

All Too Late Chapter 311

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All Too Late

Chapter 311

Chapter 311

Gizem calmly questioned, "Where did such crazy people come from?"

"Who are you calling crazy?" Joanna scowled.

"You guys, of course. You randomly accused me of wearing your dress. If it were yours, why would it be hanging here?"

"I asked the shop assistant to reserve it for me!" Joanna pushed the staff member forward and snapped, "Tell her!"

The shop assistant started stammering as she did not know what to say.

She knew she could not afford to offend either party.

Gizem remarked, "Speak the truth will do. What are you afraid of?"

"That's right. You'd better speak the truth." Joanna glared at the shop assistant as if she was going to devour the latter.

The shop assistant was stuck in a dilemma.

"Well, to be honest..." She hesitated before continuing, "When Ms. Hurst left, she did not ask me to reserve the dress."

Joanna glowered at the staff. "What did you just say? How dare you lie? Get me the manager!"

Feeling aggrieved, the shop assistant replied, "You definitely did not ask me to reserve it. Also, just so you're aware, we have surveillance cameras here."

"I bet you are only siding with her because you've received her money!" Flustered and exasperated, Joanna fumed, "Get me the manager! I'll have you fired!"

The shop assistant was speechless.

This woman definitely did not ask me to reserve it!

When Levi came back and saw the confrontation, he frowned.

"What happened?" he asked in a calm tone.

"These two are accusing me of wearing their dress." Gizem explained frigidly.

"They are also demanding to speak to the manager."

Levi's aquamarine eyes narrowed. "Then, let's just get the manager."

As soon as Joanna saw Levi, her eyes shone in amazement.

Levi had the enchanting facial features of a supermodel. His body was nothing but perfect as it looked like the type that would look lean in clothes yet muscular when bare.

The man was undoubtedly the type to look majestic when he was stern.

"Go get the manager." Levi gazed at the shop assistant calmly.

The shop assistant went to the counter to make a phone call.

"Are you her boyfriend?" Joanna asked curiously.

Levi smirked. "That's none of your business."

Joanna was stunned speechless.

After a moment, a woman came over in a hurry.

When she saw Levi, her expression changed drastically. "Mr. Levi!"

Levi stated blandly, "I don't want to waste my breath, so I'll get to the point. This dress was picked out by my woman first. Yet, this woman says it's hers and is making a scene here.

Gizem knitted her brows. Who's his woman again?

The manager turned toward the shop assistant. "What's going on?"

"Ms. Cromwell, Ms. Hurst insists that she had asked me to reserve this dress for her, but I am very sure she never said such a thing. We have surveillance cameras at the reception counter, so you will know I'm not lying after checking the footage," the shop assistant explained nervously.

"You are indeed lying!" Joanna was practically seething.

"Since there are surveillance cameras, let's just check the footage," Levi remarked nonchalantly. "If there is proof that they are lying, get them to compensate for their mistake as an apology."

The manager quickly nodded. "Of course."

Joanna started to get nervous.

She, in fact, did not ask the shop assistant to reserve the dress.

Judging by the way the staff treated Levi, she knew that the man must be someone influential.

The shop assistant immediately went to retrieve the surveillance footage as this was the perfect opportunity to clear her name.

Joanna frostily uttered, "I'll have you know I'm Samuel Macari's girlfriend!"

She was sure that Samuel's name would be enough to scare them into submission.

The manager frowned. She's Samuel Macari's girlfriend?

Levi asked in a distant voice, "Samuel has a girlfriend?"

"Of course! He simply doesn't want to make our relationship public!" Joanna huffed.

"Ha!" Levi scoffed. "What a coincidence. It just so happens that I know him, so why don't we get him to drop by for a moment?"

As he spoke, he fished out his phone.

Joanna bit her lip as her nerves were starting to show.

It was at that moment that the shop assistant exclaimed, "I found the footage!" "Play it," Levi responded.

The shop assistant played the footage.

Soon, voices could be heard coming from the computer.

"Would you like me to ring this dress up for you, Ms. Hurst?" It was the shop assistant's voice.

"This dress is ridiculously expensive! I'll think about it for now." came Joanna's grumbling.

"I see," the shop assistant replied in annoyance.

"What do you mean by that? I'll have you know that I can afford it easily. I merely don't know if Samuel would like me in it." Joanna scowled.

As soon as she finished, she turned and left.

Levi eyed Joanna coolly. "If you aren't hard of hearing, I'm sure you've heard what you said." The woman looked incredibly ill at ease.

Levi's cold gaze fixated on her. "Now, apologize to her."

She bit her lip tightly. Apologize, my foot! If I apologize now, I won't be able to recover from this!

Seeing the turn of events, Carrie dragged her daughter away, wanting to leave.

Levi turned toward the manager impassively. "Make sure that woman can never shop here again. If you ever serve her in the future, I'll ensure your CEO fires all of you."

The manager and shop assistant dared not to say anything to that.

They knew that since Levi was a prominent person, he was sure to know their CEO personally.

Levi then grinned at Gizem. "You look amazing in that color."

"Mm." Gizem did not refute.

She pulled out a black card from her purse and gave it to the shop assistant.

The latter was shocked. I can't believe she's also a person who owns a black card. Levi commented with displeasure, "Why don't you just spend my money? Wouldn't that be better?"

"Why would I spend your money when I have my own?" Gizem looked as placid as ever. He chuckled at that.

After processing the transaction, the shop assistant handed the black card back to Gizem.

As Gizem put on her jacket, she said, "Let's go."

"Sure." Levi nodded in response.

After leaving the mall together, they headed straight to the hotel where the banquet was held.

Once they reached the venue, Gizem left her jacket and purse at the front desk. She then put her arm around Levi's before walking in.

"Oh, right. Who are you here for?" she inquired.

"Caleb Lewis." Levi explained, "He's Chanaea's largest supplier of medicinal herbs. We'd like some support from the locals for our factory here."

Gizem nodded lightly.

Levi spotted Caleb in a single glance among the crowd.

With Gizem by his side, he went over to Caleb and greeted, "Mr. Lewis, long time no see."

Caleb turned when he heard Levi and looked at them, seemingly aloof yet handsome at the same time. "Mr. Levi, it's been a while."

As he finished speaking, his gaze fell on Gizem before looking elsewhere, his expression unchanging the entire time.

Levi smiled gently. "This is Gizem Zabinski. She's one of my business partners."

"So she's your company's chief pharmacist?" Caleb asked indifferently. Levi nodded.

Looking unimpressed, Caleb thought that the woman seemed ordinary.

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Lewis." Gizem stretched out a hand.

Caleb furrowed his brows a little before shaking hands with her.

Gizem's hand felt slender and soft.

Slightly stunned, Caleb loosened his grip. He sized her up and greeted, "Nice to meet you too."

Gizem was not very fond of Caleb's gaze on her, so she retracted her hand.

Levi asked smilingly, "Mr. Lewis, what do you think about the suggestion I made before?"

"Are you really that generous as to let me make a profit?" Caleb questioned meaningfully.

