

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 316

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Chapter 316

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.

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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.

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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."

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Chapter 319 Rescue Me Samuel said indifferently, "I suggest you see a doctor if something is wrong with your brain." Caleb walked up to the man and slammed his hands on the desk. "Samuel Macari, Kathleen disappeared all of a sudden in the past, and Charles had been extremely secretive about her matters. I want to ask you—what if Kathleen comes back one day, and Eil and Desi already formed an inseparable bond with that woman?" Samuel's expressionless eyes gleamed faintly.

"Do not underestimate the significance of blood relation." Caleb was furious. "Don't tell me you really plan on letting that woman continue staying in your house? I did a background check on her. Her identity may appear ordinary, but she's actually a very problematic individual. Aren't you afraid she will harm the kids if you let her stay?" They are Kathleen's children! Even if Eil and Desi were not related by blood to Caleb, he would not stand by and do nothing. Although he did not raise them by his side, Caleb regarded them as his own children. Samuel wore a frosty look. "I am better informed about her identity than you are." His words further baffled Caleb. "Why did you let her stay in your house if you already know she has issues? Are you out of your mind?" "I am. I'm disease-ridden and will not live more than three years," Samuel stated coldly. Caleb was stumped. "Just you wait, Samuel Macari!" He then left angrily. Samuel continued wearing a poker face. His dark eyes radiated a chilly aura. What do you know? Caleb was incredibly worried about Eil and Desi. He knew Charles had returned, so he phoned the latter. "You've been avoiding me for five years.

Don't you think it's about time we meet?" Caleb said in displeasure. Charles replied emotionlessly, "Is that necessary?" "Samuel caused your sister to be in such a miserable state, yet you willingly gave him those kids. My feelings toward Kathleen are genuine." Caleb was exasperated. "Forget about Kate, Caleb. I know she doesn't love you. She only married you because she was trying to stop Samuel from pestering her." "If it weren't for the fiasco caused by Samuel during the wedding ceremony, Kathleen and I would've been a married couple. Anyway, just come out and meet with me. Samuel brought a strange woman home, and she's no ordinary lady!" "I've already seen the woman you're talking about." "You've seen her?" Caleb was surprised. "There's a great chance this woman is supported by an extremely powerful organization. You'll startle them with the way you're reacting now," Charles reminded. Caleb frowned. "You guys only care about whether your actions will startle those people. Meanwhile, I only care about Eil and Desi's safety." "Caleb, I can understand your sentiment of caring for Kathleen's children because of your affection toward her." Charles hesitated briefly before continuing, "However, I hope that you will move on." "My sister has passed away a few years now. Are you telling me that you've moved on as well?" Caleb questioned back.

"I have not," Charles replied tersely. At the mention of Vivian, both of them grew silent. At the hospital, Gizem had just finished a consultation and was about to get some rest.

Right then, a few bodyguards dressed in black outfits entered. She snapped, "Who allowed you all to come in without knocking on the door? Get out!" Yet, those men in black did not move. Then, a man wearing a sinister smile walked in. "Are you the doctor who recently found a cure for women who face difficulty in getting pregnant?" Gizem glanced sideways at him. "Do you know me?" She had published the article and experimental results anonymously. "My name is Finn Morris," Finn said with a half-smile. "My wife has been unable to get pregnant for many years, so I would like to invite you over to check on her condition." "I'm not free," she refused. Finn took out a gun and placed it on the table. "Why don't you reconsider if you have the time to spare?" Gizem sneered. She opened her drawer and revealed the gun kept inside. "What do you think?" Finn narrowed his eyes at her. This woman is indeed no ordinary person. "Ha! Dr. Zabinski, I am very sincere in inviting you over." "Sincere?" She gazed at the few men who entered the room alongside Finn. The smile on Finn's face did not waver. "Mr. Morris, I should tell you that Samuel Macari hired me to care for his daughter's illness. Even if I am on duty today, I will only treat patients with cardiovascular diseases. I suggest you seek another doctor's assistance to address your wife's infertility issue." Finn uttered coldly, "I can pay you if money is what you want." Money? Gizem had the urge to toss her bank card to the man's face and let him take a good look at the balance in her bank account. "You should keep that money and use it to look for another doctor to treat your wife's condition. Also, you may want to let the physician check on your health status as well instead of only trying to find fault with your wife," she suggested sarcastically. His face darkened. "Do you know where this is? How dare an insignificant doctor like you, who has just arrived here, dare to provoke me?" "I'm just an insignificant doctor, so I doubt I have the abilities to diagnose your diseases. You should really find others for medical consultation." Gizem was not courteous toward him at all.

