

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 2

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Samuel picked up the call from Nicolette.

There was a gentle look on his face.

Samuel was also gentle to her, but that was only because he saw her as another woman.

That was what broke Kathleen's heart the most.

Not once had he seen her for who she was.

Instead, she was just a replacement.

Kathleen hated herself for resembling Nicolette so much sometimes.

They weren't even related, but they looked almost identical.

"Don't cry. I'll come over right now," Samuel assured tenderly. Hanging up, he turned to Kathleen and said, "I'll get Tyson to take you to the hospital later."

"You still don't trust me, do you?" Kathleen grumbled in a daze.

"Yeah, I don't," he admitted heartlessly.

Kathleen pursed her lips, an impenetrable look in her eyes. "Okay."

"Just hurry up and tell Grandma," Samuel said indifferently.

"She hasn't been feeling well lately. Are you sure you want me to tell her now?" Kathleen stared at his cold, handsome face.

"Yes. Nicolette can't wait any longer."

Nicolette can't wait any longer? Does that mean he doesn't care about Grandma's life and death? I guess true love is enough to make him throw his whole family aside.

Kathleen knew she had lost, but she had not expected herself to lose so thoroughly.

“Fine,” she conceded with a weak nod. “But no matter how much of a rush you’re in, you have to give me at least three days.”

“Sure. I hope you won’t let me down.”

“Why would I?” There was a heart-wrenching smile on her face as she said that. “When have I ever let you down, be it in our three years of marriage, or as your wife?”

Her words caused Samuel to freeze.

It was the truth.

Having been married to him for three years, she had never disappointed him in any way.

She had done well in every aspect and carried things out flawlessly, especially in bed.

Kathleen had always given in to him and had tried to satisfy him in every way.

That was the only thing he felt reluctant to give up on.

“Good, then.” Samuel turned around and stepped into the walk-in closet to change his clothes.

Wrapped in the blanket, Kathleen was lost in thought.

Is this the end?

Even though she was upset, she knew that it wasn’t up to her.

After Samuel left, she got out of bed as well.

She went to wash up, then put on a pretty dress in preparation to go see Diana.

However, the moment she left, she bumped into Tyson Hackney.

Kathleen had her arms crossed as she looked at him with displeasure. “What?”

Tyson was confused.

Mrs. Macari is certainly an enigma. She acts like a cute, innocent little rabbit in front of Mr. Macari, but in front of me, she’s like a hostile version of Hello Kitty.

“Mr. Macari wants me to take you for a checkup,” Tyson said.

“Hmph!” Kathleen was visibly annoyed. “I can’t believe how little trust you have in me.”

Tyson didn't know how to reply to that.

"Take me to Goodwill Hospital," Kathleen said specifically.

It was the number one private hospital in Jadeborough that was equipped with the best medical equipment and the most qualified doctors in the country.

Seeing that there was an unfathomable look in Tyson's eyes, Kathleen asked frostily, "What is it? Too expensive for you?"

"N-No." Tyson didn't know how to explain. "Please get in, Mrs. Macari."

Kathleen stepped outside, completely bare-faced, but she still looked stunning.

After she got in the car, all she did was stare out the window.

She had chosen Goodwill Hospital not because she wanted to act superior, but because her parents had worked there as doctors and she was born there.

Everyone working there, from the director to the nurses, all knew who she was.

They all treated her as if she was part of their family.

On top of that, they would undoubtedly agree to help her if she ever asked for it.

A long while later, Tyson piped up, "We're here, Mrs. Macari."

Kathleen came back to her senses and realized they had arrived at the entrance of the hospital.

She pushed the car door open and stepped out.

Tyson followed her from behind. He wanted to say something but eventually held his tongue.

When they got to the entrance of the obstetrics and gynecology department, Kathleen turned around. "Stop right there, Mr. Hackney. Men aren't allowed to go in."

The moment Tyson saw the sign on the door, a wave of embarrassment washed over him. "Understood."

Truthfully speaking, Mr. Macari should have been the one to come here with her. She's his wife, after all. What's the point of me going with her?

Kathleen turned and walked in.

“Ms. Williams,” she greeted the doctor.

Quinn Williams was dumbstruck at the sight of her. “It’s you, Kate! I thought it was just someone with the same name as you when I saw the papers earlier.”

“Yeah, it’s me,” Kathleen uttered while taking a seat.

“So you’re here to check whether you’re pregnant or not?” Quinn asked in surprise.

Kathleen nodded. “I think I am pregnant, Ms. Williams. Can you help me hide it, though?”

“Why?” Quinn looked stunned.

“I might be getting a divorce, Ms. Williams. I want to keep the child, but my husband will never allow it. That’s why I really hope you can help me out, Ms. Williams,” Kathleen begged.

“How could you mess around like that, Kate?” Quinn was both angry and heartbroken. “Do you have any idea how hard it is to be a single mother?”

Kathleen hung her head. “I know, Ms. Williams, but I have money. I can still raise this child.”

“This has nothing to do with money,” Quinn protested. “Who on earth is your husband? When you told me you were getting married, I kept asking you about it, but you refused to say. Tell me who your husband is right now. Is he treating you like this because your parents aren’t around anymore?”

“I think it’s better if you don’t know, Ms. Williams.” It was impossible to decipher any emotion from Kathleen’s pale, delicate face. “I knew that all of this would happen when I married him. Now that we’re getting a divorce, I have nothing to complain about. That’s why I want you to help me out here, Ms. Williams. Once we’re divorced, I’ll leave this place with the child.”

It’s not like I can stay. Samuel will definitely find out.

Quinn felt as if her heart was being ripped in half. She’s suffering because she’s all alone and there’s no one to support her.

“Kate, if you really don’t have any other choice, you should try and plead with Old Mrs. Macari. She sees you as her own granddaughter after all,” Quinn suggested, not knowing what was going on behind the scenes. “Samuel treats you like his own sister, too, doesn’t he? I’m sure he’ll deal with that husband of yours.”

Kathleen averted her gaze. "This is the only thing I can't go to the Macari family for, Ms. Williams. Just help me out here, please?"

"All right." Quinn frowned. "Lie down for now and let me have a look."

"Okay."

After the checkup, Quinn pushed her glasses up and stated, "You're already eight weeks in, but it seems that you're a little anemic because of your weak body. You should eat more nutritious food."

"I was a premature baby, so my body's always been a little weak. It's how I've always been," Kathleen muttered glumly.

"Does your husband not know about this?" Quinn inquired in a serious tone.

"He never asked, so I never brought it up," Kathleen answered in dejection.

Even though Samuel had always been generous when it came to providing her with daily necessities, he never had any questions regarding her health. Instead, he would get Maria to take care of it.

His only responsibility was to provide her with money.

Quinn let out a sigh, then passed Kathleen a report. "This is what you wanted. I hope you can think things through, Kate."

Kathleen stared at the report in front of her. Her lips quirked up. "What I want doesn't matter. When it comes to my marriage, my husband has the final say."

Just as she got up to leave, Quinn called out, "Kate, is your husband—"