"Of course. I'm a very credible businessman." With a half-smile, Levi continued, "But we'll be using Ms. Gizem's patent, so the patent fee is a must."

Caleb narrowed his eyes slightly. "That's for sure."

He raised his glass to take a sip of wine, his ring incredibly striking.

Gizem was slightly surprised. Oh, he's married.

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Chapter 312 She Looks Down On You

"Mr. Levi, since you're this sincere, there's no need for me to beat around the bush, then." Putting down his glass, Caleb said, "Why don't you come over to my office tomorrow and get the papers signed?"

"That'd be great!" Levi did not expect that things would go so smoothly.

Looking at Gizem, he praised, "You are undoubtedly my Lady Luck!"

Gizem could not respond to that. I'm pretty sure I did nothing, though.

"How's the factory's location selection, Mr. Levi?" Caleb asked curiously.

"I have yet to come to an agreement with the other party regarding this," Levi answered helplessly.

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"Is the other party Samuel Macari?"

Levi nodded in acknowledgment.

Caleb scoffed, "Mr. Levi, you might not be aware of this, but my late wife was Samuel's ex-wife. Hence, we can be said to be nemeses."

Levi's expression changed at once. "Are you being serious?"

“Of course. However, he removed everything about his ex-wife on the internet four years ago. Nobody knows the reason for this, and such information is still unreleased. Moreover, no one in the city dares to mention it, so it’s only natural that you guys don’t know about it.”

Levi frowned.

“So what you’re saying is that if we acquire land from Samuel, you won’t work with us anymore?” Gizem voiced her inquiry indifferently.

“That’s right.” Caleb remained aloof.

“Based on what I know, we’ll still need Samuel’s help after we start our factory to transport our machinery here from overseas. Are you saying that you don’t want us to work with him completely?” she asked apathetically.

“Yes.” Caleb narrowed his eyes as he spoke.

“Mr. Lewis, you should know that we don’t want to offend any of you. Don’t you think you are crossing the line a little here?” Gizem’s bright eyes looked icy.

Levi also thought that Caleb was going overboard with that request.

This was clearly making them choose sides.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Levi. I’ll find you a suitable location.” Caleb earnestly continued, “I’ll make sure to help you solve whatever worries you might have. That way, you won’t need to work with Samuel at all.”

Levi gave it some thought. That sounds reasonable. I think I should agree to it.

Yet, Gizem chimed in, “If that’s the case, we’ll consider it. Please excuse us.”

She then led Levi away.

“Levi, you need to be careful.” Gizem sounded serious as she advised, “Caleb and Samuel have personal grudges. I don’t think we should get involved.”

“But if we don’t take up on his offer, we can’t start our factory.” Levi was visibly concerned.

“You don’t have to worry about that. Before I came here, Master mentioned that we could seek help from Chanaea’s upper echelon. The medicine we develop will bring benefits to the country. To make sure that we are willing to stay, they will surely help us solve our issues.” Gizem emphasized, “However, it is important that we don’t get involved in things we shouldn’t.”

Levi nodded in agreement.

Standing not too far from them, Caleb narrowed his eyes as he scrutinized Gizem.

I see. That woman is crucial in this. Levi's family and the mysterious Windwell Corporation are related. Moreover, I've discovered that Kathleen's disappearance all those years ago had something to do with that organization. I did some digging on Levi but found nothing. But now, I have a lead, starting with this woman.

Levi gazed at Gizem. "What should we do next?"

Suddenly feeling a sharp gaze on her back, Gizem turned to look behind her but found nothing out of the ordinary.

With her brows scrunched up, she answered, "We'll put things on hold for now. I'll contact the higher-ups."

Levi agreed with a nod. "Then, let's do that. I'll go talk to Samuel in the meantime."

"Sounds good."

"Go get yourself some food. I'll be back," he suggested.

"Mm."

Levi soon strode toward Samuel, who was the center of attention at the moment.

Gizem felt that the strange gaze she sensed a moment ago came from where Samuel was.

Nonetheless, she could not confirm that.

Anything business related was not something she needed to worry about.

She would only get involved in anything that was too tricky for Levi to handle.

If there weren't any issues, she would never interfere with Levi's decisions.

While Levi went to do his work, she went to get some food.

Strawberry cake was one of her favorites, so she got herself a slice.

All of a sudden, her back felt cold.

It was then she heard a sarcastic voice saying, "Oh, my. Sorry about that. I didn't see you there. I can't believe I accidentally ruined your dress."

Gizem turned around instinctively.

Lo and behold, Joanna was there with a wine glass in hand.

Accidentally? She clearly did it on purpose.

Gizem picked up a glass of wine next to her and flung the contents toward Joanna without hesitation.

Slamming the wine glass back down, she uttered, "Oh, I'm so sorry. That was an accident too."

Looking like a drowned rat, Joanna clenched her fists. "How dare you dump wine on me!"

"Right back at you," Gizem retorted.

"You little wench!" Joanna had planned to present herself elegantly in front of Samuel, but even her makeup was wholly ruined by Gizem now.

Gizem was never one to stand down. It was clear that holding back was something she would never do.

Currently, Levi was conversing with Samuel.

Hearing the commotion, he turned toward its direction.

"Mr. Macari, is that woman your girlfriend?" Levi asked as soon as he spotted Joanna.

Samuel replied impassively, "Who are you referring to?"

"That woman in the black dress." Levi frowned. "She and my girlfriend had a bit of a dispute this afternoon in a store."

Girlfriend?

Samuel's icy-cold eyes were on the man. "Gizem is your girlfriend?"

Levi replied with a nod.

Strangely, Samuel felt uncomfortable upon hearing that.

Levi had already reached Gizem's side before he took off his coat and draped it on her.

Since her dress was the figure-hugging kind, the outline of her lingerie could clearly be seen after being drenched in red wine.

“Thanks.” Gizem appreciated the gesture.

“No worries; I’ll back you up.” Levi swiveled around. “You crazy woman, have you lost it? Did you not create enough of a ruckus this afternoon in the store? You were the one who couldn’t afford the dress, yet you were adamant that the dress was yours! Do you think you’re that great of a deal just because you are Samuel’s girlfriend?”

The onlookers were in shock. Soon, whispers sounded in the room.

“Samuel’s girlfriend? Has Samuel finally decided to date someone?”

“That can’t be! Everyone knows he said he would never marry again because of his late wife!”

“Men are only ever good at one thing, and that’s lying to women! As soon as they meet a young and beautiful woman, they’ll have their fun even if they don’t marry her. All that stuff about true love is all a lie!”

“If Joanna really is Samuel’s girlfriend, then it’s going to get chaotic soon.”

“That’s true. Yareli has been after Samuel for a long time. She might not be better in terms of looks and background compared to Joanna, but if Joanna becomes Samuel’s official girlfriend and not her, she’ll definitely be the butt of the joke!”

“She’s not my girlfriend.” Samuel walked over with a gloomy expression and a cold air around him.

Joanna was embarrassed in an instant. As she looked at Samuel cautiously, she mumbled, “Mr. Macari, can’t you help me out this time for my father’s sake? It was that woman who picked on me first.”

The man coldly responded, “Why should I do a liar a favor?”

