

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 329

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Severing All Ties If You Do Not Apologize Federick, too, thought Levi was being foolish, but he concluded that Levi must really like Gizem to thwart her from becoming Desi's stepmother. Desi's eyes rimmed with tears. "You are my mommy!" Gizem stroked her head without saying anything, and Madeline nodded from where she stood as Federick narrowed his eyes. "Levi, you had better apologize to her," Gizem ordered. "No." He turned his head away in refusal. "We'll sever all ties if you don't apologize to her." She issued an ultimatum. He whipped his head back and mumbled an apology, "I'm sorry, Ms. Macari." Desi grunted and held onto Gizem more tightly, burrowing her head deeper into Gizem's embrace. Jealousy consumed Levi as he looked at both of them. Samuel strode into the room at that moment, not realizing that there was another person in the room, and Gizem could feel the beginnings of a headache.

Levi glanced at Samuel and smiled. "Mr. Macari, your daughter is pestering my girlfriend to be her stepmother." He was hinting at Samuel to do something about Desi's behavior. Federick snickered at Levi. He's a grown man, but he's actually snitching on a kid. Samuel walked over to Desi, who pouted piteously, "Daddy." He knew she wanted a mommy, but Gizem wasn't her mommy. "Come here, Desi." Samuel lifted her in his arms and shot Levi a cold look. "I apologize for my daughter's misbehavior. I'll talk to her about it." Desi looped her arms around Samuel's neck, buried her face in his neck, and sobbed quietly.

Levi sneered. Gizem saw Desi crying and fastened a disapproving look on Levi. He gave her a sheepish smile upon noticing her vexation. "Let's go," Federick suggested. He took Madeline's hand and smiled gently. "Shall we let Ms. Zabinski rest and visit her tomorrow?" "Sure." Madeline nodded meekly and waved goodbye to Gizem. "See you." Gizem bade her goodbye. "We should leave too," Samuel said to Desi. The little girl gave a sorrowful nod and glanced at Gizem. "I'll come to see you again tomorrow, Ms. Zabinski."

"Okay." Gizem flashed her a smile. Desi reached out to tug on Gizem's oversized hospital gown. "Don't forget that you'll still be staying in our house after you're discharged." Gizem hesitated, her eyes darting to Samuel, who looked as impassive as ever. He wasn't looking at her; instead, his attention was fully focused on Desi. "We'll see about that." Gizem pursed her lips. "You have to promise me, or I won't leave." Desi refused to budge as if she was afraid Gizem wouldn't stay at her house anymore.

Embarrassment swamped Gizem. She wasn't sure if Samuel would let her continue staying at Florinia Manor.

"Be good, Desi. Dr. Zabinski is your doctor. She wouldn't go anywhere," Samuel cajoled. Desi was the most important person in his life. If she asked for a star in the sky, he would personally reach up and pluck one down for her. "Did you hear what my daddy said, Ms. Zabinski?" Her mood improved immediately. "Yeah," Gizem acknowledged. Desi shot a smug look at Levi and huffed, leaving him speechless. Samuel carried Desi and left the room. Gizem slanted a look at Levi. "Why would you pick a fight with a little girl?" "I don't like it when she hounds you." He took a seat on the bed. "It's inconvenient for you to stay at the Macari residence. Why don't you come and live with me?" "We don't have that kind of relationship, Levi. I'm not going to bother you. I know you like me, but until I regain my memories and identity, I won't like anyone else," she explained. He said sadly, "But will you consider being with me after you've recovered your memories?" Gizem chose not to answer his question. "You won't because you're in love with another man. Even your master warned me to be mentally prepared if I want to pursue you." His voice was hoarse with emotions. "You talked to Master about this?" She was bewildered. He stated solemnly, "Of course. He's the closest to you. Who else would I talk to about this if not him?" Gizem heaved a sigh. "Gizem, you..." Levi hesitated. "Levi, do you know that Gizem isn't my real name? It's just a code name." He nodded.

