned and small face was completely pale.

Samuel regretted driving so fast earlier.

“Are you okay?” Samuel went over to support her.

“Get lost!” Tears streamed from Kathleen’s eyes.

She appeared more pitiful after suffering grievances with her originally fragile appearance.

“What happened?” Maria walked out of the mansion. “Mrs. Macari, are you okay?”

“I’m fine, Maria.” Kathleen wanted to stand up, but her legs were wobbly.

Maria quickly supported her.

Everyone in the Macari family except Samuel knew that Kathleen's body constitution had been weak.

As Kathleen was small-sized, everyone felt sorry for her every time she put up a strong front and refused to tell when she was unwell.

She did not have any parents. Although she was married into the Macari family, she did not have a sense of belonging as Samuel disliked her.

Kathleen always presented herself as a guest in the house.

Samuel scooped Kathleen up in his arms and walked toward the mansion.

"Open the door," he said to Maria.

Immediately, Maria ran forward and opened the door.

Samuel carried Kathleen upstairs and went to their room.

By that time, Kathleen was bawling her eyes out.

The nauseous feeling that she got from the pregnancy was unbearable.

At the thought of her earlier suffering, her little hands held onto the man's white shirt while she cried uncontrollably.

She refrained from crying downstairs because she was afraid Diana would hear it.

Hence, she only cried after entering the room.

Samuel carried her and sat on the bed, putting her on his lap like he was holding a child.

"Don't cry anymore. You have sensitive skin. It'll redden when you cry." Samuel wiped her tears with his cold and rough fingers.

He had never seen her crying so hard.

"Samuel, how could you bully and threaten me?" Kathleen cried terribly and said grievously, "The woman you like is your sweetheart, but I'm also the sweetheart of others!"

"Whose sweetheart are you?" Samuel asked coldly.

Did someone tell her that she was their sweetheart?

“Grandma, your mother, everyone! Just not yours.” Kathleen sobbed. “If my parents were alive and knew how you bullied me, they would definitely come after you!”

Samuel’s gaze remained on her.

“Just because I have no kin left and no one can teach you a lesson for me, you’re bullying me for all you want! You’re too much, Samuel!” Kathleen continued sobbing and was breaking down.

She had been tolerating for the past few days.

Samuel heaved a sigh. He hugged her while patting her back lightly with one of his hands.

“I agreed to your request to keep our divorce from Grandma and the rest of your family. What else do you want from me?” Kathleen choked while sobbing, “Do you want to see me dead?”

“No.” Samuel felt helpless.

He had never wanted her dead.

On the contrary, he felt guilty toward her.

Hence, he wanted to take good care of her and not let anyone bully her despite their divorce.

“Samuel, tell me. Was it a mistake to love you?” Kathleen’s tender small hands held his collar. “Tell me, was I wrong?”

Samuel’s lower jaw tightened, and he said indifferently, “Kathleen, there’s nothing wrong with liking someone else. It’s just that I don’t have any feelings for you.”

Kathleen took a deep breath to stop herself from crying. She was afraid that it might affect the baby.

“You’re right. There’s nothing wrong with liking someone, but please don’t trample on my love.” Kathleen pursed her lips. “I’ve already given in and agreed to a divorce. However, you kept forcing me to save Nicolette. Don’t you think that’s too much? There are so many people out there, and you can easily find someone else that can donate their bone marrow to Nicolette. Why must you make me donate to her? I loved you wholeheartedly. How could you trample all over my love for you?”

Samuel’s eyes darkened while looking at her.

She finally stopped her sarcasm toward him and behaved like the gentle person he knew.

She complained woefully in a tender manner instead of agitating him coldly.

Kathleen suddenly thought of something.

She came down from Samuel's lap and took out the black credit card from her bag, throwing it at him. "Take it. Since you've canceled the card, I've no use for it."

Canceled?

Samuel frowned. "I didn't cancel your card."

Moreover, he did not intend to take the card back.

Samuel thought Kathleen could continue using his money even though they were divorced.

He did not wish for her to be troubled by monetary matters.

From the day that she married him, he had never let her feel worried financially.

He did not plan to let it happen in the future as well.

"If you didn't cancel it, who else did?" Kathleen said furiously, "In any case, I don't want it. I don't want you. I don't want to love you anymore. I'm sick and tired."

Samuel stood up and paced toward her imposingly.

Fluster took over her fair dainty face as she backed away and finally ended up with her back on the door.

Samuel placed an arm against the door and looked at her coldly. "You don't want me and don't love me anymore? You're sick and tired of me?"

"That's right!" Kathleen said, her pearly white teeth visible as she snarled. "You can love whomever you want from now on. I'll look for another man after the divorce. The next one will be better and more loving."

Uncontrollable rage surged within Samuel.

He grabbed Kathleen by her chin and mocked, "The next one will be better and more loving? If I'm not letting you go, how will you find the next one, Kathleen? I'll send you and your new man to prison for committing bigamy!"

Slap!

Kathleen gave Samuel a tight slap and glared at him with her doe-like eyes. "How shameless can you get, Samuel? I meant after our divorce. Do you think everyone is like you and Nicolette?"

Samuel smirked. "And what can you do about that?"

Kathleen's whole body was trembling with anger.

Samuel stroked his face and mocked, "Your slap was like a tickle. You would easily make anyone have the thought of bullying you when you're like this."

She's a little rabbit and a soft cake. Soft, cute, tender, and delicate.

Kathleen bit her lips and looked at the man who was closing in on her. "Samuel, don't you dare touch me. Otherwise, I'll tell Nicolette."

"Go ahead." Samuel grabbed her wrist. "We'll see if you still have the strength in a while."

"You!" Kathleen glared at him. "Oomph!"

Samuel raised her chin and kissed her lips.

A storm then swept across the room.