She bit her lower lip. “But when I said I was your girlfriend, she didn’t even back down. So doesn’t that mean she looks down on you?”

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Chapter 313 Staying At The Macari Residence

Gizem looked at Joanna, the sower of discord, indifferently. This woman must have a screw loose.

"If Mr. Macari has an issue with Gizem over this, then that has got to be a freaking joke!" Levi mocked.

If Samuel's really siding with Joanna, I'm certainly not putting up with it!

"First of all, I have nothing to do with you," Samuel started in a low and flat tone. "Secondly, you cooked up a story, pretending to be my fiancée. Lastly, you caused the trouble on your own. So why should I help you?"

Those words stumped Joanna, who felt utterly awkward.

"Mr. Macari's right. He hasn't even dealt with you for claiming to be his fiancée yet!" Levi ridiculed. "Everyone knows that Mr. Macari still loves his ex-wife wholeheartedly."

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Joanna's face turned pale as she sported a grim expression.

Gizem remained aloof. "Joanna Hurst, you deliberately splashed red wine on me, and I returned the favor. That makes us even. If you keep this up, I will make the Hurst family vanish from the face of Jadeborough."

"Who do you think you are?" Joanna expressed disbelief.

"Try me!" Gizem sneered.

Joanna bit her lip. "Just you wait!"

With that, she walked away in a huff.

The crowd dispersed after the commotion had ended.

Levi frowned as he turned to Gizem. "Follow me. Let's get you a change of clothes."

"No need." She shook her head. "I'm heading back."

"I'll take you home, then." Worried, Levi didn't want her to travel alone.

She nodded.

As Samuel watched on with a dark gaze, his phone rang.

He accepted the call and said with a frown, "Mm, got it."

He then strode toward Gizem. "Desi fainted. She's being taken to the hospital."

Gizem returned the jacket to Levi and responded to Samuel, "Let's go."

She was Desi's doctor, so she had to head over there.

"I'll go with you guys," Levi chimed in.

"Levi, I haven't tidied my house. Other stuff will be delivered later. Please take them in for me." In other words, Gizem didn't want him to tag along.

He replied worriedly, "All right."

She turned and left, following Samuel out of the hotel and into his car.

The man started the car and drove them both to the hospital.

When they arrived, Desi had already come out of the emergency room.

Gizem stepped forward and asked the doctor, "How is she?"

"Nothing major. She says her heart feels unwell," the doctor replied softly. "Dr. Zabinski, shall we perform a CT scan?"

"Let's observe her overnight. We'll talk about it tomorrow," Gizem answered after going through Desi's medical report.

"All right." The doctor nodded.

Gizem passed the report to the doctor, then went to check on Desi in the ward.

Samuel had already gone there earlier.

When Gizem arrived, she saw an aloof little kid standing at the ward's entrance.

"Are you the new doctor?" Eil stared at Gizem's face.

She nodded before stepping into the ward.

The boy watched her go. Somehow, she seemed familiar.

Nonetheless, he was sure that this was their first encounter.

"Daddy, I'm feeling a lot better now," Desi said meekly. "I'm sorry for making you worry."

Samuel stroked her head with his large hand gently. "It's all right, as long as you're fine."

Kathleen wasn't around anymore.

Hence, he had to take good care of their kids and raise them well.

That way, he would be at peace when he reunited with her in the afterlife.

Wynnie piped up worriedly, "Desi hasn't been feeling well at night lately. Why don't we admit her into the hospital?"

She was at the hospital because she was the one who brought Desi here.

"I don't want to stay here! No way!" Desi protested.

Samuel consoled the girl softly in a low voice, "Mm, we won't."

At last, Desi stopped making a fuss.

Samuel looked at his daughter with concern. I can't let anything bad happen to her.

He rose to his feet and approached Gizem, his towering figure looming over the latter.

She looked up and gazed into the man's deep, dark eyes.

"Desi's condition hasn't been stable lately," Samuel stated coolly.

"I'll run some checks as soon as possible," Gizem offered, frowning.

When Desi left earlier that day, Gizem was absolutely sure that there wouldn't be any problems.

However, there could always be exceptions.

"Desi suddenly didn't feel well tonight. We're missing a relevant member in the household, so we were at a loss," Samuel muttered coldly.

"What do you mean by that, Mr. Macari?"

"From today onward, you'll stay at the Macari residence after work," he instructed coolly.

Everyone was stunned.

Wynnie and Eil exchanged glances.

Desi, feeling rather gleeful, rubbed her tiny hands together.

“Mr. Macari, I—” Gizem began.

“Consider it your night shift. I can pay you an extra million a month,” Samuel proposed a generous offer. “I only have one request. You shall stay with Desi every day after work to prevent any misfortune from befalling her.”

Gizem didn't expect that Samuel would be so domineering, but she was a person with a strong sense of responsibility as well.

She, too, didn't want anything bad to happen to Desi.

“All right,” she agreed. “I'm going out to make a phone call.”

Samuel nodded.

Gizem then turned and left.

Meanwhile, Wynnie fixed her gaze on her son. “Samuel, you...”

“Mom, what matters is Desi's health.” Samuel gazed lovingly at his daughter.

Wynnie understood what he meant.

Eil peered at Desi. A moment ago, when they were playing, she had been fine. Yet, all of a sudden, her heart throbbed in pain.

Something's definitely up!

Gizem came to the office.

In there, she had placed a set of spare clothes.

She took them out and got changed, then called her master on the phone.

“Giz, I don't care if you stay up late, but it's noon over here! Can't you let me take a nap?” the old man grumbled.

“Master, I'll be staying at the Macari residence,” she reported flatly.

“Oh?” The old man paused, narrowing his eyes. “Was it your suggestion?”

“No, Desi's heart suddenly ached. Samuel's worried that no one's taking care of her at night. He wants me to stay with her in case something happens again.”

“He really loves his daughter, huh.” The old man’s expression shifted. “Do what he says, then.”

Gizem nodded, asking curiously, “Master, why do you want me to stay at the Macari residence?”

“You need not know that now,” he responded, deliberately keeping her in suspense.

She pursed her lips. “Fine.”

“Giz, you have to remember—Samuel is a very dangerous man. You must deal with him carefully. Don’t slip up. Do you understand?” he warned. “Especially because he has been investigating our organization.”

“Don’t worry, Master,” Gizem reassured him coolly.

The old man went on, half-smiling, “By the way, how’s your face?”

“This hyper-realistic mask is wonderful. No problems so far.”

“That’s good.” He nodded. “Make sure Samuel doesn’t find out.”

“Of course. I know what to do.”

Chapter 314 Still Alive

Gizem finished changing and stepped out of the office.

She headed to the ward to check on Desi.

The girl would be staying in the hospital that night, so Gizem herself would have to work overtime.

When she arrived at the ward, Wynn and Eil were not there anymore, likely having headed home.

Samuel was the only one accompanying Desi.

The man was truly a loving father.

The love he had for Desi was very genuine.

"Daddy, I want ice cream," Desi begged coyly.

"Some other time. We'll have to wait till you get better." Samuel caressed her cheek.

