

All Too Late Chapter 336

Chapter 336

Chapter 336 The Grim Reveal

Sometime after arriving at Florinia Manor, Gizem sat in her room with her phone in hand.

She hesitated briefly before phoning Theodore.

This time, he answered the call without any complaints.

“Master...” Gizem took a while to ask, “How are things on your end?”

“So you’ve heard?” Theodore’s morose voice answered with a question of his own.

“Yeah,” replied a nodding Gizem. “Do you need me to return?”

“Dearest Gizem, it’s indeed time for you to repay my past kindness to you.” There was a hidden meaning behind Theodore’s tone. “Do you know why I sent you to Jadeborough?”

“You have a mission for me.”

“Indeed.” Theodore’s tone took on a blade-like sharpness. “I’m going to tell you what your mission is now.”

“All right.” Gizem nodded.

“I want you to kidnap Samuel’s daughter. Bring her here.”

W-What? That was not what Gizem expected. “But why, Master?”

“Why are you asking so many questions? Don’t forget who rescued you when you were unconscious back then. If it weren’t for me, you would’ve suffered plenty more disfigurement than the one on your face.”

Gizem tensed. “That’s true. But Master, why would you abduct Samuel’s daughter if Samuel’s the one you’re after?”

A bone-chilling chuckle came from the phone. “Do as I command. Or, are you not planning to obey me?”

An apathetic look shrouded Gizem’s face. “That’s not what I meant.”

“I expect a lot from you, Gizem. As long as you bring Samuel’s daughter over, I’ll make you Axeworth Corporation’s successor.”

Gizem frowned as she did not care about achieving such a thing.

“You’d better get moving.” Theodore’s tone bore a heavy weight.

Lips pursing for a moment, Gizem eventually replied, “Okay. I got it.”

Following that, Theodore hung up the phone.

Gizem continued to frown deeply even after.

So that was his plan—for me to kidnap Desi. But she’s merely a girl with heart disease. Why would he go after her? That’s too odd.

Deep down, Gizem knew she could never make a move against Desi.

What do I do? Even Samuel keeps hounding me for answers. It feels like the world is drowning me in all sorts of problems.

“Ugh…” An ache started invading Gizem’s temples.

Suddenly, a fragmented vision flashed in her mind.

Those fragments seemed to be her past memories.

It was a pity, though, since she could not recall anything despite having that vision.

As I guessed, I probably shouldn’t overwork my brain.

With that thought, Gizem lay down to nap for a bit.

Her slumber lasted until half past eight in the evening.

Only then did she awake and notice what time it was.

Her eyes grew wide in shock. Gosh! How did I sleep for this long? Although, my head doesn’t hurt anymore, so that’s good.

She then got off the bed and headed outside.

Florinia Manor seemed exceedingly quiet at that hour.

Usually, Samuel would be spending time with Eil and Desi in the living room at this time of day.

Why is it so quiet today? Gizem could not help questioning the unusual silence.

“Gizem!” Freya’s voice suddenly sounded from behind her.

At once, Gizem turned around, her brows tightly knitting together. “Freya?”

A vicious smirk curved across Freya’s face in response.

“How did you get in? And aren’t you afraid of getting caught?” Gizem’s frown deepened.

“Relax,” said an unbothered Freya. “I knocked them out.”

What? Rage took over Gizem’s senses as she snapped, “Have you lost your mind? What the hell are you trying to do?”

“I’m going to take Samuel’s daughter away.”

“Why?” Gizem coldly questioned. Why is she and Master both after Desi?

“Duh, to threaten Samuel and Master.” Freya emotionlessly chuckled while elaborating, “Oh, sweet Gizem, you know too little about Axeworth Corporation. Then again, you never were part of us, to begin with.”

Bloodthirsty wrath swirled in Gizem’s gaze. “What did you just say?”

“You know how Master pushed his son off a cliff? Well, his son actually survived and is in a vegetative state. Master did everything he could to make his son recover. He even turned to black magic, but nothing worked.”

“What happened after that?” Gizem asked.

