

## Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 326

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Chapter 326 Go To Hell As they spoke, they reached a stall. Federick was taking his daughter, Madeline, around and giving out his books. He was as elegant and dignified as always. Madeline was eleven years old. She was a beautiful child. Her eyes were big and bright, but she was rather reserved. For the most part, she kept quiet. "Federick, hey. Look who's here." Gemma carried Desi over.

"Desi?" Federick was shocked. "I thought Samuel isn't free today?" "Hello, Mr. Evans," said Desi adorably. Federick patted her on the head. "Long time no see, Desi." "Ms. Young, put me down," said Desi. Gemma let her down gently. After getting down, Desi went over to Madeline's side. She grabbed her hand. "Hi, Madeline." Madeline looked at her and nodded. Federick glanced at the two girls. Until now, Madeline was still not great at taking the initiative to socialize with others. However, Desi seemed to possess some kind of charm which made Madeline willing to socialize with her. As expected of Kathleen's daughter. "Mr. Evans, let me introduce you to Gizem. She is Desi's doctor.

She is the one who brought Desi here today," said Gemma. Federick was taken aback. "You brought Desi here?" Gizem nodded. Federick was in disbelief. "Gizem, this is Federick Evans. He's the one who published all these picture books. The contents are related to children with autism," stated Gemma slowly. "Nice to meet you, Mr. Evans." Gizem extended her hand. Federick followed suit and shook her hand while sizing her up at the same time. In his opinion, Gizem wasn't particularly pretty. She looked to be an average woman. However, her eyes were extraordinarily bright. It instantly reminded him of Kathleen.

"Pleasure to meet you." Federick's expression was neutral. Kathleen and Gizem's eyes were identical. This caused Federick to worry. What if Samuel misses Kathleen too much and starts a relationship with Gizem? Nevertheless, at the same time, he knew that Samuel was not that stupid. The moment Madeline saw Gizem, she was stunned. She let go of Desi's hand and ran over to Gizem, hugging her. This shocked everyone around. "Hello!" Madeline was very emotional. Gizem was quite confused. Federick went over immediately. "Madeline, let go of her please." Madeline shook her head. She tightened her grip around Gizem's waist. "It's Ms. Johnson!" "I'm so sorry." Federick looked at Gizem awkwardly. In response, Gizem shook her head. "It's fine. Just let her hug me." "My daughter isn't usually like this.

The only person she acts this way around is Kathleen," stated Federick meaningfully. Gizem furrowed her eyebrows. "You mean Mr. Macari's wife?" "That's right." Federick

took hold of Desi's hand. "My daughter has autism. Previously, she never interacted with anyone. Her condition only improved after she met Kathleen. When Kathleen passed away five years ago, my daughter was devastated for quite some time. It's only recently that she's been doing better." This showed how much Madeline adored Kathleen. Gizem replied politely, "I see. But, I'm not Kathleen." "I know, but maybe you guys are the same kind of person," answered Federick. That was why Madeline took such a liking to Gizem. "No, it's her!" Madeline shook her head vigorously. "She's Ms. Johnson." She remembered Kathleen's eyes. "Be good, Madeline. Let's finish giving out the books to the other children first, okay?" Federick tugged at Madeline's hand. However, the girl shrugged her father's hand away. Federick was put in a very awkward position. "Dr. Zabinski, please take good care of Madeline. Federick, let me help you out," said Gemma. "Mr. Evans, I can help too," said Desi. "Thank you."