The little girl looked a lot like Kathleen, especially her pair of eyes.

Samuel's heart would often throb in pain when he looked at Desi.

If it hadn't been for him, perhaps Eil and Desi wouldn't have lost their mother's love.

He owed his two children far too much.

"But I really want to have some," Desi pleaded.

"Little glutton." Samuel chuckled dotingly. "Tomorrow, then. The convenience store downstairs is closed now."

The girl pouted. "I don't believe that you can't even get me some ice cream, Daddy. You are Samuel Macari, aren't you?"

Samuel couldn't refute that.

Meanwhile, Gizem found it rather hilarious.

Samuel heard her chuckle and turned around to throw her a sharp sideways glance.

For a moment, Gizem froze. "I didn't mean to eavesdrop. I came to refill her IV drip."

True to her word, she was carrying a bag of IV drip.

Samuel nodded.

Gizem walked over to Desi and replaced the nearly empty bag with the new one.

"Ms. Zabinski, can I have some ice cream?" Desi tugged on Gizem's white coat.

"Yes, you can." Gizem's red lips curved upward. "If you intend to revisit the emergency room tonight, you can do that."

Hearing that, Desi pouted again. "No way! I don't want ice cream anymore!"

Gizem smiled faintly. As expected, children are so predictable.

Samuel came to tuck Desi in. "Since you're not having ice cream anymore, sleep early, then."

Desi yawned. "Ms. Zabinski, can you tell me a story?"

Gizem froze.

"Let me do it." Samuel furrowed his brows.

In the past, Desi used to pester him all the time.

It made him feel needed.

"I got bored of your croaky voice, Daddy," the girl grumbled. "I want to hear Ms. Zabinski's gentle voice."

As she said that, she turned to Gizem. "Can you, please?"

Gizem glanced at Samuel, who said nothing.

Thus, she nodded at the girl. "Sure."

Desi was elated. She shifted from her spot on the bed to give Gizem some space.

When Gizem sat down, Desi quickly wrapped her arms around the woman's slim waist and buried her face in Gizem's embrace. "Ms. Zabinski, you smell like herbs."

Gizem stiffened.

Desi closed her eyes. That's clearly how Mommy smelled like.

Gizem didn't think that this kid would like her that much.

Samuel's gaze darkened. "I'm going out."

Gizem nodded.

With Desi in her lap, she began to narrate a story.

Since she had barely read any fairy tales herself, she racked her brain and made one up on the spot.

Desi listened attentively in fascination. Soon, she fell asleep.

Gizem, who had gone through an exhausting day, closed her eyes too, her arms wrapping around Desi.

Outside, Samuel was on the phone.

"Samuel, my subordinates have been tracking Charles for three years but haven't found Kathleen's grave," Leonard reported. "Do you want us to continue?"

"Not even once?" Samuel's gaze was dark and solemn.

"Not even once," Leonard answered firmly. "Do you suppose that Kathleen wasn't buried?"

"Impossible," Samuel said in a hoarse voice. "Charles would definitely give her a proper burial."

"For three years, Charles hasn't visited the cemetery once. Does that mean Kathleen is still alive, then?" Leonard surmised.

At that point, Samuel suddenly burst into a coughing fit.

His body had never been in good shape.

On any given day, his internal organs would protest.

He was well aware of his physical condition.

He just wanted to hold on until Desi turned eighteen.

He wanted to see Desi undergo surgery before he could die in peace.

If Kathleen were alive, he would surely tell her that he had raised their children well.

If she wanted, she could take the kids with her anytime.

He would not force her to stay by his side anymore.

However, if she weren't, by the time Desi completed the surgery, Eil would have grown up too, and Samuel could finally leave peacefully.

Would Kathleen be waiting for me on the other side? Or would she have moved on because she didn't want to see me again?

"Samuel, you ought to take care of yourself," Leonard said concernedly.

"I'm fine," Samuel replied in a hoarse voice. "Charles is a recluse and prefers to lay low. He may not have anyone to care for him, but five years ago, he had to bury Kate. He couldn't possibly do it on his own."

"I understand," Leonard said solemnly. "If no one had been there to help him, then that means Kathleen isn't dead."

"Or he could have hidden her body," Samuel croaked. "I'll think of a way to get Charles here. When that happens, get your people to search his place."

"Got it." Leonard nodded.

Samuel hung up the phone.

He gazed at the moon outside the window and recalled Kathleen's smile.

He had been too immature back then.

If he could turn back time, he would surely not pester her anymore.

He just wanted her to live.

That would be good enough.

As long as he knew that she was living somewhere on the planet, that would suffice.

If he missed her too much, he could check on her secretly instead of being separated by heaven and Earth like this.

Samuel's hands were shaking again. He missed her.

He took some time to recollect himself outside the ward, only stepping in when he was ready.

He wouldn't show his vulnerable side in front of Desi.

After all, Desi needed her father's support.

When he got to the bedside, he found that Gizem had fallen asleep with Desi in her arms.

Both adult and child held on to each other tightly like a mother-daughter duo.

He didn't plan to wake Gizem.

If she woke up, Desi would be disturbed too.

Hence, he headed to the couch, sat down, and shut his eyes to get some rest.

Gizem woke up a while later and saw Samuel lying face up on the couch.

An indescribable sense of loneliness emanated from him.

She observed the man quietly.

It seemed that she didn't feel any sort of warmth coming from him.

He was simply too austere.

Carefully, she rose to her feet.

She spotted a blanket nearby, picked it up, and walked closer to Samuel, planning to cover him with it.

However, Samuel had always been a light sleeper.

He was woken up when he heard movements.

Gizem froze when he stirred. "I..."

He said flatly, "Pass that to me."

She handed the blanket to him, then turned and got ready to leave.

Unexpectedly, she slipped and found herself falling toward Samuel.

The man managed to catch her.

The scent of medicinal herbs on her immediately lifted his spirits.

This smell!

Gizem wanted to get up, but Samuel had a hand tightly wrapped around her waist.

"Where did you get this scent?" he asked.

Kathleen smelled just like that.

She liked to make perfumes using some of her favorite scents.

Thus, only Kathleen could have made this.

The fragrance was rather faint. One could only pick up on it if they got close enough.

This was the first time that Samuel had come into such close contact with Gizem.

All Too Late Chapter 315

Chapter 315 Time To Grow Up

Gizem furrowed her brows. "Can you let go of me first? Desi might see us."

Samuel did her bidding, flashing her a stern look.

Gizem leaped up and kept a distance from him.

"It's the smell of my very own perfume," was her explanation.

Her words only made Samuel shoot her a dubious leer.

Gizem went on and elucidated her claim, "You can also find this scent on ancient books, Mr. Macari. It originated from a female physician and has a sedative effect. I heard that your ex-wife was also a traditional medicine practitioner. I guess she must've followed the same ancient prescription."

A coincidence?

Suspicion rose within Samuel as he fixed his ice-cold gaze on Gizem.

Could it be that she's trying to bluff it out because of some ulterior motives?

Never in a million years did Gizem expect Samuel to be so vigilant over a measly fragrance.