From the moment she lay her eyes on Finn, anger surged in her chest. Inexplicably, she had the intense urge to rip him into numerous pieces. Finn was more livid than before. He picked up the gun on the table and aimed it at Gizem. "It seems to me you're tired of living!" She did not show a hint of fear on her face. "Shoot me if you're so capable. Killing me will be no different from ending Samuel's daughter's life. Just you wait and see if he will ever let you off the hook." Finn did not anticipate Gizem to be so tough and stubborn. "Do it!" he ordered. The few men surrounded Gizem. Still, she remained unfazed. One of the men took out a bottle of medicated water and sprayed it in her face. Gizem was ready to block the mist with her hand, but she had still inhaled some of it. Her consciousness began to fade, but she had yet to pass out completely. Just as Finn instructed his subordinates to make their move, Gizem used her phone to send Samuel a message. The text consisted of only two words: Rescue me. Then, she tossed her phone under the table. Finn failed to notice her actions. He told his men to carry Gizem. They brought her out of the office and left the hospital. Samuel furrowed his brows slightly when he saw Gizem's message. Rescue her? What happened to her? At that moment, he was in the middle of a meeting. He said calmly, "Tyson, you'll take over." "All right." Tyson continued to host the meeting. Samuel dialed Gizem's number as he walked, but no one answered the phone. For some reason, he felt a little worried. Gizem is a talented and accomplished woman. Those elites from Jadeborough will undoubtedly target her and force her to do their biddings. He called Leonard.

“Find out at once if Gizem is at the hospital. If she isn’t, find out where she went.”
“Okay.” Leonard proceeded with the investigation immediately. Samuel arrived at the underground parking. He got into the car and left the parking lot, driving in the direction of the hospital. Halfway through the journey, Leonard contacted him. “Samuel, I’ve found out the information you need. Finn brought Gizem away, seemingly wanting her to check on Tracy’s condition. She’s at the Morris residence now. I’ll send some men over to support you,” Leonard said solemnly. “That’s not needed. There’s nothing to be worried about. It’s just the Morris family,” Samuel uttered coolly.

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Chapter 320 Change A Partner Gizem completely regained her senses. She did not pass out completely all along. It was not because of the medication’s inferior quality. Instead, the reason for the sedative’s ineffectiveness was her special physique. A common sedative would not be efficacious to her. She would only be weakened but not rendered utterly insensible. After Finn brought her to the Morris residence, he placed her on a bed inside a room. A woman entered just as she sat up on the bed. “You’re awake. Are you hurt?” Emily smiled faintly at Gizem. The latter shook her head.

She knew Emily meant no harm to her. “I saw Finn’s men bring you in here, and I thought something bad happened to you. I’m glad that you’re fine,” Emily said gently. “Where is this?” Gizem asked. “This is the Morris residence,” Emily explained. The Morris residence? I knew it. “Don’t worry. You’re not going to get hurt. Actually, Finn just wants you to check on Tracy’s condition.” Emily beamed at Gizem. Gizem said nonchalantly, “I’m afraid he doesn’t understand what’s the definition of forcing others into doing his bidding.” Emily paused briefly before saying, “You can just do a casual health check on her to prevent him from constantly troubling you.” Gizem glanced at Emily and nodded. Emily grinned slightly and brought her to meet Tracy. Tracy, somewhat corpulent, was sitting on the bed. The smile on her face was laced with a hint of bitterness. An inexplicable sense of familiarity rose within her when she first glanced at Gizem.

If she had not known about Kathleen’s death, she would have thought Kathleen had been resurrected. Although Gizem did not share Kathleen’s appearance, her eyes and temperament were very similar to the latter’s. Kathleen... At the thought of her, Tracy shuddered. If Finn had not arrived in time previously, Tracy was afraid her purity would have been tainted. She knew very well that incident happened because Samuel and Caleb were trying to avenge Vivian. Therefore, Tracy had been lying low for the past few years. “This is Gizem Zabinski,” Emily introduced. Tracy gazed at Gizem. “Thank

you, and sorry for the trouble.” Gizem replied, “I did not wish to meddle in this matter, but your husband kidnapped me here.” Tracy felt embarrassed. “Give me your hand,” Gizem demanded. Tracy stretched out her right arm for Gizem to check her pulse. One minute later, Gizem placed Tracy’s hand back down. “There’s nothing wrong with your body.” “In that case, why can’t I get pregnant all this while?” Tracy furrowed her brows. “I’ve visited many doctors and tried various medications, but none of them worked.” Gizem crossed her arm. “Why are you so certain that the problem lies with you instead of your husband?” Tracy was stunned. “Do you still not understand the problem? The one suffering from infertility is your husband and not you,” Gizem announced with a clear voice. “That’s not possible.” Tracy shook her head. “Ha. If you’re reluctant to accept that he is the problematic one, then there’s nothing I can do to address this issue. There’s no way for me to help. I’m sorry.” With that, Gizem was about to leave. “Hold on!” Tracy halted her. “Dr. Zabinski, I’ve checked your records, and I know you’re highly capable. You’ve assisted a few families in bearing their own children.