Federick caressed Desi's head. This was the first time Gizem was faced with such a situation. None of them seemed to want to help her out as well. "Madeline, can you let go of me for a minute? I won't run away. Please?" pleaded Gizem. Fortunately, Madeline was very obedient. She instantly let go of Gizem. Gizem breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank you for liking me. However, I am not Ms. Johnson. My name is Gizem. It's nice to meet you." She reached her hand out. Madeline shook her hand whilst shaking her head hard. "No. You are Ms. Johnson." In a resigned tone, Gizem said, "You can treat me as her if you'd like." "You are her!" Madeline was overjoyed. She grabbed Gizem's hand and went over to give out books along with everyone else. "Madeline, do you like Ms. Zabinski too?" asked Desi cheerfully. Madeline nodded. Desi smiled. "Me too. Let me tell you something. She smells like Mommy." Madeline pondered for a while before nodding seriously. "Yes. She smells like Ms. Johnson." Federick gazed meaningfully at Madeline, his thin lips curling into a smile. One hour later, they were done giving out all the books. Since this was a charity event, there wasn't much profit to be earned. Regardless, everyone felt very fulfilled.

"I need to go to the washroom," said Desi. Madeline grabbed her hand and led her toward the washroom. Even though she was a child with autism, she understood that as the older one, it was her responsibility to take care of Desi. "I'll keep an eye on them." Gizem followed the two girls. She couldn't let Desi out of her sight. After the two girls headed into the washroom, Gizem waited outside. Just then, a woman came up to her. "Can I borrow a lighter?" "I don't smoke," replied Gizem flatly. The woman suddenly raised her head. There was a gleam in her eyes. "Then, go to hell!" With that, she pulled out a knife and aimed it at Gizem's stomach. Fortunately, Gizem reacted quickly. She swiftly grabbed hold of the woman's wrist. Coincidentally, Madeline and Desi came out of the washroom. "Go back inside!" yelled Gizem. The two children were frightened and too stunned to move. The woman turned around and shouted behind her, "Don't just stand there!" Following her order, four men came rushing in. D\*mn it! The four men headed straight toward Madeline and Desi. Just as the two girls were prepared to scream, the men sprayed some sort of chemical on their faces and knocked them out. Then, the men picked up the two children and headed out. Meanwhile, Gizem was still holding onto the woman's wrist. She twisted the woman's arm to the side, then raised her leg to kick the woman in the stomach. The woman heard a crack as her bones

broke. Immediately after, she felt a sharp pain in her abdomen. The pain caused her to collapse to the floor. Gizem quickly ran out to catch up to the men and grabbed one of them by the shoulder. The man turned and swung his fist at her face.

Gizem was still holding the knife that the woman used earlier. Using the knife, she sliced the man's wrist as hard as she could. The man cried out miserably, knowing that his tendon had been cut through. His screams attracted a lot of attention around them. One of the men who was carrying Madeline flung her to the floor and headed over in Gizem's direction. At this point, Gizem already knew that they were most likely targeting Desi. The two men that were carrying Desi had already gone much further ahead. At that moment, Federick suddenly came running over. "What are you guys doing?" he roared.

The man immediately turned his focus toward Federick's yell. Gizem let Federick deal with the man and went to rescue Desi. Please don't let anything happen to Desi!

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Chapter 327 Why Cry Gizem caught up to the two people. They had already opened the car door and got Desi into the car. One of the men gave way for another to get into the car first. Gizem's eyes flashed with a cold glint as she flung the dagger in her hand out. The dagger landed gingerly on the eye of the man who was about to take Desi away. The man let out a sharp wail.

The other man dashed over in Gizem's direction, the one who was the strongest among the group of four. However, Gizem did not seem at all intimidated. The man took out a blade, and Gizem's eyes narrowed as he aimed the blade right at her. She turned sideways and managed to dodge the blade unscathed, save for a few slashed strands of hair. Her eyes darkened as she snapped, "You have a death wish!" The man let out a cold snicker. "A mere wench and you dare challenge me?" Then, he hurled another blade in her direction, to which she managed to dodge yet again. The man who had gotten hurt pulled out the dagger in his eye and aimed it right at Desi. "If you keep up with this fight, I will kill her!"

Just as Gizem was stumped, the blade managed to land itself on her shoulders. Her khaki windbreaker was soon stained with fresh blood. The man who was clutching yet another blade beamed smugly. "Aren't you really good at fighting?" the man snickered. "You've hurt four of my men. I'm going to avenge them now!" Then, he held the blade

high up in the air. Gizem pursed her lips and reached into her pocket. Bang! The sound of a gunfire shot filled the air.