"You're a traditional medicine practitioner, too, you say?" His tone was as cold as the winter.

“Yes.” Gizem nodded. “I learned traditional medicine before diving into modern medicine.”

“All right. You may leave,” ordered Samuel with an impassive countenance.

“Okay.” With that, Gizem wheeled around and stepped out.

Samuel heaved a sigh at that.

My mind must’ve gone haywire. Why did I mistake her for Kathleen?

Gizem got back to the office, only to hear her phone ringing non-stop.

She finally picked up the call. Immediately, Levi’s yawn was heard coming from the other end of the line.

“Why aren’t you back yet, Babe? I almost wanted to crash out, you know.”

“Sorry, I’m not going back tonight. I’m going to stay overnight at the hospital,” stated Gizem.

“Oh... I’ll help you tidy up the house, then,” Levi stated helplessly.

With an indifferent tone, Gizem declined his offer. “There’s no need for that. I’ve given Samuel my word to move into the Macari residence just so it’ll be easier for me to look after Desi.”

Levi blinked his eyes in disbelief. “What? But why? You were so unbending when I invited you to stay at my house back then!”

“Levi, I rejected you because I didn’t want you to misunderstand the relationship between us.” Gizem sounded rather nonchalant. “As for the reason I moved in to stay with the Macaris, like I said, it’s because of Desi.”

It’s also to follow my master’s instruction.

“I don’t care! Do you not love me anymore?” Grievance washed over Levi’s heart as he spoke.

Gizem was stumped for words. “I’ve never ever loved you before.”

“You mean love would one day dissipate, correct?” said Levi in defeat.

Gizem took out a bag of coffee, preparing to pull an all-nighter. “Hey, Levi. Love would never go away, okay? It’s just that I’ve never had a thing for you, so there was no love from me to you, to begin with.”

Levi then uttered in an icy tone, "So... I'll send your baggage over tomorrow. Will that be okay?"

"Yes, thank you. I'll be here at the hospital to receive it," replied Gizem calmly.

"Got it." A tinge of indignant rose within Levi. "Worse comes to worst; I'll also move into the Macari residence."

Gizem was bereft of speech on that note.

"Don't wear yourself out, you hear? I'll bring you breakfast as well." Levi was still so sweet toward her.

"Mm. Thanks." Gizem nodded.

Breathing out a long sigh, Levi hung up the phone.

Finally, Gizem made herself a cup of coffee as she sat in front of the computer to continue her dissertation paper.

The next morning, Gizem sprawled on the desk and fell asleep.

It was the knocking sound on the door that awoke her from her slumber.

Rubbing her eyes, she answered, "Come in."

It was Levi. "Babe! Here comes your breakfast made with love!" He entered her office with a spring in his step.

Gizem was at a loss for words.

As Levi placed the breakfast right in front of her, he added, "Please check and accept the donuts and milk."

"Thank you." Gizem appeared to be listless.

Wearing a skin-deep grin, Levi stared blankly at her.

At that moment, Gizem seemed to have recalled something. "Aren't you obsessed with good looks, Levi?"

The latter bobbed his head in approval.

Witnessing that, Gizem became all the more curious. "I'm very much average-looking, at best. What makes you fall for me?"

Prior to that, Levi had been in a relationship.

Gizem, too, had seen his photo with his girlfriend.

The latter was a blonde girl with blue eyes. Having a voluptuous figure, she was extremely stunning, so much so that she could easily be the world's most gorgeous woman.

"Some of us would only focus on the outside, while the others would need to consider their partner's inner beauty." Levi's smile reached his eyes as he gazed into Gizem's sparkling eyes. "My inner beauty never needs makeup, though. Would you reconsider?"

Levi was only inches away from Gizem at that point in time. The latter wanted to shove him away.

Right then, Samuel pushed open the door to Gizem's office and marched in.

At first glance, he assumed that that duo was locking lips with each other. He froze momentarily before blurting out, "Sorry."

Embarrassed, Gizem quickly voiced out, "Why are you apologizing? We're not doing anything here, okay? Are you looking for me?"

"My mom made breakfast, and she prepared you a share as well. I'm here to deliver it to you." As Samuel spoke, he put down the thermal lunchbox on her desk. "Excuse me."

With that said, he left.

For some inexplicable reason, Samuel was rather displeased with what he had just seen.

After Samuel walked out of the office, Gizem turned to glare at Levi. "Thanks to you, there's a misunderstanding now."

"Why do you care?" Levi frowned.

"Well, I don't, but it'd be very inconvenient for me if any confusion or dispute were to arise in the future." Gizem then opened the lunchbox brought over by Samuel, only to find some mashed potato, greens, and mushroom soup.

"Wow. This is not too shabby..." Levi arched a brow at that.

"If there's nothing else, Levi, leave me," suggested Gizem placidly.

"All right." Having no choice, Levi spun on his heels.

Bah! She's always chasing me away.

At long last, Gizem could dig in peacefully upon Levi's departure.

After finishing it, she cleaned the lunchbox before handing it back to Samuel.

When she arrived at Samuel's ward, she only found him lying on the couch alone.

Hearing the noise, Samuel opened his eyes.

"Where's Desi?" came Gizem's question as she put down the empty lunchbox.

"My mom took her out for some activities." Samuel's cool gaze landed on Gizem. "Oh, right. What's the relationship between you and Levi? Are you guys seeing each other?"

"No." Gizem shook her head. "We're only business partners."

Business partners? It's as clear as day that he's not portraying a business-like attitude toward her!

"Is there anything else, Mr. Macari? If not, I shall get going." Gizem was already making her way to the exit.

"Does Windwell Corporation ring any bell for you?" Samuel's tone reeked of naught but coldness.

Startled, Gizem queried, "What's that?"

"Oh? You don't know?" Samuel had his eyes fixated on her.

Gizem shook her head ever so leisurely and concurred with his opinion. "I have absolutely no idea. You might have to enlighten me."

Rising to his feet, Samuel explained with a straight face, "This organization has always been researching medicine, and they only put their product on sale on the black market. But, they suddenly changed their business nature in the past year or two. I've got wind that even their core members have changed."

"I've never heard of them at all. Sorry," were Gizem's words, her demeanor as calm as a toad in the sun.

Even after what she said, Samuel still hurled a sharp look at her.

Unflustered, Gizem continued, "Are you thinking that I'm lying to you, Mr. Macari?"

Samuel kept his lips buttoned.

“Since you don’t trust me, run a background check on me. See if I’m in any way related to that organization.” Gizem was unwavering.

“That I will do,” proclaimed Samuel in his deep voice.

“I’ll take my leave, then.”

Just when Gizem was about to leave, Samuel added, “I’ll go through Desi’s discharge procedures in a moment. Follow us to Florinia Manor later.”

“All right.” Gizem nodded and left right away.

Taking his seat, Samuel squeezed his glabella with his slender fingers.

There’s something off about Gizem...

An hour later, Gizem followed Samuel and reached Florinia Manor.

“A question for you, Mr. Macari,” Gizem piped up flatly.

“Ask away.” Samuel’s reply was icy as usual.