"That doesn't bother me. Gizem, I still like you, no matter what your name is." She pressed on. "You don't even care about the person I used to be?" "Does that matter? I like you regardless of who you are," he said meaningfully. "Thank you, Levi." She flashed a rueful smile. "I don't want you to thank me," he said somewhat agitatedly, instantly realizing he shouldn't be talking to her in this manner and regretting his attitude. "Think about what I said, Gizem, okay? Don't reject me so quickly," he pleaded. "All right," she agreed wryly. Levi beamed. "I'll stay here tonight to look after you." "No need. That's inappropriate," Gizem promptly dismissed his suggestion. "What do you mean?" He feigned innocence. Gizem was utterly at a loss for words. Samuel and Federick were getting ready to take the children back home. Samuel got into the driver's seat, while Federick secured Madeline in the backseat before turning to Samuel, "I have something to say to you." "Say it," Samuel said brusquely. "Are you sure Kate is still alive?"

he asked. Samuel's expression was blank. "... I'm not sure." "It's obvious Desi wants a mother," Federick continued in a low voice. "Did you—" "I'll never remarry." Samuel cut him off. Federick chuckled. "That's not what I wanted to say. I was just wondering if you had noticed how Madeline and Desi reacted similarly." A frown creased Samuel's forehead. "Do you think Gizem's eyes look similar to Kathleen's?" Federick's eyes glinted. "I'm not saying she is Kathleen, but I think you should look into it. I doubt there's another person in this world with whom Madeline would voluntarily have a conversation." "I'll look into her background," Samuel replied expressionlessly. Anything for Desi's safety. He would never let anyone shady be around his daughter. Federick cracked a half-smile. "Fine." Then, he slid into the car. Wordlessly, Samuel got into the

car as well. When Samuel returned home, he left Desi with Wynnie, who inquired, "How is Dr. Zabinski?"

"She needs to stay in the hospital for further observation. Mom, I'm leaving Eil and Desi with you for a few days," he uttered. She nodded. "Okay. Would someone be preparing meals for her?" "I've ordered a hotel restaurant to send meals to her daily," he answered. "She saved Desi, and meals from a hotel restaurant are perfunctory, to say the least, and frankly, appalling. Send this to her." Wynnie held up a thermal lunchbox.

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A Pitiful Act A frown marred Samuel's countenance. "Why are you zoning out?" Wynnie urged him, "Go now! It's almost dinner time already." "Okay, okay." With that, Samuel made a trip to the hospital once more. On the way, Samuel received a call. It was Tyson. "Those savages have owned up, Mr. Macari." Tyson fell silent for a bit before going on, "They said it's Dr. Zabinski who commanded them. It's her ploy to fish for sympathy." Wearing an indifferent visage, Samuel gave out an order. "Oh? Take them to Florinia Manor tonight. I'll question them myself." After a brief pause, Tyson asked, "Do you not believe their words, Mr. Macari?" "Yeah." Samuel sounded impassive at that. "Noted. I'll make the arrangement now." With that, Tyson hung up the phone. Putting on a darkened face, Samuel arrived at the hospital.

He made a beeline for the ward, carrying with him the thermal lunchbox along the way. At that moment, Gizem was standing by the window, staring at the view outside. Hearing footsteps nearing, she slowly wheeled around. "Mr. Macari?" Why is he back again? Never did she anticipate seeing him that many times in a day. "My mom asked me to bring you this," was Samuel's reasoning as he put down the lunchbox. "Please relay my thanks to Mrs. Macari." Gizem was composed as she spoke. Samuel, in turn, stated nonchalantly, "The interrogation session went pretty well with the nefarious horde."

"Seriously?" Gizem's eyebrows bunched up into a tight knot as she queried, "Who's the mastermind?" "You!" Samuel glared daggers at her. Me? "Is this a joke? Tell me, then. Why would I endanger myself?" Gizem shot him a grave look as anger inundated her fair face. "They said it was an act to arouse pity," replied Samuel. "An act to what?" Gizem sneered, "You've got to be kidding me! Do you even understand how important hands are to a doctor? It could've cost me my entire career!" "No guts, no glory."

Samuel was emotionless. "It'll only be convincing enough once you lay your own career on the line, isn't that so?" Flying off the handle, Gizem hollered, "No! This has nothing to do with me! Don't you malign me!" The whole time, Samuel was staring deep into her eyes. Indeed, her eyes bore so much resemblance to that of Kathleen.

