

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel)

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Chapter 309 I Miss Mommy

"Do you think she'd be able to live until the age of eighteen, then?" questioned the old man.

"I can't guarantee that. After all, she's barely five years old now. There would be a lot of unexpected issues in the future."

He chuckled. "Then, we should just do our best and leave the rest to fate. Samuel paid us enough money anyway."

"Got it." Gizem nodded, well aware that her master was someone who valued profit.

"Remember, do not have any unnecessary thoughts about Samuel. We're only trying to earn money from him," he reminded.

"I understand," she answered.

"All right. I'll let you go back to whatever you were doing." The old man smiled and hung up.

Gizem put the phone down.

She recalled Desi. For some unknown reason, the girl gave her a familiar and amicable feeling.

Meanwhile, Samuel carried Desi into the car and went home.

On their way home, she tasted one of the meatballs and narrowed her black grape-like eyes in pleasure.

"Wow! This tastes amazing! It tastes like Mommy's cooking!" she exclaimed.

A hint of distress flashed past Samuel's eyes when he heard what his daughter said.

Desi lacked motherly love ever since she was young, and Samuel knew it was all his fault.

Had he known Kathleen was pregnant back then, he wouldn't have done what he did.

"Daddy, try some," Desi said excitedly.

"You can have it. If you like it so much, I'll tell Dr. Zabinski to make you some next time," replied Samuel.

"Daddy, she's a doctor, not a maid." The girl was speechless at her father's words.

Daddy is too bossy!

"Anything for you, my baby girl." He looked at her affectionately.

Desi beamed. "But I don't want Ms. Zabinski to hate me."

Samuel merely ruffled his daughter's hair wordlessly.

He sent the girl to the Macari residence.

Usually, when he went to the office, he would leave the two kids at the Macari residence under his grandmother's care.

Diana doted on the two children and would fulfill their every request.

As the big brother, Eil was quite obedient and well-behaved.

He was calm and collected by nature and seldom got into trouble.

Desi, however, was only a docile sweetheart when her big brother was around.

Without him, she would transform into a domineering and bossy little princess.

Desi got out of the car with the lunchbox in her hands.

Diana saw the lunchbox and asked curiously, "Where'd you get that from?"

"The nice doctor gave it to me. I want Eil to have a taste too. It tastes like Mommy's cooking!" the girl said joyfully.

While Diana remained silent, Samuel approached and said, "I found Desi a new doctor. Desi seems to like her very much."

"Have you investigated her? Is she reliable?" questioned Diana seriously.

"Mm. Richard introduced her to me."

"That's good." Diana nodded.

"Grandma, I'll be off to work now." Samuel turned to leave.

Diana looked at her grandson's thin and slender back view before letting out a faint sigh.

Fortunately, he still had two kids as his pillar of support.

Otherwise, Diana was sure that he would follow in Kathleen's footsteps.

"Eil! Look what I've brought you!" Desi hopped her way upstairs, wiggling her tiny body in excitement.

"What is it?" asked Eil, who had charming facial features that resembled his father.

His personality was just as calm and collected as Samuel's too.

Desi went over to him. "Tasty meatballs!"

"Did you go to the hospital or the restaurant?" He furrowed his brows.

She picked a meatball up with a fork and ordered, "Stop asking. Open your mouth."

The boy opened his mouth obediently, compliant to anything his baby sister said.

After all, his sister had poor health, so he would do whatever floated her boat.

Desi stuffed the meatball into Eil's mouth.

The latter munched on it and knitted his brows slightly.

"It tastes like Mommy's cooking, doesn't it?" asked Desi, filled with anticipation.

"It's just a meatball that tastes slightly better than average." Eil was not impressed.

Desi was disappointed as she insisted, "It clearly tastes like Mommy's cooking."

"We've never even tried Mommy's cooking before. How can you be sure?" The boy looked at his sister speechlessly.

"I don't care! It's Mommy's cooking!" The little girl was determined as she pouted, looking like she was about to burst into tears.

"Okay, okay. It's Mommy's cooking." Eil could only agree with her just to cheer her up.

"I miss Mommy." Desi put the lunchbox down and covered aside, tears welling in her eyes.

Eil panicked. "Desi, it's okay. Don't cry."

"Eil, I miss Mommy." She sobbed pitifully.

The boy didn't know what to do either.

He missed his mother too, but he also knew it was impossible that his mother was still alive.

Their uncle told them their mother had passed away due to dystocia when giving birth to them.

Eil hugged Desi and consoled her, "Desi, be a good girl and stop crying. Mommy will be watching over us in heaven. We must be happy so that she won't worry about us, okay?"

