

## Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 311

### Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel)

Chapter 311

Chapter 311 He Is Married

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

#### 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.

"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?"

## **Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 313**

## Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel)

### Chapter 313

#### 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.”

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.

Wynn timer 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.”

## **Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 314**

### **Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel)**

#### **Chapter 314**

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, Wynnie 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.

## **Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 315**

### **Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel)**

## 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.