“What happened?” Freya sardonically sneered, “He discovered his son had an illegitimate child. However, that kid has a blood disorder. Have you not noticed the tasks he assigns you always revolve around blood?”

“What does that have to do with Desi?” Gizem was perplexed at that instant.

“Desi’s birth parents had unique physical conditions that distinguished her blood from others. It can save Master’s grandson. Thus, I can threaten Samuel and Master with Desi. Simultaneously, I can get them to go against each other while I reap the benefits. Once everything ends, I’ll have full control of the organization. What do you think of my plan?”

“Desi has always lived with heart disease. If you extract her blood, it will only mean death for her!” Sheer rage emanated from Gizem.

“So what? It has nothing to do with me.”

Those words caused Gizem’s fists to ball up. “No wonder someone told me that Axeworth Corporation consists of lunatics! That you’re all ruthless monsters!”

“Hah! Indeed, we are. You’re the only normal one here. But that’s because you were never one of us. Master lied to you.”

Gizem stormed ahead. “Tell me what you mean by that!”

“I’ll tell you if you manage to beat me in a fight!” Freya challenged.

“Fine!” A solemn darkness filled Gizem’s orbs then and there.

She darted quickly toward Freya.

Yet, only a sneer came from Freya upon seeing Gizem’s incoming fist.

The former abruptly pulled out a knife while snarling, “You’re dead meat, Gizem! Since you refuse to help us, prepare to die!”

Surprisingly, Gizem managed to dodge Freya’s knife.

The latter was skilled in combat arts and was one of the top three fighters within the organization.

Gizem was not too shabby either, but she still paled in comparison.

Freya was so confident that she did not even take Gizem seriously.

In her eyes, Gizem was merely a brainiac who knew how to earn money but had poor body strength.

As the fight went on, a grin broke out on Freya’s face each time she forced Gizem to retreat.

“Is that it? You’re too weak, Gizem!” Freya sneered.

Not a trace of emotion showed on Gizem’s face. “There’s no telling who will win just yet!”

“It will obviously be me!” Freya cockily added, “That’s enough toying around with you. I’m going to end your life now, then kidnap Desi. Here is where we bid farewell, you, so-called genius pharmaceutical scientist! Even though I’ll miss the money your drugs will generate, you leave me with no choice but this!”

With that, she charged at Gizem with full force.

A murderous gleam appeared in Gizem's dark eyes.

She patiently waited for Freya to close in before raising her dainty gun.

Bang!

A bullet pierced the spot between Freya's brows.

Subsequently, a fearful expression marred Freya's face as her body fell next to Gizem.

Only then did Gizem put down her gun.

"I know I can't beat you in a fight. Even so, you're still nothing but a human. How can you defend yourself against a bullet?" Gizem heaved a deep sigh of relief while preparing to leave.

Thud!

Someone hit her head from behind just then, instantly knocking her out.

She did not completely lose consciousness, so she managed to catch a glimpse of a dark figure dragging Freya's body away.

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Chapter 337 Provide Treatment

The dark figure soon returned, heading straight into the children's room.

The unconscious Desi was then carried out of the room.

"No..." Gizem forced herself to stay awake.

Despite that, the pain in the back of her head was so intense that it felt like it was splitting her head open.

That dark figure completely ignored Gizem as they headed outside.

As Gizem struggled to get up, it was but a futile attempt as she could not hold on anymore.

She could only watch the two vanish together.

D*mn it!

By the time Samuel woke up, he found himself in the hospital.

“You’re finally awake, Samuel,” said Wynnie anxiously.

All Samuel felt at the moment was dizziness. Just being awake was enough to make him feel awful.

“Someone drugged all of you. The doctor said that the drug used was three times stronger than the average sedative. Desi is currently missing, and Eil is still unconscious.” Wynnie spoke in a worried tone.

“Desi is missing?” Samuel’s voice was incredibly hoarse when he croaked, “What about the others?”

Wynnie uttered in a whisper, “Gizem is also missing.”

As Samuel’s sharp gaze turned dark, he threw the covers off of himself.