The man holding the blade fell to the ground as he suffered a shot to the back of his head. Another man glanced over to his side. Gizem grasped the opportunity and dashed over to kick the man aside, trying hard to hold in her pain. The man fell to the ground, and the dagger that he was clutching was sent flying. He reached out and tried to grab it. Before he could, someone who was wearing a pair of shiny leather shoes stepped on the man's hand and hissed, "You have a death wish!" Then, the sound of another gunfire shot rang out. The man was dead. After confirming that Desi was all right, Gizem turned to look at the man who saved her. Oddly, she found the man's slender figure blurry. The pain in her shoulders was making her drift in and out of consciousness. In a semi-conscious state, she thought she saw Samuel. She mumbled softly, "Samuel... Samuel..." Samuel approached and supported her.

Only then did he realize that she was bleeding profusely. His blood-stained hand held Gizem's face as he urged, "Wake up!" Gizem looked at the man and mumbled softly, "Samuel, you're all right. Samuel, I won't let you die." Then, she fainted. Samuel was stumped as he held her in his embrace. For some unknown reason, he felt a numbing pain in his chest. Then, he rushed Gizem to the hospital and waited outside the operating room. His sleeves, shirt, chest, and hands were all stained with blood. He stood frozen, still as a statue. Gemma approached him and reported, "Mr. Macari, Desi and Madeline are all right, but they're on sedatives and will only regain consciousness after some time." Samuel nodded. "Luckily Gizem has managed to stall them," Gemma said and pursed her lips. "I hope she's all right."

"She's going to be all right," Samuel said coolly. Gemma paused for a moment before she said, "Mr. Macari, do you think—" She had wanted to say something when the door of the operating room was pushed open. A doctor made his way out of the room. Samuel stepped forward and asked, "Doctor, is she going to be all right?" "Her shoulders are injured. Luckily, her bones are not affected. Nonetheless, she had received ten stitches and lost a lot of blood. She's going to need ample rest to recuperate," the doctor elucidated. Samuel nodded. "Yes, I understand." The doctor then turned around to leave. Gizem was pushed out of the operating room and sent to the ward immediately. "Mr. Macari, you may want to go take a look at Desi. I will take care of Gizem." "Okay. I will head there later." "Sure." Gemma nodded. Samuel turned around to leave while Gemma headed for Gizem's ward. Gemma took care of Gizem, while both Madeline and Desi had people to take care of them as well. After some time, Gizem started to mutter a string of slurred sentences. "Samuel, please don't... Don't die. Samuel, why... are you doing this? Why? Samuel, I just hope you are alive..." Gemma could not clearly discern what she said. However, she did notice that Gizem had repeatedly mentioned Samuel's name. She gave a long sigh. Samuel entered the ward right then. "How is she doing?"

Samuel asked, his brows knitted. "She's sleep-talking," Gemma answered hesitantly. Sleep-talking? Samuel approached Gizem's bedside and bent over to listen to her.

However, she had already stopped sleep-talking. Samuel cast a sideways glance at Gemma and asked, "What did she say just now?" "Nothing much. I can't hear her clearly." Gemma thought it was best to not tell Samuel about it. Things could potentially get really awkward, considering that Gizem still had to treat Desi. Given Gizem's personality, Gemma reckoned that she would want to keep her feelings to herself. I don't think that she will ever want to let Samuel know. Hence, Gemma thought it was best to bite her tongue. Samuel furrowed his brows. "Is she going to be all right?" "She's going to be fine." Gemma paused. "Mr. Macari, do you think we should inform Gizem's family about her condition?" Samuel shook his head. "She's an orphan." An orphan? Gemma was surprised to hear that as she had no idea Gizem was an orphan. "I see... But, her injury..."