Because of that, Samuel became all the more infuriated. How dare they make use of Kathleen to play me for a fool! "That person behind your back is rather smart if I must say," commented Samuel coldly. "He didn't arrange for someone who's totally alike to Kathleen but you with that pair of identical eyes. He even made you copy her culinary skills and wear her scent. All that just to entice me!" Gizem was trembling with rage. "Entice you? With these average-looking facial features of mine?" Samuel placed his palm on her delicate face. He then ran his fingers gradually toward her neck. Gizem was startled by his move. All of a sudden, Samuel's fingers seemed to have felt something odd. "Why are you disguising yourself as someone else?"

came Samuel's question in a heartbeat. As expected, this is the only logical explanation. Connecting the dots, Samuel finally understood how she could make an appearance in different places concurrently. Shock overwhelmed Gizem straight away. Her hyper-realistic face mask was worth a fortune. No common folks could have noticed it that easily, even if they had the chance to touch her face. Yet, Samuel had managed to discover her secret in seconds just by touching her face. What a terrifying person! "Hands off me!" Gizem shoved Samuel's hand away there and then as she took a step back. Samuel let out a snort. "If you don't tell me your true identity in this instance, I'll never let you off the hook." This woman is way too mysterious. Her existence alone is a threat! Gizem bit her lip. "Hehe... I'm merely an orphan, a nobody. I relied on my own to get into the university. That's it." One step at a time, Samuel approached her. All Gizem could do was step back. Soon enough, her back hit the wall behind her, and her heart skipped a beat at that. The wall was ice-cold. Lifting his hand, Samuel pinched her chin.

He then moved his fingers toward her neck, all ready to tear down her hyper-realistic mask. Gizem became a nervous wreck, screaming, "No!" Alas, Samuel had already had his fingers on the seam. Exerting his might, he tore Gizem's hyper-realistic mask apart. Immediately, Gizem covered her face with both hands. Samuel grabbed hold of her hands and pried them away little by little. Astonishment was written all over his face once he caught sight of Gizem's look. "What..." Samuel gaped at her with utter disbelief. Scars were seen everywhere on Gizem's cheeks. It was hideous and horrifying to witness. "Can you quit staring?" Gizem was all choked up. Still, Samuel stared her in the eyes and asked, "What happened to your face?"

"Just some burn scars." Gizem retracted her hands on that note. "I had been in a coma, and unfortunately, I was caught in the fire at the hospital during that period. I was nearly cremated alive. They saved my life but couldn't save my face. My master then let me wear this so that I won't get drowned in self-abasement." Hearing her story, Samuel was astounded to the core. No wonder... Gizem reached out and demanded, "Please give that back." Samuel obediently handed the hyper-realistic face mask to her. Hanging her head low, she uttered, "Leave me." Samuel cast one last gaze at Gizem before turning

around to walk away. "Mr. Macari, it wasn't me who had hired that group of people," added Gizem placidly. "If there's a need, I can always confront them." "Okay, then. Come with me to Florinia Manor later.

They're already there." Samuel was expressionless when he spoke. "All right." Gizem nodded. "Come outside when you're ready. I'll be waiting." With that, Samuel spun on his heels. Immediately afterward, Gizem rushed into the bathroom. She heaved a sigh of relief. How terrifying! I was so close to getting exposed. Luckily, I was prepared and wore two layers of masks. Otherwise, Samuel would have really unveiled her true identity. Ten minutes later, Gizem exited the ward in a fresh set of casual attire. Casting a meaningful peek at her, Samuel prompted, "Let's go." Gizem followed him downstairs and hopped into his car that had been parked outside the hospital. Following that, they departed for Florinia Manor. Moments later, they reached their destination, only to be greeted by Yareli's presence at the front door. Samuel and Gizem then got out of the car. The second Yareli took notice of Gizem, a tinge of disdain washed over the former's face. Never in a million years would she expect Gizem to be there, much less be in the same ride with Samuel. She thought that Samuel had heard the testament from the kidnappers and had gotten rid of Gizem. "Samuel, I heard Desi has gotten into some kind of mishap. Is she all right?"

Yareli feigned a worried expression as she asked that. "She's fine. What brings you here?" questioned Samuel in an icy tone instead. "I wanted to visit Desi," replied Yareli casually. She then went on, "Goodness gracious! Who on earth would target an innocent kid like our poor Desi? What a crazy monster!" Samuel merely dropped a calm remark as he walked past her. "This doesn't concern you actually. You may go." "Hey, wait up, Samuel! There's something I need to tell you." Yareli caught up with Samuel right away. Meanwhile, Gizem was trailing behind them quietly. Sparing a sidelong glance at Gizem, Yareli gnashed her teeth. "Think about it, Samuel. Desi has always been fine. Ever since somebody came into her life out of nowhere, she instantly got into such a misfortune. This couldn't just be a coincidence!"

Of course, Gizem knew what Yareli was insinuating. Sporting a deadpan mien, the former piped up at once, "Are you referring to me?" "Ah, I'm glad that you still have self-awareness," scoffed Yareli. "Yes! You're the one who had arranged for Desi's kidnap. This must be your tactic to gain pity!"