That was when Tyson walked in.

“You’re awake, Mr. Macari!” he exclaimed.

“Did you find Desi’s whereabouts?” Samuel’s face was as dark as coal.

“Yes.” With a tablet in hand, Tyson reported, “Two hours ago, it was Gizem who brought the unconscious Desi onto a plane that was heading out of Jadeborough.”

“Where is the plane heading to?” Samuel asked in a grave tone.

“Zedfield, which is in Moranta,” Tyson responded.

Zedfield? Isn’t that the most dangerous city in Moranta? To my knowledge, Axeworth Corporation—the organization that Gizem belongs to—is based there.

“Get the plane ready—I’m heading there immediately,” Samuel stated as his eyes narrowed.

“Understood!” Tyson gave a nod.

Filled with worry, Wynnie looked at Samuel. “I can’t believe this. Gizem... She...”

“Mom, please don’t jump to conclusions. It might not be her.” Samuel’s hoarse voice was deep but clear.

A bit shaken up, Wynn timer blurted, “But Tyson said that it was her who was seen in the surveillance footage, taking Desi away.”

Samuel glanced at Wynn timer meaningfully. “That person may look a lot like her, but it is not her.”

“How can you be so sure, Samuel? What if it is her? She could be the informant your enemies planted by your side!” Wynn timer was doubtful.

She could not understand how someone as decisive and sharp as Samuel could trust someone he had only met days before.

Picking up his coat as he got up, Samuel said, “Please take care of Eil, Mom. Call me if something comes up.”

“Okay.” Wynn timer knew that there was nothing else she could say that would change anything.

Forget it. I’ll just save my breath for now.

Once Samuel got his coat on, he immediately headed toward the door.

After rushing to the airport, he quickly prepared to head toward Zedfield, worried that Desi would be in danger if he were to be a minute too late.

The moment Gizem opened her eyes, she noticed that her arms and legs were bound.

Looking around, she found herself in a room, and the sky outside was already dark.

How long have I been knocked out? Is Desi being held here with me? If she’s here, I need to find her and get us out of here.

Just then, the door opened.

Finn walked in.

It’s him!

However, Gizem was sure he wasn’t the dark figure who took Desi away.

“What are you doing here?” Her eyes narrowed into slits.

“Why can’t I be here?” A sinister smile hung on Finn’s face.

“Are we in Chanaea?” Gizem questioned icily.

“Yes.”

Gizem calmed herself down as she looked at him. “What are you after?”

“What do you think?” His gaze turned cold. “If you want to live, you’d better provide treatment.”

“Haha!” Gizem scoffed, “Treatment? For who? You? Or Tracy?”

Finn stayed silent.

“The one with an issue is you. I can’t treat someone who doesn’t have any illnesses.” One could feel the sarcasm just from looking into Gizem’s eyes.

Enraged, Finn snapped, “You should think about your current situation! Samuel already knows that you were the one who took his daughter. He will never let you off for that.”

Gizem’s face fell.

My guess is right then. Someone wants to frame me.

With a chilly tone, she countered, “Whatever I say to Samuel to prove my innocence is none of your business. You, on the other hand, are clearly playing with fire!”

Finn burst out laughing. “You still want to resist, huh? The sedative in your body is going to linger for a long time. How are you going to beat me now that you’ve lost your strength? Moreover, you’re tied up.”

With eyes filled with fury, Gizem chuckled. “The winner hasn’t been determined yet.”

Finn took a step forward before grabbing her by the hair. “Listen. You’d better treat her. If nothing happens within Tracy’s womb by the end of the month, you’re dead.”

He slammed her head against the wall as he finished.

“This is a lesson for you!” the infuriated Finn warned.

Gizem’s head was already hurt.

Hence, hitting her head again exacerbated her pain. It felt as though her head was really about to split open.

After she collapsed onto the bed, her mind was in total chaos.

She began seeing many images and scenes.

The things she saw were like memories that did not belong to her, but they still felt familiar—as if she had experienced them personally.

She saw Samuel.