Samuel appeared quite impassive. "I will be responsible for that. After all, she was hurt for saving Desi..." "Mr. Macari, let me take care of her on your behalf," Gemma said. Samuel trained his eyes on her. "It's more convenient for me to take care of her as a woman," Gemma explained. Besides, she did not wish to let Samuel overhear what she just heard Gizem utter. Samuel nodded in agreement. "Thank you." "Well, I am a nurse," Gemma stated plainly. "Do let me know when she's awake," Samuel said. "Sure." Samuel then eyed Gizem before turning around to leave. Gemma sighed with relief. She looked at Gizem and said helplessly, "Gizem, you really shouldn't have fallen for Samuel. Your feelings are futile and irrelevant." Samuel headed out of the ward and leaned against the wall by the corridor. He heard every word that Gizem had uttered clearly before she fainted. Why did she say that? Who is she? Could it be that... No, that's impossible! Unless someone's changed her face and voice completely, otherwise... He pinched himself between his brows and reckoned that he must be overthinking the matter. How is it possible that Gizem is Kathleen? That's impossible. A dark look crept up his face when he marched away.

The next day, Gizem finally woke up. She looked at the white ceilings atop her and instantly deduced that she was at the hospital. Gizem started to recollect her thoughts. She sat up and stared blankly out the window at the gloomy sky, contemplating her dream about Samuel. In the dream, she had a crush on Samuel. When he did not reciprocate her feelings, her heart ached. Gizem touched her face and realized that she had been crying. What's happening? It was just a dream. Why did I cry? Have I really fallen for Samuel? How is that possible?

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Chapter 328 I Am A Doctor "You're awake." Samuel's voice came from the doorway. Gizem stilled before her gaze flew in his direction. "Yeah." He strode in with an inscrutable expression. "Thank you for saving Desi and Madeline." "Don't mention it. It's

what I should do," she returned. The intensity of his stare made her uneasy. She asked, "Are they hurt?" "No," he replied flatly.

"Glad to hear that." She breathed a sigh of relief. "Oh, right, what about the guys? Did you find out who sent them?" "The police are still interrogating them." His stare never wavered from her, sending the hairs on her neck stand on end. "Do you have a question for me, Mr. Macari?" she asked uneasily. Samuel pulled out his phone and placed it in front of her. "This was taken in a casino in Lusterg about a week ago. Can you explain it?" Gizem lowered her head to look at the photo. It was Lauren impersonating her and getting caught on camera. I knew this would happen. "That woman isn't me, Mr. Macari. She looks like me because I have plain features," she clarified. "Don't you think your explanation is a little far-fetched?" His expression remained emotionless. "Since that's what you think, Mr. Macari, there's nothing more I can say," she said. "I guess we'll have to do this the hard way." His finger glided across the phone screen. "Take a look at these photos. They were the same person taken at the same time in different places, and they all work for Windwell Corporation." She wrung her hands. "I don't know anything about that." "

If I find out you're associated with that corporation, you're doomed." His expression turned flinty. Gizem could sense his wrath lining the words, and she felt an inexplicable pressure building in her chest. "Mr. Macari, even if I was associated with that corporation, I would never do you or Desi any harm. I'm a doctor," she shot back. "Do I need to list out every heinous act they have committed to you?" Samuel snorted. Of course she was aware of what Windwell Corporation was capable of, but she wasn't the kingpin and didn't know the ins and outs. She only knew to keep her head down and mind her own business. He pocketed the phone and turned on his heels. "I'll never forget how you saved Desi. And I'll forever thank you for that." Then, he left with long strides, his expression grim. Gizem felt as if the ground had fallen away beneath her. How dare he accuse me like that? I've never harmed anyone. Someone entered the room at that moment, and she glanced sideways at the door. It was Gemma.