The little girl continued weeping. "But I want Mommy..."

He sighed. "Why don't we investigate the person who made these meatballs?"

She stopped crying almost immediately. "So you think Mommy's alive too, right?"

The boy fell silent.

Desi was the only person in the household who firmly believed Kathleen was still alive.

"Then, tell me, who gave you these meatballs?" asked Eil.

"It's the new doctor. Her name is Gizem Zabinski."

"Oh. How do you spell her name?" Eil took his laptop out.

She spelled the name for her brother and explained, "I asked Daddy, and he told me it's spelled this way."

The boy nodded and looked it up on the internet.

After he typed the keywords in the search bar, results popped out instantly.

He looked at Gizem's photo and frowned. "She looks plain."

Desi lifted her chin and said, "You'd know after meeting her. She's not as aloof as she looks in the pictures. Her hands are warm, and her voice is melodious."

He heaved a sigh. "You only fantasized all that because you want a mommy too badly, right?"

"Fantasize? No, I think she is our mommy!" Desi was confident about her assumption.

"Why do you say so?"

She grabbed her brother's arm. "Because she smells like Mommy! Don't you believe me, Eil? We're twins. Aren't we connected telepathically?"

Eil held his forehead. "Yes, we are."

"Then, investigate her! Find out where she's from!" Desi pleaded, narrowing her eyes.

Left without a choice, Eil could only do as he was told.

He found some information about Gizem, which looked too perfect to be true.

It turned out that she was a top student of Arvard College of Medicine who graduated with a doctoral degree.

She was also a promising young doctor who had won various awards and owned many patents.

Furthermore, she grew up overseas, and there was detailed information about where she studied during every educational stage as well as who her teachers and friends were. All those were listed down in detail on the internet.

There weren't any issues nor discrepancies.

Eil spoke solemnly. "Desi, something might be wrong with this woman."

"Why?" Desi didn't understand what her brother meant.

He explained, "Her information is too detailed. Even the names and addresses of the people she knows are available. It's clearly luring the people who suspect her identity into investigating her."

The young girl was puzzled. "What do you mean? Why are they trying to lure us into investigating her?"

Eil sighed. "I envy your naivety sometimes."

She pouted. "Are you looking down on me?"

"No. Desi, I don't think you should get too close to that woman. Have you forgotten what Uncle Charles said? He told us we can't get ourselves into danger and cause Daddy trouble."

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Chapter 310 Do You Know Who We Are

A deep frown appeared on Desi's chubby face.

Eil caressed her head. "I know you miss Mommy, and I do too, but we have to be good kids, okay?"

She nodded obediently.

He smiled faintly at his younger sister. "That's a good girl. Go ahead and play on your own, then."

"Aren't you going to play with me?" Desi blinked.

As he thought of Desi's toys, which were too childish for him, Eil replied, "Next time, maybe."

"I'll go and play with Snowy, then." At the mention of the word "play," Desi stopped dwelling on her mother.

The little boy watched as his sister hurried down the stairs and smiled to himself.

She's truly such a child.

He had forgotten about the fact that he himself was a child too.

Then, he turned to look at Gizem's information that was displayed on his laptop screen and felt that the woman was quite suspicious.

As the doctor was responsible for treating his sister, he thought it was necessary to inform Samuel about it.

When Yareli returned to the Yoeger residence, she sneakily gave Vanessa a call.

"Mom, a woman named Gizem Zabinski abruptly popped up. I think she's interested in Samuel," said Yareli, worried.

Vanessa furrowed her brows. "Don't be paranoid. You have the female lovebug in your body now. Samuel won't do anything to you."

"But Mom, didn't Lauren say that as long as I have the female lovebug, Samuel would definitely fall in love with me? It's been five years now! Why hasn't he fallen in love with me yet?" Yareli was beyond anxious.

"I've asked Lauren too. She said it's probably because the male lovebug is hibernating after Samuel suffered from excessive blood loss last time. Just be patient and wait, okay?"

"I can't wait any longer. Mom, please help me think of a way," Yareli pleaded out of frustration.

"All right. I'll ask Lauren to go and give Samuel a checkup." Vanessa heaved a sigh.

"Okay." Yareli nodded.

"Remember, Samuel hasn't met Lauren before, so you must not let him know anything. Otherwise, all our efforts will go down the drain," reminded Vanessa.

"Mm. I know." Yareli ended the call.

After taking a deep breath, she was still unable to relax.

She was thinking about investigating Gizem's identity.