I beg you. I just want to have a child. Just one will be sufficient.” Gizem said coolly, “Actually, there is a way.” “Please, tell me! I’m willing to pay any amount necessary!” Tracy responded solemnly. “It’s not a monetary issue. You just need to change a partner.” Tracy fell silent. Gizem shook off her hand. “That’s all I have to say.” She strode off afterward. Emily hastily chased after Gizem after glancing at Tracy’s ashen face. “Dr. Zabinski, wait for a moment!” Emily called after her. Gizem stopped in her tracks. “What’s the matter?” Emily hesitated for a few moments before asking, “Can you please check on my son?” Son? “My son’s name is Christopher. Five years ago, he went to Smealand and was met with a car accident. He’s been in a coma since then. I hope you can help me by looking at his condition.” Christopher? Car accident? Gizem wore an unfathomable expression. “Sure.” Emily was overjoyed. She held Gizem’s hand and dragged her toward the third floor. They arrived at a room. The room had been modified into the design of a ward. An emaciated man was lying on the bed. Gizem moved forward. “He’s Christopher?” Emily nodded.

Her eyes were slightly reddened. “Dr. Zabinski, I’ve consulted many doctors, but all of them said there’s nothing they could do.” A gloomy silence descended on Gizem as she took his pulse. Gizem remained quiet for approximately three minutes. Emily knitted her brows. “How is my son, Dr. Zabinski?” “Can you tell me more about the incident involving your son’s car accident?” Gizem put Christopher’s hand down and proceeded to examine his body. Emily took a walk down memory lane. “A little over five years ago, my son went to Smealand. We received the tragic news of his car accident a month after his departure. However, we did not find him at the accident scene then. One week later, we realized he was saved by someone else and was sent to a hospital. We found him in this state when we reached the hospital. The doctor mentioned he would regain consciousness soon, but... he never woke up since.” She wiped her tears while recounting the story. “He did not sustain any injuries to his head,” Gizem said monotonously. Emily nodded. “That’s right. After we returned to the country, we visited a doctor and did an X-ray examination on him. The doctor also mentioned there is nothing wrong with his brain. However, he’s simply not waking up.” Gizem pursed her lips. “Pardon me for being straightforward, but he’s not in a coma because of the car

accident.” Emily was astonished. “What did you say? What other reason could it be if not for the car accident?” “He’s poisoned,” Gizem replied. Poisoned? Emily was in utter disbelief. She grabbed Gizem’s hand. “Are you sure? Can you save him?” “Ma’am, I do not have absolute confidence either. Can you give me some time?” Gizem asked. Emily nodded firmly. “Of course! I’ve waited five years, so I don’t mind waiting a little longer.

Do you know how many physicians we have consulted, but none of them managed to diagnose his condition? You’re the first person who has a different view. At the very least, you’ve provided us with a direction.” Gizem consoled her, “In that case, I’ll come here tomorrow to take some of his blood samples. Is that all right?” “Sure,” Emit agreed. At that moment, the door to the room was pushed open. Finn entered, seemingly in rage. He grasped Gizem’s collar. “I think you’re a quack doctor!” What the f*ck! Gizem raised her leg and booted him in the crotch with her high heels. Finn, who did not expect her to retaliate, loosened his grip on her clothes in pain. Gizem stepped forward and kicked him forcefully in his abdomen, sending him rolling backward on the floor. “F*ck you! No one has ever dared to treat me like that! Who do you think you are? How dare a piece of filth like you dare to touch me!” Gizem was livid. Emily was taken aback because Gizem was acting entirely different from before. She was deeply impressed by Gizem’s reaction and reckoned Gizem must have undergone combat training. Otherwise, her movements would not be so smooth. “If I tell you you’re the problem, then you’re the problem. You can do nothing even if you’re unhappy about my judgment!” Gizem bellowed. Emily, standing aside, had the urge to clap her hands. Ever since Christopher became comatose, Finn had been jeering at them all the time. However, Finn had also failed to be blessed with a child all those years. Emily felt elated, watching Gizem teach him a memorable lesson this time.