His eyes looked cold at times and sinister at other times. He also looked gentle occasionally but then miserable every now and then.

The emotions she saw overlapped and intertwined with each other, making her unable to tell if they were real or if it was all an illusion.

She soon saw something else—a woman.

It was a young and very pretty woman who acted quite erratic.

“Vivian’s dead.”

“She hung herself.”

“No. Her death was caused by Finn.”

She also saw Charles and Caleb.

They looked like they were in pain when they talked about the woman named Vivian.

What’s going on? Why do I have such memories? Wait... Who exactly am I? Regardless, there’s no doubt that Finn is the one who caused Vivian’s death. Vivian... She was the woman Charles liked. Is this why I felt uncomfortable when I first met Finn?

Gizem was pissed. In fact, she felt like ripping Finn into a thousand pieces.

Gradually, she felt more and more discombobulated.

In the end, she passed out once again.

Gizem woke up again a few hours later.

This time, although her head hurt, she felt incredibly clear-headed.

She took a deep breath.

I’m uncertain about a lot of things, but one thing is for sure—Finn needs to die.

Click!

The door was opened again, and at the doorway was Finn.

His voice sounded even more distant as he asked, "Have you thought things through?"

Gizem sat up and leaned against the headboard.

Finn was sure that he had already subdued her.

He smiled chillingly and added, "As long as you listen to whatever I say, I will not hurt you."

"Finn, who's Vivian?" Gizem questioned calmly.

"How did you know about her?" He narrowed his eyes.

She is not a citizen of Jadeborough. There's no way she would know.

"Was she the woman you used to love the most? Did you force her to her death?" Rage could be seen in the depths of Gizem's eyes.

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Chapter 338 Becoming An Idiot

Finn roared, "What does that have to do with you? I brought you here to treat people, not to ask pointless questions!"

Gizem smiled grimly, her eyes unwavering. "Treatment, eh? I got just the treatment for your illness."

"What?"

Gizem's charming red lips curved.

"All you need to do is to die and reincarnate!"

Right after she ended her sentence, she stood up, picked up the table lamp beside her, and swung it at Finn's head.

Thump!

Finn was caught off guard as he did not anticipate that she would abruptly get up.

He had no idea how she got out of the rope that bound her.

With the lamp, Gizem bashed his head several times, hard.

It was not until Finn's face was covered in blood that she finally stopped.

She got to her feet, tossing the lamp in her hand aside.

Finn, at the brink of death, looked at her. "You..."

Gizem raised her hand, showing off the ring on her slender finger. "This ring has a hidden blade in it. Pressing the ring would unleash it."

Finn was at a loss for words.

She stepped on his chest and asked, "Tell me. Who handed me to you?"

"I don't know," Finn breathed weakly.

"If you don't tell me the truth, I'm going to end you." It was apparent that Gizem was filled with hate.

A terrified look fled across Finn's eyes. "N-No!"

"Then tell me the truth!" Gizem stepped on his chest harder. "My patience is wearing thin!"

"It's an organization called Windwell Corporation! They handed you to me." Finn continued to explain, "When I visited the black market a few days ago to find treatment, someone said they could help me."

"That's impossible." Gizem frowned. "Windwell Corporation disbanded without a trace a few years ago."

In truth, the organization was founded by her master, Theodore, and it was supposed to be a fake organization.

Its sole purpose was to confuse those who wanted to exact revenge on him.

Nonetheless, Theodore disbanded it three to four years ago, and they all operated under the original organization called Axeworth Corporation after that.

Looking like he was in pain, Finn uttered, "I'm telling the truth. I still have their messages with me."

He began feeling around his suit pocket.

“Don’t move!” Gizem demanded.

She crouched down and pulled out Finn’s phone.

After getting him to unlock the phone with his fingerprint, she soon found the chat logs between Windwell Corporation and him.

At first, Gizem did not believe that the organization was Windwell Corporation.

It was not until she saw the picture the organization sent that she began to doubt herself.

The picture contained Windwell Corporation’s emblem.