I also have to do something about those two little b*stards by Samuel's side. They won't stop opposing me, and it's annoying. If I don't come up with a way to deal with them, things will be difficult for me after I get married to Samuel. If worse comes to worst, I'd just have to kill them and end everything. Samuel won't do anything to me, anyway. I refuse to believe that he would want to die.

On the other side, Gizem prepared to return home after seeing her last patient.

Right then, the door of her office was pushed open by someone.

A golden-haired man came walking in with a large bouquet of red roses.

"Babe." A charming smile spread across the man's face.

"Levi, why are you here?" Gizem was taken aback.

The man, Levi, remained smiling. "My father handed the business in Chanaea over to me. There's an important banquet tonight. May I have the pleasure of inviting you, my partner, to come along with me?"

Gizem accepted the bouquet. "I'm not your partner; my master is."

"The old man handed over all the business in Chanaea to you, so technically, you are my partner. I need to meet another business partner at the banquet later, so please help me."

“All right. Let’s go.” Gizem picked up her luxury handbag, which was placed on the side.

Levi was overjoyed when she agreed.

They stepped out of the hospital together, and the man said, “Let me bring you to pick a gown first.”

She nodded. “Okay.”

He brought her to a haute couture dress store.

As soon as they entered, he flashed his black card to the staff members, who expressed obvious enthusiasm upon seeing that he was a VVIP.

Gizem uttered indifferently, “I didn’t expect you to be a VIP of this store. Looks like you often buy dresses for women, huh?”

Levi laughed. “Are you jealous?”

She was speechless. “No. Why do you say so? I’m merely teasing you.”

He put on an unfathomable smile. “Don’t you like me?”

“You’re not my type.” She glanced at him somewhat wryly.

“Does that mean you’re still interested in dating? I’ve always thought you’re uninterested in getting into a relationship and getting married. After all, it looks like you won’t fall for any man.”

She gazed emotionlessly at him. “I’m just not interested. Getting into a relationship is a waste of time, after all.”

He flashed her a half-smile. “How nice it would be to become your boyfriend. I won’t have to worry about you clinging to me and annoying me all day. Actually, we share the same opinion. What do you say the two of us give it a try?”

She replied coldly, “Not interested.”

Levi didn’t continue the conversation. Instead, he took a burgundy gown beside him and grinned, saying, “This suits you.”

He was well aware of the fact that Gizem loved the color burgundy.

Actually, not even Gizem knew why she loved that color.

She would usually have dreams whenever she was asleep, and in those dreams, she would always see scenes that consisted of the color red.

Whenever she had such dreams, a sense of inexplicable sorrow and anxiety would surge within her chest.

Even so, she would still subconsciously purchase some things that were red in color.

“Yeah. Thanks.” Gizem took the red dress and headed toward the fitting room.

Levi’s phone happened to ring, so he went out to answer the call.

Just then, a mother-daughter duo stepped into the store.

“Mom, I heard that Samuel will be attending the banquet tonight. In order to meet him, I have to look my best!” said Joanna Hurst in excitement.

Her mother, Carrie, was happy to hear that. “That’s great! Ever since our family started having business dealings with the Macaris, your dad has been coming up with ways to make them our long-term business partner. If you’re really able to get acquainted with Samuel, your dad would definitely be impressed!”

Joanna bobbed her head. “Don’t worry, Mom. I’ll make you proud. I won’t let anyone look down on you ever again.”

Carrie nodded in satisfaction.

As a mistress who married into the family, she was used to being detested and jeered at by all the other noble women.

If her daughter Joanna could rise to success, her life would finally change for the better.

Joanna looked around the shop for a while before questioning the staff member unhappily, “Where’s the dress that I’ve reserved?”

The staff member explained awkwardly, “Ms. Hurst, you didn’t tell us to reserve it when you left just now.”

“What! Do you want to lose your job?” Joanna blew her top.

The staff member was at a loss for words.

“Listen up. I reserved that dress for the sake of meeting Samuel Macari. Just you wait. I’m going to tell him and let him deal with you!” Joanna glared angrily at the staff member.

As the staff member blanched, Gizem came walking out of the fitting room.

Her figure was slender, and the burgundy dress further accentuated her fair skin, making her look like she was glowing.

It was as if the scene was straight out of a fairy tale.

Joanna was instantaneously enraged. "Why are you wearing my dress? Take it off right now!"

Gizem shot the woman a cold glare and asked apathetically, "This is yours? Is your name written on it?"

"I had my eyes on this dress first! Take it off!"

"This dress is indeed my daughter's. You better take it off right away. Also, do you know who we are?" Carrie was displeased as well.