“I heard that you all have been staying at the Macari residence, so why did you bring me here?” Gizem felt perplexed.

“I’ll only send the kids there during working hours because I’ll be away from home,” Samuel was emotionless when he said that. “Today’s my off day, so the kids will be staying here. My mom and grandma pampered the children too much already. I don’t want them to be spoiled.”

I don’t have much time left... I’ve got to educate them to stand on their own two feet before anything happens.

Chapter 316 Is Mommy Still Alive

Gizem did not expect Samuel would be so strict with his children’s education.

"I see..."

"You're not a parent. You won't know what I'm feeling," Samuel stated emotionlessly.

She gave no comments to that.

"Your room is upstairs, next to Desi's room," he continued in a cold voice.

Gizem nodded in reply before taking her luggage with her as she went up the stairs.

Florinia Manor was huge.

The second floor alone had several rooms. That did not include the living room, kitchen, and other rooms in the manor.

It, in fact, looked more like a castle.

"What are you looking for?" A handsome-looking Eil stood behind Gizem, wearing a gray hoodie and blue denim jeans.

She answered, "My room."

"This way." He looked at her. "I'll show you."

"Thanks." After thanking him, she flashed him a faint smile, causing the boy to blush.

A thought appeared in his mind. Even though she's not pretty and doesn't seem to be a friendly person, she looks gentle when she smiles.

When Eil led her to her bedroom, she thanked him once more before pushing open the door.

Her room was not spacious, but it had everything she needed.

Eil was not in a hurry to leave. "I ate the meatballs you made last time."

Gizem turned around to look at him, blinking in confusion.

"Do you know how to make other stuff?" he asked out of curiosity.

"I do." She nodded.

"Can you cook for me, then?" After a pause, he added, "Well, it doesn't have to be now."

"No problem, but let me unpack my stuff first."

He nodded. "Okay."

When the boy was about to leave, he swiveled around again. "My room is next to yours as well. If you need anything, you can look for me. I'll help you."

Gizem responded with a tight-lipped smile, "All right."

Eil pursed his lips for a while before explaining, "I'm not treating you like a housekeeper. I just think your culinary skills are good."

The woman was stunned for a second. "It's fine. I can make some food once in a while. I'm glad you like it."

Eil's face flushed once again as he walked off.

Noticing his red cheeks, Gizem smiled faintly. What a cute little guy.

After unpacking her luggage for a while, she went downstairs to cook.

The housekeeper saw her enter the kitchen and asked, "Dr. Zabinski, do you need anything?"

"Eil wants to eat the food I prepare," Gizem explained.

The housekeeper was taken aback. "Oh, really?"

Gizem nodded.

"My goodness!" The housekeeper was even more surprised.

"What's the matter?" Gizem looked at the woman in bewilderment.

"Mr. Eil has always been a picky eater. Actually, he's not that picky, but he usually doesn't like to eat food prepared by other people. He's only not picky with the food prepared by Mr. Macari."

Is that so?

"Let me have a try, then," Gizem stated dispassionately.

"All right." The housekeeper nodded, stepping aside.

With that, Gizem started preparing dinner.

Her movements were fluid and natural. One could see that she was someone who often cooked.

Samuel was initially in the study but wanted to get himself a glass of water, so he went downstairs to the kitchen.

Upon seeing Gizem in there, he furrowed his brows slightly.

"Why are you here?" he asked coldly.

The housekeeper turned around and answered, "Mr. Eil wants to eat the food prepared by Dr. Zabinski."

Hearing that, Samuel frowned deeply, as Eil had never asked anybody else to cook except for his father.

What's so special about Gizem's cooking?

Even Desi was the same. When she caught a whiff of the meatballs made by Gizem previously, the little girl didn't even want to leave.

Gizem turned off the stove and explained, "I'm just making ordinary home-cooked dishes."

Samuel did not utter a word in reply.

She then went on, "Mr. Macari, will you please ask them to come downstairs?"

The man gave a nod and went to call his children down.

After that, as he stood on the second floor, he wondered why he was so obedient to Gizem.

When Desi and Eil came down the stairs, the boy asked, "Daddy, what's the matter?"

Samuel looked at him meaningfully. "Did you ask Dr. Zabinski to cook?"

Eil admitted it, feeling a bit guilty. "Yes."

"Ms. Zabinski is cooking?" Desi's big round eyes glimmered.

Samuel nodded.

"Awesome!" She tugged at her father's hand. "Daddy, you need to try it. Ms. Zabinski's cooking tastes like Mommy's cooking!"

Samuel patted her on the head. "You go on ahead. I have something to say to your brother."

"Okay." The little girl trotted down the stairs.

Samuel solemnly stared at his son. "Do you also think that her cooking tastes like Mommy's?"

Eil shook his head.

Samuel added in a deep voice, "I'm not blaming you, but when your mommy comes back in the future, how would she feel when she sees Desi being so emotionally attached to Ms. Zabinski?"

Taken aback, Eil questioned, "Daddy, is Mommy still alive?"

"There are some clues, but I can't say for sure." Samuel had no intentions of keeping this from his son.

Since Eil was Samuel's heir, the boy ought to experience things like this as early as possible so that he could support the whole family after Samuel left.

Samuel carried Eil in his arms and fixed the latter's collar. "Eil, I know this might be unfair to you, but you're my son. I'll pass this family to you in the future. Your sister, grandparents, and great-grandmother need you."

Eil hugged his father's neck. "Daddy, don't leave Desi and me."

Samuel stroked the boy's hair affectionately. "I won't."

With that, he brought the boy down the stairs and put him down on the floor.

"Eil, hurry!" Desi rushed over to pull Eil.

Samuel followed after them to the dining hall.

There were five dishes, including a bowl of soup, on the table.

As Gizem had said, they were all ordinary home-cooked dishes.

After they sat down together, Desi immediately picked up her fork and placed a meatball on Samuel's plate. "Daddy, try this."

Previously, Samuel did not taste the meatball.

If he eats it, he'll definitely discover that taste!

"Thank you." He ruffled Desi's hair, smiling.

Delighted, the little girl grinned from ear to ear.

Gizem realized although Samuel was aloof toward outsiders, he was especially gentle to his family.

Blinking her large eyes nervously, Desi stared at her father in anticipation.

Samuel could not stand the girl's intense gaze, so he tasted the food.

After taking a bite, he was stunned for a moment.

This taste...

"Daddy, is it delicious?" Desi asked.

He nodded in response, not showing any emotions.

Eil also took a drumstick and bit into it. It's exceptionally nice. Indeed, it does taste like Mommy's cooking.

Seeing that the two little ones were satisfied, Gizem felt relieved and contented. Her effort was worth it.

Once they finished eating, Desi and Eil returned to their rooms.

"Mr. Macari, are you feeling unwell? You seem to eat very slowly," Gizem asked out of curiosity as she noticed Samuel was a slow eater.

He answered impassively, "My digestion is not good."

"If you don't mind, can I check on you?"

He paused for a moment before replying, "Okay. Thanks."

As he stretched out his right hand, she sat at his side and placed her hand on his wrist.

Samuel stared at her slim, soft hand.