After she studied it, she noticed that the emblem undoubtedly belonged to Windwell Corporation. It was the real deal.

Back then, Theodore destroyed the emblem immediately after disbanding the organization.

That emblem had a marking at the bottom—it was Theodore’s signature.

Only those from Axeworth Corporation knew about this.

It was impossible for malicious outsiders who wanted to cause trouble in the guise of Windwell Corporation to notice this.

This is inconceivable.

“I’m not lying to you,” Finn hoarsely uttered. “Everything I’ve said is the truth.”

Gizem asked impassively, “What else do you know?”

“I don’t know much else, but…” Finn shook his head. “The person who brought you here said that as long as I fed you this drug, you’d listen to me obediently. I already fed you some.”

“Where’s the drug?” Gizem grabbed his collar as she questioned.

Finn pointed at his other pocket.

Gizem then fished out a bottle from it.

She popped it open before taking a whiff.

Her dark eyes quickly turned cold. “Do you know what kind of drug this is?”

"All they said is that you'd become obedient after taking some of it." Finn spoke in a low tone.

"This is a slow-acting poison that would damage one's brain. Taking this for a month can turn one into an idiot." Gizem pried open Finn's mouth. "In that case, I'll just give them all to you!"

She stuffed the contents of the bottle directly into his mouth as she spoke.

"Don't you want to have a son? Once you become an idiot, you won't have to worry about that anymore!" Gizem had a lot of animosity toward him.

"Ugh..." Finn struggled against her, but she was ruthless as all she wanted was to force him to swallow everything.

Soon, most of the pills were in his mouth while some fell onto the floor.

Nevertheless, he ate most of them.

Gizem gradually loosened her grip on him as he stopped struggling.

Getting to her feet, she stared at him with hostility. "Ha! That's what you get! I don't know who Vivian is, but at least I've avenged her!"

With that, she walked out of the room.

The building was a mansion.

Judging by her surroundings, she could tell that the mansion was an old one.

The place was very quiet, and it seemed as if she and Finn were the only people there.

Seeing the car parked in the yard, Gizem was sure that she was still in Chanaea.

I don't know who took Desi, but it could only be my master or the members of Windwell Corporation. Regardless, I need to head back. But based on what Finn said, I've become the suspect of Desi's kidnapping. Samuel would never let me go because of that. I don't have any evidence that can prove my innocence, and the only thing I can do now is to save Desi. I'll definitely find some clues about all this when I save her.

Grabbing the car key nearby, she strode out of the mansion.

As soon as she got into Finn's car, she ripped the hyper-realistic mask off her face.

She looked into the rear-view mirror, scrutinizing her horrifying face.

Then, she took off the second layer.

Finally, my pores could breathe now!

She had been wearing those two layers of masks almost every day before this—especially the second one.

Everyone in Axeworth Corporation thought her face was still ruined, but it had healed a long time ago.

As Gizem looked at her face in the mirror, bitterness glinted in her eyes.

“This face looks way too similar to that of Samuel’s wife,” she grumbled.

Although it’s not completely the same, it’s just too similar for me to handle. I guess this is why Master made me wear the mask constantly. It’s to avoid misunderstandings. So, where exactly did I come from? Why are there such memories in my head?

Her red lips pursed slightly.

I guess I have no choice but to ask Master.

As she pondered, she drove toward the airport.

She was sure no one would recognize her with her face.

An hour later, Gizem reached the airport.

She had prepared her ID card in advance. After buying the flight ticket, all that was left to do was board the plane.

“Kate?” A low and familiar voice suddenly sounded.

Gizem was not aware that the voice was calling for her, so she kept walking.

“Kate!” Caleb ran after her, grabbing her hand once he reached her. His eyes could not move away from Gizem’s face. “You...”

Gizem pulled her arm away. “Ah, ah.” She acted mute and shook her head vehemently.

She was afraid she would be recognized if she spoke.

Caleb furrowed his brows. “You’re not Kate?”

Gizem shook her head.

He continued to frown. "But... You look so much alike."

They look so similar, with only a slight difference.