"You're awake, Dr. Zabinski." Joy laced her tone as she spoke. "Yeah." Gizem nodded. Gemma stepped further into the room. "Though you didn't break any bones, you're still severely injured. You might be unable to perform surgeries if we don't treat your hand properly." "I know." She knew a thing or two about her own injury. "Would you like to contact your family members and tell them about your condition, Dr. Zabinski?" Gemma asked. "I don't have any," she answered. No family? "Are you an orphan?" Gemma asked, to which Gizem nodded. "What about your friends?" Gemma sounded sympathetic. Friends? No, I don't think so. Gizem gave it a thought. She didn't get along with her coworkers. They all treated her as though she were an alien. "I don't have any either," she replied monotonously. Gemma was frazzled. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have asked." "It's all right." Gizem shook her head lightly. Levi entered the room with a huge bouquet as soon as she finished speaking. "Hey, babe." He was his usual annoying self.

“Cut it out.” Gizem rubbed her temples. Gemma observed their exchange and took the hint.

“Well, I won’t interrupt you both.” She left with a smile. “I left you alone for a few days, and you managed to injure yourself. You should take better care of yourself.” He placed the flowers in Gizem’s arms. “Beautiful flowers for a beautiful woman,” he complimented. “I’m a plain Jane. You don’t have to force yourself to flatter me.” She gazed at the bouquet in her arms. “But thank you for the flowers. I like it.” Levi smiled faintly. “I knew you’d like it. See how well I know you?” Gizem was lost for words. “Babe, you should move in with me when you’re discharged.” His voice turned tender. “I’ll take care of you until you’ve fully recovered.” He was being serious. “Severe injuries will take a long time to heal, but mine are only flesh wounds. I don’t need anyone looking after me.” She declined.

Levi had nothing to do with her. She would never ask him to look after her. “Do you no longer love me?” His face fell in disappointment. Gizem said nothing. I never loved you in the first place. When a knock sounded on the door, she called out, “Come in.” Desi breezed through the door. “Are you feeling better, Ms. Zabinski?” Desi wasn’t alone; Madeline and Federick trailed behind her. Samuel was mercifully nowhere to be seen, or he could have misunderstood if he saw Levi with her. Her brows furrowed at that thought. Why should I care if he misconstrues the situation? “I’m fine.” Gizem gave a smile. “What about you guys?” “Madeline and I are fine. Does your boo-boo hurt? Should I give it a kiss?” Desi responded. “No, thank you. I’m fine now, really.” Gizem laughed. Madeline fixed her gaze on Gizem. “Thank you.” “Don’t mention it,” replied Gizem with a smile. Federick’s gaze swept over Levi from head to toe, and Levi did the same to him. “This is Levi. Levi, that’s Federick Evans. He’s the organizer for the charity event.” Gizem made the introductions. “Ah, so you’re Mr. Evans.” Levi approached him and extended his hand for a handshake. “I’ve heard a lot about you.” “Pleased to meet you, Mr. Levi,” Federick acknowledged.

“I’ve always heard your name on the news.” “You mean the gossip rags?” Gizem quipped, catching Federick off guard. Levi retaliated, “No way! I’m saving myself just for you.” Gizem shot him a wordless look that said she was only teasing him. “Ah, got it...” He smiled conspiratorially. Gizem froze and tried to explain, “No, this isn’t what you think. We’re not together.” “Why not, babe?” Levi made a face. “You even accepted my flowers.” She was speechless. “Mr. Levi, you can’t be with Ms. Zabinski.” Desi clung to Gizem’s arm protectively. “Why?” He frowned. “Because she’s my mommy!” she declared earnestly. Levi guffawed. “She’s your mommy? Oh, please. You want her to be your stepmother, but have you asked your daddy?”

“I don’t have to ask! She’s my mommy!” Desi exclaimed indignantly. “She’s not. Her name is Gizem Zabinski, and she’s not your mommy.” Levi leveled his gaze on her. “She is! She is!” Desi persisted. “No, she isn’t. She isn’t.” Levi denied. Desi was on the verge of tears at this point. “Have you had enough, Levi?” Gizem told him off. Does he think it’s fun to pick on a child?

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