Her hand is beautiful, and it seems familiar.

All Too Late Chapter 317

Chapter 317 You Are Hurting Me

Perhaps, a person's appearance and voice could be changed, but what about a person's hand?

Especially when it's the hand of a loved one.

Samuel grabbed her hand abruptly. "Who exactly are you?"

Gizem was startled. "Mr. Macari, are you okay?"

"I asked, who are you?" His grip tightened unthinkingly.

She frowned. "You're hurting me."

Upon hearing that, he instantaneously let go of her.

"Mr. Macari, I'm just a doctor. I don't know what you're talking about." Gizem was getting infuriated.

"Your cooking tastes like my wife's," he said frigidly.

His wife? Kathleen Johnson?

"I heard of what happened between you and your wife, but I only heard about it because I have to come here to treat your daughter." Gizem was displeased. "I have no idea why our cooking tastes the same."

Samuel remained silent.

After taking a deep breath, she added, "Mr. Macari, you might not like what I'll say next, but your health condition is not great. I'm afraid it's going to be difficult for you to recuperate. You should have more doctors to check on you. Otherwise..."

"Otherwise what?" he asked indifferently.

"Otherwise, you'll have less than three years to live."

With that, she turned on her heel and left.

Samuel's frown deepened.

Three years? That short? Desi and Eil will only be eight years old three years later. I still want to be with them longer, but I guess fate is not giving me more time. That's why I need to find Kathleen back. At least I'll die in peace.

Unbeknownst to Samuel, Desi and Eil were hiding in the corner.

Desi wanted to speak, but Eil signaled her not to talk first.

Hand in hand, the two siblings went back to their rooms.

Eil rested his chin on his hand, saying, "Even Daddy said that Dr. Zabinski's cooking tastes similar to Mommy's."

"Eil, you think so too, right?" Desi said excitedly, "She's Mommy! She must be Mommy!"

Glancing at his overexcited sister, Eil said dispassionately, "What if she's a swindler?"

"Ms. Zabinski is not a swindler." She pouted in displeasure. "Have you ever seen such a diligent swindler?"

"Of course." The handsome little boy's expression remained indifferent. "Think about our daddy's identity. Many women want to be our stepmother."

Desi fell silent.

"Besides, if Mommy is still alive, would you choose Mommy or her?" he continued.

"Mommy, of course." Desi blinked. "But she is Mommy."

Eil sighed, realizing he could not convince his sister otherwise.

"Eil, you did great last time when you discovered her curriculum vitae was fake. Can you please investigate again?" She tugged at his arm.

He stared at Desi and asked seriously, "Desi, if I find out that she's not Mommy, will you genuinely give up on that thought?"

The girl nodded. "Yes, as long as it's proven that she's not Mommy, I won't hold onto that misunderstanding."

"Okay. Remember what you said." Eil patted her head. "You can't go back on your words."

"What if she's Mommy, then?"

"If she is, then our family can finally be reunited."

“Actually, there’s a really simple way.” Desi smirked.

“What is it?” Eil frowned.

“A DNA maternity test.” Desi crossed her arms and raised her chin smugly. “Aren’t I a genius?”

Eil was taken aback by that answer. “Why didn’t I think of that?”

Indeed, that was a very straightforward method.

“Now that Ms. Zabinski is living in our house, it’s easy for us to take strands of her hair.” Desi was getting worked up.

“But it needs to have hair follicles, or else it won’t work,” Eil reminded.

“Oh.” She nodded.

“All right. You should go to bed now.”

“Got it! But I worry that I can’t sleep.” She was still jazzed.

“Even if you can’t fall asleep, you have to go to bed so that your body can recover. Understand?”

“Okay.” She nodded. “I’ll go to sleep.”

“Go.” Eil watched her retreating figure as she went out of the room.

Once she was gone, he switched on his computer and searched for Gizem’s biodata again.

The result was the same as what he had found before.

His attractive eyes dimmed. I’ll have to search for people who are related to Gizem then. If something is fishy, that’s where I can get clues.

Meanwhile, Gizem sat on the bed, checking her wristwatch.

Is Samuel already suspecting my identity? Just because of my cooking? Is my cooking really that similar to his wife’s?

For some reason, a strange feeling was gnawing at her.

After pondering for a while, she decided to call her master.

The old man picked up the phone. "Oh my. You never call at a decent hour."

Gizem smiled awkwardly. "Something came up."

"What is it?" He frowned.

"Samuel ate the food I prepared today and said my cooking's similar to his wife's."

The old man narrowed his eyes. "Then?"

"After that, he questioned who I was." Gizem sighed, feeling dejected. "Master, did I ruin the plan?"

"Don't you think this is good?" he asked with a sardonic smile.

"How is it a good thing?" She heaved a sigh again. "Master, should I get ready to escape?"

The old man chuckled. "No, no. As long as he doesn't discover Windwell Corporation, just let him be."

Gizem uttered slowly, "Are you not afraid he might kill me?"

"He won't," her master replied firmly. "As long as you can save his daughter, he won't kill you."

"Master, there's one more thing," she said in a serious tone.

"What is it?"

"There's a scar on my abdomen, and you've never told me how I got it," Gizem remarked meaningfully.

"With your knowledge and expertise, can't you tell what it is?" he answered impassively, not appearing to be infuriated by her obscure accusation.

She pressed her lips into a thin line before saying, "It's a scar of a cesarean delivery."

After a short moment, her master responded, "Giz, I didn't want to hide anything from you, but your past was so horrific that I don't want you to think about it again."

"Master, is my child still alive?"

"No..." The old man sighed. "The baby died right after birth. At that time, you were suffering from severe poisoning, so..."

Gizem understood her master didn't tell her the truth for her sake.

"Giz, carry out your mission well. When you return, I'll bring you to visit the grave of that man and the child. Well, if you want to."

"Yes, I do!" She nodded.

"All right. I'll bring you there when the time comes." With that, her master hung up the phone.

Putting down her phone, Gizem let out a breath.

It seems like everything is just like what I've guessed. Many things happened during the year when I was unconscious. It turns out I also had a man I loved and had a child with him, but they are no longer alive.

The longer she thought of it, the more frustrated she felt.

Thus, she changed her clothes and went jogging outside, not expecting to bump into Samuel.

He was smoking as he stood by an artificial lake.

She initially wanted to jog past him, but the man stopped her.

All Too Late Chapter 318

All Too Late

Chapter 318

Chapter 318 I Will Not Remarry

"Stop right there." Samuel's voice was low and husky.

Gizem halted her footsteps and asked indifferently, "How may I help you, Mr. Macari?"

The man shot an emotionless glance at her. "It was my bad earlier."

She paused for a moment before striding toward him. "I never thought you'd apologize."

"I took a peek earlier. Perhaps, you and my wife are both experts in traditional medicine, so you both like to add some medicinal herbs to the dishes, hence why they tasted rather familiar." His gaze never left her as he spoke.

"Perhaps," stated Gizem quietly.

"I have two kids. I have to be cautious," he stated, his tone aloof.

"I understand."

"You're able to understand where I'm coming from?" Evidently, the man was quite surprised to hear that.

"I, too, had... a child." Gizem explained, "However, I've never met him because he passed away shortly after birth. If he were still alive, I would likely react the same way you did."

"You were married before?"

"I don't know either, but I know both my child and his father have passed away."

A deep crease formed between Samuel's eyebrows. He couldn't help but query, "You don't know if you've been married before?"

"I lost my memories, so there are plenty of things I can't remember," she elucidated.

Samuel nodded slowly upon hearing about the woman's past.

"Mr. Macari, I don't harbor any evil intentions toward you and your children. I'm here solely because you pay well, and I'm here to earn money," Gizem clarified.

Not a single word came out of Samuel's mouth, but his expression looked rather grim.

Truth be told, he didn't exactly believe her explanation.

Saying that adding medicinal herbs to her cooking made her bear some resemblance to Kathleen earlier was all for the sake of calming her down.

Something was indeed wrong with this woman standing before him, but it wasn't time to expose her just yet.

He still needed a little bit of evidence.

"It's getting late, so I'll head back now," remarked Gizem.

After seeing the man nod in response, she turned around and left.

Samuel's eyes fell on the tranquil lake after he retracted his gaze.

That woman's cooking tasted exactly like Kathleen's. Does that mean she knows Kathleen, or perhaps, they have her?

The following morning, the incessant ringing of a doorbell echoed throughout the manor.

Maria hurried to the door and opened it.

What followed next was Charles bursting into the residence, his sudden arrival taking the housekeeper by surprise.

"Mr. Johnson?"

"Where's Desi?" he asked, his tone laced with urgency.

"Ms. Desi is—"

Before Maria could form a complete sentence, Desi was already running down the stairs. "Uncle Charles!"

"Desi!" Charles strode toward her, squatted down, and pulled the little girl into a warm embrace.

Desi wrapped her arms around her uncle's neck, her voice crisp as she asked, "Uncle Charles, why are you here?"

"Your daddy said you're unwell, so I came over. How are you feeling now?" he asked concernedly.

"I feel fine."

Charles put the girl down and scanned her from head to toe. "Are you really fine?"

Desi nodded in response, but that only made Charles' expression dim.

I've definitely been set up.

Just then, Samuel came downstairs.

Shooting a fierce glare at the man descending the stairs, Charles thundered, "Samuel Macari, you *ssh*!e! You used Desi to deceive me!"

"She's indeed feeling unwell and was discharged from the hospital yesterday. Fortunately, it wasn't something serious. I wanted to let you know there's no need to come yesterday, but I forgot."

Samuel's calm and aloof tone rendered Charles speechless.

The former then shot a look at his daughter, who promptly understood the signal and began, "Uncle Charles, I missed you, so, so much!"

Desi was an adorable little girl and extremely skilled at winning hearts. No one would be able to resist her charm.

"I miss you too," said Charles as he hugged her.

"If you're not feeling well next time, remember to let me know. Don't let a certain somebody... relay any false information," he reminded.

Desi nodded obediently, and at that moment, Eil had also come downstairs.

"Uncle Charles."

Charles nodded in acknowledgment of the boy's greeting. He couldn't help noticing the resemblance between the father and son.

Eil looks more like Samuel with every passing moment. It almost seems like they were carved out of the same mold!

Just as they were speaking, Gizem arrived downstairs as well.

Her appearance caused Charles' expression to darken. "There's a woman in your home?"

D*mn it! Samuel said he wouldn't remarry. As expected, men are all liars!

"You've misunderstood. I'm a doctor," Gizem explained. "After Desi felt unwell yesterday, Mr. Macari asked me to be their family doctor."

Doctor? Charles furrowed his brows.

At that, Desi quickly chimed in, "Uncle Charles, it's true. Ms. Zabinski really is a doctor."

The little girl's explanation appeared to have appeased him, for he let out a snort after hearing her.

"Mr. Macari, I received a notice from the hospital. They received a group of patients, so they need me over there," said Gizem.

Samuel nodded, allowing her to leave. "All right. Go ahead."

Just as she was about to take off, Charles' cold voice sounded. "I'll take you there."

The woman was momentarily stunned but quickly recomposed herself and declined, "It's all right. I'll get a taxi."

It was rather obvious Charles was perturbed by her.

Since he wasn't fond of her, Gizem didn't feel the need to appease the man or get on his good side.

"It won't be easy to get a taxi at this hour. I'll take you there," Charles insisted.

Gizem frowned at that.

Yet another difficult fellow to deal with!

The two walked out of the manor, and Gizem knew there was no avoiding it this time.

Well, I didn't do anything wrong, so I needn't be afraid.

She got into his car, and the man drove her to the hospital.

On their way there, Charles was exuding a strong air of hostility, causing Gizem to furrow her brows deeply.

After finally arriving at the hospital, Gizem was about to alight when Charles locked the car door.

"What are you up to?" he asked in an ice-cold tone.

"I'm up to nothing. I just want to treat my patients."

Charles grabbed her by the wrist. "I'm warning you. I don't care if you have any feelings for Samuel, but keep your distance from the children. Do you understand?"

"Mr. Johnson, if I keep my distance from Desi, who's going to treat her?" Gizem's tone was indifferent and laced with a hint of sarcasm as she continued, "You don't think I'm capable of treating someone through a wall, do you?"

Charles continued to emit a chilly aura but did not respond.

Seeing that, she pulled her wrist out of the man's grasp and said, "I hope you'll stop insulting me, Mr. Johnson. I'm not interested in men."

As soon as the words left her lips, she pushed open the door and alighted from the car.

Charles watched as the woman's figure slowly disappeared from his line of sight, his expression solemn.

I have to find Kathleen as soon as possible. Perhaps, she can save Desi...

After dropping the children off at the Macari residence, Samuel went to work.

He had just arrived at the office when Tyson walked in.

"Mr. Macari, Mr. Lewis is here," the latter informed.

Caleb?

"Let him in."

"Understood."

Tyson made his way out, and following that, Caleb walked in.

The latter headed straight for the couch and plopped down on it. "I didn't expect you to be so impatient, Mr. Macari. It has only been a few days, yet you've already brought her home."

A cold look flitted across Samuel's handsome and stunning countenance. "Are you here to spout nonsense?" he retorted.

"Did I hit the nail on the head?" Caleb scoffed.

Samuel's gaze was dark and frosty.

Just then, Caleb crossed his legs and asked, "Charles is back?"

Samuel didn't respond to that. Thus, Caleb took it a step further and deliberately provoked the man.

"Come to think of it, I've not seen that brother-in-law of mine for a long time now."

"I must remind you, Caleb, you and Kathleen never got around to registering your marriage. Strictly speaking, you are in no way related to the Johnson family at all."

"Who are you to say all that? Do you think Kathleen would've agreed with what you have just said? Back then, if it weren't for you, we would've headed to City Hall after our wedding ceremony."

"This shows how you two are not fated to be together," Samuel retorted.

It was apparent his words had ruffled Caleb's feathers as the latter's expression immediately dimmed. "Listen, Samuel Macari, if you want to remarry, then hand the kids over to me. I won't ever remarry."

